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THE

GOSPEL STANDARD.

VOL. XXII., 1856.

LONDON :
JOHN GADSBY, GEORGE YARD, BOUVERIE STREET.
1856.

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THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

No. 241. JANUARY 1, 1856. VOL. XXII.

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

ADDRESS TO OUR SPIRITUAL READERS.

Spared as we are by the tender mercies of God once more at the commencement of another year to address those of our readers who fear his great name, we desire to come before them with the Gospel in our hands, and under the teaching and unction of the blessed Spirit in our heart. Unable of ourselves even to think a good thought, much less to produce by tongue or pen anything for the spiritual edification of the family of God, we have again and again presented our supplications to the God of all grace, that he would on this occasion teach us how and what to write, that our words might be truly profitable to that portion of the church of Christ to which they may come. Our only claim upon their attention is the truth we may bring before them, and the spirit in which we write; and if these be commended to their conscience and fall with any weight or power upon their heart, they will receive our words, not because our pen indites them, but because of the testimony which accompanies them to their own soul. We can say, we trust with all honesty, that we feel an increasing desire to be made a blessing to the church of God. Placed as we are in a position unsought and undesired by us to edit a periodical widely circulated among the living family, we desire it to be a means in the Lord's hands of great and increasing profit to their souls. In labouring month after month for their benefit, we have no party ends to serve, no miserable petty ambition to gratify, no schemes of pelf or pride to advance, no rich readers to flatter, nor worldly professors to fear. To say we have no workings of pride and self, would be to say that we have no blood of the old Adam nature circulating in our veins; but we hope we can say, in the sight of God, and before his people, that our chief desire and aim is the spiritual profit of the church of Christ. If our readers believe this, and if, in addition to our assertion, they have the more convincing evidence of their own conscience that they have felt any blessing or derived any profit from our labours, they—as knowing that in many things we offend all—will overlook those blots and stains which human infirmity will ever drop on the fair page of truth, and will ascribe them not to wilful design, but to a hand unsteady through the fall.

To speak the truth in love; to be faithful yet affectionate, keeping back nothing that is profitable, but abstaining from all harsh, unbecoming language; to watch for souls as those that must give

account; to renounce the hidden things of dishonesty, not walking in craftiness, nor handling the word of God deceitfully, but by manifestation of the truth commending themselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God—if this is the spirit which should influence the servants of God who *speaking* in their master's name, should it not equally be the ruling desire and aim of those who *writing* for the honour of the same blessed Lord and for the benefit of his people? What is any man or minister but a fallen creature in himself? Whatever measure any one may possess of light or life, wisdom or knowledge, faith or hope, liberty or love, he owes it wholly and solely to sovereign grace. If, like Asher, he be blessed with spiritual children; if he be acceptable to his brethren, because he dips his foot in oil, it is only as poured to him out of the Rock. (Deut. xxxiii. 24; Job xxix. 6). Well, then, may the Lord say to any servant of his, who from deeper experience or greater gifts would fain lift up himself above his brethren, "Who maketh thee to differ from another? and what hast thou that thou didst not receive? Now, if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory as if thou hadst not received it," but hadst procured it by thine own exertions? Or if any wanderer in the wilderness gather less manna than his brother, still, when meted with the spiritual omer, it will be found that, as he who has gathered much has nothing over, so he who has gathered little has no lack. This is the beauty and blessedness of grace, that it sets all the family of God upon a level, suffers no man or minister to exalt himself above another, allows no boasting for deeper experience or greater manifestations, but most humbling the most favoured, and most exalting the most self-abased, hides pride from man, and secures all the glory for God. Whence, then, such self-exaltation amongst many, such bitterness of spirit, such envy and jealousy, such slander and detraction? Certainly not from grace; for grace no more teaches a servant of God to exalt himself and despise others, or beat his fellow-servants, than it teaches him to eat and drink and be drunken. (Luke xii. 45.) Grace, on the contrary, constrains him by every tie of love to the Lord and his people to count all things but dung and dross for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ, to lay himself out for his brethren's good, and to esteem all time lost that is not spent in seeking the profit of his own soul, the glory of God, and the welfare of Zion. We know too much of ourselves, and of the evil that dwelleth in us, to say that this is our constant or frequent frame; but if this be not deeply engraven on our heart, and do not influence our mind and guide our pen, the sooner we lay it down the better.

In this spirit, then, do we now desire to address our spiritual readers, and to present them with a few thoughts which have struck our minds as applicable to the present state of things amongst us.

Spiritual matters are, by general confession, at a low ebb in the church of God. Churches are much rent and torn; godly ministers very scarce; little blessing comparatively resting upon the preached Gospel; and most of God's saints complaining of barrenness in themselves and in others. Pained and wounded by seeing so much car-

nality and death in the churches, or disgusted, perhaps, by individual instances which have come before them of ungodliness in professors, many, tender in conscience, but not much acquainted with the evils of their heart, have experienced a revulsion of feeling which has almost driven them from truth itself. "Are *these* the people of God? Is *this* a church of Christ? Can *this* man be a servant of the Most High? Are *these* the doctrines of the Gospel, and do Gospel doctrines produce effects like these?" Staggered and thrown back by such thoughts and feelings, some of God's people have been tempted to secret infidelity, and to think religion itself all a delusion; others, almost to abandon their profession, or renounce the truths they have hitherto held; if members of churches, to throw up their membership; if accustomed to hear at a certain place, to resolve to go thither no more. Driven from those they once so highly esteemed, they look around to see where they are to go, or what they are to do. Some specious form of religion at this moment catches their eye. The "Brethren" have a little room in the town; they will go there. They will find, they think, more spirituality among them, more love and union, more zeal and fervour, more devotedness and holiness, more faith and fruits of faith, as well as more frequent opportunities for communion and religious intercourse. Others, who see clearly enough where the "Brethren" are, determine to go nowhere; they will stop and read the Bible at home, and will have nothing more to do with any professors whatever. There are, they think, now no ministers worth hearing, and no books worth reading. There is no real religion in the land; all professors are alike, deceivers or deceived, the Calvinists worse than the Arminians, and the experimental ministers, so called, not a whit better than the dry doctrinal men. They will, therefore, they say, come out from them all, and read nothing but the Bible and Hart's hymns, and sometimes the old puritan writers, or Huntington and Hawker, and have nothing whatever to do with the profession of the day, for they are sick and tired of it.

Much of this feeling, we doubt not, springs in some from spiritual pride and secret mortification that they themselves are not valued by others so highly as they stand in their own eyes; in others, from that self-righteous spirit which leads men to say, "Stand by thyself, I am holier than thou;" in others, from ignorance of their own hearts, and expecting more from the church of God than is usually found in her. On persons in this state of mind we do not expect our words to make any impression; but if these lines should meet the eye of any who, pained and grieved by the state of things in many churches, are perplexed what path to take, and have felt any such workings of mind as we have just sketched, will they bear with us in laying before them and the church of God generally what we believe is the safest and wisest way to take?—and in so doing we shall attempt so to frame our observations and counsel, that they may have as wide a bearing as possible on the line of conduct which those should pursue who love Zion.

We do not conceal from ourselves the evils we have mentioned, and which all who fear God must deeply deplore. Let us confess and acknowledge them, and seek of the Lord deliverance from them. But let us not be driven by them to the other extreme. If our words could find an entrance into the heart of any who are tried and exercised by painful things in the church of God, and by powerful inward temptations, springing out of and connected with them, we would lay before them the following advice—advice which we have proved in our own souls, and therefore know to be sound and good.

1. *Hold on to the truth of God.*

Remember those words of the Lord himself: "If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Let men profess the truth and not possess it; or let men profess the truth and disgrace it. Does that stain and sully the purity of truth itself? Look at that limpid stream gushing out of the hill-side, sparkling in the sun, as it leaps forth to meet his rays. A few yards lower down a sheep, attempting to drink, muddies the water with its foot. Stay a moment. That water you need not drink which the sheep has stained. See how the pure stream comes leaping to you from the rock. Drink that which neither foot of man or beast has yet polluted. Have you ever felt the power and sweetness of God's truth? Has it ever made you free from the guilt and filth of sin, the bondage of the law, the terrors of death, the love of the world, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life? Can you, then, abandon it? Is it not your life, your all? Say that men disgrace it, hold it in unrighteousness, act inconsistently with it, or profess it without feeling its power. Let these be warnings to you not to do the same; but do not give up truth because others make an ill use of it. Do not countenance their evil deeds, nor be a partaker of other men's sins; keep thyself pure from their or similar inconsistencies; but forsake not truth because men abuse it. What blessings have men not abused! Some have fed their dogs with hot slices from the joint. Will you never touch meat again? Health is abused by thousands. Will you, therefore, prefer sickness? Money is daily perverted to the vilest purposes. Will you, therefore, throw up your situation, let anybody take your rents or profits, work without wages, or put up your shop shutters, because wicked men abuse what you may accept with thankfulness as God's gift, and use to his glory? No; let us rather hold on to truth all the more firmly because it is abused; let us rather seek for a more full revelation and powerful application of it to our own soul, a stronger faith in it, and a more earnest desire to live more abidingly in the enjoyment and sweetness of it, seeing all the more clearly from the example of others how dangerous a profession of truth is without a heartfelt possession. If you are grieved or disgusted by the conduct of some who profess truth, show that there is *one* person at least in this crooked and perverse generation that can and does adorn it; and bear in mind that the purity of truth can no more be really sullied by the treachery of its professors than

the cheek of Christ was stained by the kiss of Judas, or his pure humanity disgraced by the stripes and thorns of Pilate's judgment-hall.

And in holding on to truth, hold on, above all things, to the power of truth. It is not the letter of truth, however clear or correct, which can save or bless your soul. How well, because how experimentally, does Hart speak on this point in that wonderful experience of his—that undying testimony against Pharisaic self-righteousness and Antinomian licentiousness :

“Notions of religion I wanted no man to teach me—I had doctrine enough; but found by woful experience that dry doctrine, though ever so sound, will not sustain a soul in the day of trial.”

When we look a little more closely at matters, we see why many, of whom better things were once hoped, have been driven from the truth. They never felt its power, nor tasted its divine blessedness, by a gracious experience of it as made known to their soul. Therefore they were driven from truth to error by the conduct of its professors, just as men are often driven from one extreme of politics to another by the ill-treatment they meet with from their own party. But the truth of God—the truth as it is in Jesus—the truth which makes free is not to be abandoned thus. Let this rather be our feeling. If every professor in England disgrace it, if every minister in England turn from it, let *me* hold it all the closer; for if I abandon it, I abandon Christ himself, who is the “Truth,” as well as the “Way” and the “Life.” Let us rather, if all abandon it, follow that noble example portrayed so beautifully in the seraph Abdiel :

“So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found;
Among the faithless faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified;
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number nor example with him wrought,
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Though single.”

2. *Hold on to the Church of Christ.*

The Lord's own promise was, “Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world.” There is then a church of Christ still. Men speak sometimes as if there were no people of God now, no church of Christ on earth, and almost say, with the prophet Elijah, “I, even I only, am left.” But as, in those gloomy times, there were seven thousand in Israel who had not bowed the knee to Baal, so in our day God has still a seed to serve him, a remnant according to the election of grace. Were it not so, we should soon be as Sodom, and be like unto Gomorrah. However low, then, or divided, or scattered, this remnant may be, they are still the church of Christ, dear to him as members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones. And should they not be dear to us? Can we love the Head and not love the members? seek union and communion with the Lord, and separate ourselves from the Lord's people?

“ Ah ! but they are so crooked, and I have had so much trouble among them ; have been so cruelly wounded in the house of my friends ; have had such grief and sorrow of heart from my connection with them ; my feelings have been so crushed and trampled on ; my motives so misinterpreted, my words and actions so misrepresented, that I have been absolutely forced to leave them !” Does this step that you have taken, or are about to take, flow from grace ? May there not be some strong mixture of self-pity, or wounded pride, or natural resentment, or fretfulness and irritability of temper, or mortification because you cannot have your own way, blended with your present exercises of mind ? Oh ! how deceitful and desperately wicked is the heart of man ! How it can hide from itself all its own faults ; and, dwelling on or magnifying the faults of others, can raise up storms of wrath against our dearest friends, and for a little offence cherish enmity towards the choicest saints of God ! Your present feelings then of shyness and distrust, and your shunning those you once had sweet intercourse with, may not be wholly from grace. Would not grace rather say, “ Well, with all their faults, they are the people of God still. I mourn and grieve over their crookedness and waywardness ; but I cannot and must not give them up. May not I too be partly to blame ? Have I always spoken and acted quite in the spirit of the gospel ? Have not I sometimes been provoked myself, and dropped hasty expressions, given way to my temper, and though I contended only for right things, yet did not do so in the spirit and meekness of the gospel ? Have I not also been too ready to take up prejudices and listen to unkind speeches ; and may I not have wounded them as well as they have wounded me ?”

But whether so or not, let you have acted most blamelessly in word and spirit, still it comes to the same point. Nothing must separate us from the suffering members of Christ. These we took as our brethren and friends when we came out of the world, and we must not give them up. Christ, whom we profess to love, loves them with all their crookedness ; and think what we may, or say what we may about them, there is more crookedness in our heart—any one of us—than in all their words and actions put together.

But if our advice be good for those who fear God generally, many of whom are not in church fellowship, how much more forcibly will it apply to *members of gospel churches* ! This is your position. You have joined, and still are a member of a gospel church. But many things in that church deeply try your mind. It is much divided, and with some of the members you have little or no union ; others you believe are deeply tainted with legality and free will, and others, who have a good experience, are so obstinate and headstrong, that if they cannot rule and have just their own way, the church has no rest or peace. Well, certainly, you might save yourself a great deal of trouble and sorrow if you left them altogether. And so would the martyrs, if they would have given up the truth ; and so would Paul, had he abandoned the

care of all the churches ; and so would the blessed Lord himself, had he prayed the Father for twelve legions of angels. But he suffered, and so must you. And this may be your especial cross. We know how heavy church troubles are—the greatest of all next to personal soul trouble, and few can be in church-fellowship without them.

If the church is an ordinance of Christ, for a believer not to be a member of a church is, to say the least, not to walk in Christ's ordinances ; and if he be a member of a church, he must, in the exercise of Christian love, bear all things, believe all things, hope all things, and endure all things, sooner than give up his membership with it.

3. *Hold on to the servants of God.*

We move here on tender ground, for really, when we look around us, we find but few worthy of that title. But the point we would mainly press is this. It is not for us to say who are and who are not servants of God ; but we do say, if any man be commended to your conscience as a minister of Christ, and any blessing has ever been communicated to your soul through him, do not suffer a little thing to separate between him and you. We are creatures of extremes. Some think too much, and others too little, of the servants of God. Some see in them no fault, at least, none in the one object of their idolatrous affection, and others see in them little else but faults. Remember that God sends men to preach, not angels ; and as men, they are not only of like passions with their hearers, but are peculiarly exposed to temptations, not only from their very position, but because Satan more particularly thrusts sore at them that they may fall, well knowing that their fall would fill the church with mourning, and the enemies of truth with rejoicing, would disgrace the cause of God, stumble the weak, drive the tempted almost to despair, and cast a cloud over a congregation which might never be removed, but furnish a standing reproach for years, and supply hundreds with the most powerful weapon against the truth as long as the chapel walls stand. Bearing this in mind, how incumbent it is on the family of God to hold up the hands of the servants of Christ by prayer and supplication, and if the ministry has been blessed to their souls to seek of the Lord continued supplies of grace for their minister that his soul may be watered and kept alive, and that dew, savour, and power may rest abundantly on him and the word preached by him.

4. *Hold on to the work of God on your own soul.*

This is your treasure—the treasure in the earthen vessel which God has lodged there by his Spirit and grace. Here you may be deeply tried: Such darkness may at times cover your soul that you cannot see a single feature of God's work upon your heart ; or you may have got into such a cold, dead, lifeless state, that you seem past all feeling, without even a sigh or cry ; or you may be sorely tempted to think yourself a wretched hypocrite or self-deceiver, and that the best way will be to make away with your profession or even with yourself. Still, with it all, there is a secret something which you cannot give up. You know there have been times with you

when you could and did feel Christ precious, when you did love him with all your heart, when you did see the King in his beauty, and the land now so very far off, and were softened and melted into contrition by a taste of his love. You can look back, too, and see how you were first wrought upon, what convictions you felt, what sighs and groans you uttered, what prayers and cries you poured forth, and how you were brought out of the world or a dead profession, and made to seek pardon and peace for your own soul. How can you really give up what you have thus felt? No! Hold on, then, to it, for it is your life. Part with everything before you part with that. The Lord can and will shine, sooner or later, on his own work, and bring it forth to his own praise.

5. *Hold on to any promises ever made to your soul.*

The Lord's usual way is first to give a promise, and then try it. So it was with Abraham, so with Jacob, and so with Joseph. Sarah's barrenness tried Abraham; Laban's persecutions tried Jacob; and Pharaoh's prison, where the iron entered into his soul, tried Joseph. But not one jot or tittle of the promises made to them fell to the ground. And so, if the Lord has ever made you a promise, though your path now be dark and gloomy in Providence or grace, still, if you are enabled to do as Jacob did, put the promise that God made into God's own hand, with a "Thou saidst I will surely do thee good," (Gen. xxxii. 12,) he will honour in his own time and way his own word, and fulfil it to his glory and your joy.

6. *Hold on to those means of grace which have been blessed to your soul.*

God has given his word of truth into your hands, set up a mercy-seat, a throne of grace, for you to approach, favoured you with Christian friends, and blessed you, perhaps, with a servant of his own teaching and sending for you to hear. How good it is to read his word with an enlightened understanding and a believing heart; to pour out the soul before the mercy-seat with liberty and access; to feel union and communion in Christian converse with the saints of God; and to hear the preached gospel with life and power. It is true that we may not be often thus favoured; but, if we are sometimes or ever have been, we shall prize these means of grace, these channels of divine communication. The Scriptures may be to us a sealed book, but we shall read them still; the throne of grace covered with a cloud, but we shall still present our supplications there; converse with the children of God may be a burden, but we shall not forsake their company; and the ministry a dry breast, but we shall not neglect the assembling of ourselves together in the house of prayer. We may give way to temptation in these matters, be overcome by sloth and negligence, till our soul resembles the garden of the sluggard. We may neglect reading the Bible, until we get into a habit of scarcely looking into it at all; be cold and formal at a throne of grace, till prayer is quite restrained; be shy of the saints of God, till we forsake their company altogether; suffer any excuse to keep the foot away from the house of prayer, till it becomes a burden to go. The Lord does not tie himself to means; but he is

usually found in them, and it is therefore our wisdom and mercy in them to seek him.

7. *Hold on to the Lord Jesus Christ to the utmost of your faith and hope in him.*

Many changes pass over our mind ; but he changeth not, for he is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Without him we can do nothing ; with him we can do all things. He can support us under our trials, comfort us in our afflictions, deliver us out of our temptations, subdue our sins, smile away our fears, cheer us in life, bless us in death, and present us in eternity before his Father's throne, holy and unblameable and unreprieveable in his sight. To him, then, may we ever cleave with purpose of heart ; and may our desire ever be to glorify him on earth, with the prospect before us of spending an eternity with him in heaven.

Now, if we by the Spirit of Christ crying in our heart, Abba, Father, be no more servants, but children, then it follows that we are not only delivered from the pope and all the abominations of men's traditions, but also from all the jurisdiction and power of the law of God. Wherefore we ought in no wise to suffer the law to reign in our conscience, and much less the pope with his vain threatenings and terrors.—*Luther.*

If Paul, for fear of hell, had given his body to be burned, it had been nothing, (1 Cor. xiii. 3,) but faith and love render small things of value with God, even the widow's mite, and a cup of cold water. And it is worthy of remark, that when the fruits of the Spirit are reckoned up, this fear is not so much as named among them. (Gal. v. 22, 23.) And certain it is, that the more sensible and lively our love is to God, the less will be our fear of hell ; for perfect love casts out fear.—*Elisha Coles.*

I have known some that have been made to roar like bears, rave like dragons, and to howl like dogs, by reason of the weight of guilt and the lashes of hell upon their conscience, for their evil deeds, who have, so soon as their present torments and fears were gone, returned again like the dog to his vomit ; or as the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire. (Hos. vii. 14.)—*Bunyan.*

Trials would not accomplish that for which God permits them, if we could see their end. David might have fled before Saul, but at the same time he would only have laughed at his folly, had he seen himself always safe in his high tower ; neither would his fears have been roused, nor his faith tried.—*Timothy Priestley.*

Is it not fitting there be water in our wine, and a thorn in our rose ? Shall God draw the lineaments and proportion of his favors after the measure of my foot ? Shall the Almighty be instructed to regulate his ways of supernatural providence according to the frame of our apprehensions ?—*Rutherford.*

In the case of Abel, God typically marked his regard to Christ and his offering as well as his sovereignty in bestowing his favor on men.—*John Brown.*

OBITUARY.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE EXPERIENCE AND LAST DAYS OF THE LATE MRS. TILLY, OF KENNET, WILTS, FORMERLY OF UPAVON, WILTSHIRE.

It is written, "The memory of the just is blessed;" and to record the righteous acts of the Lord, and his mercy and grace manifested to one of his blessed and chosen ones, is, I feel, a great and important undertaking. But having known the departed one for eighteen years, and during that time enjoyed an unbroken friendship and spiritual union with her, I have felt inclined to record a few things concerning her, and the Lord's dealings with her soul, and also give extracts from some of her letters, written at different times, to myself and her Christian friends.

She was born at Upavon, in December, 1819. When about sixteen or seventeen, she went on a Lord's-day to Netheravon, to witness the ordinance of baptism administered by that gracious man, Stephen Offer; and here, while hearing his solemn appeals to sinners, and describing their fearful estate, and also proving the Scriptural truth of that ordinance, and that it belongs only to God's children, the Lord was pleased to make it effectual to her conscience. She returned home convinced of the fearful state she was in as a sinner, and what would be her doom if left to die in that state. Though her moral character had always been very exemplary, her truthfulness and integrity remarkable, yet now a gloom and distress of soul concerning her state gradually grew upon her; the Bible became her chief companion, and prayer the very breath of her soul. She attended Stephen Offer at all possible opportunities, and all other gracious men who at that time visited the neighbourhood. It was not long before the Lord granted her some degree of comfort, and blessed her soul with a good hope in his mercy. She felt her heart drawn in love to the Lord, in his precepts, ways, and ordinances, and wished to join the church, which she did, and was baptized, I believe, in the following year, 1837, by Stephen Offer, at the same place in the river where before she had gone a spectator and returned home in such distress. Being but young in years and young in grace, she greatly feared she should be left to bring a disgrace on the cause; but through this very fear she was ever mercifully preserved, and her soul kept very sensibly alive. Yet when she heard the experience, and trials, and temptations, of the Lord's people spoken of, deeper than she had been led, she was often much exercised, fearing she was not in the right way, and had not suffered enough under the law.

About this time she gave her company to a God-fearing young man, with whom she walked in a consistent and honorable way for nearly two years, when it pleased the Lord to take him home to himself by a decline. His sickness was much sanctified, and his end was blessed peace, November, 1840. Up to this time this was

the severest trial she had ever been called to pass through. Many and deep were her exercises of soul ; so much so, that fears were entertained for her health also. I believe up to this time she had not known very much of the depths of iniquity in her own soul, or brought fully a ruined, condemned sinner to the bar of a holy and just God, and delivered by the full and blessed application of the blood of Jesus to her conscience. The state of her mind at this time is best given in her own words, in a letter to a female friend, which I give at length :—

“My dear Friend,—I have once more taken my pen in hand to write to you ; but I seem very unfit to write on spiritual things, for I have got into such a state of death in my soul, that I know not what the end will be, for I seem alive to all that is evil, and to cleave to that which will destroy my soul for ever. And this has prevented me from writing to you before. I fear I am deceived myself, and shall deceive others ; but the Lord knows my desire is to be made honest and sincere, for I know we are open and naked before the eyes of him with whom we have to do ; and I do hope, if it is not the Lord’s work in my soul, that he will make it manifest, that I may not go on in a form without the power. Yet I dread being left to go back into sin, and bring a reproach upon the ways of God ; and yet I fear that will be my case, for I feel my heart so continually going astray, that, if I am not kept by the power of God, I shall fall into anything that presents itself. I find, my dear friend, that your feet are not yet set in an even place, and that you have to walk in darkness, and have no light ; but the promise to such is to trust in the Lord and to stay upon his God. You, in time past, have been enabled to say, “My God ;” and that is what I cannot come up to, and fear I never shall ; for I seem to get more unlike what I want to be, for I want to feel sin subdued within me, and to live more to the glory of God, and have my affections set on things above. But I feel just the contrary to this, for sin seems to be stronger within me, and I seem to be everything that is wrong ; but amongst it all I do know what would put it all right in a moment, if I could but enjoy it, and that is, a drop of the precious love of Christ ; and though I do seem so far from him, yet I cannot quite give up a hope in him. But I beg of you, my dear friend, not to be deceived by me, for I do fear that my feelings are nothing but delusion, and that in the end I shall prove a castaway ; for I think, if I was one of his children, I should not feel as I do now.

“ANN ROLF.”

She continued much in this state of mind with some little help by the way, for near six years, though sometimes she was much helped and blessed under different ministers.

She once, at Upavon, during this period, was very much helped in hearing a person speak from those words, “Who loved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began,” 2 Tim. i. 9. She said, in the evening afterwards, “I now see where I stand, though I never

had the word of the law applied to me with power ; but I now see I have the spirit of it working in my soul, and have, for a long time, in guilt, slavish fears, and legality. That precious gift in Christ Jesus I now feel a little of." Her soul was very much strengthened thereby ; and very many times after she spoke of this time with remembrance of gratitude to the Lord, and used to call it one of her own texts.

In the latter part of the summer of 1846 she was again brought into greater bonds and distress than she had ever known. She had had a promise brought to her mind some time before, which she believed came from the Lord (the words I have not in writing, and they are gone from my mind) ; but a circumstance occurred which entirely cut off all expectations of its fulfilment ; this brought her to believe that she was wrong for time and eternity, and her soul sank to the borders of despair. The writer was with her, and was an ear and eye witness to the agony of her soul one Lord's day evening. On the Monday morning she was perfectly unable to attend to her duties in the shop, bedewed in tears, and saying she was lost for ever ; the Lord's angry frown appeared to settle on her conscience, and judgment she feared would be soon executed upon her. In the afternoon after I left her the Lord broke in upon her soul with life, light, liberty, and peace, and delivered her from very many and heavy fears. On the Friday following she wrote the following letter, which I give word for word :—

"My dear Brother,—I just write to inform you that my dear Lord's faithfulness has not failed, for he has appeared for my poor soul as my God and Saviour. Blessed be his dear name for all his mercies, for he hath delivered my soul from death, my eyes from tears, my feet from falling. Join with me, my dear brother, to praise his name, for he alone is worthy. My soul feels it good to speak of his name. Blessings for ever be upon him for all his goodness, and for all his mercies to me, a poor worm. He did that afternoon bring my poor soul down into such solemn reverence before his Divine Majesty, that verily it trembled before him, for he said, 'Be still, and know that I am God ;' and truly I was still, for I knew not what he was about to do with me ; but it was not long before he came with these precious words, 'Fear not, for thou shalt not be ashamed, neither shalt thou be confounded, for thou shalt not be put to shame : for thou shalt forget the shame of thy youth, and shalt not remember the reproach of thy widowhood any more. For thy Maker is thy husband, the Lord of Hosts is his name, and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel, the Lord of the whole earth shall he be called.' Oh, my dear friend, you can enter into my feelings better than I can describe them, for truly they were very precious and very solemn. It was as much as my poor frame could bear, and blessed be his dear name it was not a hasty visit ; but it still remains with me, and I feel persuaded that he will never leave me nor forsake me. He showed me how he had brought me, a poor blind bat, in a way I knew not, and led me in paths I had not known, for the honor and glory of

his name, and made me feel that he had established his faithfulness unto the very heavens. Blessings for ever be upon him. My only desire is to praise him, and to live more to his glory, and that I may not sin against him more. When I see you, my dear brother, I will tell you all. My kind love to T——; I doubt not but she will join with me in praising his dear name for his faithfulness and truth.

“Upavon, 25th September, 1846.

ANN ROLF.”

By this most timely and gracious manifestation of the Lord Jesus to her soul, she was brought into the full and blessed liberty of the gospel, and felt pardon and peace sealed on her conscience. That hymn of Mr. Hart's she frequently quoted with much feeling :

“How high a privilege 'tis to know
Our sins are all forgiven;”

And that one—

“Blest Spirit of truth, eternal God,
Thou meek and lowly dove.”

She was now favored for some length of time with a very soft heart, and her conversation (in which she was blessed with an excellent gift) was very profitable and edifying. I have spent many hours (as well as others) in her company at times, when she would relate her exercises and fears, and how Satan and her own unbelief tempted her to think her praying was not real, though she would never give it up till brought in thoroughly guilty, helpless, and undone; then the Lord applied his word with power, and blessed her soul with that faith which worketh by love. She was ever kept from resting in a hard, dead experience, and crying peace, peace, when she felt it not; and though the guilt of sin was removed from her conscience, and the fears of perishing at last were taken away by a Saviour's blood sprinkled on her heart, and she was blessed with the spirit of adoption, she was kept from slighting others of the Lord's children who had not been so far favored, but would relate the Lord's appearing to her own soul with every encouragement to the poor in spirit and the mourners in Zion. As a proof of the general state of her soul, and the path spiritually the Lord led her in after this, and her exercises with the evils of her own heart, I make another extract from a letter sent to a friend near three years after this deliverance:—

“My dear Friend and Brother,—I attempt once more to write a few lines to you; and may the dear Lord direct me what to say, for I feel very unfit to write or speak anything that is right in his sight, but as he is pleased to work in me; for in and of myself I feel that I am such a polluted sinner that I can do nothing good; and my cry is to the dear Lord, that all I write, or think, or speak, may be sprinkled with his precious blood. What could such poor, guilty sinners do without this blood to plead? Surely we should sink in despair! but blessed be his dear name for ever opening this new and living way, whereby a poor sinner may approach him and plead for mercy; and that is what my soul needs daily and hourly:

for 'God be merciful to me a sinner' is often the cry of my soul, from a feeling sense of the many evils I feel within. I find many things, my dear brother, that cast me down while passing through this wilderness; and there is but one thing that can raise me up, and that is, the presence of my Beloved; for when I am left in darkness, I feel there is nothing below the sun can give me any real satisfaction, nor do I want to feel satisfied with anything short of him; for I trust I have found him to be my soul-satisfying portion, and do know him to be a worthy portion indeed. Blessed be his dear name, he is my hope, my joy, my trust; and I do feel at times he is the Rock on which I trust my soul is built for eternity, and if so, the gates of hell shall not prevail against me; though I have many fears at times they will prevail; but, blessed be his name, he has kept me hitherto. My dear brother, I desire to thank you for your kind remembrances of me at a throne of grace; and also the dear Lord for inclining your heart so to do. May he reward you for all your kindness to such a poor, worthless worm as I am. May the dear Lord come with you and bless our souls together; and if permitted to sit down at his table may it be with a single eye to his glory, for I do feel, according to his word, if the eye is single, the whole body is full of light. My soul's desire is to feel more singleness of eye to the Lord in all I do and say. May the Lord be with you, my dear brother, in all your trials, and bless your labours, is the sincere desire of your unworthy friend,

"Upavon, June 29th, 1849.

ANN ROLF."

She was blessed with much gracious wisdom, prudence, and forbearance among the Lord's family; nothing appeared to give her more trouble than when differences arose in the church, or misdoings amongst any she was united with; with much sorrow and sympathy would she speak face to face about it, and point out the evils and dangers of spiritual sloth and non-attendance on the means of grace in the Lord's house; being blessed with peace, this made her a true daughter of peace in her sphere and circle of Christian friends.

In 1854, in the month of May, she gave her hand in marriage to Mr. Tilly, of Kennet, near Avebury; the Baptist chapel in the latter place she now attended. This change of situation in life she felt very greatly. In her letters written after this time she complains much of spiritual darkness; and once, when I saw her, she said her hope abode still steadfast in the Lord, but it was a long time since she felt any special manifestation of his love and mercy to her soul. Her health, always delicate, now at times began to give way, being often attacked with rheumatic gout in her feet, and sometimes in her hands, till these attacks became more violent and more frequent. In the beginning of July, 1855, she was attacked with it again, and by about the 11th or 12th of that month it spread over her whole system, and laid her on her death-bed. This she seemed from the first to be conscious would be her last trial. Her soul, as before stated, had been in a very clouded and dark state in general for some length of time. On the Friday she said to her friend

attending her, that the Lord had hid his face from her; that her sins had done it—not actual sins, but other lords had had dominion over her; that she had not honored him as she ought in his house or ordinances, nor in the world. She sent her love and a message to her Christian friends, and hoped they would be led to live an upright and consistent life, and not to bring thorns on a dying pillow, as she felt she had.

It is but just and right here to note that very few indeed, if any, in our day, were more kept in walk and conduct, in the world and the church, to which all who knew her can bear witness. Some time after she requested Romans viii. might be read to her, which was done. She said there was a text in it which would come directly against her, verse 13, "If ye live after the flesh, ye shall die; but if ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live."

On the morning of the Saturday she was still in the same distress and grief of mind, but trying to look over all her past experience, and the different promises she had had blessed to her soul, and the hymns in times before; but now all seemed covered with a thick cloud. Her friend mentioned many things to her she had heard her relate and the feelings she had been blessed with in times past. She said, "My dear Sarah, what should I do without you? for truly you are Hopeful unto me; you just keep my head above water." Here she referred to Christian and Hopeful passing the river, in "Pilgrim's Progress." She lay quiet for some little time; then looking up she said, "Yes, I knew it was the Lord blest my soul, nine years ago, and told me I was justified from all things" (this was the time the Lord blessed her in 1846, as before related), "but, oh, it is present sins I fear the Lord will not forgive." She would then say "Go to prayer; entreat the Lord to appear for me." She would then utter these words with great earnestness and solemnity:—"Lord, thou art a God that delighteth in mercy. Oh, do manifest it in me; do thou put power in the words thou hast spoken in times past. I want nothing new, only power on the same." The words are Isaiah liv. 4, 5: "Fear not, for thou shalt not be ashamed," &c., as stated in her second letter in this narrative. Upon this the enemy was permitted to tempt her that Isaiah was not a true prophet; with this she burst into tears, and her grief seemed to overpower her. She continued saying, "He is a true prophet. He is a true prophet. Oh, it grieves me so to think I should doubt the Lord's word." Her friend told her it was from the enemy. She said yes, she believed it was, as she felt such a hatred to the thought. This continued for some time, as also her fervent petitions and cries against it, till the after part of the day, when the Lord was pleased to answer her request in the full joy of her heart, by applying the same words beginning "Fear not," &c., with great power, which carried everything before it, silenced every accuser, and left nothing but his own most gracious presence, and her immortal soul redeemed from the hand of the enemy, brought forth from the miry clay and set fast on a rock—even Jesus, the all-glorious and

ever-living Intercessor. She said she should now soon be gone, and began blessing and praising the Lord, and quoting several hymns. She said :

“ When most we need his helping hand,
This friend is always near,
With heaven and earth at his command,
He waits to answer prayer.”

Again :

“ Thy word, which I have rested on,
(Hath and) does help my heaviest hours.”

She repeated several passages of the Word, nearly all Isaiah liv., great part of Romans viii., and many others similar, too numerous to give at length here. After some time spent in this happy and blessed state she looked up and said, “Are there any strangers in the room?” Being told only myself and her husband, she said, “That is right, for they would not understand our language;” and continued, “O precious Jesus, thou art my good and gracious Lord; thy precious word is my support, and the word which I have rested on shall help my heaviest hours,” she repeated a great number of times during the night of Saturday. When Lord’s-day morning arrived she looked up and said, “This is the Sabbath, is it not?” Being answered, it was, she said, “I thought to have entered on an eternal Sabbath by this time; but we find it good to be here together.” She was answered, “Yes, but it will be your last.” She often told her husband not to grieve: “I shall not be lost but gone before, and you will not be long after.” She, during this day, repeated with much feeling a great many portions of the hymns, and intermingled praise and thanksgiving of heart and soul whenever her great pain and suffering was in any measure subdued. One of the hymns was

171. “Join all who love the Saviour’s name,
To sing his everlasting fame,” &c.

At another time after she requested Psalm cxvi. might be read to her, which she much enjoyed; afterward Isaiah liv. She said she valued it as precious for some years, but now doubly so. As her strength day by day failed, so the peace and joy of her soul appeared evidently to increase; and at all possible opportunities her faltering tongue was employed in uttering forth the praises of her gracious Lord. The physician who attended her remarked, that to him it appeared like cruelty to attempt to save her life, as he never before witnessed a dying person in such a state of joy and peace. It appeared that the enemy from this time forward was kept at a distance. The 174th hymn she repeated very distinctly, and wished it to be sung at her funeral, which was done :

“ Jesus is precious with the word;
What comfort does this grace afford !”

The two last verses, especially, she dwelt on very much :

“ As they draw near their journey’s end,”

And :

“ In glory, Lord, may I be found,” &c.

At another time she said, "Lord, when thou hast brought me to the other side of the river I will praise thee as I have done many times, till those in heaven and earth shall hear." And again, "Oh, to think of being with my Lord, and never part again, and never sin against him more!

"Sin, my worst plague before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more."

This hymn, also, she frequently quoted.

On Thursday the 19th, her pains and great weakness prevented her saying much, but the same blessed feeling and peace was still continued till the Friday morning, the 20th of July, 1855, when her happy and redeemed soul took its flight from all that is mortal and sinful, to be for ever with the Lord, and sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of God.

Thus, reader, I have given a feeble sketch of the Lord's love, his power, grace, and mercy, as manifested in Mrs. Tilly, whose maiden name was Rolf. Truly "the memory of the just is blessed, and their end is peace."

Pewsey, Wilts.

W. F.

FROM A MOTHER TO HER SON.

Beloved Jonathan,—You have heard a little about S——, and how we are moving on; and we have also heard of you, and it did rejoice my soul to hear you attended regularly a throne of grace. Sure I am in keeping the Lord's commands there is a great reward; you have the promise of this world and that which is to come. What is it the new man of grace cannot do? why, everything but sin; as Paul expresses it, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me; and when I am weak then am I strong." And we hear another saying, "By thee I have run through a troop, and by my God I have leaped over a wall." I have proved it, that when the enemy has come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord has lifted up a standard against him; so that in all the intricate paths I have had to go, he has been a lamp to my feet and a light to my soul; and I hear him say, "I will surely do thee good, and will never leave you nor forsake you." It is a blessed thing for you and me that his shalls and wills have never been forfeited yet! In all ages he has made his children willing in the day of his power, made darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. Bless his precious name, he is their only teacher, and will lead them into all truth. Oh, that is it, the image of God on the soul; the work of the Spirit upon the heart; the peace of God that passeth all understanding; and he being the fountain of all grace, the poor soul looks unto him for all supplies, knowing that in him is all fulness for wretched man. The blessed Spirit whispers and says, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters: yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." And the soul being refreshed, can say, "Rejoice not against me, O my

enemy, for when I fall I shall arise; when I sit in darkness the Lord will be a light unto me; though I fall I shall not utterly be cast down; I shall arise again, for God is the health of my countenance and my God." The steps of a good man are ordered by him; he pondereth all his goings, and the bounds of our habitation are fixed. And though we are often getting into quagmires and into Doubting Castle, and say, How can this and that be for good, when all seems to be so against me? wave upon wave, billow upon billow? so that we often begin to sink; still we hear the Lord say, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" And when he speaks, it is with power. Where is the man that can withstand his power?—it is impossible! And yet there are thousands daring him to his face, and saying, "It is our own arm that hath brought us salvation." They can boast of doing this and that, and everything they take in hand seems to go ahead. "See what great things I can do; I do not want to be beholden to any one; I can eat my own bread and wear my own clothing; only let me be called by thy name to take away my reproach." This is the conduct and language of many professors in our day. Let them have something to do, and to boast in, and a name to live while they are dead, and they will be religious enough, and have plenty of admirers. But where is the contending for the faith once delivered to the saints? it is almost everywhere a yea and nay gospel, which is no gospel at all. O my boy! there will come a sifting day, and oh, what a day it will be! A disclosure of hearts, sure enough. It is coming, fast. Must not God be avenged on such a nation as this? Let a man speak what God has done for his soul, in bringing him out of nature's darkness to the glorious light of the blessed gospel; so that he speaks as God's mouth, and declares the whole will of God, without shunning, altering, or modifying, the language of nearly every professor is now, "Away with him; he is not fit to live!" Even those that you really have had a good hope of seem to be satisfied with toys. Anything but the pure word of truth will do—so it is! God grant we may have all our scales taken off our eyes, and have our faith increased, so that we can say with David, "In the name of the God of Israel we will defy them!" The dear Lord of late has been very merciful to me, and has given me many precious promises. I do often long to fly away and be at rest; and then it will be, "Unto him who hath loved me and redeemed me," an eternal song of praise! Shut up from every storm. Nor can it enter into your heart or mine, with the few sips of the way, what must be the full ocean prepared for them that love him. I would rather be in the poor-house with my God, than to have all the world without him; it would only leave an aching void. O my dear boy! do let your meditation be frequent with the Lord; sure I am you will have your reward. "In blessing," he says, "I will bless thee." So prays your affectionate mother,

E. G.

WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT?

Your spiritual favor I duly received, and perused with much satisfaction. It is a solid testimony for Jesus. The language of Canaan is a pure language, which only the scholars of Christ can speak ; and thus we form the unerring conclusion, that it is one and the same blessed Spirit which teacheth in all, and speaketh by all his witnesses ; and such is the gracious constraint put upon us, that if we should hold our peace, the stones would testify against us. Then may we ever honour his blessed Name, as recipients of his sovereign and discriminating grace, by speaking often one to another of his gracious dealings towards us.

When but a child, I was the subject of many fears respecting my eternal state ; my heart frequently sank at the prospect of my being called to stand at the bar of a righteous God, which I knew I must do when called to die, and was sensible I was not prepared. A heavy sense of my sinnership constantly abode with me, which every sin of omission and commission greatly increased upon me. Being brought up in the Established Church, I had never heard of religion constituting anything beyond morality ; but my convictions told me differently, though kept outwardly upright ; yet I had a constant sense of the deception of my appearance ; and I used to think, did my companions but know what I see and feel myself to be, they would all stand aloof from me. But though hidden from them, I knew the omniscient eye of Jehovah saw me as I really was ; and I soon found he regarded the thoughts and intents of the heart, that his pure eyes could not behold iniquity to dwell in his presence. This was terrible to me, for I found myself nothing but iniquity, as he set my secret sins in the light of his countenance. At this time, death and judgment were very terrible to me ; I looked about for a refuge, but I saw none. I had no knowledge of the Gospel dispensation ; the clamors of Moses were, " Do and live ;" therefore I set to work, toiled hard and meant well ; but much faster than I could build, the Lord pulled down. With a heart full of sinful desires and vain imaginations continually, I could not cast up my daily accounts but with heavy losses against myself ; and ultimately the Lord stopped my mouth in prayer with this cutting Scripture, " The prayers of the wicked are an abomination to the Lord." This cut at the root of my performances, and removed the last remains of my hope, short of a free salvation. Now the Lord sent the doctrine of election to my conscience in these words, " Except your name is written in the Lamb's book of life, ye cannot be saved ;" and though hope dawned here, yet Satan strove hard to sink me in the gulf of reprobation. I feared I was one of Cain's race, and here at times my soul was greatly exercised with desperate rebellion against God's decrees, which rose at times to such an awful height, that I dared him to do his worst, and felt I could have pulled him from his throne. These are awful lessons of the depth of human depravity. When under these feelings, I strove hard to get from under the hand of the Almighty. I knew his strong hand was upon me, and knew

something of David's meaning where he says, "When I suffer thy terrors I am distracted." I used to meditate, and look to distant climes, to the highest hills and lowest vales, to escape from the vindictive wrath which lay heavily on my conscience; but a deep conviction returned on me that it was impossible for me to escape his hand or his wrath, for his omnipresence knew no limits; for even those who were lost eternally had his wrathful presence. When here I used to wander much alone, and envy the brute beast before me, and every reptile that crawled the earth, and every living thing that had no immortal soul. The Lord, in much mercy to me, constantly crossed and re-crossed my path with many heavy and bitter disappointments as it respects my worldly prospects and desires, followed me with much bodily sickness, and preserved my natural life from many hair-breadth escapes from the grave. But still, when under these heavy exercises of soul, I had many sweet visitations from the drawing influences of the Father's love. At times I had a glimpse of the adorable person of the Lord Jesus Christ, as showing himself through the lattice, which drew my desires fervently towards him, and the savour of his name, as the Saviour of sinners, was as an ointment poured forth. At other times I found great outpourings of heart, could press forward against all hope, and sue for mercy in mercy's way, when great meltings of heart followed, and a feeling of "Peradventure, who can tell?" arose in my heart also. When here, my soul apprehended the efficacy of Christ's blood as sufficient for my salvation, if I had but an interest in it; and, at times, such was my thirst for its application, and such the strength of my heart's desire and affection to the Lord Jesus, that every other desire was lost in this one, which was, that I might know him, and the power of his resurrection, and have fellowship with his sufferings. My soul was made sick of the vanity of all things short of himself, the things of time and sense, of sin and self, of a tempting devil, and a condemning law; my sin-parched and sin-stung conscience could not be satisfied with beholding the remedy alone; but my soul longed, yea, thirsted, for the living God, and to drink of the fountain of living waters, to be washed from all my sins and iniquities; to drink of that water which Christ told, if any man drink of, he should never thirst again, but it should be in him a well of living water, springing up into everlasting life. When thus my soul apprehended the precious blood of the dear Redeemer, my desires also were, Oh! that I could for ever withdraw from this evil world, be delivered within from sin and self, never be suffered to sin any more, but spend my wilderness days and time-allotted state with my soul condoling, mourning over, and sympathising with, my dear, broken-hearted Redeemer. These desires drew forth many a petition to the Lord that he would lead my soul into the spiritual mystery of the Cross of Christ, that I might have fellowship with his sufferings in the garden of Gethsemane; and there were times when I felt I could not rest without these manifestations, for I felt assured that a whole-hearted sinner could have no fellowship with a broken-hearted Saviour; and I had tasted, in some small measure, that a

feeling sense of blood-bought pardon soon broke the heart of stone. My distance was my misery, therefore I coveted to be brought nigh by the blood of the covenant, and know in a measure what it had cost him to redeem my soul from death. The above was what I experienced before brought to a full and satisfactory liberty of soul. I had risen to a sure hope of the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, and felt confident I should not die till I had seen the Lord's Christ for myself. Six months passed on, in which time I sank in my feelings heavily and deeply; my soul was overwhelmed within me, and drew near in apprehension to the gates of spiritual death. At length the Lord returned again; and at the point of my extremity he made it his gracious opportunity of showing me mercy, by bringing my soul into the happy liberty of the gospel of peace; peace was proclaimed in my conscience by the application of the blood of atonement. Sin and Satan, the terrors and condemnation from a broken law, guilt and wrath all fled, and left the dear Redeemer the companion of my soul, my heart, and conscience; peace within, and peace without. If God give peace, none can give trouble. My soul, clothed in his immaculate righteousness, was seated at his feet, and in its right mind. With my spiritual mind I saw the Lord as a man of sorrow and sufferings, his countenance more marred than any man's, and his soul bowed to his feet, under the weight of wrath, which he sustained for my sins. My soul sat amazed, and in the dust of self-abhorrence; the language of my heart was:

"How high the heavy load of all,
If only mine's so great!"

Thus with the blood of the covenant, my imprisoned soul went forth out of the pit; and its efficacy I believed, without a doubt, had procured my everlasting redemption. My soul established in the way and plan of salvation, of the doctrine of the electing and everlasting love of God in Christ, its immensity, from everlasting to everlasting; my certain perseverance and final settlement in the kingdom of Christ, who had entered as my forerunner, and set there as my representative; the full display of his glorious person as God-man, Mediator, Intercessor, all his gracious and endearing office characters were opened up to my heart from these words: "The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying, yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." Here my soul rode high in the chariots of Amminadib, and sung the highest song a poor sinner can sing on this side of Jordan's banks. With strains of joy my soul brought forth the royal diadem, and crowned him Lord of all; rejoicing that all his sufferings were past, and that he was for ever seated King in Zion, to reign over all his enemies and mine. This briefly hinted, I pass on to observe, for two years I enjoyed, at times, much of his dear presence; and though not without my changes, yet not much shaken as to my everlasting interest in the Lord, and a solid peace remained when my greater consolations subsided. But now darkness, temptations, and heavy desertion gathered fast upon me; a wicked, deceitful, backsliding, and

idolatrous heart, became my downfall; a malicious, accusing devil, who assailed my soul with floods of blasphemous injections and suggestions against the righteous God, in the three divine persons, against his holy word, and all that was good, carried all my evidences of peace and confidence all before it, and down I went. The horrible suggestion that I had committed the unpardonable sin appeared to close the door of hope on my soul; here I sank into deep waters where there was no standing; my hope appeared removed as a tree; with poor Jeremiah, my heart groaned out its fear that all my former feelings surely were deception: "Thou hast deceived me, and I was deceived;" "I am the man brought to drink of afflictions by the rod of his wrath;" "Thou hast brought me into darkness and not light;" "Surely his hand is turned against me all the day long," &c. Such portions as these my soul travelled through in many heavy months. But I pass on, briefly stating that after five years' conflict the dear Lord returned again, displayed his omnipotent power, subdued all my enemies, brought me up from the depths, set my feet upon the Rock, put a new song into my mouth, and established my goings. But where did my soul centre? In his blood and righteousness alone. This was all my salvation. I had been led (as you may observe) into a measure of its application many times before this period; but here my soul, in the sweet exercise of faith, plunged beneath this fountain. A gracious baptism this! Plunged to rise again to life everlasting; and thus I came to the fountain opened for sin, etc., and I found it to be indeed as the poet writes:

" There is a fountain fill'd with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

" The dying thief rejoiced to see
 This fountain in his day;
 And there have I, as well as he,
 Wash'd all my sins away."

The solid rest of soul I felt when washed in his blood, and I stood by faith clothed in his immaculate righteousness, I could not describe. Suffice it, I felt as a poor tempest-tossed, shipwrecked mariner, who had been brought from a long voyage of perilous tempest, and under dreadful apprehensions of perishing without hope; but ultimately found himself cast on a bed of rest and safety, on an immovable rock. Thus we by precious faith do enter into rest; wearied with heavy toils, my heart and spirit broke up with many sorrows. What a ballast, my friend. I appeared like an old oak-tree, that had been much shaken and battered by many heavy gales, but had lost only its superfluous branches; but, being more deeply rooted, the lesser winds, the birds that dwell in its branches, nor the beast that harboured in its shade, were none of its terrors. It put forth its fresh spring verdure toward the sun, and rose beyond them all. I have but very little time to call my own; also, my friend, there is a set time for every purpose under the sun; this I prove constantly in spiritual things, and I feel I cannot communicate even

without a something of this on my spirit. I hope the Lord may attend this with an unctuous savour; if so, render him all the praise, to whom be all the glory for ever, for he alone is worthy.

[The above very sweet and truly experimental letter was written to a female friend by the late Mrs. Grace, the first wife of Mr. John Grace, minister of the gospel, Brightou.]

A LETTER BY THE LATE SAMUEL TURNER.

My dear Sir,—I duly received your letter, and its contents cause me to believe that the Lord in his infinite sovereign grace and mercy has begun a good work upon your soul, and that, in consequence, there is a good thing in you towards the Lord God of Israel; for sure I am that everything in our fallen nature is against him. I am the more inclined to think this of you, as the work is opposed by Satan and unbelief, in order to rob God of his glory, and your soul of that strong consolation which the Lord has revealed by his inscrutable counsel, confirmed by his oath, that the heirs of promise might have. The little grace which we have in time flows from the great love of God, which is from everlasting to everlasting, without variableness or shadow of turning. God is a sovereign, and brings his people to himself in a variety of ways. Some, under legal convictions, have had great terrors, and horrors, and deep distress, almost to distraction; and have been quieted and pacified with a form of godliness without the power, or have resisted them and got rid of them by the amusements of this world or pleasures of sin. It is the spiritual appetite, or hunger and thirst after Christ, his atonement, righteousness, and all-sufficient grace, that is a true sign of spiritual life in the soul, an effect of the enlightening, quickening operations of the ever-blessed Spirit, and the effect of his gracious teachings. Without this, all convictions are in vain. This life is opposed by the deadness, dulness, and the whole depravity of our nature, so that it is a hidden life; but it is under the immediate care and protection of its adorable author, who will revive us again and again, that we may rejoice in him. When we taste that God is gracious, it has a sweet, attracting power, that draws us to the Lord, (1 Peter ii. 3, 4.) Never desire nor pray for trouble, for we shall have as much as we can bear before we get to our journey's end. Pray for a growth in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, for to know him is life eternal. God has provided meat for all flesh suitable to their nature; and he has made provision for the sustenance of that spiritual life he favors his chosen people with. Christ, his atonement, righteousness, all-sufficient grace, his Spirit's operations and consolations, the truths of his glorious gospel, and the free, precious promises of the new covenant, are those things that living souls are desirous to obtain and enjoy.

May the God of Israel, who fed him all his life long, and the angel who redeemed his soul from all adversities, favour you with them. Yours affectionately in him,

Sunderland, January 8th, 1853.

SAMUEL TURNER.

A FEW WORDS IN FAVOR OF PRAYER MEETINGS.

Dear Brethren in the Lord Jesus Christ,—I say in the Lord, for God has hidden all the election of grace in his everlasting covenant of love. When God hides anything, all the wisdom of devils and men together cannot discover it. You know he hid Elijah, and Obadiah said that there was no nation to which Ahab had not sent to seek him; but he could not find him, because God had hid him; so it is with all the elect of grace. Your lives are hid with Christ in God, put in and shut up in the everlasting covenant. This blessed mystery of his love is hidden from the wise and prudent, and revealed unto babes; and if you and I belong to these sucklings, this secret will be revealed to us, all of his sovereign grace and mercy. O that the dear Lord may bless us with grace to live to his glory! I know that sometimes, poor sinner that I am, I am permitted to clasp the dear Lord's feet, to bathe them with my tears and kiss them with kisses of love for what he has done for the soul of a poor wretch, whose eyes he has opened to see his ruined state by nature, giving him grace and strength to cry unto him, until God the Holy Ghost led him by precious faith to see Jesus as his salvation. O bless God the Father; bless God the Son; and bless God the Holy Ghost, for redeeming me from all iniquity, and for making everlasting love known to me. Language fails to convey the gratitude I feel to the Three-in-One, for such displays of sovereign love to one so unworthy. But I can at times say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul;" remember all his benefits towards thee.

Dear brethren, you may think it strange that such an ignorant person as myself should write to you; but if it be the work of God, it will be blessed to some one, either to ministers, deacons, or members. I have been led about Zion of late, and find she appears sickly. I do not hear her say, "My soul perishes for the Lord! O come and revive us, that we may yet praise thee!" What is the reason of this decline? There is very little coming together in prayer. I find men's writings brought in and lectures given on them, to the exclusion of prayer-meetings, both on week days and Sundays. This is a solemn thing. In conversation with a minister and another brother, a short time ago, we alluded to the low state of the church, and to the neglect of the prayer-meeting. Greatly to my astonishment, the minister quite made a puff at the prayer-meetings, and said they were little worth! I believe he told us besides that we had no Scripture authority for them. O brethren, where are we arrived at? O Lord, have mercy upon us, and lead us back by prayer and supplication to thy dear feet! Can you do without the prayers of the children of God? If you can, they will soon do without your preaching. These two must go together, if we desire to see Zion flourish and God's sons and daughters to be brought from afar. Bless his dear name, he condescends to say to us worms that he will be in-

quired of by us, that he may do all things for us. I know that ministers and members must travel together in prayer and faith.

When the dear Lord works those blessed miracles of raising dead souls to life, he says, "Try me, prove me, and I will open the windows of heaven, and pour blessings upon you." But because he has condescended to show us that all things are settled in his mind, for time and eternity, both for body and soul, shall we fold our arms together, and say, "It is settled; we cannot alter it?" Poor sinners, it is our mercy that God is unchangeable, and that neither sin nor devil can turn him from the objects of his love. I know he must first work it in, before it can come out. But has he wrought nothing in us, or are you fat and full, and can do without prayer? If you belong to the family of God, he will empty you, and you will find that to be a sad matter. I am not talking of what I do not know. I am experiencing it at this time, and I find it solemn work. A poor blind worm cannot see where it is to end. But infinite wisdom has set a bound. O that he may bless me with grace to lie submissive in his hand, and save me from a rebellious spirit! At times I am troubled with it to my grief, and am astonished at the long-suffering of God towards me. I might say a great deal, but I will pass to the point. You seem to disdain a prayer-meeting. You say, "O there will be only So and So there, who cannot do without so much praying, poor things." O what a mercy it is to be one of those poor things that cannot do without prayer! Jesus Christ said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." These poor souls cannot live long without seeing the King's face. I have gone to a prayer-meeting as cold and dead in feeling as though I had neither part nor lot in the matter; but while I have been there, the blessed Spirit has led my poor soul into the King's banqueting-house, his banners of love waving over me. A view of his love has been vouchsafed to me, which has softened my heart; and, bless his dear name, he has given me, a little wine of his love to cheer my spirits, which has set my poor stammering tongue agoing in honor.

Shall we, for whom the dear Lord has done so much, neglect any means of grace, especially the prayer-meetings? I read that the apostles did not slight them. Are we richer than they? We read of Peter and John going to the temple at the hour of prayer, being the ninth hour, which was set apart for prayer. Prayer is not preaching, and preaching is not prayer. They are distinct parts of God's service. Preaching is telling what Jehovah has done in the mysteries of his love to his people; but prayer is going to him for pardon, to be washed, clothed, and fed; for wisdom, and strength. But it is the Holy Ghost who must make us feel our need of these things. Well might the poet say,

"Prayer makes the darkest clouds withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw."

Prayer and faith go together. "And when they had prayed, the place was shaken where they were assembled together; and they were

all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they spake the word of God with boldness." (Acts iv. 31.) I call this blessed work, when ministers and members travel together in faith and prayer, that the dear Lord would appear and make bare his holy arm in the salvation of his people. Look at the men God has made useful in all ages, and you will find that ministers and members travelled together in prayer, in sorrow, and in joy. Turn your eyes to Acts xii. 12, and there you will see the effect of a prayer-meeting in the house of Mary the mother of John. There were assembled a few poor souls whose hearts God had touched by Peter preaching Jesus Christ to them. The enemies of Jesus, however, had laid hands on Peter and put him into prison. Methinks I hear them say, "Shall we go to bed, and our dear brother and minister shut up in prison? No, let us meet in prayer. Who can tell what may result?" This is the religion that comes from God. God is love, and they that are born of God love one another; and they that go forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall prosper. While they were praying, God sent an angel to open the prison, bring out Peter, and restore him to them. The children of God are made to weep with them that weep, and rejoice with them that rejoice. Acts xxi. 5 affords another instance of a prayer-meeting. Look, too, at Rom. xv. 30, and hear the great Apostle of the Gentiles: "Now I beseech you, brethren, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and for the love of the Spirit, that ye strive together with me in your prayers to God for me." Again. Look at 2 Cor. i. 11: "Ye also helping together by prayer for us, that for the gift bestowed upon us by the means of many persons, thanks may be given by many on our behalf." But the minister seemed to think he had plenty of stock without this help. Again: Phil. i. 19: "For I know this shall turn to my salvation through your prayer." Again: Col. v. 3: "Withal praying also for us, that God would open unto us a door of utterance, to speak the mystery of Christ, for which I am also in bonds." But those ministers who are never bound in spirit or tongue can do without help. They do not know what it is to be shut up, and stand like a poor empty fool. This is to humble the servant of God and make him groan for help, saying with the apostle, "Finally, brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified."

I might bring many more passages of Scripture to show that the one cannot do without the other, and "what God has joined together let no man put asunder." I have written these few things, praying that God may bless them to his chosen people. My dear brethren will excuse my errors, for I am a poor erring creature; but, blessed be God, made wise unto salvation, through grace.

"Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood."

O thank him for such love to one so unworthy. He found me in a desert land, in this waste, howling wilderness. He has led me about and instructed me, and kept me as the apple of his eye.

He called me by his grace among the Ranters, with whom I remained about fourteen years. I loved the Connexion as my life. If I had been told in those days that I should have left them, I should have answered, No, never! I was full of zeal, and labored almost night and day, and was advanced to great honor amongst them. But the dear Lord now and then whispered in my soul, "I will show you greater things yet." I could not think what these great things could be; but, bless his dear name, the fixed time came when those blessed, glorious, and everlasting things were to be made known. I was in great distress for about three months, sighing and groaning that he would show me the mysteries of his love. In this distress, there were put in my hands a few old "Gospel Standards." They were brought to me by one of the Ranters, who said they were not fit to be read. But, glory be to God, there were in them just such things as my poor soul was panting for. I began to read them, and God the Holy Ghost applying them to my poor soul, the tears rolled down my cheeks, and my heart praised and blessed God for sending them and blessing them to one so unworthy. He gave me such glorious views of his everlasting love to his dear, chosen people, that I could receive no more of their trash, and I count all their honors as dung. But I must conclude, I have gone to so great a length. My love to all them that God has made to love him. I am still a poor sinner, but saved, I trust, in the Lord.

A TRIED ONE.

POETRY.

LINES BY COWPER TO AN AFFLICTED LADY.

THE path of sorrow, and that path alone, Leads to the land where sorrow is un- known :	In pity to the souls his grace design'd To rescue from the ruins of mankind. Call'd for a cloud to darken all their years,
No trav'ler ever reach'd that blest abode	And said, "Go, spend them in the vale of tears."
Who found not thorns and briars in his road.	O balmy gales of soul-reviving air! O salutary streams that murmur there!
The world may dance along the flow'ry plain,	These flowing from the fount of grace above,
Cheer'd as they go by many a sprightly strain.	Those breathed from lips of everlast- ing love.
Where Nature has her mossy velvet spread,	The flinty soil indeed our feet annoys ; Chill blasts of trouble nip their spring- ing joys;
With unshod feet they yet securely tread.	An envious world will interpose its frown,
Admonish'd, scorn the caution and the friend ;	To mar delights superior to its own ; And many a pang experienced still within,
Bent all on pleasure, heedless of its end.	Reminds them of their hated inmate —sin.
But He, who knew what human hearts would prove,	But ills of every shape and every name. Transform'd to blessings, miss their cruel aim ;
How slow to learn the dictates of his love,	And ev'ry moment's calm that soothes the breast,
That, hard by nature, and of stubborn will,	Is giv'n in earnest of eternal rest.
A life of ease would make them harder still,	

THUS SAYS A WRITER CONCERNING MR. BROOK.

This faithful servant of Christ, of whom a judicious friend of his remarks, "If ever the Lord made one man more honest than another, it was Mr. Brook," left the Establishment, sacrificing about six hundred pounds a-year. Whilst contemplating this step, a singular providence occurred. A person who was returning from India, laden with wealth, plunder, and crimes, had suffered great horrors of mind on his passage. When lying off Brighton, they became so insupportable that he cut his throat. It was discovered before life was extinct, and the wound was sewed up. Mr. Brook, being the parish clergyman, was sent for to administer the sacrament to him. When he saw this poor wretched being, he told him of his dreadful enormities and iniquities; but in the midst of this horrid detail, the wound broke open, and he instantly died. The corpse was put on shore at Brighton, and Mr. Brook had to read the funeral service over it. When he came to those parts which speak of the certain bliss of the deceased, and give thanks unto God for taking the soul of his brother to himself, such emotions filled his mind, such agitation and trembling came upon him that he thought he should have sunk into the grave. "What," said he, "could I think, but that if I insulted the Almighty, and told lies at this rate, he would cut me down, and send me to hell, as I was fully convinced he had done this miserable man, as surely as ever a soul was sent to perdition." This decided the point. He directly quitted the church, though this blasted all his earthly prospects, left him without any income or earthly prospect of support; and though he endured the greatest trials from his friends, and suffered manifold and grievous afflictions, he never regretted this act. When in the church, he had for his hearers his present Majesty (George IV.), princes, peers, judges, bishops, deans; soon after he left it, but few constant hearers beyond the rank of day laborers. In the short space of a few weeks he was surrounded with gorgeous array, the pride, pomps, and fashion of the world; then nothing before him but smock-frocks, plain countrymen, many of whom came five or ten miles to hear him preach. But this did not last long; his hearers increased, and many in the middle walks of life attended his ministry. When he came to London, which he often did, he had at least 1,500 attentive and admiring hearers. In a few years another change awaited him. The pulpit in which he preached in London became closed against him. Many friends in the country forsook him also. These things came upon him for no fault of his. A few faithful were found amongst the faithless, who claved to him to the last. He was indeed a tree of righteousness of God's own planting, and laden with fruit—a flower of great beauty, and full of fragrance, promising extensive usefulness for many years. But the tree was soon cut down, the flower withered and died, or rather was transplanted into its native region. He died the 23rd of September, 1811, in the thirty-seventh year of his age.

INQUIRY.

Mr. Editor,—Is the professing church of God in general in a condition to be addressed from Isaiah xl. 1, 2? Do not the comforts contained in the words of that scripture belong to the few that are mourning in Zion? Are not the greater number of professors in a state requiring reproof in the ministry, and to be addressed from Amos vi. 1? Are not many ministers preaching comfort, when they should be reproofing the carnal, worldly-minded state of the church? Your thoughts on these matters will oblige,

A MOURNER IN ZION.

ANSWER.

The work of the ministry is not only the most important that any man in this life can set his hand to, but is of that peculiar nature, that the special grace of God alone can qualify any one rightly to perform it. A man may be a partaker of grace, be well taught in his own soul, and know the things of God for himself; he may have light upon the Scriptures, possess a good share of fluency and utterance, and may much desire the glory of God and the church's good, and yet be utterly unfit for the work of the ministry. It is this want of special qualification for the work which makes such confusion, and causes, amongst other evils, that particular one of which our correspondent complains. As the subject, however, is one which has almost necessarily much come before our mind, we have felt disposed to make some remarks at a little length upon it.

John Newton used to say, that "Only He who made the world can make a Christian." We will go a step further, and say, "Only He who makes a Christian can make a minister." And further, He who makes them ministers alone can furnish each with his different gifts, and supply each and all with spiritual qualifications to edify the church of God. Thus though among the servants of God themselves, there is a striking difference, and some are more qualified to comfort the mourners in Zion, and others to reprove, rebuke, and exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine; yet every servant of Christ will, to a certain extent, make full proof of his ministry by doing both.

In the church of God there are those who mourn, who are deeply tried and tempted, distressed and exercised by sin, guilt, and bondage. These need comforting; and the servants of God fulfil their Master's command and will, when they instrumentally speak comfortably to them. "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people," especially belongs to them. This comfort is what they should give, and surely will give as they are taught and led. But in the church or congregation there are others who are sunk into a dead state of soul. Now, if a minister preach nothing but what is called comfort, continually insisting on the safety of the elect, and never drops a word to reprove, or even point out the dangers and evils of this sleepy state, he is encouraging such in their carnality and sloth. If alive in his

own soul, he will be grieved at seeing those who once were full of life and feeling now so dead, so unexercised, so destitute apparently of spiritual sorrow or joy; and though he will not lash them in a Pharisaic spirit, or scold them angrily as if they could bring themselves out of such a state, yet he will, in fact, he cannot help but warn them of it, and seek to deliver them from it. Indeed, the strongest rebuke he can give them, and the surest testimony he can use against such a state, is, the life he manifests in his own soul. But if he himself be sunk into carnality and sloth, how can he bear a testimony against theirs? Are they not all likely, both minister and people, rather to slumber together? And his attempts to arouse them will resemble the efforts of a man half asleep to call up his comrades who are but half awake. Again, there are professors dead altogether, men without grace, but clear in the letter of truth; and these may be living ungodly lives, or be buried wholly in the world. These are to be not so much preached *at*, as preached *unto*, by the danger and peril of such a state being pointed out, in the hope that it may please God to fasten a word on their consciences.

In one point we do not agree with our correspondent. He seems to think that ministers should be "reproving the carnal, worldly-minded state of the church." We presume he means not any church in particular, but the church generally. Now, our view is this, that a minister's work lies much nearer home. His work is not to get up into a pulpit, and cut and lash at the state of the church generally, the tacit meaning of which pretty much is, "I and my people are not so. How exempt you and I, my friends, are from these evils! we are not worldly and carnal-minded, as the professing church is generally." But his business is with the church and congregation immediately before him. If we may use such a figure, he is like the engineer of a locomotive, whose main business is to take care of *his own train*. It is confided to his care, and his business is to bring it and himself safely to the terminus. But if, instead of seeing to his own train, and his own safety with it, he were to stand on the station-platform, finding fault with every other engineer, denouncing besides the bad state of all the other lines, the uneven rails, and the worn-out locomotives, we might be tempted to say, "Friend, would it not be better for the passengers, if you would get on your engine, and take care of your own train?" Or, to use a more Scriptural figure, if a shepherd, instead of giving his special care to his own flock, leaving them to feed where they pleased, were to get on a knoll, and make a long harangue against the ignorance and carelessness of shepherds generally, and the scabby state of most flocks, would not his master justly say to him, "Shepherd, did I give you this work to do? I gave you a flock to feed. Do you attend to the sheep committed to your care; and, instead of finding fault with all other shepherds, tacitly thereby praising yourself, show by your care and attention to your own sheep that you watch for them as one that must give account."

Paul's charge to the Ephesian elders was, "Take heed, there-

fore, unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood." (Acts xx. 28.)

The first person, a minister, is to take heed to is *himself*. "Take heed to *yourselves*." His own state before God, what is or is not going on in his own soul, his progress or decline, growth or decay, trials and temptations, deliverances and mercies—these things should first and foremost exercise his mind. And we will add, it is only as he takes heed to *himself*, and watches the secret movements in his own soul, that he ever takes heed to the flock over which the Holy Ghost has made him the overseer. But a man may stand up and reprove the carnal state of the church when he himself is the servant of sin, or wrapped up in the veriest rags of Arminianism. And so the people, instead of hearing for themselves, may make all their religion consist, not in mourning, for they mourn not, but rather in exulting over the denunciations of the fallen state of Zion. Now, we believe, a true servant of God will be far otherwise minded. This will be his feeling. First, there is his own soul; what is going on in his own heart between him and the Lord? Next, the people committed to his charge. And he will find the closest connection between these two things. Thus sometimes his soul is encouraged, watered, and blessed. Then he will bring out comfort for the afflicted family of God, seeking to comfort them by the comfort wherewith he himself is comforted of God. Sometimes he is distressed and exercised, perhaps afflicted, in body, family, or circumstances; then he will speak of things which suit the afflicted, and his word will be for their consolation and salvation. (2 Cor. i. 3—6.) Sometimes, after a season of coldness and deadness, he will have a blessed revival in his soul. He will now come forth and show the evil of a carnal, dead state, and how the Lord brings the soul out of it. Here is a word of rebuke and reproof, not to the congregation out of doors, the church of God generally, but to the people before him—to members of the church, for instance, in a cold, sleepy state. At another time, he may be delivered out of a snare of Satan, or have some powerful temptation broken, or a backsliding healed. Now, he will be able to enter into the case of Satan's snares, of particular temptations, of the misery of a backsliding state, and how the soul is brought out and delivered by sovereign, superabounding grace. Again, he will be exercised with fears, and be brought perhaps to question everything he has experienced, perhaps be almost tempted to infidelity or despair. Now, he can enter into the fears that God's people are subject to, and describe how they work, and whence they arise. Thus, as things are opened up to him, he will open them up to the people. Sometimes he will be filled with love to the Lord and his children. Then he will be seeking to encourage and comfort them. Sometimes he will have such blessed views of Christ, that he feels he cannot speak enough of him. Such a divine fulness will he see and feel in him, such beauty and glory in his Person, such efficacy in his blood and righteousness, that he can

do nothing else but extol him and hold him up on high. Then he will be tried again; and now trials will form his theme, and he will speak as one in them, and under the weight of them.

But we need not go on unfolding the various ways in which a servant of God feeds the flock over which the Holy Ghost has made him an overseer. It is in this experimental manner of handling God's sacred truth that the chief value of the ministry consists. Now, this living spring in a minister's soul is a wonderfully different thing from that sleepy state of lifeless indifference—that standing and stagnant pool of carnal ease which our correspondent seems to allude to; and, on the other hand, widely differs from that other kind of preaching which he seems to recommend. If any think that we make a people dependent on a minister's feelings, we say they mistake the matter altogether. We assume that he is a man taught of God, and qualified by the Holy Spirit for the work. What you then call "frames and feelings," we call the movements and influences of the Spirit of God upon his heart; what you call making the church and congregation dependent on his feelings, we call making them dependent on the Holy Ghost speaking in and by him: He and they must depend on the same thing, or they will not agree together long. Now, what shall they mutually depend on? Shall it be his learning, or his knowledge of the letter of truth, his eloquence, gifts, and natural abilities? You surely cannot be so foolish as to make him and them dependent on such poor lifeless things. You must make him dependent on the Blessed Spirit, if he be a minister of Christ at all. And when is he, and when are they, to be most dependent on the Blessed Spirit? Is it not most especially when he stands up in the Lord's name to preach his truth? Depend upon it, unless he is taught and blessed of the Spirit, he will never be made a blessing to the family of God. You may get up and denounce the carnal state of the church of God without the help of the Spirit; you may preach dry doctrine without the help of the Spirit; you may set forth the fall and the wickedness of the heart without the Spirit; and you may insist upon legal holiness and good works without the Spirit. But you cannot preach the gospel effectually without the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven; nor can you preach experimentally to the profit of the family of God without the blessed Spirit clothing your word with power, and sealing it on their heart with his own witness and divine attestation.

If a man who has had a broken leg, is but made to understand that by the breaking of that he was kept from breaking his neck, he will be thankful to God for a broken leg. It is good for me, said David, that I have been afflicted. I was by that preserved from a great danger; for before that, I went astray.—*Bunyan.*

Malefactors in prisons and on the scaffold, have often acknowledged that their vicious courses began in profanation of the Lord's Day.—*John Brown.*

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

No. 242. FEBRUARY 1, 1856. VOL. XXII.

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

SERMON PREACHED AT A PREPARATION FOR
THE COMMUNION, AT KIRKCUDBRIGHT, IN THE YEAR 1634.

IN our review of "Rutherford's Letters," some time ago, we intimated our belief that none of his sermons preached at Anwoth were extant. In this we find we were wrong, as a correspondent has kindly sent us a small volume of his sermons, several of which we find were preached at Anwoth. The one at present selected was, however, preached at Kirkcudbright, about seven or eight miles from Anwoth, but during the time of his ministration there. At the same time, we must acknowledge that, in our judgment, though it contains striking thoughts and expressions, it is inferior to his letters. §

"Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, etc." Heb. xii. 1-5.

Beloved in Christ, there is here a conclusion drawn from the doctrine of the former chapter. 1. Let us run our race. 2. A reason; many have gone before us, a whole cloud: it is a fair market-gate, a high street to heaven. 3. The way how we may come good speed in our race, get the gold, and win the bell, is set down in two things.

1st. What we must quit for the gold. 1. All weights and clogs of this clay world that retard us in our journey, and make our race toilsome. 2. Sin that hangs fast upon us, and beguiles us.

2nd. What shall we do? What rule shall we follow? What airth* shall we look to?

The apostle says, Know ye not how they look who run a race? They look not over their shoulder, but ever straight before them, towards the end of their race. Look ye to Jesus, in the end of your way. Now the apostle seems to go a little off the text: he sees a friend, even Jesus, and he cannot pass by him, but must speak a word of him. In your race I shall let you see two things in Jesus.

1st. Efficacy and power: he is the Captain and leader of your souls, in the course of faith, and he will not tire: when he begins, he will also crown and perfect your faith.

2nd. I will let you see another thing in Jesus: a good example.

* Point of the compass.

How wan* he? His heart longed to be at the goal, as yours should do: he saw the glory in the end of his way: he suffered both pain and shame, and so was seen on † it: and he is now set down on the throne of God. Now then, the apostle, still dwelling on Christ (for he cannot win ‡ off him), gives them a new exhortation to hold on: in which there is included the following things.

1. Consider what that lovely person suffered of all men; how they gave him the lie, and spake against him.

2. Consider how little ye have suffered: ye have not yet resisted, and striven unto blood, as Christ did.

3. He gives a reason why they should do so; for fear they give over, faint and fall in a swoon. Having in chapter xi. spoken of the fathers, who wan to heaven, through patient suffering, he compares them to the cloud, that led the Israelites, by day, through the wilderness: he sets the example of those before them, to encourage them.

We see the way to heaven is now a high market gate, and paved by hundreds and thousands, who have gone before us; and we should follow after. Are ye wanting a settled house and dwelling in the world? then set forward, look for a city above. Indeed, says Abraham, I shall be witness of that, that ye shall receive the recompense of reward. Will ye rather suffer affliction with the people of God, than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season? Moses says, I shall be witness then, that ye shall win home safe and sound.

In the way ye may see a whole cloud of them as witnesses, to lead you through the wilderness. Where away can ye go, or what can befall you in your journey to glory, but in which the Lord's saints have gone before you? Are ye going alone, and seeking God amongst the many who live as they list? So was Noah, a walker with God, when all flesh had corrupted their ways. Let it be true ye have all taken from you, both goods, children, and health. So was Job handled! So the saints have set up steps, and way-marks, at every turn in your way, and cry, Run on. And howbeit now, many fools think to win through at the nearest, yet they win not, but stick there. The saints' going before, in the way, is a great benefit to us; their falls, and the ill steps that cumbered them, ye must beware of. Ye must hold off adultery, for David stuck in that mire: hold off drunkenness, for Noah and Lot wet their feet in that dub§: beware of mocking and persecuting the saints, for Paul's ship had almost sunk in that quicksand. See these dead carcasses lying on the road: Judas, Demas, Hymeneus, and Philetus, brake their necks, by attempting to go to Canaan, and falling off again. Make this use of holy men's lives, here condemned, who followed the devil, but were recovered again; beware of those temptations and sins, which so easily beset them. Here is a cloud of witnesses; the world and the fashions thereof they did not follow, Rom. xii. 2. Be not conformed to this world, and the

* Won. + Well acquainted with. † Got. § Puddle.

guises thereof: and yet ye can justify yourselves in the daily transgression of this divine prohibition. Wherefore is vanity in marriages and banquets? It is the fashion, say they. Proud Scotland, poor Scotland, near cut out to thy skin; it is worm-eaten. Wherefore is such vanity in apparel, so that women are become indecent, and men like monsters? Men are taking whole baronies of land on their backs!* It is the fashion, say they. Oh! proud and poor Scotland; men are cut out to their skin, and women want not vanity enough, but are not cut to the bone. And wherefore comes swearing, and drinking, see ye not? no otherwise than from the fashion. It is the fashion, say they; but if ye will follow such a cloud of fashionable witnesses, let me conclude ye will go to hell also; for I can assure you that is the fashion. Ye may keep that excuse till the day of judgment; and when God asks what ye have done, and wherefore ye did so, say ye, "Lord, for nothing but the fashion," and see how ye will win off.

Let us run the race. But how shall we run? So run that ye may obtain. Many run upon hope of heaven, and get hell in the end. But hear what the Spirit of God says: "Lay aside every weight," every clog. What is the weight? The world, the love of riches, honour, and lusts. He speaks to us, as to men having their back-burden of clay, or clogged with heavy lumps of earth, and great tatters and bunches of the world's glory. Nay, a number of devils, of pride, lust, and covetousness, hang upon us. Give them a shake, says he; down with them; let the ground bear all.

How hardly do cunning men enter into the kingdom of heaven! Methinks I see three sorts of men beguiled in their race to glory.

1. Some go not a step at all in the way to heaven; for, going too near the hedge, they get a thorn in their foot, which swells it so that they must sit down, and lay it on their knee: and they sit there, and never make any further attempt towards heaven, till night come, and there they lie. One of these says, "What is the Almighty, that we should serve him? and what profit shall we have if we pray unto him?" (Job xxi. 15.) They say in plain terms, "God is but a poor master to follow; it is long ere he be rich who follows him; therefore we will have none of him." (Luke xiv. 19.) "One said, I have bought a yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them, I pray thee have me excused," &c. "And the Pharisees who heard these things mocked at him."

2. Another sort run a start after Christ for a time as Judas, who in men's eyes followed him, till the devil met him in the race, casts down a purse, and breaks his leg, and syne† went he over the brae.‡ In John vi. ye see a number following Christ for the loaves. And Demas galloped a while after Paul and the gospel, but he thought it a hungry trade, and the world crossed his road, and after it he went. I say, the world, like a fair strumpet in her silks

* Splendid and gorgeous dresses were particularly worn in those days. Queen Elizabeth left, at her death, 3,000 dresses in her wardrobe.

† Soon. ‡ Hill.

and velvets, came in his way, gave him a kiss, and he ran to the gate, saying, Sorrow* have my part of the gospel and Paul, any more. So Paul says, "Demas hath forsaken me, and has embraced this present world." (2 Tim. iv. 10.) But,

3. Another sort are those who have some more love to the race, and yet they cannot want † the world; like the young man (Matt. xix. 21, 22) who came to Christ, and said, he had kept the commandments from his youth; when Christ bade him sell all that he had, and give his goods to the poor, and come and follow him, he went away with his heart in his hose, looking as if his nose were bleeding, for he had great possessions; so there are a number who would climb up the mountain to heaven, with thousands by the year, and with baronies, and a great bunch of clay, bound hard and fast upon the neck of their souls: and they think to hold foot with Christ, ride as hard as he pleases, and twenty stone weight of clay upon their soul! But they will be all mistaken, they will burst and die by the way, and shall never win to the top of the hill. Ask at them how they will win up to heaven, with their lusts upon their backs; they will say, God will draw us, he will help and bear us. Indeed God makes his own people ride in chariots with himself, and draws them. (Cant. i. 2.) But will ye make Christ a pack-horse to carry your clay, and your lusts? How long is it since he has carried your pack-mantle! Believe me, he is no cadger-horse. Demas and Judas, and the like, would have ridden after Christ with all their bags of clay; but ken ye what Christ did with them? He threw them and their clay off at the broadside, and left them lying there, and posted away.

Question. What then shall we do to be quit of these weights?

Answer. The world is a foul way, like deep, watery, new tilled ground, where pound weights hang to every heel of the traveller, and retard him; and as he shakes off one, another comes on, so that he cannot go fast on his way. Now the affections are the feet of the soul; take heed to your feet, and come off the deep wet land. Use the world, as if ye used it not. There is a dry way to heaven: hold ye off the deep way, and be content with food and raiment. Go ye the way that Christ and the saints went before you, who scarce ever wet their feet. Indeed, Jesus was never wet-shod in the world; he had so good mind of his errand, and his home, that the world got no room in his heart. They who will not keep this clean, dry causeway, it is no marvel to see them stick in the miry world, be drowned and never win home. It is with many, as was said (Hos. ii. 2), their adulteries lie between their breasts; the world in a great bunch lies betwixt their breasts all night. Is it any wonder to see such heavy headed mardels get the mell in this race, like stiff horses, unmeet for a journey? And how can they once give a trot? Nay, they but walk in a circle. The

2. Direction. Satan and the world will play you foul play, and cast their feet before you, and give you a fall. But care not for

* Anybody.

+ Give up.

that : rise again. But I pray you beware of sore falls, or sins against the conscience, light, and love : for the conscience is like an earthen vessel, if ye break it ye will not mend it again. Some, in their race, give their conscience such a back-stroke, that they break their legs, and are never meet for the race again : but whatever ye do, keep the conscience whole.

3. Direction. Cast off all things that make you heavy ; make yourself light, that ye may be nimble, skip, and spur away. Run, run, look not behind you, remember Lot's wife. Although ye should be like to burst, tarry not : ye will mend of * a sweat and a heat. God has a napkin to rub the sweat off you, and he has a chair and a cushion for you against the race be ended, and he will lay your head in his bosom. Take a little pains in the day, for I promise you ye shall get rest at even.

Cast off the sin that doth so easily beset us, or goes round about us. This is the body of sin that remains in our nature. He speaks of it, as if one had us clasped in his arms : for original sin has us in fetters as captives ; it is a thing we cannot win from, go where we please. It is like a ghost, ever in our eye : behind us, pulling us back : before us, standing in our way : at our right hand, hindering us to hear, pray, believe, repent, hope, &c. It is like the wind in our face, or in the face of a weak traveller, that blows him some steps back, where he goes one forward. It is as a man going round about us. It is in the mind, darkening the judgment ; in the will, throwing it the contrary way. God bids us walk in the lowest room, down in the affections ; but we do the contrary. And this sin, as woodbind † goes about a tree, wraps about us in every good way. It is a serpent biting our heel, and cries, A lion in the way. When God draws, sin holds under, at meat, drink, and sleep. It is a joker, it promises us much, but gives us the wind, and yet we believe it.

But here a question may be asked : How does the apostle bid us shake off this sin, which dwells in us so long as we live ; it is death and the kirkyard that makes us quit of this sin : how is it then that we can shake it off ?

Answer. 1st. The dominion of it we break by grace. Woe every heart we have, for this indwelling sin breaks a bone of old Adam, gives his back a crack and makes him cry. As we repent, and advance onward, we break a leg or an arm of this sin ; but for the root of it, God only, in death, can pluck it out. Yet we must be hacking and cutting the branches and roots of it, else we cannot make progress in our race. We must not take this defiling sin forward with us in our race. We must leave it where we start, and deliver it over to Christ, that he may put it on his cross, and nail it to his gallows.

Answer. 2nd. He speaks of sin as of a thing going about us, like a stone wall, in our very way to heaven. Till by regeneration,

* Be better for.

† The way in which " woodbine," or honey-suckle, was formerly spelt.

Christ make a gap in the wall, that we may pass over, there is no possibility of going one foot. And even when the wall is broken, we shall see this sin hanging on our legs and arms. This sin keeps a lodge by the gate for Satan, and is a common robber, who slays many by the way.

1. Some it twins* of the way, and lays asleep in security, like a drunken traveller, who sleeps in a moor till the sun be down, then he awakes from his sleep and cries.

2. It blinds some as Paul, while a pharisee, and Papists, and chases them a wrong way, to hell instead of heaven, when they make a fashion of repentance, to slay their sins, and go again to their old pass: such are those who, with willingness, walk softly, and go to sin again. Now he sets down the exhortation. Let us run the race. This is more than to walk and step at our own leisure. Running shews there is a set time, which will go away, a short day, and that the way is long, and we have much to do to get sin slain. And therefore we must to the way with speed, and run fast. In Matt. xi. the kingdom of heaven is said to be taken with violence. (Luke xiii. 24.) Strive to enter in. The word is, Fight, and throng in by force. When God by faith lets a man see heaven, he resolves that in he must be, come what will. "Reaching forth unto those things that are before, I press forward toward the mark." (Phil. iii. 13, 14.) The word is, I follow after, I reach out my hand. The apostle means he ran so, that his head and breast pressed forward before his feet, and his two arms reached out to catch hold of Christ. So to speak, he chases Christ and heaven, and they seem to flee from him, and he follows: so should we do. Then chase on, the prize seems to flee from us; but it cannot flee further than to heaven's gates; there we shall get a hold of it.

But how will they do who say, "Hooly† and fair comes home against even? And what needs all this din, all these prayers, and these flockings to communions; I hope to be in heaven as soon as the best of you?"

Answer. Beguile not yourselves, loiterers, and drowsy persons, who go not one mile of twenty in a year; such as walk in a circle round about, from pride to lust; from lust to drunkenness; from that to covetousness; and from that to pride again: like as if they were in the fairy's dance, and run not at all. Can men come to heaven lying on their back? The good lucky old religion made a sonsy‡ world, say they: yet they use religion like a post-horse; as one wears out of fashion, they take another.

Heaven must be taken by violence: he speaks of heaven as of a fortified place, that must be forced by fire and sword, ere they render it up.

[To be concluded in our next.]

* Cheats.

+ Softly.

‡ Merry, pleasing.

BROTHERLY COMMUNINGS AT A DISTANCE.

My much-loved Brother and Sister,—Being shut up in the house to-day, having rather a severe cold, which has almost taken away my voice, I may as well try to say something in the best way I can, and on the best subject that can employ the tongue or pen of such poor debtors, in this vale of tears. If the Lord help us to manage it well, as Bunyan says, it may be far more profitable to us than the vain conversation we are so wont to engage in, and the flesh so forward to adopt.

I felt some solemnity while reading yours, received yesterday. How truthful and valuable are Bunyan's remarks! how suitable to the times we live in, and worthy our observation and practice!

“When saints do sleepy grow, let them come hither,
And hear how these two pilgrims talk together.
Yea, let them learn of them, in any wise,
Thus to keep ope their drowsy, slumbring eyes.
Saints' fellowship, if it be managed well,
Keeps them awake, and that in spite of hell.”

How much we appear to slumber and sleep! What worldly-mindedness we are the subjects of! How cold our affections! how feeble our prayers! What little fellowship with the Lord is enjoyed! and how little sought! What indifference to those things which are most profitable—a punctual attendance to the ordinances of the Lord's house, reading the word, constant prayer, spiritual conversation! What little things give offence! how weak to forbear and forgive! what a willingness to be ignorant of a brother's wants! How sure I am, the more we have, the more covetous we become. I have observed the willingness of those who are exercised themselves with poverty to distribute according to their ability, and beyond their ability, and to communicate to the necessities of others; and I have also observed some, when they have increased their substance, and have opportunity of doing good, have thought they cannot afford it. How these things demonstrate to us the power to be of God to work in us, both to will and do, of his good pleasure; and if the knowledge of our impotence and dependence is sanctified, what need of constant prayer and watchfulness we feel, what diligence in the use of means, having the promise, “They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength,” &c.

“When saint to saint, in days of old,
Their sorrows, sins, and sufferings told,
Jesus, the Friend of sinners dear,
His saints to bless, was present there.

“As members of his mystic frame,
Together met, to bless his name,
While humbly at his throne we bow,
As God with us, he's present now.”

We know the spiritual barrenness of those spots where we feel no need of prayer, nor constraint to it; where the things pertaining to this life are the most desired and pursued; where our eyes are upon them, and our expectation from them; and we feel

it, too, when the Lord comes to chasten us for our folly, and correct the errors we have been led into by Satan working upon the lusts of our flesh, feeding pride, and fostering the basest passions of our nature. When he lays some weighty cares upon us, sends some cutting disappointment, or some affliction of body, or in the family, removes some friendly arm on which we have been leaning, brings a day of adversity, he often causes us to consider where we are, from whom we have fled, what we have chosen, how great our weakness, how weighty the affliction, how grievous the load, how much we have abused the goodness of God, how much we need his help. This fetches out heavy sighs and groans, begets a secret longing to return, to be restored; "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation." And we confess it with shame, when the Lord graciously receives us, takes away our iniquity, and loves us freely. Then we abhor ourselves, loathe our own ways; in pureness of heart and affection depart from them, and cleave to the Lord; and, being enlarged in heart by faith, hope, and love, we run the way of the Lord's commands, and delight in him. Now we realize the sweet effects of the fear of God, have a holy admiration of his power, grace, and wisdom, wonder that the fruit of Divine wisdom and grace should be formed in us, adoringly estimate it according to the unerring standard of truth, and pronounce it "better than gold, yea, than fine gold, and the revenue thereof than choice silver." Berridge is very sweet here—

- "If Jesus kindly say,
 And with a whispering word,
 'Arise, my love, and come away!'
 I run to meet my Lord.
- "He meets me with a kiss,
 And with a smiling face;
 I taste the dear, enchanting bliss,
 And wonder at his grace.
- "The world now drops its charms;
 My idols all depart;
 Soon as I reach my Saviour's arms
 I give him all my heart.
- "A soft and tender sigh
 Now heaves my hallow'd breast;
 I long to lay me down and die,
 And find eternal rest."

How striking is the counsel of the wise man, "Let not thine heart envy sinners, but be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long." O how often has my heart envied sinners! But what a snare has it been to my soul! how near it has brought me to despair! how narrowly I have escaped! how marvellously I have been delivered and saved! What a determined rebel I was against light, goodness, mercy, and love! O how fiercely Satan strove in me to wrest me from the Lord, and destroy my soul! how I have feared and wondered what the end would be, and sometimes do so still! But what encouragement I felt when I first saw Hart's experience! And what a sweet confirmation I sometimes feel in the fear of the Lord;

to feel I love the Lord, his word, his works, his people, his ordinances, his service, his providence, and that great gain which is in godliness with contentment; to feel a holy hatred to sin in myself and others, a grief because I cannot love more, and fear continually because I regard and am influenced by trifles, and forsake my own mercies. Often I feel wearied with the folly of my own thoughts, words, and ways, so little drawn by a Saviour's love, or wooed and melted by his sufferings. I desire to feel wooed by the fear of the Lord, in poverty and weakness to mourn and complain, confess and supplicate; to have my strength renewed and faith increased; to overcome and prevail; to see the pursuing host buried, and behold with love and wonder our mighty Conqueror and wonderful Deliverer; to discover from time to time there is not an entire absence of that sweet grace which speaks at the approach of deceit and danger, forbids the indulgence of the flesh, and the sacrifice of truth; that pleads so powerfully within when the flesh is yielding and iniquities are prevailing, presents the Saviour to the mind, appeals to our love, enforces his word, and calls for obedience, makes us consider our connexion with his cause, his people, our profession, the honor of his truth, and the glory of his name, so that we feel our sorrows short, our afflictions light, and our losses trifling, and, in the comparison, but dross with what it teaches and brings into the soul. The knowledge of Jesus Christ as our crucified Lord and Saviour makes us willing to suffer and endure for his sake, makes his yoke easy and his burden light, makes us willing to be nothing, that Jesus may be all. O to walk in this fear, and to be subject to its blessed influence, and happy and peaceful effects!

"Let fear and love, most holy God,
Possess this soul of mine;
Then shall I worship thee aright,
And taste thy joys divine."

May the Lord grant your desire may be fulfilled, my dear brother and sister, in us and yourselves, that we may so live, and love, and walk. So prays, yours in undissembled love,
Walsall, Nov. 22, 1855.

CHARLES.

Little as we can fathom the depth of mystery in His humiliation whose generation none can declare, yet one sweet and soul-refreshing thought ariseth from them both, which belongs alike to the whole of the Lord's people, namely, how completely suited such a Saviour and such a salvation is for the subjects and objects of his grace, and how completely suited they are in him! And could the poorest sinner whom Satan hath worried with his temptations, and hurried into sin, but be led by sovereign grace to know this, he would discover that desperate circumstances are the very state for which this Almighty Lord is so divinely calculated, when, from "the belly of hell," as one expressed it, "deep calleth unto deep at the noise of the water-spouts, and when all the waves and billows (of sorrow) are gone over him."—*Hawker*.

A LETTER BY THE LATE WILLIAM MOORE.

Dear Friend,—Grace, mercy, and peace, with love, be multiplied unto you and yours ; and I pray God to bless you for all your deeds of love to me in Christ Jesus our Lord. In his peace-speaking name I write unto you. He is Lord of all ! to him I commit you, and to the word of his grace, which is able to save our souls ; and he will deliver us out of all our troubles. In the path of tribulation I was first made acquainted with you ; and by the grace and Spirit of God, and in the multitude of his mercies, we are still kept in the narrow way, in a rough path, wearing shoes of iron and brass, finding God's grace sufficient for us, "holpen with a little help ;" and though weak, yet pursuing ; sometimes held up when falling, at other times lifted up when down ; strengthened with might by the Spirit in the inner man, pressing forward through a sea of trouble in much affliction, one sore trial after another breaking in upon our poor feeble minds, till our heart faints. Deep calleth unto deep. The stormy winds of temptation and error, together with cross providences, domestic trials, horrible risings of corruption, fiery darts of the wicked, schisms and divisions in this present church-state, heresies, atheism, blasphemies, and all anti-christianism rising like a cloud from the bottomless pit ; iniquity abounding, and the love of many waxing cold. So the heavens are darkened, that is, the church is begloomed ; night is fast approaching ; there are but few fixed stars in the visible heaven of the church, and these men will not see. But we are exhorted by our Lord saying, "Yet a little while is the light with you. Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you : for he that walketh in darkness knoweth not whither he goeth." (John xii. 35.) Seeing, then, we are yet favored with the little remains of the preaching of the gospel, although it be in a lesser degree of glory than heretofore, yet we are under the highest obligations to the Almighty for the continuance of it, together with the use of all public and private means of grace ; the Bible in our dwellings, and communion with our God and the saints, under the protection of our salutary laws. Thus we are witnesses of the truth of that Scripture, "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun : but if a man live many years, and rejoice in them all, yet let him remember the days of darkness : for they shall be many." So the Psalmist says to the Lord, "Thou makest darkness, and it is night, wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth." Jeremiah, also, in his darkness and distress, says : "Thou hast covered thyself with a cloud, that our prayer should not pass through." (Lam. iii.) Job complained of "darkness being set in his paths." Isaiah said : "We wait for light, but behold obscurity : for brightness, but we walk in darkness." So when in a sea of trouble the waves of sorrow and distress threaten to drown us, the remembrance of sin being with us, the Saviour far from us, we feel ourselves as helpless and hopeless as Paul on his voyage. When they had done all they could,

and all hope of being saved was cut off, they starving and fearing they should perish in the dark—O how heartily they wished for day ! But the great angel of the everlasting covenant visited him in the night, encouraged him, stood by him, and comforted him. (Acts, 27th and 28th chapters.) So the disciples on the sea of Tiberias or Lake of Gennesareth : “ And it was now dark, and Jesus was not come to them ; and the sea arose by reason of a great wind that blew, and they laboured hard in rowing.” So we often strive against the dispensations of the Almighty in the dark ; we struggle to get through them, or away from them, and are affrighted at the appearance of the Lord in his approaches unto us, not knowing him nor his intentions until he manifests himself unto us ; for though Jesus was drawing nigh the ship to save them, and take them safe over the sea with him, yet “ they were afraid.” “ But he saith unto them, It is I ; be not afraid. Then they willingly received him into the ship : and immediately the ship was at the land whither they went.” This is our soul’s element. But again darkness increases round about us, and is often painfully felt within us ; darkness of various sorts have exercised my mind for ten years, though, thanks be unto my once suffering, but now gloriously exalted Lord, for the many gracious manifestations of his blessed self unto me. And my friend with me has had a little humbling knowledge of the hidden things of darkness brought to light in his own soul, as also in the church and in the world. The day of light, gladness, joy, and consolation in the preaching of the gospel of God our Saviour, applied by the Holy Ghost, our Comforter, to the glory of God our Father in the Son of his love—this glorious day is far spent. So it is in our national splendour, and in the outward estate of many of us, and in our bodily health also and vigour. The day is far spent, the shadows of the evening are stretched out over us in church and state. The night of death also draweth nigh to many of us, in which no man can work ; but though the night cometh, God be praised, the morning cometh also, and we see the day before us. Therefore we look unto Jesus, humbly beseeching him by his Holy Spirit to work submission in us to the will of God, and strengthen us in our way through the evening and night which is appointed for us, to his praise and our satisfaction. My soul sometimes trembles at the thoughts of the power of the devil in the rising of Antichrist, the cruelties to be exercised by the church of Rome, when she will, for the last time, say, “ I sit a Queen.” (Rev. xiii.) For seeing the last of the ten persecutions of Rome Pagan were the hottest, so I fear it will be with Rome Papal. I have no doubt of a political slaughter of the witnesses, yea, both of ministers and people, lying in the street unburied. They will be as inactive in the exercise of public ordinances as a corpse to the functions of life, though in open view. But Jesus is the sinner’s friend, and the church of God is his peculiar care. Thus my soul is revived in hope of the glory of God, of the soul’s entry into eternal day as soon as the night of death is past, to separate soul

from body ; and it exults in the contemplation of the day of light and gladness in the Philadelphia church state, which is to succeed the dreadful night of this Sardis church state. But three more views in my mind, according to the Scriptures, draw out my thoughts and affections to Jesus Christ my Lord ; and my desires are often stretching after him and them. 1st. The glory of the first resurrection. 2nd. The glory of the thousand years' reign with him in the new heaven and earth, in which none but righteous persons shall dwell. 3rd. Ultimate glory, in which God shall be all in all. Who is a God like our God, the God of glory, of grace, of nature, of providence, love, and mercy ? Yea, all his attributes, properties, and perfections of his nature are exercised towards the church in Christ his Son. Our soul is our principal care, and the redemption of the soul is precious ; therefore I humbly beseech the Holy Ghost that he will, in all times of trouble, lead us to Jesus Christ and our most merciful Father in him, and so may we honour our God by committing our cause continually to him, trusting in him and keeping his way ; and he will exalt us in due time. And, 1st, our Lord may direct us to his merciful kindness to our first parents in paradise, after their fall to raise them up (Gen. iii. 15) ; 2nd, to Noah, &c., in the ark upon the mighty waters which drowned the world ; 3rd, to Mount Moriah, where God provided a ram for sacrifice, and gave Isaac to Abraham his father ; so the Lord provides ; 4th, to Abraham's servant kneeling down with his master's camels, honoring his God in seeking him to prosper his mission ; and God honored him, his master, and his son, and son's wife (Gen. xxiv.) ; 5th, to Jacob's deliverance from Laban (Gen. xxxi.) ; 6th, to Jacob's seeing his brother Esau, as though he had seen the face of God (Gen. xxxiii.) ; 7th, to Joseph's advancement after his sufferings from his brethren, mistress, and imprisonment ; 8th, Jacob's rest and peaceful death : " He gathered up his feet in the bed, and yielded up the ghost " (Gen. xlix.) ; 9th, to the preservation of Moses, and Israel's deliverance out of Egypt, and their deliverance at the Red Sea ; 10th, the church as the bush in the fire, yet not consumed, because the Lord is there. Bless his name, and still proceed, 11th, to consider the Lord in the pillar of cloud by day and fire by night in their travels through the wilderness ; also the tabernacle and temple prefiguring the humanity of our blessed Lord to come by the assumption of our nature to do the will of God and suffer for us that he might enter into his glory, and we with him, at the appointed time. But I must endeavour to close the subject, lest I weary my friend who hath not so much time upon his hands as the scribbler. The good Lord bless us with contentment in our station, enabling us to fill it up to his praise. We know there is no end of making of books, and much study is a weariness to the flesh ; yet I find comfort in writing about my Lord, heaven, the soul, the glorified spirits, angels and men, the word and the way. I thought to write about God's mercy to Mordecai, Esther, Naomi, and Ruth ; David's deliverance from Ahithophel, Saul, Absalom, and Shimei ; Daniel from the den of lions ; Jeremiah from the

dungeon ; Jonah from the whale's belly ; the three children from the fiery furnace ; Paul and Peter from prison ; and Jesus Christ, triumphing victor over all his and our enemies. Hail him ! Crown him Lord of all ! You and I are nothing at all, trusting in him who filleth all in all.

1, Millpond-street, Bermondsey,
May 4th, 1820.

WILLIAM MOORE.

[William Moore, we need hardly remark, was an attached hearer of Mr. Huntington, and fully embraced all his views, both prophetic and otherwise. Of this we see clear traces in the above letter. We do not believe that Popery, at least under its present form, will ever rise to such a dominant height in this country as to slay the witnesses, whom we still consider unslain. What Popery may do, combined with infidelity—for Popery can do anything and be anything—we cannot say ; but the noble heart of Protestant England must be dead before the old mumble-mass Popery, the Popery of the cell and cloister, monk and priest, thumb-screw and faggot, can set its foot upon her neck. Thus, though we have thought it right to insert the above letter without alteration, yet we would not be understood thereby fully to approve of all that is in it. The vein of experimental truth contained in it we much like ; and it is this which has induced us to give it insertion without mutilation or suppression.]

A LETTER BY THE LATE G. BROADBRIDGE.

My dear Friend,—I really do feel quite ashamed of myself for my neglect in not answering your kind letter before, dated Jan. 24th. I really found it good ; for it came at a very suitable time to my poor tried, tempted, and needy soul. As the wise man said in the proverbs, "A word in season, how good is it ; it is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Yes ; and indeed it is, when the blessed Spirit applies it to the troubled conscience ; then it gives peace and quietness ; none then can give trouble. You would have heard from me before, but really my mind has been much exercised and tried ; but I hope and trust the Lord has manifested his presence with us in our meetings and assemblings together, and that we have been enabled to stand firm and contend for an experimental religion, known and felt in our hearts. Such only will do to live and die by, though oftentimes, while I am hearing of it, either read or preached, my coward flesh shrinks at it. But thanks be to God, I can say from my heart, that there is another principle implanted within me at the same time going up to Him who searches all hearts, and knows our inmost thoughts, that he would not let me be deceived in so great and important a matter as my soul's eternal salvation. These are no trifling matters. I often shudder to hear many around me talk so light and triflingly as they do about dying and leaving this world ; yes, and some that we might expect different things from ; but I prove it daily, from real experience, that religion is a personal thing. One that never could err said, "My sheep hear

my voice, and I know them, and they follow me; and a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers." It is as you say in yours, that there are many lo heres, and lo theres, and that there never was a greater need of caution than in this our day. What a great mercy it is for us to have the Lord for our teacher and guide; for none are so well taught, led, and guided through this waste howling wilderness, where gins, traps, and snares are laid to catch and entrap the weary traveller's feet, both from the world and professors. From these we expect troubles and trials; but how often do they come from professed brethren: yes, and this cuts sharper and deeper than any. Yet this is all fulfilling the Scriptures; for we are at times prone to lean and depend too much on an arm of flesh, and then the Lord checks us. But what a mercy that he does not deal in wrath with us, nor in anger; and why is it? Because "He knoweth our frame: he remembers that we are dust." My dear friend, I am sure that if *He* had dealt with me according to my deserts, my rebellion, murmuring, and peevishness, since this separation and unpleasantness of ours, I should not now be permitted and privileged to be scratching these few lines to you. No; he would have cast me into that place where hope never can come; yes, and he would have been just in so doing. Really, my friend, I cannot feel thankful and grateful enough for such a merciful, gracious, long-suffering, and long-forbearing God. I had a sweet enjoyment and a melting time last Friday, in reading a sermon of our friend P., "Plenteous redemption," from Psalm cxxx. 7, 8. 'I do prize the printed sermons much. I long to have some more fresh ones; but mind, I don't say this to find fault in reading them over and over again, as some do, and that they cannot hear them. No; I have found it quite different. We had, last Lord's-day morning, "The sword of the Spirit" (Hebrews iv. 12), and a good season we had; the chords were touched, and, I hope and trust, a true echo went from the heart to Him from whom comes all sweetness, dew, unction, savor, and power; this is such hearing as my soul loves. My friend, last month, before I received the "Standard," I felt much oppressed by the roughness of the way, and knew not which way to take for the best; but the Lord, I hope, has directed us right. The Lord knows all our motives, and I can say, with Job, "That he knoweth the way that I take;" and I am enabled, at present, to leave it in his hand: for when he says, "Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth," then we can be resigned and submissive to his will; for when he speaks with power, then it is all quietness, and none can give trouble. I found in the April number, page 118, a piece that just suited me. Read it, and may you pick a crumb from it, if it be the Lord's will, and he shall have the glory, for it is his just and only due. I know you will agree with me in that, for there is nothing for us to glory in of ourselves; this Paul found. Yours affectionately,

Faversham, May 1st, 1849.

G. BROADBRIDGE.

A LETTER BY DR. HAWKER TO A CLERGYMAN.

My very dear Sir,—If I were to attempt the description of the effect which the perusal of your letter produced on my mind, I should fall miserably short and defective in the account, and leave you still uninformed of what hath been the real state of the case. I do assure you, my dear Sir, that before I had read five lines, in that part of it which speaks of the change wrought in your soul, it occasioned a sensation which thrilled through all my frame; and while I uttered an involuntary exclamation, in which gratitude, holy joy, and, I trust, an humbleness of devout feeling, accompanied with tears, were all blended, I could not but look round the place where I was with an awakened imagination, as if to realize, in a more immediate manner, the presence of that wonder-working God, who doeth all things according to the purposes of his own Divine will. Oh! my dear Sir, and is it really so, that he who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in your heart, to give you the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ? What an endless subject of gratitude have we both to pay, and how may we exclaim, in the language of Scripture, "*What hath God wrought?*" You know but in part, as yet, the infinite goodness and condescension of God in the appointment and accomplishment of so much mercy. You are looking only, I know, to *yourself* in the event, and naturally enough are lost in the contemplation of such undeserved favor. But I am compelled to take in another consideration, to me much more astonishing, and sufficient to fill any heart but mine with never-ceasing gratitude. That God should call his people to his love, and by instruments of feebleness, to whom he gives strength, is indeed a subject of holy admiration and joy, and only ascribable to the effect of his distinguishing grace. But when he condescends to go lower even than this, and instead of faithful servants in his ministry, to make use of the vilest and most unworthy, and single them out, to accomplish the purposes of his will: what a contemplation opens here, to call up the most animated thanksgiving! May the bountiful Giver of such blessings still impart this grace, that neither you nor I may ever cease to improve them. I am now doubly interested, more than ever, in your furtherance in the gospel, and cannot but feel an awakened concern for your highest attainments in it. You have afforded me more real happiness in the communication of this gracious event, than though you had the power, and were disposed to exercise it, of conferring upon me an empire. It will, I trust in God, be my encouragement in the darkest hour, and animate me in the glorious service of Jesus, when the season seems to be most unpromising. Let it have the same effect, I pray, on you. Consider who it is that sends; who gives the power; and who hath promised that his strength is perfected in weakness. The difference of human talents is therefore wholly lost in this charming consideration. For it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God, who showeth mercy. You request information

what books I would recommend you to use. In answer, I would say that the book of books is the Word of God. And if (as I am persuaded you now will, my dear brother) you look up to him, who is the Spirit of truth, and implore his grace to guide and instruct you, he *alone* will be sufficient to make you wise unto salvation, and to make you that you will be neither barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. Nevertheless, as collateral helps have been sometimes blessed to the promotion of godliness, I would subjoin all tracts which are perfectly orthodox, and treat of vital experimental piety. I have found the writings of Dr. Watts, Doddridge, and Gill, to be eminently useful. I confess they are all dissenters, but I bless God I have long learned not to be prejudiced against them. It has been a maxim with me, which I see no reason to alter, never to refuse instruction wherever I can conscientiously obtain it. A pearl is a pearl still, though found in a *Æthiops*' ear. I hope frequently to hear from you, my dear Sir, and more frequently to meet in prayer at the throne of grace. We need, I am sure, each other's prayers; and let us see which can be most bountiful in this invaluable friendship. Remember we have both the same Almighty Saviour and Intercessor to look up to, whom the Father heareth alway; and since we need the aid of his grace so constantly, let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith. My mind will be very frequently with you, particularly on the Lord's day. I already begin to frame to myself seals to your ministry. Oh! what a joy will it be to my heart (should the Lord once more permit me to see you at Falmouth), to find many souls begotten to God through your instrumentality! That the Lord may bless you abundantly in the service of his dear Son, is the very earnest prayer of your affectionate, but most unworthy brother in Christ,

Looe, Sept. 9, 1795.

ROBERT HAWKER.

[The above letter, in which we see the whole heart and soul of the Doctor, was written by Dr. Hawker to a clergyman in Cornwall, who was remarkably blessed—delivered, it seems, from bondage—under a sermon that he preached in his pulpit. We much admire, amidst all the marks of human weakness in it, the spirit of gratitude and praise to the God of all grace, the warmth of holy joy, the deep humility, and the Christian affection that shine forth in it. Would to God there were more of this spirit now!]

Whither doth not thirst of fame carry men, whether to good or evil? It makes them seek to climb to heaven; it makes them not fear to run headlong down to hell. Even in the best things, desire of praise stands in competition with conscience, and brags to have the more clients. One builds a temple to Diana, in hope of glory, intending it for one of the great wonders of the world; another, in hope of fame, burns it. He is a rare man that hath not some Babel of his own, whereon he bestows pains and cost only to be talked of.

—*Dr. Hall.*

A LETTER BY THE LATE WILLIAM ABBOTT.

Dear Friend,—Your letter is the language of one shouting from the top of the mountains, or from the “heights of Zion.” Such are said to be gathered together, or “flow together to the goodness of the Lord, for wheat, and for wine, and for oil, and for the young of the flock and of the herd: the souls of such are as a watered garden.” Jer. xxxi. 12. Here is a change, indeed. “Beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness.” O what cause have such souls to be thankful, being saved from guilt and sin, from wrath and the curse, from hell and destruction, saved from the power of Satan, and this vain, miserable, and delusive world! O Charlotte, where can you hide your head while the goodness of God appears, when you consider and meditate upon his free, sovereign, and distinguishing love which has chosen you and not cast you away; when you consider that there are many thousands of professors, as well as profane, still going on in the broad way, and entering in at the wide gate, while it is your lot to be turned, called, and drawn into the narrow way of life that leads to God and everlasting glory. As a believer in Christ, your state and standing is secured for eternity. Such are said to be sealed to the day of redemption, or unto the resurrection of the just. The love and mercy of which they are objects is from everlasting to everlasting. “The foundation of God standeth sure; the Lord knoweth them that are his.”

I wish not to damp your joys, cool the fervour of your devotion, stop your praises, nor turn your songs of melody and mirth into heaviness; but perhaps a word of exhortation and Christian counsel, if not fully or altogether considered to be as yet in season as greatly needed, yet let me hope no robbery may be done by it.

He knew much of his own heart and of Satan's wiles who wrote thus:—“Add to your faith virtue, to virtue knowledge, and knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity; for if these things be in you and abound, they make you that ye shall not be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.”

My friend, perhaps, little thinks at present that many who have tasted that the Lord is gracious, who have shone in his light, and have adored his love, for want of taking proper heed to this, have had dismal days, and have gone halting almost the whole of their journey through, but so it is; therefore the apostle adds, “Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure; for, if you do these things, you shall never fall,” &c. Ah, say you, electing love and redemption by blood is all my theme, and will be for ever; so some have said and sung, and, I believe, sung the truth; if so, where can be the need of such an exhortation? Time and experience may inform my friend more about that than what I can by word or pen. A highly-favored man of God, now in glory, once in conversation with me, suggested to me the necessity of this, at which I was somewhat surprised, as he was no

stranger to my experience. What can or does he mean? thought I; this exhortation does not concern me. For if being brought through the furnace is peculiar to the chosen of God; if they are the elect of God who cry day and night unto him; if faith in Jesus by the operation of the mighty power of God, and being filled with joy and peace in believing, are proofs of interest in eternal election, I am well acquainted with these; of course, I know my calling and election too. However, I have lived long enough to find out by sad experience what the good man meant.

There is such a thing as spiritual pride; being lifted up, and thinking more highly of ourselves than we ought to think. "What a wonderful experience I have! How much before others I know! Who may not envy me!" This is wretched stuff. Upon the back of this comes on carnal security and ease. This is bad. Afterwards the world presents itself, with all that is in it, "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life;" and, before we are aware, we are turned from the living God in affection, and are going after idols. O Lord, how true it is, "Man in his best estate is vanity." Here I feel I could almost weep tears of blood to think how much I have abused the love of my most gracious Lord and Saviour. A right consideration of the dreadful depth of iniquity in the human heart, our own weakness, the craft and power of Satan our enemy, and of the snares of the world, with the many entanglements, cares, changes, and perplexities attending this life, all show the need of Christians in every stage being on their guard. "Watch and pray," was the caution given by the Captain of our salvation to his young disciples; and a long experienced one under his command points to our enemies, and says, "Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand in the evil day." Another, who had been sadly foiled and cast down, says, "Be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer." Again, "Be sober, be vigilant, for your adversary the devil goeth about continually," &c. It is a great mercy for a young Christian, instead of resting in present attainments, to be led on and follow on to know the Lord; to watch against and be jealous of everything that may have a tendency to stop the intercourse between us and our God. We can never have too many love-tokens, too many signs of his favor, or too many evidences of interest in a covenant of grace. When the hour of temptation, when the days of darkness or trial come on, we find the greatest number, or the most conspicuous of them, none too much, nor hardly sufficient, to keep our hope from sinking. Yet He is faithful who hath promised never to forsake us, and that we shall not depart from him.

My respects to the young preacher. I have read his account of the visit he was favored with, and was not sorry at hearing he had begun to speak in public. I earnestly wish he may be kept upright in the way; not suffered to swerve from truth, nor be left to labor hard to dress up those whom the Lord has never stripped, nor by a multitude of shallow, unsound evidences to build up those whom the Lord has not pulled down. This is the work many are engaged in; and I fear, at times, of some who are not strangers to that grace

that brings salvation. A workman that needeth not to be ashamed is one who "rightly divides the word of truth."

Now may the good Lord keep you humble, steady, diligent, and watchful ; and whatever seas you may sail in, and whatever storms you may meet with, may he preserve you from shipwreck, and bring you safe to the port of bliss, to that much desired haven where sin and sorrow never come. Yours affectionately,
 Mayfield, Sussex, May 20, 1825. WILLIAM ABBOTT.

[We would call the attention of our readers to the above excellent letter. Abbott was a member with Mr. Huntington, and preached in that connection ; but after being some little time in the ministry was, by powerful inward temptations, so driven almost to despair, that for several years he could not and did not preach at all. In his own good time, however, and way, the Lord brought him out of the furnace, as Mr. Huntington always said he would ; he then resumed the ministry of the word, and to many was made very useful and acceptable.]

A LETTER TO ROWLAND HILL, 1771.

My dear Rowly,—Your letter refreshed me much. Go on, and fear nothing but your own heart ; you are on the high road to everlasting honor, pursuing the very track of your Master, and highly favored by him. Your ship is now in full sail ; and, of course, will require much ballast to keep her steady and upright. This ballast will be thrown into your ship, providentially, just as it is wanted, by ill-judging, lukewarm professors, and a crazy world. When Jesus sees your heart elevated, though secretly unknown to yourself, he will throw in a fresh skip* of ballast, to sink your vessel a little lower. When you need but a little depression, the world may give it ; when you want more, professors may give it ; when more still, your ——— may give a blow. They are all your friends when they use you ill ; and you ought to be as thankful to the heavenly Physician for thus paring off the proud flesh from your heart as to an earthly surgeon for paring off the proud flesh off your limbs. Did not the world scourge your Master—spit in his face—crown him with thorns—and crucify him ? Did not the chief priests and pharisees insult him, mock him, tempt him, and defame him ? Did not his kinsfolk come and lay hold of him to stop his ministry when he first set off, thinking him beside himself ? (Mark iii. 21.) Well, you know the servant must be as his master. Yet fear none of these things ; Jesus will make you more than a conqueror. Needful support and comfort will be given you here, and everlasting glory crown thy head hereafter. If your old College friends drop their correspondence, heed it not ; only seek a closer communication with Jesus. Our cisterns must dry up before we can lie wholly at the fountain. Through mercy, I have been so kept on my legs this summer, as to preach every Sabbath, and intend setting up a weekly lecture again. Keep on praying and preaching again ; let nothing stop you. The Lord be with your spirit and mine.

JOHN BERRIDGE.

* A provincial expression for a large, coarse, wicker basket.

REVIEW.

Jehoshaphat and his Fathers; or, Evenings alone with God and his Word. London: J. Gadsby, George-yard, Bowverie-street, Fleet-street. Price 3s. 6d.

What a wonderful book is the Bible! What countless treasures of mercy and grace, wisdom and truth, are therein contained—hidden, indeed, from the natural eye, but opened up and revealed from time to time by the Blessed Spirit to the enlightened understanding of the family of God. That the word of God is a sealed book to the great mass of professed Christians—we mean by the term, those who, without any divine life in their soul, are in the habit of attending a place of worship—one or two facts will abundantly show. Though the Scriptures are in everybody's hand, and are read or heard habitually from childhood's hour to old age's lingering decay, not only are they not understood, they are not even remembered. We hesitate not to say, that you may take at a venture a thousand persons in the middle classes of society, of a good education, regular church-goers, and therefore hearing the Scriptures continually read, and you shall hardly find five out of them who could quote a text correctly, or tell you where it is to be found,—at least, beyond some vague idea, gathered from the turn of expression, that it is in the Old Testament or New. Does not this show that they are heard without the least interest taken in them? Would Shakspeare, or Milton, or Byron, be read in their ears as often, and not be remembered? The words of a foolish song are learnt in a few minutes, and caught up at once by every boy in the street. But who remembers the word of God, except to misuse and blaspheme it? One reading gave "Uncle Tom" a firmer place in the memory of thousands than the Bible which they have read all their lives. How little, too, do they seem to understand its meaning! A few plain texts that speak of actions to be performed they may, at first sight, seem to comprehend; but even these they rive and tear from their spiritual meaning, laying them down as duties to be done by all men, instead of fruits brought forth by the Blessed Spirit in the hearts, lips, and lives of the family of God.

But this gross darkness of mind, as regards the Scriptures, is not merely a negative evil; it inevitably produces effects almost more dangerous than the very blindness itself. A blind man, as long as he sits still, may keep from stumbling. It is when he begins to move, to walk, that he tumbles about and breaks his limbs or his neck. So in religion; it is when the blind begin to move, and think they certainly will become religious, that they stumble and fall into one error after another. Without divine teaching, they cannot but go wrong; without divine light, they cannot but fall. We do not say they have not some natural light; but what is seen by them is seen from a wrong point of view; what is done by them is done from wrong motives; their faint and flickering views of right and wrong only mislead them

into self-righteousness; and the very duties they try to perform only blind them more to the way of salvation by sovereign grace. Like a man lost in a wood, every seeming step out is to them but a farther step in; or, like one benighted on a moor, or in a bog, every attempt at extrication wearies and fatigues, but only ends in deeper entanglement.

Ministers of truth are thought sometimes to speak too strongly of the dreadful state of man through the fall; but, in fact, it is impossible to exaggerate in language the blindness and darkness of the human heart; nor can pen or tongue adequately set forth the misery and utter helplessness of a condition such as the Scriptures describe in two most solemn passages: "Therefore they could not believe, because that Esaias said again, He hath blinded their eyes, and hardened their heart; that they should not see with their eyes, nor understand with their heart, and be converted, and I should heal them;" (John xii. 39, 40); "But if our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost: in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them 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. 3, 4.) Now, contrast with this dreadful condition, so clearly, so graphically described, the state of the soul into which the true light, what the Lord calls "the light of life," has shone. This is beautifully described in two passages of Scripture, which we will quote as counterparts of those just brought forward: "Through the tender mercy of our God, whereby the dayspring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace;" (Luke i. 78, 79); "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.) Many sweet and simple testimonies are there in the word of truth to this work of the Spirit on the heart, whereby he enlightens it with the light of the living. "The entrance of thy words giveth light." "In thy light shall we see light." "The eyes of your understanding being enlightened." "He that believeth in me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." Happy the man thus enlightened by the Spirit from on high. He no longer walks on in darkness and in the shadow of death. Like Moses, he now sees him who is invisible. As this light penetrates into the dark corners and recesses of the heart—the true "candle of the Lord, searching all the inward parts of the belly," it discovers to him his own case and state as a fallen sinner; and as it shines upon the holiness and justice of God, as revealed in the Scripture, it makes known the breadth and spirituality of the law, the wrath of God due to sin, and his righteous judgment on all transgressors. Nor does the blessed Spirit stop here. He goes on to enlighten the soul to see the way of salvation. His special office is to take of the things of Christ and to reveal them to the soul. He therefore casts a light upon the mercy of God as revealed in his dear Son; shows how the soul is washed in his blood, and clothed in his righteousness; and not only so, but applies the blood, and brings near the

righteousness; and blessing him with a manifestation of Christ, and a testimony to his interest in him, leads him onward to see more and more of the beauty of his Person, the riches of his grace, the breadth, length, depth, and height of his dying love, his suitability in all his covenant characters and offices, and what he is to all who love and confide in his name.

This same light, we may further observe, spreads itself over the word of truth, as he reads from time to time the inspired page. We have often thought of the words, "Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures." Till this is done, the Scriptures are not understood. The eye, indeed, looks at them, but much as it looks at objects through a telescope before it gets the right focus. Everything is dim and distorted, hazy and obscure. Without Christ—the light of Christ in the understanding, and the life of Christ in the heart; without faith in his Person, hope in his mercy, or love to his name, the Scriptures are all a dark enigma. Not a doctrine can be understood, not an experience entered into, not a precept performed, not a promise believed, not an invitation accepted, not a truth enjoyed, without a living faith in the divine Revealer of them all. The Scriptures are much and widely read, it is true, but merely as a duty, a daily or weekly self-imposed task, a religious performance in which a certain amount of merit is invested. It thus becomes a mere sop for conscience in some, and in others amounts at best to a perusing with the eye a certain quantity of words and letters, chapters and verses, unwillingly taken up, gladly laid down. The beauty and blessedness, divine sweetness and inexpressible power and savour, seen and felt in the Scriptures by a believing heart, are to the unbelieving multitude unknown, untasted, unfelt, uncared for. Whatever be the subject, however solemn or weighty,—and what can be so solemn and weighty as the soul's eternal happiness or misery?—the word of truth, without a divine application, absolutely makes no impression on the conscience. The threatenings produce no terror or trembling, create no fear or conviction, draw out neither sigh nor groan, no, nor raise up one faint, feeble cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner." The promises, the invitations, the portions that speak of Christ and his sufferings neither melt nor move, touch nor soften their conscience. The unregenerate heart responds to neither judgment nor mercy. Nothing stirs it God-ward. Hard as a stone, cold as ice, motionless as a corpse, it lies dead in trespasses and sins. But not so with the heart which the finger of God has touched. It fears, it trembles, it melts, it softens; it is lifted up, it is cast down; it sighs, it prays, it believes; it hopes, it loves; it mourns, it rejoices; it grieves, it repents—in a word, it lives the life of God, and breathes, acts, and moves just as the Blessed Spirit visits and works in it by his gracious power and influence. Under his teaching, the Scriptures become a new book, read, as it were, with new eyes, heard with new ears, thought and pondered over with new feelings, understood with a new understanding, and felt in a new conscience.

But apart from any *special* light which a man taught of God may

have on particular passages of Scripture, such, for instance, as have been peculiarly opened up, applied, and blessed to his soul, there is what we may perhaps call a *general* light on the word of truth. There is a harmony in God's word. Indeed, it cannot be otherwise. It would be treason against the Blessed Spirit to think there could be any real discrepancy, any positive contradiction, in the inspired page. When, then, we are favoured with a spiritual, experimental knowledge of God's truth, it is a putting into our hands a master-key to open cabinets closed against the wise and prudent, a clue to guide the feet amidst the mazes where learned doctors and studious theologians wander and are lost, a light penetrating and pervading the hidden depths of the sanctuary, on the threshold of which the scribe and the Pharisee stumble and fall.

There is one deep mine especially in Scripture, in which an amazing amount of profitable instruction is stored up, but which, without divine light, cannot be penetrated into and explored, and its golden treasure, for "it hath dust of gold," laid bare. We mean the *characters* of Scripture, what may be called Scripture *biography*, as distinct from Scripture *history*. And as the Bible gives us the lives and actions of sinners as well as of saints, of professors as well as possessors, Scripture biography has two phases corresponding to these characters. Take, for instance, the character of Saul. What a mine of instruction—fearful indeed, but profitable—is laid up in his history! What a description inside and out of a professor of religion, from the beginning to the end of his course! It is the history of a man upon whom worldly honor and a prominent position in the church of God are thrust in spite of himself, wrecked and ruined for the non-possession of grace. It seems as if God would show us in him that the fairest beginnings, brightest prospects, and most signal gifts serve only to thrust a man into deeper perdition, if he has not a living principle of faith, fear, and obedience in his soul. There are in the history of Saul elements of character given, from which, without the slightest exaggeration in drawing or coloring, a full-length portrait might be painted which would make a tender-hearted child of God tremble to the very centre.

Take, again, the character of David, as brought out in the same way by his words and actions, and fixing your eye on that point, steadily pursue it through all his history. God seems to have designed to give us in him the counterpart of the character of Saul, and thus to show that, as without grace nothing can save, so with grace nothing can damn. Just where Saul stumbles and falls, David stands. All things, the brightest and the fairest, tend to Saul's downfall; all things, the darkest and foulest, tend to David's rise. Victory and defeat are alike ruinous to Saul; for when he conquers Agag, he destroys himself by sparing him; and when the Philistines prevail, he falls on his own sword. Victory and defeat are alike a blessing to David. If he conquers, as when he slew Goliath, it was, as winning the confidence and affections of the people, a step towards the throne; and if he is hunted as a partridge on the mountains, it is but a wholesome discipline and a

needful training him to wear more steadily the crown. Yet, in reading their history, we cannot but own that Saul is justly punished, and David justly blessed. We fully acquiesce in the sentence of each. Nothing in either shocks our moral perceptions of right and wrong. The crookedness, selfishness, hypocrisy, disobedience, murderous, revengeful disposition and conduct of Saul we see justly to draw down upon him the vengeance of God. Yet we feel, and in this much consists the instruction contained in his miserable history, that human nature being what it is, and circumstances being what they were, he could hardly act otherwise; though, at the same time, we feel that otherwise he would have acted, had he but possessed grace. We read his end, close the book, and tremble; but does the thought rise up as if God were unjust in letting him perish so miserably? Did he not sin against the clearest directions, the strongest warnings; and when once he began to turn aside, did he not go on from sin to sin, from murder to witchcraft, till mercy herself turned aside her face, unable to say a word why the stroke of justice should not fall? David, on the other hand, not merely shows the triumph of grace as a saving principle, confirming and establishing us thereby in its sovereign efficacy, but shines forth as a living evidence of what grace is as an active, influential principle. David is not borne on passively, mechanically to the throne, carried as if in a palanquin from Bethlehem's sheepfolds to Hebron's court. Grace is seen not merely working in him, but worked out by him. His prayers, his tears, his faith, his obedience, his sincerity, his humility, his confiding trust, yes, and all his fears and conflicts too, are brought out; and what grace is, does, and can do, is as clearly seen in him, as what nature is, does, and can do is seen in Saul.

The book before us is written much on this principle; being the history and character of Jehoshaphat, drawn out at considerable length. The idea, indeed, is not original, Krummacher, in his popular work, "Elijah the Tishbite,"* having, with extraordinary liveliness of style and truthfulness of statement, fully worked out every portion of Scripture connected with the prophet. But we know of no similar exposition of the history of Jehoshaphat.

The reigns of Asa and Jehoshaphat embrace a period of sixty-six years, a most eventful period in the history both of Judah and Israel, and filled with incidents from which profitable instruction may be gathered. The reign of Jehoshaphat is peculiarly full of interest, not only as given us at considerable length by the inspired writer of the book of Chronicles (2 Chron. xvii.—xx.), but as including the wicked reign of Ahab, the cotemporary king of Israel, the connection of the two kingdoms, never without sin and sorrow

* None of the translations do Krummacher justice. He is much bolder and free-spoken, more experimental and decided for truth, in the original. The best translation is that published by Noble, Fleet-street; that of the Religious Tract Society is shamefully garbled.

to Judah, and the ministry of the prophet Elijah. What a picture might be drawn of Ahab,—weak and wicked, hurried on from crime to crime by his idolatrous, fiendish wife, Jezebel! His fits of repentance and amendment, issuing, as is usually the case, in greater hardness of heart and fouler depths of crime; his uxorious fondness for his wife, mingled with dread of her furious, ungovernable temper, and absolute subjection to her master mind, prolific to invent, unscrupulous to execute the foulest deeds; his remorse of conscience; his guilty fears, in spite of all the predictions of his lying prophets; his anger and enmity against Micaiah, yet dread that he prophesied too truly; till, at length, the destined arrow, shot at a venture, pierced through the joints of his armour, and drank his warm life-blood—what a fund of instruction and warning is laid up in the life and death of this great criminal! Jehoshaphat, too, that good king of Judah, how much may be learnt from his history! His uprightness and honesty of heart, his confiding trust in the Lord under the most trying circumstances, the deliverances that God wrought for him when he cried unto him, and the way in which He blessed him and honoured him, are all matters full of interest and instruction. In the whole compass of God's word, we hardly know a more expressive prayer than that which he put up: "O our God, wilt thou not judge them? for we have no might against this great company that cometh against us; neither know we what to do: but our eyes are upon thee." (2 Chron. xx. 12.) Look again at the way in which the Lord delivered him at the very time that he took vengeance on Ahab. That crafty king evidently tried by a deep stratagem to get Jehoshaphat slain as the king of Israel, whilst he himself escaped. "And the king of Israel said unto Jehoshaphat, I will disguise myself, and will go to the battle; but put thou on thy robes. So the king of Israel disguised himself; and they went to the battle." (2 Chron. xviii. 29.) Jehoshaphat, not perceiving the stratagem, falls into the snare, but God was his shield and delivered him. "And it came to pass, when the captains of the chariots saw Jehoshaphat, that they said, It is the king of Israel. Therefore they compassed about him to fight: but Jehoshaphat cried out, and the Lord helped him; and God moved them to depart from him." (2 Chron. xviii. 31.) Mark the different end of the righteous and the wicked. Both kings are in the same battle. Jehoshaphat, the good king of Judah, dressed in his royal robes, a mark for every archer, cries to God for help, and is delivered. Ahab, the wicked king of Israel, thinks to escape, disguised as a common soldier. But the eye of God is upon him; his sands are run out; an archer, not knowing what he is doing, draws his bow; God directs and speeds the arrow's flight, and—where is Naboth's murderer now?—bleeding away his guilty soul, till the blood fills the chariot, a repast for the dogs, in the very spot where they had before licked the blood of his victim. Is there not a mine of profitable instruction here laid up?

Many readers, it is true, with every desire for reading the word of God profitably, might not see in it the instruction thus stored.

So amidst the gold-diggings in Australia, many might not see the gold-dust that lies at their feet; but when a more skilful workman has brought it out, its value is at once seen, and when stamped with the Queen's die, it is added to the capital of the country.

This is what the writer of the book before us has been engaged upon. She has been gold-digging; the life of Jehoshaphat has been her Mount Ballarat; she here offers us the result of her labours; and should heaven's King stamp it on the hearts of his people with his royal die, it will be so much wealth added to the spiritual works circulated amongst the family of God.

The circumstances which led the writer to turn her mind to, and eventually to publish her thoughts upon, this portion of God's truth, are thus stated:—

“A widow lady, during a season of bereavement, by way of beguiling those evening hours which had formerly been spent in the sole society of her beloved husband, was led to open her Bible, and, with prayer for the Holy Spirit's teaching, to commit to paper such thoughts as presented themselves to her mind in the study of its sacred pages. Amid much difficulty without, and temptation within, she persevered in the effort; favored, however, from time to time, with much sweet communion and enjoyment in its prosecution.

“The history of the work (as connected with the spiritual experience of the writer, and related to a friend,) is indeed most interesting; and proves how God leads his people onward, step by step, to the accomplishment of his purpose, in spite of every obstacle that can be brought to bear against them.”

The authoress has evidently a cultivated mind, and writes in a pleasing style. There is nothing heavy, dragging, or prosy in her writing—that common fault, which often makes the best subjects wearisome; and it is equally free from confusion and obscurity. Without aiming at eloquence, or what is called “fine writing,” there is a liveliness and vigour in her style which makes it very readable. But above all, it has that qualification, for the absence of which there is no remedy, and in the presence of which there is no other recommendation needed—the qualification of sound, sterling, experimental truth. We will give two extracts from the work itself: the first shall be of the conduct and prayer of Jehoshaphat, when the children of Moab and Ammon came against him (2 Chron. xx.); and the other upon the destruction of his ships at Ezion-geber.

“How, then, could Jehoshaphat encounter this indomitable foe? What could he do under such circumstances? He knew not how to avoid the evil, and he frankly acknowledged it. He knew not, either, how to meet it, for he felt that he was powerless. No plan of escape, either by stratagem or by attack, seemed feasible; nor could he do anything by way of resistance, or to mitigate that event which appeared inevitable. What then? Would he give way to the suggestions of the tempter?—We shall one day perish by the hand of our enemies. We shall now be swallowed up by this mighty host, and our houses, our lands, our wives, become a prey to the invaders. God has forgotten to be gracious, or wherefore does he suffer this evil to come upon us? He has shut up his bowels of compassion, or he would not have allowed these perils, these destructions to assail us!—No! If such were the tempter's suggestions, the darts recoiled from the shield of faith; and though outward circumstances were most unpropitious, and outward appearances excluded even the shadow of hope, Jehoshaphat knew where his strength lay; and in the fullest expectation of sure, complete, and certain deliverance,

he says, 'But our eyes are upon Thee.' We turn not, O our Father, to man, but we turn to Thee! We lean not on man; we lean on Thee! We apply not to man; we apply to Thee! We expect nothing from man; we expect all from Thee! An enemy is advancing against us; we know not how to meet him! The foe is almost within sight of Thine inheritance; we know not how to repel him! We are in perplexity—in straits—in difficulties; we can turn neither to the right hand nor to the left, 'but our eyes are upon Thee!' Blessed position! How safe the believer, when thus hemmed in on every side! Knowing not what to do, yet looking to the Lord for deliverance. This waiting upon God—this standing still, yet looking for his salvation! The graces of reliance, of patience, faith, and expectation, are plants not indigenous to the human heart, but are the implantations of God the Holy Ghost. And are not the very circumstances into which the child of God is brought, selected to elucidate those graces? We believe they are. Would Abraham have been held forth to us as the father of the faithful, had not his faith been severely tried,—tried not to be destroyed and extinguished, but to shine pre-eminently bright and lustrous? Or, could Job have been handed down in the sacred records as an example of patience, had he not also been the child of much suffering and endurance? Or, what should we have seen of the meekness of Moses, had it not been for his struggles against the impetuous and stiff-necked Israelites? These precious fruits of the Spirit were in the heart, but it remained for outward circumstances to develop them to others. And in this way are the trials, exercises, conflicts, and circumstances of the children of God overruled for the discovery of their graces, and the manifestation of God the Spirit's work in their hearts. 'We know not what to do, but our eyes are upon Thee,' has been the language of the church in the wilderness through every age; and where there is this sense—this confession, both of ignorance and helplessness, yet, nevertheless, this quiet waiting upon God, and dependence on his aid—it is not long ere the horizon will brighten, the dark cloud be dispersed, and the 'sun of righteousness,' like the natural orb of day, will be 'as the clear shining after rain.' It was conspicuously so in the history before us. The assembled multitude still hovered around the sacred spot, and caught, as it were, the echo of the last clause in the king's eloquent, fervent, though simple speech, or rather prayer. Was it not eloquent, when it spoke the language of the heart, yet with a simplicity, which even the youngest in that congregation could understand? Nor had such a fervent, though simple appeal, been made in vain; neither had the king's supplication been offered in vain,—the God of heaven, from his dwelling place on high, had been attent unto their prayer; and were their eyes upon him? So also were *His* eyes upon them for good!"

"Those who have witnessed the launch of a vessel will be best able to picture to themselves the grandeur of the scene, as those vessels glided majestically into the mighty ocean, controlled alone by the slender cable which held them to the anchor. Proudly did they ride on the surface of those blue waters, until all hands were ready, the stores taken in, and the crew on board; prior to their being wafted by the summer breezes to the land of spices and of gold! The time appointed for their departure has arrived; and brightly has the morning sun risen on the clear blue sea; and its waters, see how they sparkle beneath its silvery beams! We look again, but the azure blue has disappeared, and those waters lately so silvery and clear, are now turbid and restless. The white canvass, too, of those vessels has caught the murky shade; and the sailors whilst they are busy here and there about the tackling, look at the distant horizon, as if they felt that the freshening breeze might yet burst forth into the furious tempest. They were right, for the heavens were soon black with clouds. The storm indeed arose, and the swelling waves became like mountain-masses, jutting forth from deep ravines. The anchors, which, in still water were sufficient to control the floating bark, now gave way, and the vessels soon were drifting before the wind, completely at the mercy of the waves. Each bounding billow seemed only to hasten their destruction, whilst each howling gust served only to accelerate that event which was beyond all human prevention. Every surge appeared to have one object in

view, and that was to bear those vessels as speedily as possible to that ridge of rocks, whose pinnacled points rose majestically grand, and whose deep black hue served only to make the sparkling surf the whiter. Impervious to the rage of the tumultuous billows, there they stood with their outstretched but hidden arms, as if ready to embrace all the prey which the relentless ocean would bring them. The tempest and the current were their friends—brought them booty—and the newly-built ships of Jehoshaphat and Ahaziah are soon transfixed on that rocky bed. Still did the swelling ocean vent its rage,—still did the tumultuous billows dash themselves against those frail barks. Plank after plank is loosened, a crash, and the mast falls into the yawning gulf beneath. Another—the vessel divides and becomes an entire wreck. The storm, however, is not abated, another and another vessel shares the same fate, until the whole number, in the literal words of Scripture, ‘are broken to pieces.’”

“If a man,” says Dr. Young, “was to find one pearl in an oyster of a million, it would hardly encourage him to commence fisherman for life.” So say I of the fathers in general. Even supposing (what I can by no means grant) that the harvest of instruction would recompense the toil of breaking up the ground, a lifetime would hardly suffice to read the fathers with care; and perhaps two lifetimes would scarcely enable a reader to digest them completely. That knowledge which is truly important lies in a much narrower compass. I am quite of his mind who said, “Unus Augustinus præ mille patribus, et unus Paulus præ mille Augustinis.” One page of Augustine is worth a thousand other fathers; but one page of Paul is worth a thousand of Augustine’s. I speak not this to depreciate the labors of such learned persons as have trod the paths of what is called primitive antiquity; but simply to express the idea I cannot help entertaining of the vanity and unprofitableness with which I apprehend this kind of chase to be generally attended, if any other are otherwise minded, let them follow the chase, and prosper.—*Toplady*.

The ceremonial law was abolished to promote the spirituality of Divine worship. That service was gross, carnal, calculated for an infant and sensitive church. It consisted in rudiments, the circumcision of the flesh, the blood and smoke of sacrifices, the steams of incense, observation of days, distinction of meats, corporeal purifications; every leaf of the law is clogged with some rite to be particularly observed by them. The spirituality of worship lay veiled under a thick cloud, that the people could not behold the glory of the Gospel, which lay covered under those shadows. (2 Cor. iii. 13.) “They could not steadfastly look to the end of that which is abolished.”—*Charnock*.

If any persons have contributed a mite to their own salvation, it was more than we could do. If any were obedient and faithful to the first calls and impressions of his Spirit, it was not our case. If any were prepared to receive him beforehand, we know that we were in a state of alienation from him. We needed sovereign, irresistible grace to save us, or we must have been lost for ever. If there are any who have a power of their own, we must confess ourselves poorer than they are.—*Newton*.

INQUIRY.

Dear Sir,—Would you be so kind as to give your view of the following subject? Did the Saviour mean Nathanael or himself where it is said, "He saw Nathanael coming, and saith of him, Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile"?

Your answer to the above would very much oblige yours truly,
S. T.

ANSWER.

There can be no doubt that the Saviour meant Nathanael, not himself, when he said, "Behold an Israelite indeed," &c. There is no difficulty here; the difficulty is to know who Nathanael was. Some have thought he was John himself, and that the name John ("Grace of God") was given him for Nathanael ("Gift of God"), as Simon was called Cephas or Peter. (John i. 42.) This hardly seems consistent with John xxi. 2—where "Nathanael" is especially named and clearly distinguished from "the two sons of Zebedee," one of whom we know was John. (Matt. x. 2.) The most probable supposition, then, is that Nathanael is the same as Bartholomew. (Matt. x. 3; Luke vi. 14; Acts. i. 13.) And what makes it more probable is that he is usually named together with Philip, as if being friendly with him before his call, and being the instrument of his conversion, (John i. 45, 46), they ever after continued in particular intimacy and affection.

Mr. Editor,—We should be glad if you would be so kind as to answer this question in the "Standard" as soon as you can:—Whether it be right for a member of a Particular Baptist Church to go to astrologers to know future events? He says it is right for ministers and all to know the science, but we cannot hold with it. But he is confident that there is no harm in it, and he will not agree to give it up.

A CONSTANT READER.

ANSWER.

We don't know what others may think about it, but we call it awful work. There is an express prohibition in the word of God against that vain and lying science, called astrology. "Thus saith the Lord, Learn not the way of the heathen, and be not dismayed at the signs of heaven, for the heathen are dismayed at them;" and contempt is poured by God on its professors:—"Thou art wearied in the multitude of thy counsels. Let now the astrologers, the stargazers, the monthly prognosticators, stand up, and save thee from these things that shall come upon thee. Behold, they shall be as stubble; the fire shall burn them; they shall not deliver themselves from the power of the flame: there shall not be a coal to warm at, nor fire to sit before it." The thing itself is supremely ridiculous; for who can believe that the planets, being in certain relative positions to each other, can affect a man's lot through life? At the distance of many millions of miles, what influence can they possibly exert on the destiny of the inhabitants of earth?

But besides its folly, it is fearfully wicked—a part of that mystery of iniquity which Satan has invented to deceive and destroy. There is nothing a child of God should stand more aloof from than omens, signs, tokens, prognostications of future events, fortune-telling, spirit-rapping, and all the tribe of devilisms; for though there may be in some a great deal of foolish nonsense, and in others of human jugglery, yet in all what a door may be opened for the coming in of Satan!

We would not keep “Moore’s Almanac” in our house. The fire is the best place for it; and so it is for Zadkiel’s, and all those astrological almanacs which pretend to prophesy the weather, the event of the war, the death of princes, and great personages, &c.*

As an almanac is almost indispensable in a house, and this is the time of year for buying one, let us advise all who fear and love God to have nothing to do with any of the astrological almanacs, as it is a tempting God, and encouraging the mystery of iniquity.

But as regards the question immediately before us, if a member of our church were to go and consult astrologers, we should be inclined to say to him, “I would not that ye should have fellowship with devils. Ye cannot drink the cup of the Lord and the cup of devils; ye cannot be partakers of the Lord’s table and of the table of devils.”

Dear Sir,—Many ministers here, of whom we have been accustomed to think well as men of truth, have of late united with Baxterians and mongrel Calvinists, by holding Missionary prayer-meetings with them, and inviting them into their pulpits at anniversaries, &c. What are we to think of this new feature in the signs of the times?

Some of the Lord’s people display much indifference and apathy on this subject, and seem to think that, so long as these ministers continue to preach the doctrines of grace, we have no occasion to trouble ourselves further. This subject has lain heavily on my mind; and I feel induced to address you, in the hope that a few remarks in your esteemed periodical may, with the Lord’s blessing, be a means of awakening the careless, and confirming those whom the Lord has been pleased to make and keep faithful.

London, Oct. 23, 1855.

A LOVER OF ZION.

ANSWER.

Toplady quotes an expression of Hart’s, “that he would keep his pulpit as chaste as his bed.” An excellent resolution! for what a bastard progeny may be fathered on a minister of truth by his allowing one of Satan’s servants to stand even but once in his pulpit!

Besides, what love can a man have for the truth, to join hand in hand with the preachers of error? Can he be said to be “valiant for the truth on earth,” or “a good soldier of Jesus Christ,” if he admit an enemy into the garrison, though only once a year?

* Some years ago, the Stationers’ Company left out, for one year, the astrological predictions in Moore’s Almanac. What was the consequence? Nearly all the copies were returned on their hands; so next year they put them in again. Thus every copy taken keeps up this piece of fraud and folly.

The fact is this, that either such men are themselves wavering, edging toward error, and gradually falling in with it, or they cannot endure the cross of standing firm and separate for the truth. But are not the people to blame as much as the minister, if they suffer it? Let them tell their minister, kindly, but firmly, that they will not sanction his having men to preach for him who are not sound in the truth. It is in this way, by not making a firm stand for truth at the outset, when the minister is wavering, that churches gradually sink into error, divisions and contentions arise, all manner of heresies creep in, till at last the sound part of the flock are driven away, and the church falls into carnality and death.

There is nothing like making a stand at the first; and he who does not do so may be considered a traitor to the cause of God and truth.

Sir,—After seeing an inquiry respecting receiving members into a church, at page 343, of November, I feel desirous of asking two more questions; first, Should the candidates, after they have stated their experience, be present while the church decides on their reception? Secondly, Should the hand be held up to admit five or six persons at once, or one at a time?

A very short answer, if you deem it worthy of one, will suffice for your humble servant,

INVESTIGATOR.

ANSWER.

We will give, as requested, a short answer to the questions asked.

1. The candidates should certainly withdraw whilst the church decides on their reception. What free discussion can there be in their presence? And how painful to them and embarrassing to the church must be their hearing all that is said for or against them! In fact, we never heard of such a thing as the candidate being present on such an occasion, or that any church could act so contrary to common sense.

After, however, one candidate is admitted, we see no objection to his being present to hear the experience of those that come forward after him, though as not being yet a member of the church, he will, of course, have no vote or voice in the proceedings.

2. Most decidedly one candidate should be heard at a time, and his case fully decided upon; when that case is settled, then the other comes forward, his experience heard, and a decision made as to his reception or rejection. There cannot surely be churches of truth in the land so disorderly and so ill-regulated as to allow of the practices to which our correspondent has called our attention. "Let all things be done decently and in order" certainly cannot be their guiding rule.

Deliverance sometimes comes slowly; at other times our troubles fly away as swift as a shadow; so that we sing the language of the 126th Psalm, "We were like them that dream."—*Timothy Priestley*.

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

Sweet is the Gospel trumpet
 When it gives a certain sound !
 How it soothes the mourner's sorrow,
 And heals the deepest wound !
 Its notes proclaim more treasure
 Than mines of finest gold ;
 And mortal language never
 Can half its worth unfold.

I love to sit beneath it,
 But never can express
 The wondrous consolation
 It pours into my breast.
 Whatever ills annoy me,
 They vanish from my sight ;
 And where was thickest darkness,
 There beams a ray of light.

There I behold my Jesus,
 God's co-eternal Son ;
 With him from everlasting,
 The wondrous Three in One.
 My name was then enrolled
 Within the covenant sure,
 Because my blessed Jesus
 Would all the curse endure.

I know 'tis no delusion ;
 The Spirit hath reveal'd
 This precious truth unto me,
 And with his witness seal'd.
 It came with sweet assurance,
 My sins all fled away ;
 And my night of bitter weeping
 Was changed into day.

I saw myself from Tophet,
 A brand pluck'd by God's hand ;
 And, clothed in Jesu's merit,
 I could before him stand.
 So spotless was the garment
 I felt my soul did wear,
 That e'en by a Holy God,
 I was pronounced all fair.

But will it last for ever ?
 Methinks I hear one say ;
 And will not time outlive it,
 Or cause it to decay ?
 No, friend ; therein consisteth
 The greatness of its worth ;
 'Tis treasured up in heaven,
 And not of mortal birth.

Sometimes we have a foretaste
 Of what there is in store ;
 Death puts us in possession,
 Of bliss for evermore.
 I am the worst of sinners,
 No merit do I claim,
 But sing with the redeem'd
 Salvation to the Lamb.

Lord, in the last sore conflict,
 Oh, do thou by me stand ;
 And when in death's dark river,
 Uphold me with thine hand.
 If this request be granted,
 Then I desire no more ;
 But, dying, shout thy praises,
 God bless'd for evermore.

London, Jan. 1, 1856.

A MEMBER OF GOWER-STREET.

WRITTEN BY MR. GADSBY TO A FRIEND,

WHEN UNDER GREAT EXERCISES ABOUT THE MINISTRY.

I ask you, friend G——, I hope you'll
 speak plain,
 Are you not at times in anguish and
 pain
 Concerning an office connected with
 peace,—
 I mean that of preaching the word of
 God's grace ?
 The office is great, and needs divine
 aid ;
 But if God commissions, there's
 nothing to dread !
 Rest solely on him, confide in his
 word,
 And wrestle to learn the mind of the
 Lord.

Unbosom your heart to Jesus your
 Friend,
 And patiently wait for his wise com-
 mand ;
 Intreat him each day the way to make
 clear,
 And give you a heart his dictates to
 hear.
 Oh, pray for a will resign'd to his
 will,
 To move, if he bids ; if not, to stand
 still.
 Thus may you indeed with him leave
 the case,
 And walk in the light of his smiling
 face.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

No. 243. MARCH 1, 1856. VOL. XXII.

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

SERMON PREACHED AT A PREPARATION FOR
THE COMMUNION, AT KIRKCUDBRIGHT, IN THE YEAR 1634.

“Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us. etc.”
Heb. xii. 1—5.

[Concluded from page 44.]

We are like drunken travellers, cast twenty miles behind; sometimes with lust, and sometimes with pride; and such companions cannot be put to the gate,* they have a friend to Satan’s messengers within; and when they knock, he cries, Coming, Master. Men have gotten a gate † of their own, like neighbour another, the good old use and wont, to walk as they please, and they are no gluttons of religion, neither of the word, nor communions: religion to them is but a good custom of going to the kirk.

“The race set before us.” This race is, by our Lord, set before us in his word; for men set the way to hell before themselves. God’s word sets hell before no man, as a way that he allows of. He sets not that before us, but behind our back. But men turn their face to hell, and not to heaven. Know, therefore, that this is a race of God’s choosing, and not of our own; and the ill roads, the deep waters, the sharp showers, and the bitter violent winds, that are in our face, are of God’s disposing. We shall not get a better road than our Lord allows us. He has called us to suffering, and not a stone is in our way by *chance*: but by his wise providence, all the waters are told; all the streams, the storms, and stones, that are in our way, are written in his book: our wanderings are numbered. It is our comfort that our Lord is looking on. God is like the nobleman, who lays the cup in pawn, ‡ and appoints the bounds: he sets down the race in his word, with all the waymarks, and sets his own Son at the end of the way, holding up in his hand the crown of glory, and crying to the runners, “To the gate with speed, see the prize, win and have it.” As in a horse race, many are galloping and posting from one sin to another, till they be in hell! and Satan, out of his own stable, furnishes them with fresh horses; and aye, as one tires, immediately another is brought! But not a step should we go, but as God has directed us. The kirk does not set this race before

* Turned out of doors. † A way. ‡ Holds the race cup in pledge,—keeps it in hand.

us ; neither may king or kirk change our King Jesus' way, to cast us into dykes, into Rome's foot-roads, and Antichrist's by-ways. Scotland's race is set down, (Jer. viii. 6), "Every one turneth to his course, as the horse rusheth to the battle." The commonalty are galloping on covetousness, the nobles on oppression, and the whole land on strange apparel : and some of all ranks in the three kingdoms are posting to hell on idolatry and masses.

When God's temple was last measured in this land, much was taken from him. Either we must change our course, or look, (1) to lose the prize ; or, (2) to want Christ's company and convoy ; or, (3) to get leave to go all upon horseback, in an ill course, with patience. There is a necessity for hope and patience to wait on ; because, at the place where they start, men see not the goal in the race, but must run the first mile ; and not only the first, but to the end, before they sit down. He that falls back, within his own length of the score, or draws bridle and sits up within a quarter of a mile, loses the race. We see not the prize here, neither is it before our senses, nor hard by our hand, but is out of sight ; we have nothing but God's promise for it, and some small arles.* Behold, "The husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth." We must wait on, winter, spring, and summer, till harvest come : for howbeit ill weather and a rainy season come, yet the husbandman folds not his hands, nor lays up the plough by the walls, but with patience works for the harvest ; for he knows God may and will send a good and full crop. And what of a winter storm ! What albeit they mock and persecute us, and Satan send out his dogs to bark at us, to make us take a house over our heads ? Let us be going forward ; it will blow up fair again. Read Luke xxi. 19 : "In patience possess ye your souls." Verse 28 : "Lift up your heads, for the day of your redemption draweth near." This condemns such as will not run one foot in this race, except the gold be in their hand, and they will have God paying interest, and giving wages in hand. But faith trusts God, and if ye get but one kiss of him in this life, or the welcome of his bowels, with a sweet smile, and embrace in his arms, it is worth all ye can suffer for him in this life.

Got not Abraham a promise of the land of Canaan, and yet he got it not in this life, but dwelt in tents and hung by hope ? Ay, ye will not play, except God give you heaven in your hand ; as if God were a child, to give you the garland, ere the race be run. No ; God's on-waiters come to honor, in God's court ; the more the good servant is faithful, he has the more to crave. He that takes all at once, and forenails† all before the term, will be a poor man. We, like fools, would forenail our heaven ; but it is best that God keep all until the term day : for he is a rich servant who, in the end, has his heaven to crave. No marvel, then, that patience be needful : Satan runs up and down like a great war-ship, with twenty pieces of ordnance, shooting at all who are sailing for Canaan, and roar-

* Or "arches,"—that is, earnest money. † Forestalls.

ing out, "Surrender:" but give not up. Suffer, suffer; take a shot; hold out Christ's white flag; Christ will mend the gap that Satan's bullet has made. We fear ill upon the land, for the abuse of the gospel; and indeed that will be an onset. Have patience and ye will win the field.

"Looking to Jesus." Well kend* the apostle, the devil would come our gate,† in his holy-day clothes, with an "All these will I give thee." And when we are running, he will cry, "Here-away;" but said the apostle, "Give him not one look, although he should burst:" what have ye ado with him: "Look to Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith:" look to your forerunner, and follow him in the race. Then in this our following, we must look how Jesus ran: we must observe all the properties of his running, and do just as he did.

1. He yoked to the work, early in the morning, and was obedient to the law in the cradle: at twelve years of age he disputed with the doctors in the temple: he was still about his Father's business, late and early; yea, even upon the cross he was running.

A special virtue, or property, in a runner, is to look even before him: for if ye look over your shoulder, ye may possibly not break your neck, but ye will certainly miss a stride. If ye look at meadows, houses, and worldly pleasures by the way, ye will possibly fall and break your toes; therefore look aye home, straight out before you. Give not the world a look for the world. But very often, after we have taken our leave of the world, and of sin, we have a strong inclination to be back again. While taking a hearty look of the world, a stone may take a man's foot in his journey, and break his leg.

2. Christ, in his race, got may lets; the devil came in with, "All these things will I give thee," to turn him into his inn, and to lay him over the board. The world set on him, but they could not all make honest Jesus come one foot out of the road. Keep aye the highway. Smart men will not come under trysting‡ with juggling knaves, nor subscribe any writs, for fear they bring them under a sum, and then take their lands from them. Never, never, come in communing with Satan and sin. Some fools give the devil writs, and subscribe a submission to the world and sin, and take the devil and their own hearts to be overseers. Beware of that work: Christ would have nothing to do with the world, in his journey. When they offered to make him a king, he refused, and ran to the mountain, and there he prayed, John vi. He took but his meat of it, and all he had was borrowed. He looked bluntlike on't; like a man who would fain have been away; and so was seen on't.§ We should be like some old men, without children, who quit all to their friends, and get a bond, for meat and clothing, all their days. Our love and affection should quit the world, and seek a bond of our Lord, for food and raiment all our days, and be content therewith.

* Knew. † Read. ‡ Bargaining. § Got rid of it.

3. So run as Christ; he ran so as he left nothing undone. "Father, I have finished the work that thou gavest me to do." (John xvii.) See that ye have all ended against night, that ye may say as Paul said, "I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." (2 Tim. iv. 7.) There are many who run as Paul, when a pharisee, ran; but they know not where away. Many forget their conscience by the gate, as the drunken man forgets his sword at the inn, in which he lodged. Take all with you, your conscience and faith. They who go to sea take all with them: for when the wind and tide has put them off land, they will not win back again to fetch anything they have left behind.

But what good will our looking to Jesus do us? Very much; he is the captain of our salvation, "the author" and finisher of our faith. For Christ is all, he draws with his Spirit, and he leads us through the mires, and goes before us, and we have this advantage: when we faint, he looks back over his shoulder with a smile, takes us by the hand, and says, "Fear not, little flock, &c." (Luke xii. 32.) "Yet a little while and I am with you." (John xvi.) Even as a loving guide says to the tired man, "We have but a little water or two to pass through; and see yonder hill is betwixt us and the town; ye are near the city." He will see you again, for he is a captain indeed. In taking a town, the soldiers will venture sometimes to scale the walls, where the captain is; but it is not so here; Jesus himself took the castle of heaven first: it cost him blood to win in and break up the doors. Now he stands in the entry, and cries, "Come in, I have broken up the gate, I have won the city; be not afraid, I shall warrant you." Therefore, Heb. vi., he is called a forerunner; he went before to open the doors and the park dykes, and take the stones out of the way, and says, "Step forward, my brethren, be not frightened." So then, when we run, we are not to lean to our own strength, for fear we get a fall; he who thinks he has little need of Christ's help, is ready to fall. He who knows not his own weakness, fears not; and he who knows not his own heart, has good cause to fear he may get a fall, and dash out all his brains.

"The finisher of our faith." He will not have Jesus pulling us to the gate, and leaving us there; no. "Who shall also confirm you to the end." (1 Cor. i. 8.) It is a work of Christ as Mediator, and written in the commission his Father gave him, that he should lose none, but raise him up at the last day, John vi. 39, and Eph. v. 27. He presenteth his church to himself, a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle. He shall get his bride, the church, all arrayed in his Father's clothes, in at heaven's gate, and slip her in his Father's hand, and say, Father, See her now; I have done my part; I have not laboured in vain. Let them be confounded who take this glory from Jesus, and give it over to that weather-cock, free-will. But hear an argument that hell will not answer.

The Father promised Christ a seed, Isa. liii.; and a willing people, Psa. cx. 3.; and the ends of the earth, Psa. ii. 8, to serve him as a reward of his sufferings.

Now, shall God break his credit to his Son, and shall Christ do his work and get the wind for his pains, except free-will say amen? This were a hairn's* bargain: no, it is a part of Christ's wages, that men's free-will shall come with cap in hand, and bow before him. He shall have a willing people.

We must digress a little, and speak of Christ's race; observe this is the apostle's answer: Christ comes in his way, and he cannot pass by him; but he must stand still and speak a word with him, and give him a kiss by the way. "In whom we have redemption, &c." (Col. i. 14.) And there, ere he go further, he must run out upon Christ, and his nature and offices. "Who is the image of the invisible God, the first-born of every creature." (Verse 15.) "Grace be to you, and peace from Jesus." See Rev. i. Then he runs out, who is the "faithful witness, the first begotten of the dead, &c."

Learn a lesson: When Jesus comes in your mind, leave your way, and go and speak with him a while, and go not soon from him. Is he come, let him not go without a kiss. Oh! and alas! we oftentimes let him go as he comes. But why do his friends commend him so much? Even that you and he may fall in love together.

"Who for the joy that was set before him." He sets down a special virtue in Christ's running: who, for the eye-look to joy, endured the cross, and despised the shame. Here is a question: What an eye-look to joy was this that Christ had? What made him run, seeing heaven was in his bosom? What needed he rejoice to be at home?

Answer. 1. As he was God, nothing could be added to his joy; howbeit he carried the Godhead about with him, yet the sight and sense of the Godhead was covered in the days of Christ's humiliation; there was a bar and a lock put on the Godhead, that he saw not as he now seeth; in that he took the pilgrim's lot with us, and was a traveller, in respect of sense and clear light. For he as man was ignorant of some things then, as of the day of judgment, and fruit on the fig-tree; he knew he would be nearer God: the Godhead stood aloof from him then.

2. The joy before him was, the contentment he would have in his new bride; the joy he had win through hell, and gotten his errand; sad and heavy would his heart have been to have missed us: he was glad of the hire his Father had promised him. It is natural for a man to rejoice when he gets the fruit of his labors; and there is thanksgiving, and joy in heaven for the conversion of sinners, and he gives thanks far more when they are redeemed fully, Heb. ix. 12. In the midst of the congregation, he sings praise to God his Father, for the children he had given him; but more especially when he shall have ended all and got the goods in his hand, that he bought so dear. He shall then sing for joy; and when Christ sings for thy redemption, and giveth thanks, thou hast far more cause to sing than he.

* A child's.

3. The joy set before him was the glory to be manifested in him, which he prays for, John xvii. ; which "he had with the Father before the world was ;" that joy that his Father will welcome him with (and to speak with reverence) clap his head for his pains. That as he rejoiced from all eternity with his Father, Prov. viii., and was his Father's delight, so now he shall rejoice with his Father, he and he together in redeemed mankind. And the manhood with all his members, and the angels, (for they rejoice at the conversion of sinners,) shall rejoice with him to see his body fulfilled, and to have them all under his wings.

4. Consider the sadness Jesus had, and the tears he shed in the days of his flesh ; but for that his Father dried and wiped the blood and sweat off his face, and set him in a palace, where he should shed tears, and die no more. So do as Jesus did ; and why ? Because never man endured out his longsome race, but he who got a sight of heaven. See wherefore Abraham dwelt in tents, and Moses "chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin." (Heb. xi.) They saw a sight that every one cannot see. Ye know a man who has been seven years away from his wife and children, coming home again and seeing the smoke of his own house, his heart rises a foot higher than it was before. Would ye run ? Get a sight of the city. Get Christ's prospect, to see the joy set before you. Get the earnest of the inheritance, and ye will never rue the bargain. Whosoever has a mind for heaven, and runs a while in blind zeal, until they sweat, and then grows lame, like a horse that is ill taken care of, after hard riding ; so are those who never saw heaven afar off by faith : but a sight of the goal makes the runner spring and run. Oh ! What wrought this joy that was set before him ? It made him endure the cross ; his Father laid the cross on his back, and he carried it thirty-three years, and never gave it a shake to put it off. Oh ! what crosses ! Never man was handled as he was ; for some are under some crosses, and free of others. When Satan and men struck Job, the Lord blessed him, and upheld him : but on Jesus all at once fell God, man, devils, law, justice, sin, and the curse ! Ye cannot tell me what comfort Christ had, when he cried, "My God, my God ;" that was a sore thraw* for his back. Oh ! the fire was hot then : but when Christ was in his prison, in this dark night, there was a hole to let him see day. He had his eye by faith, upon the hope of the joy of the fair day before him. He got a foul black day, all clouds of darkness about him ; but he said within himself, I shall get my fair day, when all this ill weather is away.

Now, let me speak to a heavy heart, that looks for a shower upon this land ; and indeed it is black in the west ; the clouds are gathering, the shower is coming ; take a house in time : yet fear not, a shower will not melt you, and Christ has a fire in his Father's house to dry your clothes. Oh ! but he who has faith to look up through yonder blue sky, to see the throne of God and the Lamb,

and to wait for the rending of these heavens, when Christ shall get through his fair head, with a great crown of gold upon it; I say, he who gets faith to see, and wait for these, will give a leap and a skip in his journey. Let us suppose Christ were bodily upon the earth, and a water betwixt you and him; yea, a lake of fire betwixt you and him; I think ye would venture through to be at him. Now set out in the journey, set down your feet, and be not beguiled with the devil's apples, which he casts down in your gate. Christ in the end of the journey, holds out his long arm, with a crown of glory, and shouts, and cries, Silly tired hairns, look here-away, look up the brae,* come this way.

Ye may ask what power had Christ to give his manhood to die for others? This would seem to be against justice; as a king's subject has not power to slay himself, because in so doing he takes a subject from his prince.

Answer. The subject is not altogether his own; he owes his life to his king, and may not dispose of it, except he fail against the king. But, howbeit the manhood was God's creature, yet it was by the law of a personal union God's manhood, and God's flesh and blood; and the Godhead gave to the manhood absolute power to give his life for men, and to pledge himself as the price of our redemption. See, then, here a sweet mystery; the Godhead furnished the sum to Jesus, and gave him the price to pay; and the manhood gave it back to justice, as suffering and dead, for a ransom: law furnished the sum, and justice received it, and gave Christ our bond to tear in pieces.

Another fruit of our Lord's to looking the joy that was set before him, was, "he despised the shame." What shame? Lighted there any shame on Christ? Ay, in truth! Heaven and earth wonder at an ashamed Christ. Look if Christ got not his part of it; when mickle † black shame came upon him. But how? Shamed by men, and shamed by God: I shall prove both.

One rascal struck him on the head, another villain spat in his fair face: a great shame! They wagged their heads, and brake a jest upon him. Take up, holy Jesus now, say they; he trusted in God, let him deliver him. Think ye not but that went to Christ's heart, to hear those black mouths make a mock of God's glory? Herod and his men of war mocked him. And see more shame yet; howbeit he was an honest man all his life, they conveyed him out of the town, and the guard at his back, his enemies scoffing at him, and children wondering at him. And what more? Dear man! He went out at the ports, bearing his own cross on his back. Of seventy disciples, twelve apostles, and all his friends, not one to help him, or take an end, or a lift of the cursed tree! And they put a thorn of crowns on him, scorning his kingdom. Was not this to put the thief's mark on him? And what more? Might they not have said, "This poor man has few friends?" But his friends would take no part of his shame, and yet he took all their shame.

* Hill.

† Great.

God shamed him also ; his Father said, "a curse and malediction light on him, shame light on him," (start not at this, I shall clear it.) Sin has aye shame at its back : ye know that God made him sin ; and if God made him sin and a curse, he behaved to bring shame on him, for the shame that should have come on us, and the reproachful words that justice would have given sinners, they lighted on our Lord. Ye see when a thief is taken in the fang,* and brought before the judge, and put to an assize, and challenged ; he looks down, and thinks shame to look any man in the face. When the judge says, "How durst thou do it?" silly man he blushes, hangs his head, and never says a word. So God put Christ upon the panel,† arraigned him before his tribunal, and accused him for our sins. Christ could not deny them, but stood as a sheep dumb before her shearers. He hung his head before justice, and the honest man took with the fault.‡ He said he would die for the murderer, adulterer, swearer, idolater, the drunkard, &c. Now there was reason here, that God should put Christ in this plea for the shamed man, because God's wise will is the rule of all justice. God made the first covenant that Adam should be legally for us, and the second covenant was so contrived that Christ should be for us. For Christ's manhood has a personality, not of its own, but of the Godhead : and by the law of a personal union, Christ should enjoy himself. Now because Christ had a legal personality from us, and as in his person under his sufferings he enjoyed not the fruits of that personality, but was plunged in fear and horror, while he said, "What shall I say?" (John xii.) Yet the Godhead (to speak so) was like cork to make the manhood swim above, that it was not swallowed up with God's infinite wrath ; and the manhood had personal legality from us, to bear the strokes by law due to us. Hence come and learn to be willing, with Christ, to want a limb of your credit for him. He was ashamed for you. Oh, wonderful ! An ashamed sinner is nothing, an ashamed devil is ordinary : but God ashamed, an ashamed Christ is a miracle ! One honest man will suffer loss for another ; but to take another's shame is another thing : yet this rarity was in Christ. A man who is cautioner for his waster friend, the judge counts not him the waster ; he is still thought an honest man, only he pays the sum. But Christ our Lord, besides the sum he paid by law, he was as the dyvour,§ for our sins were laid upon him : for he and we are so near here, that he is as us, and made sin for us.

"And is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." He was a good man, and endured all patiently, and so was seen on it. He got much glory in the end ; there could not but grace come of him, he was so mild under his sufferings. "Wherefore God hath highly exalted him," &c. (Phil. ii. 9.) Wherefore, then, is his sitting down nothing but an exaltation, a state of glory above man and angels ? To him is all power given, and he has received a name. "Him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince

* Act. 4 Brought him to trial. † Owned himself responsible for the charge.
 § Debtor.

and a Saviour, to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins." (Acts v. 31.) Now to understand this the better, note that his sitting as God upon his Father's right hand, is but the open manifestation of his glory, which he had before the world was. His rising as a man to this estate hath two steps going before it.

1. The nature of man in Christ is made of the same metal* with our nature, and therefore deserved a personal union: and therefore the God of grace raised the manhood above itself, to be married to the Godhead. This is the first step of the headship spoken of, Heb. i. God has made him "the heir of all things." For God indeed lifted man above himself in giving to the manhood no created personality, but the personality of the Godhead; so as that blessed manhood should subsist in the infinite personality of the Godhead, that the man Christ and the Godhead should be in one person.

2. Upon this resolved a free donation of Christ in the manhood, to be King, Priest, and Prophet, sufficiently qualified to grace us.† This was grace also to the manhood, yet this grace was not given in such a measure to Christ in the days of his flesh. Howbeit this grace and the personal union did sufficiently bear him up under all his sufferings.

3. After his sufferings, the manhood saw the Godhead after a more glorious manner, enjoyed him after an admirable manner, and is made a personal worker, and absolute commander of the world; a Prince, a Judge, a Lord, and next to God, over and above all creatures. That our husband is so high, is a great matter of comfort to the faithful. Men who have a friend at court are aye troubling him with suits and writs; we write not half enough letters up to our friend at court; he delights to speak of us to his Father, and to carry us in his heart, as the high priest did the names of the twelve tribes on his breast, and to engrave us on the palms of his hands. Then see the gate, and follow Christ Jesus on the cross, and the cross is your way. Christ got a deeper gate;‡ his way was the cross and the crown. Now, says the apostle, "Consider such an one," and yet spoken against by sinners: for sinners gave him the lie. Look upon him lest ye faint. "I said in my haste, I am cut off before thine eyes." (Psa. xxxi. 22.) "Zion said, the Lord hath forsaken me, my God hath forgotten me." (Isa. xlix. 14.) Think not ye will aye be alike stout in the journey; sometimes ye will fall down, and Christ will have you a lifting; but he is near you with his flagon of wine to comfort you. Amen.

[We need scarcely point out the great originality of thought and expression in the above sermon. It is not a sermon to be hastily read. There is a great deal of matter in it, and some very deep divinity, especially in that part where the human nature of the Lord Jesus is spoken of. Some little difficulty in understanding his meaning may perhaps arise from the Scotch expressions, and concise, abrupt turn of thought, but a little attention will overcome it. It should be borne in

* Substance. † To give us acceptance. ‡ Went a deeper road.

mind that it was addressed to a congregation exceedingly well versed in the Scriptures, highly acute and intelligent, well acquainted with the doctrines of grace, thoroughly accustomed to the preacher's peculiar style and expression, and that it contains probably rather the heads and outline than the sermon as fully delivered.]

THE HOLY SEED.

“But yet in it shall be a tenth, and it shall return, and shall be eaten: as a teil tree, and as an oak, whose substance is in them when they cast their leaves: so the holy seed shall be the substance thereof.” Isa. vi. 13.

This, no doubt, refers to the literal condition of the people of God, at the time when the prophecy was inspired, and contains this great truth, that notwithstanding all the calamities that were to come upon the nation at that time, yet that in it should be a tenth—a small portion, a remnant, which should consist of the “holy seed,” which holy seed could not perish, vanish, or wear out. There, says God, it *shall* be, and it *shall* return, and it *shall* be eaten.

But not only as a nation, but also in the case of the Church militant, the same truth can be traced throughout all ages—whether in the antediluvian age, or the patriarchal time, under the ceremonial dispensation, in the prophetic generation, or down in Gospel times, when our Saviour ministered, in the apostolic age, or down to the present moment. God has always had a church; his election is so arranged by his infinite wisdom, that as the wheel of time revolves its course, God continually calls into being some of the elect, eternally destined to everlasting salvation, and to the saving operations of God the Holy Ghost; and, therefore, at the set time, that Divine Person in the ever blessed Trinity, enters into his new subject—sets up a new kingdom in that soul, diverse from all kingdoms, and deposits within a new nature, which aims at a new object; struggles for new masteries, and ultimately, after every trial and sorrow, and all the vicissitudes of this time-state, raises its head, and comes off more than conqueror, not in its own strength, for its exercise is perfect weakness, but in the all-conquering power of its victorious king.

But to bring the subject closer home, this “holy seed” is really what it is stated to be, “holy,” and as such, is deposited in our souls; and vile and filthy as we soon afterwards discover by contrast that we are, yet it does not mix, does not become contaminated, does not partake of the evil; nor does it improve the old man, or extract his evil qualities—no, that which is evil *is evil still*, and that which is holy *is holy still*; nor does this company of two armies make any truce, or come to any terms—it is all hard fighting, sharp contests, and unflinching warfare; no terms can be made between them, for the very nature of things oppose it. Were the holy seed, not really so, but a mere “*inclination to good*,” as some attempt to make it, terms might be made. And were the old man of sin a mere “*inclination to evil*,” some such result might be arrived at; but every quickened sinner that knows the plague of his own heart,

knows that the old man is nothing but sin, and that the testimony which our Lord bore was true, that out of the heart proceed adultery, murder, and every evil that can be manifested by mortals. And as the soul is led to feel all this in embryo, if not worse, and see the seeds of every sin germinating, and attempting to sprout forth into open visibility, he also finds the new leaven heave and struggle, and burst out into action. And neither of these two natures has he any power over; he cannot stem the torrents of evil; he cannot work into exercise the movements of life; the "strength of Israel" alone can do it both by his almighty arm.

A child of God, who is the subject of divine life, may trace the workings of these two natures in every turn of his life. Foe stands to foe in every recess of the soul; faith and unbelief are continually battling; lust and holiness, pride and humility, hope and despondency, patience and restlessness, submission and discontent, all are continually tugging to gain the day. Who ever waded through a heavy affliction, but found all these heterogeneous things struggling against each other? Sometimes the one seems to have the ascendancy, and sometimes the other; and the poor soul cannot see where it will end. Ah! this is what makes the fight *real*, when the end is hid from view, and victory and defeat, to us, quiver in the beam. The soul cannot extricate himself; he is the subject in which the battle is wrought; he is the object that is concerned in the issue, but helpless to deliver himself from the fight. How far the soul or mind of man is incorporated in the "old man" or the "holy seed," I leave for metaphysicians to decide. This I know, that the soul *feels* both, and oftentimes wonders how it will end.

But the text I have quoted above, speaks of the people of God "casting their leaves," which figuratively points to the wintry season which some souls are the subject of. When the foliage falls off, and leaves only the bare branches, which, to all appearance, look dead—in fact, in winter, when all the leaves are cast, no one can tell from appearances of things a live tree from a dead one; both bear the same aspect, and both look alike; and the only difference is, that life lies hid in the root of one, which will "in its season" rise up and bud forth in the branches, manifesting all the properties of life, Vigour, and fruitfulness; and the other has no life, and consequently, will ever remain as it is. Now, Christ is the root of his people, and in that root *is life*; they are virtually united to him by that *holy seed* which they have received, which seed is neither more nor less than the life of Christ, and a part of his nature in the soul. It is eternal, because it is a part of himself; it is holy, for the same reason; it is given by his Spirit, and actuated by the same Person; it flows up to its divine Author, and aims at nothing less than his company; it flows into the ocean of his divine essence "as rivers flow into the sea," because it is their nature to do so; it struggles for his countenance and knows it familiarly the very first time it beams upon it; it recognises its divine Parent, and darts towards him wherever he is found; and no foes, no alarm, no interferences can stay its progress to its aim. "Christ the life" and the "life of

Christ," in a believer's soul, are not twain, but *one*. God the Father hath joined them together in eternity, and God the Spirit hath done the same in time, and what God hath joined together let no man put asunder; and blessed be God, though thousands pretend to do so, they never, never can.

"Mistaken men may bawl
About the grace of God,
And threat with final fall
The purchase of his blood;
But though they own the Saviour's name,
From him such gospel never came."

But in this wintry season, when the soul has "cast her leaves," the sweet buddings of life are not felt; the graces of the Spirit are not recognised; the "voice of the turtle" is not heard; nor is the time of singing of birds come. All seems to bear a wintry, lifeless aspect, and the Christian "leaves are cast." A word or two upon this dark side.

Unbelief rises as faith cools, and faith cools as the Holy Ghost suspends his gracious influence. When this is the case, mistrust invades the soul, and God is either overlooked in his being or his work. Here the soul gets clashing among the pots, and cutting himself among the tombs; battling with circumstances and second causes, which he cannot control any more than he can the elements, and losing sight of him who only can. Here he may "beat the air" all his days, but never win the fight; and struggle till his last gasp, but never gain deliverance. Things will grow more adverse, more intricate, and more afflicting; and this will give rise to

Discontent; and here the soul will repine, look round upon others, and envy their happy state, and their peculiar privileges. Besides, any trial, he thinks, would be easier than the one he now labours under; any yoke lighter than the one he has to bear. And then Satan comes in and stealthily whispers (so that the soul thinks it is her own voice) "How hard the Lord is to you; why does he not break through the clouds and send deliverance? Why does he not change the face of circumstances, and set you free? If he is God, why does he not show his powerful arm? If he is good, why does he not exercise his goodness? See how he delivers others, and why not you? and steers others clear of such things as this, and why not you? How hard a taskmaster he is! how teasing not to deliver! how perplexing!" Thus repining goes on, and discontent boils till another feature is introduced in the soul, and that is

Rebellion. Oh, say some, that belongs to people in their unregeneracy. Yes, so it does, and to the children of God afterwards, too, or else I know nothing about truth in the experience of it. After discontent has been well fed, by contrarieties outside, and by Satan inside, the soul may sink down into rebellion against his benefactor and his God. God is arraigned at his jury bar, and asked why he acts in the way that he does? Why he does not act differently? Why does he not fulfil his word? Ah! poor soul, you shall know *why*, you shall know *why* your heart shall come

down with labour; and you shall fall down, and shall find none to help. And then you shall cry out of your necessities, and plead the mercy of that Most High against whom you have contended. And, oh, I have good news to tell you, though you have been rebellious. And it is this: that he will hear you in the day of trouble; he will deliver you, and you shall glorify him; for you will after this prove that it is not according to our works (for if it was you would irremediably sink to ruin), but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us before the world began, in Christ Jesus.

Now it seems strange that a soul in such a state of discontent and rebellion, should again lose those ingredients, and be found basking in the love and mercy and favour of God. But no more strange than that the leafless oak, with its barren branches, and age-stricken bark (the picture of winter and death), should one day be found again with all the beauties of summer foliage, and all the liveliness of nature's verdure. The reason is the same in one as in the other—"the seed remained in it." And where, pray, did the seed remain? not in the branches, but in the root. And then, when the invigorating rays of the summer's sun came beaming on it, the sap rose, life sprang up, and the foliage budded forth in beauteous life.

Now, Christ is the "root" of all his people, and his "seed" in the soul is his own spiritual indwelling there, as he says, "I will dwell in them, and will walk in them." It is, therefore, from this root that all our life springs up, and buds forth, and God the Holy Ghost can draw it out into exercise whenever he pleases, or suspend his influence, and then we remain dead in our feelings. When, however, he does exercise it, he does it by drawing out that life, which to us is the hidden man of the heart, in union with Christ, which is no other than Christ who has taken up his abode in us, to be "our hope of glory."

Now, when Christ once takes up his abode in us, he, in the life which he is in us, is eternal. Hence, he says, "I give unto them eternal life." And it is also called the incorruptible seed; that is, it cannot be corrupted, because it is a part of the Holy One. And he has ordained that his Holy One shall "not see corruption."

Therefore, though communications may be suspended, yet the union cannot be dissolved, either virtually or actually; and, sweet to tell, we cannot cease to live, whatever our conditions in relation to our old Adamic state, because Christ our life cannot cease to live in us. Hence Paul, amidst all the vicissitudes and changes through which he had to go, and all the inside enemies with which he had to fight, said he lived; yet it was not he, but Christ lived in him. And so, too, with us: we have no spiritual life but in alliance with the Lord Jesus Christ. And that life will manifest itself, spring up into foliage, and bear fruit, simply because Christ lives essentially in himself, being "the life," and so also in his people—hence all that he is in eternal union with, are sure to become the subjects of this life. "All they that come of Jacob shall take root; Israel

shall blossom and bud, and fill the face of the world with fruit." And where this is once the case, "the seed remains" in the soul and cannot be exterminated, but shall grow up in opposition to all that opposes, and so prove God's faithfulness to his covenant engagement—"They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing. To show that the Lord is upright, he is my rock; and there is no unrighteousness in him." (Psa. xcii. 14, 15.) Here we see the flourishing state of the children of God is guaranteed by the faithfulness of God, and his uprightness is staked upon their being so; for his ordained purpose would not be accomplished if they were not: hence Christ says, "I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain." Hence the Lord is engaged in covenant purpose, that eternal life shall take possession of every elect soul, and shall not be quenched by foes without or within; but, notwithstanding all our trials, and difficulties, and foes, and all our unbelief, and vileness, and sin, yet that "grace shall reign" in us through the righteousness of Christ unto eternal life.

Just the same then as the seed remains in the oak, when winter has stripped it of all appearance of life, so the seed of Christ remains in the soul, when winter has set in there, and that seed is the "substance thereof." God has said he will make his people inherit substance, and that substance is Christ; for there is nothing substantial but He. That holy seed being therefore in the soul, and remaining there, is the substance of the soul's standing and security, for it is in alliance with the substantial life of all, by whom all things consist; so though a man die, he must live again, for eternal life, though hidden, is in his soul—cannot die. Though he "cast his leaves," yet he will sprout again; though he seem barren, yet he shall bring forth fruit; for eternal life cannot fail, the incorruptible seed cannot rot, the divine nature cannot alter, and Christ cannot die. Hence the promise is sure to all the seed. And though we believe not, yet he abideth faithful; he cannot deny himself.

Hastings, 1855.

O.

Whosoever falls from faith and follows the law, is like to *Æsop's* dog, which foregoes the flesh and snatches at the shadow.—*Luther*.

If God should suffer all men to remain in their sins, none could complain of his severity, seeing they are all guilty and doomed to damnation, because of the sin of the first man. But God resolved, from all eternity, to deliver some whom he had chosen out of pure mercy, without any regard to their future merits; and, from all eternity, he prepared for them that were chosen those gifts and graces which are necessary to save them infallibly; and these he bestows upon them in time. All those, therefore, that are of the number of the elect, hear the Gospel and believe, and persevere in the faith that works by love to the end of their lives. If they should wander from the right way, they return, and repent of their sins, and it is certain that they shall all die in the faith of Jesus Christ.—*Tooplady*.

A LETTER BY THE LATE MRS. GALE.

My dear Sister,—I gladly received yours, Monday noon. The tidings were sweet to my soul, for I found it left you in the banqueting-house ; but it found your sorrowing friend far from that happy place ; but, when I read your joyful letter, my heart was moved, and this cry went out of my heart, “ O my Lord, hast thou not a blessing for me also ? Thy children hear thy voice ; cause me to hear it too.” I am as a weaned child. My beloved hath withdrawn himself, and I am troubled. And who that has ever known the sweets of his love and communion with him, but must mourn at his absence ? I am either very happy or miserable. I can say with the poet,

“ I can do all things, and can bear
All suffering, if my Lord be there.”

But when he hideth himself, I return to my own place, my wretchedness to see and feel ; the unclean beasts creep forth, and make me tremble. I have felt such dreadful things at times the last fortnight as I think I never did before.

Nevertheless, my dear friend, I do rejoice with you, for Sion shall be comforted with her mourners. I dare not say, but there is a hope at bottom that all will end well at last with unworthy me. And I consider your deliverance another token for good to my soul, as well as yours, for I was made to travail for you, that Christ might be formed in you, the hope of glory ; and he hath fulfilled the promise he gave me in your behalf. Oh, let us return, and give all the glory to our Triune God, for his wonderful works in us poor hell-deserving sinners. I long to praise him with my whole heart ; but I am a prisoner, and the Lord alone can loose me. O my dear friend, now it is well with thee, remember me ; beg the dear Lord not to suffer me to be deceived, but to search and try me ; for he says, If two or three shall agree to ask anything in his name, it shall be done. Now this is what I am daily pleading for. You may safely tell him I long to see his face, and that nothing in heaven or earth can satisfy my soul but himself. “ Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm ; for love is strong as death.” The words of the poet express my feelings :—

“ Oh, why should I wander, an alien from thee,
And cry in the desert for bread ?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears that I shed.

“ Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love ?
Oh, why in the valley of death do I weep ?
Alone through the wilderness rove ?”

But why should I tell my mournful tale to one whose heart is made glad with the precious wine of the kingdom ? I would not rob you of it. What I want is, to partake of the same, and to forget my poverty, and remember my misery no more.

But I am writing to a friend, therefore may speak the feelings of

my heart. We have mingled our tears and our joys together, and shall again, I hope. April 24.—This is your birthday, I believe. May the blessing of Him who loveth at all times rest on you and yours! In this letter you will doubtless see me in many different frames of mind, for I can only write a few lines as I can get opportunity; for Satan has been raging in that poor woman* for near a fortnight in a most dreadful manner, and I have a good deal to do. I feel my mind very unsettled, yet dare not ask the Lord to remove me, for fear of a heavier cross. I do not think I shall end my days in Drury-court; when the time, yea, the set time, is come, for me to go out, I believe it will be with a high hand and an outstretched arm, the same as I came in. As a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without the notice of God, so I believe I have been kept in this house by his hand to the present moment. When I look at all the circumstances that have occurred in the last three years, I am constrained to say so. These words are much with me:—

“ His purposes are ripening fast—
Unfolding every hour.”

Sometimes I fear I shall not get home quite so soon as I hoped I should, and that there remain some thorny paths for me to walk in. But, blessed be the name of our God, he is pleased sometimes to enable me to say from my heart, “Father, thy will be done; glorify thyself in and by me. I am not my own; I am bought with a price.”

“ With full consent thine I would be.
And own thy sovereign right in me.”

I cannot help repeating those sweet words of that dear man of God, who has safely got home, Mr. Toplady:—

“ Kind Author and ground of my hope,
Thee, thee for my God I avow;
My glad Ebenezer set up,
And own thou hast help'd me till now.

“ I muse on the years that are past,
Wherein my defence thou hast proved;
Nor wilt thou relinquish, at last,
A sinner so signally loved.”

But perhaps my friend will ask if I have forgotten her request. I answer, No, for it is a subject on which my soul delights to dwell; for all my peace depends on that blessed, witness-bearing Spirit. But how shall such a poor, ignorant creature attempt to explain so glorious a subject? Yet I dare not but speak good of his name, and, like David, of his own offer an offering in righteousness unto the Lord. But I must say with you, I know I have had it; but how to describe it I cannot tell, but will endeavour to tell you a little of the effects of this precious anointing of the Holy Spirit in my own soul, and, according to the word of God, as far as I am able, and have time, for I am interrupted every few minutes.

When our Lord was about to depart from his disciples, he told them much about this blessed Comforter. In John, “When he the Spirit

* The poor woman alluded to was living in the same house, being afflicted with insanity.

of truth is come, he will guide you into all truth ; for he shall not speak of himself ; he shall testify of me, he shall glorify me ; for he shall receive of mine, and show it unto you." Now the Apostle Paul to the Ephesians says, "Ye also are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit ;" and again, in Romans viii., he treats most sweetly on that glorious Person,—“Ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God.” Now, my dear sister, let us compare our present state with what it once was ; and we must own, to the praise and glory of his grace, that he hath in rich mercy made us his habitation ; for I can well remember when I would have given all the world, if I possessed it, to have the Holy Spirit bearing witness to my heart that I was a child of God. Nor did I even dare claim the Lord as my Father until he bore that witness, for he was pleased deeply to convince me for years that no one could call Jesus Lord in a saving way but by his almighty power. Now, I believe, when the Holy Ghost in regeneration takes possession of the heart, from that moment he never leaves it. And as a child an hour old has all the properties of a man, although he cannot exercise them as much as when he arrives at manhood, so is the soul that is born of God as much an heir of glory at regeneration as when, by the Spirit of adoption, it can cry, Abba, Father ; for it is because we are the sons and daughters of God, that the Eternal Spirit bears his witness that we are such. But we cannot know anything of it for ourselves until he is pleased to cause us to pass under the rod, and bring us into the bond of the covenant, which he has promised to do. (Ezek. xx. 37.) How sweetly, my friend, has the dear Lord fulfilled this promise to you and me ! He hath made us to know that he hath made with us an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure. He hath taken of the things of Christ and revealed them to us, and given us to know what it is to joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have received the atonement ; to have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of our sins. This is surely the earnest of the Spirit, or how came we by them ? for, as the Apostle says, (2 Cor. i. 21, 22,) “Now he which stablisheth us with you in Christ, and hath anointed us, is God, who hath also sealed us, and given the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts.” He likewise speaks in Ephesians i. of being sealed by that Holy Spirit of promise after they believed, which is the earnest of our inheritance. Blessed be God, I can say I have known what this sealing operation is. If you ask what was the effect, I answer, it made me look upon all the pleasures and profits of this world as dung and dross, and to rejoice in tribulation, that the power of Christ might rest on me. It drew all my affections from the creature, and placed them on God, Father, Son, and Blessed Spirit ; deadened me to all things but himself ; took away all fear of death, so much so, that, had I been called to the stake for Christ’s sake while under that holy anointing, I firmly believe I could have gone into the flames with holy joy ; for by faith I saw that rest, that inheritance, that crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give his

redeemed in that kingdom prepared for them. It likewise made me make a full surrender of body, soul, and spirit, with all I had, unto the Lord, to do with as seemed good in his sight, my will being sweetly swallowed up in that of my heavenly Father's. Oh, blessed moments, how sweet their memory still! Suffice it to say, that old things had passed away, and all things become new. A precious Christ was the Rock on which my soul was built; he the Bread of heaven on which my hungry soul sweetly fed; and he became the Lord my Righteousness. He clothed me with the wedding garment, and betrothed my poor soul unto himself in faithfulness, and that for ever. (Hosea ii.) Read the chapter, and may you have as rich a feast out of it as I had, the night I was set at liberty! then you will be able to say, "The Lord is my portion; I shall not want. Of whom shall I be afraid?" I could then sing, with a heart full of love, and longing to depart to be with my Saviour:—

"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."

What a mercy, my dear friend, that you and I have this earnest! We have tasted of the good fruit of the land, and that makes us long to go in to possess it. Oh, may we daily drink of the waters of life as we pass through the wilderness!

Monday Morning.—I feel a sweet calm in my soul, having fed under the word yesterday. I was enabled to see I was in the footsteps of the flock, and that I had been made to choose that good part which shall never be taken away. I hope you all fared the same. Now, my dear friend, as it respects your second request, relating to our departure from this vale of tears, our wishes are mutual. Oh, may we end our course with joy, find the everlasting arms underneath us when heart and flesh fail, and be enabled to sing the praises of our dear Saviour, who has taken away the sting of death, when we pass through Jordan. I often feel thankful that the Lord has so weaned me from all earthly things, and stripped me of all creature idols. I have no husband, children, or relations that I wish to live for. No; the Lord has become my Husband, my Father, and his dear children my brethren and sisters; they are my kindred; it is with them I wish to walk in peace. Please to give my Christian love to Mr. and Mrs. W., and all that love Zion's King, both old and young, and to your brother B.; I am happy to hear he is supported under his great trials; it proves our God faithful to his promise. Tell your husband, as I have very little time or opportunity for conversation with him now, I hope he means to send me a letter sometimes, to let me know how he fares in the wilderness, for all seem to forget me but you.

I shall come as soon as I can to see you. Permit me to remind you that you are several letters in my debt. I must now conclude, hoping, if either of you see anything wrong in my scribble, as faithful friends you will tell me of it, and believe me to remain, dear friends, yours in the bonds of the Gospel of Christ, most affectionately,
Drury-court, April 23, 1828. E. GALE.

I WILL NOT LEAVE YOU COMFORTLESS;
I WILL COME UNTO YOU.

My dear Friend,—I received your letter, or shall I call it a love-song? for certainly you were enabled, through the free grace of God given unto you, to sing a sweet, blessed, and solemn love-song touching the well-beloved and his vineyard; and I trust, although very weak, helpless, and low in soul when it arrived, I was glad and rejoiced in my measure to hear that my kind, afflicted, poor suffering friend, was once more brought up out of the low dungeon to sing the high praises of that same beloved Jesus that died on the cross to redeem you from all iniquity. My dear friend, has not the glorious Redeemer, Jesus Christ, been as good as his word? did he not promise you that he would see you again? And now that he has come into your house of mourning, even into your poor sorrowful soul, oh! intreat him not to leave you again. If it be his blessed will, may he grant your request; namely, to sit the remaining few days or years of your life at his gracious feet, receiving his words. You know, dear friend, it is said in the Scriptures, that it is a good thing to bear the yoke in your youth. As regards myself, I am still kept looking to and hanging upon a faithful and unchanging God; and although I have my sorrows and trials, I will confess it, to his honor and glory, he has not left me altogether comfortless. Although it is now nearly twelve months since I felt him standing close to me, while on my knees, weeping at his dear feet, when he told me he was about to leave me, but that he would send the Comforter, he has fulfilled his promise; for many a time since he withdrew, has the dear, sweet gentle dove, even the Holy Ghost, I humbly trust, comforted me in seasons of sorrow, doubting, and trials of different kinds. Many a sweet, soft, gentle word, has he dropped into my sin-sick, sin-bitten soul; many a time has he made the preached gospel and the reading of the Scriptures spirit and life to my sinking heart, and caused me to weep tears of love and gratitude to that merciful God, who has shown such unspeakable tenderness, loving-kindness, and free mercy to one who is so base, so unthankful, who is not fit to take his holy name in her mouth. I have to confess, before that heart-searching, rein-trying God, that I am a woman of unclean lips, and that all my once fancied righteousnesses are indeed filthy rags; but he does not deal with me after my sin, nor reward me according to my iniquity.

“ With tender heart, and gentle hand,
And eyes that never sleep,
Their Shepherd leads to Canaan’s land
His bleating, helpless sheep.

“ Of him they love to sing each day,
Of him they love to learn;
And when he talketh by the way,
Oh, how their bosoms burn!

“ And Jesus’ sheep their Shepherd know,
 And follow out of choice;
 They will not after strangers go,
 Nor heed a hireling’s voice.”

My dear Mary has been very ailing for some time; but, through mercy, she is somewhat stronger just now. She has caused me many an anxious thought, and many a sorrowful moment; and if the Lord should think fit to remove her, I shall greatly stand in need of his powerful hand to uphold me under the trial. Please to give my kind love to your dear wife; she has now the blessing set before her eyes—namely, your happy return from captivity, that she has often entreated the Lord for; but she knows, as well as yourself, that all real prayer is of the God of prayer; so we, with the saints gone before, will crown him Lord of all, and heap every honor on his royal head. I shall be glad to hear from you whenever you can spare time. Please to remember me kindly to all the friends. Mary desires her very kind love to you both; I believe her little heart was glad to hear of your blessed deliverance. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, dear friend, affectionately yours, for the truth’s sake,

London, April 24th, 1855.

T. V.

[Our Bath friends will recognise this signature, and know that the above letter was written from the heart.]

Our barks may be tossed, and seem to let in much water, but to sink is impossible; the honor of the Pilot, as well as the safety of the cargo, is at stake. The disciples cried, “Lord, save us, we perish.” Their ignorance of their Master was the cause of their fear, *not the waves.*—*Timothy Priestley.*

There is a negative and over-clouded hope in the soul at the saddest time. The believer dares not say, Christ will never come again. If he say it, it is in hot blood, and in haste, and he will take his word again. (Isa. viii. 17.)—*Rutherford.*

If works had any share in our justification, yet we could not merit by them, because, as they are ours, they are not good—as they are good, they are not ours, but God’s, who worketh in us both the will and the deed. (Phil. ii. 13; 2 Cor. iii. 5.) Whence, St. Austin strongly inferreth against all plea of man’s merit: If thy works are good, they are God’s gifts; if they are evil, God crowneth them not. If, therefore, God crowneth thy works, he crowneth them not as thy merit, but as his own gifts.—*Featley.*

The victories of persecutors secure them not from being the triumphs of others. The Assyrians that conquered and captured Israel were themselves to be conquered and captured by the Medes. The whole oppressing empire is threatened with destruction in the ruin of their chief city; accordingly, it was accomplished, and the empire extinguished by a greater power. God burns the rod when it hath done the work he appointed it for; and the wisp of straw wherewith the vessels are scoured is flung into the fire, or upon the dunghill.—*Charnock.*

REVIEW.

The Most Holy Trinity, &c. The Doctrine illustrated and proved from the Scriptures. By Ebenezer Soper. London: Seeleys, Fleet-street.

Until the Blessed Spirit quickens the soul into spiritual life, we know nothing really or rightly of the truth as it is in Jesus. We may be strictly orthodox in doctrine, may abhor infidelity and Socinianism, may be shocked at profanity and irreverence, may be scrupulously attentive to every relative duty, may repeat, with undeviating regularity, our prayers and devotions; and may seem to ourselves and to others exceedingly religious; when, in the sight of a heart-searching God, we are still dead in trespasses and sins. The world is full of such exceedingly religious people. Every church and every chapel can produce samples in abundance of such "devout and honourable" men and women. Nay; we may come much nearer the mark than this, for these runners are indeed a long way off the very starting-place, and yet we may still be very far from the kingdom of heaven. We may have a form of godliness in a profession of truth, may have been suckled and bred up from childhood in a sound creed, may have learnt the doctrines of grace in theory and as a religious system, may be convinced in our conscience of their substantial agreement with the oracles of God, may contend for them in argument, and prove them by texts, may sit under the sound of the gospel with pleasure, or even preach it with eloquence and fervor; and yet know nothing of the truth savingly and experimentally, by divine teaching and divine testimony. Does the Scripture afford us no example of both these characters? Who more religious, more strict, scrupulous, and orthodox than the Pharisee of old? He sat in Moses' seat, as the teacher of the people; he tithed his mint, anise, and cummin with the most scrupulous care; he strained his very drink, that no gnat or unclean worm might unawares pollute him; * he prayed and fasted rigidly and regularly; and seemed to himself and to others the prime favorite of heaven. But what was he really and truly? What was he in the sight of God? According to the Lord's own testimony, a hypocrite, a viper, a whited sepulchre, ripening himself for the damnation of hell! And was there no Saul among the prophets? no Zedekiah, the son of

* It is a great pity that our Bibles should still retain the error, "strain at" instead of "strain out," (Matt. xxiii. 24,) as it not only quite destroys the meaning of the passage, but is believed to have been in the first instance a mere error of the press, blindly and servilely followed by all subsequent editions. In the "Geneva," as well as in the "Bishops' Bible," which last was that in common use before the present translation, it reads "strain out." The Lord is alluding to a custom of the Pharisees, who, for fear of swallowing a gnat which might have fallen into the cup, and thus breaking the law, which forbade the eating of "flying, creeping things," (Lev. xi. 23,) were accustomed to strain their drink through a piece of fine linen. The Lord comments on this refined scrupulousness and hypocrisy, by telling them that whilst they were so particular to avoid the least ceremonial defilement, they were guilty of sins which were really as much more polluting as a camel was larger than a gnat.

Chenaanah, with a "Thus saith the Lord" in his mouth? (2 Chron. xviii. 10.) no Hananiah, with a declared message from God? (Jer. xxviii. 2.) Did not these men come with a profession of the truth, and claim to be servants of the Most High? And was there no Demas, nor Diotrefes, nor Alexander in the New Testament? Who were those against whom holy John, fervent Jude, and earnest Peter warned the churches so strongly? Who were those "spots in their feasts of charity, feeding themselves without fear?" Who were those "clouds without water, carried about with winds;" those "trees whose fruit withered, twice dead, plucked up by the roots?"—who else but graceless professors of the truth? It is not, then, the form, the letter, the mere outside, the bare shell and husk of truth, that makes or manifests the Christian; but the vital possession of it as a divinely bestowed gift and treasure.

But bearing this in mind as a solemn warning against trifling with the truth of God, or being satisfied with a mere formal recognition of it, let us proceed to see what a blessing truth is when we are put into the vital possession of it.

If we look at the work of the Spirit on the heart, we shall see how, in all his sacred dealings and gracious movements, he invariably employs truth as his grand instrument. Does he pierce and wound? It is by the truth; for the "sword of the Spirit is the word of God," and that we know is "the word of truth." (Eph. vi. 17; Heb. iv. 12; 2 Cor. vi. 7.) If he mercifully heal, if he kindly bless, it is still by means of truth; for the promise is, "Howbeit, when he, the Spirit of truth is come, he will guide you unto all truth." And when he thus comes, it is as a Comforter, according to those gracious words, "But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me."

In fact, if we look at the new man of grace that the blessed Spirit begets and brings forth in the heart, we shall see that all his *members* and *faculties* are formed and adapted to a living reception of the truth. As the eye is adapted to light; as the ear to sound; as the lungs to the pure air that fills them with every breath; as the heart to the vital blood which it propels through every bounding artery, so is the new man of grace fitted and adapted to the truth of God. And as these vital organs perform their peculiar functions only as they receive the impressions which these external agents produce upon them, so the organs of the new man of grace only act as truth is impressed upon them by the power of the blessed Spirit. Has, then, the new man of grace *eyes*? It is to see the truth. (Eph. i. 18, 19.) Has he *ears*? It is to hear the truth. (Isa. lv. 3; Luke ix. 44.) Has he *hands*? It is to lay hold of and embrace the truth. (Prov. iv. 13; Isa. xxvii. 5; Heb. vi. 18.) Has he *feet*? It is that he may walk in the truth. (Psa. cxix. 45; Luke i. 6; 3 John 4.) Has he a *mouth*? ("Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.") It is that he may feed upon the truth, the living truth, yea, upon His flesh who is truth itself. (John vi. 35; xiv. 6.)

Without truth there is no *regeneration*; for it is by "the word of

truth" that we are begotten and born again. (James i. 18; 1 Pet. i. 23.) Without truth there is no *justification*; for we are justified by faith, which faith consists in crediting God's truth, and so gives peace with God. (Rom. iv. 20—24; v. 1.) Without the truth there is no *sanctification*; for the Lord himself says, "Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth." And without the truth there is no *salvation*; for "God hath chosen us to salvation through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth." (2 Thess. ii. 13.)

And as the truth is the instrumental cause of all these blessings, the divinely-appointed means whereby they become manifested mercies, so truth enters into and is received by all the *graces* of the Spirit as they come forth into living exercise. Thus, without the truth, there is no *faith*; for the work of faith is to believe the truth. What is all the difference between faith and delusion? That faith believes God's truth, and delusion credits Satan's lies. "And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie, that they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness." Without truth there is no *hope*; for the province of hope is to anchor in the truth. "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 stedfast, and which entereth into that within the veil." The two immutable things in which hope anchors are God's word and God's wrath; in other words, the pledged veracity and faithfulness of him who cannot lie. This made holy David say, "I have hoped in thy word." "They that go down into the pit," said good King Hezekiah, "cannot hope for thy truth." No; it is "the living, the living who praise thee as I do this day." And it is "through patience and comfort of the Scriptures," that is, the consolation which the truth of God revealed in the Scriptures affords, "that we have hope." (Rom. xv. 4.) Without truth there is no *love*, for it is by "the love of the truth" that the saved are distinguished from the lost. "And with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish; because they received not the love of the truth that they might be saved." And it is only as we speak "the truth in love that we grow up into him in all things, which is, the head, even Christ." Thus "the fruit of the Spirit is in all goodness and righteousness and truth;" and this is the Person of the Son of God, for "grace and truth came by Jesus Christ."

How holy men of old sighed and cried for an experimental knowledge of God's truth! "Lead me in thy truth;" "Send out thy light and thy truth;" "O prepare mercy and truth which may preserve me." And when the Son of God came in the flesh, and thus brought down truth into visible manifestation, how those who were born of God beheld his glory, "the glory of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth!" How dear also to God himself in his truth! Thus he is said to have "magnified his word above all his name;" that is, exalted and glorified his revealed truth above all his other attributes and perfections.

Now, if truth be so precious in itself, so precious to God, so precious to all the saints of God, should it not be also precious to us? It will be so if we have the mind of Christ, and his Spirit dwell in us. But as a love of holiness necessarily includes as well as implies a hatred of, and a fleeing from sin, so will a love of truth contain in it a hatred of, and fleeing from, error. Indifference never yet was counted a mark of love, whether human or divine. Warmth, zeal, earnestness, devotedness, are not only sure marks of love, but are so intimately interwoven with its very essence, that they cannot be separated from it.

Having taken this general view of the truth, we may now pass on to the subject immediately connected with our Review.

When we come to look more closely at the truth, we find that the cardinal doctrine of the Trinity is the grand distinguishing feature of revelation, and is, in fact, the basis on which it rests. As to the heathen, they had "gods many, and lords many." Their debased minds, by inventing a multiplicity of idols, sought to combine the love and practice of sin with the worship of God. To recall man from these false deities, and the abominations connected with their idolatrous worship, God chose a people to whom he gave a revelation of himself. Of this revelation, the fundamental feature was the Unity of the Deity. "Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God is one Lord." There can be but *one* Supreme Being. His very perfections and attributes constitute him One. There can be but one eternal, underived, self-existent, omnipresent, omniscient Essence. We might as well think of two eternities, or two infinite spaces, as of two Gods. We must never, therefore, lose sight of the Unity of the Godhead; for, if we do, we fall at once into Tritheism, or the error that there are three Gods. But holding the Unity of Jehovah fast and firm, we are prepared for a still further unfolding of the mystery of the divine Essence.

We can have read the Scriptures to little purpose, and with little profit, if we do not see that there are revealed there three distinct Persons in this divine Unity. Take, for instance, such a text as this, "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." When we find the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost thus named together, is it not evident that there is some intimate relationship existing between them? The "name" of the Son implies that the Son has a personal existence; the "name" of the Holy Ghost implies that the Holy Ghost has a personal existence, quite as much as the name of the Father implies that the Father has a personal existence; and that these three Persons should be thus associated in the performance of one solemn act, as clearly implies that they are one in power, glory, and being. Look, again, at another passage—the well-known benediction: "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all." How distinctly are three Persons here spoken of, and heavenly blessings prayed for from each. And what is also remarkable, how the Lord Jesus Christ is here named before God, that is, God the Father—as if to show, in

the beautiful and expressive language of the Athanasian creed, "And in this Trinity, none is afore or after other, none is greater or less than another; but the whole three Persons are co-eternal together, and co-equal." As we purpose, however, God willing, to enter more fully into the distinct personality of the Son and the Holy Ghost on a future occasion, we shall for the present confine ourselves to one point, the revealed fact that there is a Trinity in Unity, and that Israel's LORD is a Triune God. Reason, if it true, may begin to work; infidelity may raise up its head; error and heresy, in different forms, may assail our faith in a triune Jehovah. Sore may be the conflict, fearful the suggestions of an infidel heart, and very hard pressed may the soul be by the assaults of its terrible adversary. But the Lord the Spirit, whose office and work it is to "guide into all truth," comes to the soul's help and aid. And one especial way whereby he guides into a knowledge of the truth, is to make the soul feel its deep need of that truth which he has to reveal. Men deny the truth, trifle with it, or are indifferent to it, because they feel no urgent personal need of it. Now look at the Deity of Christ as a truth which the Holy Ghost has to reveal; and indeed "no man can call Jesus Lord," that is, believe in and worship him as God, "but by the Holy Ghost." Assume, then, all the objections that reason and infidelity combined may urge against it; and if a man has not been tempted and exercised in this point, he has no idea how powerful, how insuperable by all human argument these objections are. But let them be mountains high, and oceans deep, let a deep sense of need be once felt in the soul, and how soon are they swept away, or, at least, their power broken. Lying in yonder bed, in the still season of the night, see that wretched sinner, pressed down almost to despair by a guilty conscience. Look at him writhing and trembling under the wrath of God. What shall pacify this guilty conscience? Search and examine all the host of duties, rites, forms, and ceremonies. Can any, can all raise up this trembling sinner or speak peace to this troubled conscience? How shall pardon, mercy, acceptance, reconciliation come into it? One drop of the wrath of God, one pang of hell in the conscience, has silenced in a moment all the cavils of reason, all the arguments of infidelity. A sinner truly convinced of sin by the blessed Spirit, does not doubt the deity of Christ. We do not say that no fiery darts may glance across his soul, for Satan will harass such a one with all the artillery of hell. But take him in his moments of spiritual distress; though he may seem to himself to have no faith, yet he is a solid believer in the deity of the Son of God. For what he wants, is what Christ only, as the Son of God, can give—deliverance from guilt and despair—hell taken out of his conscience, and heaven brought in. How earnestly such a trembling sinner calls on Jesus, as the Son of God, to save and deliver him! How he longs for the application of his atoning blood and the manifestations of his justifying righteousness! Where now are the infidel doubts that once perhaps he entertained? Where now any cavilling about his being the Son of God? Lying on his bed, or walking up and down his room, in real distress, how earnestly, how sincerely, how believingly he now looks up to Christ at the right hand of the Father,

as though he would send forth his desires and petitions into the very heaven of heavens, and bring down an answer from the mouth of the incarnate Son of God. Is not the Deity of Christ expressed or implied by all and every one of these fervent desires? Who but God can hear prayer? Who but God can answer prayer? Who but God can read the thoughts and desires of the heart? With every supplicating breath, with every laying bare of the naked heart before him, Christ is acknowledged and looked unto as God. What a fulfilment is there in this poor sinner's lookings and longings of that gracious invitation, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else." Now, what to such a condemned and guilty sinner would be the blood of Christ, if the blood of a mere man? What value, what efficacy, what merit or worth could there be in it to satisfy or save? We say it with all reverence, if Christ be merely a man, his blood could no more cleanse from sin than the blood of the malefactors shed at his side. But being the Son of God and God, nay, God because he is the Son of God, infinite merit, the very value and efficacy of Deity, was in and upon that blood, and therefore it "cleanseth from all sin." It is true that God can neither suffer, bleed, nor die; but the human nature, assumed into intimate union with the Person of God's coequal Son, could and did; and the actings, sufferings, sacrifice, bloodshedding, and death, being, through this assumption, virtually the sufferings and sacrifice of the Son of God, the merits of Deity were, so to speak, in every drop of that precious blood, and enriched it with the virtue and validity of Godhead. If this be not so, where is our hope? If sin, in its very nature and essence, be such a violation of the justice of God, that it cannot be pardoned unless that justice be satisfied, search and see what can make this atonement to offended justice? All the obedience of a creature, say of the most exalted creature, a Gabriel or a Michael, is due to his Creator, and cannot possibly be transferred to any other creature, and of all least to a sinful creature. If, therefore, we deny the Deity of the Son of God, we cut off every ray of hope. Atonement for sin stands or falls with the Deity of Christ. If we deny his Deity, we must deny the atonement, for what value or merit can there be in the blood of a mere man that God, for its sake, should pardon millions of sins? This the Socinians clearly see, and therefore deny the atonement altogether. But if there be no atonement, no sacrifice, no propitiation for sin, where can we look for pardon and peace? Whichever way we turn our eyes is despair, and we might well take up the language of the fallen angel:

" Me miserable! Which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
 Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell!
 And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep
 Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
 To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven."

But when by the eye of faith we see the Son of God obeying the law, rendering, by doing and dying, acting and suffering, a satisfaction to the violated justice of the Most High, and offering a sacrifice for sin,

then we see such a glory and such a value breathing through every thought, word, and action of his suffering humanity, that we embrace Him and all that he is and has, with every desire and affection of our regenerated soul. All our religion lies here ; all our faith, hope, and love flow unto, and are, as it were, fixed and concentrated in Jesus Christ, and him crucified ; and without a measure of this in our heart and conscience, we have no religion worth the name, nothing that either saves or sanctifies, nothing that delivers from the guilt, filth, love, power, and practice of sin, nothing that supports in life, comforts in death, or fits for eternity.

The way, then, whereby we come to a knowledge of, and a faith in, the Deity of Christ is, first by feeling a need of all that he is as a Saviour, and a great one, and then having a manifestation of him by the blessed Spirit to our soul. When he is thus revealed and brought near, we see, by the eye of faith, his pure and perfect humanity and his eternal Deity ; and these two distinct natures we see combined, but not intermingled, in one glorious Person, Immanuel, God with us. Till thus favoured we may see the Deity of Christ in the Scripture, and have so far a belief in it, but we have not that personal appropriating faith whereby, with Thomas, we can say, " My Lord and my God."

The book before us is a treatise on the Trinity, in which Mr. Soper has collected, with much care and industry, the Scripture testimonies to that grand fundamental doctrine, as well as otherwise illustrated it. The drift and intention are so excellent, and the execution in some parts so good, that all criticism is disarmed, and we hardly like to say that it appears to us rather crude in parts, as well as defective in that clearness of arrangement which so important a subject demands. The best executed part is that which ever must be the strongest and most important, the array of Scripture proofs to the Deity of Christ and the personality of the Holy Ghost. One point we are glad to see brought prominently forward—the eternal Sonship of the Lord Jesus Christ, and some very suitable quotations from eminent divines to establish it on its true basis.

We purpose, God willing, in our next number to resume the subject, and hope then to take the opportunity of giving some extracts from the work itself, which the length of our Review at present forbids.

Who but one who loves to give would have an inscription written over his door, " Whosoever will, let him come."—*Timothy Priestley.*

It is no novelty for the doctrines of grace to meet with opposition ; and, indeed, few doctrines have been so much opposed as they. Swarms of fanatical sectarists were almost coeval with the Reformation itself. Such is the imperfect state of things below, that the most important advantages are connected with some inconveniences. The shining of truth, like the shining of the sun, wakens insects into life, which otherwise would have no sensitive existence. Yet better for a few insects to be quickened, than for the sun not to shine.—*T'oplady.*

INQUIRY.

Dear Sir,—What is meant by “a reconciled God,” an expression which some of the Lord’s children, even great and good men, have made use of? I believe that the Lord Jehovah from all eternity foresaw the fall and provided means to save those whom he had chosen in Christ, consistent with all his attributes, holiness, justice, &c. Now, as love was the moving cause, how can the word “reconcile” be correctly used in respect of God? Does it not imply a change? If it does, how can it be correctly used in reference to God?

If you would answer this at your convenience by a few words, I should feel thankful, as I do not write for curiosity, but for instruction.
Yours truly, in the Rock of Ages,

S. D.

ANSWER.

We do not consider the expression, “A reconciled God,” strictly correct. The language of the New Testament is not that God is reconciled to us, but that we are reconciled to God. “And all things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation; to wit, that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them; and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation. Now, then, we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you, in Christ’s stead, be ye reconciled to God.” (2 Cor. v. 18–20.) And again: “And, having made peace through the blood of his cross, by him to reconcile all things unto himself; by him, I say, whether they be things in earth, or things in heaven. And you, that were sometime alienated and enemies in your mind by wicked works, yet now hath he reconciled in the body of his flesh through death, to present you holy and unblameable and unproveable in his sight.” (Col. i. 20–22.) See also Rom. v. 10.

The very nature of God, his very being and essence, is to be unchanging and unchangeable, as James beautifully speaks, “With him there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.” But reconciliation on God’s part to us, would seem to imply a change of mind, an alteration of purpose in him, and is therefore, so far, inconsistent and incompatible with the unchangeableness of the divine character. It is also, strictly speaking, inconsistent, as our correspondent observes, with the eternal love of God, and seems to represent the atonement as influencing his mind, and turning it from wrath to love, and from displeasure to mercy and grace. Now, the Scripture represents the gift of Christ, and consequently the sufferings and blood-shedding for which and unto which he was given, not as the procuring cause, but as the gracious effect of the love of God. “Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be a propitiation for our sins.” (1 John iv. 10.) See also John iii. 16; Rom. viii. 32; 1 John iv. 9. But though the Scripture speaks of reconciliation, not of God to man, but of man to God, and that

through the blood of the cross alone; (Col. i. 20;) yet it holds forth, in the plainest, strongest language, a real and effective "sacrifice," "atonement," and "propitiation," offered to God by the Lord Jesus; all which terms express or imply an actual satisfaction rendered to God for sin, and such a satisfaction, as that without it there could be no pardon. It is especially needful to bear this in mind, because the Socinians and other heretics who deny or explain away the atonement, insist much on this point, that the Scripture does not speak of a reconciled God. Therefore, though we do not believe that the atonement produced a change in the mind of God, so as to turn him from hatred to love, for he loved the elect with an everlasting love, (Jer. xxxi. 3,) or that it was a price paid to procure his favor, still, there was a sacrifice offered, a propitiation made, whereby, and whereby alone, sin was pardoned, blotted out, and for ever put away. By steadily bearing these two things in mind, we shall be the better prepared to understand in what reconciliation through the blood of the cross consists. Against the persons of the elect there was, in the mind of God, no vindictive wrath, no penal anger; (Isa. xxvii. 4;) but there was a displeasure against their sins, and so far with them for their sins. So God was angry with Moses, (Deut. i. 37,) with Aaron, (Deut. ix. 20,) with David, (2 Sam. xi. 27, 1 Chron. xxi. 7,) with Solomon, (1 Kings xi. 9,) for their personal sins, though all of them were in the covenant of grace, and loved by him with an everlasting love. Thus the Scriptures speak of the anger and wrath of God, and of that wrath being turned away and pacified, (Isa. xii. 1, Ezek. xvi. 63,) which it could only be by the blood of the Lamb.

Again, sin is a violation of the justice of God, a breaking of his holy law, an offence against his intrinsic purity and holiness, which he cannot pass by. Adequate satisfaction must, therefore, be made to his offended justice, or pardon cannot be granted. Now, here we see the necessity and nature of the sufferings and obedience, blood-shedding and death of the Lord Jesus, as also why reconciliation was needed, and what reconciliation effected. By the active and passive obedience of the Son of God in the flesh, by his meritorious life and death, by his offering himself as a sacrifice for sin, a full and complete satisfaction was rendered to the violated justice of God, the law was perfectly obeyed, and everlasting righteousness brought in. Satisfaction being rendered to his infinite justice, now God can be "just and yet the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." Now the jarring perfections of mercy and justice are harmonised and reconciled, so that mercy and truth meet together, righteousness and peace kiss each other. Now God can not only be gracious, but "faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." There is, then, no such reconciliation of God as to make him love those whom he did not love before, for he loved the elect from all eternity in Christ, their covenant head; but a breach being made by the fall, and sin having, as it were, burst in to make a separation between God and them, (Isa. lix. 2,) that love could not flow forth till satisfaction was made for sin, and that

barrier removed, which it was in one day. (Zech. iii. 9.) And not only so, but the persons of the elect were defiled with sin, (Ezek. xvi. 5, 6,) and therefore needed washing, which they were in the blood of the Lamb. (Rev. i. 5, 1 Cor. vi. 11, Zech. xiii. 1.) In this way not only was the reconciliation of the Church effected, but she, the bride and spouse of Christ, was brought near unto God, from whom sin had separated her.

But reconciliation has a further aspect. It comprehends our reconciliation to God not merely as a thing already effected by the blood-shedding of God's dear Son, but as a present experience in the soul. The apostle says, "By whom we have now received the atonement [margin, reconciliation];" (Rom. v. 11;) and again, "We pray you, in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God," (2 Cor. v. 20,) that is, by receiving into your hearts the reconciliation already made by his blood. It is with reference to this experience that much is spoken in the Scriptures which has led to the idea of "a reconciled God." Thus the Church complains of God's being angry with her; (Isa. xii. 1;) of being "consumed by his anger, and troubled by his wrath;" (Psa. xc. 7;) of his "shutting up in anger his tender mercies;" (Psa. lxxvii. 9;) and again, of his "turning away from the fierceness of his anger, and causing it to cease;" (Psa. lxxxv. 3, 4;) of his "not keeping anger for ever;" (Psa. ciii. 9;) of his being pacified; (Ezek. xvi. 63;) of his "anger being turned away." (Psa. lxxviii. 38, Hos. xiv. 4.) All these expressions are the utterance of the Church's experience. When God's anger is sensibly felt in the conscience, he is viewed as angry, and his wrathful displeasure is dreaded and deprecated; when he manifests mercy this anger is felt to be removed, to be turned away; and it is now as if he were reconciled to the sinner.

Putting all these things together we seem to arrive at the following conclusions:

1. That it is not God who is reconciled to the Church, but that it is the Church which is reconciled to God.
2. That this reconciliation was effected by the incarnation, obedience, sacrifice, and death of the Lord Jesus.
3. That till this reconciliation be made experimentally known, the awakened conscience feels the anger of God on account of sin.
4. That when the atonement is received and the blood of Christ sprinkled on the conscience, then the soul is really and truly reconciled to God.

Dear Sir,—Will you, or one of your correspondents, favor me with a reply to the following queries: 1. Is Baptism, considered as a divine institution, a mere shadow? 2. Are the invitations of the gospel universal, or to be restricted to characters invariably connected with such invitations? For example, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden;" "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come," &c.; "Whosoever will, let him come," &c. I can understand these invitations as universal to the persons described, but cannot, at present, understand such persons to be universal.

G. S.

ANSWER.

We, in our turn, might well ask G. S. what he means by "Baptism being a mere shadow?" Does he understand the Scripture meaning of the word "shadow;" the spiritual signification attached to it by the blessed Spirit? If he did, we think he would hardly venture to apply the word "shadow" to the ordinance of Baptism. It may suit those who slight and despise the ordinance of Baptism to speak of it as a shadow, but such is not the mind of the Holy Ghost in the Scriptures of truth.

In answering, then, these two questions of our correspondent, we shall endeavor to show from the Word of truth, *first*, that Baptism is not a shadow.

1. The word "shadow" is thrice used in the New Testament, Col. ii. 7; Heb. viii. 5; x. 1; and in each place has the same meaning, being employed in them all solely with reference to the ceremonial law. Now, what are the leading ideas connected with the term "shadow?" The primary idea, of course, is, that it is an unsubstantial representation of an existing object; but the three following ideas are more definitely connected with it: 1. It is dark. 2. It is transient. 3. It is a dim outline of a substantial reality. Now, these three ideas apply well to the ceremonial law, but not one of them to Baptism. The ceremonial law was *dark*, for its rites and ceremonies are in themselves exceedingly obscure; and, indeed, but for the light which the gospel throws upon them, could not be understood at all; it was *transient*, for it vanished away when Christ came, as Paul argues, Heb. viii. 13; and it was but a *dim outline* of what the Apostle calls "good things to come," that is, the blessed realities of the gospel, and more especially the sacrifice and expiatory offering of the Lord Jesus Christ on the cross.

But Baptism is not a shadow in any one of these three points that constitute the very essence of the term. 1. It is not *dark*, but light, for in it are clearly mirrored the sufferings and sorrows, death and resurrection, of the Lord Jesus. 2. It is not *transient*, for it is to last to the end of the world. (Matt. xxviii. 19, 20.) And 3. It is not a *dim outline*, but a clear representation of our being buried with Christ, that being planted together in the likeness of his death, we may be also in the likeness of his resurrection. (Rom. vi. 3-5.)

Baptism is not, then, a shadow, but a *figure*, as Peter speaks, "The like figure whereunto baptism doth also now save us." (1 Peter iii. 21.) But that a figure widely differs from a shadow is plain, not only naturally and to common sense, but scripturally and spiritually, from the contrast drawn between a shadow and an image by the Apostle: "For the law having a shadow of good things to come, and not the very image of the things." (Heb. x. 1.) A moment's consideration will show us that there are three distinct things, yet all closely connected with each other, in the comparison thus employed. 1. There is the *person* himself, the living, existing substance. 2. There is the "*image*," figure, or representation of that person, such as a picture or a statue. 3. There is the *shadow* of that person, which he casts on the ground as he walks. So, spirit-

ually, there is, 1. The *Person*—this is the Lord Jesus, as the Apostle speaks, “But the body [or, substance] is of Christ [or, Christ].” There is, 2. The *image*, or representation of Christ, which is the gospel, for in that he is clearly and distinctly set forth. And, 3. There is the *shadow*, which is the ceremonial law. The two former have a substance (for a picture or statue, though but a representation, has still a substantial existence); but a shadow has none. Baptism, then, as an ordinance of the gospel, has a substantial existence, and therefore is not a shadow. In fact, it stands precisely on the same footing with the Lord’s Supper. Both were instituted and appointed by the Lord Jesus himself; both had the sanction of his presence and his example; both are standing memorials of his sufferings and death; both are distinguishing badges of Christian discipleship and obedience; in a word, both are gospel *ordinances*, and therefore are to subsist in the church as long as the gospel itself; for as with it they had their commencement, so with it only will they have their termination.

If any urge in reply that baptism is a non-essential, because a person may be saved without it, and therefore is but a shadow, we answer, the same argument applies to the Lord’s Supper; for as many are saved without baptism, so many are saved without the Lord’s Supper. The thief on the cross partook of neither one nor the other. But is this the spirit of the gospel, or the language of faith? Should a child of God say, “How little can I get to heaven with?” Will an obedient disciple say, “What precepts, what ordinances shall I consider non-essentials, and therefore pay no heed to them?” Far different is the language of the Lord; “Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you;” (John xv. 14;) and far different is the language of an obedient disciple. “Then shall I not be ashamed, when I have respect unto all thy commandments.” (Psa. cxix. 6.)

2. The second question is simple, and needs less explanation. The invitations of the gospel are, no doubt, restricted to those sensible sinners who need the blessings therein revealed. These blessings are purely spiritual, and therefore need spiritual eyes to see them, spiritual ears to hear them, spiritual hands to embrace them, and spiritual hearts to feel and enjoy them. To throw down a number of spiritual invitations for anybody and everybody to pick up, is quite foreign to the spirit of the gospel, which is for the poor in spirit, the needy, and, in a word, the characters described by the prophet, (Isa. lxii. 3,) as those to whom Christ is sent to bind up, comfort, and bless.

Unrenewed nature spurns the idea of inheriting eternal life as the mere gift of Divine sovereignty, and on the footing of absolute grace. I will not affirm, that all who heartily embrace the Scripture system of Calvinism are savingly renewed by the Holy Spirit of God; for Stephen teaches us to distinguish between the circumcision of the ears and the circumcision of the heart.—*Toplady*.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

No. 244. APRIL 1, 1856. VOL. XXII.

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

WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT?

My dear afflicted Sister in a precious Christ, Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied.—Oft have I desired to hear from you, little thinking that such severe afflictions was the cause of so long a delay. And as oft have I longed for a convenient opportunity to write to you, but have been painfully hindered until the post the other morning placed in my hands a sweet, savory, and blessed epistle from your favored pen, which has so divinely roused and comforted my spirit, that I can no longer refrain, but must break silence, and in the face of everything, try to send you a few lines in reply.

And what shall or can I say? For my heart melts with joy in the sweet reflection of what awaits God's dear children in that blessed instant when they have drawn their last breath. You say, so severe were your afflictions, that your life was despaired of. Had they ended in death, my sister, you would now not only have been free from all your troubles, pains, and sorrows, but would have been free ever with our precious Lord Jesus, in endless ecstasies of joy, before his throne, no more to mourn over the vileness of your heart, the treachery of sin, Satan, and the world, and the hidings of his lovely face. O! the blessed thought, how it cheers, comforts, and animates my soul, stills, at times, my poor, fallen, fretful nature, and makes my inward spirit sing, even when my lips do not move. But thanks be to God for still sparing you, for so far raising you up from this bed of affliction, as to enable you to send me this record of the Lord's loving-kindness to you in the furnace, and for proving to you that he is thus preparing you for the rest above, and to enjoy the bliss of heaven for ever.

The furnace is placed in Zion for Zion's good. There is a needs be that all the Lord's saints should pass through it. There is no other way to the kingdom. Whatever to them constitutes the trial of faith, forms a furnace of affliction. Whatever the flesh dislikes it opposes; and where grace is felt to counteract its workings, thence arises the plague of the heart which all true Christians feel. Where grace is once implanted, it is glory in the bud. And when the bud shall burst into the blaze of immortal felicity, it will be happiness complete.

All this the fearful soul may allow; but the desire of his heart is to know that it is grace which makes him feel the plague and torment that he feels within, that Jesus died for him, and that

he shall live and reign with him above; and that his troubles here shall end well there at last. Such dear souls all the persuasions of mortals will not satisfy; nought but God the Spirit's own witness, felt within the breast. This sincerity proves the work to be of God to others, and will, in due time, prove it so to themselves also, as sure as grace is grace, and will bring its possessor to glory at last.

Afflictions are not joyous but grievous, and hard for flesh and blood to bear; but what grace brings out of them is blessed indeed. Do we wish for special blessings? We must go through deep and sore trials to obtain them. Are we patient in tribulation? Mercy received has made us so. Do we again desire the favour? We shall be instant in prayer until it is obtained. Have we smarted for sin and for sinning? We shall dread its appearance. Have we felt the remedy applied? We shall want to feel it again, again, and again, as often as guilt distresses the conscience. Are we afflicted, despised, and evil spoken of? Our flesh takes it hard, and would shun the cross if it could; but as soon as Jesus smiles again, all is right. His presence enjoyed reconciles to every loss and cross. When three parts of my property, many years ago, were swept away with one stroke, and I was in danger of losing the rest, I sat down like one struck dead, in sullen surprise, confusion, and sorrow, while my friends, to aggravate my misery, said, "Ah, you should not have lent him your money." But, while reflecting on the subject, my heart melted within me, and my eyes burst into tears of holy joy and triumph; and I said to myself, "Let it go; the Lord knows I had no desire, in lending it, of obtaining wealth thereby, but only to secure to me, while I lived, a comfortable living, and a little over to assist the dear church and people of God with, which were so dear to me; and, thought I, should I die in the parish workhouse, I shall not be the first of my Lord's family who have ended their days in such a place. They cannot take a precious Christ from me. So never mind; I shall soon have done with all things here, and be with him above for ever. Then shall I be right well satisfied, and bid an everlasting farewell to all my troubles and sorrows." Thus did the dear Lord support and comfort me beneath that trouble, and sweetly reconcile my mind thereunto also. And because he gave me grace then so to bow to his dear will, he has also, ever since, been turning my captivity, and blessing my soul with such repeated acts of his marvellous loving-kindness, and tender mercy, as I must have missed had it not been for this trial, sanctified to my good.

Therefore, we see one thing must take place to bring about another, and thus prove salvation to be as one grand chain. And with that chain the bride is adorned, secured, and blessed. Each deep design of our Jehovah is a link. Eternal love cements them together. And when the last of his purposes to present her, with her every member, redeemed on the earth, spotless to the Lamb, her loving husband and friend in glory, is accomplished, then shall salvation's work be complete.

As soon as Adam was left to listen to the serpent, he sinned and fell. Sin required a Saviour to prevent a part of his race, which was

to spring from him, falling into hell with all the rest. Love had chosen that part before he fell, and provided a Saviour to come for that purpose. When he appeared, the types and shadows fled away. His life and death brought life and immortality to light through and by the Gospel. A saving knowledge thereof is given by divine revelation, and made known, in feeling, by divine application; and divine revelation and application is the seal felt here of eternal glorification.

There the chain ends, and the mystery of God is finished. There the whole elect shall meet, in spite of sin, death, hell, men, or devils. There shall all who love his appearing here below, appear with him in glory; and they too who suffer for his sake here, who mourn when he hides his face, and cannot be comforted until they again enjoy his heavenly presence.

Blessed be God for such a sweet assurance. Once I felt no desire for him, or the knowledge of his ways; but now I am looking for his appearance in his word, at a throne of grace, amidst his praying family, in a preached Gospel, in his ordinances, in his ways, amidst my lawful employment by day, and my wakeful hours by night. My soul refuseth to be comforted when I cannot find him. And when he appears, it is to me like life from the dead; like the bliss of endless glory within my breast. Therefore is the hope so dear to me, that "when he appeareth the second time without sin unto salvation," I shall appear with him, amidst his dearly beloved redeemed favorites, at his lovely side, to sing his worthy praise for ever, to be with him, and be like him too.

But why, say some, is Christ become so dear to you? His many acts of loving-kindness which I have received and felt, have made him so. Do you not doubt whether he may not cast you off at last? or that, after all, you may not, after death, find that you were deceived and deceiving others? How can I, while he continues to bless me with the assurances of his love? Then I should think you can have nothing to trouble you. Do you think so? It is the keenest trouble that ever I felt in my life when Jesus hides his face, and shuts me up in prison; when my sins abound, Satan tempts, the world allures, and my deceitful heart begins to be drawn aside and to depart from God. Why should this cause you so much trouble, with a hope in Christ that all will be well at last? Because it hinders me of his blessing, which I esteem far sweeter than life. Why do you choose to bear his cross? In hope of wearing his crown. Are you satisfied to endure afflictions? My poor, fretful, peevish heart often frets, and would sink from beneath the pain if I could; but when Christ is with me in the furnace, my eyes can weep, and my soul can sing with triumph and holy submission in the flames. Have you been afflicted? Yes, nearly all my days. But I have proved an afflicted mind is harder to bear than an afflicted body; but to have both together is an affliction indeed. When were you first convinced of sin? From childhood I remember feeling convictions, but they were not abiding till the year 1813. When and where did you receive and feel pardoning mercy?

Early one morning, in August, in the same year, before daybreak, on my bed. How? and what were the effects? Amidst my distress, these words suddenly descended from above, and sweetly whispered pardon and peace within my breast, viz., "Fear thou not, I am thy God; be not dismayed, I am with thee. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee by the right hand of my righteousness." My pillow was wet with tears; my distress and fears were gone; my heart sang for joy; my soul clung around a precious Christ, and longed to live and die at his feet, and I felt as though I would rather die than sin again.

And until this day I have found this promise made good to me, and trust I shall till death, and for ever; but I have lived to prove I am not free from sin, nor out of the body yet. But blessed be God, the remedy I know, Jesus I know, the feelings that pardoning mercy brings I know, my Shepherd's voice I know, the value of a throne of grace in times of need and of trouble I know, the sweetness of communion with him I know, a little of his preciousness I know, and want to know more and more; the blessedness of pleading his dear name, and of a full, and free, and finished salvation, all of grace, I know; the God-glorifying and self-abasing effect of a real, heartfelt knowledge of the power and preciousness of the glorious doctrines of free, discriminating, and sovereign grace, I know; and, in ending my tale, as some will consider it is, may I not say, part of the joys of heaven, mingled with the bitters and sorrows that fill my cup while here, I know? Well, reply some, and what does this knowledge do for you? Let God and his dear saints testify.

And must I through the furnace pass?
 Lord, sanctify my every pain;
 Though 'tis through floods and flames, alas!
 I would—I must with Jesus reign!

Thy presence here is heaven to me;
 Thine absence, Lord, I can't endure;
 But to be banish'd e'er from thee—
 It cannot be, my Christ, I'm sure!

I'd cling around my Jesus fast;
 He keeps the keys of death and hell;
 He will not let one sink at last,
 Who longs with him in heaven to dwell.

I know, I feel I'm vile and base,
 But he is gracious, kind, and good;
 I'll fall into his sweet embrace,
 And hide myself beneath his blood.

He knows the frailty of my frame,
 He knows how fretful is my heart;
 But bids me plead his holy name,
 Then makes my sorrows all depart.

His love the bitters oft makes sweet;
 Then, take the cup at Mercy's hand;
 And sing of Calvary, hell's defeat,
 And still press through this desert land.

Know, faith must here be tried by fire;
Pains, sorrows, trials, must attend;
But who would not to heaven aspire,
Though sore afflicted to the end?

The joys, the glories of that place
Will make amends for all while here;
The trouble of this wilderness
Will all be lost in triumph there.

Here every pain that heaves my breast,
And every sorrow of my heart,
Leaves one in God's own number less,
And soon I shall from earth depart.

For death is but my Saviour's voice
To call his mourners to his arms;
In him my hopes, my treasure lies,
I cannot fear hell's dread alarms.

Come, saints, through Zion's furnace press;
And thou, my sister, grace to thee;
Soon we shall see him face to face,
Then as he is we there shall be.

The theme now sung before the throne
Is ours—grace taught it us while here:
"A sinner saved by grace alone—
Christ and his blood!"—we'll sing it there.

Now, my dear, afflicted, favored friend, allow me to thank you kindly for your affectionate, sweet, and savory epistle, which, by Divine assistance, has drawn from my heart and pen the aforesaid reply, in hope of another from you when convenient and able to write, and also to say, my sister in a precious Christ, adieu, adieu! Thy life has been attended with pain, affliction, comfort, and sorrow mingled; and I trust thy death, when it comes, will be with heavenly joy. God Almighty spare thee still a little longer, if it be his dear will, and raise thee up from this bed of affliction, and make and keep thee a living witness for him amidst a crooked and perverse generation, to his own honor, glory, and the joy and comfort of his dear people; for savory souls are but few, and every year getting fewer still. We shall be glad to hear that you are restored, and to see you again, if the Lord will.

We are much as usual, through mercy. Our kind love in Christ Jesus. The Lord support and comfort you. Grace be with you. Affectionately yours in Him for ever,

Bedworth, October 11, 1855.

G. T. C.

Read, and read again, and do not despair of help to understand something of the will and mind of God therein, though you think they are fast locked up from you. Neither trouble your heads though you have not commentaries and expositions; pray and read, and read and pray, for a little from God is better than a great deal from men: also, what is from men is uncertain, and is often lost and tumbled over and over by men; but what is from God is fixed as a nail in a sure place.—*Bunyan*.

A FEW THOUGHTS UPON THE PRECEPTS OF THE GOSPEL.

In looking over the present deplorable state and situation of the church of the living God, it is truly lamentable to see so much discord and disunion; but whence does the greater portion of it arise? Is there not a cause? Is not the power of the Spirit of God kept in the background by many, and so little said of His work and ministry? Who quickens a soul? The Spirit. Who applies the truth, and leads into the truth? The Spirit. Who does all the good that is done? The Spirit. And what is it that will keep the living family of God in union and communion one with another, instrumentally, but the truth of God, preached and received in the love and power of it, with a sweet unction from the Blessed Spirit attending it? This will heal discords of all sorts, and bring the living family of God into a state so that they can and will pray one for another.

There are many precepts given in the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ for a rule to the believer, in all the departments of his life. But some seem to treat precepts as though they were to be walked in the letter only, and not in the spirit; but the same power that applies a promise must apply a precept. We may walk so that no one may be able justly to lay blame to us, and yet we may be far from walking in the precepts in a Gospel sense. For where is the heart? Where is the sweet power of the Spirit attending the precepts? If that be absent, the soul looks not at the precept, but at the manner in which it is done. Nothing will satisfy a living soul but living truth, a living faith in that truth, and a living walking in that truth. Take, for instance, the precept of prayer. "Thus saith the Lord God; I will yet for this be inquired of by the house of Israel, to do it for them." Now, does not every tried soul know that his praying in spirit and in truth depends upon the fulfilment of this promise, "And I will pour upon the house of David and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem the spirit of grace and supplication?" If this be absent, we may say our prayers; but, alas! who can pray? Many a one can testify what a trial prayer has been, and is now, to this very day. How often they go to a throne of grace without a heart, until sometimes they dread the thoughts of going! It is the manner they go in that they dread. But how different it is when the Spirit pours upon them the spirit of grace and supplication! Oh, how sweet then to walk in the precept of "pray always!" The soul then can thank God for a throne of grace, and envies not a monarch on his throne. It is then that he can see that indeed he is rich, for he has a God to go to in time of trouble. Oh, what a blessing is a throne of grace and a praying heart!

Now, all the precepts of the Gospel are to be fulfilled in the spirit, and not in the letter only. And no one can give that blessed feeling which a soul has when led into the spirituality of a precept, but the Spirit of God himself. Now suppose we complain that some

in the church of God do not attend the means of grace as they ought. What shall we do? Shall we begin to urge the precept with the rod of Moses in our hand? If we do, will the Spirit attend it? If he does not, will it do the church any good? Let us see how the apostle preached precept: "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." (Rom. xii. 1.) No harshness here, but a putting them in remembrance of the mercies of God displayed towards them. As though he said, "I beseech you by that mercy that sought you out from the world, and passed by you when you were in your filth and blood, and said, Live!" Oh, what a blessed thing it is to be enabled to look back and see that we once were without God or hope in this world; but mercy, even the mercy of God, said, "Arrest that man!" And being arrested and brought before God, the law read over, guilt seized the conscience, the mouth was stopped, but the Spirit raised a cry in the heart, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" Mercy, that kept your soul from despair while under the law; mercy, that kept you from laying violent hands on yourselves, and brought salvation to your souls just at the time you were looking for destruction; mercy, that has made a way for you in every time of temptation, and gone before you, and followed you, all the days of your life! "I beseech you, by these mercies, to present your bodies a living sacrifice to God." Let the mercy of God, that endureth for ever, be set before the church of God; that mercy which they have experienced, and which the minister has experienced; and, if the Blessed Spirit of God attend it with his sweet power, you will find that the church of God will move out of their holes. I speak in respect of the church in general, and not of individual cases, nor of cases of a peculiar nature; but, even in individual cases, if reproof is to do any one any good, it must be done, as the word of God commands, "in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted." It is by the power of the Spirit that any part of truth is received and walked in; for all the precepts of the Gospel need the power of the Spirit to attend them, and are set forth to the people of God with some mercy that God has shown to their souls. For instance, "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love." (John xv. 9.) Let this be applied with power to the heart; the sense of being interested in the love of the Father and the love of the Son swallows up all other loves, and gives a single eye to the glory of God. Read all the precepts carefully, and it will be found that the same balm is used. "Forgive one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." Will not a sense of the pardoning love of God make us forgive those who have offended us? The precepts are a very sweet part of the Gospel, and what a soul loves with all his heart when attended with power. For what is sweeter than to feel the spirit moved, and taking delight in the ways of God? But no precept is walked in to the satisfaction of the soul, nor to the approbation of the Lord, except the heart and soul can feel the life and power of that precept wrought within. It is the spirit, and not the letter, that the living family of God want;

something brought home to their hearts, and not to their heads. Knowledge in the head never walked in one precept yet. Oh, that the Lord would send us more of his power, that we might be more alive in our souls, and feel dead to everything else but himself!

J. H.

[We fully agree with the views expressed in the above communication. Gospel precepts must be handled and enforced in a Gospel spirit, must be accompanied with a Divine influence, and obeyed by a Divine power, or else they become mere sops for self-righteousness, or degenerate into legality and bondage. The precepts are as much a part of the Gospel, and as indispensable to the soul's welfare and profit as the promises; but they both equally need the power of the Spirit to make them effectual to their several ends—the Church's benefit and the Lord's glory.]

A WORD OF SYMPATHY TO A MOURNING WIDOWER.

Dear Brother in the Lord,—Grace, mercy, and peace be with you, from Him whose way is in the sea, and whose footsteps are in the deep waters. I heard, last night, of the painful visitation you have lately experienced, and I very keenly felt it; yes, we both mourn with you. The loss of one so dear is, I doubt not, like pouring out your gall on the ground; but you, I hope, will remember that she was a gift to you from the Lord, or, rather, lent you a little time; and now it hath pleased Him that lent her to recall her to himself. But although you have to reflect upon those little ones, who are so dear to you, as now motherless, and drop many a tear over them before the Lord, yet you do not sorrow as those without hope; you are satisfied she was one of those living things whom the Lord saith he will satisfy; and you know Israel's king said, "I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness." And though your loss is great, yet is she not satisfied? Her sighs, "O that I knew where I might find him!" are all over. No more does she bow the knee with watery eyes. You and I are left a little longer. A few more storms, a little more shaking in the sieve, and the charming sentence will salute our ears, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." O my dear brother, may we be found of him in peace! My poor prayer to Almighty God on your behalf, as well as ourselves, is, that it may prove a blessing to us, and a voice sounding in our ears, saying, "Set thy house in order, for thou shalt die;" that we may sit more lightly to things of an earthly nature, creep to his dear feet, like one of old, wash them with our tears, and kiss them, till death shall come to open a passage to let our soul take its joyful flight to Him who is "too wise to err, and too good to be unkind." Remember Him who hears the cry of the young ravens.

God Almighty bless you and support you, preserve and watch over you and the little ones, is the prayer of your very unworthy brother,

London, Nov. 13, 1855.

J. W.

IS IT WELL WITH THEE?

Very dear Mrs. H.,—In the precious name which is above every name, I come to inquire (Song vi. 11), Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with your soul? Does the vine flourish, and the tender grape appear? Is Jesus increasingly precious, more than ever desirable? Is he in your esteem the chiefest of ten thousand and altogether lovely, and all the things that may be lawfully desired not to be compared to him in your thoughts? Is the Holy Ghost sharpening your appetite for this Bread of life, so that with more ardent longings you are saying, "None but Christ! Give me Jesus, or else I die!" When he is in the right place or estimation, other things will be so; it is his rising in the soul that makes them sink to their proper level. And oh, he is so worthy, so suitable, so altogether lovely, we cannot prize him too much, or hold him too fast, or lean on him too heavily. All I can say of him is far, far below his real worth; but, through rich grace, I, a vile sinner, have tasted and handled of this precious Word of life, and found such blessed benefit, such soul invigoration, that I want to set others a-longing for these royal dainties. Perhaps I might think that the Lord would do his own work, and I was only meddling in vain, if I did not read in his holy word about "exhorting one another," and "stirring up their pure minds by way of remembrance;" but, as these things are there, I venture; and if by my poor attempts I may be used to stir up but one warm loving remembrance of him, I shall be thankful. Satan is ever striving to divert the mind from this object; he will use the pleasing or the painful, will allure or alarm, do anything to keep the soul from cleaving to Christ, looking unto Jesus, and believing in him for life and salvation. But all those ordained unto eternal life shall believe, in spite of his efforts; and all those in eternal union with Christ shall close with him by living faith, and that "not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." The cords of love shall entwine; the bands of a man shall draw; till the poor soul is brought into felt union with the Beloved, and can say, "Who loved me, and gave himself for me." Oh, the blessed provision and everlasting covenant which is "ordered in all things and sure." Not only all things made ready; but the soul made willing, the appetite given, and the required garment put on; for "he hath clothed me with the garment of salvation; he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness." The sweet, precious Saviour is a free gift; and the faith which receives him is a free gift also. The blood which cleanseth is of Heaven's royal bounty, for freely did it flow from the veins of heaven's King; and the application of it is Heaven's sole prerogative. By mercy, not by merit; free gift, not barter, do all the blessings come. This is a salvation for the poor and needy only, and they must be stripped of their rags. 'Tis not enough to confess that their rags are filthy and worthless; they must be parted with; and this touches old Adam very closely. But all must go, that Christ may wear the crown, and

be all in all, so that he that glorieth may glory only in the Lord our Righteousness. How is it with you, my beloved? Are you stripped, emptied, a bankrupt? If so, I give you joy, and hail you blessed. "When they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them all." Oh, this nothing to pay, how proud poor flesh does murmur and complain, and wish that it only had something. But why? He hath gone to the end of the law for righteousness, magnified the law and made it honorable, endured every stripe justice required, paid every farthing the creditor demanded, for "without shedding of blood is no remission of sins." His pure blood was freely shed, that sin might be honorably remitted. "He died the just for the unjust, to bring us to God." "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." He was holy; all his acts were holy; holy thoughts, holy deeds, holy words, he rendered to the holy law in full weight (Prov. xvi. 11) and measure. When his sufferings were ended, he cried out, "It is finished;" and there was not a voice heard in heaven, earth, or hell, to contradict him. Cheer up, beloved. I find we can afford to be poor, with such a rich husband. O "the unsearchable riches of Christ!" And though, knowing our spending propensities, he may keep us short in hand, yet all he is and has is ours; for "my Beloved is mine, and I am his." "All things are yours; for ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." Oh, but say you, I want to know more clearly that he is mine. I want personal application and appropriation. Well, this is not unlawful coveting. Go on longing; for this very same Jesus "satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness." You want to know your childship. "We are children of God by faith in Christ Jesus." Faith is the manifestation of childship, and by it we come to the enjoyment of family privileges; living faith is the gift of God, and faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God. While Rebekah was listening to Abraham's servant, I trow there was a moving of her heart towards his master's son; for, when asked if she would go quickly, leave all for him, she said, "I will go;" and so, perhaps, while you are hearing of the things "which are Jesus Christ's," the Holy Ghost will be kindling in your soul a love and longing, then bring it to believing, venturing; and thus going forth to meet him under Divine drawings, you shall not be despised. Though you feel yourself black, and not like unto his handmaidens, yet shall you find that from eternity his soul has been knit to you in love; and your souls being knit together in the same love by the Holy Ghost, your heart will be comforted, finding that when you have nothing, and are nothing in yourself, then you have all in him. The dear Comforter make you speedily as willing as Rebekah, and work in you the same obedience of faith; for, believing, she went forth, and her faith was not in vain; she found in her husband more than she forsook for him. So shall you, for eternity will never unfold all the love, loveliness, and glories of our wonderful Immanuel. Oh, I want to know more of them here. Sweet Testifier of Jesus, thou wind divine, awake, and come and blow away the dust of earth, and clouds of flesh and sense, which seem to come between our souls and souls'

Beloved. Oh, "make us walk in Him," and closer and closer cleave to his beloved embrace.

If there should be one drop of living water for your refreshment in this little vessel, give God the praise, for we know that this woman is a sinner. To him I commend you in love, and am, dear Mrs. H., yours very affectionately,

HANNAH.

[We do not know the writer of the above letter, but it strikes us as written out of the heart, in a tender, affectionate spirit, in a simple pleasing style, and with that originality of thought and expression which is usually stamped on the words of those who know and feel what they write.]

A LETTER BY THE LATE DANIEL HERBERT.

[A friend has kindly favoured us with a series of original letters by Daniel Herbert, the author of the Hymns, the first of which we here present to our readers.]

Dear Brother,—I take the liberty to address you as such, because I believe we are kindred souls, loved with the same love, and redeemed with the same precious blood; and that Jehovah, Father, Son, and Spirit, planned and fixed upon our everlasting salvation from the days of old; and that on our behalf was made that indissoluble, irrevocable, and unalterable Covenant, where our names were entered in the Eternal Book of life. As the elect of God the Father, to be redeemed by God the Son, and to be quickened (as I trust we are) by God the Holy Ghost, therefore I write to you as a blood-bought sinner, one redeemed from the law's curse, whose debts are paid, and whose salvation is secure, whose righteousness is complete, whose justification is certain, and for whom there never was, nor can be, any condemnation. I have read your friendly epistle over and over; and as you wish me to be explicit, I will answer you in my plain way, as it becomes one of the royal *stock*, a kindred soul, a brother in Jesus, and an heir of the same inheritance. I duly received your favor, by which you lay me under obligations, that I fear I shall never be able to cancel.

"But what you gave to me, to God is lent;

I know my God will pay you ten per cent."

It gives me infinite pleasure to hear that my hymns and poems have been of any profit to you and others. I will be bold to say that I am firmly persuaded that no Pharisee, no Freewillier, no Arminian, no workmonger, no Arian, no Socinian, and no one untaught by the Spirit of God can ever read them with approbation; for they are written by a poor, ruined, helpless sinner, made glad of salvation, in a way that just suits a poor bankrupt, who has neither money nor price. You mention in yours of having a few who know salvation all of grace, through the righteousness of the God-man, the elect's Surety; bless God for a few. Where are we to find many? The Bible gives us no authority to expect that any but "a remnant shall be saved." You say that most of the professors about you are either Pharisees or Antinomians. I do not

wish to have the character of your Pharisees, for I know them well ; but I should like to know a little of your Antinomians, because it is the name I bear among the Pharisees in our place. Now I will tell you what an Antinomian I am. I am a poor, ruined, helpless, undone man, as to anything I can do ; completely lost, as to any help in myself. But that God has laid my help upon the Almighty Jesus, through whom I have redemption, the forgiveness of all my sins, and that I am a sinner saved, eternally saved, of which salvation I had no more hand than I had in my creation. Now, my much-esteemed friend, if you think this letter worthy of a reply, let me know how far my character tallies with the Lincolnshire Antinomians. For my own part, I am frank to declare that I am such an Antinomian as I wish to live and hope to die ; for had I ten thousand tongues, I would use them all in this one exultation :—“To the praise and the glory of free, sovereign, unsought, efficacious grace, that made me accepted in the Beloved.” But as for the professors in general, I suppose such are like the painted tombs, which look beautiful on the outside, but rottenness within. The wise man has truly said, “There is a way that seemeth right unto a man ; but his ways are the ways of death.” Don't startle, my friend. Methinks I hear you say, Ah ! what am I ? what is my creed ? on what foundation do I stand ? am I not chaff instead of wheat ? am I not a goat and not a sheep ? am I not a bastard and not a free-born child ? But from whence does all this arise ? Why, from that legal spirit which leads us to look for purity in that heart, that, as you observe, is deceitful above all things, and desperately, nay, devilishly, wicked ; for old Adam nature will always remain the same ; and those who talk of sanctified nature, know not what sanctification means. As for your fears of being an hypocrite, recollect the old devil who forged that lie has had almost six thousand years' practice, and was a liar from the beginning, and knows how to attack us on our weak side ; but when we are sensibly weak in ourselves, and Christ our all in all, we are then too strong for the devil ; for the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force ; and who are those mighty strong ones, those who can from the heart cry, “God be merciful to me a sinner !” or, like the poor woman, “Lord help me !” But perhaps my dear brother is still saying, How shall I know for a certainty that I am in the right way ? Let the declaration made by our adorable Jesus settle that point. Christ says, “I am the way, the truth, and the life.” Now, if Christ is the only right way, all others must be wrong. If Christ is the truth, all the religion man may profess that has not Christ as the Alpha and Omega, the first beginner, the maintainer and finisher of, is a lie. If Christ is the life, all profession without Christ tends to death ; and this is the reason that it may be said of many places, “Death is in the pot.” Then may you, my valued friend, attend to the old parson Jeremiah's advice, “Stand ye in the way, and inquire for the good old paths, and you shall find rest to your souls.”

But 'tis by those who have not felt the love of God manifested to their souls. Like Noah's dove, no rest but in the ark ; and no rest for a guilty sinner but in Jesus ; and that is produced in the soul

when God gives faith to believe that Christ was made sin for us, and we made the righteousness of God in him ; then when God grants us this peace, who can create trouble ? And my prayer to God is, that you may possess in a large measure, if it be the will of God, of that faith that is the work of Jehovah the Father to create, the work of Jehovah Jesus to establish, and the work of Jehovah the Holy Ghost to put into act, and keep it so ; that faith that works by love, and has the God of love to look unto. I am afraid I shall tire your patience ; but, looking over your letter, I find I have not yet done, as it seems to be the wish of my friend to know who and what I am. Perhaps if I tell my friend all, I shall hear no more from him. I am a poor old sinner, often ready to cry out with Paul, "O wretched man that I am !" At other times I can sing my triumphant song, "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through the Lord Jesus Christ !" sometimes rejoicing, sometimes mourning, sometimes fearing, but never despairing. As to what I have been, I will frankly tell my friend, and also what I am now. I was for many years in the woollen manufactory, in which I employed more than a hundred hands, in which for years I was successful, and pride began to creep up, and I pleased myself with my imaginary independence. But about six years since, I dealt largely with a house in London from whom I had large expectations. I drew upon them, on one occasion, two bills of upwards of seven hundred pounds on account ; and when they became due they shut up, and my bills were returned, so that I lost every shilling, and have never recovered one penny. This quite broke me down, so that I gave up immediately, and found I had nearly enough to pay my creditors, and have never been in business since, only in a trifling way. Oh, my dear friend, none but my God knows what I have experienced ! but, though I have gone with a broken heart, yet I trust I can say, while treading tribulation's ground, I have had those sweet manifestations of the love of God that have been of more value than the hundreds I lost. I have brought up a large family, having had fourteen children ; but have only four now living, who are all settled in London. I lost a dear daughter about nine months since, upwards of twenty years of age, one of the Lord's precious jewels, whose bedside I watched nearly five days and nights ; and, could I see you, I would read to you what I wrote at her bedside. Heart-rending but soul-rejoicing scene ! Methinks my friend is ready to say, But how do you live now ? If such a question had been proposed to the prophet Elijah, he would have said that God sent him bread and flesh in the morning and again in the evening, and when one brook was dried, the Lord directed him to another ; and as the Lord made the handful of meal and the little oil hold out for the prophet, the widow, and her son, for a whole year, the very same God is my provider ; but how, I cannot tell you. This, my dear friend, is a little part of my history ; let it suffice. If I should ever see you, I can tell you ten times more. I would say more, but my paper is almost full ; and I must not forget to thank you for your kind present, which I shall leave my Father and Banker to make up to you. I also acknowledge myself gratified at your liberal invitation, which I must not think of ; for, was I ever

to visit Gosberton, I fear your opinion would tally with my own, that I did not pay carriage. God bless you, and shine upon your soul! and, when 'tis well with you, remember poor

Sudbury, Dec. 25, 1817.

D. HERBERT.

I am afraid you will think I have sent you a poor Christmas-box,

THE LORD KNOWETH THEM THAT ARE HIS.

My dear Friend,—“There is nothing too hard for the Lord,” and what is impossible with us, is easy and practicable with him! I sometimes feel a little faith and confidence in him, and seem to see his hand in this matter; for I had given up all thoughts of hearing from you again, and concluded you had quite forgotten me. Often, when sunk very low, concluding all things were against me, have I had these words, “I will bring the blind by a way they know not, and will lead them in paths that they have not known, and will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things (blessed things! soul-redeeming, liberating, comforting things,) will I do unto them, and will not forsake them.” Oh! what blessed shalls and wills are there laid up with God for them that fear him. What a provision of salvation by grace, deliverance out of troubles, clearing of the sight, plucking out of the fire, and making all things work together for good, is laid up for the poor and afflicted in Zion! My soul is at times ravished with the knowledge of such precious love, wisdom, and care, as dwell in our precious Immanuel! And, oh! that I could exalt him more; live more to his honour and glory, and put the crown daily upon his head who is worthy of all honour, praise, and power, for ever and for ever! But I am such a poor thing—such a worm! such an in-and-out, mortal; so fickle, so worldly at times; so unbelieving, so wandering and rebellious, that I am more ready to halt than to run the race set before me. Oh, for more grace, more love, more zeal, and less carnality—less unbelief, less of everything that opposes the new man of grace, and detracts from the enjoyment of a Saviour’s love. Pray for me, my dear friend in the Lord, that more grace may be given me, more love and zeal, to so walk, act, and talk, as shall most glorify my best Friend.

How sweet to reflect, that amid all the changing scenes of time, amid the wreck of all our earthly hopes and joys, and whilst thousands are falling on all sides by the relentless hand of death, and as many thousands, seduced by error or crime, are rushing down the broad stream of perdition, “The Lord knoweth them that are his;” watereth them every moment, keeps them night and day, succours them, comforts them, protects them, and defends them while dangers threaten, foes rage, and evils and infirmities encompass them. O happy people, whose God is the Lord! kept by his mighty power through faith unto salvation, preserved by his grace day by day and hour by hour. They come off more than conquerors over sin, death, hell, and the world, and though often cast down, yet not destroyed; persecuted, but not forsaken; hated of all men, yet

loved of God ; tempted, tormented, “ devil-dragged ” and afflicted, they wander about in caves and dens, often in their feelings worse than beasts of the earth, counted (by the easy, happy, carnally secure world and professors) as the offscouring of all things. But what saith the word of life of these outcasts—“ of whom the world is not worthy ? ” Poor, silly moth-world, whilst thou art playing about the flame that consumes thee for ever, and sporting with joys that leave an everlasting sting—those, whom thou now despisest and treadest under foot, who are walking through dark paths, through deep waters, and fierce fires, are every day nearer their journey’s end, and will soon reach that blessed place where they will hunger no more, thirst no more, go no more out, need no more the light of the candle ; where all tears will be wiped away, all trials for ever at an end ; sorrow will be turned into joy, mourning into dancing, famine into feasting, night into day for evermore, Amen. Then it will be, “ Depart, ye cursed,” to you who knew them not here ; and “ Come, ye blessed,” to them who were strangers and foreigners in this inhospitable, wicked world.

What a reversion of circumstances, what different states ! Those who were esteemed for their riches, their learning, their profession, or their profanity, and held up by an ungodly world, will be driven from light into darkness, from affluence and plenty to misery and poverty ; from a state of ease and pleasure, to a never-ending eternity of disquietude, and lamentation, and woe ; where the worm dieth not, and where the fire is not quenched ; while the poor objects of their pity and scorn here, whom they persecuted and hated, will be exalted to thrones of judgment, and become the judges of their once proud persecutors. Safe in the bosom of eternal love, they will see their enemies driven into everlasting shame and contempt, while they (through grace) are for ever honoured to sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and a number that no man can number, in the kingdom of heaven, who, like themselves, came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb ;

“ Who once were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears ;
Who wrestled hard as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.”

Oh ! blessed fact, we shall meet with kindred spirits there, spirits that have been tried as by fire, and purified and made white in that same fountain into which our guilty souls have been plunged. But I must forbear, for I have already filled up two sheets of paper, and perhaps quite tired your eyes and patience to read what I have written. Should you favour me with another line, and allow me to write again, I may ramble on still more in the delightful theme of everlasting love. Well may the poet sing,

“ For love like this let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break.”

My poor, stony, rocky, flinty, obdurate heart can shout at times,

“ Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.”

With kindest love to all the family, yours affectionately in the best of bonds,

BARNABAS.

A LETTER TO HIS WIFE, BY THE LATE STEPHEN OFFER.

My dear and much-esteemed bosom friend and partner of all my cares and woes in the rough pathway that leads from the Egyptian state we were in by nature, through a wilderness dispensation, Grace, mercy, and peace be with you from God the Father and from our Lord Jesus Christ. I hope we can truly say, by blessed, heartfelt experience, what the Lord Jesus said concerning the marriage state, "They shall be no more twain, but one flesh." For ever blessed be our covenant God for the grace that has been manifested unto your soul and mine; for, if God the Father had not chosen us according to the good pleasure of his will, without any worth or worthiness in us, he never could have chosen us at all. We are one in our views of unconditional election before time. If we were not brought to see eye to eye here, we should not be one in believing in the doctrine of the grace of the Father. Then boasting would not be excluded.

We are one in our views of the love of the Son, who was from everlasting in the bosom of the Father, and was one with the Father, the anointed and appointed One, that proceeded and came forth from the Father into the world, in the fulness of time, to fulfil all the ancient settlements; whose meat and drink it was to do his Father's will, and finish the work that was given him to do. He fulfilled the holy law and made it honorable, by his holy, pure, and undefiled life. Holiness without and holiness within, marked the character of the Son of God! The holy law must be satisfied, which could not have been in any other way but by shedding of blood. When this was done, the handwriting that was against us was taken out of the way, and nailed to the cross. So we believe that the holy life and death of the Lord Jesus to be of such a value that none can perish for whom Christ died.

We see eye to eye in the grace of the Son, and believe in the particular redemption of the church only. Now, election being the first moving cause, and redemption the meritorious cause, these things were all done without us.

The Lord the Spirit, in the day of his power, manifested his almighty work in quickening our souls when we were dead in trespasses and sins, and by little and little hath shown us our lost and hopeless condition. To Him we are indebted for all that we see, hear, or know more than we once knew, or others know, who are around us, and who at present are dead in their sins.

We are one in the belief of the grace of the Holy Spirit.

Now, my dear and much-esteemed wife and bosom friend, whose tenderness and kindness unto me is wonderful, for which I desire to feel thankful unto Him who provided such a helpmate for such an unworthy wretch as I; for, although you may not know it, you have been made instrumental in strengthening and encouraging me in the ministry; therefore I can say you have been a helpmate to me in things spiritual. You feel, as well as myself, much

ingratitude to a God of such infinite love as he has manifested himself to be, unto two such poor sinful worms as we have been, and still are, in our unrenewed part. No doubt you feel coldness, deadness, barrenness, worldly-mindedness, darkness, ignorance, and wickedness; and are brought almost to doubt whether there was ever a real work of grace begun or not. But you must consider that that which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. The work of the Spirit is, quickening our once dead souls; but it leaves the fleshly nature just as it was. When the Lord Jesus sets up his kingdom in the heart of a poor sinner, by the power of the Holy Spirit, sin shall not have the dominion. There are two principles, the one contrary to the other. The soul is in her element when the Holy Spirit brings into holy exercise those graces he has wrought. Then it is we have our corruptions subdued, and grace reigns. Then sin cannot have dominion over us, the Lord Jesus is precious, the word of the Lord is prized, the house of the Lord is longed for, the children of the Lord are the excellent of the earth. You then view your mercies, temporal, spiritual, and eternal, all coming through the precious blood of the Lamb. Then, for a little time, you can wonder, love, and praise; and Jesus is the altogether lovely, as a Prophet, Priest, King, Husband, Father, and Friend. Then your soul is in her element. You have fellowship with the love of the Father and of the Son, by the Spirit. The heaven-born soul is in her enjoyment at such a time; corruptions seem to be almost forgotten. Again, the Holy Spirit withdraws his heavenly influence; then you feel that you are as earthly, sensual, and devilish as ever; you sink down again into a horrible pit in your experience, without any power of your own to come up out of the miry clay. Here you learn your own weakness, and that vain is the help of man; but it makes you more single-eyed, looking to Jesus, who is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother; and that none but Jesus can do helpless sinners good. May you, who are the wife of my bosom, and near and dear to me, be led to make a clear distinction between the new and unrenewed part, and you will find many evidences of grace to bless the God of all grace for, where you think you have none at all. Whether we shall remain much longer together in this vale of tears or not, is unknown to us both. If the time should not be yet expired, may our union go on increasingly unto our latest breath. May the world grow less in our esteem, knowing that it must one day be burnt up. May we be enabled to strengthen each other's hands, build each other up, be growing in grace and the knowledge of the Lord Jesus. May the Lord keep us by his almighty power, through faith, unto salvation. May the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, the love of the Father, and the comfort of the Holy Ghost, be with you now and for ever. Amen. From your affectionate husband,

STEPHEN OFFER.

There is a Saviour's hand in heaven, to wheel in an ill-boned soul on earth.—*Rutherford*.

A LETTER TO ROWLAND HILL, 1771.

My dear Rowly,—I need not say that I love you, because all who are acquainted with the old and young ass know it ; and the more scandalous you grow—I mean evangelically scandalous—the more I must love you. A newspaper tells me where you are, and what you are doing, viz., turned out on Blackheath, and engaged in your old trade of devil-hunting, which is neither profitable nor an honorable business, as the world goes, yet a more suitable employment for Gospel ministers than fox-hunting or card-hunting. Success attend you ; a firm seat upon the wooden horse ; a clear shrill horn to animate the chase ; and the hasty flight of many a devil, black or white. But when the Master is chasing the fiends of infidelity and profaneuess from others, take heed *yourself* of the devil of pride, lest he creep into your own hive, and eat up all the honey. He is a very subtle and a very handsome devil, I assure you ; and, coming always with a simpering look, a painted cheek, a dimple chin, a nightingale's tongue, and a kissing lip, you would really take him for Gabriel, unless you spy his cloven foot, which he will hide, if possible, under a cassock as well as under a petticoat. This handsome devil, who talks as fine as a Frenchman, has often beguiled my heart, and brought me to many a whipping-post ; and unless you are made of better clay, or better pottred than myself, he will surely by his glozing speeches conduct you to a house of correction. Yet be not discouraged ; Bridewell is the common luck of Gospel ministers. The best need bitter herbs, instead of mint-sauce, to eat with the lamb ; and if your Master brushes your back soundly with birch, he will make all well again with a kiss. Nothing better for a Christian than the Master's birch-wine ; I am drinking it now, to sharpen my appetite, and to relieve a palsy of a spiritual kind.

My last long visit to London has almost overset the old Gospel pedlar ; and my Everton friends tell me I must go no more to the Tabernacle, unless I mean to lay my bones there. Well, if Jesus receiveth my spirit, no matter where my bones are laid ; and I suppose that the worms at Tottenham have no sharper teeth than those at Everton ; if they have, it will not trouble me. I have had only two weekly journeys of preaching since I came down ; the third laid me up without preaching, and sent me home in a carriage. Since then, I only preach on the Lord's-day, but keep eating every day of the week, so I have fourteen meals for one sermon—a poor business, truly, for a Methodist parson ; yet I give thanks that I am not exalted to the privilege of a Bishop, which is, to eat every day, and preach no day.

My dear Rowly, give up yourself wholly to Jesus, and freely employ body and soul and sustenance in his service. Work while thy day lasteth, for life and health are uncertain ; and what your hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.

If Esau complains of stiff back and sore breast, and cries for some ease and a lobster, give him a pulpit sweat and beef-tea ; this will

quiet him, for the less he is humored the stiller he grows. Present my hearty respects to your Mary, and tell her I wish her much joy in the Lord. Grace, abundant grace, be with you both, and with your affectionate servant,

JOHN BERRIDGE.

[We insert the above with some scruple. It is no doubt eminently characteristic, and contains sound truth; but we feel there is a lightness about it inconsistent with the solemnity of the subject, and that it is rather amusing than edifying.]

LETTER FROM MR. BOSTON TO HIS CORRESPONDENT IN EDINBURGH.

Dear Sir,—I had yours, with the much affecting account of your loss of a dear child. I travelled that gloomy road six times, and learned that God has other use for children than our comfort,—a use far more honourable and happy for them; and the parents come to see it afterwards, that it is a peculiar kindness to the dear babes they were so early carried off. It likewise serves to let us into the sweetness of that word in particular, “I will be thy God, and the God of thy seed.” While parents are taken up for the eternal salvation of their dying little ones, and look about to see what the word says with reference to the case, oh, do not grudge the freedom the Lord has used with you, in pitching upon a precious thing of yours for himself, and accordingly taking it away. Both of you have offered your all to the Lord; and though when it comes to the pinch, the heart is ready to misgive, yet in calm blood I am persuaded you will stand to the bargain, and check yourselves for any semblance of rueing. The next time you see your child you will see him shining white in glory, having been washed “in the blood of the Lamb,” who was an infant, a child, a boy, a youth, as well as a grown man, because he came a Saviour of infants, little children, &c., as well as of persons come to age. Perhaps his cries are not yet out of your and his mother’s ears; but then you will see him capable of managing his harp as well as the saint that died a hundred years ago. Ah, ah, why are we thus not fully satisfied, and acquiescing in the wise management of the great Counsellor, who puts clouds and darkness round him, bidding us follow at his back through the cloud, promising an eternal, uninterrupted sunshine on the other side. “Lord, increase our faith,” is a petition we need oft to be putting up. But I hope the Lord has taught you and your spouse resignation to the will of Him who does all things well. But I find it is a difficult lesson to learn; the flesh still spurns and rises against the rod. And oh, how difficult is it to get our hows and whys crucified, and to resolve all into, and rest satisfied in infinite wisdom tempered with covenant love! Our affliction is returned to an extremity, and the storm has blown hard now for some time; but the Lord sits on the flood; and though it seems to be without all order, yet certainly there is an order in it, though imperceptible to our eyes; and the several drops keep their ranks according to the word of command.—I am, with the most endeared respects, yours, &c.,

May 21, 1726.

T. BOSTON.

A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. TURNER, OF SUNDERLAND, WRITTEN DURING HIS LAST ILLNESS.

“ Though temptations seldom cease,
 Though frequent griefs I feel,
 Yet his Spirit whispers peace,
 And he is with me still.
 Weak in body, sick in soul,
 Depress'd at heart, and faint with fears,
 His dear presence makes me whole,
 And with sweet comfort cheers.”

Beloved in the Lord, “for the truth's sake, which dwelleth in us and shall be with us for ever,”—My memory fails me much; I cannot therefore recollect whether I quoted the above precious declaration and promise in a former letter; but if I did it is not unworthy of repetition. It has been very comforting and establishing to me, by the Holy Spirit's blessing; and it well describes my present state. I was on last Lord's-day confined to my room with swollen legs, which prevented my meeting with my dear people, and I am afraid it will be some time before I can venture out. I have no appetite, nor can I touch any solid food. I live on beef-tea, sago, and nourishment of that kind. The Lord has been very gracious to me, and has sweetly employed my mind with precious passages of Scripture, admonished and comforted me with many psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs, while I rest upon the sofa by day, or lie stretched upon my bed by night. The language of my heart, both in prayer and praise, is,

“ Sweet in the confidence of faith,
 To trust his firm decrees;
 Sweet to lie passive in his hand,
 And know no will but his.”

The friends here are exceedingly kind. My prayers for them have been graciously answered. Two discourses were read on Lord's-day, which evidently appear to have been much blessed.

Whether the time of my departure be at hand or not, I cannot say. I am favored with much composure on that head. My little flock alone causes a wish, if it be the Lord's will, to continue a little longer with them for their furtherance and joy of faith.

Blessed are those afflictions, my dear friends, which bring us nearer to God, wean the heart from all earthly things, and draw the mind and affections to those things which are above.

My hand shakes and my legs ache, therefore you must excuse my writing more. May the God of Jacob be with and bless you.

Yours affectionately in Him,
 T. TURNER.

We do not stand in difficulties according to our grace or strength. Sometimes a young Christian will stand his ground in a surprising difficulty, and after many years faint at a much smaller. Abraham exceeded all, in leaving his country and his father's house, yet, after that, he denied his Sarah.—*Timothy Priestley.*

R E V I E W.

The Most Holy Trinity, &c. The Doctrine illustrated and proved from the Scriptures. By Ebenezer Soper. London: Seeleys, Fleet-street.

[Concluded from page 97.]

When the Lord Jesus, tabernacled in the flesh here below, came upon one occasion into the coasts of Cesarea Philippi, we read that "he asked his disciples, saying, Whom do men say that I, the Son of man, am? And they said, Some say that thou art John the Baptist; some, Elias; and others, Jeremias, or one of the prophets." All with the people generally as to who Jesus really was, was mere surmise and conjecture, confusion and uncertainty. The blind, ignorant multitude that ate the loaves and the fishes, had indeed sufficient reverence for his miracles and character to think Jesus a prophet, and not the least of the prophets; but the veil of unbelief being upon their hearts, they could not rise up to the sublime mystery of his being Immanuel, God with us, nor did they behold "his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." Turning, then, from the vain conjectures and musing speculations of the unregenerate mass of his followers, and coming home at once to the hearts and consciences of his own immediate disciples, the Lord appealed personally unto them what *their* faith was in his Person and work. "But whom say ye that I am?" Then flowed from Peter's lips that noble confession, which doubtless expressed the faith of each and all the disciples but the son of perdition. "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." The Lord had pointedly called himself "the Son of man," as though he would for a moment cast a veil over his divine Sonship; but did he reject the title which Peter gave him, or rebuke him for declaring that he was the Son of the living God? So far from that, he pronounced him "blessed," and that his faith and confession were from special revelation. "And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven." (Matt. xvi. 17.) How plainly does the Lord here declare that to believe in Him as the Son of God is the work, not of "flesh and blood," that is, of human capacity or intellect of any character or degree, but springs from a special revelation by God himself to the soul. For this reason, therefore, faith in Christ as the Son of God stands forth in every part of the New Testament as the grand distinguishing mark of life and salvation. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." (John iii. 36.) "And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." (1 John v. 11, 12.) That Jesus Christ is the Son of God.

Nathanael confessed ; (John i. 49 ;) Martha believed ; (John xi. 27 ;) Peter testified ; (Acts iii. 26 ;) Paul preached ; (Acts ix. 20 ;) the Eunuch acknowledged ; (Acts viii. 37 ;) and John wrote. (John xx. 31.) It is, therefore, what John calls "the doctrine of Christ," out of which there is no salvation. "Whosoever transgresseth and abideth not in the doctrine of Christ, hath not God. He that abideth in the doctrine of Christ, he hath both the Father and the Son." (2 John 9.) Let no one, therefore, who desires to fear God think that the divine Sonship of Jesus is a mere matter of theory or speculation—a doctrinal point of little moment or consequence, and that a man can be a very good Christian who does not believe it, or trouble himself about it. So far from that, it is the very foundation-stone of the Gospel and of Christianity itself ; so that without it there is neither Gospel nor Christianity ; and the very foundation too of the faith, hope, and love of the Church of God ; so that without a personal, experimental knowledge of it, faith is but a delusion, hope a deception, and love a lie.

How necessary, therefore, to have clear views of what this divine Sonship of Jesus is, that we may know what we believe, and in whom we believe, when we say with the baptized Eunuch, "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God !"

We purpose, therefore, in pursuance of an intention expressed in our last number, to devote the remainder of our present space to the consideration of this important point, from a firm conviction that not only is a true faith in the Sonship of Christ essential to a true faith in the Trinity, but that the true and real Sonship of Christ is essential to the very existence of the Trinity itself.

In attempting to unfold this mysterious yet blessed doctrine, we shall hope to bear in mind that we are treading on holy ground, and, therefore, shall endeavour to put off the shoes of carnal reason from our feet, and confine ourselves, as much as we can, to the inspired testimony of God.

We assume, then, as our starting place, that it is an agreed point with all who acknowledge the Deity of the Lord Jesus, that he is the Son of God *as regards his divine nature*. One text is sufficient to prove this, were it not the whole drift and current of the New Testament : "Unto the Son he saith, Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever." (Heb. i. 8.) And again, how solemn, how decisive the language of John ; "And we are in him that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God, and eternal life." (1 John v. 20.) The Jews, therefore, understood his calling himself the Son of God to be equivalent to claiming for himself Deity. "The Jews answered him, saying, For a good work we stone thee not ; but for blasphemy ; and because that thou being a man, makest thyself God." (John x. 33.) This was also the accusation of the chief priests against him ; and, indeed, for this claim was he condemned to death. "The Jews answered him, We have a law, and by our law he ought to die, because he made himself the Son of God." (John xix. 7.)

The point in dispute, then, is not whether he is the Son of God

as regards his divine nature, but whether he is the Son of God by nature, or by office and covenant engagement.

We say, then, that he is not the Son of God by office, or by covenant relationship, or by any such assumption of the title as made him what before he was not; but that he is the true, real, and proper Son of God, in his very nature, being, and essence, distinct from, and prior to any engagement made in the covenant, or any manifestation of him to the sons of men in time.

1. And first, let us endeavour to show that he is not the Son of God *by office*.

As there is doubtless some analogy between divine and human sonship, or the word Son would not be employed, we may so far institute a comparison between the two. Did any one, then, ever hear of one man becoming the son of another by office? It is true that one person may make another his child by adoption, or, as Solomon says, "He that delicately bringeth up his servant from a child shall have him become his son at the length." (Prov. xxix. 21.) But the adopted child or servant does not really and truly become his son. It is, after all, but a figure of speech. If a person were to say to me, "I will come into your service, and serve you faithfully, too, if you will make me your son," should I not justly reply, "I cannot make you what you are not, nor ever can be? I may adopt you as a son, treat you as a son, call you a son; but nothing that I can do, or you can do, can make you my true and real son." So, in a higher sense, the Lord Jesus did not and could not become the Son of God by office, for no office could make him "the Son of the Father in truth and love." The word of truth declares that he is "the only-begotten Son, which is (that is, from all eternity) in the bosom of the Father." (John i. 18.) If, then, "the only-begotten," not made or constituted so by office, but by nature a true, proper, and real Son; and if "in the bosom of the Father" from all eternity, (as the word "is" shows,) there prior to the assumption of any office. Being, then, by nature and essence, God's "only-begotten" Son, and, as such, lying in the bosom of the Father from all eternity, he comes forth from that bosom to become God's servant. "Behold my servant whom I uphold." (Isa. xlii. 1.) This is intelligible in a lower sense. My son may become my servant, but my servant cannot become my son. If Christ were a Son by office, his office would be the foundation of his Sonship; and as, so to speak, there was a period when Christ was not a servant, so there would have been a period when he was not a Son. But his Sonship was the foundation of his office; and his mediatorial glory is that he who was a Son became voluntarily a servant. It is a degrading of the Son of God from his eternal dignity and glory, a spoiling and robbing him of his very and true being and essence, and almost a sacrilege against that ineffable love wherewith he loves the Father as his true and real Father, to think even for a moment of him as a Son by mere office or assumption. Look at the depth and tenderness of that unutterable affection of which a few glimpses are afforded us, John xvii. With what holy tenderness that

prayer commences: "Father, the hour is come; glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee." Who but a Son by nature could breathe forth that one word, "Father" with that heavenly tenderness, that holy familiarity, that divine communion which that word in his lips expresses? And as it robs the Son of his dearest relationship, as well as of his eternal being and essence, so it robs the Father also of his unutterable love and delight in him as his "only begotten Son." Twice did God himself call from heaven—once at his baptism, and again when he was transfigured on the holy mount: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."* (Matt. iii. 17; xvii. 5.) Can we, then, dare we, then, lift up our voice against the voice that came from the excellent glory, and say, "He is only a Son by office. He is not the real Son of God. It is only an official title—a name he has assumed." Let those that know him not follow that "cunningly devised fable." Let those that know him by divine testimony say, "Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son, Jesus Christ." (1 John i. 3.) To rob, then, the Lord Jesus of his eternal Sonship is to our mind little less than if one were to take a pen-knife and cut out of the New Testament every place where "the Son of God" occurs. In fact, all the apostles' preaching and all the apostles' writing were based on his being the true and proper Son of God, so that to remove that doctrine out of the New Testament would be like blotting the sun out of the midday sky. As one instance of it, if you will read carefully Hebrews i., you will see that the whole argument of the Apostle is to show the superiority of the Gospel and the covenant of grace to the Law and the covenant of works by proving the superiority of Christ as the Son of God to angels, by whom the Law was ordained and disposed. (Acts vii. 53; Gal. iii. 19; Heb. ii. 2.) As the Son of God, he is there declared to be "the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person." An office could not make him "the brightness" (literally, "offshining" or "reflected splendour or effulgence") of God's glory and the express image of God's person. A ray of the sun, or, rather, the whole effulgence of his rays, did not become such by any after thought or after work. The whole effulgence of his rays burst forth with his original creation; and by this effulgence we see, know, and feel the sun. So the Son of God, as the effulgence of his Father's glory, is eternally what he is, and by this shining forth into manifestation we see and know the Father, as he himself said, "I and my Father are one;" and "He who hath seen me hath seen the Father." But how is he the uncreated, eternal brightness of the Father's glory, if he became a Son by office? We may say of a

* The words, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him," were once much blessed, especially the last clause, to the writer's soul, as he lay one morning on a bed of sickness and languishing. Need it be wondered, then, that the doctrine of the eternal Sonship of Jesus is dear to his heart, and that he must ever contend earnestly for this part of the faith once delivered unto the saints?

son, that "he is the image of his father;" but not of a servant, that he is the image of his master. As a Son, Christ is superior to angels, for God saith, "Let all the angels of God worship him." But as a servant, "he was made a little lower than the angels," and therefore for a while inferior to them. This is also the foundation of the Apostle's exhortation, "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus, who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men." (Phil. ii. 5—7.) "Being in the form of God," which he could only be as the Son of God, "he thought it not robbery to be equal with God," that is, as his co-eternal Son he claimed a perfect equality with his Father. But this could not be were he a Son by office, for a Son by office would be inferior in the same way as a servant by office is inferior. If any say that the idea of a son by nature implies inferiority also, we deny that it does, if you remove from it the mere incidents of priority and growth which are things of time, not eternity—of the creature, not of the Creator. In eternity there is no priority; in Godhead no inequality; in the infinite, immaterial, self-existing Essence no growth, as there is no diminution. Remove, then, the mere creature incidents of human generation, and equality at once appears. Nay, even with these creature incidents, the earthly son is often equal to the father, and really his only equal; for immediately the father is removed the son occupies his place, which he could not do were he not the equal of his father. We do not like to dwell too much on earthly relationships, lest we darken counsel by words without knowledge, or we might observe that it continually happens that the son is the father's equal, when so far grown up to man's estate that the inferiority of childhood and youth is lost, and a community of interest, say, for instance, as partnership in a firm, gives them equal rights. We throw out the hint, but shall not enlarge upon it, as helping to remove any idea of inferiority necessarily conveyed by sonship, that being the main argument against the eternal Sonship of the Lord Jesus.

2. Nor is Christ the Son of God by *virtue of the covenant*. It was not, as some divines have taught, that the three Persons in the Godhead covenanted on behalf of the Church to become Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. This would make the Triune Jehovah a changeable God, so that prior to the covenant the Father was not the Father, the Son not the Son, and the Holy Ghost not the Holy Ghost. The very mention of such consequences of the doctrine shocks every godly feeling of the soul. What scripture is there to show this? where one "thus saith the LORD" to prove it? The language of the Father is, "Thou *art* my Son, (not "shall be.") this day have I begotten thee." And if any say the words "this day have I begotten thee," refer to the covenant, we say "no;" for the same words are applied to Christ's resurrection, (Acts xiii. 33;) and therefore either refer to the eternal generation of the Son, or, as we rather think, to his manifestation in time as the Son of God, in accordance with the language of the

Apostle, "declared to be the Son of God with power by the resurrection from the dead." (Rom. i. 4.).

Besides which, this doctrine of Christ's becoming the Son of God by the Covenant destroys the peculiarity of the Father's love in the gift of his dear Son. "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all," &c., (Rom. viii. 32.) Then Christ was "his own Son," his true, proper, and real Son. If language mean anything, the words, "his own Son" exclude the idea that Christ *became* God's Son by assumption of the title. But when did the Father not spare his own Son? When he consented in the eternal Covenant to deliver him up to sufferings and death, to redeem the Church by his own blood. Then he was a Son prior to the covenant; and the height and depth of the Father's love consisted in this, that he withheld not his own Son, his only-begotten Son. If "the Son of God" be merely a covenant title, then "God the Father" is merely a covenant title, and "the Holy Ghost" is merely a covenant title. This is, in fact, destroying the mutual relationship and eternal union and communion of the three Persons in the Trinity, and setting up three independent Gods, who, without any personal, eternal relationship, covenant together to assume certain names and titles; in fact, to become what previously they were not. And if Father, Son, and Holy Ghost be mere covenant titles, there appears to be no reason why the Son might not have been the Father, and why the Holy Ghost might not have become the Son, and died for man's redemption. In what a tissue of confusion, if not blasphemy, does such a doctrine land us! But when we view these divine names, not as covenant titles, but as actual declarations of the eternal essence and being, as well as of the eternal union and ineffable nearness and intimacy of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, then a ray of sacred light illuminates the doctrine of the Trinity, and we see a Unity in Trinity, as well as Trinity in Unity. And as the doctrine of a Son by covenant robs both Father and Son of their mutual love, complacency, and delight in one another, as Father and Son, so it drains the very Covenant itself dry of that which is its chief fountain of consolation—the love of the Father as manifested in the gift of his own Son. In this lies the chief sweetness and blessedness of the eternal Covenant. The Covenant is not, so to speak, a dry, formal compact between the three Persons of the Trinity to save the elect; but it is an agreement prompted and sustained by eternal love. It therefore rests not only on the faithfulness of God, but on the love of God, and specially on that love as manifested in the gift of his only-begotten Son. But if the "Son of God" be merely a covenant title, where, prior to the covenant, was the love of the Father to him as a Son? Thus, with the usual perverseness of error, it makes the Covenant the foundation of Christ's divine Sonship, instead of his divine Sonship being the foundation of the Covenant. See how also it destroys the beautiful type of Abraham offering up Isaac. What was Isaac but a type of Christ, and the sacrifice of him by Abraham but a type of the sacrifice of the

Son of God by the Father? But take away Christ's real Sonship, and make it a mere covenant title, and you destroy the whole force and beauty of the type at once. Consider, also, the striking parable of "the vineyard and the husbandmen," and see how the whole force and beauty of it are lost unless Christ is the real, true Son of God. We read that the Lord of the vineyard, after sending servant after servant, whom the wicked husbandmen beat, stoned, killed, and shamefully handled, at last, having "one son, his well-beloved, sent him also, saying, They will reverence my son. But those husbandmen said among themselves, This is the heir; come, let us kill him, and the inheritance shall be ours; and they took him and killed him, and cast him out of the vineyard." (Mark xii. 7, 8.) Now, if it had been a friend or a neighbour who had covenanted to be called the son of the Lord of the vineyard, would not that destroy the whole beauty and significancy of the parable? It was because he was "the one son, the well-beloved" of the Lord of the vineyard, that the parable so beautifully represents the Lord Jesus as the true and real Son of God, and so enhances the wickedness of the husbandmen. So, again, in that passage, "Though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered," the whole force and beauty consists in that he was a real and actual Son, and yet by becoming a servant learned obedience through suffering. (Heb. v. 8.)

But we need not wonder that the true, proper, and real Sonship of the Lord Jesus should be a stumbling block to many. It is a part of God's eternal purpose that his dear Son should be "a stone of stumbling, and a rock of offence." (Isa. viii. 14; 1 Pet. ii. 8.) The mystery of his eternal generation is hidden from the eyes of men; and, therefore, proud reason, with its unsanctified "ifs" and "buts," "hows" and "whys," dashes against this rock and makes shipwreck; whilst living faith, in its childlike simplicity, believes the witness of God which he hath testified of his Son, (1 John v. 9,) and is secure. By carnal reason, we can never rise to an understanding of this divine mystery; but by living faith, we sink into a believing, loving reception of it. "No one," the Lord himself declared, "knoweth the Son but the Father." (Matt. xi. 27.) We need, therefore, that God himself should reveal his dear Son in us, as he revealed him in the heart of Paul, (Gal. i. 16,) that we may, with that blessed Apostle, live a life of faith in the Son of God. (Gal. ii. 20.)

Read, dear friends, carefully and prayerfully the first epistle of John, and see the chain of heavenly blessings connected with believing that Jesus is the Son of God; and we may add, mark too the fearful warnings and denunciations uttered against those who disbelieve in or deny him to be such. It is only by faith in his divine Sonship that we have any "fellowship with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ;" (1 John i. 3;) that "we walk in the light, as he is in the light;" that "we have fellowship" with the redeemed and regenerated family of God; that "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John i. 7.) And mark, that it is only because it is "the blood of his Son," his

co-equal, co-eternal, real, true, and only begotten Son, that it does cleanse from all sin. It is only also as we continue to believe, "that which we have heard from the beginning" concerning his eternal Sonship, and that truth abides in our heart, that "we continue in the Son, and in the Father" (1 John ii. 24); and it is only by "the anointing" which teaches us this heavenly truth, and makes us feel its power, so that we know that "it is truth, and is no lie," that we do "abide in him." (1 John ii. 27.) Without faith in the true and real Sonship of Jesus, there is no inward witness of interest or adoption, (1 John v. 10; Gal. iv. 6); no victory over the world, (1 John v. 5); no dwelling in God, or God dwelling in us. (1 John iv. 15.) All these blessings are connected with a living faith in the Son of God. And on the other hand, to disbelieve or to deny the Son is to deny the Father; (1 John ii. 22, 23;) for "he that honoreth not the Son, honoreth not the Father which hath sent him." (John v. 23.)

Can we, then, contend too earnestly for this faith once delivered to the saints? Can we have any union or communion with those who deny it? What says holy John? "If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God speed: For he that biddeth him God speed is partaker of his evil deeds." (2 John 10, 11.) A heretic is worse than a worldling a thousandfold; for the latter may be called by grace, and brought to believe in the Son of God; but the former, except by a miracle of mercy, never.

The Lord, in tender mercy, enlighten the eyes of our understanding, that we may see more and more beauty and blessedness in the Son of God, live a life of faith upon him, cleave to him with more purpose of heart, spend the remainder of our days more to his glory, and when death comes, welcome its stroke as carrying our souls to see him face to face, and to be with him for ever!

Here, then, we close this important subject, commending it to the attention of our readers; and may they follow the example of the noble Bereans, who received the word with all-readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily whether these things were so. (Acts xvii. 11.)

The following extract from Mr. Soper's book gives an excellent summary of the scriptural proofs of the equality of the Three Persons in the blessed Trinity:

"Every appellation and attribute of divine life are ascribed to each of the Three Persons, as in the following examples:

"The Father is JEHOVAH (Ps. lxxxiii. 18); the Son is JEHOVAH (Jer. xxxiii. 6); the Holy Spirit is JEHOVAH (Isa. xl. 13, with Rom. xi. 34).

"The Father is Lord (*κύριος*) as may be understood (Rom. x. 12); our Saviour is Lord (Luke ii. 11); the Holy Ghost is Lord (2 Cor. iii. 17; 2 Thess. iii. 5).

"The Father is eternal (Deut. xxxiii. 27; Rom. i. 20); the Son is eternal (Isa. ix. 6; Micah v. 2; John viii. 58; Heb. i. 8; 1 John i. 2); the Holy Ghost is eternal (John xiv. 10; Heb. ix. 14).

"The Father is almighty (Gen. xvii. 1); Son (Col. i. 10; Heb. i. 3; Jude 25); Holy Ghost (Is. xl. 13—15).

"The Father is infinite (Ps. civ. 3); Son (Eph. i. 23); Holy Ghost (Ps. cxxxix. 7; John xiv. 26).

"The Father is omnipotent (Matt. xi. 26; Rom. i. 20); Son (Ps. cii. 25—27; comp. Heb. i. 10—12; Matt. xxviii. 18; Phil. iii. 21); Holy Ghost (Job xxxiii. 4; Ps. civ. 30; Rom. viii. 11).

"The Father is omniscient (John iv. 21—23; Rom. ii. 16); Son (Matt. xii. 25; John ii. 24, 25; xvi. 30; Heb. iv. 12, 13); Holy Ghost (Rom. ix. 1; 1 Cor. ii. 9—11).

"The Father is omnipresent (1 Kings viii. 27); the Son (Matt. xviii. 20; John iii. 13); Holy Ghost (Ps. cxxxix. 7—10).

"The Father is unchangeable (Mal. iii. 6); Son (Ps. cii. 27; comp. Heb. i. 12; xiii. 8); Holy Ghost (Hagg. ii. 5; comp. John xiv. 16).

"The Father is self-existent (John v. 26; Rev. i. 4); Son (John i. 4; v. 26; 1 John v. 20); Holy Ghost (Rom. viii. 11; 2 Cor. iii. 6; Rev. xi. 11).

"The creation of the universe is ascribed to the Father (Heb. i. 2); Son (Is. xlv. 24; John i. 10; Col. i. 16); Holy Spirit (Gen. i. 2; Ps. xxxiii. 6; civ. 30).

"Creation of man. Father (Gen. ii. 7; Mark x. 6); Son (Col. i. 16); Holy Spirit (Job xxxiii. 4).

"Preservation of all things. Father (Neh. ix. 6); Son (Col. i. 17); Holy Spirit (Is. xl. 13—15).

"Resurrection of the dead. Father (John v. 21; 1 Cor. vi. 14); Son (John v. 21); Holy Spirit (Rom. viii. 11; Rev. xi. 11).

"Resurrection of Christ. Father (1 Cor. vi. 14); Son (John ii. 19; 1 Pet. iii. 18); Holy Spirit (Rom. viii. 11).

"Incarnation of Christ. Father (Heb. x. 5); Son (Heb. ii. 16); Holy Spirit (Luke i. 35).

"Redemption. Father (Luke i. 68); Son (Heb. ix. 12); Holy Spirit (Heb. ix. 14).

"Justification. Father (Rom. iv. 5, 6); Son (Rom. v. 9); Holy Spirit (1 Cor. vi. 11).

"Sanctification. Father (John xvii. 17; Jude 1); Son (Heb. ii. 11); Holy Spirit (Rom. xv. 16; 1 Pet. i. 2).

"Everlasting Life, the gift of God the Father (Rom. vi. 23; 1 John v. 11); the Son (Matt. xxv. 46; 1 John v. 11); Holy Ghost (Gal. vi. 8).

"Invocation, adoration, and worship are given to the Father (Rev. iv. 11); Son (Ps. xlv. 11; Rev. v. 12); Holy Spirit (Rev. i. 4; 2 Thess. iii. 5). To the Father and the Son (Rev. v. 13, 14); Father, Son, and Holy Spirit (2 Cor. xiii. 14; Rev. i. 4, 5; Rev. iv. 8)."

As an English nobleman, who travels to some foreign court, cannot reasonably expect to be received as the representative of his sovereign here, unless charged with an actual obligation, and able to produce the credentials of his mission, no more is any individual authorised to arrogate to himself the honor of a divine embassy, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron. A sufficient degree of gospel light and knowledge; an ardent love of souls, and a disinterested concern for truth; a competent measure of ministerial gifts and abilities; and, above all, a portion of divine grace and experience, a saving change of heart, and a life devoted to the glory of God, are essential free requisites to an evangelical discharge of the sacred function.—*Toplady*.

"Then Philip opened his mouth, and began at the same Scripture, and preached unto him Jesus." A very short, but a very sweet sermon. And the Lord the Spirit, which sent Philip to preach Jesus to the Ethiopian, gave the Ethiopian grace to hear and to understand. He found Jesus in the wilderness, though he had not found him at Jerusalem.—*Hawker*.

INQUIRY.

Sir,—Is it right that churches, able to support a minister, should continue to lean only upon Supplies, though such can be procured at a much less cost ?

A LOVER OF ORDER.

ANSWER.

As a general rule, we are not favourable to the system of Supplies, where it is not a matter of almost absolute necessity. There are, it is true, many places where, except for the services of good men thus laying themselves out for the profit of the churches, there could and would be no preaching of the Gospel at all. In these and similar cases, thanks are due to the Lord of the harvest for sending forth labourers to reap these corners of his field. There are other cases also where their services are highly useful and acceptable. The congregation, for instance, may be too small, or the people too poor to support a settled minister ; or it may be quite an infant cause, and not yet need the supervision of a pastor ; or with every desire of the church and congregation for a settled ministry, and after much prayer made by them for a man of God to take the oversight of them, the Lord may still delay to send a suitable servant of his to go in and out permanently amongst them ; or the church may be much divided in opinion, and the settlement of a pastor might cause a separation, and almost a breaking up of the cause altogether. These seem justifiable reasons for going on for a while with Supplies.

Besides, however, these cases, without wishing to disparage any good and gracious men, we may add that there do not seem to be many ministers in our day adapted for a permanent settlement. Some are during the week much occupied with business or mechanical employments, so that they cannot serve the Lord without distraction, or give themselves wholly (1 Tim. iv. 15) to the work of the ministry. Others want that variety of spiritual matter, those gifts of utterance, that flowing spring of heavenly wisdom, which are, to a certain extent, necessary in a permanent minister. What is needed in him is not a variety of truth, but a variety *in* truth. No new truths are wanted, but a holding up, a bringing forward, and, as it were, an impregnating old truth with new life, and that from a flowing brook in the preacher's soul. If there be not a measure of this, there will be a sameness, a deadness, and a dryness in the ministry, which will bring an insensible death over the place, and be the grief and burden of the exercised family of God.

“The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed.”

This wearisome sameness is not so much felt in a Supply, and has not the same consequences ; for the next Lord's day may bring a different man into the pulpit, who may have more life and feeling in his soul, and, indeed, the novelty itself will, in good measure, prevent the weariness.

But assuming that there is a fit man to take the oversight over them (and a church should not be too particular or expect too much, if well satisfied with his experience, gifts, and walk), we are well convinced from Scripture and observation that a settled ministry is

far preferable to the system of Supplies. Admitting the advantage the latter affords of a greater variety of gifts and experience, yet we feel fully convinced that the evils—evils inherent in the system itself, much preponderate. Where there is no regular pastor, there must be always a degree of unsettledness in the church and congregation. Parties get formed in the church, each preferring their favourite Supply; too much power and authority are thrown into the hands of the deacons; there is no one to visit the sick, and be always on the spot when counsel is needed, or a distressed soul to be encouraged; there is no one who has sufficient spiritual authority to reconcile contentions and disputes; and, like a family without a father, there is no one who can mediate with love and affection between the disputing children. What influence has a Supply except in the pulpit? Out of that, he is a mere cipher. If contentions arise in the church, and the matter be brought before him, what does he say? "I am only a Supply. I cannot enter into your disputes. Settle it among yourselves. I am off by the train to-morrow morning at six o'clock." Or should he endeavour to settle matters, what says one or perhaps both of the contending parties? "What has *he* to do with it? He is only a *Supply*. He has no voice in church matters—nor right to be at our meetings. Besides, what can he know of the case? Here to-day, and gone to-morrow. What can he know of the real cause of our dispute, and which party is to blame?" Thus the church falls into a state of unsettledness; there is no discipline or order; church meetings are either tacitly dropped, or become scenes of brawling and contention; those who fear God in the congregation, seeing the state the church has got into, will not join it; and thus peace and prosperity desert it altogether. The evil—the inherent evil of a system of Supplies, is never more distinctly shown than when the pastor of a church dies, and what we may call an *interregnum* takes place, before the church agrees in its choice of a new pastor. What strife and division; what a conflict of opinions; what party spirit; what separation often of chief friends does this interregnum call forth! Contrast with this the state of a church under a pastor generally esteemed and beloved. The troublers have dropped off; the fighting men and women have gone to fight elsewhere; and those only remain who can sit under the stated minister with comfort and satisfaction. Thus a steady congregation is in due time formed; and if the Lord is with him to bless him, in the church gradually lengthens her cords and strengthens her stakes, most of those thus added being his own spiritual children, who are thus imbued with peculiar love and affection toward him. By continually hearing him, the church, and those that fear God in the congregation, drink into his drift and spirit; and thus a close bond of union is formed and maintained between the pastor and them. Contrast with this the state of a church and congregation where the ministry is wholly carried on by Supplies. Just as most of the spiritual hearers are beginning to understand and drink into his ministry, he is gone. Through illness, or family afflictions, others, perhaps, are kept at home just during the visit of the very minister

under whom they feed most. With much difficulty they manage to get to hear his last sermon, and what they then feel makes them grieve over what they have lost, and long to hear him again. But next Lord's day there is a new man in the pulpit, who perhaps takes the very same text, and knocks down all that the minister whom they had heard so comfortably and profitably had set up. And as a church is often much put about in getting acceptable Supplies, and yet the pulpit must be filled, there will be at times a great risk of having men whose trumpet does not give a certain sound, or who may have a legal bias, or who may advance things contrary to the word of truth and the experience of the saints; or who, from very confusion of mind, in facing a fresh congregation, may drop expressions which they have no subsequent opportunity to explain, but which are painfully remembered after they are gone.

We mean nothing personal by these remarks, nor are they aimed against any man or any church. We have written merely on general grounds, and tried to view the subject in a broad light, and to weigh in the scales of the sanctuary two systems as systems, irrespective of individuals. There may be most excellent Supplies, and very indifferent pastors; but the system is distinct from individuals, whether they be the one or the other. It is, in fact, the church which suffers, as it is the church which decides. If it be the mind and will of the church to prefer Supplies to a settled minister, no fault can attach to the Supply.

Like most other evils, too, it has a tendency to perpetuate itself; and as a bad habit once formed gets daily stronger, till at last it can scarcely be shaken off at all, so with a bad system. Like a man of unsettled habits, a church, once become unsettled, rarely settles down quietly under a pastor; at least there must be a certain time before the unsettledness works off. Habit is a wonderful thing, and as quiet men may, by constantly travelling, learn to prefer at last a vagrant life, so quiet churches may come to love the loose, undisciplined freedom of having no head, and the charm of constant variety in seeing new faces in the pulpit and hearing new voices. The deacons, too, may not like to relinquish the power they possess, and the close corporation they form, unchecked by a pastor, and may also fear lest the church and congregation, which are mainly kept together by the system of Supplies, should be broken up or weakened by having recourse to a permanent settlement. Churches, therefore, that really desire a suitable pastor may have almost put it out of their own power to obtain one by the very strength of the system of which they have been at the same time the favorers and the victims.

We guarded ourselves in the outset by stating there were cases where a settled ministry was at present not practicable. To these our remarks do not apply so much as to those churches which are able to support a minister, alluded to by our Correspondent, to whose Inquiry we have thus attempted an Answer.

Erratum.—In our March Number, p. 93, line from bottom 13, for "is the person of the Son of God," read "in the person of the Son of God."

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

No. 245.

MAY 1, 1856.

Vol. XXII.

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

NOTES OF A SERMON DELIVERED AT THE
MEETING-ROOM, BECKENHAM, KENT, IN THE EVENING OF
MARCH 20TH, 1823, BY THE LATE HENRY FOWLER.

“When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them.” Isa. xli. 17.

Here is a promise which requires a better faith to credit than that which is generally styled faith in the day in which we live, although perhaps there never was a day when religion was more in fashion. For my part, I am always hearing about it; of the wonderful progress of the Gospel almost everywhere; that there are a vast number of converts; and that all these pleasing appearances prove it to be the dawn of the latter-day glory, when “the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.” But what is there to show that this is the case? Do they and their converts experience the following two things as the fruits of the Gospel; first, a sense of the lost and ruined state of man by the Fall; and, secondly, a sense of the pardoning mercy and love of God?

In speaking from the text, I will endeavour to show,

I. To whom the promise is made;

II. What is meant by their seeking water; and

III. The blessedness of the promise itself.

I. It is to *Zion* that the promise is addressed. *Zion* is not all the world, but a certain number chosen out of the world, whose characters are thus given in the text, “the poor and needy.” Some are declared (Rev. iii. 17) to say, “I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing;” and yet they really are “wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.” From such persons such an one as is named in my text widely differs. You cannot persuade him that he possesses any one good thing. You may urge his outward walk, and disposition to do good; but he cannot consent to it, and will say, “I am depraved as God knoweth, and deserve eternal damnation for my sins.” It is recorded of those mentioned in Rev. iii. 17, that they said they had “need of nothing;” no, not even of the righteousness of Christ. They have, they suppose, a righteousness of their own; for all in a state of nature will use this plea, “I am not so vile as such a one, nor have done as such a one has;” but the poor and needy man feels, as Mr. Hart says,

“Needy, and naked, and unclean;
Empty of good and full of ill.”

But who told thee this was thy condition? God said to Adam, "Who told thee thou wast naked?" It was because his "eyes were opened." So, till the Holy Ghost opens the eyes of our understanding, we know not that we are wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked. Such poor and needy souls are the characters in my text, who are said to "seek water," of which I promised, in the second place, to speak.

II. In the Scriptures the word *water* signifies more things than one, two, or ten; but I will name only two or three.

1. *The blood of Christ* is compared to water. "I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you." I hope we know something of the efficacy of the blood of Christ in removing the guilt of sin from our conscience.

2. *The Holy Ghost* is compared to water. The Lord Jesus at the well said to the woman of Samaria, "Whosoever drinketh of this well shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into eternal life." Again, Jesus stood and cried, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink;" and "out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. This spake he of the Spirit, which they that believe on him should receive." (John vii. 37—39.) Water has various virtues, both to cleanse and refresh; and Ezekiel sets it forth as enlivening. He was shown "waters issuing from the sanctuary;" and it was told him that "everything that liveth, which moveth whithersoever the waters come, shall live; and there shall be a very great multitude of fish, because these waters shall come thither; for they shall be healed, and everything shall live whither the river cometh." (Ezek. xlvii. 9.)

The poor and needy seek this water; but "there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst." They seek it among the professors of religion, and from the law; but at neither of these sources can it be found. Such a seeker entertains a favorable opinion of professors, and attends with them. He hears them thus commend the minister:—"He is a very fine man," says one; "I never hardly heard so excellent a sermon," says another; and this sentiment runs through the whole congregation; but the poor seeker finds a dissatisfaction with the whole; and, instead of being elevated by the sermon, he feels his mind more darkened and confused. He hears the thunders of God in his law, and is alarmed; but knows not where to hide. He strives to keep the law; but that is no refuge for him; as one has it,

"The law proclaims, with frowning face,
"This is for thee no hiding place.'"

The law was given to save no man, but to condemn every man. "The law was added because of transgressions;" nor can that which is "the ministration of death" give life. "From his right hand went forth a fiery law for them; and there was the hiding of his power." Good old Cennick sings,—

“The more I strove against sin’s power,
I sinn’d and stumbled but the more ;
Till late I heard the Saviour say,
‘Come hither, soul; I am the way.’”

I have often thought what a true picture of God’s seeking children the prophet Jeremiah has given in these words :—“The nobles sent their little ones for water ; they came unto the pits, and found no water, and returned with their vessels empty ; they were ashamed, and covered their heads.” This was the case literally with them ; and all the exercises of this nature, poor and needy soul, that thou meetest with, are to drive thee out of, and from trust in, the first Covenant, under which all that remain must perish.

Thirst is considered the keenest of all pains ; and in the failing of the tongue articulation ceases. Oh, how much is water needed to satiate the thirst of the soul, which is like the parched ground in the drought of summer. It opens in places, as though it were asking for rain.

III. The promise to the poor and needy in this condition is, “I the Lord will hear them ; I the God of Israel will not forsake them.” He who found Jacob in a waste howling wilderness finds out his own in the thickets of a profession. Go back they cannot ; there they see is certain death ; and on every hand and before is the appearance of death, as Bunyan has it. “I will gather them, saith the Lord, whither they have been driven in the cloudy and dark day.” The great profession of the day is the child of God’s dark day, and causes him darkness and gloom. “For the oppression of the poor, and for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord, and set him in safety from him that puffeth at him.” (Psalm xii. 5.) The mere professor knows nothing of these exercises ; but a man must be ruined before he is saved, lost before he is found, wounded before he is healed. To tell such a one as knows how to do nothing that “he must save himself ; that he must believe, and not seek a personal experience of pardoning mercy,” is the very way to drive a man to distraction.

Now at whatever stage of experience the child of God has arrived is not the object, for all God’s people are alike interested in his love. A nobleman may have two sons ; one of the age of fourteen years, the other not more than six months. The eldest may know his father, and also have some knowledge of the estate he is heir to, while the other is ignorant of both ; yet the youngest is a son of the same parent, and interested in the same property. The Lord grants his mercies in answer to prayer ; but the devil will tell thee that God will not hear thy prayers ; they are such poor prayers, he says, and you such a creature as God will not regard. I could point out many spots of ground where I have attempted to pray, and have thus been buffeted by the devil. I remember once attending a meeting in a room not much larger than this, where a few people met to read and pray. I crept into a corner ; and, when the service was over, crept out again, for fear any one should ask me a question ; for I thought, if they knew what I really was, they

would not admit me into their company, for I feared I was a hypocrite. And not only does the devil strive to hinder the children of God from prayer in their early days ; but afterwards, when God hides his face, for the trial of faith, or when guilt is afresh contracted, and lies upon the conscience, then Satan will say, "Do not pray now ; stop till you are in a better frame." But it is reasonable for the child that has fallen in the dirt to go to its parent and cry to be cleansed,—a privilege peculiar to the children of God. Blessed are those who are in such a case. Though such a one might have no better home than a workhouse, and scarce decent clothes to wear, he is richer far than the mere professor, who has all of this world that his heart can wish. Ask a mere professor to give you a reason of his hope ; and he will tell you that he attended at such a place of worship, and that the minister entertained an opinion that he was sincere in his profession ; consequently he joined his church, and has been a very useful member. But I will suppose you to ask him the following questions :—

1. Have you a broken heart ?
2. Have you a humble and contrite spirit ?
3. Have you felt the blood of atonement applied to your conscience, removing guilt ?
4. Has the love of God been shed abroad in your heart, dispersing bondage and fear ?
5. Have you felt a love to God's people beyond all that words can express ?
6. Has your heart been purified by faith ?

He must falter, and if he speak the truth, he must answer in the negative. He may say, "The Bible tells me that Christ came into the world to save sinners ; and I believe it." Yes ; and he may rehearse all the doctrines of the gospel, as an attorney may the laws of the realm, or a schoolboy his lesson ; perhaps with more fluency than many of the children of God.

Sometimes the Lord blesses his children with the fulfilment of the promise expressed in our text, in their conversation one with another, as you read, "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard them, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name." And as you have no regular preaching in this place, I would advise you to meet together to read, pray, and to converse. There may be two speaking, and a half-a-dozen hearing, and all written in the book of God's remembrance. But always "let your conversation be seasoned with salt"—the savour of the Saviour's name ; and not finding fault with other people. You may speak of your troubles as far as you can with prudence, and of the answers you have to your prayers ; and you will find it attended with good effects to your souls. The promise stands good to every member of Zion, as long as they are in this world : "I, the God of Israel, will not forsake them." God made a promise to Joshua on his entering the promised land, saying, "I will not fail thee nor forsake thee." (Joshua i. 5.) In the

strength of this promise he went on and destroyed Jericho ; but Achan took of the accursed thing ; and the anger of God was kindled against Israel, and thirty-six of them were smitten by the men of Ai. What a proof this of the omniscience of Jehovah, who both sees and weighs the actions of men. This was a trial to Joshua's faith ; and he rent his clothes, and said to the Lord, "(O Lord, what shall I say when Israel turneth their backs before their enemies ? For the Canaanites, and all the people of the land shall hear of it, and shall environ us round, and cut off our name from the earth, and what wilt thou do unto thy great name ?" (Joshua vii. 8, 9.) There was no cause for all this fear in Joshua ; God had given him his promise which, in his own time, he performed. As David, in Psalm xciv. 14, declares, " The Lord will not cast off his people, neither will he forsake his inheritance ;" and again the Lord, by his servant Jeremiah, says, " If the heaven above can be measured, and the foundation of the earth be searched out beneath, I will also cast off all the seed of Israel, for all that they have done, saith the Lord." (Jer. xxxi. 37.) Oh, what a God have we to do with, who will not let even our iniquities separate us from his love ! and neither men nor devils shall pluck his people out of his hands. May the Lord give you the enjoyment of all I have been speaking of ; and then I shall have cause to praise him with all the powers of my soul, for I am sure it is his due ; and also the praise of all the good that attends the labours of all his servants. Amen.

Albeit the judgments of God fall heavily in this life on some notorious, obstinate, and impenitent sinner, yet, for the most part, the rod of God falleth to the lot of the righteous ; more of them are afflicted, and they more afflicted than the wicked usually are, who, with Dives, take their portion here, because, as the Psalmist speaketh, their portion is in this life.—*Featley*.

Ask almost any man, " Whether he hopes to be saved eternally ?" He will answer in the affirmative. But inquire again, " On what foundation he rests his hope ?" There, too, many are sadly divided. The Pelagian hopes to get to heaven by a moral life, and a good use of his natural powers. The Arminian, by a jumble of grace and free-will, human works and the merits of Christ. The Deist, by an interested observance of the social virtues. Thus merit-mongers, of every denomination, agree in making anything the basis of their hope rather than that foundation which God's own hand hath laid in Zion. But what saith Scripture ? It avers, again and again, that Jesus alone is our hope ; to the exclusion of all others, and to the utter annihilation of human deservings. Beware, therefore, of resting your dependence partly on Christ, and partly on some other basis. As surely as you bottom your reliance partly on the rock and partly on the sand, so certainly, unless God give you an immediate repentance to your acknowledgment of the truth, will your supposed house of defence fall and bury you in its ruins, no less than if you had raised it on the sand alone.—*Toplady*.

A NARRATIVE OF MERCY AND GRACE.

[The following letter to us, which we insert at full length, will explain how the writer was led to send us the narrative of his own experience, which we now lay before our readers. Though much of it is mere biographical incident, yet the whole is so linked together, and the dealings in grace are so connected with the dealings in providence, that we felt we must either not insert it at all, or give it without mutilation. Coming as it did to us from a perfect stranger, we can only say we read it with much interest and some feeling, and think it will commend itself to the conscience of our spiritual readers as written in a honest, simple, straightforward, truthful strain, with all the simplicity and originality that are stamped upon heart experience.]

Dear Brother,—The inclosed experience, with some few alterations and omissions, was written nearly twelve months ago, under the following circumstances. I had been telling one of my patients what great things the Lord had done for my soul, and contending for the sovereign work of the Holy Ghost in all real religion. The Lord had given me a remarkable door of utterance, and greatly blessed my soul, so that I felt constrained to sit up until late to record the substance of our conversation whilst it was still warm and fresh in my memory. After I went to bed, I dreamed that I was standing in the midst of a Sunday-school, and telling to the teachers and children what great things the Lord had done for me. I was awoke before six o'clock, with this dream strongly impressed upon my mind. As I lay meditating, the Holy Ghost brought all things to my remembrance from the very first, so that by the time I got up (for I was not permitted to fall asleep again), the whole of my history was written in my memory, and I had only to write down what the Lord had brought to me. In doing this I was greatly blessed indeed. Such a sweet and precious visit from my dear Lord; such blessed rejoicing under the light of his sweet countenance; such blessing and praising him for his manifested goodness and loving-kindness to me; such nearness of access did I enjoy, through the rich anointing of the blessed Spirit, as I hope never to forget. The sweet savour of this precious visit continued with me for many days. My dear Brother, if the same gracious Spirit should condescend to bless you, or your readers, (should you be led to think it suitable and worthy a place in the "Gospel Standard"), with the same sweet and precious anointing, I am sure your heart will be warmed and gladdened at the wondrous grace which has been given to such a poor, vile worm as I am, and a Triune covenant Jehovah will be glorified. Moreover, to make me earnest in this work, the Lord laid this Scripture with weight upon my mind: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest."

My mind being led, through my dream, to Sunday-schools and children, I thought it was perhaps the Lord's will that I should send

my narrative for insertion in the "Little Gleaner"; but afterwards thinking that most of it was not suited for children, I wrote to the Editor, asking him, if he thought so too, kindly to return it, which he did, with the following remarks. "I return you the account at your request, as, although it is deeply interesting, I do not think some parts of it suited to the 'Gleaner,' which is a child's magazine, and there are some things unnecessary to tell to children.—I rejoice in the Lord's mercy to you," &c. Since then it has lain in my drawer, until I should see the Lord's hand more clearly. Your remarks, under the head of "Hold on to any promises ever made to your soul," in the "Gospel Standard" for January, the Lord was pleased to make such a precious word of comfort and encouragement to my soul, that I felt a drawing towards you; and a desire, if it were the Lord's will, that my experience might be recorded in the "Gospel Standard," if so be the Lord would be glorified and his people benefited. Yours faithfully in the Lord,
 W. L.
 Liverpool, March 6, 1856.

"COME ALL YE THAT FEAR GOD, AND I WILL DECLARE
 WHAT HE HATH DONE FOR MY SOUL."

But in order to set forth the wondrous wisdom of him who "worketh all things after the counsel of his own will," I must needs say something of my life previous to being called by sovereign grace. And oh, what infinite design is manifested in that wondrous chain of events which marked the course of my life when "dead in trespasses and sins!" Oh, how sweet, when led by the blessed Spirit, to take a survey of all the way the Lord has led me, both before and since calling! I am quite lost in wonder, love, and praise at the wondrous love, mercy, and grace, of a Triune covenant Jehovah toward such a poor, vile, and worthless worm as I am.

"Oh, to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be!"

I was born on the 23rd of September, 1817, in a little village in Cheshire. My father died before I was three years old, so that I have no recollection of him. I was his only child. My mother afterwards married again, and had a large family. The Lord made my step-father very kind to me.

A circumstance which occurred to me, when a little boy, I shall never forget. I was allowed to go one day with the servant-man in the cart to the mill, but my mother gave me strict orders not to go to my grandfather's, who lived near. I suppose I was not dressed sufficiently neat. However, I disobeyed her commands, and went; when my grandmother filled my pockets with nuts and apples. When I returned home, my mother asked me where I got them from, and I told her some great untruth. However, she found out where I had been, and but for my step-father I might have escaped punishment; but he told her she was bringing me up to the gallows, which the Lord caused to have such an effect upon her mind, that she took me upstairs, and laid me upon the bed, and whipped me as long as

she had power. I shall never forget that whipping! How good the Lord was to cause her to punish me so severely; for had I been left to go on telling lies, into what sins and wickedness I might have gone!

The next thing I remember as being remarkable was, one day, when I was about ten, I felt such a sense of my deep sinfulness as caused me to weep very bitterly. My mother asked me what was the matter. For some time I was ashamed to tell her; but after a while I did, when she told me I was a very good boy, and not to make myself unhappy.

Afterwards, I was sent to a boarding-school at Macclesfield. Here I did not get sufficient food. I remember one holiday afternoon, running all the way home—a distance of six and a-half miles. My mother was frightened at seeing me; she gave me something to eat and sent me back. I was not discovered, and although I had run and walked thirteen miles, I don't remember feeling tired. Then I was removed to Knutsford, and boarded with a distant relative, and here I could not eat too much. It was at this school that God's eternal purposes towards me began to develop themselves. There was a poor imbecile there, whom the Lord caused me to be kind to. Most of the other boys used to tease and make fun of him; but I always took his part, and my kindness he never forgot. I little thought then what an important instrument he would be in the Lord's hand for my good—but you shall hear bye-and-bye.

My next step was a very important one, and clearly shows the over-ruling providence of God toward his dear people, even in their state of unregeneracy. The time had now arrived for me to be apprenticed to something, and why I should have chosen the medical profession in preference to any thing else, I cannot conceive. It was all the Lord's doing, to further his eternal purposes of love and mercy toward me. Just at that time it happened that a Mr. S., a surgeon in Leigh, Lancashire, was in want of an apprentice. My executor heard of it, and it was arranged that I should go there. What marvellous consequences were the result of this step, both in providence and grace! I went and served him faithfully five years. During the latter part of this period, I was strongly tempted to fall into a sin which ruins thousands; but the Lord, in his rich and sovereign mercy, kept me. Oh, what a mercy it is to be kept from sin! to be kept moral, honest, truthful, and sober! I trust I shall never be led to look back to this eventful period of my life, without feelings of the deepest gratitude to the Lord for preserving me from an awful sin. Whilst here, I became acquainted with a Mrs. B. and her son, who had been Mr. S.'s pupil before me. This lady became an instrument in the Lord's hand of much good to me afterwards. Well, I left Leigh, and then had to attend lectures and hospital practice to enable me to become a surgeon and apothecary. The first winter I went to Liverpool, the next to Dublin, the next to Edinburgh, and then to London, where I passed my examination at the College of Surgeons. Whilst in London, I received an invitation to visit Mr. B., who had gone to reside in Milford, in South

Wales. Whilst there I received a communication from a Mr. S. of Liverpool. At the recommendation of Mrs. B., he had written to ask me to come and attend to his practice, as he was about to be married. This was in 1841. I went; and the following year, finding me steady and attentive, he took me into partnership. For several years the Lord made him very kind to me; but soon after, being called by sovereign grace, we dissolved partnership, under an agreement that I was to pay him a certain annuity during his life. The Lord not only permitted him to take a great advantage of me in this arrangement, but soon afterwards turned his heart to hate me, so that he would have no sort of communication with me. All this was permitted for the display of the Lord's wondrous love and power toward his poor unworthy servant; for when I could no longer pay the annuity, and was expecting nothing but bankruptcy and the gaol, the Lord suddenly removed him by death. Thus, like Israel of old, when they saw the Egyptians dead on the sea-shore, did I "sing unto the Lord, for he triumphed gloriously. The Lord is my strength and song, and he is become my salvation. Who is like thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders?" For I had been as the Holy Ghost describes it by the prophet—"And hast feared continually every day, because of the fury of the oppressor, as if he were ready to destroy. And where is the fury of the oppressor?" Blessed be God!—gone for ever. Oh, what a wonderful deliverance was this, and how unexpected! "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name" for ever and ever.

Thus the Lord has led me step by step, in a way that I knew not, up to the present time, and has blessed me indeed; so that I am constrained with the Psalmist to say, "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. 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."

Having traced the Lord's goodness to me in providence, I now return to trace out his goodness to me in grace.

You will remember the poor imbecile whom the Lord made me kind to when at school at Knutsford. After my apprenticeship he made many inquiries after me; and a surgeon in the country, who attended him often, asked me to call with him. At last I was persuaded to do so. Would you believe it? But it was mainly through his instrumentality that I obtained my wife. "A good wife is from the Lord;" and truly mine is a good wife in every sense of the word.

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform!"

We were married in 1842, and the Lord has given us nine children, three of whom he has been pleased to take away by death. This was a very important step in my life, and shows the Lord's goodness to me very wonderfully, as she is the only one in her family whom the Lord has at present manifested as

a "vessel of mercy." In consequence of being so closely united to this family, the Lord caused my mother-in-law to interest herself in procuring me an apprentice, the only son of my schoolmaster at Knutsford. She had caused this young gentleman to be the instrument of as much good to my soul, as Mrs. B. was to me in providence.

I should like to tell you what sort of a boy I was; for the boy is often the future man. I was generally considered a quiet orderly boy, and my companions were the same. As I grew up I attended church very regularly; I read religious books, and was considered a very good religious young man, which was a great recommendation in procuring me my wife; although for several years before we were married I became very remiss in my religious duties. We attended balls and parties for some time after our marriage; but these proving very distasteful to me, besides not being able to support them, I gradually left them off, and became much more zealous for the cause of religion, and the salvation of lost mankind. I joined the Evangelical Alliance, and subscribed to the Bible and Religious Tract Societies, &c. I became first a Sunday-school teacher, and then the superintendent; and during the year 1848, I collected from the boys and teachers upwards of 10*l.* for the Church Missionary Society. I was very zealous, and distributed a large number of tracts to the poor. I was working for life, and I cannot but say that I was well satisfied with my performances. But the Lord suddenly stopped me in the midst of all this. Whilst attending to my duties as superintendent of the Sunday-school, the last Lord's day I believe in 1848, I took cold and got inflammation of my throat, which ended in suppuration, as quinsies generally do. During this illness I felt as cold and lifeless as a stone; nothing moved me. I was also very impatient, so that I am sure it could be no pleasure for any one to do anything for me; and yet how very kind the Lord made every one. I had one of the most eminent surgeons in Liverpool attending me, besides my partner, but there I lay more ungrateful than a beast. This was very sad. Oh, thought I, either religion is all a delusion, or I have none. In a little while the Lord restored me to health and strength again; but a great change had passed over me. I could not take the same pleasure in the Sunday-school I did before. I got very dissatisfied with the preaching of the minister. Nothing afforded me the same pleasure it used to do. I became quite fretful and peevish. But the Lord's set time was fast approaching to favor me, and manifest me "as a chosen vessel."

"For thus the eternal counsel ran:
'Almighty love, arrest that man!'
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding place."

About nine months after this illness my apprentice went up to London to attend lectures, &c. I had previously been in correspondence with a gentleman—a Dr. C., in the M—— hospital, about him. This gentleman I believed to be a child of God, in

consequence of some articles he wrote in one of the medical journals which I read; and, therefore, I felt the more comfortable in intrusting him to his care, as my apprentice was of a decidedly religious turn of mind (I here speak as I thought when I was a professor), and as sincere a Christian as I was. He found him a very nice man indeed, and very kind; the consequence of which was, I felt interested in procuring all the subscribers I could to a religious work which he was then publishing. In what a very mysterious way does the Lord work to bring about his eternal purposes of love and mercy to his dear people! This work being written by a highly gifted servant of God, we could not understand; the consequence of which was, it gave universal dissatisfaction, so that I felt quite sorry I had had anything to do with it, which I expressed to Dr. C. The result of this was, he wrote and told me that he did not believe I was a child of God—that my religion was all rotten, &c., which so affected me, that I trembled from head to foot. I had never had the genuineness of my religion questioned before. I knew that I was sincere in what I professed, and therefore had no doubt about it myself; but now I became greatly distressed and perplexed, and knew not what to do. As soon as I could, I hastened to the minister of our church, to ask him if he thought I could be deceiving myself. I took in my pocket a copy of "The Sinner's Friend," a little book which I then thought very highly of, and read the following at page 14: "No, my friend, the most rigid observance of moral duties, the kindest exertions of benevolence, the strictest attention to religious exercises, even to the Sabbath itself; all these, however good in themselves (and good they are), all would fail at the final day, were not the kingdom of God implanted within you, by the sacred new-creating influences of the Holy Spirit of our gracious God." I said I had felt nothing of this. He looked at me, and seemed surprised that my faith was so soon shaken, and said, "Mr. L., I have known you for several years, and have had frequent opportunities of talking with you, and I have never observed anything like self-righteousness about you, and your walk has always been most consistent; I have no doubt but that you are in the right way."

This was a great relief to my mind, so that I attacked Dr. C.'s religion very vigorously, and tried to prove him what he said I was. A regular pitched battle was the consequence, which lasted about two months. Until I had quite wearied out our minister, I used to take and read my letters to him before sending them, and he thought them excellent. But finding, after some time, he grew weary of me, I went no more, but fought as well as I could myself, until I had no more strength to fight. Although I had, from the beginning, a secret conviction that Dr. C. was right, and I was wrong, I would not admit it, until it became so painful that I could no longer go on fighting against the truth, for it was "kicking against the pricks," indeed. So at last I was compelled to tell Dr. C. that I believed he was right, and I was wrong; and asked him what I must do to be saved. All my head notions of religion

vanished immediately. I felt myself enveloped in the greatest darkness, and so ignorant that I knew nothing spiritually. But three things I felt certain of; 1st, that all my former religion was all natural; 2nd, that I was a hell-deserving sinner; and 3rd, that I had an evil heart of unbelief, and could not believe. I remained in this miserable state for nearly four months, feeling assured, that if I died I should go to hell; tempted to believe that it was all a delusion that Christ would reveal himself to me; that I should lose all my patients, go mad, and end my days in the workhouse! Once the devil succeeded in driving me from a throne of grace for about a fortnight, in the following way:—"You have got no faith; the faith you have is only a natural and historical faith, and the prayer of faith is the only prayer which is heard and answered; what is the use of you praying?" I could not answer such subtle reasoning, and I was afraid to bend my knees and mock God. I did not know then that sighs and groans were prayers. The Lord delivered me out of this temptation through Hopeful's account of his conversion to Christian, in Bunyan's Pilgrim. At one time I became quite desperate, and was for giving it all up, if I could, when the Lord caused a gleam of hope to pass through my soul, which encouraged me very much. I saw then the Father's everlasting love of me, Christ's work for me, and the Spirit's work in me. Presently I was plunged into the ditch again worse than ever. I thought it must be all a delusion, and give it up I would, let the consequences be what they might. If I were in hell itself I thought I could not be more miserable; I was perfectly wretched. Here had I been praying and writing nearly four months, with no more appearance of deliverance than the first day I commenced. I became quite desperate, and did not care what became of me. The suspense I was in was dreadful. I felt what a relief it would be if I could only know the worst; but here I was, in dreadful uncertainty about everything—even in the very existence of God! None but those who have been in such a spot can have any idea of it. But the Lord's time of deliverance was at hand. My dear wife was on a visit to her mother in the country, and in writing to me she thought she must put in some scripture; when she opened the Bible, and the Lord directed her to Isaiah xlii. 16; "I will bring the blind by a way that they knew 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." The Holy Ghost brought this precious promise with such power to my soul, that the devil, sin, misery, wretchedness, and unbelief all disappeared in a moment. It was the most astonishing thing that I ever knew, and for the life of me I could not understand it. It was a very surprising change. I could do nothing but bless and praise the Lord, and every one I met with, that would listen to me, I told what great things the Lord had done for me. To be translated out of the belly of hell into heaven, in faith and feeling, is a wonderful change; and out of the abundance of my heart I spoke to every one. I dare say many of them thought I was gone mad on religion; for

few, if any, seemed to understand me. I could not understand what it was to have Christ revealed to my soul before, but now I felt it, and knew the blessedness of it. I thought the worst was now over, and that I should go all the days of my life blessing, praising, and adoring the Lord for all his goodness and loving-kindness to me ; but the Lord has taught me otherwise, as I may live to tell you perhaps hereafter.

Oh, what a precious doctrine is God's eternal, unchangeable, electing love of his dear people ! What a precious covenant is that everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure, entered into by God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost before time began, on the behalf of the whole election of grace ! If it had not been for God's everlasting electing love of me in a precious Christ,—if it had not been for that precious covenant,—I had not lived to tell you what great things the Lord hath done for me ; for sure I am that there was nothing in me to move him to do these great things for me. And when the Holy Ghost leads me to look back at all the way the Lord has led me, I am lost in wonder and amazement at the goodness and loving-kindness of the Lord to me. You see how soon the Lord began to develope his eternal purposes of love and mercy toward me in that wonderful chain of events, which have followed me all the days of my life. "Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord." You see how nothing happens in vain, for the Lord made use of my very want of food, when at school in Macclesfield, to be the means of my being sent to Knutsford, whence such very important consequences to me followed. You see also what very little things the Lord causes to lead to such great ones. There can be no boasting of one's prudence or foresight ; for the Lord brings the blind by a way that they knew not, lest Israel should vaunt themselves. No, no ; the Lord brings all his dear people to see and feel that it is all of free and sovereign grace from first to last. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake."

(To be continued.)

As to final perseverance, whatever judgment we form of it in a doctrinal view, unless we ourselves do so persevere, our profession of religion will be utterly vain ; for only "they that endure to the end shall be saved." It should seem, that whoever believes this, and is duly apprised of his own weakness, the number and strength of his spiritual enemies, and the difficulties and dangers arising from his situation in this evil world, will at least be desirous to have, if possible, some security, that his labour and expectation shall not be in vain. To be at an uncertainty in a point of so great importance ; to have nothing to trust to for our continuance in well doing, but our own feeble efforts, our partial diligence and short-sighted care, must surely be distressing, if we rightly consider how unable we are in ourselves to withstand the forces of the world, the flesh, and the devil, which are combined against our peace.—*Newton.*

OBITUARY.

MARY ELLIS, LATE OF LAINGTON, WILTS.

My dear Friend,—I am thankful to find by your letters that any part of my dear mother's last days on earth has been blessed to your soul ; and as you seem desirous that I should be enabled still to send forth the marvellous dealings of the Lord with his tried and afflicted family, I feel a desire in my heart that a few lines should be written on my dear sister's last days on earth, that it may be a warning to some of the Lord's weaklings, and a comfort to others that are full of doubts and fears how it will be with them in their last moments. Though I feel utterly unworthy, and would be the last, to write or speak in his great name, yet I feel inwardly constrained to gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing may be lost.

My dear departed sister, Mary Jane Ellis, was born into this vale of tears on the 26th of June, 1826. She was the youngest daughter of the late Elizabeth Topp, being the youngest of twelve. From a child, the fear of the Lord seems to have been deeply implanted in her soul, and the weighty things of eternity to have lain feelingly on her conscience. Being brought up under the sound of experimental truth, and favored with a God-fearing mother and sisters, a deep concern was felt in her own heart and conscience as to how matters stood between the Lord and her own soul, having a conscious feeling from time to time in her own bosom that unless she could in a measure experience the same blessed realities, handle and taste the same religion, find the same Saviour, and behold the same Jesus suffering on the cross for her, she would be lost to all eternity. Therefore her soul used to go out with many longing desires after the bread of eternal life, feeling herself utterly undone and perishing, without an interest in the finished work of Jesus. Having her feet set in the straight and narrow way, and her face set Zion-ward, she loved the gates of Zion, with loving desires to meet with the assemblies of the saints, her soul being bound up with the Lord's children, to spend and be spent with them through time and through eternity. And though many fleshly lovers entreated her to go back into the world, yet the language of her soul was, with Ruth, "Entreat me not to go back from following the truth and the people of God, for where they go I will go ; their people shall be my people, and their God my God ; and where they die there will I die, and there will I be buried." The Lord's servants she loved and esteemed as the excellent of the earth ; and often were they enabled to let fall some handfuls, which her hungry soul would gladly glean up, and it was the real desire of her heart not to be found in any other field but where the truth was preached in its purity. Having been convinced of sin from childhood, and taught the utter sin and worthlessness of all works of righteousness that she could perform to satisfy the infinite breach that was made between the Lord and her soul, her mouth being

thus stopped and her soul brought in guilty before God, nothing but the real truth, the inward power and life of religion, would suit her thirsting, panting soul. She could see a beauty in the person of Jesus, in his offices, character, and relationship, in his love, blood, glory, and righteousness, as suitable to her ruined state as a perishing sinner before God. She could see the safety of the Lord's people, the blessed state of the righteous, and their sure and certain arrival in eternal glory; but the language of her soul was at times, for many years, "Am I of these highly-favored people? do I bear the marks of one of the followers of the Lamb? Am I born again? Have I passed through that change? Have I an interest in that blessed finished work of Jesus?" What delight she used to take in perusing the "Gospel Standard!" The Obituaries used to be her favorite pieces. How she used to envy those dear departed souls that had felt the rays of immortal glory whilst passing through the valley of the shadow of death. She would frequently repeat that hymn,

"When shall all my sorrows end,
When my days of mourning cease?
When shall I to Christ ascend,
Only place of happiness?"

"Thirsting, panting after him,
Longing for that happy day,
Still I cry, My Saviour, come,
Come, Lord Jesus, come away."

The last verse also was particularly sweet :

"Blood that answers every claim,
Tells me Jesus died for me;
Then in his delightful name,
Sin's subdued and I am free."

Thus her soul used often to find some crumbs from reading the blessed experience of others of the Lord's children that had been and were travelling in the same path, and had the same prize of eternal glory in view. Though she seemed to come behind all the Lord's children at times, when they could tell how the law had entered their conscience, how their sins had been brought and set before them in the light of the Lord's countenance, how long they had lain on the borders of black despair, and how at last they had found mercy, and seen Jesus as the scapegoat, bearing their sins away into the land of forgetfulness; though she loved to read and hear of these blessed things, yet she has gone in secret many times, and intreated the Lord that she might experience these divine realities, and rather pass through anything than be deceived. That precious hymn used to speak out the very feelings of her soul,—

"Show me some token, Lord, for good,
Some token of thy special love;
Show me that I am born of God,
And that my treasure is above.

"My supplication, Lord, is this,
That all my sins may be subdued,
That all thy precious promises
May be to me and for my good."

Indeed, the whole of the hymn spoke out the language of her soul, so that she often read it over and over in a very feeling manner. What delight she used also to take in meeting with the people of God, in going up to the house of the Lord in company, and mingling her voice with them in sounding forth the songs of Zion! Scarcely ever was her seat empty on the Lord's-day or week evening. How she used to long for the Lord's-day to come, that she might go up to the house of the Lord! She used to take her hymn-book into her bed-room on the Saturday evening; often during the days of summer, and early on the Lord's-day morning, would she read many precious hymns out, so that nearly all around her could hear her, with a weighty, solemn tone. She would attend the service in the morning, nearly always in time; would return to her home, partake of her dinner, afterwards search for the "Standard," take it up into her bed-room, and there peruse it till service time again; then go to chapel in the afternoon; after service take a walk with her favored sister and brother-in-law across the fields to the neighbouring village, where they lived, and take tea with them. Many favored hours did she spend in those days with some of her dearest friends, and return with them to chapel in the evening. Close and sweet was her union to me, far beyond the love of many a sister. We were scarcely ever happier than in each other's company. When the time drew near when I was about to take my late dear wife into the marriage union that was appointed from all eternity, she used to weep bitterly, fearing it would be the means of breaking the union between us. I told her that she should live with us as long as I had a home, or she liked to stay; and she did till the day that she was married. But these things did not satisfy her. Therefore she had gone to the Lord many times in secret, and poured out her soul before him; and in his own time he spoke a word to her troubled heart and gave her a "go in peace." About this time (1848) the Lord was pleased to visit her with his afflicting hand with an inward serious complaint, which continued for some time, and baffled all the skill of both doctors and physicians to find out. They called it an inward tumour; but my dear sister was not affected at their hard speeches concerning it. She knew that all things were possible with the Lord, that he could remove it and none else; and if it was not his righteous will to remove it, but had appointed it to be the means of her death, could she see her interest clear, feel her sins put away, and feel assured that Christ was hers, she could welcome death and feel a longing desire to enter into the presence of Jesus, where her only hope and treasure were. My sister was thus afflicted for nearly two years, yet in answer to prayer the Lord was pleased to remove it in a moment in his own good time. When her feet were hastening to hear his blessed truth preached at a distant village, the Lord put forth his blessed hand and removed it entirely away in a moment on the road, and it never returned, which indeed was a marvellous thing to all that knew it; and my dear sister returned home believing in her own conscience that the Lord had appeared for her on the road, and she could give

him the glory due unto his blessed name. Now she could believe that the Lord would still remember her, and deliver her soul in his own good time, and seal home mercy and pardon, and give her to see that her sins were blotted out, that her soul was bound up in the bundle of life, and made right for eternity. The ministry of the late Mr. Dark was very encouraging. His ministry being instrumental in finding out the Lord's weaklings, my dear sister used often to meet with some sweet encouragement under his ministry, and sweet was the union between them in those days.

R E V I E W.

Hymns of the Reformation. By Dr. Martin Luther, and others. From the German. To which is added, His Life, translated from the original Latin of Philip Melancthon. By the Author of the "Pastor's Legacy." London: W. H. Collingridge, City Press, Long-lane. Price 1s.

If the family of God were severally and individually asked what means of grace had been most blessed to their souls, we think they would answer with one accord, and without hesitation, "The Scriptures." But what next? "The preached Gospel." And what next? "Hymns." That the blessing of God has rested in a special manner upon hymns is unquestionable. Scarcely is there a gracious death-bed recorded where the happy sufferer (how grace harmonises two such discordant sounds as happiness and suffering!) does not either obtain help and comfort from some verse of a hymn, or does not give vent to his feelings of sorrow or joy in some well-known line. This, what we may almost call the secondary use of hymns, is distinct from, and independent of, their original and primary intention, that of being sung in the public worship of God. But it shows how the Lord honors and sanctions them. They are thus attended with a double blessing. As sung in the assemblies of the saints, they are not only tributes of praise, and, if sung "with the spirit and with the understanding also," (1 Cor. xiv. 15), a spiritual sacrifice, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ, (1 Pet. ii. 5); but, by being thus fixed in the mind and memory, they become, as it were, locked up in a storehouse, out of which the Blessed Spirit takes in times of trouble and sorrow such portions as he sees good to apply with a divine power to the heart. For this purpose they are eminently qualified for several reasons. 1. They are, for the most part, truth condensed into a short compass—if we might venture upon such a figure, truth *crystallised*, and thus presented in a clear, transparent shape, purified from all that muddy mass of words with which we in our sermons and writings are so apt to overload and thus confuse it. 2. As being the utterances and breathings forth of the experience of the saints, they become responsive echoes to the cries of the Spirit in the heart of all the subjects of grace; and 3. When they are richly impregnated with the dew and savour of the Holy Ghost, they are, so to speak, vehicles of grace, performing that office which the

Apostle speaks of as the fruit of godly conversation, "ministering grace unto the hearers." (Eph. iv. 29.)

By way of testing the truth of this attempt to explain the peculiar beauty and blessedness of hymns, take down your hymn-book, and read through, say one of Hart's, as Hymn 154, Gadsby's Selection,

" Much we talk of Jesu's blood," &c.

Now, if we are not much mistaken, you will find the three things we have mentioned brightly shining through that hymn. 1. Scriptural truth presented in a clear, transparent, condensed form. 2. The utterance of the soul, mourning under and hating sin, yet looking up in faith and love to the atoning blood which delivers and purifies from it. 3. A sweet savour and dew of the Blessed Spirit shed through the whole, impregnating it with life and feeling.

Forgive us, dear readers, if we seem to treat you as children, attempting to instruct you, many of whom are better qualified to instruct us; but we write in the simplicity of our heart, not in a spirit of dictation or assumption, but merely tracing with our pen the thoughts and feelings of our own mind; and if we can thus interpret the language of your heart, and put into visible shape what may have dimly lain there, you may read with increased sweetness and pleasure Hart's matchless compositions.

But shall we seem to sit too much in the teacher's chair, a position very foreign to our inclination, if we further attempt to trace a little more fully and deeply the original foundations on which sacred poetry rests?

As in a damaged picture, or broken statue, or ruined arch, there may flash forth sparks of beauty indicative of a master mind, and what it actually was when it issued forth from his creative hand, so amidst the wreck and ruin of our fallen nature there are traces of that primeval beauty in which man came forth from the hand of his divine Artificer on that day when the Creator of heaven and earth looked down with holy complacency on the works of his hands, and pronounced them all very good. Conscience, reason, imagination, memory, language, all the social affections of conjugal, parental, filial love, with every tender, benevolent, compassionate feeling that has ever prompted and sustained those self-denying actions and heart-thrilling words that ever and anon sound through this sin-stricken world as faint echoes of paradise—all are so many relics of the pristine beauty of man. Shall we then err if, among these remains of original beauty, we place poetry and music? That these two relics of the Fall are deeply imbedded in the original constitution of man is evident from this circumstance, that there is scarcely a nation on the face of the earth, in either ancient or modern times, in which both have not had a conspicuous place. It is, indeed, sadly and fearfully true that sin and Satan have seized upon these two gifts of heaven, and depraved and perverted them from their original intention to their own abominable use. The poetry which should embody in the sweetest, loftiest strains the praises of God has sunk down into a deification of every base lust and passion

of man ; and the music which should respond to the notes of the heavenly choir has been prostituted to the worship of brutal idols. Grace, then, which, besides its victories in redemption and regeneration, refines also and wins back to God the Redeemer those faculties of body and mind which originally belonged to God the Creator, comes to the rescue ; and as she teaches the tongue that once used to blaspheme now to pray, and the foot that once tripped in the midnight dance to carry the body to the house of prayer, so she recovers the gifts of poetry and music, and baptizing them, as it were, in the streams of love and mercy, sanctifies them to the service of her once crucified but now risen and glorified Lord.

Shall we wander beyond the hallowed precincts of the gospel if we give a few moments' consideration to what poetry and music really are ? as their being devoted to the service of the sanctuary does not alter their nature, but their use. Poetry, then, consists mainly in two things ; 1. elevated, impassioned thoughts and language ; and, 2. a metrical form which bounds and confines the impassioned language within certain prescribed limits. The first is the soul of poetry, the second the body ; the one is the flaming incense, the other the censer which contains it ; the former is the bounding steed, dashing impetuously on ; the latter, the reins which check and guide his course. Thus all elevated, impassioned language is not poetry any more than the soul is not the whole man ; nor, on the other hand, are metre, rhyme, rhythm, poetry, without elevated, impassioned thought and language, any more than the body without the soul is the whole man. If this be true, then the more sublime the thoughts and impassioned the language, and the more that metre, rhyme, and rhythm approach perfection, the more beautiful the poetry will be, and more worthy of its name and nature.

The Scripture is full of poetry, and of poetry viewed under these two aspects—sublime thoughts and impassioned expression in a metrical, rythmical form. As one instance of sublime impassioned language, take the first chapter of Isaiah. With what beauty and grandeur it begins ! “Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth : for the Lord hath spoken ; I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me.” (Isa. i. 2.) It would take us too far afield, and would sound too pedantic, were we to enter into the subject of Hebrew poetry as regards its metrical form. We shall, therefore, only observe that its chief feature is what is called *parallelism*, that is, that the lines of the strophe—in simpler language the verse or stanza—correspond with, or are opposed to each other. To make our meaning plain, we give two verses of Isaiah arranged metrically :

“Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth :
 For the Lord hath spoken ;
 I have nourished and brought up children,
 And they have rebelled against me.
 The ox knoweth his owner,
 And the ass his master's crib ;
 But Israel doth not know,
 My people doth not consider.”

This peculiar form of poetry existed from the most remote period. Its earliest use is Gen. iv. 23, 24 :

“ Adah and Zillah, hear my voice ;
Ye wives of Lamech, hearken unto my speech :
I have slain a man to my wounding
And a young man to my hurt.
If Cain shall be avenged sevenfold,
Truly Lamech seventy and seven fold.”

Other early instances are the blessing of Jacob, (Gen. xlix) ; the song of Miriam, (Exod. xv.) ; the song of Moses, (Deut. xxxii.) ; and the blessing pronounced on the tribes of Israel. (Deut. xxxiii.) Deut. xxxii. is a beautiful instance of Hebrew poetry. How sublime, how impassioned the language ; how full of tender pathos, glowing description, striking figures, and animated expostulation. How softly and musically it begins :

“ Give ear, O heavens, and I will speak ;
And hear, O earth, the words of my mouth.
My doctrine shall drop as the rain,
My speech shall distil as the dew ;
As the small rain upon the tender herb,
And as the showers upon the grass.”

Observe the parallelism, that is, how the thoughts and words in one line balance and correspond to those in the other. The “heavens” and the “earth ;” “hearing” and “giving ear ;” the “doctrine” and the “speech ;” the “rain” and the “dew ;” the “small rain” and the “showers ;” the “tender herb” and the “grass ;” these words and ideas mutually correspond to and, as it were, balance each other. Take one more specimen from the same song of Moses of unspeakable beauty and sublimity :

“ For the LORD's portion is his people ;
Jacob is the lot of his inheritance.
He found him in a desert land,
And in the waste howling wilderness.
He led him about, he instructed him.
He kept him as the apple of his eye.

“ As an eagle stirreth up her nest ;
Fluttereth over her young ;
Spreadeth abroad her wings ;
Taketh them, beareth them on her wings ;
So the LORD alone did lead him,
And there was no strange god with him.”

We have said enough and more than enough to indicate the peculiar form of sacred poetry as enshrined in the pages of the Old Testament ; and we shall only make one more remark on the subject, which is, the peculiar suitability of this form of divine poetry to translation. Had the poetry of the Scriptures been in strict formal metre, like the ancient, or in rhyme, like the modern, it would have vanished when translated ; but, being in parallel sentences, it is independent of translation. It therefore survives that great change which is usually fatal to all other poetry, and its divine essence is not lost or evaporated by being transferred to another language.

During that gloomy period, that long mediæval night, which Puseyites would fain bring back, but which, we hope, has for ever rolled away, when Popery weighed down the human mind in the heaviest chains of ignorance and error, hymns, as we understand the term, were utterly unknown. There were indeed old Church hymns sung in the cathedrals, but these were all in Latin, and what is singular, in rhymed Latin; a monkish innovation on the ancient form of Latin poetry, but not without some peculiar features of solemn grandeur. But though some of these old hymns were very beautiful, yet they were deeply tainted with error, many of them being invocations of the saints and the Virgin Mary, and all thoroughly imbued with that Pharisaic leaven, which is the essence of popery as a religious system. But had they been ever so sound, being in Latin, like the rest of the service, they would have been useless to the people.

Amongst, then, the benefits and blessings of the Blessed Reformation (and never was there a more suitable epithet attached to any one word than the term "blessed" to the Reformation*), was the birth of hymns in the language of the people. That great and noble instrument in the hands of the Lord, Martin Luther, a name never to be mentioned without thanksgiving and praise, may be called the originator of hymns, as we now understand the word. Gifted as he was with a peculiar talent for music, he brought this at once into the service of the sanctuary; and possessing a style of writing so vigorous and bold, so animated and expressive, and so peculiarly his own, that it is said an educated German can tell at a glance a sentence of Luther's almost as we recognise a ray of light streaming through a cloud, he carried this force and fire with all his native beauty of musical expression into the hymns which flowed from his fertile pen.

The author of the little work before us has with much taste and elegance transferred these noble compositions to her own language. Her modest, unassuming preface will best declare her object in attempting to make them known to the English reader :

"The Hymns of Luther are regarded by us with no common interest as emanations of a spirit that shone forth with peculiar strength and lustre in the days of the Protestant Reformation. Hitherto, however, this portion of his writings has, it is believed, been known to British Christians, only in a fugitive and often in a dubious form; a fact which the author of the present version is anxious to countervail by her unpretending efforts at something like a complete collection.

* We have often thought of the singular propriety of the expressions "The blessed Reformation," and "The glorious Revolution of 1688." The Reformation was truly "blessed," as giving us an open Bible, a preached gospel, and a full deliverance from that long dark night of Popish error which brooded over the land; and the Revolution was truly "glorious," as settling our civil and religious liberties on a firm basis, banishing tyranny from the throne and altar, and giving liberty of conscience to all; and all this without shedding one drop of human blood. All that we are as a nation we owe, under God, to the blessed Reformation and the glorious Revolution; and should England, misled by vile traitors in her bosom, ever prove false to the principles established by these two memorable epochs in her history, she will deserve a worse destiny than her worst enemies can imprecate against her.

"In venturing thus to interpret the mind of Luther to the English ear, the translator would acknowledge her inability to convey the rich, deep and brilliant tone of the original, a task requiring a master-hand. She has, meanwhile, made fidelity her aim; and with this view, her versification has been submitted to the criticism of a learned German Professor; and the reader is referred to the works of Luther himself for the subjects of most of the following compositions: those given without any reference have been attributed to him, and one on 'Christian Martyrdom' is, we understand, generally ascribed to Maria, Queen of Hungary, sister of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, or it was possibly written by Luther, and dedicated to her.

"In this, their novel guise, the Hymns of Luther are now presented to the lovers of sacred lore in our own land. May they still have power to waken the remembrance of Him who is their prevailing theme; and thus speaking to the hearts and minds of the people of God, quicken them afresh to the adoration and service of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Shepherd and Bishop of our souls."

We naturally turned to her version of that grand hymn which has been called "the Marseillaise* of the Reformation,"

"Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott,"

(A strong castle is our God.) This is one of the grandest, noblest, most heart-stirring compositions ever penned by the hand of man, and as well known through the length and breadth of Germany, as "Come, let us join our cheerful songs," is known through England. Her version, which we here give, is exceedingly elegant, and, we may say, beautiful; but it is Luther diluted. We do not say this to disparage the translation, for it is exceedingly well done, and in many places rendered with great tenderness, delicacy, and beauty; but it could not be otherwise. In fact, like all great writers, Luther is untranslatable, and it is next to impossible to convey to an English reader the burning energy and vehement simplicity of his language.

"Luther's Hymn of Triumph." On the 46th Psalm. Composed A.D. 1530. Printed A.D. 1533. This hymn has been called Luther's Hymn of Triumph; it reminds us of the first part of the Consolation Hymn of the Church, Psalm xli. Very probably composed in Coburg during the Diet of Augsburg.

"God is the city of our strength!
Our hearts, exulting, cry;
He is our bulwark and defence,
Our arms for victory:
He helps our souls through each distress
That meets us in the wilderness.

"Satan, the old malignant foe
Now works, with purposed mind, our woe;
Perfidious cunning, fiendish might,
He bears, as weapons for the fight;
Whilst equal, none on earth has he,
To struggle for the mastery.

"By human strength and human skill
No worthy wreaths are won;
Abandoned to ourselves we sink
In wretchedness undone:

* The "Marseillaise" is the name of a revolutionary song to Liberty, in the first French revolution, which exercised an amazing influence over the minds of men during that fearful period.

Yet in our cause, a Champion stands,
 A Champion true is He,
 Whom God hath chosen for the fight,
 Our Lord and Chief to be :
 Say, dost thou ask His peerless name ?
 Jesus, our conquering King, we claim ;
 Lord of Sabaoth !—God alone,
 And He must hold the field His arm of might hath won.

“ What though the hosts of Satan stand
 In gathering legions, through the land,
 Prepared to raise the victor's cry,
 And whelm our souls in misery ;
 Yet fear we not the vaunting foe,
 Our conquering bands shall forward go.
 Prince of this world ! thy hellish rage
 Shall ne'er our stedfast zeal assuage :
 Thy power is fixed by heaven's decree,
 And here its ragings cease to be :
 Thy boast is vain ; a breath—a word
 Subdues thee,—'tis the Spirit's sword.

“ The word of Truth unhurt shall stand,
 In spite of every foe ;
 The Lord himself is on our side,
 And He will help bestow :
 His Spirit's might, his gifts of grace,
 Are with us at the needful place.

“ What though they take our lives away,
 Our lives we offer for a prey ;
 Though wealth and weal and fortune go,
 And wife and friends depart—
 With all the tenderest ties that throw
 Their magic round the heart ;
 And though the spoilers haste away,
 And bear our treasures hence,
 Since man is but a child of clay,
 And heir of impotence,—
 It boots them not, their boast is vain,
 Their promised trophies fall ;
 Whilst, to the Christian, loss is gain,
 And heaven out-values all :
 A glorious kingdom yet shall be
 His heritage of bliss, to all eternity.

“ Honour and praise to God most high,
 The author of all grace,
 Whose love has sent us from the sky,
 His Son—to save our race :
 And to the Comforter of men
 Let songs of praise be given ;
 He draws us from the ways of sin,
 And calls us home to heaven ;
 Full well He knows that upward road,
 And joyfully He guides our pilgrim feet to God. Amen.”

We cannot forbear giving another extract, in which our readers will observe less triumph and holy boldness, but a more mellow, subdued tone of tenderness and pathos.

“ ‘A Death and Grave Song.’ A.D. 1524. One of the hymns used for death and burial ; an expressive continuation of the ancient funeral hymn, ‘ In the midst of life we are in death.’—Burial Service.

- " When we walk the paths of life,
 Yet by death surrounded,
 When his arrows all are rife
 Where our joys lie wounded ;
 Whilst these terrors o'er us break
 Whom shall then our spirits seek ?
- ' Who, his saving help will send,
 When our need is pressing ?
 Who, the balm of grace will lend,
 Crowned with heavenly blessing ?
 God of glory, might, and love !
 Thou wilt help us from above.
- " When for inbred sin we mourn,
 Sin that grieves Thy Spirit,
 Makes Thy righteous anger burn,
 Makes us wrath inherit ;
 God of mercy, love, and power !
 Pity Thou in sorrow's hour !
- " When Thy people yield their breath,
 Passing Jordan's river ;
 In the bitter draught of death,
 Oh ! forsake them never !
 God of life and endless days !
 Dying lips Thy love shall praise.
- " God of holiness ! to Thee
 Is our prayer ascending,
 And before Thy majesty
 Contrite souls are bending :
 Pitying Saviour ! full of grace,
 Throned in never ending days !
 When, before our startled sight,
 That spectre form appears ;
 When the jaws of Hell affright,
 When our spirit fears ;
 Who, from this our deep distress,
 Who can raise us fetterless ?
- " Saviour ! with Thy pitying glance,
 Thou shalt pass beside us ;
 Thy divine Omnipotence
 From the pit shall guide us :
 Saviour, in Thy bosom dwell
 Love and grace unspeakable !
- " God of holiness ! to Thee
 Is our prayer ascending
 And before Thy majesty
 Contrite souls are bending :
 Pitying Saviour ! full of grace,
 Throned in never ending days !
- " Deep Gehenna's glowing fire,
 Let it not distress us !
 But let praise to Thee aspire,
 Thou canst help and bless us :
 We should faint beside the way,
 Didst not Thou our footsteps stay.
- " When in pains of Hell we lie,
 By transgressions driven ;
 Where, Redeemer ! shall we fly
 And find a sheltering haven ?
 Where shall then the wounded soul
 Find of rest, a blissful goal ?

- “ Blessed Saviour! to Thine arms
 The stricken soul must flee;
 Thou wilt soothe our vain alarms
 And each heartfelt agony;—
 All endearing titles rest
 Graven on Thy faithful breast.
- “ How, for us Thy blood was spilt!
 Dear bought blood and precious;
 This can cancel all our guilt,
 For that Thou art gracious.
 Lord Redeemer! Thee we bless,
 Source of all our righteousness!
- “ God of holiness! to Thee
 Is our prayer ascending,
 And before Thy majesty
 Contrite souls are bending:
 Pitying Saviour! full of grace,
 Throned in never ending days!
- “ Let us nevermore decline
 From Thy faith's high calling;
 Strengthened by Thy might divine,
 Keep our feet from falling;
 And let praise's loftiest tone
 Rise—and swell—and reach Thy throne.”

Germany is exceedingly rich in hymns, and the German hymn-book is much more varied and poetical than our own. We possess a hymn-book in which there are hymns by 240 different writers of all periods, and all more or less imbued with evangelical truth. We do not mean to say that there are any equal to Hart's, or Berridge's, but many are quite on a par with Newton's; and we venture to say, there is not one in the book which does not contain more Gospel than those hymns of Mr. Lynch, which have lately received the testimony of fifteen ministers, among them Newman Hall and Thomas Binney.

It was our intention to drop a few remarks on Mr. Wigmore's Hymns, recently published; but we cannot do so without taking up more space than our usual limits admit; and we never wish to enter upon any subject unless we can express our thoughts upon it sufficiently to render it due justice.

Objections to Certain Doctrines generally held by Persons calling themselves "Brethren:" with some Remarks upon the Nature and Grounds of Living Faith, in a Letter to a Friend. By a Servant of the Church. London: T. T. Lemare, Oxford Arms Passage, Paternoster-row. Price Twopence, or 12s. per Hundred.

This is, we think, an excellent little summary of objections to the views entertained and sedulously promulgated by the "Plymouth Brethren," and written with great fairness and in a truly Christian spirit by one evidently well acquainted both with the doctrines held and the men who hold them.

His first two objections, which we here give, are much to the point, and, indeed, touch the main core of their shallow, superficial, and, in many points, erroneous system.

"1st. I object to their indistinct way of representing the condition of fallen man. They do not think all men in a state of nature under the moral law, and to be judged for not 'loving the Lord with all the heart,' &c., contrary to this very conclusive Scripture—'Now we know that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law, that every mouth may be stopped, and *all the world* may become guilty before God.' It is difficult, in reading Brethren writings, to know what is the ground upon which they think the wrath of God cometh upon the children of disobedience. Certainly, they write as if death were not the wages of sin, which is 'the transgression of the law,' but merely the wages of unbelief.

"2nd. I object to their views of faith. A favourite tract of theirs, called 'The Serpent of Brass,' addresses the natural man thus: 'Only try; only believe that Jesus is (what his name means) a Saviour, proclaimed to sinners as a Saviour crucified for sin. You are perishing; is it not worth your while to try? Is it not a simple and an easy thing asked you of God, to believe and be saved?' Is this consistent with 'No man can come unto me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him?' Does this accord with 'to upward, who believe according to the *working of His mighty power*?' Does this fall in with the experience of the saints? Which of the saints has found it so 'easy' a thing to believe in Jesus, as that it is only for any natural person to 'try' and he must succeed? I am ready to think, if the writer had ever '*tried*' to believe, under a sense of guilt and sin, and the holiness of God, it would have made his hand unable to write such a tract as 'The Serpent of Brass.' I could quote largely from their so-called 'Gospel Tracts' expressions that would fill the minds of the people of God with perfect astonishment, that ever men who have learned the truth experimentally should be able to join their ranks.

"Their mode of describing faith continually sounds like the error of Sandeman. Instead of speaking of faith as the flight of the pursued sinner to Jesus, the City of Refuge, the touch of a poor diseased sinner of the garment of Jesus, they continually speak of it in terms as if it were only assent to certain propositions laid down in Scripture. They say to the sinner, 'Believe that God hath made Him (Jesus) to be sin who knew no sin; believe that the only object of His being made in the likeness of sinful flesh was for the sake of sinners like yourself; that the only reason of His being lifted up on the cross was to bear sin, and the grievous punishment, instead of sinners having to bear it themselves.' 'Only believe that it (the blood) has been shed and offered unto God as the one sufficient sacrifice for sins for ever, and all is accomplished, and you are saved.' I can only answer, thousands in hell have fully believed all these facts; ah, more, devils believe all the above truths. True faith is more than the mere crediting the doctrines of Scripture. I have been told, by an individual who met with the Brethren for years, that the difference between a living and dead faith is an unheard-of thing in the 'teaching' of 'Brethren.'"

What a fearful system of "teaching" must that be where the difference between a living and a dead faith is an unheard-of thing! What a door must it open for hypocrisy, delusion, and self-deception! How different from the Apostle's determination, not to know the speech of those who were puffed up, but the power; and how contrary to that faithful, discriminating, separating, and heart-searching ministry which the people of God find so useful and profitable. We have room for only another extract:—

"5th. I object to the presumptuous tone of some of their observations upon the believer's privileges. I heard Mr. Darby, the most esteemed teacher among the Brethren, say, 'Some Christians say, they wish to live at the foot of the cross. I do not; it is lower ground than I am willing to occupy.' Again: 'You are living below your privileges, if every time you come to God you are obliged to come pleading the blood of Jesus, and can only get nigh with confidence by fresh actings of faith upon the blood of Jesus. You ought

to be able to go continually direct to the Father, as His children, in filial confidence and expectancy.' My heart was truly appalled at this. And when I mentioned this to one of the Brethren, and quoted from the Hebrews (x. 19—22), 'Having, therefore, brethren, boldness to enter the holiest by the blood of Jesus,' &c., I was met by the novel remark, 'O, you get very low ground in the Hebrews!' Where are we told in the word that the holiest entered by the blood of Jesus is low ground? The Apostle was so far from reckoning the cross 'low ground,' that he said, 'God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of the Lord Jesus, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.'

"I once made enquiry of a Brother how a Mr. H. was going on, (a person among the Brethren of whom I had a good hope.) He said, 'O, very poorly, he has quite gone back to acceptance matters.' I asked him to explain himself. He said, 'A Brother met him (Mr. H.) in Soho-square the other day, when they entered into a conversation about the state of the Church. After some time, Mr. H. said, 'Well, after all, I can only say I am brought to this point—

"Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee." "

Poor Mr. H. ! How couldst thou have learnt thy lesson so badly, and go back so dreadfully? Why keep on such low ground as we get in the Hebrews, and be hanging your poor helpless soul on the Rock of Ages instead of measuring the chambers of the temple in Ezekiel, or calculating the weeks in Daniel? You don't know us, Mr. H., nor do we know you; but we would sooner walk round Soho-square with you, and have a little experimental conversation about hanging our helpless souls on the Refuge of Sinners than listen to all the prophetic talk of the "Brother" who thought you were getting on so poorly by having quite gone back to acceptance matters. May be, the "Brother" may himself on a death-bed be too glad to get back to the same point that he is now despising.

"Dry doctrine cannot save us,
Blind zeal or false devotion;
The feeblest prayer, if faith be there,
Exceeds all empty notion."

"Faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." (Rom. x. 17.) Faith is usually begotten by the word preached. God mixes faith with the word, when he absolutely intendeth the salvation of the sinner. Faith comes gradually; perhaps at first it is but like a grain of mustard-seed, small and weak. At first, perhaps, it may have its excellency lie in view only, that is seeing where justification and salvation are; after that it may step a degree higher, and be able to say it may be, or who can tell but I may obtain this salvation? Again, it may perhaps go yet a step higher, and arrive to some short and transient assurance.—*Bunyan*.

Perhaps you are ready to say, "I am afraid I am not a child of God, because I am so dull and lifeless, my prayers are so cold and dead, and I am so heavy and careless under ordinances." This is the method God takes to make you discontented with yourself, your duties and performances, and to make you look at Christ as your *all*.—*Romaine*.

INQUIRY.

Dear Sir,—I have many times been requested to ask you to give a few thoughts on the game of bagatelle ; whether it be a harmless thing to play at by a professor of religion, so that no money be played for ? Yours, a constant reader, and a lover of truth in its purity.

R. L.

ANSWER.

A moment's communing with a conscience made tender in God's fear would, we should think, decide the matter at once. All games of skill or chance must be repulsive to every godly feeling of the soul. "The time past of our life may suffice us to have wrought the will of the Gentiles" in spending or rather wasting precious hours—none of them our own, none of them to be recalled, in such miserable amusements. What godly sobriety of feeling, what holy seriousness, or heavenly spirituality of mind can there be in a man when he is knocking the balls about a bagatelle board ? Would a God-fearing man like to die with a billiard mace in his hand, and drop down dead with a spasm at his heart just as he had driven the ivory-ball through the bridge ? should you like to see your minister on Saturday evening pushing the balls about, and exulting over his dexterity and skill, finishing the evening's amusement with a hot supper and a strong glass of brandy and water ? Would he not be better in his study, reading his Bible, or walking up and down his room, and begging of the Lord to give him a text ? And if you should not like to see your minister so engaged, should you like to see a member of your church, or a Christian friend, making such a fool of himself, as well as bringing a reproach on the cause of truth ? A Christian cannot be too circumspect in his walk and conversation. He should avoid not only evil, but the appearance of evil, and seek in all things to glorify God in his body and in his spirit, which are his.

We feel it almost necessary to apologise to our readers for introducing such a subject ; but, as the question was asked us, we thought a few decisive words might be a word of warning to some who might be unawares entangled in a snare, and that a few familiar illustrations of its evil might be more to the point and more convincing to the conscience than a long elaborate argument.

Dear Sir,—Will you have the goodness, through the medium of the "Gospel Standard," to show which is the mode of nominating and choosing deacons in a gospel church, most in accordance with the Scriptures of truth and therefore the most likely to glorify God ? Is it the proper business of a church to select, propose, nominate, and elect her deacons from first to last ? Or is the business of selecting and nominating, after deacons have been once chosen, to rest entirely with the deacons ? I am, sincerely yours, a lover of truth,

ANSWER.

J. S.

There can be no doubt, with the unerring word of truth for our

guide, which mode of choosing deacons is most in accordance with the Scriptures. We are not left here to surmise or conjecture, but have one of the most clear and positive directions that the whole range of the New Testament affords. How were deacons chosen at the first institution of that office in the Church of Christ? "Then the twelve called the multitude of the disciples unto them, and said, It is not reason that we should leave the word of God, and serve tables. Wherefore, brethren, look ye out among you seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, whom we may appoint over this business. But we will give ourselves continually to prayer, and to the ministry of the word." (Acts vi. 2, 3, 4.) Nothing can be more plain from this passage, both as regards precept and practice, than that the choice of deacons was put by the inspired apostles wholly and solely into the hands of the church. "Wherefore, brethren, *look ye out among you seven men, &c.*" It is true that to give greater weight and solemnity to the act, and to show to all succeeding ages that it was an apostolic institution, the twelve apostles prayed with and over the newly chosen deacons after the church had set them before them, and laid their hands upon them. But the apostles did not interfere, in the slightest degree beforehand, with the election itself, nor did they nominate or even suggest any one individual for choice to the church.

This, then, is the Church's charter—her divinely appointed right of self-government by officers elected by her own act and deed out of her own body, uncontrolled and unfettered by the pastor or any other authority, internal or external. It is, therefore, an unscriptural and unhallowed usurpation of the Church's divinely appointed right for the pastor to nominate or influence the choice of deacons, and a still greater usurpation for the deacons, when once chosen, to make fresh additions to their body. If more deacons be desirable, or any already existing deacon be removed by death or other cause, it rests wholly with the church to decide upon and add to the number or to supply the vacancy; and the deacons already in office have no more right or authority to nominate who are to be appointed than they had in the first instance to choose themselves.

Unscriptural conduct is always certain to draw down the disapprobation of the Lord; and any worldly or party device to secure or perpetuate authority, in defiance of the plain scriptural right of the church, will be sure, in the end, to punish itself. What seeming power may be gained by the deacons forming a close, self-electing corporation, like that rotten system once prevalent in the municipal boroughs, but now happily put an end to, is more than lost by the dissatisfaction created in the church.

But the chief thing for all, whether pastor, deacons, or people, to bear in mind, is the law of love; and as the Lord has given into the hands of the church the right of choosing its officers, that right should be exercised wisely and well, not in a spirit of division or contention, but with a desire to consult the good of the whole church, the comfort of the pastor, and the affectionate co-operation of the deacons, as men of one heart and judgment in the things

of God and the welfare of Zion, that the whole body may with one mind and spirit contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints.

Tyranny, party spirit, and self-will are no more permissible to the church than they are to the pastor and deacons ; and if the Lord has given to the church full right and power to choose her own officers, she must not abuse that right to set up a party in opposition to the minister and those already in office, and thus kindle or increase a fire which may be already secretly smouldering. She should rather choose men of peace and love, of calm temper and yet proper firmness, of good judgment and godly life, of sound experience and kind conciliating spirit, of fair gifts in prayer and conversation, some little knowledge of business and money matters, they having to manage the temporal affairs of the church, in union of heart with the pastor and their brother deacons, and generally acceptable to, as well as loved and respected by the majority of the church.

These may seem to be hard qualities to find ; but we are well convinced that without a measure of them in its officers, no church, at least no large church, will enjoy much inward peace or much outward prosperity.

Dear Editor—Will you oblige by answering at your earliest the following Inquiry ?

Is it lawful (by the laws of Christ) for a church to call in, or submit to, the voice of a congregation in the choice of a pastor, and would such a step be justified in the sight of God, or likely to be crowned with His blessing ?

To my own mind the thing is clear and self-evident, but your words may reach where mine would fail. If the congregation, or such of them as wish to vote in this case, are fit persons, they ought first to be in the church, and so sharing not only privilege but duty also with that church ; this would end the matter, so far as regards spiritual persons ; but if they are spiritually unfit, no matter what their position in the world, by property, or influence, they ought not to be regarded. No *real* strength is likely to accrue to a church from the adhesion of such heterogeneous materials. The Lord, I trust, has engraved it on my mind and heart, that a church of Christ in its collective capacity is the depository, and therefore the guardian, of divine truth, with all its relative interests, the source of all responsibility, and therefore of all power ; and woe be to that church that shall lower her standard, or pass it into other hands for the sake of pecuniary interest or a vain fleeting popularity. Yours affectionately in Christ Jesus,
A WITNESS.

ANSWER.

There can be no doubt in the mind of any one taught of God, that the choice of the pastor rests wholly with the Church, and that the Congregation has no voice in that solemn and deeply important matter.

Viewed in the light of the Scriptures, the congregation is, in all church matters, virtually nothing. As regards outer court matters, such as the erection or alteration of the building, the support of the cause, if they feel disposed to lend their aid, the arrangement of seats or pews, and whatever contributes to the general comfort and convenience of the whole, the congregation have a right to be considered, and, as far as practicable, consulted. Where truth and conscience are not concerned, where matters that strictly appertain to the church are not in question, too kind, friendly, and conciliating a spirit cannot be shown to the congregation; and, those among them who fear God, should be viewed as fellow-helpers and fellow-worshippers with the church. We could ill do without the congregation; and from them come, for the most part, the additions to the church. But with all this kind feeling and corresponding conduct, we must not break down a hedge, lest a serpent should bite us. (Eccl. x. 8.)

A gospel church is of the Lord's own institution; and if it be a fence from within, it is also a barrier from without. It has certain rights and privileges entrusted to it, and these it must neither barter nor sacrifice. Among these is the choice of its own under-shepherd.

It is true that those in the congregation who fear God, are dear to him as members of the mystical body of Christ, and are sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. But not being in church fellowship, they are not brought into visible union with the body of Christ, which a gospel church is (1 Cor. xii. 27), and therefore cannot act in union with it. The eye, the hand, the tongue, the foot, only act as they are set in the body. Conceive an eye or a hand out of the body. The one may see, and the other act for itself, but not for the body, of which it forms no constituent part. So spiritually; a God-fearing person in the congregation may see Christ, and take hold of his blood and righteousness for himself, and be saved and blessed thereby; but it is only for himself; he cannot see and act for the body of Christ, not being in the body. We highly love and esteem those in the congregation who love the Lord, and may feel a closer union to some of them than to some in the church; but our personal private feeling of love and esteem neither alters their position nor ours. These are private feelings, quite independent of and distinct from church privileges and church duties, and have no more to do with giving them a voice in the choice of a minister than if they lived a thousand miles off. Nor let them deem themselves wronged or unkindly dealt with by this refusal, but let them consider their present position. They have made no public profession of faith; they have given, so to speak, no guarantee of the soundness of their experience, or even of their knowledge of the truth, and are only known to fear God by report, or in the judgment of charity. Thus, whatever their secret standing may be in the eyes of God, they have no open standing in the church of Christ. They cannot, therefore, be recognised as having any voice in that important matter of choosing a pastor to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood.

Now, in addition to these Scripture considerations, and as a practical comment upon them, consider for a few moments what the effect would

be to allow the congregation indiscriminately a voice in the choice of a pastor. We say, indiscriminately, for, if once we break the Scriptural bounds, and go out of the church, we must make no distinction in the congregation. If one outer court worshipper has a voice, so have all. There must be no picking and choosing, no asking this rich man in private whom he should like to have, no consulting this overbearing, ill-tempered person whom he should prefer, for fear he should make a stir if his favorite minister be not elected. In our congregations, we have all sorts of hearers. Besides those who fear God, we have a mixed multitude, and amongst them pharisees, antinomians, heretics, men of loose, ungodly lives, carnal professors of truth, without any knowledge, experience, or judgment, men whom we wonder to see under the sound of truth, yet regularly found there. Are such as these fit to choose a minister for the people of God to sit under, much less a pastor to feed and rule the church of God? Remember this, that if you suffer any one in the congregation to have a voice, you must suffer all. You must have no polling-rail to admit only 10% householders through; you must have universal suffrage; and the man that lay rolling in the kennel last night has as much a voice as the most consistent, God-fearing person in the congregation. But once allow men dead in sins, men without any principle of godly fear, men who would stick at nothing to carry their point, to interfere in the things of God, to choose or reject a servant of the Most High, and what a sweeping destruction of all that is godly and gracious! * No! set your blind men to choose colours, your deaf men to decide on sounds, your lame men to run races, and your paralytic grandsires to plough, mow, and reap your fields; but never set dead men to choose a living minister, ungodly men to select a godly pastor, and enemies to God by wicked works to set over the church an ambassador of Jesus Christ. If the church is to vacate the special privilege of choosing her own pastor, and abandon that sacred deposit to a mixed congregation, to a mere mob of pew-holders and seat-renters, farewell to all her distinctive features as the church and bride of Christ. She has thrown down the only barrier against the introduction of error; and, by sharing her privileges with the world, she has proved herself unfaithful to her husband and head, and deserves the name of traitress and adulteress.

* A case in point has recently occurred, where the choice being left to the congregation by the deed of trust, it being an endowed place, the result has been the settlement of a minister whom the best part of the church cannot hear, and a threat from the pulpit to eject the hymn book, we will not say whose selection, but one well known to our readers.

Sorrow and the saints are not married together; or, suppose it were so, heaven shall make a divorce. I find his sweet presence eateth out the bitterness of sorrow and suffering. I think it a sweet thing that Christ saith of my cross, "Half mine;" and that he divideth these sufferings with me, and taketh the largest share to himself; nay, that I and my whole cross are wholly Christ's. Oh, what a portion is Christ! Oh, that the saints would dig deeper in the treasures of his wisdom and excellency!—*Rutherford.*

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

No. 246. JUNE 2, 1856. VOL. XXII.

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

A NARRATIVE OF MERCY AND GRACE.

[Continued from page 147.]

Another thing we may notice is, the *certainty* of every blessing, both in providence and grace, which the Lord has designed to give unto us, surely coming to pass : for he has the hearts of all in his hand and every event at his disposal, so that nothing can frustrate his purposes. They are all covenant blessings, and therefore sure to all in behalf of whom the covenant was made. And oh, the absolute certainty of God's salvation to every one of his chosen people ! Here was I, in a large dark town, *and not knowing one living soul.* I had no idea that there was such a people, or such a religion, although I read my Bible and had family prayer regularly. I was a very consistent, sincere, and zealous professor. Humanly speaking, could anything have been more hopeless than was my case ? for publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of God before such as I was. And yet the Lord had a chosen instrument in London — upwards of two hundred miles off, through whom he had eternally purposed to bring me down to his dear feet to sue for mercy and salvation. I had never seen this gentleman, and only knew him by name. How very wonderful and mysterious are the Lord's ways ! I am sure if he has a dear child, whose name is written down in the Lamb's book of life, at the very ends of the earth, he will either send the gospel to that soul, or bring him to hear or receive it. Not a hoof shall be left behind. If the least member were absent, the body would not be complete. The Lord is never at a loss to effect his purposes ; nothing is "too hard for the Lord."

When the Lord first opened my eyes, and I saw and felt the gross darkness I was in, he gave me light enough to see that our minister was a "blind leader of the blind," or he would never have counselled me as he did : so I wrote him a faithful letter, and left him. Then I wandered about in search of an experimental gospel ministry, but all in vain ; so that I thought I should be obliged to sit in the house on the Lord's day with my Bible and hymn-book. I tried various places both in and out of the establishment, for I did not care if I could only hear the truth where I went ; I should have been glad to have heard it in an "upper room," or anywhere. I was one day telling a gentleman what a dilemma I was in, when he said, "Have you been to hear Mr. W.?" I said, "No." He replied, "I would advise you to go, for I think you

will like him." I did go ; and if ever the gospel was a joyful sound to any poor soul, it was to me. How sweet it was ! How I thanked the Lord for directing me there ! How many times my soul was blessed through Mr. W.'s preaching ! I desired "the sincere milk of the word," and that the Lord gave me through Mr. W. But as I grew in grace and in the knowledge of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the Lord began to "wean me from the breasts of Zion's consolations," so that I began to want stronger food than milk, which I could not get through Mr. W. About this time the Lord permitted me to be sorely tried and buffeted by the devil. It was the first encounter I remember to have had with the enemy since the Lord set up his kingdom in my heart. I was in a very sad and miserable way for several weeks. I thought my religion was all a delusion, and that I had been deceived in fancying what I had passed through. I wished I had never known anything about such a religion, for it made me more miserable than ever. I remember coming up Gloucester-street one day so full of sadness and wretchedness, that I could have sat down upon the stones and cried as if my heart would break. The Lord appeared for me again soon afterwards, but how differently I felt. I could not hear Mr. W. at all ! Here was another mystery which I could not understand—that the very same minister, through whom I had been so greatly blessed on my first entrance into the kingdom of grace, afterwards I could not hear at all ! This puzzled me very much. But I got so lean and barren in my soul, so dissatisfied with Mr. W.'s preaching, that I was compelled again to wander in search of something better. My beloved father in Christ frequently told me he believed Mr. W. only preached the truth in the letter, but I could not believe him until I proved it to be so. At this time I had learned that amongst the baptists I should be more likely to hear the truth than elsewhere ; so I determined to go to every baptist chapel in the town ! I had been to several, when the Lord directed me to the one in Shaw-street. I cannot tell you the joy I felt in again hearing that "certain sound," which the real gospel always gives to a poor sensible sinner. Here I got my poor, hungry soul fed and nourished, and built up upon my most holy faith. I soon left Mr. W.'s ministry, and wrote a faithful letter to him, stating my reasons for so doing, and my opinion of him as deduced from his preaching. In this opinion I was confirmed by my dear wife and Dr. C. And blessed be his dear name that there is one place in this large, dark town where his truth is faithfully and experimentally preached, to the joy and rejoicing of my soul many a time. The sovereign influences of the Holy Ghost are graciously vouchsafed to the Lord's sent servant, whom he has appointed to minister to his people in holy things ; and very blessedly is he led at times to trace out "the footsteps of the flock," and to "go in and out before them," to the comfort, encouragement, and consolation of my soul, and the praise and glory of my gracious God. Oh, what a privilege is a savory gospel ministry to the Lord's tried and exercised family !

Two things struck me very remarkably in Dr. C.'s letters before I was brought down. He used to conclude them with, "Yours faithfully to serve in the Lord." Those precious words, "to serve in the Lord," were like a talisman to my soul. They seemed to bind me to him, and to tell me that he was sincerely desirous of my soul's good. But what staggered me most was this very strange question, "Did God begin with you, or did you begin with God?" I never heard of such a thing! Did God begin with me? I could make neither head nor tail of it. It was the strangest question I ever heard. I used to think him a man of a very bitter spirit—he said such hard things; but I do believe no other method would have brought me down. Oh, how wonderfully fitted are God's instruments to effect his gracious purposes!

At the time the Lord called me by his grace, and revealed his Son in me, I was a member of a society called "The Mutual Edification Society." It was a very sweet name, and you might think it would be very nice to be a member of such a society. We had twelve members, and met at each other's houses in rotation (as convenient), on the first Monday evening of every month. We were all members of the Established Church, and generally a clergyman presided. We first had tea; then sang a hymn; then the minister offered up prayer; then we read a chapter in the Bible, verse by verse, as boys do in a class; and then we discussed the meaning of any difficult passages. Singing and prayer concluded the meeting. Now, after the Lord had opened my eyes, I saw that there was not a single living soul amongst them. They were all in a state of dead profession; and the society, if rightly named, should have been called "The Mutual Deception Society." When I was in such distress of soul, I met with one or two of the members, for I dared not go amongst them then. They thought me a very awful character. "Why don't you believe?" said one. "When the jailor of Philippi asked Paul what he must do to be saved, he said, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.' He did not say he was to believe in a month, or a year, but then; and why don't you take God at his word? You are an awful sinner for doubting God!" But I felt I had an evil heart of unbelief, and could as soon create a world as I could believe.

' "O could I but believe,
Then all would easy be;
I *would*, but *cannot*; Lord, relieve!
My help must come from Thee."

What should you think of the dead in the church-yard praying for the living in the church? Should not you think it very strange? Yet these gentlemen, in their mistaken zeal and kindness, prayed for me! But they were not so kind when I told them faithfully what they were. They were like a number of wolves attacking me on all sides, and I was like a little lamb, nearly torn to pieces and devoured by them; they knocked me down, and beat me on all sides. Although I knew, from heart-felt experience, that I was right; yet they beat me in every argument. I might as well have

tried to create a world as do them any good. So when I could bear it no longer, I wrote a faithful letter to the secretary, telling him what they all were, and what the society ought to be called, and left them. "Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish; for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in nowise believe, though a man declare it unto you." How many ways the devil has of deceiving people!

When I was in such soul travail, before the Lord revealed himself to me, I used to read my Bible very diligently; and whenever I found a passage which seemed to suit my case, I turned down the leaf that I might refer to it again. Any passages that I could find with "wait" in, were almost sure to be thus noticed. Dr. C. also advised me to get a copy of Hart's hymns, which I did, and found them very useful. They are the sweetest and most experimental hymns I ever read, taken as a whole. Then I used to pray very frequently, sometimes as many as a dozen times a day. Whenever I had an opportunity I fell upon my knees, and besought the Lord to have mercy upon me, and reveal himself to me. I read scarcely any other book; and my Bible is almost my sole companion still.

I have given great offence to many professors by my plain, faithful speaking. I am looked upon as a dangerous character, and a man of a very bad spirit. The effect of my faithful speaking and writing has been that they have separated from my company, and I am left alone. Yet the word of God says, "A faithful man shall abound with blessings," and so I have proved it. If I have not pleased man, the Lord has given his approbation of my conduct, for he has blessed me indeed, as I have already shown you. "If I yet pleased men I should not be the servant of the Lord." But there is such spurious charity in the present day, that to speak faithfully is to offend almost every one, and get one's name cast out as evil. A lady told me a short time ago, "as a friend," that she would advise me for the sake of my family, not to speak of religion to my patients, as I should be sure to give offence, and cause them to leave me. I replied, that as the Lord gave me opportunity, I trusted I should be enabled to speak of what I had felt, tasted, and handled of the Word of Life, and leave events with him. The Lord had that very morning sent me a new patient, the newly married daughter of one I had spoken more freely to than most others. Thus the Lord gave me a convincing proof that I was acting in accordance with his mind and will, and who it was that moved this so-called friend to advise me not to speak in his great name. What devices the devil uses to shut one's mouth!

When young, I went occasionally to "shows," races, and the theatre; but I soon left them off, as inconsistent with even a profession of religion. It does not show much for the sincerity of any person's profession if he can go to these places—card-playing the same.

I am very apt to go to extremes. In my days of profession I was extremely zealous, as I have told you, and was doing a great

deal for the Lord, as I thought. When converted, I went to the opposite extreme, and did nothing. I saw that the Lord did everything for his dear people, and that all was of grace. Since then I trust the Lord has brought me to see that he works by means, and that those means are as necessary as his grace, for the accomplishment of his eternal purposes of love and mercy to his elect, who are yet dead in trespasses and sins, as well as to those whom he has made alive; so that I trust the Lord will constrain me to work as zealously from life as I once did for life. All this the Lord has taught me from experience.

What a very peculiar privilege it is to be a child of God; to be one of the favourites of the God of heaven; to have power with him and with men, and to prevail; to be privileged to converse with him as a friend; to have him as a wall of fire round about me, and the glory in the midst! Though only a poor, helpless, worthless worm, in and of myself, yet to have the mighty God of Jacob for my help! What a privilege! I have not a single relative living, neither has my dear wife, upon whom the Lord has manifested his distinguishing love and mercy. How very wonderful that we should have been singled out, and manifested as the objects of his choice, and so many passed by!

“Why me, why me, O blessed God,
Why such a wretch as I?”

What a mystery is God's everlasting electing love!

If I had not been led to make choice of the medical profession, I should never have known my beloved father in the Lord; for it was in consequence of being a medical man, that I read the medical journal in which Dr. C.'s valuable papers appeared, and was led to recommend my apprentice to place himself under his care. And, wonderful to say,—there is nothing but wonders in all that our gracious covenant God does for his dear people—those very papers had actually been refused by the editor of another journal, on account of the religion they contained! Had they been inserted in the journal Dr. C. intended, I should not have seen them! But the Lord caused his precious truth which they contained to be the means of their being inserted in the journal I did read. Thus “the wrath of man shall praise thee; and the remainder of wrath thou shalt restrain.” Had this link of the golden chain been broken, how God's eternal purposes would have been frustrated! But it could not be. No, the natural enmity of the carnal mind against the truth of God must be shown up, “that he may do his work, his strange work, and bring to pass his act, his strange act.” The marvellous consequences which followed I have already told you. What a wonder-working Jehovah is the Lord God of Israel! What infinite design do his purposes manifest in all that concerns his dear people! I am lost in wonder, love, and praise, when I am led to look back at all the way the Lord has led me. Talk of chance indeed!

“ The fictious power of chance
 And fortune I defy ;
 My life's minutest circumstance
 Is subject to His eye.

“ O might I doubt no more,
 But in His pleasure rest,
 Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and power,
 Engage to make me blest !”

“ And in that day shall ye say, Praise the Lord, call upon his name, declare his doings among the people ; make mention that his name is exalted. Sing unto the Lord, for he hath done excellent things ; this is known in all the earth. Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion ; for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee.”

But because the Holy Ghost enables me to write in this exalted strain at the present time, you must not suppose that I am always here, and can always realize and enjoy these precious things. No, I am often mourning the absence of the Comforter, and sighing and groaning from the oppression of the enemy, and the corruptions of my wicked heart. I have had to pass through many temptations, trials, and afflictions, before my soul was firmly grounded, settled, and established in these precious truths. I have not jumped into my religion, but the Lord has taught me “ line upon line, line upon line ; here a little, and there a little,” in this painful though profitable way. “ All thy children shall be taught of the Lord ; and great shall be the peace of thy children,” is a blessed truth.

Another very remarkable thing is, that my apprentice, whom the Lord made use of to bring Dr. C. and me together, he has since removed by death ! The Lord caused him to do his work, and then took him away, and I have no reason to believe that he was a vessel of mercy. “ Who is like unto thee, glorious in holiness ; fearful in praise, doing wonders ?” Well may I stand in utter amazement at the Lord's distinguishing love and mercy to me, and say with Jacob, “ How dreadful is this place !”

In conclusion, I cannot tell which of the persons in the ever-blessed Trinity to bless, praise, and adore the most. God the Father, for his eternal choice of me, giving me to Christ, and writing my name in the Lamb's book of life ; or God the Son for his redeeming love, for taking my nature into union with his Divine nature, and satisfying all the demands of law and justice against me, by suffering in my room and stead—oh what love !—or God the Holy Ghost, for revealing this great salvation to my soul, and witnessing my completeness in “ the Lord our righteousness.” This is essentially the dispensation of the Spirit. I can know nothing, feelingly and experimentally, of the Father's electing, and the Son's redeeming love, but as I am led into them by the light, power, and teaching of the Holy Ghost. The more the precious work of the Holy Ghost is set forth in the ministry of the word, the more I value it ; for I find his precious leadings, teachings, and influences are the

very life of my soul ; and those who honor him, I am sure he will honor. If I have one desire more than another at times, it is that a double portion of the Spirit may rest upon me, for when that sweet springing well of everlasting life bubbles up in my soul, my heart is inditing a good matter, and I can glory in a precious Christ. I do prize most highly the precious influences of the Holy Ghost, for all is dry, and barren, and lifeless without them. Oh for more of his light, and power, and teaching ! Well might dear Mr. Hart say, under his rich anointing,

“ Thy sweet communion charms the soul,
And gives true peace and joy ;
Which Satan's power cannot control,
Nor all his wiles destroy.”

The Lord has blessed my soul very greatly in telling out the great things he has done for me. I trust I have written just as the Blessed Remembrancer brought the matter to my mind.

“ And now the work is done,
Without much pains or cost ;
The author's merit's none,
And therefore none his boast.

“ May he that sings, or reads,
That precious blessing know
That comes by Jacob's kids,
And not from Esau's bow.” Amen.

Liverpool.

P. L.

WHAT SHALL I RENDER UNTO THE LORD FOR ALL HIS BENEFITS TOWARDS ME ?

My dear Friend,—May the God of all grace and truth rest upon you and yours ! may he feed you with knowledge from on high ! may he fill your earthen vessel to the full with his love and the power of his grace, that you may be able to tell out to the Lord's dear family some of the Lord's dealings with your soul ! The husbandman is first to be partaker of the fruits, so that he may be able to give a good description of it, to well recommend it, to proclaim unto Zion with mighty power, “ Come, taste and see that the Lord is good ;” he is good “ unto all them that call upon him in truth and sincerity,” and to those that “ hope in his mercy.”

When you came down to our place, a Sunday or two ago, I believe you thought I was a cold-hearted wretch, as I manifested nothing more toward you. However, to be consciëntious, I was this character, and have been for a long time in a very confused state of mind. I have been led captive by the devil at his will. He has shown me the gold of Australia, and many more flesh-pleasing seductions ; and he assured me that all should be mine if I would listen to his teaching. But after a pause or two, and serious reflection, by which, I trust, I was led by the Spirit to examine myself, and to try whether this spirit came from God or no, I felt, when duly weighed in the balance of God's eternal truth, it was found wanting ; and I also felt that if I had gone there I should have perished,

for aught I know, body and soul together. Demas's character was often presented to my mind, and I often feared that I should be his character, and his portion my portion. "Love not the world, neither the things that are of the world; if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." This portion of God's truth, and many more to the same effect, were often on my mind; so I can say in this instance, "So did not I, because of the fear of the Lord." However, this is not all I felt. I felt that reformation in this respect in the outward man was nothing without repentance unto life in the soul. I was brought to see that I had done wrong in believing the devil's report of Australia, and entertaining in my mind these gods of gold. Thus shame, confusion of face, sin, and guilt, entered into my soul; and the wrath of God descended in a powerful manner upon me. On this my spirit sank, my faith gave way, "the fears of death gat hold upon me," the "arrows of God" fastened in me, and I sank beneath the mighty waves of impending justice. Whilst weighed down with this, one night, on my bed, these words came with some little power,—

"And though I have Him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not;"

which gave me some little encouragement to look again towards his holy temple. I continued in this state of mind for a day or two, hoping and misgiving, and then hoping again. Sunday came, and it was prayer-meeting day; and when I found it was likely I must bear the yoke, I ransacked the hymn-book to find this hymn, and I found it at the 9th page. I gave it out, but could scarcely keep on my legs the while. When we had sung it all, save two verses, I fell across the pew, and uttered a few broken ejaculations. I wept aloud; my heart-strings were ready to break, and my heart melted like snow before the sun. Poor Mary was brought very sweetly to my mind. I could have washed the dear Saviour's feet, and wiped them with the hairs of my head. I could put my mouth in the dust, and did "weep to the praise of the mercy I found." When I came to myself, all the people were gone out, save those that rejoiced over me; for there were some who were warmed a little by the sight of this fire. I turned myself about, and looked for my accusers; but they were all fled and gone, I know not where, nor could I find them. "I wist not what was done unto me;" but could say, "Once I was blind, but now I see." The "light of the glory of God" caused my face to shine, and I could scarcely tell whether I was in the body or out of it. I wiped my face with my handkerchief, and we went out to dinner, but I did not eat much. I did not want it; my appetite was gone, being swallowed up in the ocean of never-dying love. Thus I could say with David, "I esteem the words of thy mouth more than my necessary food;" "thy words of mercy were found by me, and I did eat them, and they were to me the joy and rejoicing of my heart." "Thy word is most sweet; yea, I esteem it more than choice silver or gold." Thus, as you were speaking down here, concerning the north and the south wind, I can truly say it is come—the north wind of reflection,

of real soul-examination, of discovering where and in what position we stand before God ; and when I found or was led to see that on a due computation of things I was found wanting, the south wind came with the soft breezes of grace and power from on high, and dissolved this heart of stone, producing all the graces of the Spirit, love, meekness, contrition, godly sorrow, repentance, humility, prayer, faith, hope, and patience. Oh, what calmness ensued ! sincerity, peace, resignation, willingness to be nothing, putting the mouth in the dust, rejoicing with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Truly I can say,—

“ Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze,
Love I much, I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.”

Oh, to feel one's self fenced about with Jehovah's *wills* and *shalls* ! “ I will visit their transgression with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes ; nevertheless ” (no, not a bit the less, but so much the more, for visiting them with a rod) “ will I not take my loving-kindness from them, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail.” Oh, this is an unspeakable mercy bestowed by the Lord on his people ! a mercy they will never forget when they get beyond this vale of tears ; a mercy they will praise him for when time is no more ; and when they get a sip of it here they can praise him here on earth. Thus they “ weep to the praise of the mercy they find ; ” and “ they that go forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them.” But though I often weep after Christ, alas ! it is sometimes with a hard heart ; and sometimes, to his glory and honor be it spoken, with a soft heart too. Yet “ I would weep as though I wept not, and rejoice as though I rejoiced not,” knowing, by the teaching of the Spirit, I “ weep not as those without hope,” and rejoice not as if I were freed whilst in the body from all the malice of hell. I know I am not ; for, before I came out of the chapel at night, I felt a fiery dart or two, which caused me a little doubting in my mind respecting what I felt in the morning, if it was real or no. But, however, by the grace of God, and the power of the Spirit, by the shield of faith, and the helmet of salvation, and putting on the breastplate of righteousness, they went harmlessly off, and did me no harm ; for I believe the points of the darts blunted up when they came against this heavenly armour, and therefore could not enter. When night came to go home, I wished we could stay in the chapel all night ; yea, I secretly wished in my mind it was all Sundays, for this was indeed one of the Sabbaths of the Son of God to me. How I dreaded the world on Monday, being so refreshed with the presence of God, and all my enemies under my feet ! I was indeed like a giant refreshed with new wine ; and, under these feelings, my soul was so overpowered in the afternoon, that I cried, “ Hold thine hand, Lord ; it is too much for such a wretch as I ! ” I attempted to read one of dear Mr. P.'s sermons in the dinner hour to a friend or two, as we were collected together. This was the text, “ Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit ; ”

and, when he spoke of the choice fruit, my soul was so overflowing with this delicious fruit, that I felt I could not read it. Oh, such fruit as this in my soul! "Yes, poor thing," the Spirit would respond again, "in thy soul;" and I burst out into laughter of joy. This is showing wonders to the dead, causing the dumb to sing for joy, the stammerer to speak fluently, and the lame man to leap as a hart, upon the mountains of God's unchangeable love. When I went into the prayer-meeting in the afternoon, I could scarcely sit still. Some of the hymns that were sung were concerning the broken-hearted, and dissolving the heart like snow. I tried to sing with them, and I did, too, in my heart; but, if I had with my mouth, I should have burst out, and made strange amusement for the people. Thus the heart of a man teacheth his mouth, and addeth learning to his lips. I could indeed say, "Come unto me, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what great things he has done for my soul." He has led captivity captive, opened the prison doors, drawn up the prisoner out of the pit whence is no water, broken in pieces the gates of brass, and cut asunder the bars of iron, opened the treasures that long lay hid to my soul in darkness, and revealed to me the hidden riches of secret places, that I may know that he that called me by my name is the God of Israel. My dear friend, you will pardon me for running on so fast; for I run on, and truth flows so fast, that I am obliged to draw in, and think where I am. I did not think of writing so long a letter; but, feeling a warm heart toward you, and matter flowing so fast, I have presumed so to do. May the God of all mercy bless you, and be with you in your rising up and lying down, at home and abroad, and likewise your dear partner in life, and all the friends that worship the God of Israel at C.! May he bless them with a feeling heart, to cry for his presence to be revealed to them, as a satisfaction of their interest in Christ, and also to the honor of God, that, in feeling these things, we may say with the Apostle Paul, "Who shall separate us from the love of God? Shall persecution, famine, distress, nakedness, peril, or sword? No; in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. To him be all the glory. Amen."

S—, Jan. 28, 1856.

T. H.

Esau's face dried, he wept no more, when his father blessed him with the dew of heaven, and the fatness of the earth.—*Rutherford*.

There is an anger of God with his own people which hath more of mercy than wrath; in this his rod is guided by his bowels. There is a fury of God against his enemies where there is sole wrath without any tincture of mercy; when his sword is all edge, without any balsam drops upon it.—*Charnock*.

A good schoolmaster taketh a more strict account of his best scholar, and more often plieeth him with the rod, than any other, because he most desireth his profit. Let us think so of our heavenly Father, that he holdeth a stricter hand over those in Christ's school who outstrip others, that they may more profit by him.—*Wheatley*.

A LETTER TO MR. JOHN BOULTBEE, COLF-
ORTON.

My dear Friend and Brother in the Lord,—Grace, mercy, and peace from Israel's covenant God be with you, and all your dear companions in tribulation. After a long silence of which I am quite ashamed, and for which I sincerely crave your pardon, I am favored with an opportunity of writing you, which I embrace with some degree of pleasure, and with an humble reliance on the sweet influences of God the Holy Ghost, without which I can do nothing acceptably, for matter to write; and if my desire is granted, I pray that the dear revealer of Jesus may bless what is his own to your soul, and make us rejoice in his covenant love and mercy together. Since I wrote you last, I have been severely tried, of which I expect you have heard; but my God has wonderfully supported me, and I trust has sanctified his fatherly rod. I had no connection whatever with my brother's business, but merely advanced him sums as he stood in need, from pure filial affection, and a sincere regard for the truth. Through the kind interposition of Divine Providence, I hope not to lose so much as I at first expected to do, though I shall be a considerable sufferer by the affair in the end. Oh, my dear brother, what a mercy it is, amidst the changing scenes of this life of vanity, to have our treasure in heaven, where moth cannot corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal; to know it from the witnessing of the Spirit, and the indwelling of Christ, the life and glory of the his chosen, in our hearts, exalts that mercy so sweetly in our estimation, as to fill our souls with joy unspeakable, and causes us to trample with a holy disdain upon all sublunary things, considering them but as dung and dross in comparison with Christ. A precious Christ is of more value to me than thousands of gold and silver. The kind bounties of an unerring and superintending Providence, with which I am blessed, I esteem, and trust I am thankful for, but they cannot feed nor satisfy my sin-sick soul. One look from Jesus sinks them all out of sight. Communion with him from off the mercy-seat yields a heaven below, and sweetly enables the soul to endure the will of his covenant Jehovah with patience and resignation, whatever that will may be. Not only so, but it constrains to a consistent glorying therein, and gives power to overcome sin, Satan, and the world. Blessed be God, this my soul knows right well. While I am writing to you, my heart melts with love and gratitude in the assurance of the truth of it. Oh! the precious privileges of Jehovah's sealed ones. Having Christ formed in their hearts the hope of glory, with him they are satisfied. From his fulness their wants find a full supply. In him they see Jehovah reconciled, sin condemned, the law magnified and honored, divine justice satisfied, and all the attributes of God harmonised, and joining to pronounce them justified, sanctified, and free. Into him they enter, and on him live by faith, and triumphantly sing with the Apostle, "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to those who are in Christ Jesus, &c.," of him they boast, and make him their refuge, shield,

and hiding place. To him they look for all they want. Through him they receive, in answer to the Holy Spirit's voice within their hearts, all they need. In him they rejoice as the God of their salvation; and in him, and through him, and by him, as their head, root, well-spring, and life, they bring forth and abound with fruit to the glory of God, and the exceeding riches of his grace. Thus they make it evident they are a "peculiar people," chosen of God in covenant before time begun, and ordained for his own glory to be so. "Peculiar" in possessing an actual life, a secret substance in Christ before they had a natural being, or ere the wheels of time began to move, which the non-elect never had. "Peculiar" in being preserved in him till called, and then made willing in the day of his power, while others are left to, and let go on in their sin, till they sink as willing slaves to Satan and their own lusts, beneath his just displeasure, to suffer the vengeance of eternal fire. "Peculiar" in living on, and not being satisfied without Christ, while to others he is only as a root out of a dry ground, for they see no form nor comeliness in him that they should desire him. "Peculiar" in that all the promises, invitations, consolations, injunctions, exhortations, and admonitions of the Gospel belong to them only. "Peculiar," because as they lived in Christ before calling, by virtue of an eternal union, which earth, hell, and sin combined could not break, so they do now, and will for ever; and in order that this mystery should be made clear to them, he takes up his abode, and lives in them at his own appointed time. By the regenerating, quickening, and comforting influences of his Holy Spirit, he separates them from the world, makes them hate sin, love and look for Jesus in his word and ordinances, and serve him with love and filial fear; maintains a warfare in their souls against Satan, destroys his dominion, and curbs his reigning power; makes them know and feel the power of his sin-cleansing and atoning blood, the preciousness of his justifying righteousness; stamps his own image on them, gives them sweet fellowship with him in his death and sufferings, and makes them rejoice in hope of the glory of God, which is now, and shall ere long, where sin is known no more, be infinitely more so revealed in the face of Jesus their friend, their life, their God, their heaven, and their all. And finally, they are a peculiar people because a "peculiar" rest remains for them above. For them it was given by God the Father to Christ, or God the Son beforetime, and is sealed theirs by God the Spirit in time; and so they must and shall inherit it.

These, my dear brother, are a few of the privileges of God's dear people. Oh may we and all the lovers of Jesus at Bedworth, at Coleorton, and in every place, have them deeper and deeper engrained in our hearts in lines of blood, and be able constantly to live upon and up to them by precious faith, that our Heavenly Father may be glorified; for they are truths that will outlive time, and will support the soul in trouble and in death. A full, free, and finished salvation, built on Jehovah's covenant, everlasting, electing, sovereign, and unchangeable love, is the boast and joy of my soul. Hold it fast, my dear friend, and be this your constant aim, to make

your calling and election sure ; thus you will be preserved from falling into the errors which abound and surround the church, and be able to glorify God with your spirit which is his. The God of Jacob bless you and my dear friends who meet at Coleorton to worship his precious and holy name, and who have put on the gospel yoke. Oh seek not to put it off, nor be weary in serving the Lord, nor maintaining his cause ; in due time ye shall reap if ye faint not. Who can tell but what the Lord will raise up a people to worship him in your little Bethel, and there to call him blessed when your weary tabernacles are sleeping in the dust. How sweet the thought ! perhaps it may be so. It is an honor to be favored with building a house for the Lord, and the greatest mercy and privilege that can possibly be conferred upon you to be enabled to worship him therein in spirit and in truth. The Lord grant this privilege may be yours if consistent with his will ; above all things, my dear friend, study to maintain a conscience void of offence before God and man, that the truths you profess to love may not be evilly spoken of ; keep near to a throne of grace—dread the least departure from the Lord—rest not, keep not from Jesus with or while guilt is on the conscience, nor be satisfied when it is taken away, unless by the application of the blood of Christ ; for it will only gender to bondage, hardness, and darkness of soul, if you do. Set not your affections on anything below the sun but Christ, for as sure as you do your idols will be torn away, that Jesus may be your best beloved, and have your whole hearts. Mind not high things, but be content to be like your Lord and Master, poor, persecuted, and despised ; it is glory begun to bear his cross with the assurance of wearing his crown. Withdraw from the world and carnal company as much as possible, for they will hinder your communion with God ; and never forsake the assembling of yourselves together whenever an opportunity presents itself. Strive to cling together in love ; when Satan can separate brethren he gains his ends ; if but two or three, if you keep together in love, and with fervent prayer, you surely will command the blessing ; and by so doing you will see your enemies turn back. Fret not at the prosperity of the wicked, for they shall be soon cut down ; nor at their iron arm of oppression, for they are in the Lord's hand as his sword, to do with them as he pleases. In no instance blame second causes, but be still amidst all your trials, and know that there is a first cause, even God, who hath declared all things shall work together for his children's good and his glory. Thus do, live in peace, and the God of peace bless you and be with you till you and I meet in glory to see his face, and never, never sin. Amen.

I remain, your truly affectionate brother in the Lord,
Bedworth, Nov. 17, 1826.

G. T. C.

Those who have not anything outward, have often something more terrifying within. As a foe within the walls is more dangerous than one without, so some terrifying lust may fill the soul with an awful jeopardy.—*Timothy Priestley.*

OBITUARY.

MARY ELLIS, LATE OF LAVINGTON, WILTS.

[Continued from page 151.]

The ordinance of believers' baptism she saw was becoming all the followers of the Lord of glory ; and gladly would she have passed through it in love to her dearest Lord, could she have seen her interest clear. She would go for miles to witness it, and often felt a solemn pleasure in standing by the water side. How she used to envy those who were thus following their Lord, and obeying his commands ; for she was both ready and willing to take up her cross, and follow her dearest Lord through evil and good report, seeing that it was the way the Shepherd trod out for his redeemed to follow, to show forth the overwhelming sufferings of his holy body and soul ! When the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was attended to, she used to be almost always present ; and when the parting hymn was sung, she generally took a part in it, for she felt that there was something infinitely blessed in thus obeying and doing these things in remembrance of their dear departed Lord. For many years she thus felt such cleaving to the people of God, her soul being born again, and bound for eternal glory. She held all things in this mortal state with a loose hand, daily being led to see that everything here was vanishing and would soon pass away ; and the commanding word having reached her heart, " Arise and depart, for this is not your rest." Having a conscious feeling from day to day that her heart was deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, she needed to be washed in the fountain opened in the wounded side of Jesus ; and a daily feeling of her guilt, shame, and nakedness, made her long after that spotless robe, woven without any seam of creature obedience, to clothe her needy, naked soul ; for she daily felt that, in all her best performances, her sins did appear ; in everything she came short of the glory of God ; all her consistency of life, love to the truth, servants, and people of God, hungering and thirsting after righteousness, living desires, earnest breathings after an interest in his great salvation, were all as nothing, and must all fall down before the infinitely blessed, finished work of Jesus ; and that, if ever she was saved, it must be through the sufferings, death, and cross of Jesus. How she used to long for the spring season to come, to see the account of dear Mr. P.'s coming to Allington ! His ministry used to be generally sweet and blest to her soul, and many times has been as bread cast upon the waters, found after many days ; also Mr. Godwin's ministry. I used often to observe her on the Lord's-day morning, when we have been going or riding on the road. How anxiously she used to look out for the hill that lies near the village ! The very spot and place was dear to her soul ; and when at times I could not get away to go with the horse, she would get a friend to go with her and walk. So, again, when we have had some of the Lord's ministers at our house, how she used to sit at their feet, and listen to their blessed conversation ! I used to look on my

late dear wife as "Martha, being cumbered about much serving," while my dear sister "Mary had chosen the good part, which could not be taken from her." Many hours have my dear sister and wife spent together in singing the blessed songs of Zion by their fire-side ; at times I have sat by and listened to them till I could contain my keen feelings no longer ; and I have been obliged to withdraw into the garden, something seeming to tell me that I should not be privileged with those two favored souls long ; and, indeed, if any one had told me that, in little more than three years, these my two dearest friends and my mother, too, would be taken away, I must have sunk into despair. But to come to her last days on earth. My dear sister having spent many favored years with her whole affections fixed on an eternal state, the day of trouble and temptation drew near. Being of a cheerful, fair countenance, of good report, and an industrious soul, many young men tried to entangle her in wedlock ; but she was enabled to resist them all, though some came under a profession of religion, and some rich with this world's goods ; but she "chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God," and abide by the followers of her dearest Lord. In 1852, the mournful day arrived. A young man, a member of an Independent chapel, came arrayed in sheep's clothing, and made her an offer in marriage ; he professed to have been taught the truth, told how the Lord had begun a work of grace in his heart, stating its effects, and how he had been blessed under Mr. Godwin's ministry, and felt deliverance through him. He therefore was admitted into her company, attended the little chapel with her, and became her suitor. My sister having a number of Mr. P.'s sermons bound together, which she used often to read, this young man having been accustomed to meet a few people in a certain house in a distant village for public worship on Lord's-day evenings, desired the loan of these sermons, to read them on certain occasions, and my sister likewise accompanied him. Here it was that my dear sister first felt a natural affection that she had no power to withstand, and found herself involved with love, believing in her own conscience that he was a living soul ; and, at length, in the autumn of 1853, the fatal day came that she gave herself to him, and brought grief and trouble on her last days on earth, and her soul down with sorrow to the grave.

Let this be a fearful warning to all God-fearing, unmarried females, and as a beacon on a hill, that they may be enabled, in the strength of the Lord, to stand up against all such wolves in sheep's clothing as come to them arrayed in Gospel garb, to entangle them, and draw their silly feet into the marriage net.

The Lord now began to visit my dear sister with affliction of both body and mind, withdrawing all that blessed nearness and sweet communion that she had felt at times for many years past, and frowning her precious soul into bondage, darkness, grief, and sorrow. Her eyes began to be opened also to see through the mask of religion, and the awful hypocrisy of him that once appeared as an angel of light. Being often led away by him from the truth to hear

error preached, she has returned to her home with a wounded conscience ; and now, instead of the sabbath days being spent with sweet delight, they were passed in lamentation and sorrow ; still her heart and affections were up unto the Lord. She was enabled to look again and again towards his holy temple ; and though the Lord seemed to frown her soul away, yet she felt, Who can tell but that the time may come when I may see the golden sceptre of mercy held out towards me, and find acceptance before the pure majesty of heaven ? She now knew what it was for one with whom she had gone up to the house of the Lord in company, and took sweet counsel together, not to spare to spit in her face, and persecute her precious soul ; and with her dearest Lord she hid not her face from shame and spitting, but bore it all patiently, clearly seeing that she had justly merited it all from the hands of a righteous God. To an esteemed friend that witnessed her painful path, she said, "Do not tell my brother and sisters of what I pass through, because they will take such trouble about me. My brother used to tell me about —, but I would not hearken unto him, and what I should have to pass through, but I paid no regard, and now it is come home to me ; I have justly merited it all." My sister's illness still increased, and being pregnant, and her months hastening to accomplish, her doctor foretelling her that she would not live, but would surely die ; yet she was not affrighted, for she felt that it would be better for her to die than to live ; and on the 19th of July she brought forth her first-born. But her illness still increased, and the weighty, solemn tidings of death lay with great weight and power on her soul, so that she became anxiously concerned as to how the case stood between the Lord and her soul, with many anxious cries unto the pure Majesty of heaven. She felt for several days as one forsaken, and to whom the Lord paid no regard ; but her eyes, heart, and affections for days and nights were up to the blessed throne of mercy and grace with ardent lovings and pantings. I shall never forget, when I entered her room, about a week before she died, how her soul was going out after the manifested presence of the Lord, with feelings that pierced me through, whilst she continued repeating, "Lord, do appear for me ! do appear ! have mercy upon me ! oh, do, Lord, have mercy on me, even me, even me, even me, Lord, the least of all ! oh, do, Lord ! do, Lord ! do, do, do !" My heart was broken, and tears ran down my face. I went near ; and the moment she saw me, what love she felt to me ! I said, "You want to feel Christ precious." She replied, "I do, I do, I do ! I cannot see my interest clear ! I cannot feel that my sins are put away !" I said, "If the Lord has given you a desire after Christ, he will reveal him, and fulfil that desire." She then raised her hands, and said, "Oh, then, give me a desire, Lord ! a real desire, a true desire, Lord ! and then fulfil that desire ! oh, do, Lord ! do, Lord !" An esteemed friend of hers came into the room ; on asking her how her mind was respecting death, she answered, "I am not going to flatter you ; I cannot tell how it will be with me at the last." He replied, that he did not want to be flattered ; "but you cannot say but that you feel some

thirstings and strugglings after the Lord." She replied, "Yes; that is quite a different thing :—

"His love in times past forbids me to think
He will leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through."

Her nurse checked her for speaking, as she was so dreadfully ill, but it was of no use; and though she had been always from childhood quite reserved, and never had but little to say concerning soul matters, now it did not matter who was in the room; eternity, with all its solemnities, was laid so powerfully on her conscience, she could not refrain. At times she would burst out with an exceeding bitter cry, and say, "Oh, my sweet babe, what trouble are you born to!" Then, again, she would repeat, "The Lord have mercy upon me, and my dear child!" The following morning, when her sister entered her room, she looked at her, and said,

" 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.' "

During the day she was more composed. Her favored sister was at the time dangerously ill, and appeared at the point of death; I asked her if she could not send her love to her; she earnestly replied, "Yes, if I cannot send my love to her, whom can I send it to?" On the following Lord's-day, she felt again some sweet touches, and several lines of hymns were very precious; but still her soul was going out after the Lord day after day, with such pressing desires, so that she could take no denial; and, on Friday, the 4th of August, two days before her death, the Lord was pleased to reveal pardon and mercy to her soul, and gave her a sight of Jesus bearing her sins away in his own body on the cross; and she exclaimed, "I have felt the forgiveness of all my sins, and am not afraid to die, for my soul is made right for eternity." Being too ill for any conversation, or any earthly company, she lay in a quiet, calm, serene, composed state, till the happy moment came when her precious soul took its flight, on Lord's-day afternoon, to enter on an eternal sabbath, free from all sorrow, pain, and trouble, to receive a crown of glory, and gaze on the sweet face of Jesus; to drink into his blessed likeness, adore and praise the grace that reached her, the love that was fixed upon her, the blood that washed her from all her sins, and landed her safe on the shores of eternal bliss and glory for evermore. Thus fell asleep in Jesus my very dear sister, Mary Jane Ellis, August 6th, 1854, aged twenty-eight years. Her mortal remains were committed to the grave on the following Wednesday, to rest with her departed mother till the last great day.

A LOVER OF THE TRUTH.

Market Lavington, Wilts, March 21, 1856.

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A physician doth according to his art to cure the body, and God doth the like in wisdom to cure the soul; they whom he ordereth not, setting them in a course of physic, but letteth them do what they will, and have what they call for, are in a desperate case.—*Featley.*

R E V I E W.

The Life of Luther written by Himself; or, The Autobiography of Luther, in passages extracted from his Writings, including his experiences, struggles, doubts, temptations, and consolations. With additions and illustrations. Collected and arranged by M. Michelet. London: W. H. Collingridge, City Press, 1, Long Lane. Price One Shilling.

When anything great has to be done on earth for the glory of God and the advance of his kingdom, his usual, if not invariable way has hitherto been to raise up some one instrument, or several instruments, whom he endues with grace, wisdom, and power for the work to be done, and whose labours he blesses to bring about the end that he has determined should be accomplished. Joseph to feed the children of Israel in Egypt; Moses to bring them out of the house of bondage; Joshua to lead them into the promised land; the Judges that succeeded Joshua, such as Gideon and Jephthah, to deliver them from the various captivities into which they fell; Elijah to destroy the idolatry of Baal, and restore the worship of the God of their fathers; Ezra and Nehemiah to bring them back from Babylon, and rebuild the city and temple—all these are so many marked instances of the Lord's using special and chosen instruments to bring about his appointed ends. Had it been his sovereign will, he might have worked otherwise. He might, for instance, have impressed it at once on the minds of all the children of Israel to leave Egypt without any particular leader or guide, or under one of their own choosing; or he might have made them, as one man, by a simultaneous rising, burst the chains of the Midianites without the sword of Gideon; or he might have led them back to himself from the worship of Baal without the ministry of Elijah. But no; he would select and qualify some one individual who should be his chosen instrument, and in whom and by whom he would work by his Spirit and grace to accomplish his destined purpose. When we come down to New Testament times, we see the same principle still at work, and the same agency employed. The Lord Jesus Christ chose disciples that they might be constantly with him, to receive the words of life and truth from his own sacred lips, and, when baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire, to go forth as apostles to preach the gospel among all nations for the obedience of faith. Paul, the great apostle of the Gentiles, is a special instance of the point we are seeking to establish, and one which sets it in the fullest, clearest light. How striking in this point of view are the words of the Lord to Ananias concerning him: "Go thy way: for he is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel." (Acts ix. 15.) All that the Lord did by Paul he might have done without Paul. With a look, a touch, a word, a breath, a nation might have been born in a day, or myriads have started up, like the bones in the valley of vision, and stood up upon their feet an exceeding great army. But no;

Paul was to be the chosen vessel to bear his name before the Gentiles. The mad Pharisee, the bloodthirsty persecutor, the waster of the church of God, was to preach the faith which once he destroyed.* He that stood by when the blood of the martyred Stephen was shed, and, consenting unto his death, kept the raiment of them that slew him—this was the man who was to suffer all things for the elect's sake, to be in labors more abundant than all his fellow-servants, and to travel from sea to sea, and from shore to shore, that by him as a chosen instrument the Lord might open the eyes of elect Gentiles, and turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.

In the times which followed the New Testament records, when error and corruption had done their sad work, we still find the same principle in operation when God made his right arm bare. When Arianism, in the fourth century, threatened to drown the truth as it is in Jesus as with a flood from the mouth of the serpent, and the faithful few, like Eli, sat trembling for the ark of God, Athanasius was raised up to assert and defend the fundamental doctrine of the Trinity. So alone did this chosen instrument stand, and so boldly did he maintain the field, that it was a common saying of the period, "Athanasius against all the world, and all the world against Athanasius." But we owe it, humanly speaking, to this undaunted champion that the grand foundation doctrine of the Trinity was preserved to the church. When Pelagianism, or the doctrine of human merit, rather more than a century later, was spreading its poisonous influence far and wide, Augustine was raised up to expose and overthrow it. When the densest darkness of Popish error, and we may add of Romish oppression, was settling deep and wide on this country, Wickliffe was called forth to herald in, and, as it were, antedate the Reformation. When Wickliffe's followers here, and John Huss, and Jerome of Prague, to whom his writings had been blessed, on the continent, were crushed by the iron hand of persecution, and the Romish church seemed to have secured for herself undisputed sway over the minds and liberties of men, God raised up Luther, and wrought by him the greatest and most blessed work since the days of primitive Christianity.

Luther is perhaps one of the strongest instances which can be adduced of the truth of the principle we are seeking to establish—that not only does the Lord work by human instruments, but usually by *one* select instrument; and it is with a special eye to him in this point of view that the preceding sketch has been traced out. For want of seeing this, not only the character of Luther, but the very nature of the Reformation itself, has been totally misapprehended. The only writer in the multitude of authors, civil and reli-

* "Destroyed" is not quite the right translation. It is literally "laying waste," the idea being of an invader laying waste a country, or a victorious army ravaging and desolating a city which they had taken by storm. Faith cannot be destroyed, but it may be attacked, ravaged, and run over, as a country is by an invading army.

gious, who have drawn their pens in behalf of, or against the Reformation, who seems to have thoroughly seen this, is D'Aubigné ; and in the clear appreciation of this point lies the chief value of his work. He clearly saw that the Reformation was worked out in Luther's soul, and that thus Luther was not so much a Reformer as the Reformation :* in other words, that the abuses, the errors, the burdens against which he testified by voice and pen with such amazing energy and power, were errors and burdens under which his own soul had well nigh sunk into despair ; and that the truths which he preached with such force and feeling had been brought into his heart by the power of God, whose mighty instrument he was. Thus as error after error was opened up in his soul by the testimony of the Spirit in the word of truth and in his conscience, he denounced them in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn ;" and similarly, as one blessed truth after another was revealed to his heart and applied to his soul, he declared it with voice and pen dipped in the dew of heaven. The Reformation, therefore, at least in Germany, was, so to speak, gradually drawn out of Luther's soul. He did not come forth as a theologian fully furnished with a scheme of doctrines, or as a warrior armed at all points, but advanced slowly, as himself a learner, from one position to another, gradually feeling his way onward ; taking up, therefore, no ground on which he had not been clearly set down, and which he could not firmly maintain from the express testimony of God. It is true that this gradual progress of his mind involved him at times in contradictions and inconsistencies, not to say mistakes and errors, which his enemies have availed themselves of to sully and tarnish one of the noblest characters, both naturally and spiritually, that the world has ever seen. It is the distinguishing feature of low, base minds to fix their eyes on the blemishes of those noble characters, whose excellencies they cannot understand for want of similar noble feelings in themselves. Any one can censure, criticise, and find fault ; but any one cannot admire, value, or rightly appreciate, for to do so requires a sympathy with that which deserves admiration. Envy and jealousy may prompt the detracting remark ; but humility and a genuine approval of what is excellent for its own sake will alone draw forth the admiring expression. Admiration, or what a popular writer of the present day calls "hero-worship," should not indeed blind us to the faults of great men. But a discerning eye, whilst it admits Luther's

* "The first stage in a man's life, that in which he is formed and moulded under the hand of God, is always important, and was so especially in the case of Luther. There, even at that period, the whole Reformation existed. The different phases of that great work succeeded each other in the soul of him who was the instrument of accomplishing before it was actually accomplished. The knowledge of the Reformation which took place in Luther's heart is the only key to the Reformation of the Church. We must study the particular work if we would attain to a knowledge of the general work. Those who neglect the one will never know more than the form and exterior of the other. They may acquire a knowledge of certain events and certain results, but the intrinsic nature of the revival they cannot know, because the living principle which formed the soul of it, is hidden from them."—*D'Aubigné*.

inconsistencies, sees displayed more manifestly thereby the mercy and wisdom of God. The Lord, indeed, was no more the author of Luther's errors than he was of Luther's sins, but as he mercifully pardoned the one, so he graciously passed by the other, and overruled both to his own glory. Several great advantages were, however, secured by the slow and gradual way whereby Luther advanced onward in the path of Reformation.

1. He won his way thereby gradually and slowly in the understanding, conscience, and affections of the people of God, who received the truth from his mouth and pen by the same gradual process as he himself had learned it. Had he at once burst forth into all the full blaze of truth, the light would have been too strong for eyes sealed in darkness for ages. But, like the sun, his light broke gradually upon the eyes of men, and thus they could follow him as he clambered slowly up to the full meridian. Thus he and those whom he taught grew together, and the master was never so much in advance of the pupil as to be out of sight and hearing.

2. Again, by this means, as each corruption of doctrine or practice was laid open to the conscience of the Reformer, or as each truth was made sweet and precious to his soul, he spoke and wrote under the influence as then and there felt. As he gathered the manna fresh, so he filled his omer, and that of his neighbors who had gathered less. The shewbread, after being presented before the Lord, was eaten by the priest and his family at the end of the week, before it was spoiled by keeping; and when that was being eaten, fresh was set on the holy table. If Luther and his spiritual family ate together the bread of truth which had been placed before the Lord for his approving smile, whilst still retaining all its original flavor and freshness, was not that better than if, by long keeping, it had in a measure lost its original sweetness?

3. But further, if Luther had at once come forth with his sweeping denunciations of the Pope as Antichrist, without the minds of men being gradually prepared to receive his testimony, his career, humanly speaking, would have been short, and he would have been cut off at once by the iron hand of the Papacy, and not only his work cut off with him, but his very name now might have been unknown. Charles V., it is well known, regretted to his dying day what he considered the grand error of his life—not violating the safe conduct he had given Luther to come and return uninjured from the Diet of Worms, and not burning him to death as a heretic on the spot, as his ancestor, Sigismund, had burnt John Huss and Jerome of Prague, a hundred years before.

Luther, viewed as regards his natural temperament and disposition, is not a character that an Englishman can well understand, and still less an Englishman of our day and generation. He was a thorough German, but one of the old type, the old-fashioned German stock, closely allied to us in blood, and race, and mental qualities, but in manner and expression somewhat more homely,

blunt, and coarse. He was quite a man of the people, being the son of a miner,* and had all that rough honesty and plainness of speech and manner which marks the class whence he sprang. Such men, when grace softens their hearts, and refines their minds, are of all best suited for the Lord's work. Peter, the fisherman, and Paul, the tent-maker, Buuyan, the tinker, and Huntington, the coal-heaver,—such men, when called by grace and qualified by heavenly gifts, are far better instruments than scholars and students who know nothing beyond their books, and are lost when out of the smell and sight of their library.† Luther, it is true, was a highly educated and indeed a very learned man; but he never lost, amidst his dusty folios, his native simplicity of heart and manners. He was, therefore, frank, open, sincere, outspoken, but withal rough, violent, and often coarse—nay, sometimes almost insolent in the tones of defiance that burst forth from him, almost as fire from a volcano. When once roused, as for instance by our King Henry VIII., he spared no one whom he considered the enemy of truth. Kings, emperors, princes, and popes, were all to him mere nine-pins, whom he trundled down one after another without any scruple or the least ceremony, if they seemed to stand in the way of the gospel. In that age of feudal obedience, when one class exacted, and the other paid, a servile respect and a crouching deference of which we can form no idea, it was indeed a daring innovation for a shaven monk, and he by birth and blood but a miner's son, to defy the united strength of Pope and Cæsar, and set up the word of God as supreme over the consciences of men.

Never, perhaps, did a man live since the time of the apostles, over whose own conscience the word of God exercised such paramount dominion. He had felt the power of that word in his soul. It had sounded the inmost depths of his conscience. In no recorded experience do we read of any man whom the holy, just, and righteous law of God more terrified and broke to pieces. It is wonderful to see a man of his powerful mind, one of the most fearless, bold, and energetic that ever came from the hand of the Creator, so terrified and almost distracted by the majesty and justice of God as revealed in a broken law. Three days and three nights did he once lie on a couch without eating, drinking, or sleeping, under the terrors revealed in the words, "the righteousness of God." He would sometimes shriek, and cry, and faint away under a sight and sense of the holiness of God, and his own sinfulness before him. No saint of God could more truly say, "While I suffer thy terrors I am

* "My parents," says the Reformer, "were very poor. My father was a poor woodcutter, and my mother often carried his wood on her back to procure subsistence for us children. The toil they endured for us was severe, even to blood." This was before he became a miner, which was to him the beginning of a measure of worldly prosperity, for he was afterwards a counsellor of the town of Mansfeldt, where he had two smelting furnaces.

+ Zuingle, the great Swiss reformer, was the son of a shepherd; Melancthon, Luther's bosom friend and fellow labourer, of an armourer; Calvin of a cooper; and Latimer of a small farmer in Leicestershire.

distracted ;" nor did any one ever more find the word of God to be quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow,—a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. And when mercy and grace were revealed to his soul, as they in due time were, from the very passage which had so terrified him (Rom. iii. 24—26), what a supremacy of the word of God did this experience of law and gospel establish in his heart! He could then take this two-edged sword, which had so pierced him, and wield it so as to pierce others. It then became in his hands a weapon not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds, casting down imaginations and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ.

In this supremacy of the word of God, as thus established in Luther's soul, lay the whole pith and core of the Reformation. When he found the old Latin Bible in the convent library,* and day after day crept up to read and study it under the terrors of the Law, the accusations of a guilty conscience, and the temptations of the devil, God was planting in his soul that goodly tree, under the boughs of which we are now living, and from whose branches we are still gathering fruit. When he stole away from sweeping out the church and the filthy rooms of the convent, and could, away from the bread-bag, which his brother monks compelled him to carry through the streets of Erfurt to beg victuals for them, read in secrecy and solitude that sacred book, the very existence of which they scarce knew, God was secretly sowing the seed of the Reformation in his heart. When that pale-faced, worn-out monk lay crying and groaning in his cell, under the most dismal apprehensions of the eternal wrath of God, he was, so to speak, travelling in birth of the Reformation ; and when deliverance came into his soul, the Reformation was born.

The supremacy of the inspired Scriptures, the paramount authority of the word of God over the word of man, seems a simple principle to us who have been cradled in its belief. In fact, it is one of those self-evident propositions which have only to be stated to be universally received. But simple and self-evident as it seems to us, it was not established till Luther brought it forth out of the depths of his own heart, and laid it down before the eyes of men, as God had laid it down in his soul. Never was a principle laid down by the voice and pen of man more fruitful in result. Hitherto the Bible was scarcely known, even to learned men ; and being locked up in the original languages, Hebrew and Greek, to all others it was a sealed book. In the controversies that arose in the middle ages, it was scarcely ever appealed to, and was totally misunderstood. Decrees of Popes, acts of Councils, decisions of Universities, opinions of the

* It was at the University of Erfurt that Luther first met with the Scriptures, before he became a monk ; but it was in the convent library, in the same town that he chiefly studied the Latin Bible, fastened as it was by a chain to the shelf.

Fathers, sentiments of learned men—these were the ruling authorities, and were appealed to in all disputed points as lawyers now quote established cases in a court of law. But Luther made short work with them all, and swept them away never more to stand. Never did earth witness, in modern days, a grander, more majestic, and, in its consequences, a more triumphant scene than Luther standing at the Diet at Worms, before the Emperor, the Princes, and all the civil and ecclesiastical authorities and dignitaries of Germany. A poor monk, holding by the word of God as felt in his conscience against all the majesty and wrath of Pope and Emperor,—here was a sight for angels to look at (1 Cor. iv. 9) ; and well might those ministering spirits wonder and admire the grace of God thus shining forth in a dying man. There he stood as the servant of the living God, with the word of the Lord in his heart and mouth. The Lord gave him faith thus to speak and act ; honoured it, and brought him off more than conqueror : and not him only, but the Reformation of which he there stood the living representative. The supreme authority of God's word over the consciences of men, and its paramount authority in all matters of faith, were then brought forth ; and before that glittering weapon which the champion of God then drew from its sheath, and brandished before the eyes of assembled Germany, Popery sank down with one of its heads wounded to death. The word of God and the word of man there met face to face ; truth and error were there put into the scale, and the result may be described in the words of our great poet, which he puts into the mouth of Gabriel to Satan :

“ For proof look up,
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign ;
Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how light, how weak,
If thou resist. The Fiend look'd up, and knew
His mounted scale aloft : no more ; but fled
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.”

The nature and character of the book before us are well expressed in the title-page. Scarcely did any man ever leave behind him such materials for a biography as

“ The solitary monk who shook the world.”

His works fill several thick folio volumes. He wrote hundreds of letters to his friends, nearly all of which are preserved ; and well they deserve it, for they are full of sense and wisdom, as well as of frank cordiality and warm affection. His very conversation, at his meals and in private,—for he used to board and lodge students gratis, and his house was open to all refugees for conscience' sake—his “ table-talk,” was taken down, and occupies a good-sized volume. There is scarcely, indeed, any one man of whom we know so much—one may almost say too much, for all his weaknesses and failings are recorded as well as his better qualities. And as he, when not depressed with temptation and gloom, was lively and cheerful, and a great talker, his enemies have availed themselves of some of his speeches to tarnish and sully his bright name. But let such vipers

gnaw the file! It is proof against their teeth and their venom. But to those who love truth and yet know their own hearts sufficiently to be prepared to meet great faults and blemishes, we would say, Such a man is worth studying, such a history is worth reading; for it is the history, not merely of a man most distinguished by nature and grace, but of a mind which has exercised the greatest influence over the minds of men, and, one may say, over the destinies of the church of God, as well as of nations, since the days of Paul. Some of our ministers are trying to pick up a few scraps of the Greek and Latin languages, which they can never learn to be of the least use to them; for a language, like a trade, must be learnt in boyhood and youth, to be thoroughly understood; and if not thoroughly mastered, will only mislead. Instead of all this useless toil, if they want some more reading than the Bible gives them, and wish for some trustworthy information of the state of things in times gone by, let them read such works as Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," D'Aubigné's "History of the Reformation," Milner's "Church History," Neal's "History of the Puritans." We do not name such works as substitutes for spiritual and experimental writings. But all things have their place; and sometimes when the mind, through temptation or sluggishness, cannot approach the purer fountains of truth, a book like D'Aubigné's "History of the Reformation" may be read not without profit. But it is impossible to lay down rules for any to go by. Some have no time, others no inclination to read; and what little time they have they devote to the Scriptures. They cannot do better; there they have the truth in its purity, and need not forsake its streams for the turbid pools of man. It is not reading, learning, or study that can make an able minister of the New Testament. If so, the academies would give us an ample supply. But the greatest readers and most laborious students are usually the most ignorant of the teaching of the Spirit, and the work of faith with power. "The heart of the wise teacheth his mouth, and addeth learning to his lips"; and this learning is not of the schools. A man who reads his eyes out may be most ignorant, for he may know nothing as he ought to know; and a man who reads nothing but his Bible may be most learned, for he may have the unctuous teachings of the Holy Ghost. There are three books which, if a man well read and study, he can dispense with most others. These are, 1. The Book of Providence; and this he reads to good purpose, when he sees written down line by line the providential dealings of God with him, and a ray of Divine light gilds every line;—2. The Word of God; and this he reads to profit, when the blessed Spirit applies it with power to his soul;—and 3. The Book of his own Heart; and this he studies with advantage, when he reads in the new man of grace the blessed dealings of God with his soul, and in the old man of sin and death, enough to fill him with shame and confusion of face, and make him loathe and abhor himself in dust and ashes.

Michelet (pronounced "Meeshlay") the compiler of the book before us, is a popular French writer, well known by a most severe

pamphlet against priests and Jesuits, and as the author of a work on the French Revolution. This book, therefore, is a translation from the French, and its chief value is that it is a cheap collection of many of Luther's sayings and doings, but in a very fragmentary and therefore necessarily imperfect form. As such it is interesting to those who are unacquainted with Luther's "Table Talk" and writings; but, in our judgment, it is very inferior to the account we have in D'Aubigné, which is a most vivid, minute, and graphic account of the Reformer and his times, and one well deserving attention, perusal, and earnest study.

INQUIRY.

Mr. Editor,—As we are commanded to take heed how we hear and what we hear, is it consistent for members of a church to absent themselves from where the truth is preached? We believe our preacher to be a good man, but far from being able to enter into the experimental part of God's word, to bring out things new and old, and set clearly forth the helpless state of the believer in and of himself after regeneration to the close of his pilgrimage. He does not experimentally describe how a child of God is not able to meditate upon the best things, or to think a good thought but by the power of the blessed Spirit's operation upon his heart; nor does he lay open how the Spirit alone draws into living exercise the graces that he himself has been pleased to plant in the souls of his people. What those graces are and how they operate; how and in what manner they are made known and felt, and what fruit they produce—of these living realities in the soul we hear but little. The fightings without and fears within; the struggle between the old man and the new man; what is the work of the flesh, and what that of the Spirit; what it is to deny self; to be crucified to the world; to hate one's own life; to take up the cross daily; to be enabled by the Spirit to crucify the flesh, with its affections and lusts; and the blessed effect of the Lord's grace in the hearts of his people in separating them from the world; these subjects are kept in the background, though the Apostle said to Timothy, "These things I will that thou affirm constantly, that they which have believed in God might be careful to maintain good works."

If the Lord's people fall into sin, we are told they are not to be reproved for it, but we are commanded to leave them alone; and if we say anything concerning it, we are considered to be living upon other people's infirmities. This is the state of things with us; and the ministry is in consequence cold and lifeless, barren and unprofitable. We are not fed, edified, or built up. It appears to us but the repetition of the same subject; there is no variety, no power, but a wearisome sameness pervades the whole. We have sat under such preaching for years, and found no pasture. What is very trying to us is, that there are some whom we believe to be right at heart, and yet are, to all appearance, quite satisfied with the pastor, and pray for him as though he were all right, never lamenting that they

do not receive the word with power to their souls. This being the case, we feel little communion with either minister or people; and we are regarded by them as discontented, dissatisfied, and those whom no minister would please long together. They say, moreover, that we want to hear corruption preaching. We can neither sit with them, nor pray with them to any soul profit or comfort; and yet we have no place besides to go where the truth is preached; for we cannot listen to men who are merely pleasers of the ear. We should be glad if you would be so kind as to insert your thoughts upon our case, to enable us to act consistently with the word of God, which we desire to obey; and your words may, in the Lord's hand, be a help to others as well as to ourselves.

A FEW MOURNERS IN ZION.

ANSWER.

The above is by no means an uncommon case, and yet one of the most trying and perplexing that the exercised family of God can well meet with. Nothing can be more sweet and blessed for the living children of God than to sit under a ministry which is owned of the Lord to the instruction, edification, encouragement, and consolation of their souls. After the troubles and anxieties, the burdens and sorrows of the week, after the trials in providence and the exercises in grace that have for six days bowed down their spirits, to come on the Lord's day to the house of prayer, and hear a dear servant of the Lord preach the gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, what a favor is this! When, too, as "a workman who needeth not to be ashamed, he can rightly divide the word of truth," can feelingly enter into their trials and temptations, sorrows and joys, burdens and blessings; and whilst sitting under the joyful sound, they experience the sweet application of love and blood, peace and joy to their heart;—why this is almost the only happiness, next to the more secret visitations of the Lord in private, that the dear family of God enjoy in this vale of sin and woe. How miserable, then, when, instead of the ministry of the word being a flowing spring, nothing is felt from and in it but barrenness and death! All mere surface work; the doctrines drily stated; a little old and stale experience brought forward; the well known texts once more repeated; the Arminians abused; the dissatisfied scolded, as disaffected to the minister and the cause; the doubters shot at, almost as if they had power to give themselves faith; nothing opened up spiritually either of the experience of the saints or of the text; no discriminating line of separation between the living and the dead; but all one confused jumble, out of which can be gathered neither instruction, nor reproof, nor consolation for the saints of God—well may the children of the Most High be miserable under such a ministry! Just in proportion to the felt blessedness of the ministry of the word, when the unction and dew of the Blessed Spirit attend it, is the felt wretchedness of the ministry when all is as dry and barren as the "mountains of Gilboa." The fault, it is true, may not always be in the minister; for the hearer may himself be in a cold, lifeless state of soul; and then the most powerful and savory

ministry may be dry and powerless to him. But there will be this difference, that where there is power in the ministry, the living hearer will find nothing in it to jar with his experience or feelings; and he will see and acknowledge that there is life and savor in it for others, though it does not bring him out of his barrenness and death. But, on the other hand, where the ministry is altogether dead and dry, it is felt to be such by the spiritual hearer, not only in his own soul, but in the ministry itself. We may thus illustrate the distinction that we are here drawing. A man shall be sick, or shall have lost all appetite for food; but he still knows whether the food set before him be good or bad, though he himself cannot eat it. If the food be bad, the very sight of it makes him worse than before; if the food be good, he sees and owns it is savory and excellent, though he cannot himself touch it. So, a discerning hearer knows what is set before him, whether it be bad or good, though he himself may at the time have no appetite.

But as regards the present inquiry, the worst is, that, though we sympathize with the inquirers, we cannot give them any advice on the subject, as so much depends on the leading of the Lord in their own souls, and on the peculiar circumstances of the case. Suppose we were to say, "Leave the chapel altogether," where are they to go, or what to do? There may be no other place of truth near, no experimental minister to sit under, no living people to meet with. Are they, then, to stop at home, go to no place of worship, and forsake the assembling of themselves together in the house of prayer? How can we give such counsel, when, with all his faults, they believe their minister to be a good man? How difficult to advise, or to act under such circumstances! How much must depend on the way in which they feel led!

But one thing we can safely recommend, that the "few mourners in Zion," if their experience correspond with their name, should lay the matter before the throne of grace, and seek that counsel there which we feel unable to give in a way satisfactory to our own conscience.

Why, then, it may be asked, insert the inquiry, if you cannot answer it? For two reasons; 1. Because the inquirers have so well expressed what we believe is a frequent source of lamentation among the family of God; and 2. Because it affords us an opportunity, if not of giving them counsel, yet at least of expressing our views of their case, and our sympathy with them in it.

Dear Sir,—A person having continued family affliction, which makes it impossible for him to attend to family prayer, would be glad of an answer in the "Standard" to the following questions:

- 1st. Is family prayer positively commanded?
- 2nd. Is a person scripturally exposed to the rebukes of the saints on account of omitting it, when he finds it impossible for him to attend to it through family afflictions without distraction?
- 3rd. Do the passages in Josh. xxiv. 15, or Jer. x. 25, where the

expressions "Serve the Lord," and "that call not on thy name" occur, refer to family worship?

G. S.

ANSWER.

1. We are not aware of any express text in the New Testament which "positively commands" family prayer. But we gather that it is agreeable to the will of God that his saints should pray in their families, from those passages generally in which prayer is spoken of and urged upon the conscience, as Eph. vi. 18; Phil. iv. 6; Col. iv. 2; 2 Thess. v. 17; 1 Tim. ii. 8. Prayer, in these passages, is spoken of as suitable to all places, times, and circumstances; and thus we have a warrant for bending our knees in our families as included in those times and places. But cases may arise where family prayer is scarcely practicable, not to say impossible. Suppose a gracious woman has an ungodly partner, a drinking, dissipated wretch of a man, who comes nightly staggering home, and, perhaps, treats her with abuse, if not blows. Or suppose the man has an ungodly wife, such a miserable creature of a woman as poor Tanner of Exeter was linked to; how, in either of these cases, can there be family prayer? These we know are extreme cases, but they show us all the better that family prayer is not a positive institution which must be obeyed under all circumstances. Again, here is a laboring man, or a hard-working mechanic, who must often rise before light to go to his work, leaving his wife and children in bed. How is that man to have family prayer before he sets out for the field or workshop? He may in the evening kneel down with his wife and children, and say a few words to the Lord for himself and them; but even this will be subject to frequent interruptions which he cannot well avoid. We, ourselves, both advocate and practise family prayer, but we cannot for this reason bind it as a burden on the neck of all heads of families, whatever be their circumstances. The children of God do not serve a hard taskmaster, who exacts a certain amount of service; nor is their God such a one as Papists and Puseyites frame to themselves, who demands a fixed number of prayers at fixed hours, and at a fixed length. He is a Spirit, and seeks a spiritual worship and spiritual worshippers; nor is he pleased with family prayers, or any other prayers that are not prompted by his Spirit. One man may have his family prayers with all due regularity, and all his worship be an abomination in the eyes of the Lord. Another may be prevented by unavoidable circumstances from bending his knee with his family, and yet be a dear child of God; and his secret petitions for his family, though not with his family, be acceptable in his sight.

2. If a person, in spite of all his desires and attempts, cannot attend to family prayer from personal or family afflictions; if he do not make or seek excuses, but is really hindered, and feels the hindrance a burden which he would gladly get rid of, but cannot; and if, after much prayer and supplication to the Lord, the hindrance still remain, we do not see that he should be "exposed to the rebukes of the saints;" nor, indeed, will he be of those who know

the trials and burdens of the way, and specially those family troubles which our correspondent hints at.

3. We cannot apply the Old Testament threatenings, or indeed promises, in all cases to New Testament circumstances. Take, for instance, the declaration of Joshua, xxiv. 15, quoted by our correspondent. What New Testament believer can positively declare that "he and *his house* shall serve the Lord"? If he have, as many Christian parents have, ungodly children, can he undertake for them that they shall serve the Lord as he himself desires to do? He may get, indeed, his grown sons and daughters, or his children of smaller growth, to kneel down with him; but can he make them serve God in newness of spirit, not in the oldness of the letter? Will family prayers make the daughters love dress less, and keep the sons from serving divers lusts and pleasures? If family prayer could make the whole house serve the Lord, it would indeed be a blessing; but we know that nothing short of the grace of God can do that; and to put family prayer into the place of grace is to dethrone the Lord, and set up an idol. Many poor blind creatures, who know nothing of either spiritual prayer or of answers to prayer, almost build their hopes of salvation on their family prayer, bible reading, church or chapel attending, &c.

Nor do we think that the denunciation, Jer. x. 25, is chiefly or wholly applicable to family prayer. The "families" spoken of there are not so much households as nations and tribes, as the word usually means.

And now a word or two on family prayer generally as the subject is thus come before us.

It is a great mistake to make family prayer a burden to a family by drawing it out to an unreasonable length. Some will read a whole chapter containing, perhaps, thirty or forty verses, then pray for a quarter of an hour, till the poor children and servants, if there be any, hate the service altogether. Half-a-dozen verses, or a short psalm, read slowly and with feeling, and then a short prayer, plain and simple, and just expressing the desires of the soul for the Lord's blessings in providence and grace, with confessions of our sin and unworthiness, and committing all our concerns of body and soul into his sacred hands,—what do we want more, when we bow our knees with our wives and children, as they did on the sea-shore at Tyre? (Acts xxi. 5.)

When we say or do anything which our conscience condemns as wrong, we hope the Lord has made us willing to confess it as far as opportunity admits. We acknowledge, therefore, the use of a wrong expression in our last Number (page 166), where we employed the unbecoming expression, "a mere mob of pew-holders and seat-renters," and we hereby apologise to any of our dear friends that fear God but are not members of gospel churches for having, we fear, wounded their feelings by seeming to class them, though such was not our meaning or intention, with such ungodly characters

as are sometimes to be found in our congregations, and to whom we had alluded. We thank our kind friends, "W. W.," "A Lover of Truth," and "Amor Veritatis," for pointing out our fault to us in such a friendly spirit; and we hope this acknowledgment will satisfy their mind, and those whom we may have hurt by our unguarded expressions.

Some of our dearest friends have been out of the church; and there are those in glory with whom we had sweet communion on earth who never could see baptism, and therefore never joined a gospel church, according to our views of what a gospel church is. Whilst, then, we still retain our views that the choice of a pastor rests with the church, we cannot but both feel and express the sincerest respect and affection for those members of the mystical body of Christ who are not in church fellowship, and are very sorry if anything we have said has grieved their minds.

How is your faith in God's promises, in trials, troubles, and tribulations? Anybody can pilot the ship in a calm; but the sailor and the pilot are proved in a storm; the soldier in the fight; the physician in the time of sickness; and the believer in the time of trouble.—*Romaine*.

But now that Christ is risen from the dead, and so risen that he is become the first-fruits of all that sleep in him, our hope is revived, our preaching justified, your faith confirmed, your remission ratified, the dead but only fallen asleep, and our condition most desirable. For the greater persecution we suffer for Christ's sake, the greater reward we shall receive from him; the heavier our cross is on earth, the weightier shall our crown be in heaven.—*Featley*.

Sinner, hast thou obtained a broken heart? Has God bestowed a contrite spirit upon thee? He has given thee what himself is pleased with; he has given thee a cabinet to hold his grace in; he has given thee a heart that can heartily desire his salvation; an heart after his own heart, that is, such as suits his mind. True it is painful now, sorrowful now, penitent now, grieved now; now it is broken, now it bleeds, now it sobs, now it sighs, now it mourns, and crieth unto God. Well, very well; all this is because he hath a mind to make thee laugh; he has made thee sorry on earth, that thou mightest rejoice in heaven! "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh.—*Bunyan*.

I verily believe (and too sad proofs in me say no less) that if our Lord would grind our lust in powder, the very ashes of our corruption should take life again, and live, and hold us under so much bondage as would humble us, and make us sad, till we be in that country where we shall need no physic at all. Oh, what violent means doth our Lord use to gain us to him, as if, indeed, we were a prize worthy his fighting for? And be sure, if leading would do the turn, he would not use pulling of hair and drawing; but the best of us require a strong pull of our Lord's right arm, ere we follow him.—*Rutherford*.

P O E T R Y.

TO MY DEAR BROTHER,

ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE, WHO, A SHORT TIME BEFORE SHE DEPARTED, SAID, IN ANSWER TO HIS QUESTION, "I FEEL I AM NOT ALONE."

Dear brother, though the Lord has laid
This heavy sorrow on thy head,
Which almost turns thy heart to stone,
Yet think not that thou art alone.

Afflictions are the lot of all
Who hear his voice, obey his call;
Through troubled seas he leads them on—

The mercy is, they're not alone.

Thy Jesus bow'd his head to bear
Thy load of sorrow, grief, and care,
When he did for thy sin atone,
And he complain'd, he was alone.

But 't is not with his children so;
He's with them in their deepest woe;
He bears their sorrow, hears their moan,

And tells them they are not alone.

'Lo! I am with you," is his word,
And will both help and strength afford,
Through all thy journey lead thee on,
And never leave thee quite alone.

He's with them when the billows rise,
And threaten to surmount the skies;

And when afflictions on them fall,
He's with them in and through them all.

He leads them through this vale of tears,

He speaks and banishes their fears;
And when their race is well nigh run,
He whispers "Thou art not alone."

The dear departed found it so,
When called through Jordan's streams to go;

He led the way—she follow'd on,
And said, "I feel I'm not alone."

'Midst din of war, and death's alarms,
Still under are the lasting arms;
He calls thy troubles all his own,
Bids thee believe thou'rt not alone.

Then, brother, to his will submit;
He lays on thee what he sees fit;
Pour out thy sorrow at his throne,
And thou shalt find thou'rt not alone

And when thy lamp of life expires,
Oh, may he grant thy heart's desires,
And take thee to his heavenly home,
To dwell with him, but not alone.

PHŒBE.

BAPTISM.

In sweet obedience to thy word,
Constrained by thy love,
We follow through the water, Lord,
Thy track to realms above.

Tho' hell, determined to resist,
Surround us with its powers,
Thou wilt our impotence assist,
For greater help is ours.

With sealed eyes we little know
Thy legions are so near;
Oh do thou open them, and show
How groundless is our fear.

With strengthen'd faith may we discern
The grave where Christ was laid;
And in some little measure learn
How deep the debt he paid.

Cleansed from our vileness in his blood,

May we approach the throne,
And plead before a righteous God,
His worthiness alone.

Led by thy spirit, may our walk
Pure and consistent be;
Warm'd by thy presence, may our talk
Prove intercourse with thee.

And when, as now, we shrinking stand,
At length on Jordan's shore,
Upholden by thy strong right hand,
Pass the dark river o'er.

Then shall our ransom'd spirits view
Him whom we loved below,
And bid those fears a long adieu,
That now torment us so. B. M.

Errata in the May Number :—Page 141, for "W. L." read "P. L.;"
p. 144, fourth line, for "She had caused," read "the Lord caused;"
p. 146, 27th line, for "writuing," read "waiting."

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

No. 247. JULY 1, 1856. VOL. XXII.

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

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LAST DAYS AND
HAPPY END OF SABINA HUNTLY, OF SHARCOTT MILL,
PEWSEY, WILTSHIRE.

The writer of this account has been acquainted with her parents for some length of time ; consequently, has well known Sabina for nine or ten years past. She was of a cheerful and kind disposition, and ever manifested a liking to attend the chapel, and appeared fond of the Lord's people, but nothing to lead us to entertain any hope of her soul more than of other girls of her age.

On the 27th of October, 1854, the Lord was pleased to lay his afflicting hand on her. The Lord's-day previous she got wet in her feet, and sat so at chapel, which is believed to have been the cause, in the Lord's hand, of her illness and death. From this she took cold, which, in a few days, brought on inflammation of the bowels ; which was at length followed with internal dropsy and gradual waste of physical strength from day to day, till the 16th of January following, when she died in blessed peace, with the full assurance of immortal glory.

When she was first taken, the advice of two medical men was sought. Both gave but little or no hope of her recovery. This was made known to her, and she was asked if she thought she should die. She several times said she did not know. Some days after she said those words followed her, "Thou shalt not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord." For some time after this she hoped she should get better ; and, when she thought of dying, those words seemed to drown it. But little, if anything, escaped her lips sufficient to believe any effectual wound was made. She would quietly hear what was said to her, and ask to have the word of God read, but declined saying anything, and often refused to answer a question. One day, a friend who saw her went to prayer with her. At the conclusion she thanked him. He asked if she could pray. She said, No ; her heart was so hard, she could not pray. While in health she was naturally very timid, and would seldom go to bed without her sister ; but now she requested to be alone night and day. Indeed, if her mother stayed long in her room, she would very frequently wish her to leave, though now and then she would ask her to read to her. Thus she continued for some length of time. The writer of this account was from home till a few weeks before her end. When he heard of her illness he was very much

led out in prayer for her soul, and felt a strong persuasion the Lord would bless her before she was taken from this vale of tears.

The first time I saw her after my return, I asked a few questions concerning her prospects of eternity, which she declined to answer, or did so in a very short manner. I judged from her silent and reserved manner, that there was a work going on, which would, ere long, break forth with everlasting praises to the God of all grace. Her father told me she was overheard to say, "Oh, I cannot die, and go to hell!" I told him I had never despaired of her, from the liberty I felt in private to plead for her before the Lord. About a week after, I saw her again. She was then more free to converse than she had been at all. I asked if she was afraid to die. "Not if I knew I should be saved." "Do you feel your mind led out in prayer?" "I cannot pray; my heart is so hard, and my mind so dark." "Do you feel more anxiety to know if you are interested in the love of God than you do to get well?" "Yes, I do." "But can you feel willing to die, and leave father and mother, your sister, companions, and a good comfortable home?" This I asked to prove what estimate she had of the reality of the Lord's blessing. Her answer was quick and decided. "All that is nothing to me, if I did but know I was one of the Lord's children. I have no desire to live." She said these words had been much on her mind, "I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord." I said, "I believe your body will die, but your soul live, and that you will declare the Lord's works of love and mercy to you before you are taken from hence." She said, "But I cannot pray; my heart is so hard; my mind, too, is so dark;" and her appearance was quite answerable to her words. She was now much fatigued with this little conversation, and said, "I feel so weak; I will thank you to pray to the Lord for me before you leave." This I did, in which her whole soul appeared to join. She was now attacked with sickness, on which I left her for this time. Her dear mother was very much exercised about her, although at times she was much encouraged to hope well for her state. The next day I went to see her again, before leaving home for some little time. But this day she passed almost in silence and solitude, refusing to see any one; so that this time I did not see her at all. She continued very much in this state, without anything remarkable being uttered, up to the 11th day of January. About three o'clock in the morning of that day she said to her nurse, "I am going to die." In about one or two minutes, she said, in a very sweet and solemn manner, "Praise the Lord! praise the Lord!" She desired her mother to call her father, to help her sing. She said the Lord appeared to her and smiled; that she saw the print in his side, and the blood flowing. Her father asked if it was for her sins. She said, "Yes," and desired that some hymns might be read to her, and the 257th hymn be sung at her funeral. The stammering tongue was now loosed, and the tongue of the dumb sang for joy, uttering the high praises of the Lord, till her whole strength was spent. Her countenance, and, indeed, her whole frame, bore

undeniable testimony to the peace and joy of her soul. She now mentioned, what fears and distresses she had for some time felt, but was afraid to speak of it ; but now her fears were removed, for the Lord had pardoned her sins. She said, for some few years, when she told untruths, she was very much condemned, and prayed to be forgiven, yet had fallen into the same evil again. She confessed to having taken pence at different times for sweets, &c., and many things she acknowledged to her parents where she had done wrong, and implored them to forgive her. I need not say that she received the most affectionate and strongest assurances of their forgiveness. Her honesty, simplicity, and godly sincerity, accompanied with a true joy and peace, were very blessed indeed, and manifest to all around her ; nor was it less accompanied with a deep sense of her utter unworthiness and sinfulness before the Lord.

But this sweet frame of soul feeling, and manifestation of the Lord's mercy to her soul, were very soon to be tested by the most powerful assault from Satan that can well be imagined. In the after part of the day her bright sun withdrew behind a cloud, and then the enemy suggested that she had committed the greatest of sins in speaking of the Lord's mercy to her soul in the manner she had done ; that what she had felt was a delusion, and she was now in worse case than before. This threw her into such a state of mental agony, as was painful to witness. So great was her distress and agitation of mind, she was both seen and heard to grind her teeth, and cry to the Lord to appear for her, and bless her soul. At length, the Lord graciously appeared again, rebuked the power of the enemy, and applied many precious promises to her soul's comfort ; nor was he permitted to distress her after this.

On the Saturday I saw her again, and for the last time. When I entered the room, she was just uttering those words, "Oh, blessed be the Lord ! He has just spoken those words to me, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from before the foundation of the world.'" I said, "The Lord has blessed you indeed." "Yes." "You are not now afraid to die." "No, blessed be the Lord, he has forgiven me ; my sins are gone ; oh, help me to praise him !" She then, in a feeble voice, attempted to sing, but so indistinctly I could not ascertain her words ; nor was her voice to be compared to anything more than the hum of a little bee. She bade me a farewell, being so exhausted ; indeed, the time of her departure was evidently near at hand. From this period, her whole time, when able to speak, was occupied in praising the Lord for his great goodness and mercy to her soul. But, after Saturday, her words were but few up to twelve o'clock at noon on the following Tuesday, when, without a sigh or struggle, her happy soul took its flight from all that is mortal and sinful, to enter for ever into the joy of her Lord, the 16th day of January, 1855, aged fifteen years and a few months.

I shall close this narrative with an extract from a letter received from a Christian friend who visited her.

"Dear Friend,—In complying with your request, I will try, by

God's help, to write a few words, which I heard from our dear young friend Sabina Huntly, now in glory. I had seen her many times during her illness; she had very little to say; but, no doubt, there was a work going on, which no one but the blessed Lord and her soul knew of. When the set time to favour Zion came, she could speak, her tongue was loosed, and she could speak in strong language of what the blessed Lord had done for her immortal soul. I think I shall never forget when I went to see her, the same day she had so blessed a visit in the morning. So wonderful and marvellous was the work of grace, the power of God, and his matchless love shed abroad in her heart! Well might it be written, 'This people have I formed for myself; they shall show forth my praise.' And here was a manifestation of it in this young person. When I entered her room, she looked so happy and cheerful, and broke out in these words to me, 'Good news! good news! Happy, happy times! Praise and bless the Lord!' several times over, so that I was quite overpowered with joy, and I could not say much for tears; for my heart did so rejoice, and I could so bless the Lord. She said, 'My sins are gone;' and again repeated what she said before, till nearly exhausted with weakness. She was quiet for a few minutes, and then said, 'I can die or live, quite resigned to the will of God.' She desired her love to all the chapel people, also to my husband, and to tell him of the good news, and how happy she was. She was so very weak, that she could not bear much talking in her room. She kissed me, and bade me kiss her again, feeling a blessed union in spirit; so, as I was about to leave, she lifted up her head, and spoke out with much earnestness, 'Bless and praise the Lord!' I said, 'He is worthy to be praised.' The next day I went to see her again, and it was the last time. She was very weak, and unable to say much, as many friends had seen her that day. I said, 'The blessed Lord deals very gently with you.' She said, 'Yes.' I asked if she still felt him precious. She said, 'Yes.' I then parted, with the blessed hope of meeting again in that blessed place above.—Yours, in the best of bonds,

Pewsey, Wiltshire, March, 1855.

W. F."

God had respect unto Abel and his sacrifice; first to Abel and then to his offering. He accepteth not man for his sacrifice, but the sacrifice for the man's sake.—*Featley*.

If election secures the performance of good works, and, upon its own plan, renders them indispensably necessary, I should be glad to know how good works can suffer by the doctrine of election? You may as well say that the sun which now shines into this church is the parent of frost and darkness. No: it is the source of light and warmth. And you and I want nothing more than a sense of God's peculiar, discriminating favor, shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost given to us, to render us more and more fruitful in every good word and work. As an excellent person observes, "That man's love to God will be without end who knows that God's love to him was without beginning."—*Toplady*.

RETROSPECTIVE VIEW; OR, WHAT IT IS TO BE A CHRISTIAN.

Human nature naturally looks on religion as a dull, insipid, or melancholy thing. I once heard a church clergyman say, "Of all things, a religious letter sent to him by post was to him the most dull affair possible." The truth is, man-made and self-made ministers, and man-made and self-made Christians, are as really different in degree from the regenerated elect, as Abraham and Lazarus told the rich man in hell he was from them. "And, beside all this, there is a great gulf fixed, that ye cannot pass to us, neither can we to you." That gulf is begun to be dug in this life, and consists in the difference between those who are really regenerated and those who are not. To those who are really regenerated, the clouds and dimness between God and man begin to withdraw. Such things as eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, and which never entered into the heart of man to conceive, the Spirit reveals to the manifested elect. This we must believe, or else deny Scripture. It says expressly in that passage, that what eye hath not seen the Spirit hath revealed unto us. What hath the Spirit revealed to you or me? For herein lie the vitality, marrow, and virtue of all saving religion.

Generally speaking, in a few words, hath he revealed to us our lost condition by nature and practice; that our own righteousnesses are nought but filthy rags; and that, if we have not a righteousness as good as the law, we shall be damned? And has this set us in a keen appetite after the Lord Jesus Christ, in whom alone that glorious righteousness is to be found? This, so far, is what eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, but is what the Spirit hath revealed to such a precious soul as honestly feels it.

Again: Have we been brought to ask the Blessed Spirit to help our infirmities in prayer, to be the Spirit of wisdom and revelation in the feeling sense of Scripture? This is what eye hath not seen. Little did my purblind mind think, when I began to mutter out at first for the Blessed Spirit to help me, what an everlasting field of new glories there was in the Spirit's influences.

What eye hath not seen (by nature) is the drawings and plantings of the Father. How long, I trust, I was under those precious diggings, plantings, and drawings, and knew not what ailed me. A spark of eternal life in my soul, and a whole mass of slavish fear; until those drawings and plantings feelingly lodged me in my Saviour's arms, a time that neither eternity nor time can ever blot from my memory. And I challenge all the Bible-readers in England to show me one passage that any child of Adam was ever savingly brought to and accepted by Christ, except under the drawings and plantings of the blessed God the Father. This is one of the things eye hath not seen by nature.

Thus the doctrine of the Trinity is opened to such a precious soul. And in the doctrine of the Sacred Three, to an experimental soul that knows them, are glories ever fresh and ever new. The church clergyman above stated would not have thought religion a

dull thing, if, poor wretch, he had ever been brought to bask in the rays of the Sacred Three, that uncreated Light, scattering bliss, and glory, and sweetness, wherever its rays come. Happy soul, that is cheered by the sacred, solemn, and benign influence of so sacred a light !

Again : The streams, springs, wells, and runnings from those rivers of pleasure which are at God's right hand, felt in the soul, is one of those blessings known to the elect, which the eye of a natural man never saw. And so is the fear of God

“ An unctuous light to all that's right ;
A bar to all that's wrong.”

In 1833 my soul was first plentifully drenched with those heavenly springs ; in 1834. I gave up being a church minister ; first, because the Prayer-book falsehoods still left me liable to the displeasure of God ; secondly, because those Prayer-book falsehoods stunted, hindered, and checked those blessed flowings of supernatural springs of transporting pleasure from the ever-blessed God. Men are greatly mistaken ; correct doctrine is not sufficient. I have heard preaching of correct doctrine as dry as a chip, and as hard too ; and, for my part, as a person said, “ I would not give twopence for either writing or preaching if there is no dew on it.”

Oh, sacred springs of Divine dew, when God the ever-blessed Fountain of them bids them to rise in the soul ! Oh, profound mystery, hidden from the eyes of all living, except contrite souls, poor in spirit, who thus actually possess in degree the precious kingdom of heaven in their souls ! It is the balm of life, and the joy of their feelings, the sweetness in time, and the heavenly fore-runner, to show that heaven is surely theirs, to have those heavenly wells opened in the parched wilderness of their feelings. How different from loads of dry knowledge, to have the springs of God set a-going in the heart, warming, cheering, bedewing, and enlightening the whole feelings we are possessed of !

Again : What are we to make of a union with Christ ? “ I in them, and they in me, that we may be made perfect in one.” This eclipses fairly the eyes of a natural man, and is as far out of his reach as the starry heavens is beyond the puny touch of man.

“ This union with wonder and rapture be seen,
Which nothing shall sunder without nor within.”

I should lie against God if I was to say I had not experienced this union for very many years ; and Christ's righteousness, tenderness of conscience, and every Divine excellence, flourish and thrive with it. I had it when I was a church minister. Neither can I see how any one, with propriety, can challenge the universe, saying, “ Who shall separate us from the love of Christ ? ” if this union has not been felt. For how can there be a separation if there has not been a previous union ? It is a contradiction. Reader, examine what thou knowest about these things.

Again : The communion of saints overtops the senses of a natural man fairly. When I was curate of Baydon, I was in bed one night,

and this came on me ; that I had been for years with felt love praying for all the elect, and now something with Divine power—it was God, I believe—said to me, “ And now be it known unto thee that all the elect are praying for thee.” I reared myself up, and sat up in bed for some time, overcome with the feeling that all the intercessory prayers of the whole mystical body of the Son of God should be ascending to God for such a wretch and insignificant mortal as myself. Oh, sacred feeling, compared with which a monarch’s feelings are no better than empty straw ! I should advise godly people to pray for all saints ; “ to cast off every narrow thought, and be filled with love to God and man.” Many seem to make too much of their own little narrow churches, and so far give but little proof that they have “ come to the city of the living God, and the heavenly Jerusalem, and the general assembly and church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven.”

Again : The supernatural opening of any Scripture, by the power of the Holy Ghost in the soul, is what fairly overtops and eclipses all a natural man’s faculties. How big, how fresh, how sweet, and tinged with glory is any Scripture breathed on by the breath of the living God feelingly in the soul ! There is life in it. Truly elect man lives by such living breath of the living God breathed on our quickened feelings ; not by bread alone, but by every such word, warm and fresh from the mouth of God, do hungering and thirsting souls thrive and flourish, and mount up with wings more or less like eagles.

These, and various similar things, make the elect have a secret religion. “ Behold the righteous shall be recompensed in the earth.” These, and various other feelings, make the elect to delight themselves in the abundance of peace, and, as the meek, to inherit the earth, while the empty blaze of those who have no oil in their lamps will some day go quite out.

Abingdon.

J. K.

COPY OF A LETTER BY THE LATE JAMES BRIDGER.

[The following letter was written by my dear departed friend, James Bridger. His illness was that of a diseased heart, of which he died in 1832, so that he lived about ten years after his temporary recovery. He was in that time twice married ; and, dying, left a widow and one daughter, who proved that the Lord is “ the Father of the fatherless, and the husband of the widow.” After the present letter was written, he brought forth, under divine influence, many a cluster of ripe grapes, and feared God above many. So far as I can find, he was the only monument of grace among his kindred ; and, though a private individual, was well known as a companion of them who fear God. On Ashdown Forest, the place of his nativity, he resided the last ten years of his life. Here, by his influence, was the banner of truth erected, as it regards preaching Christ on that spot ; and his house was a meeting-place for those

who were hungering and thirsting after righteousness. I have many of his letters in my possession, which describe much of his path both in providence and in grace, from which, if my life is spared, I may select one or two, and send you. He still lives in the memories of many of the living family. Should you please to insert this letter of his, it would gratify several of your readers ; but, if not, the will of the Lord be done.

Bromley, Kent, March 16, 1856.

L. Z.]

My dear Friend,—You expressed a desire that I would write an account of my late illness. I feel a wish to comply with your request ; and my prayer is, that the special blessing of God may attend what I may pen.

I have known affliction more or less for the last seven years ; but, in the month of February last, while living at Eynsford, in Kent, I was taken very ill. I wrote to a dear sister, who quickly came to see me, and was greatly affected at seeing me in that situation. After consulting a medical man, I obtained a letter for my admission into Guy's Hospital, to which I rode, accompanied by my sister, in a post-chaise. As I passed through the several villages, I bade them, as it were, a final farewell ; for I thought my time on earth was come to its period, and that I was now to enter an eternal world. Having arrived at the hospital, I was carried by two men into Job's Ward, and placed in a bed. My fears were great, and I was much affected at seeing so many persons in affliction and pain. Were I to tell the sufferings I endured, one would think it sufficient to melt a heart of stone ; and I must say, if some unfeeling persons knew what illness is, they certainly would have more sympathy with the sick and afflicted.

But to proceed. I was bled in both arms, till, at different times, they had taken more than a hundred ounces of blood ; and, as I had still a violent pain upon my heart, I was cupped, and had sixteen leeches applied ; and, to facilitate the flowing of the blood, I was bathed with hot flannels, which so increased the flowing, that it ran till the next morning, in spite of all attempts to stop it ; nor did it abate till late the next evening, running through the blankets, sheets, and bed, down to the floor. I was by this rendered so exceedingly weak, that the doctors gave me up for lost, declaring they could do no more for me. My perspiration was so great, that my linen was wet through. While I was in this condition, my sister came to attend upon me night and day. The sense I have of her kindness I can never express ; and I believe she was the means made use of to keep me alive ; for, as I could not for the space of a month partake of the hospital allowance, I must have been starved but for the good and wholesome articles she supplied me with.

And now I must mention the kindness I received here from my various Christian friends, who came from places far and near, and gave me many presents, which, though I feel grateful to them for, I believe a kind Providence sent through them to me. One good man, a minister, of the name of Gathercole, often came to visit

me. I can never forget his kindness, and could repeat many of his encouraging observations. One young man,* also, who had long been of my acquaintance, residing at Bromley, Kent, showed, I must confess, unexampled kindness ; for, when informed of my condition, he came every Lord's-day to stay an hour or two with me, and would often read portions of Scripture to me, which in a measure proved soothing to my mind, so that his visits were made of singular service to me.

I was exceedingly grieved to witness the awful language of my surrounding fellow-sufferers, who, although reduced so low by pain as to be unable to walk, yet remained so hardened as to curse, swear, and quarrel with each other. One man uttered a dreadful oath, and instantly expired. He had lived a base life, and thus ended his mortal existence ; a fearful example to those who live in the practice of such things ; a warning to them to forsake it, lest, ere long, they call for a drop of water to cool their tongue.

And now a question arises, How shall I meet that solemn day of death?—a day I much fear? and every passing knell I hear I think, What mortal knows but it may toll for me next? and I ask myself, How shall I fare if called to die? I can give no answer ; but I know, if I die an unpardoned sinner, I shall be banished for ever from the presence of the Lord. And this conviction has caused me often to cry mightily to the Lord. While I lay upon that bed of sickness, and death was staring me in the face, I never dared to call myself a child of God ; yet I had a little hope, which at times supported me, though often it seemed as though I had none. But, when I had, it seemed to flow from this source, that I was quickened to know and to feel my sinful state, and to wait, hoping in God's own time I should be brought to praise him. At times I felt a comfort in this, that God's word had quickened me to feel sin a plague, inwardly to feel its power, to discover my wretched condition, and to know I could only be saved by grace. I hated the sinner's path ; I felt myself a great sinner, that I deserved hell ; and that, if God sent me there, he would be just. I feared God's threatenings in his word, and cried to him in prayer. I felt his chastening rod ; I knew faith was alone the gift of God ; I felt my native enmity giving way, and daily found I could not atone for the least of my sins, nor had I power to feelingly weep or groan, but often felt my heart as hard as a stone ; nor could I produce one good thought, if the world were offered me for it. I have striven to set the scenes of Sinai and Calvary both before me ; but neither these nor a thousand times as much would touch my feelings. But when I have a hope that Jesus died for me, my heart melts like wax before the sun. I have striven to make these feelings remain ; but perhaps, in a moment, my heart would feel as hard as ever. By all which experience I am taught, it is God only can turn the heart of a sinner, and that the Spirit of God must breathe life into him, before he can grieve aright for sin. As I said, I have felt some

* L. Z.

comfort flow from being quickened to know these things ; but when I have not a feeling sense of them, I doubt the reality of the work of God upon me, so that I am filled with confusion, can make no judgment of my case, or hardly know which way to take.

But I must draw to a close. Ten men were taken off by death in that same ward, while I was left alive. I had not my clothes on for eleven weeks ; after which my health returned every hour, my face began again to bloom, and I felt a hope that I should outlive the affliction.

And now I must insert one circumstance, as it is graven on my memory ; and well it may be so, as I could see so wonderful a providence in it. My relatives, who were living in Sussex, were poor ; and travelling to see me, &c., distressed them still more, so that friends in such a time of need may truly be said to be friends indeed. Mr. G., whom I have mentioned, told me he intended to endeavour to collect amongst his hearers money sufficient to pay my expenses home, when allowed to leave the hospital. Surely it was the God of heaven and earth who gave rise to this motion, which was scarcely named when sufficient for the purpose was contributed. When I received it, my heart was filled with joy, and thanksgivings employed my tongue ; and I am never more humbled than in relating this circumstance. May the Lord bless each of those kind friends, and grant whatever trials they may meet with they may always find a friend to bear part of their burden !

As I felt myself grow stronger, I wished to leave the hospital. My friends also thought I should find a benefit from my native air ; and, at length, I obtained my dismissal from the hospital. It was on the 8th day of May, 1822. The weather was fine, although cold and windy. I was seated on the outside of the coach, and a pleasant ride I had. The country all appeared new, as I left it in the winter, when the trees looked as if dead ; for now they were covered with blossom, the lands with living green ; the birds also filled the air with their notes. As I inhaled the sweet breeze, it seemed to impart strength ; and I could only compare myself to one returning home from sea, who oft had been tossed on the wave, so as to give up all for lost, but who, when he reaches the destined shore, all the more prizes the deliverance. At length I espied the place of my birth, and soon arrived there. This was a jubilee to me ; my neighbours flocked to see me. Should I be brought some future day to see indeed that I am in the way of life, and to share in the real enjoyments of God's people, I will again take up my pen ; but, at the present, I must leave the subject here.

“ It is a glorious truth to tell,
That such a wretch is out of hell.”

JAMES BRIDGER.

Jacob's heart was never so full of joy as when his head lay hardest. God is most present with us in our greatest dejection, and loves to give comfort to those that are forsaken of their hopes.
—*Dr. Hall.*

THE PATH OF TRIBULATION.

My very dear Friend and Brother in Christ Jesus, and Companion in the path of tribulation, Grace, Mercy, and Peace be multiplied unto you from God our Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ. Your letter came safe to hand; and although the tidings were chiefly doleful, they were not unknown nor yet unseasonable. It is true I have not an afflicted wife and daughter as thou hast (in this I would sympathise with you), and praise God that it is not the case with mine; but there is not another part of your account but I have some acquaintance with. I have been so tried respecting the ministry, that I have been sometimes quite desperate—almost in despair. The cause whereof is as follows:—First, From some who have left me, who once extolled me to the very clouds, but will now debase me to the very mire; who could find no word too good for me, and now will pierce me through and through; who said my preaching was something like, but now say, I may be a good man, signifying, we doubt whether he is called to the work. Secondly, Another cause is, that some will and do take their sittings under me who are as dead as the stools they sit upon, and the conduct of others a disgrace to society; and, after all the warning that is given them, continue just as they were. The truly wise and gracious are very lifeless and sleepy, and do not seem to be much grieved thereabout; some of them seem falling into sin; others are wavering, and, when present, more likely to find fault than otherwise, saying, such things ought not to be said at all, especially from the pulpit, even if the word and good men will bear me out. Some places they will not allow me to come to; others I have given up; some all tiptoe and fiery zeal for other preachers, and will not give me the least hearing whatever. This, and more of the same kind, is very trying.

Then, again, there are causes internally. First, Such darkness, that the word in the Spirit's meaning seems hid, as well as the work in my own soul, questioning, doubting, and fearing whether I came in the right way. Secondly, Bondage in my spirit; with great difficulty to preach or pray in public or private; confused wanderings, and sometimes sleepy both in prayer and reading; feeling just as if I was fading, decaying, withering, and dying away. Thirdly, Such a fool that I know but little excepting my vileness, ignorance, hell deservings, and unworthiness. I am astonished how it should ever enter my mind to become a preacher; and although in my feelings I rage and am desperate at the wavering and turning away of the people, yet at other times, and such as before mentioned, I wonder that any remain at all. Fourthly, The hardness of my heart; so seldom any softening or melting at the undeserved goodness and kindness of the Almighty; but more like the earth for dulness, the rock for hardness; neither melted with mercy, nor moved with judgments. Fifthly, Plagued with every evil that can exist in mortal man, and although less plagued with some than formerly, yet more plagued with others. Worldly pleasures, and

the good-will of the world, but a little plague; concupiscence, inordinate love, and covetousness battered and subdued at times; but mistrust, despair, jealousy, and envy alive, alert, and overcoming. Sixthly, The dreadful and horrible temptations of the devil—fiery darts I feel them to be, a flood spewed out of the mouth of the dragon, saying, suggesting, and piercing me with this: “You have been deceived, and deceiving the people; and the only ground upon which you stand and go on is this—health, strength, and memory; but I will pull you down ere long; yes, I will pull you down and stop your mouth, then see what will become of your confidence—it is now tottering, and soon, very soon, it will fall.” Again causing a gloom over everything here, which makes all dismal in this world, and that which is to come. Again, lying hard at me to neglect my body, so that it might die of disease. Again, rushing in upon me to commit the awful deed of self-murder. Again, representing my case as if hated by the world—which is true; and forgotten, neglected, and slighted by the children of God—but this is not true. Seventhly, Deserted by a most gracious God, by a once dearly beloved and loving Saviour, by the Holy Ghost the Comforter; no enlivening, enlarging, comforting, sealing influences; no earnest foretastes and sweet preludes of everlasting rest and eternal glory. Thus knowing that my present case is bad, and fearful of worse to come. Hence you may see that I have known something of the floods and flames mentioned in Isaiah xliii. 2; and Psalm lxvi. 12. And from what has been said without, and that which I felt within, my chapel like a prison, my pulpit like a gallows, and the poor preacher like a culprit ashamed; for whole Sabbaths together I wore my spectacles, fixed my eyes upon the Bible, and scarce looked up at the people at all. Sometimes saying with Elijah, “It is enough, now, O Lord, take away my life, for I am not better than my fathers.” Sometimes with Moses: “And if thou deal thus with me, kill me, I pray thee, out of hand, if I have found favor in thy sight, and let me not see my wretchedness.” Sometimes wishing that I had any other employment than that of preaching; yet when I have tried to work at my employment as a tailor, it brings on a pain in my side. When I have thought of baking, and have assisted my dame, the heat of the oven made me almost to faint. I tried at the garden, and digging and hoeing made my back so bad that I could not go upright. Here was a dilemma; my preaching would surely fail, and work I could not. Oh! then were it not better to die, and find the peaceable grave if there was the least hope of being at rest in the kingdom of God. Now I thought that every prediction that has ever been uttered against me will surely come to pass, and I shall become a fear and a terror to all round about.

This is but a part of the whole, and a little out of the abundance. So that my friend F. W., and any others that may see or hear this may perceive that, although I have not an afflicted wife and child, yet other things have befallen me, and such as have occasioned great trouble in my mind.

But a word or two by way of answer to yours. Although afflictions have seized Mrs. W. and your daughter, and they are painful even if they are profitable, and your expenses as well as the sufferings of the patients are increasing, yet might it not be worse than it is? Were it yourself, instead of your wife, I think it would. And if your case is so miserable and wretched as you set it forth to be, can you not prefer it before the pleasures of the world, and to be left in the carnal ease of the flesh to enjoy such pleasures? Can you not see that by such things you drink of your Lord's cup, and are called to suffer with his suffering church? Of Moses, it is said, he "chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." You say to this amount, that, were not the love of the Almighty unchangeable, there would be no continuing; and were not his power put forth, there would be no standing—all which is true; and is it not equally true, that by afflictions we are sickened to this world, brought to a more serious consideration of our latter end, and sometimes made more fruitful before the Lord? Hezekiah said, "O Lord, by these things men live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit." Therefore we should not say that "all these things are against us," as Jacob did. But join with the Apostle Paul, and from experience conclude that they are appointed, and sent, and overruled for our present and eternal good. Among the many things that we should remember, this must not be forgotten, our afflictions and misery, the wormwood and gall, for these, with other things, shall be productive of a good hope; and we are saved by hope. Hope as well as faith are to be found and used in the great matter of salvation; and if we have not at all times full confidence of being interested in so great salvation, we may possess a hope thereof; and this, by being often brought out and raised up, shall at last become as an anchor, sure and steadfast, entering into that within the veil. You, with myself, know that sin is the transgression of the law, and that nothing could procure our release therefrom but the blood of the atonement made by the Lamb of God; that the application of the same sets the conscience free from the guilt with which it was burdened; that righteousness imputed justifies from all things; that the everlasting love of God delivers the heart from the fear of death and dread of damnation; and the truth makes us free from all bondage. Yet the evil of sin is within us, and a thousand snares without; and if any of those snares catch us, or any of those evils within are allowed or indulged, there must be, or generally it is so, that some afflictions are laid on and used as a rod to correct our folly, as a furnace to purge us from our evils, and as a cross to keep us more careful in future, and to make us look more particularly to our way. You and I must say we have sinned, and then add, whatever is our case, God is just in all that he has brought upon us; Amen.

Now, if you put this and the first letter that I wrote to your church together, what a contrast they will be found to be. In that I think I said, it was as if my most gracious Master said to me, "Come up higher, and I will show you things to come;" then I

said, provide me a ship, or synagogue, or the school of Tyrannus, and I am willing, ready, and full to come up and preach the word amongst you. How great the reverse at the present, at least, in this account. Perhaps you may be saying, Is it so with you now? to which I reply, not quite so bad. No, I have always had some who come to be taught, who have been hearers, constant and steady; some who have acknowledged their folly, and have found benefit by the word through all my miseries; some who labour hard for me in prayer and supplication, and testify that their labour has not been in vain. Besides, I have obtained some help from the Lord; but that you will hear of from another quarter, or in a second letter to yourself. My love to all that are with you in the faith, hope, and love of Christ Jesus; tell them to beware of a dissembling in the things of God, for nothing but unfeigned faith and love in a true and sincere heart will pass current with the great Searcher of hearts. My love to you and yours, from a broken, contrite, and sorrowful heart; and, in the bonds of the Gospel, believe me to remain yours to serve,

The Rivers of Babylon.

W. C.

When converting grace lays hold of us, there is not only a heart of flesh to be given, but a heart of stone to be taken away.—*Toplady.*

The same devil that set enmity betwixt man and God, sets enmity betwixt man and man; and yet God said, "I will put enmity between thy seed and her seed." Our hatred of the serpent and his seed is from God; their hatred of the holy seed is from the serpent.—*Dr. Hall.*

The blood of Jesus Christ washeth us in our regeneration, cleanseth us in our justification, and whiteth us in our glorification. It washeth away the filth of sin in our regeneration; it cleanseth us from the guilt of sin in our justification; and maketh us white, that is, perfectly just and righteous, not by imputation only, but by inhesion, or, as the schools speak, inherent righteousness in our glorification.—*Featley.*

We are here divinely taught that these bodies of ours, now vile as we make them, and vile as we leave them, will be so completely changed by the almighty sovereignty of our Almighty Lord, that they will be as fully qualified and as fully prepared to meet and enjoy our most glorious Christ, as our spirits now are by the new birth to love and praise our God by faith, as we shall shortly in open vision, "before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy." Yea, those spirits of ours, when disembodied, and joined to the faithful gone before, though perfect in Christ, cannot have their full quantum of glory, until, by the resurrection, the body also shall have joined the spirit; and both then made spiritual in him, shall have capacities suited to each other; and in Christ, and through Christ, and by Christ, shall have uninterrupted and unceasing blessedness, in the adoration and love of Jehovah, in his Trinity of persons and Unity of essence for evermore.—*Hawker.*

FRAGMENTS OF THE EXPERIENCE OF THE
LATE MRS. NOAD, OF BATH, WRITTEN BY HERSELF, AND
FOUND AFTER HER DECEASE.

My mother was ill, being near her confinement with me. A friend called to see her, and told her of the sermon she had heard preached the same day. The text was Judges v. 7, "The inhabitants of the villages ceased; they ceased in Israel; until that I, Deborah, arose, that I arose, a mother in Israel." The friend speaking of it, it came home with savor and power to my mother's heart. My mother prayed to the Lord, that, if it should be a girl, I might prove to be a mother in Israel. When I was about four years old, it was raining; I looked up to the sky, to see if I could see the angels. I looked for some little time; then I went in the house. This was the first time that I remember thinking anything of angels or heaven. Soon after this time, my mother and father went to Manchester. My father never had his health in Manchester. He had a bad leg from his knee to his foot. He had a fistula. He was under that well-known doctor, called the Outful-lane doctor. He was cured of the fistula; the other complaint he had was the cause of his death. I saw that dear man of God, Mr. Gadsby, baptize that dear man of God, Mr. Warburton. Mr. Gadsby buried my poor father in the chapel-yard, inside the railing, the left hand side going up to the chapel. My mother being left with a large family, she could not get on at Manchester, so she thought she should be able to do better at Bath. When we came to Bath, I was placed out to service to Mrs. Quick, to nurse a child. My mistress spoke to some ladies, to get me into the House of Protection for Orphan Children. It was four years before I was admitted. I had to go through many hardships during the four years; but the Lord was very good to me. When I was there, I dreamed it was the end of the world. I heard the cries of the lost. I went to the matron, and asked her if I should be saved. She made answer, "I hope so." When she had said, "I hope so," I saw her no more in my dream. There was an iron railing across the place where I was. The Lord was inside, and I was outside. Just by the railing was a door. A man-servant brought in a letter, and offered it to the Lord; but the Lord waved his hand, and would not take it in. Then one of the ladies that visited us at the school brought the same letter herself in to the Lord; he waved his hand, and would not take it. She slammed the door, and went out in a rage. She wanted her works to be a recommendation for her; but the Lord would not receive it. As soon as she had shut the door, I was inside the railing, where the Lord was, up in the corner. The Lord asked me if I loved him. I said, "Yes;" and the Lord shook his head at me; but I held down my head, and could not speak for crying. The Lord said unto me again, "Lovest thou me?" I said in myself, "Lord, thou knowest I love thee." Then the Lord came towards me, took me by the face, and kissed me. Then I saw him ride away in a chariot, and I awoke; behold, it was a dream. When my mother came from Manchester, she brought

some of Mr. Gadsby's books ; one was, "The Gospel the Believer's Rule of Life." She lent it to some of Mr. Porter's members, of Somerset-street Chapel, Bath. I recollect hearing my mother say there was a stir amongst them before. So the book settled it. Mr. Porter believed the law to be the rule of life, and there was a separation ; so they took a room in Parsonage-lane. They had a Mr. Dobney to preach for them. They sent him out to beg money to build a chapel. Mr. Robins came to Bath while Mr. Dobney was out a-begging. After hearing Mr. Robins, they could not hear Mr. Dobney. After the chapel was built, Mr. Gadsby, of Manchester, and Mr. Rawlings, of Burfield, opened the new chapel, called York-street Chapel. This was the first time that Mr. Gadsby came to Bath. When he went home, he got Mr. Warburton to supply for a month. About the same time, I heard Mrs. Goldstone wanted a servant. I went and engaged with her. Previous to this, I was living in a place that the ladies got for me, that belonged to the House of Protection. The ladies gave the girls a reward if they remained a twelvemonth with a good character. The time was up when I was to receive my reward. When I went to the house to receive it, I was not allowed to go up to the committee-room with the rest of the girls, but I was sent into a back room. One of the ladies came down with a Bible in one hand and a half-guinea in the other. Those who were approved of had a guinea and a Bible ; but, instead of giving me a guinea, she looked very angry at me, and said, after taking so much pains with me to bring me up to the church, for me to leave it and go to Dissenters was very bad. When I held out my hand to take the Bible, she drew hers back, and said, "I am come to dismiss you." She said, "If you have the Bible, will you read it?" and asked me what place of worship I went to. I said, I attended where my mistress went, which was York-street Chapel. She scolded me very much. So they cast me out, as they of old did the poor blind man. "The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." I thought now I was all right, because I attended chapel. One Lord's-day, after coming from chapel with my mother and another woman, they were both talking of the work of God on their souls. My mother looked at me, and said, "I suppose Deborah thinks she does as well as she can ;" but I answered, I did not. My mother said, "You told Betty, the other day, that if you thought you should go to hell, you would be the most miserable wretch in the world." My mother's word came with such power, that I then felt truly miserable for the first time ; and cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner !" I began now to sit under the word very differently to what I had before ; for I thought I was all right before, but now I felt a fear I was all wrong.

Mr. Robins, in almost every sermon spoke of the first work on the soul. I can truly say that dear man of God was a nursing father to me. Oh ! the love I felt to him for the truth's sake. I cannot express well what I felt ; but this I can truly say, my soul was helped with a little help. Mr. Robins preached from these words : "The captive exile hasteneth that he may be loosed, and

that he should not die in the pit, nor that his bread should fail." He described my feelings very much. He said, "The poor soul that feels his sins is no company for the world;" and so I found it. I was afraid the pit would shut its mouth upon me. My soul has it still in remembrance, and is humbled within me. About this time, as near as I can recollect, I heard of a situation in a religious family; I thought I should be better if I were there. I went and got it, but I did not find any comfort from that quarter. My master had a form of godliness, but I fear he was destitute of the power; so he was no comfort to me, a poor broken-hearted sinner. I was sent out one day on an errand; I stopped and spoke a few minutes to my mother. When I returned my mistress told me I ought to be ashamed to show my face in a chapel until I was honest. I looked at her and said, "What have I been dishonest in, ma'am?" She never answered me a word. I went down the stairs; the Lord knows what I felt. I was ashamed to go, indeed, for I felt that every one could see what I was. I felt, as Mr. Gadsby says, like a thief in open day. About this time Mr. Robins was going to preach on a Thursday evening. As my master kept two men, I said to one of them, how I should like to go to chapel. He went and asked my mistress; she gave me leave to go, but it was late; the text was named; but I heard him say, "For I will cleanse their blood that I have not cleansed; for the Lord dwelleth in Zion;" and every time he spoke the words, they raised a hope in my soul, with a "Who can tell but the Lord will cleanse me?" To me it was wonderful how he was led that night to speak of the exercise of my mind. He described a poor soul, under conviction of sin, leaving his situation in a worldly family for one in a religious family, hoping it would be better; but instead of that he found it ten times worse than before. And so I found it. But it was wonderful how the dear man was led to speak of what I went through at that time. I was afraid to go to bed, for I thought Satan would come and drag me away. One night I awoke; I fancied Satan was on the bed; my hair seemed to stand on end on my head, and I sweated as I lay. Mr. Robins spoke of an old woman who was worried by Satan a long time, who told her he would have her in hell. The Lord was pleased to give her faith to believe, and she told the devil she would not believe she would be in hell till she got there. I went home, hoping the Lord had begun a work of grace in my soul; but the next morning the words came to my mind, "The joy of the hypocrite is but for a moment." I was afraid I was only a hypocrite. Soon after this I heard Mr. Robins from those words, "Fear not, little flock; it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." I felt much encouraged under that sermon, and from that time I believed I had an interest in Jesus. I longed to talk a little about what the Lord had done for my soul. There was a young woman attended the chapel that used to ask me to her house, and we had sweet communion together in conversing about the things of God. Sometimes we went to Trowbridge to hear Mr. Warburton. One time when we went he

preached from these words: "In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider." One thing he said I never forgot: "If there was a mountain of sand, and one grain taken away once in a thousand years, there would be hope of an end; but of eternity there was no end." About this time one of the members asked me and my husband to join the church. I felt the fear of man very much; but when I began to speak, I felt the fear of man all gone, and I was enabled to tell what the Lord had done for my soul. I and my husband were received into the church. Mr. Robins, as near as I can recollect, had left Bath and gone to London; but Mr. Warburton came and baptized us in York-street Chapel. Sometimes I was very much cast down, for fear I had not a law work deep enough, but was led to cry to the Lord that he would search me and try me, and bring me to the light, that my deeds might be manifest that they were wrought of God. I was very much cast down for fear I should come short; but I used to cry to the Lord day and night that I might be found in him; not, however in my righteousness, which is of the law, but in the righteousness of Jesus Christ.

I must pass over a few years, as there is nothing very particular, as far as I remember. About this time the Lord was pleased to lay his afflicting hand upon my children. I had them all down in the typhus fever. I had borne nine; the Lord had taken four from me; so I had five living. The Lord was very kind to me in giving me strength to do for them. When they got well, the Lord was pleased to lay his afflicting hand on me, not only on my body, but on my soul. As soon as I felt the fever upon my body, I felt such a horror of darkness come over me, that I could not tell what to do, nor where to look to. I could not pray. I asked my husband to read a chapter to me; but I could not bear to hear it, it so condemned me. I felt it sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing my very soul. I felt much guilt, for my sins lay heavy on me, and I felt the wrath of God in my soul. I tried to harden myself in sorrow, for I thought I had been nothing but a hypocrite all my life, and now the Lord was going to cut me off, and send me to hell. I could not eat anything; I was so full of the wrath of God. I had no desire for it; neither could I swallow my medicine. If I did swallow a little it would come up again. When any of my friends came to see me they tried to comfort me; but I refused to be comforted. They told me the Lord had appeared for me, and he would again; but I could not believe anything anyone said; I believed I was lost, and should soon sink into hell. But, bless the Lord! his thoughts were not as my thoughts, neither were his ways as my ways. The dear Lord came down like dew on the new mown grass; instead of hell he brought me heaven, and took from me all the wrath and terror I felt; so that I could say, with all my soul and heart, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name."

[To be continued.]

A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. DARK, FORMERLY
OF DEVIZES.

Beloved Pastor,—I received yours this morning. I had many fearful apprehensions and many conclusions that you would not write. But I do feel much pleasure to find that what our dear Saviour has joined together is not put asunder. In opposition to all the faintings, fears, and trials on this ground, I have again attempted to write. I cannot but take shame and confusion of face to myself to think I have so long delayed it; and knowing what I have felt in my own mind, I think I can a little understand yours. I will just state to you some of the reasons. Sometimes I am brought into captivity,—seem to call myself a thousand fools for writing. Everything written seems to be wrong; confusion and distraction sometimes are such attendants on my path, that all things seem as it were against me. I find such overwhelming darkness of soul, that I may say in substance, “Call me no more Naomi, but call me Mara,” for the hand of God seems so gone out against me, that in soul-matters I am as one that is free among the dead; like the slain that lie in their graves, whom the Lord remembereth no more. In matters of Providence, shuttings up on all hands surround me. Family trials very heavy, so that my mind wanders to the ends of the earth. Professors of religion, as it were, turning their backs, and many other things. But why should I thus burden you? The glass of unbelief turns every thing upside down. The devil disputes every inch of the way. Carnal reason says everything is wrong. Preachers say, “It is because you don’t pray, for the Christian’s comfort depends on his orderly walking (but, blessed be my dear Lord, they cannot father this upon me outwardly). Prayer opens God’s hand and shuts it. It is because you don’t do this, that, and the other, that you are in misery.” Pretty work this to a poor soul put into the furnace of our Lord, which is in Zion! How is this honoring Jehovah the Spirit in his office capacity, and work—in glorifying Emmanuel, in preaching good tidings to the meek, proclaiming liberty to the captives, the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound, strengthening the diseased, &c., &c.? How is this helping him that hath no strength, counselling him that hath no understanding? But eternal thanks to him who hath said, “If needs be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations, that the trial of your faith being much more precious,” &c. “Every branch in me that beareth fruit, he purgeth it,” &c. Is the above a just description of our dear Lord’s dealings with his own, to make them nothing in themselves, and less than nothing, that Christ may be all in all? Present and eternal glory to his dear name, that he is my all; and in him is all my salvation, and all my desire. I have no other foundation to build my eternal hopes upon, but the everlasting, discriminating, free favour of the Eternal Three, as revealed in the glorious Person, blood, righteousness, work, fulness, victories, advocacy, and intercession of my Jesus, as made manifest in me, by the

sweet reigning power and unction of the Holy One. Oh! how exactly suited to the ruined situation of a feelingly lost sinner, whose foundation in self is in the dust of death; who is crushed before the moth—nothing but corruption, earth, and worms; one who has been left to prove the awful rebellions of his fallen nature, stirred up by the devil against the God he, from his better part, loves pre-eminently, above all, and beyond all, whose glory is laid near his heart, and whose earnest desire from the new man is, in his humble sphere and measure to exalt the Lamb of God, to lift him up, to extol him above all and everything, and to sound out his victories so loud that heaven and earth might hear, who would live and die to his glory. Oh, my ever dear friend, was not salvation in all its bearings and branches absolute, unconditional, free and full, irrespective of either good works or bad—was it not finished and complete in our Jesus, no flesh living could be saved. Ten thousand times ten thousand honors crown his precious brow for ever, that he rests in his love, that whom he eternally and manifestly has loved, he never leaves, but loves them to the end; for he is formed in their hearts, the hope of glory. This is the touchstone of all vital religion, the spirit of life and truth—the truth of truth itself. Oh! what a safe place is it, to be made and kept sometimes a broken-hearted sinner at the feet of Jesus, to run, by the precious faith of God's elect, to his wounds standing open as the divine and precious channel through which the eternal Father of mercies can and does communicate new covenant and spiritual mercies. Glory to our dear Comforter who thus sometimes blesses us! Oh, how blessed to lean on the bosom of covenant love, and as you express in yours, to recline on the bosom of Jesus, there to pour out our complaints, to feel his dear embraces, to have that near and divine familiarity with the blessed bridegroom of our souls. Oh! how cheerfully then could we leave the desert. Oh! how dead is the world. Then are all things of a terrestrial nature seen as they are, to be nothing. Then it is the soul can in blessed feeling cry, Abba, Father; my Lord and my God. Then it is the soul feels its interest in everlasting, redeeming, and sanctifying love. Then it is particularly that the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, to the glory of God the Father, are ministered by us. Then it is the soul feels the all-sufficiency and suitability of our dear Jesus, just such a Saviour as we want. It has been a help to me to find a brother still in you. I do esteem it a favor and privilege to hear from you. I can join with you in some feeble measure in what you have written. I rejoice to hear that the Lord is adding to your numbers; it is a proof to me that he gives testimony to the word of his grace. May the numerous olive branches that God has given you be graciously given to you, and that the word of the Lord may run and be glorified in, and by, and through you, is the desire of yours to follow in the faith of Zion's grace and glory Representative,

STEPHEN DARK.

P.S.—Remember me before the throne when it is well with you.
Devizes.

REVIEW.

The Two Natures of a Believer, as they are revealed in Scripture, and evidenced by Experience in the Work of Regeneration and Sanctification. By A Layman. London: Wertheim and Macintosh, 24, Paternoster-row. 1854.

The only real knowledge which we can possess of the truth of God, or of any one branch of that truth, is from a vital, experimental, heartfelt acquaintance with it through the teaching of the Holy Ghost. Men, learned or unlearned, priest or people, may theorise and speculate, may think they see and understand, may reason and argue, preach and prate, talk and write, wisely and well upon this and that point of doctrine, or upon this or that portion of scripture; but unless the sacred truth of God is made known to our hearts by a divine power, and laid hold of by a living faith, we have no true knowledge of, as we have no saving interest in it. How true are those words of the apostle: "And if any man think that he knoweth any thing, he knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know." (1 Cor. viii. 2.) To think that we know a thing, and to know that we know a thing, are two very different things. We must have done with thinking and come to knowing; and this we never can do until the Blessed Spirit seals the truth of God home upon our heart and conscience. The Bible is plain enough. The way of salvation is written in its sacred pages as with a ray of light, and every truth that is for the soul's good, or the Lord's glory, is so traced in the inspired volume, that he who runs may read. This the Lord himself declares: "All the words of my mouth are in righteousness; there is nothing froward or perverse in them. They are all plain to him that understandeth, and right to them that find knowledge." (Prov. viii. 8, 9.) But before we can read to our soul's profit these words of truth and righteousness, the veil of unbelief must be taken off our heart, (2 Cor. iii. 14—16,) that we may see light in God's light. The truths of the Gospel, if not broken up by a divine hand, lie upon many an understanding as clods of marl upon a field which they encumber but do not fertilise; or, to use a more scriptural figure, as the seed, scattered by the hand of the sower, lies on the hard, beaten wayside, till trodden into dust by the foot of the traveller, or devoured by the hungry fowl of the air. What good will the purest, clearest, soundest doctrine, even if preached by an apostle, do us unless there be that living principle of divine faith in our hearts which mixes with the word, and so profits the soul? The want of this was the ruin of those ancient infidels who ate of the manna and drank of the rock, but whose carcasses fell in the wilderness: "For unto us was the gospel preached, as well as unto them: but the word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in them that heard it." (Heb. iv. 2.) We hold in our hands the divine Gospel of John; we read with wonder and admiration, and sometimes with some little feeling and savor, the sixth

chapter ; and as we read we see grace and truth stamped upon every line of that sacred discourse where the Lord speaks with such solemn weight and power about eating his flesh and drinking his blood. But what effect did this sacred sermon—the perfection of spiritual and experimental truth, to us pervaded with such a spirit of holiness, to us so weighty and solemn that life or death seems to hang upon every word—what effect did these words of Him who cannot lie produce upon those who heard them drop from his gracious lips? Did it awaken, quicken, regenerate, save or sanctify them? So far from that, the Lord not seeing good to apply it to their consciences by his Blessed Spirit, it only stirred up their rebellion and infidelity. Their only reply to its heavenly language was, “How can this man give us his flesh to eat?” We see, then, that it is not truth—the purest and clearest, even when uttered by the Redeemer’s own lips, that can save the soul unless applied to the heart by the special power of God. This the Lord plainly showed by the parable of the Sower, where the seed being the same but the soil different, that only which fell into good ground brought forth fruit some a hundred-fold, some sixty-fold, some thirty-fold. Thus, whoever be the sower, it is only when the seed of divine truth enters into the broken tilth of a good and honest heart, made so by grace, that it takes that firm and deep root downward which enables it to spring, and grow, and bear fruit upward, to the praise and glory of God.

But when the truth of God is made known to the heart by divine teaching and divine testimony, what a holy sweetness and heavenly savor are then tasted, felt, and realised in it! When thus favored to sit down under the shadow of its Beloved, and find his fruit sweet to its taste, the soul says, with Jeremiah, “Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart.” (Jer. xv. 16.) The ineffable mystery of a Triune Jehovah; the essential Deity and eternal Sonship of the Lord Jesus; the sorrows and sufferings of his agonising humanity in the days of his flesh; the unutterable glory of his divine Person as Immanuel God with us at the right hand of the Father; the efficacy of his atoning blood; the beauty and blessedness of his all-spotless righteousness; the sweetness of his dying love, that passeth knowledge; the fulness of grace that dwelleth in him as the covenant head of the Church; the stability of the everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure; the firmness of the promises; the holiness of the precepts; the force of Jesu’s example; the support of his presence; the whispers of his voice; the sympathy and compassion of his tender heart—how can these blessed realities, in the experimental realisation of which the life and power of godliness mainly consist, enter into us, or we enter into them without the unction of the Holy Ghost resting on and bedewing them, and through them resting on and bedewing us? It is not only utterly useless, but it is highly dangerous to make ourselves or others wise in the letter of truth when the heart remains utterly destitute of its power. Lace and lawn round the face of a

corpse will neither give life nor preserve from putrefaction. The soundest doctrines may be made into grave-clothes for the dead ; but "Lazarus, come forth!" may never be spoken to it by the voice of Him who is the Resurrection and the Life. Let us beware, then, of unsanctified knowledge, of unapplied truth ; for such "knowledge puffeth up ;" and well may our ears tingle at the solemn warning of the apostle : "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 have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing." (1 Cor. xiii. 1, 2.) If we have any inward witness that we fear God ; if any faith in his dear Son : if any sense of our sinfulness and ignorance, our earnest, our unceasing desire should be to be led into the truth of God by God himself. "Open thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law ;" "Lead me into thy truth and teach me ; on thee do I wait all the day ;" "What I know not, teach thou me ;" "Give me understanding, and I shall live"—such and similar petitions should be continually rising up out of our hearts and lips, and ascending to the courts of heaven perfumed by the prevailing intercession of the great High Priest over the house of God. The word of promise encourages us to present those supplications unceasingly before the throne. "If any of you lack wisdom" it says for our encouragement, "let him ask of God, that giveth to all liberally and upbraideth not ; and it shall be given him." And what can be more encouraging for the poor and needy petitioner, waiting at wisdom's door-posts, than the words of the Lord himself : "Ask, and it shall be given you ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

Among those branches of divine truth which, without special teaching, we cannot enter into, is, that of *the two natures* in a believer. And yet, though every child of God must in all ages have been experimentally acquainted with the inward conflict between flesh and spirit, nature and grace ; and though authors innumerable have written on such subjects as sanctification, the trial of faith, the strength of grace, the power of sin, the deceitfulness of the heart, the commencement and progress, decline and restoration, of the life of God in the soul, yet how few even of these really spiritual and experimental writers have laid out the truth of the case as made known in the Scriptures, and felt in the experience of the saints ! How blind have many gracious writers, as, for instance, Dr. Owen, and most of the Puritan authors, been to the distinctness of flesh and spirit ! In fact, as it seems to us, many good men have been afraid of the real, actual truth. Our Puritan ancestors especially, living in a day when profanity and ungodliness ran down the streets like water, and holiness, therefore, of heart and life was powerfully urged as the distinctive feature of the children of God, intuitively

shrank from anything that seemed in its faintest coloring opposed to their view of gospel sanctification. They feared to believe, and dreaded to proclaim, that "the carnal mind is enmity against God; that it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed could be." They seemed to think, if they once admitted that the flesh, the carnal mind,* underwent no spiritual change; in other words, could not be sanctified; it was opening a wide and open door to the worst Antinomianism.

On no one point, it may be remarked, are the minds of men professing some measure of truth so sensitive as upon that of the believer's personal sanctification. You may be three parts an Arminian, and four-fifths of a Pharisee, and men will speak well of you and of your religion; nay, many even of God's children will think favorably of you. But be in their eyes one tenth of an Antinomian, and they will unchristianise you in a moment, if you had the experience of Hart, the gifts of Huntington, the godly life of Romaine, and the blessed death of Toplady. Now, nothing so much exposes a man to the suspicion of secret Antinomianism as his denying the sanctification of the flesh. The cry is at once raised, "You are an enemy to holiness; you turn the grace of God into licentiousness; you allow people to live as they list; you encourage men under a profession of religion to continue in sin." Who does not know the changes which they ring on this peal of bells against all who assert that the flesh is incurably corrupt, and cannot be moulded afresh, or new modelled, or sanctified, or conformed to the image of Christ, but remains to the last what it was at the first, "the old man which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts?" We may oppose to these clamorous reproaches a godly life, a gospel walk, a spiritual mindedness, a heavenly conversation, a filial fear, a tender conscience, a separation from evil, a liberality to the poor and needy, and a deadness to the world of which our opponents profess little and manifest less; but all in vain. The very suspicion that we deny the holiness of the flesh, present or possible, makes us viewed by most of the "very religious" people of our day much as the Protestant heretic is looked upon by the staunch Papist—a kind of horrid being, who may, perhaps, by a death-bed conver-

* There is a distinction between "the flesh" and "the carnal mind." The flesh is the corrupt principle itself; the carnal mind is the breathing, moving, and acting of the corrupt principle. The flesh is, as it were, the body, the carnal mind the soul of sin; the flesh is the still atmosphere, pregnant with disease and death; the carnal mind is the same air in motion, carrying with it the noisome pestilence; the flesh is a giant, but lying down or asleep; the carnal mind is the giant awake and hurling his weapons of defiance against heaven and earth.

Our Reformers in the IXth Article, though their views are remarkably sound upon this point, seem to have been rather puzzled how to explain the expression, the carnal mind; for they thus speak of it:—"And this infection of nature doth remain, yea, in them that are regenerated; whereby the lust of the flesh, called in the Greek *phronema sarkos*, which some do expound the wisdom, some sensuality, some the affections, some the desire of the flesh, is not subject to the law of God."

sion to their views, and a full recantation of his own, escape hell, but who, at present, is in a very awful and dangerous condition.

But leaving these poor ignorant creatures who speak evil of things that they know not, and who are actuated by much the same principle and spirit as those of old who said of the Lord himself, "He hath a devil, and is mad; why hear ye him?" let us look for a few moments at a very different class of persons to whom the mystery of the two natures is but little known. These are the honest and sincere, the tender in conscience and broken in heart of the children of God, who, for want of divine light on this point, are often deeply tried and perplexed, and sometimes almost at their wit's end from what they feel of the inward workings and strength of sin. They are told, and their naturally religious mind, their traditionary creed, and their unenlightened understanding, all fully fall in with what they hear enforced on their conscience, that the sanctification of the soul, without which there is no salvation, is a gradual progress from one degree of holiness to another, till, with the exception of a few insignificant "remains" of sin, which, from some unknown cause, obstinately resist the sanctifying process, the believer becomes thoroughly holy, in body, soul, and spirit. Sin, they are told, may occasionally stir up a bad thought or two, or now and then a carnal desire may most unaccountably start up; but its power is destroyed, the rebellious movement is immediately subdued, the hasty spark, which straight is cool again, is put out at once without further damage, and the process of sanctification keeps going on as harmoniously and uninterruptedly as before, till the soul is almost as fit for heaven as if it were already there.

Beautiful theory! but as deceptive and as unsubstantial as the mirage of the desert, or the summer evening cloud bathed in the golden glow of the sinking sun. And so those sincere, honest-hearted children of God find and feel when "the motions of sin which are by the law," stirred and roused from their torpid inactivity by its application, work in their members to bring forth fruit unto death.

The doctrine of progressive sanctification, implying, as it does, in the mouth of its strenuous advocates, the gradual extirpation of sin and the moulding of the carnal mind into the image of Christ, is to the honest and tender conscience a torturing doctrine, pregnant with guilt, bondage, and despair. To a man who merely plays with religion, all doctrines are pretty much alike. None cause him trouble, and none cause him joy. The holiness of God, the spirituality and curse of the law, the evil of sin, the helplessness of the creature, the sinfulness of the flesh, the deceitfulness and desperate wickedness of the heart, as long as they are mere doctrines, have no more effect upon the conscience than a narrative of the battle of Alma or an account of the fight at Inkermann. To a professor of religion dead in his unregeneracy, the fall of man is nothing like so stirring as the fall of Sebastopol; and the recovery by Christ does not give him half so much pleasure as the recovery from a bad cold. These are the men to preach progressive sanctification;

and none urge it so continually, and press it so forcibly, except, perhaps, those that are living in sin, who are usually the greatest advocates for holiness, either as a mask of their practice, or on the principle of a set off, that, having none of their own, they may get as much as they can of other people's. "In for a penny, in for a pound," is the maxim of a man who runs into debt without meaning to pay. And so, if a man mean to pay God nothing of the obedience and holiness which he urges upon others, he thinks he cannot do better than get into debt as deep as he can. None set the ladder so high as the master who stops at the foot, and urges his man on to the topmost round. None lay such heavy burdens on men's shoulders as those who themselves never touch them with one of their fingers; and none wield so unmercifully the whip as those who have never felt the end of the lash. To all such miserable taskmasters the tried and distressed in soul may well say, "What is play to you is death to us; you are in jest, but we are in earnest; you are at your ease, we are laboring to attain unto what you only talk about. The holiness that you are preaching we are striving to practise. Your flashes of exhortation are but summer lightning, and your denunciations but stage thunder; whilst we are at the foot of the mount that burned with fire, and where there was blackness and darkness and tempest. The sanctification of the flesh that you urge may do for you who have learned your lesson at the academy, and preach what you neither know, nor understand, nor feel—blind leaders of the blind, as you and your tutors are. Such a doctrine lies with no more weight on your conscience than the preacher's gown upon your back, or the gold ring upon your little finger; but it is not so with us, who are daily and hourly groaning beneath a body of sin and death. It is the load of sin that so deeply tries us, and our utter inability to bring forth the holiness that you urge upon our sore and bleeding consciences. It is our base backslidings, our sins against love and blood, our barrenness and deadness; the dreadful depravity of our hearts; our getting every day worse instead of getting every day better, that so deeply tries us; and your doctrine rubs salt into our bleeding, gaping wounds."

To such tried and distressed souls as these, who have been harassed almost to death by the doctrine of progressive sanctification, how reviving and encouraging it is when the mystery of the two natures is opened up to their spiritual understanding, and sealed upon their conscience by the Blessed Spirit!

We have felt much pleasure and interest in the little book before us. The author is quite unknown to us, nor have we the least idea who the "layman" is who has written this scriptural, experimental, and excellent treatise on the mystery of the two natures. But, whoever he is, for a knowledge of the subject he is no bad divine.

The following extract will show how he handles his pen:—

"As the Lord God breathed into the nostrils of the dead and inanimate body of Adam at his creation 'the breath of life, and man became a living soul,' so the Lord the Spirit breathes into the dead and unconscious soul of a sinner, at

his new creation, the breath of spiritual and eternal life, and by his all-quickening energy raises him from 'a death in sin to a life of righteousness;' thus he passes from death unto life, and never more comes into condemnation, 'for his life is hid with Christ in God; and when Christ, who is his life, shall appear, then shall he also appear with him in glory.' 'The rational life is not more superior to the animal, nor more distinct from it, than this spiritual life is superior to them both.' This spiritual resurrection is effected by 'the exceeding greatness of his power to us-ward who believe, according to the working of his mighty power, which he wrought in Christ when he raised him from the dead, and set him at his own right hand, in the heavenly places.' 'Blessed and holy is he that hath part in (this) first resurrection; on such the second death hath no power.' This creation, however, of the inner or new man is not all that takes place when the soul is 'made alive to God.' It then becomes actually (as well as virtually) united to the great 'Head of the Church,' the Lord Jesus Christ, 'with whom is the fountain of life,' yea, who is 'the life,' 'having life in himself.'"

"It is not then (as has been fondly imagined by some) the reconstruction or 're-modelling' of the 'carnal mind,' or an improvement of those sinful inclinations which we all possess by nature, but it is the impartation of entirely new propensities to holiness and God, and newly-created antipathies to sin and Satan. This communication, however, of a new nature does not necessarily imply the absence of the old, much less its sanctification or annihilation. Love to God (to us who are at enmity with him) is as much a new nature as if the Almighty were suddenly to endue us with the propensity and capability of flying, in addition to those powers of locomotion we already possess. It is a second or superadded nature, for it is said by the scriptures of the carnal man, 'I know you, that you have not the love of God in you.' Our original (or, rather, our derived) nature is sin. It is that in which 'we live and move, and have our being,'—that wherein we 'sport ourselves.' Some, it is true, plunge into its depths, 'work all uncleanness with greediness,' and can never have enough; whilst others (making clean the outside of the cup and of the platter) 'thank God that they are not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers,' &c., and yet are not a whit more 'justified' in the sight of God than the most heinous transgressor. It is, however, the element in which we all live. Our nature and all its propensities are continually engaged in loving sin and Satan, and hating God and holiness. We mean the God of the Bible and the holiness he has enjoined, and without which 'no man shall see the Lord,' though it is very possible for a man to love a god of his own imagination, and highly to admire and applaud that meagre morality that passes current for holiness, with a 'world lying in wickedness,' but which has not the stamp of heaven upon it, nor the seal of God's approbation. We never, however, attempt a flight; we never (of ourselves) soar into the regions of spirituality; our carnal nature is too gross for such an exercise; nor can we inhale an atmosphere so pure and refined."

Hymns Composed on various Subjects. By John Wigmore. London: Price 2s.

Mr. Wigmore is a good and gracious man, and these hymns are, for the most part, the utterances of his soul, expressive of his experience of sorrow and joy, conflict and deliverance, misery and mercy. As such, they possess an intrinsic value which will make them acceptable to the tried and exercised children of God. They have no pretension to the character of poetry, as Mr. Wigmore, in a modest, unassuming preface, intimates, calling his little Hymn-book "a handful of goats' hair for the service of the tabernacle."

Having a sincere respect and esteem for Mr. Wigmore, though personally unknown, from all the accounts we have received of him from trustworthy persons, we desire to view his book with the most

favorable eye, consistent with our regard for truth and our duty to the Church of God. If, then, we point out a few of its more glaring blemishes, we trust we shall not wound the feelings of himself and his friends, especially as many of these faults are capable of easy correction; and if his contribution to the service of the Sanctuary be but "a handful of goats' hair," that handful may as well be properly combed out and lie a little straight in the hand, as be left a rough and rugged lock.

And first a few thoughts upon religious poetry generally, and the state of mind which prompts the heart in most cases to write it.

Where there is naturally a poetic turn, there is a tendency in the mind, in a certain state of experience, to clothe its thoughts and feelings in the language and form of poetry. This state of mind is not when the heart is deeply sunk in sorrow and gloom, for then the harp is hung on the willows, and its language is that of sighs and groans; nor is it when highly favored with manifestations of the Lord's presence and love, for then praise and blessing leave no thought or room for the tinkle of verse. But it is during a kind of medium state, when the soul is either saddened with a holy gloom which fits it for divine meditation without absorbing grief, or melted into a serious and calm joy which draws the affections upwards without overwhelming rapture. The thoughts and language of poetry being elevated beyond prose, require a state of mind and tone of feeling similarly elevated. A lax string gives forth no note; it must be tightened to a certain degree to sound the note required. So the mind must be under a certain degree of tension—in other words, the frame of thought and feeling must be under a peculiar stretch of excitement before it can give itself forth in poetic strains. We cannot now pursue this subject for want of room; but were we able to do so, it would not only form a sequel to our former article on the poetry of the Scriptures, but would, we believe, throw light on the subject generally why the Blessed Spirit has chosen a poetic form for much of the inspired Volume, as well as explain why a certain amount of poetic thought and language are necessarily required in a hymn, and that it cannot be generally acceptable without them.

Three things seem necessary in a man who writes hymns for the church of God: 1. A gracious experience of the truth in his own soul. 2. A poetic, imaginative turn of thought. 3. A degree of poetic skill and dexterity, enabling him, without apparent effort, to clothe his thoughts in a metrical form, according to the established laws of poetry and rhyme.

The first qualification Mr. Wigmore possesses; and this will and must recommend his hymns to the people of God who think more of sense than sound, and prefer experimental truth, however the metre may halt, the grammar be faulty, and the rhymes false, to the sublimest poetry, where truth and savor, dew and unction, are wanting.

And yet why should we not have all three? Hart, Toplady, Cowper, Kent, Kelly have had them. Their hymns, as mere

poetic compositions, are strikingly beautiful. Berridge, Mrs. Steele, Swaine, Newton, come perhaps in the second rank as poets, but still have sufficient of the language of poetry to give them an enduring place among the sweet singers of Israel. A writer of hymns may despise the established laws of poetry, and say, "I don't care about poetic language, and good rhyme, and all that. All I want is to tell out my experience." We are not very fond of the large family of "Don't Cares," for their father came to a bad end; but if, being of that breed and blood, you don't care about poetic language, good rhyme, and all that, why don't you keep to plain prose? Why do you profess to write poetry if you can't or won't comply with what the laws of poetry require? We have heaps of what is called "Poetry" sent us, and the writers are often, doubtless, annoyed because we do not insert their compositions; but they will find, sooner or later, that however sound and experimental a piece of religious poetry may be, a certain amount of poetic thought and language, and a compliance with the established laws of poetry, are absolutely required to keep it even afloat. The mind almost instinctively and, as if intuitively, requires in all poetry, whether sacred or otherwise, a certain amount of poetic thought and language; and as hymns are a species of poetry, they cannot claim exemption from a law which is so deeply seated in the very constitution of man. Poetic thought and expression are to the experimental truth of the hymn what the corks are to the fishing-net. The net catches the fish; but the corks keep the net from sinking to the bottom of the sea. The experience of the hymn catches the heart of the children of God, but the poetic language keeps the hymn itself from sinking where thousands of hymns have sunk already, to the bottom of the sea of neglect and oblivion.

But besides the want of poetic thought and language, and the great faultiness of the rhymes, Mr. Wigmore's hymns labor under a sad defect, which, if not corrected, will effectually prevent his little work being adopted as a hymn-book, or his hymns finding their way into selections. We never recollect reading a book so faulty in grammar in well nigh every page. Now, as to grammar generally, it is much like a broad dialect in a preacher, or bad spelling or writing in a correspondent. No one with any love to the truth much cares whether a minister preaches bad grammar in every sentence, any more than he cares whether he speaks broad Lancashire or Yorkshire, if the sermon be full of savory matter and unctuous experience. So, if we get a letter from a dear child of God who has not had, perhaps, five shillings spent on his education, we care not for bad writing or bad spelling, if it be sweet and savory. But when we come to *print*, the eye is so accustomed to good grammar and correct spelling, that, in a book, they become serious blemishes. For this faulty grammar we do not so much blame Mr. Wigmore, who is a simple, humble, unassuming man, precluded by hard labour in boyhood from learning to write grammatically, as we blame the printer. We speak

here from experience. Take, for instance, the "Gospel Standard." We venture to say that you may look through a volume of "Standards," and you will not find in them, we were going to say one, but we will speak cautiously, five grammatical errors. Why is this? We have plenty of bad grammar sent us; but it is corrected as it passes through the office, just as the bad spelling is. The compositor, or reader, or editor, alter the bad grammar to good. So it ought to have been done in this case. No reader in a printing-office should have passed the terrible slips that are visible in almost every page. It is true that some authors are so proud that they will not submit to have their compositions corrected even when palpably wrong, and grammatical errors are sometimes so imbedded in the metre or rhyme, that they cannot be altered without fresh modelling the verse, which the reader cannot or may not do; but, in the hymns before us, scores of grammatical mistakes might have been removed without the necessity of consulting the author. We do not make these remarks in a cavilling, captious spirit; but, on the contrary, are quite sorry to see the book so defaced by these errors, as we are sure it will much prevent the hymns obtaining circulation, or being sung in congregations. We can *hear* bad grammar; we can *read* bad grammar; but when we come to *sing* bad grammar, it seems to make the whole thing ridiculous. If a minister preach bad grammar, it is at best but one voice; and the hearer must be a fastidious critic who much minds it in a good man that makes no pretensions to speak as they do at academies; but for a hundred or a thousand voices to sing bad grammar becomes ridiculous in itself, disgusts the educated part of the congregation, and opens the mouth of the scoffer.

Such mistakes as these, for instance, occur in almost every page of Mr. Wigmore's hymns:—

- "Often us it much *have* pitied,
When our way it *seem* so hard." Page 66.
- "That we who once *was* Satan's prey." Page 69.
- "As oft it *have* before." Page 71.
- "Thy hands and feet and side *doth* show." Page
- "Here Jehovah's wisdom *shine*." Page 90.
- "And as Thy gospel's sweet to *we*." Page 91.
- "Thro' sin that *rage* within." Page 58.
- "It surely *have* humbled us." Page 163.
- "It *soft* my heart." Page 186.
- "Here *was* agonies tremendous." Page 206.

It is an unpleasant task to point out errors of this kind in one whom you respect and esteem, and therefore we forbear adding to the list, though we could too easily multiply the number; but who does not see that the greater part of the mistakes we have named should have been removed in the printing-office? If a second edition be called for, and Mr. Wigmore will take our advice, he will get these errors corrected, and this may be easily done without in the least injuring the experimental language and spirit of the book.

The following hymn will give a fair idea of their general character :—

“ It was the Holy Ghost
Breathed life into my soul ;
He is the Lord of Host,
Who can his power control?
He is Almighty God I know,
He laid my haughty spirit low.

“ ’T was he that gave me light
To see how vile I’ve been,
And what an awful plight
My soul was in through sin.
He’s with the Father and the Son,
Jehovah God, in essence one.

“ He will our leader be
Until our end shall come,
And every sorrow flee,
And all our fears are gone ;
And when we reach the field above,
We’ll praise this holy God of love.”

“ ’T was he that raised the cry
In my polluted breast,
For mercy from on high,
My soul was much distressed ;
’T was he that led me to the tree,
And witness’d Jesus bled for me.

“ ’T is he who helps the saints
In trouble by the way,
To groan out their complaints
That cannot utter’d be :
He helps their souls to heave a sigh,
For God to help them from on high.

[The space that we have occupied with our Reviews prevents us this month attending to several Inquiries, which we hope soon to answer.]

In all the fears of God’s people, God will have a Comforter for them. Judah might well be dejected with the calamity of their brethren, not knowing but it might be their own turn shortly after. They knew not where the ambition of the Assyrian would stop ; but God, by his prophets, calms their fears of their furious neighbour, by predicting to them the ruin of their feared adversary.—*Charnocke.*

When Lysander, the Spartan, paid a visit to king Cyrus, it is said that he was particularly struck with the elegance and order, the variety and magnificence of Cyrus’s gardens. Cyrus, no less charmed with the taste and judgment of his guest, told him, with visible emotions of pleasure, “ These lovely walks, with all their beauty of disposition and vastness of extent were planned by myself ; and almost every tree, shrub, and flower which you behold, was planted by my own hand.” Now, when we take a view of the church, which is, at once, the house and garden of the living God ; that church which the Father loved—for which the Son became a man of sorrows—and which the Holy Spirit descends from heaven in all his plenitude of converting power, to cultivate and build anew ; when we survey this living paradise, and this mystic edifice, of which such glorious things are spoken, and on which such glorious privileges are conferred, must we not acknowledge : Thy sovereign hand, O uncreated love, drew the plan of this spiritual Eden ! Thy hand, almighty power, set every living tree, every true believer, in the courts of the Lord’s house. Thy converted people are all righteous ; they shall inherit the land for ever, even the branches of thy planting, the work of thy hands, that thou mayest be glorified ?—*Toplashy.*

P O E T R Y.

ON THE DEATH OF TWO DEAR SAINTS OF GOD.

And these are both in glory now;
Their painful warfare here below,
Led to eternal peace;

How great the mercy that the Lord
Enabled them thus to record
The power of sovereign grace!

What tribulations did they know,
What inward deeps they struggled
through,

While in this wilderness!
The world, the flesh, and Satan join'd;
Three mighty foes—and all combined
To fill them with distress.

Yet, bless the Lord, their spirits knew
Some heavenly consolations, too;

It was not *always* night.
When under fierce temptation's power,
Sometimes in the most trying hour
They conquer'd in His might.

Accounts like these encourage me,
To hope that I one day shall be
From sin and sorrow free;
To know poor souls were in a pit,
And never were brought out of it,
Would give no joy to me.

But here I view deliverance wrought,
And poor backsliding children brought
To mourn at Jesu's feet.

Oh! what self-loathing fill'd their
breast,

Yet holy joy their souls possess'd,
And love divinely sweet.

No tongue can tell the joy and grief,
The bitter, smart, and sweet relief,

At such blest seasons known.
The world may think we glory in
The motions of indwelling sin;
But not beneath one other thing
Do we so grieve and groan.

That full atonement Jesus made,
When all their sins were on him laid,
Applied with power divine,—

'Twas that which made these saints
rejoice,

When with his sin-subduing voice
He whispered, "*Ye are mine.*"

"Your many sins I've put away;
Myself I gave your debts to pay,

And you're for ever free;
For shame ye shall have double now—
And for confusion ye shall know
I will your portion be."

Thus did the Lord remember them;
It makes me love his holy name,

And lean upon his grace;
My base backslidings much I mourn,
Yet gladly I to him return,
And all my sins confess.

A prodigal beyond degree;
Not Mary Magdalen could be

More undeserving favour;
Yet, thro' his rich abounding grace,
I hope one day to see his face,
And join with them his name to praise,
For ever and for ever. S.

ON SIN.

[From an old Magazine.]

O sin, how heavy is thy weight!
That press'd the glorious God of
might,

'Till prostrate on the freezing ground
He sweat his clotted blood around.

His hand the ponderous globe does
prop,

This weight ne'er made him sweat a
drop;

But when sin's load upon him lies,
He falls, and sweats, and groans,
and dies.

Alas! if God sink under sin,
How shall the man that dies therein
Sink deeply down, when to the load
He adds the slighted blood of God?

The more we are convinced of our utter depravity and inability
from first to last, the more excellent will Jesus appear.—*Newton.*

We forbid our children to eat fruit, because we say it breeds
worms in their bellies; and if we had the like care of the health of
our souls, as of their bodies, we would for the same reason abstain
from the forbidden fruit of sin, because it breedeth in the conscience
a never-dying worm. Oh, that we were wise to understand this.—
Fentley.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD

No. 248. AUGUST 1, 1856. VOL. XXII.

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

THE LORD HIS PEOPLE'S PORTION.

“The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup.”—Ps. xvi. 5.

Here lies the great secret of true religion; and whoever can adopt this language has found a settled, substantial rest. He roams abroad no longer for happiness, but henceforth exclaims, “My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed!”

“Making thus the Lord my choice,
I have nothing more to choose,
But to listen to thy voice,
And my will in thine to lose.

“Thus whatever may betide,
I shall safe and happy be,
Still content and satisfied,
Having all in having thee.”

But how far short do we usually come of this! Else why so on the look out for other comforts or pleasures? Do we wish anything apart from God? Surely it is wrong. When we are full we should enjoy God in all; when empty we may still find all in God. “Jehovah himself is the portion of mine inheritance.” What a possession to have in prospect! No wonder Paul counted all but loss that he might win Christ, that he might enter in his possession, and enjoy him for ever. Jehovah, the inheritance of his people! They are all Levites in this sense: “The Lord spake unto Aaron, I am thy part and thine inheritance among the children of Israel.” Who can describe it? It passeth knowledge, and we are but as little children, born to a vast estate, who know not the greatness of their possessions. At present all they get out of it is a daily supply of food and raiment. Thus it is with the Christian; his possession is infinitely beyond his capabilities to enjoy. Hence David adds, “and of my cup.” Jehovah is the portion of my cup. Just as the little child has his daily meat out of the estate, so the believer has a daily portion out of his inheritance. God is his portion here. It is not merely that in this world he is pardoned, and tries to live a life to the Lord, and is then taken away to heaven, to enjoy his everlasting inheritance; but whilst here he feeds on Christ, and finds him even now to be the portion of his cup, his daily meat and drink; so that Jehovah has well supplied his church on earth. Happy those who sit down and drink large draughts of this cup. To such it runneth over. They need not eagerly look after this world's comforts. They will let it go, to drink undisturbed their daily portion; neither will

they be much troubled at the loss of all things when faith grasps this cup, and thereby is created a desire for the inheritance itself. Thus felt Paul, thus the martyrs, and thus Rutherford. O how this cup was held to his lips, till he longed for the ocean of blessedness, where he might for ever bathe his ravished soul. Why have Christians such inadequate conceptions of heaven, and so few longings after its untold blessedness? Is it not that they drink so little of the cup? They just taste it, and exclaim, "The Lord is gracious!" but they are so occupied with their temptations and sins and sorrows, they stay not to drink a full draught. If they did, what a change would be wrought in them. They would drink and forget their poverty, and remember their misery no more. But wherein consists this spiritual feeding? Saith Jesus, "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you." When does a believer find Jehovah to be the portion of his cup? Certainly not when he is full of other things. Therefore he has need to say,

"Lord, empty me of self and sin;
Bring Christ and all his fulness in."

In the matter of pardon, it is when there is nothing to pay he frankly forgives. The pardoned sinner finds a satisfaction in his pardoning God, which certainly amounts to knowing him as the portion of his cup, or, in other words, feeding on Christ. O yes; many a poor forgiven prodigal has eaten of the fatted calf; has heard the loving Father's voice, "Let us eat and be merry," and has fed on Christ in his heart by faith; and the more he is sensible of the depth of his previous degradation, the more enjoyment will he have at his Father's board. While proud pharisees hunger not, he feeds on angels' food; yea, more, on Christ himself. Hence he exclaims, "My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness." But not only in this matter of forgiveness, but all through his spiritual life the believer feeds on Christ, and specially in the word; this is the grand means of his nourishment. The promises are his support, and they are all Yea and Amen in Christ Jesus. A promise applied by the Spirit gives, as it were, a glimpse of Jesus, and this never fails to satisfy the soul. Is it a promise of pardon? It comes through his blood. Is it of strength? It is his voice, which saith, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Or is it a promise of comfort? "If there be any consolation in Christ, if any comfort of love"—yes; it is all in him, and he is still the portion of our cup. Is the promise of fruitfulness given us? "From me is thy fruit found." Is it more life? It is in Christ; and thus all our springs are in him; and living on him as the portion of our cup here, we shall be ready by and by to receive and enter upon our everlasting inheritance. Then will the cup be laid aside, and the ocean of blessedness opened out to our view, the immeasurable expanse stretching out through a vast eternity.

The love of Christ; this is ours as believers, and it has a height, and a depth, and a length, and a breadth, passing knowledge; and when we can comprehend it, we shall "be filled with all the fulness of God."

A SERVANT OF THE CHURCH.

THE LORD IS GOOD UNTO THE SOUL THAT SEEKETH HIM.

My dear Sir,—I have taken the liberty of writing to you, although personally unknown by you. My aim and object is that you may be encouraged to proceed and continue in the good work and labor of love wherein I trust God has placed you in the capacity of Editor of the *Gospel Standard*. Perhaps very few encouraging testimonials of its usefulness and profit come to your hand ; but you may safely receive this as one ; for what I write is the truth in the sight of God, who, I am sensible, searches my heart, and sees and knows all things.

I have been a reader of your periodical for more than twelve years constantly ; but only for about six or seven years past have I had any real concern or earnestness respecting the best things, even those which accompany salvation. Would to God I had thought of them and sought after them long ago !

I am and have been many times sorely puzzled and perplexed in my mind to know when, where, and by what means it pleased the good and great God (O wonderful mercy !) to quicken my poor soul into eternal life. I believe, as far as I am able to judge, that I lived twenty-five years in my first-born state, far from God by wicked works, having no desire after him or salvation by Jesus, being at enmity in heart at what I now see and believe to be the most blessed subject and doctrine in the whole blessed Book of God, viz., Election. God's sovereignty is to my poor soul a sweet and darling theme. He has, I humbly trust, powerfully reconciled my mind and will to this blessed basement and foundation of all salvation ; for if there be no election or choice of God from before all worlds, verily there is no salvation ; but this sweet and comfortable doctrine shines as a sunbeam in the sacred Scriptures, and praised be the Lord for conquering my proud and rebellious heart and will (as it was in its native state) ; and now my desire and at times earnest prayer in secret before God is, "Am I included in the number of those whom he has determined to save 'in spite of all that may oppose?'" I hope I am in the possession of the life and grace of God ; for these, with many other desires and longing wishes in my poor soul, I find and feel while engaged in my ordinary occupation, as also when favored to be alone, either abroad or at home, in private and in secret prayer before the Most High ; but I am often the subject of many fears and doubts and much unbelief respecting a work of grace in my heart, whether it is real or not, whether all my religion is not in my judgment only, merely a floating system in my brains. This I often conclude it to be ; and why ? Because I feel and see so very little in the best things, and have so little nearness to the Lord at a throne of grace, so little understanding in his holy word, so much darkness of mind and evil workings of a vile and wicked heart, and sometimes outbreaks thereof in hasty tempers and rash words, that I slip and fall in these things again and again.

Sure am I, if God did not restrain me by his grace and almighty power, the evils of my base heart would break out in some public and awful manner, to the bringing of a reproach upon his holy name and cause. The good Lord for ever keep me from so sad and dreadful a thing as that must be; for all my help and strength, power and wisdom, are alone in Him that made the heavens and the earth. My daily prayer before the Lord is to feel that he is on my side, to find and realize it for my own self. I want a personal religion, a soft and broken heart on account of sin *as sin*, knowing what it is to have fellowship with Jesus in his wondrous and unparalleled sufferings and ignominious death upon the cross for sinners. This it is, I believe, that will beggar all transitory things, crucify me to the world, and enable me to live more above it than at times I do (shame upon me!), will cause me to see and feel sin, that dreadful of all evils, that cursed and bitter thing, in its true light and colors, and lead me to repent in dust and ashes before God.

I have never yet fully found salvation and peace by Jesus; but there are times, known only to God and my own soul, when I earnestly long to be enabled to say, "This Jesus is all my salvation and all my desire," and to be found in him, washed and cleansed from all sin in his peace-making and peace-speaking blood, and clothed in his complete and everlasting righteousness, that I may rejoice therein as my eternal portion and everlasting all. To attain to this unspeakable standing in the divine life and future bliss, is the sum total of all my desires while in this time state. Whether or not I shall ever find it, the Lord only knows. Sometimes I hope and believe I shall; then again I think I have not taken one step in the way of life; but the Lord knows I would not be deceived or deluded in this momentous matter for all the world, or ten thousand such worlds; therefore I am compelled to cry unto heaven for help, for light, for strength, yea, for all spiritual good; for it is only in God's light I can see light; and, blessed be his holy name, he is pleased again and again, at times, to hear my poor breathings, I do hope, and so to favor me, either in prayer, hearing his blessed word preached, or in reading his sacred volume, that I am enabled to seek him yet more and more; and O! may I never faint or give it up, till death comes to put an end both to mortal life and sin.

Sometimes (but these times are very rare) I do trust I have found and felt such sweetness in waiting upon God in prayer, in his house, and in reading his word and the works of good men, that I could at such times willingly wait for the salvation of my soul till the end of my days, should it be many years to come. At these times, how I have felt a sweet bowing down of heart to Jehovah's sovereignty. I have before said it is my sweet and darling theme; and I desire to bless and praise the Lord for making me so to esteem and feel it; for nothing, yea, nothing short of almighty grace and divine power can, I know, ever make a poor, rebellious, obstinate, and self-willed sinner, naturally bent upon his own destruction, yield to and humbly requiesce in this glorious doctrine and perfection of the great God. This I am a living witness of. As to the abominable doctrine of

claim, which many say they have upon God, I have no faith in that, and believe I never shall have.

How plainly does God's sovereignty shine throughout his blessed book, in all his dealings, spiritual and temporal, with his own people; and therein we can see too, as in a mirror, his sovereignty displayed in men of high station in the world, in days of old and in later times also. It is seen in his deposing earthly monarchs from their kingly thrones, and judges with many others, whether inferior or superior among men, in different worldly societies, removing them in various ways and by various means, and setting up others in their stead; and thus verifying an ancient saying of a heathen king, "He doeth as it pleaseth him."

Croydon.

A READER.

COMMUNE WITH YOUR OWN HEART UPON YOUR BED, AND BE STILL.

My dear Brother in the Lord,—Your kind, welcome, and sweet letter, dated March 24th, came to hand. In it you speak of the consolation you have felt in reading, meditation, and prayer, whilst alone and yet not alone, having the heavenly Comforter to cheer and refresh your spirit with the joy of God's salvation. Mr. Huntington used to say he loved a private religion; by which he meant the dear child of God being alone with his God in his closet, in examining himself, and, like Mary, pondering things over between God and the soul, coming to the light of God's truth, that his deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God. My grief is that I cannot be as much alone with my God as I long to be, like Isaac taking my walks at eventide to meditate and pray.

O the many precious hours that the Lord and my soul have had together in union, communion, prayer, and thanksgiving! Depend upon it, my dear friend, it is a poor sign when the Lord and the means of grace are fled from and trifling conversation indulged in. The Lord ever keep us humble, solemn, watchful, and prayerful, shunning the appearance of evil, hating the garments spotted with the flesh, cleaving to the Lord with full purpose of heart, hungering and thirsting after Jesus and the enjoyment of our interest in his sweet love and of our acceptance in his glorious robe of righteousness and the cleansing efficacy of his precious blood, and being more conformed to his image, that we may love him more and serve him better, with greater reverence and godly fear.

O my dear friend, we can never do enough for Him who has done so much for us, in our election, redemption, effectual calling by grace, and our perseverance so far in the divine life; and who has engaged to carry us through and land us safely in glory at last.

My wife joins me in love to you and your dear wife and all friends.

Yours in the Lord,

Rochdale, April 11, 1856.

JOHN KERSHAW.

THOU HAST LOOSED MY BONDS.

My dear Friend,—About eleven years ago, you wrote to me, saying you should be glad to hear from me when I could say, “O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.” And as now, through unexpected mercy, the Lord has graciously appeared for me, and manifestatively delivered my soul from eternal death and everlasting destruction, I felt a desire to acquaint you with the good news and glad tidings, for such, I can assure you, it is to me.

About nine years ago, a fiery trial came upon me, by the dear Lord’s permission, which seemed to prove me a deceived character, and a most fearful state of mind it brought me into ; so that I was almost driven mad. I tore my hair in despair, while my dear father was reading John Bunyan’s “Come and Welcome ;” for everything appeared to condemn me as a hypocrite. The Scriptures seemed like drawn swords against me. The Lord seemed turned against me ; and when I attempted to pray, my feelings were dreadful. I publicly told the people at the chapel that my lamp was gone out ; and though they tried by prayer and otherwise to comfort me, it was all of no use ; for very sure am I that all the men in the world could not then have persuaded my mind that the Lord would ever appear for me. Ever since then, till now, I felt as though I were a lost soul ; but the keenness of the feeling wore off in a great measure ; so that, although I was sure and confident in my own mind that hell would be my fearful, my everlasting portion, yet I was permitted to try what I could do by business, &c., to beguile away my time ; still knowing, as I thought, that my damnation was *sealed*. When I sank into that dreadful state, this was my language, which I found in a book :

“ My soul is a wreck, she was by tempests toss’d ;
The storm prevail’d, she sank, and all was lost.
Deceived in heart, I thought my way was right ;
Alas ’twas wrong ; my light was darkness quite.”

But, blessed be my dear Deliverer, on the 13th day of November last, I went to take a letter to the post-office, and as some of the young people were practising singing at the chapel that evening, being close at hand I thought I would go up for a few minutes. went, and while standing at the door these words were sung,

“ My soul repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great ;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.”

The third line the dear Lord was pleased to let drop into my heart, to my great astonishment ; and it sweetly melted my soul within me. My uncle stood at the door with me, but only Jonathan and David knew the matter. I said nothing to him, but hastened home, pondering over it. Satan, as you may suppose, tried hard to dispute this favour ; but Jesus, who had my case in his blessed hands, graciously appeared again and again ; so that “my heart is enlarged over my enemies ; the snare is broken, and I have escaped.”

As I lay in bed weeping, and wondering at the mercy, I wept and thought it would break my father's heart when he knew of the Lord's goodness towards me. I told my wife, who had had a most trying time with me for many years; and I hope that the dear Lord will appear for her in his own good time. O, how precious the Scriptures and the throne of grace have been and are to me now, after having been shut out from them for so many years; and how sweet some of the hymns have been, and continue to be; such as,

“Sov'reign grace, o'er sin abounding!
Ransom'd saints, the tidings swell;
'Tis a deep that knows no sounding;
Who its heights and depths can tell?”

The 145th psalm was greatly blessed to me (after this deliverance), which I read at the chapel, and engaged in prayer before the people for the first time since the fiery trial. I sobbed and cried like a child.

Although I feel that I would not go through another such a trial for thousands of pounds, yet I would not have been without it for all the world. It has been the means, in the Lord's hands, through his blessing, of showing to me something of the heights and depths, lengths and breadths of his undeserved but unalterable love. It has proved to me that the dear Lord will have his own, that nothing shall separate them from his love, that they shall never perish, and that none can pluck them out of his hands; that though they be driven to the ends of the earth, or, like Jonah, be in the belly of hell, even there shall his hand find them, and his mercy reach them; that though in their own apprehension they may be irrevocably lost, and feel, as I did, that they are accursed of God, yet sovereign, almighty, and irresistible love shall bring them again to the feet of Jesus, clothed and in their right mind; that though they may be vexed and tormented by the devil, and seem cut off for ever from the Lord and his people, yet the lawful captive shall be delivered, and the prey shall be taken from the mighty; whilst by these ways the dear Lord secures to himself every atom of the praise, and the poor soul glorifies him for his mercy, and wonders and stands amazed at such unparalleled goodness, singing of mercy and judgment.

“He sings the love that took him in,
While some were left in sin to die.”

When I think of one of our little number being left to take away his own life, leaving us without any hope concerning him, and that I, the worst and the vilest, should be spared in mercy, and blessed with a good hope through grace, it is calculated to make me rejoice with trembling.

Now my desire and prayer to the dear Lord is to confirm what he has wrought in me, and to make it plainer and plainer to my soul that I am his and that he is mine; as he says, “I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried. They shall call on my name, and I will hear them. I will say, It is my people, and they shall say, The Lord is my God.” But “by terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God of our salvation.”

It was in a little wrath, blessed be his precious name, that he hid his face for a moment, "but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee," saith the Lord, thy Redeemer. "For this is as the waters of Noah unto me; for as I have sworn that the waters of Noah should no more go over the earth, so have I sworn that I will not be wroth with thee, nor rebuke thee."

My dear friend, I have written more than I intended, but it is a long time since I wrote to you; and, indeed, I never expected to address you any more; neither did I wish to see your face; but now, through unexpected, undeserved mercy, I am pleased to write, and should be glad once more to see you, face to face; and so would my dear father. He desired me to send his love to you, and should the dear Lord, in his kind providence, ever bring you near us, I do hope you would have a hearty welcome to the house and heart of your unworthy friend, but well-wisher,

Gosport, Dec. 31st, 1855.

A. H.

A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. BROADBRIDGE.

My very dear Friend,—I received yours, dated the 29th of March. I had been long expecting to hear from you, and I must say that the enemy has not left me alone on that point, for I have had many suggestions from him that you would not come; yet I have still a hope that he will be again defeated, for there is still one stronger than he; yes, my friend, even He whom he could not hold as his prisoner beyond the time appointed; for he burst the bars of death asunder, and rose triumphant over him and all his people's foes.

What a mercy it is to have but one token or manifestation of being part of that remnant for whom Christ bled, suffered, and died. A sight of this will melt the hardest heart, and cause the eyes to overflow with tears of joy and love, for looking upon and saving such a hell-deserving wretch as he feels himself to be. The soul, when helped by the blessed Spirit, at such times is often at a loss for words to express itself, and can only exclaim with the church of old, and say, "His mouth is most sweet; yea, he is altogether lovely; the chiefest among ten thousand." This I can say, my friend, I had a little taste of yesterday. He was gracious to my poor soul. I really did beg of the Lord, in the morning, that he would be with me and meet with us in his house of prayer, would show us a further token of his approval of the means that we made use of in the absence of the preached word; and, bless his precious name, he heard my poor breathings once more; my soul and heart went up again to him, and I was enabled again to use the words of the Psalmist, Ps. ciii. 1-6. I do really find him daily merciful, gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy; and that he does not always chide; no, nor will he keep his anger for ever. Why is this? Because he is a Father of mercies, and a God of comfort and consolation to those who feel themselves to be poor and needy of themselves, and are brought feelingly to know that without Him they can do nothing. This is trying to flesh and

blood to bear, but it is the safest spot to be in. I daily beg of the Lord that he would keep me humble as a little child, would let me lie low at his feet, and learn of him who was meek and lowly in heart, that I may find rest unto my soul, in bearing the cross daily, and following him “who endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God,” there now pleading and interceding for his tried and tempted family, who are travelling through this vast howling wilderness, he having a fellow feeling with us. “For in that he himself hath suffered, being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted.”—Heb. ii. 18.

These precious seasons, as I felt them yesterday, are very rare, but the Lord does at times favour me with them, and give me a further proof “that all our times are in his hands,” and that he will do as he pleases. When I am in my right mind, I then can see it is all right, and that he works all things for his own glory after the counsel of his own will, which turns out at last for our profit. And then we are enabled to say with one of old, “It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.”

Trials and troubles of various sorts the Lord uses to bring us to this point. Jacob said, “all these things are against me ;” and “few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers, in the days of their pilgrimage.” Still the Lord was working all things for his own glory, and for the comfort of his tried family.

In the conspiracy of Joseph’s brethren, and of his being sold into Egypt, what a true type we have of our spiritual Joseph. The way seemed hard to Jacob that the Lord took in carrying Joseph down to Egypt ; but it was the right way after all ; for his last days were his best days ; seventeen years did he sojourn in Egypt with his son. When I look over these things, and can enter into them and they into me, by the blessed Spirit’s teaching, I cannot help breathing out, “O Lord, do give me resignation and submission to thy will, in all things ; for this alone must come from thee.”

I am glad the Lord is with you, and blessing your labours amongst his poor, tried, and tempted ones. If you never had any of these fits of rebellion, and feeling of your helplessness, as you do at times, it would be of no use your going amongst the lost sheep of the house of Israel ; for it is only those that know what it is to tread in the footsteps of the flock that are enabled to speak a word of comfort to them that are in the mud and mire. They want a dead lift out of it by Him who is a very present help in time of trouble and of need ; and he deals into his servants, so that they are enabled to deal out to those that are gathered together from time to time, to hear what he has to say to their poor souls by them, as instruments in his hand. Those I believe that come up to worship in this way come out of a pure motive, to hear and to have their souls refreshed and comforted, by the word of truth being applied with power to their hearts by the blessed Spirit. Such, he has said, shall never seek his face in vain.

G. BROADBRIDGE.

Standard-road, Faversham, April 5th, 1847.

WITHOUT WERE FIGHTINGS, WITHIN WERE FEARS.

My dear Brother in the Lord,—Grace, mercy, and peace be with you.

With gratitude and pleasure I received your very kind and consoling letter, and never, I think, did I stand more in need of brotherly consolation and advice than when it arrived. My soul had been for days "tempest-tossed and not comforted," and the gloom of despair at times had hung heavily over my desponding mind. A trying, thorny path, and many adversaries, have added not a little to the grief of a wounded spirit. A deceitful and desperately wicked heart, "prone to wander," and a tempting devil, ever ready to accuse, cast down, and condemn, laying to my charge things that I knew not and much that was true, made up no small part of my sorrow and despondency, which at times sank me very low; but, bless the dear Lord, he is faithful to his word, where he says, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee;" "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." The morning your encouraging epistle arrived, I was concluding, with the church of old, that "my way was hidden from the Lord, and my judgment passed over from my God." With poor Job I said, "I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him." "He hath put my brethren far from me, and mine acquaintance are verily estranged from me. My kinsfolk have failed, and my familiar friends have forgotten me;" and with good old Jacob, "All these things are against me." But the blessed Remembrancer was pleased to apply these words to my soul with sweetness and power: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth;" "The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation." Various are the ways and means the Lord employs to make a way for his people's escape, when otherwise the trouble or the snare would probably be too much for them to bear. "Faithful is he who hath promised," "who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able to bear, but will also with the temptation make a way for escape." Sometimes he takes his way in the sea. His path is in the deep waters, and his footsteps are not known. My soul can testify of many such deliverances, when, like the children of Israel, my path has appeared completely blocked up, a sea of trouble before me; the impassable mountains of sin and unbelief on either side; my enemies, infernal, external, and internal, all pursuing me, and thirsting for my blood. Destruction has seemed inevitable, and the pit moved to meet me at my coming; but just then, when driven to my wits' end, and when I looked for nothing short of death and hell, I heard the voice of my beloved, saying, "Fear not, I have redeemed thee; thou art mine." "He that seeketh thy life seeketh my life, but with me thou art in safety. Abide with me." "No weapon formed against thee shall

prosper, and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn." I have often thought of the words, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world," and "He ever liveth to make intercession for us." At some seasons, such passages have been very savory and precious to my poor broken, fearful, unbelieving, sorrowful heart; and I could see abundant mercy, brotherly love, fatherly care, and divine wisdom, power, and watchfulness laid up in the words. The devil may cast us into prison, to be tried ten days; still He is with us. Our deceitful hearts may and do cause us great sorrow, and often, very often, lead us astray; still He has been with us, to warn, deliver, and restore our souls. The world hates and persecutes us, and, as Cowper says,

"Seeks to mar delights
Superior to her own."

"Marvel not," says the Saviour, "that the world hate you. It hated me before it hated you. If ye were of the world, the world would love its own; but because ye are not of the world, therefore the world hateth you." Trials and afflictions may abound, and friends, instead of being comforters, either shun us in our distress, or help forward our affliction by sharp reproofs and often unmerited reproaches; still He is with us, and whispers, "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Temptations from sin, Satan, and the world may be sharp and long; we may be oppressed beyond measure, so as even to despair of life, and conclude that "our hope is perished from the Lord;" yet still He is with us, as the poet sweetly expresses it,

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

To which our poor souls can at times reply,

"Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies."

The Apostle James knew something of this, and with the comfort he received under his afflictions he knew how to comfort others; thus he says, "Count it all joy, my beloved brethren, when ye fall into divers temptations; knowing this, that the trial of your faith worketh patience." This was the end the Lord had in view with Job, for we find the same beloved Apostle saying, "Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord." And what was the end of the Lord, my brother? That he is "very pitiful and of tender mercy." This is the end of all the Lord's dealings with his children. However tried, the end of the trial is our good, our purification, our peace, and the Lord's glory, in the manifestation of his love, mercy, and compassion to usward. The furnace may be hot, yea, at times seven times hotter than ordinary; I have felt it so; yet the Son of God has been in the midst of the flames as well as ourselves; and his presence cools the raging fire, regulates the heat, and protects the "tried ones;" so that, whilst we lose our dross and tin, and the power of our pride, our self-righteousness, our boasting, our lust, our worldliness and covetous-

ness, our self-love, and a thousand more abominations which creep in and defile the man, we lose none of the gold, the precious ore of faith and love, which God has there implanted. We may appear to lose all, or have none of either ; but he who sits as a refiner watches closely and carefully the process, and no sooner does he perceive his own image, "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," the accepting of the punishment of our iniquity, ("I will bear the indignation of the Lord," &c.) the kissing of the rod ("I have sinned," &c.), the sweet submission to the stroke and chastisement ("It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good," &c.), than he takes us out of the furnace, and we find that not a hair of our head has been singed ; we have come by no harm from the fire or our persecutors. On the contrary, all has worked together for our good, and we have come off "more than conquerors through Him that loved us." "This is the victory (over the world, the flesh, and the devil), even our faith ;" and faith that is tried is living faith, and shall be found to the praise and glory of his grace at his appearing. Dear Newton says,

"Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food ;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song !"

And so we have found it, and can set our seals to this, let unbelief say what it will, that the Lord is true. He abideth faithful ; and this is our mercy. "The Lord liveth," saith David, "and blessed be my Rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted." You and I can exalt him at times, and say, "I love the Lord, because he hath heard the voice of my supplications ; therefore will I call upon him as long as I live." O ! to be a caller upon God, a wrestler with the divine Majesty, a prevailer with the Most High ! This is a special mercy, a high honour, a blessing of blessings, a privilege of privileges. For a poor worm to be a prince, and have power with God in prayer, nothing on earth can equal it. I am a living witness to this day that God is a God hearing and answering prayer ; and though I have rebelled against him and limited the Holy One of Israel, yet his love, power, wisdom, and faithfulness have been richly displayed towards me, notwithstanding all my provocations. Bless his holy name, there never was a trial yet, however fiery, through which I have been called to pass ; not a watery flood, however deep ; not a storm, however boisterous ; not an affliction of any kind, whether of body or soul, have I known, but what He has been present to help in every time of need ; and though at times he has appeared not to notice my grief, and for wise purposes made himself strange to me, yet in his own time, the best time, he has shown himself strong in my behalf ; and when the trial has sufficiently purified, he has either modified the heat, or said, "Come forth !" and I have proved that

"The flame has not hurt me, but 'twas his design,
My dross to consume and my gold to refine."

He has stilled the raging of the waves, and the tumult thereof.

In all my afflictions the Saviour has been afflicted, and he has been my guardian angel to redeem me out of all evil. Many have been my afflictions, but he in mercy has delivered me out of them all ; and he who has delivered doth still deliver, and, I trust, will yet deliver. Blessed be his name, he speaks and the tempest subsides. The winds and waves obey his voice ; and who is he that can give trouble when He gives peace ? “ Who is he that condemneth ? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again,” risen triumphant over your foes and mine, and now sitteth at the right hand of the Father, ever interceding for those that love him,

“ Pleading their cause who cannot plead their own.”

Dear Berridge sings sweetly of this :

“ For sorry strangers such as I
The Saviour left his native sky,
And surety would become.
He undertakes for sinners lost,
And having paid the utmost cost,
Returns triumphant home.”

He tunes his harp again, and breaking forth into grateful praise, sweetly sings,

“ O thou bleeding love divine !
What tender pity fill'd thy breast,
To take my hell and make it thine,
And toil through death to bring me rest.
Eternal praise to thee be given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.”

For my part, I don't know who will sing the loudest in the kingdom of heaven, John Berridge, or poor unworthy “ Barnabas,” should he ever get there ; John Newton the African blasphemer, or Mary Magdalene ; John Bunyan the street swearer, or Paul the persecutor ; Matthew the publican, or the thief upon the cross. If difference there be in the Hallelujah above, and the loudest song be the song of the biggest sinner pardoned, the vilest wretch redeemed, the unworthiest who have obtained mercy, mine I feel will be the loudest, if I ever reach the realms of glory ; for from my very birth I have been a wretch indeed ! and the language of my poor distressed soul has been many times, when pleading with the Lord,

“ Lord ! I am vile ; with sin defiled all o'er !
A beggar, full of sores, lies at thy mercy's door.
Refuse me not admittance. God of grace !
Look ! I shall live when I behold thy face.
Though worse than harlots, thieves, or lepers, I,
Yet for the vilest thou didst surely die.”

O my dear Brother, none but God knows how far off, depraved, and sunk in sin and iniquity a poor sinner may be, and yet be snatched as a brand from the burning, a trophy of sovereign, discriminating love and free and sovereign grace ! Witness Manasseh, who made the streets of Jerusalem run with blood ; the thief upon the cross, Mary Magdalene, and others equally sinful, far off from God by wicked works, till brought nigh by the blood of Christ. A number that no man can number will be found at the right hand of

God, redeemed out of all nations, kindred, and tongues, who once were sinners, great sinners, the chiefest of sinners, in their own esteem.

How divinely compassionate is our Jesus! He sees us weltering in our blood and sins, and cast out into the open field of this world to perish, for all the world or Satan cares, and, actuated by infinite affection and undying mercy, he passes by, looks upon us, pities our condition, spreads the skirt of everlasting forgiveness over us, pour the oil of gladness into our gaping wounds, and binds up and conveys us to a place of safety. It is a time of love, the day of our espousals with the Lord's Christ. We are in love with him, because he first loved us. "He is the chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely" in our esteem; and well he may be, seeing that he took knowledge of us in our low estate, loved us while we were yet enemies, and did for us what none other did or could do. In his pity and in his love he bore our sorrows. We are married to him, and he takes all our debts, a burden too heavy for us to bear and arrears too large for us ever to discharge, and cancels them with his own blood. Here is a husband worth having; one that not only bears with all the infirmities of the wife, but bears part in her sufferings, forgives all her faults, and says he will remember them no more. Let the wife be what she may, wandering, silly, foolish, wayward, rebellious, fretful, or what not, still this husband, Christ Jesus, gives liberally and upbraideth not, bears all and covers all, and says, "Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee." Many waters cannot quench such love as this, neither can the floods drown it.

Has Jesus kindly looked upon us and said as he did to Mary, "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee?" Then we shall never be brought into condemnation. The world may frown upon and hate us, and adjudge us to the flames; Satan may accuse and condemn and worry us; our hearts may deceive and betray us, and our best friends on earth forsake us; our consciences may accuse us, and bring in charges *ad infinitum* against us, for our past ungodly life and daily infirmities, wanderings, and shortcomings; and hosts may rise up against us as they did against David; but what saith our Surety to all these adversaries? "Though all condemn thee, yet will not I;" "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." Here is the foundation of all our hope and happiness, the Rock on which we build, even the precious love, mercy, and power of a precious Christ. What sweet evidence we have of this at times in our very souls, when his smiles make us rejoice with joy unspeakable. His comforts delight our hearts, and his thoughts are precious and many towards us. But let the blessed Sun of Righteousness hide his lovely face but for a moment, and we are troubled, perplexed, cast down, and, at times, ready to give up all our religion. I have felt it so. The enemy has come in like a flood, and disputed every inch of the ground I have trodden, till I have concluded all my experience was a delusion, that it began in the flesh and would end in the flesh; and when permitted, through fear of man or weakness of the flesh, to

wander from Him, O how has Satan taken advantage of my folly, and as Bunyan says in his *Pilgrim*, "straddled quite over the way," and said, "Here will I spill thy blood!" I have known what it is to be somewhat prepared for these assaults by the application of the words our Lord spoke to Peter, "Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have thee, that he may sift thee as wheat; but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." Ah! where would poor Peter have been, if his Lord had not prayed for him? Sifted of all grace, and fruit, and love, and driven to despair methinks. And where should you and I have been, but for this blessed intercession and secret support of our own Immanuel? I cannot tell, but I have often thought perhaps at the gallows, or in the canal, or come to some other bad end.

We are "prone to wander," yes, from our very youth. There is no difference in the deceitfulness of our corrupt hearts, but as grace makes the difference and gives the dominion over sin. Restrained by the constraining power, love, and mercy of our kind Shepherd, sought out by him; found of him in a desert land, and in a waste howling wilderness. He has led us about and kept us as the apple of his eye. Determined to save, his eye has been upon us and over all our ways; and when we have been upon the very brink of ruin, as it were, and our enemies have made sure of us, he has broken the snare, defeated the dark designs of sin and Satan, turned our wandering feet again to Zion's hill, healed our backslidings, heard our mournings, forgiven our guilt, and made us glad with a renewal of the light of his countenance. How precious to my soul have been such proofs of his love, such marks of his fatherly care and protection, over one of the most unworthy of his children. Never, I think, was there such a poor wavering, erring, worm of the earth as I have been, and still am. The gracious Redeemer only knows where my weak heart and a tempting devil would lead me to, but for his restraining power and grace, which sets the bounds to every temptation, and says, "Hitherto shalt thou go, but no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed;" whilst his own almighty arm sustains me amidst a thousand snares, gins, and traps, and brings the poor tried one off in the end more than conqueror, through him who loveth at all times and sticketh closer than a brother. Gad by a troop may be overcome, but he shall overcome at the last. Praise the Lord for this, a victory which enables

"A feeble saint to win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way."

BARNABAS.

How worthy is it to remember former benefits, when we come to beg for new. Never were the rewards of God's mercies so exactly revised as when his people have stood in need of new additions of his power. How necessary are our wants to stir us up to pay the rent of thankfulness in arrear! He renders himself doubly unworthy of the mercies he wants that doth not gratefully acknowledge the mercies he hath received.—*Charnock*.

FRAGMENTS OF THE EXPERIENCE OF THE
LATE MRS. NOAD, OF BATH, WRITTEN BY HERSELF, AND
FOUND AFTER HER DECEASE.

(Concluded from page 216.)

“Bless the Lord, O my soul!” I sat up in the bed, blessing and praising the Lord as long as I had strength. The next day I was singing “Hallelujah!” and praising the Lord. I could not find words to bless him enough. Bless his dear name, if ever he should take my unworthy soul to his blessed self, then I shall be able to praise him more, and Christ shall be my song for ever and ever.

From this time I began to mend in my body, but it was very slowly. It was very cold weather, and I caught a cold in my feet and legs, which caused them to swell. They pained me very much, and that kept me back. It was five months from the time I was first taken ill before I could go down stairs. I would then, if I could, have lived as holy as God is holy. My conscience was very tender of sinning against him. I remember one day I was afraid to look out of the window, for fear I should see anything that would cause me to sin against the Lord. After I had made myself a cap, I was afraid to look at it, lest I should feel pride. The Lord does not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men. I believe the Lord’s afflicting hand upon me was for my sins and backslidings from him. These words followed my mind: “Great is thy faithfulness. Thy mercies are new every morning.”

I soon began to be very much cast down, for fear my deliverance was not of the right kind. We sat under Mr. F. at this time. As there was no service in the week, I used to go to the Masonic Hall, where Mr. M. preached on a week evening. One evening I was more cast down than usual, and, as I was going up the Abbey Green, I begged the Lord, if it were his blessed will, to give me a token for good. I went into the chapel and sat down, when I saw a strange man go into the pulpit, and I could not think who he could be. He stood up and read a long Psalm. I thought I had never heard the Bible read in such a solemn manner before. I thought it must be Mr. Tiptaft; and when he began to pray, I felt such a union to the dear man of God, that I cannot describe. His text was Rev. vi. 17: “For the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?” When he read it, I felt between hope and fear; but he went on to describe the character of just such a poor, doubting, distressed soul as I felt myself to be; and he held out his finger as though he were pointing at me, and said, “That’s the poor soul that will be able to stand;” and I really believed that I should.

As near as I can recollect, about six months after this, I dreamed that I stood at a door. A tall young man opened the door and invited me in; but I felt myself so unworthy that I said, “It can’t be for me;” and I was going to say again, “It can’t be for me,” when I was plunged in a sea of love. I believe it was Ezekiel’s river where I had been dabbling, as Mr. Robins used to say, up to

my ankles, and then up to my knees, and up to my loins; but now it was a river to swim in. When I awoke, I was as full of the love of God as I could hold. I felt as though my body and soul were holy. These words came to my mind, "How dreadful is this place! This is none other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven." I said, "This is the charity that never fails; this is the love I shall take into glory with me;" for I had no doubt at that time; and these words came sweet to my soul, "I will cast all their sins into the depths of the sea. They shall be sought for, but they shall not be found." And so I found it. I began to look for my sins, but there were none to be found. My soul rejoiced in perfect love, which casts out all slavish fear. The dear Lord was pleased to bless my soul with nearness of access to a throne of grace, unworthy as I was of the least of all his mercies. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name." I felt great liberty in conversing with the Lord's people, and telling them what the Lord had done for my soul, to encourage the poor doubting saint; for I did believe all the children of God would be brought to feel the love of God shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost; for the word of God says, "They that hunger and thirst after righteousness shall be filled." I believed at that time the Lord would fulfil all his promises to his elect. "Though we believe not, yet he abideth faithful." Blessed be his dear name, he is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

The Lord was pleased for some time to bless my soul in this way. I felt very much, too, for the souls of my children. One morning I felt great weeping and prayer for one of them, and I had these words applied to me with sweetness, "He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." This gave me a hope that my poor child was a child of God. Two or three years after this, I began to think the Lord would not hear my prayers for my child; indeed, that he would not hear me for myself. I was then in the wash-house, washing. I had no power to move about, fearing that I should be deceived at last; but those words came with so much sweetness and power to my soul, that I felt melted down in humility and love, "Ye shall reap if ye faint not." O how my soul did begin to reap the many precious promises that flowed into my mind! It seemed as though I conversed with the Lord as a man converses with his friend. I told the Lord I believed it came from his Holy Spirit, and if it did it would abide with me for ever. We at that time attended Wood-street Chapel, where Mr. Francis preached once a month; but after a while the friends gave Mr. Cromwell a call, and Mr. Francis left. One Sunday morning, if I remember right, Mr. Beer preached from these words, "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and delivered him out of all his troubles." He spoke first of Christ and his sufferings, and then he spoke of the trials and afflictions of the family of God. I heard so well that morning, that I was weeping and praying during all the sermon. One thing I earnestly prayed for, that the Lord would cause those that

really loved the truth to separate and take a place where we might feel at home. In the afternoon a friend called, and I told her what I felt and what I had been praying for ; and I said, " Who can tell what the Lord will do ? " But she did not seem to think much about it. I think it was about a month after this that the same friend came in and told me the people were going to separate ; and when she said so I wept for joy. I was very weak and poorly, being near my confinement with my thirteenth child. I thought I should die, and I was brought very low ; but I had these words brought to my mind, " You shall live and not die, and declare the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living." And so I found it. The first time I went out, we met in James's Parade, and Mr. Beard preached. We did not stay in James's Parade long, for the friends took a large room in Abbey Green. I really felt thankful to the Lord that we had a place to go to, where I could feel myself at home amongst the children of God ; and I hope I can say that I heard the truth in the love of it that the dear men of God preached. I felt a real love and union to them for the truth's sake. The Lord knows I love him and his dear children, when he is pleased to shed abroad his love in my heart ; but without him I can do nothing. Sometimes I don't seem to feel any love to God or his children ; and a miserable place this is to be in. It is not the element of a child of God. But when the Lord is pleased to come again and soften my hard heart, then I feel a flowing out again to God and his people.

The first time Mr. Godwin preached at the Abbey Green, I was very poorly. He was a stranger to me, and I said to my husband, " I don't think I shall go out this morning ; " but as soon as he was gone, I felt such a persevering spirit to go that I could not abide at home. So I put my little baby in the cradle, and left her in the care of one of the other children. I was so late that I was afraid I should not like to go in. They were singing the last hymn before the sermon ; but I did not mind it. I went in, sat down, and turned my head to see the man. I saw his bald head just above the table, for at that time there was no pulpit. When he stood up, he gave out these words, " Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn." O what a sermon was that ! He spoke of his own experience. He told us how he felt when he was under the law, that he felt so full of the wrath of God that he had no room for his food. That was just as I had felt. I had never heard any one speak of a law work before so as I had felt it myself. Since then I have many times been blessed under his ministry.

I hope I can say, " The Lord hath taken the yoke from off my jaws," for I have been able to eat the food the dear men of God that come to the Abbey Green have been enabled to set on the gospel table, which is Jesus Christ all in all and the creature nothing at all in and of himself.

When the last separation was at Providence Chapel, some of the friends and ministers said it would be better to throw both causes into one, as the same supplied at Providence as at the Abbey Green.

What makes me mention this is to show how the Lord heard and answered prayer, in opening the Abbey Green room, and keeping it open until he opened another.

The Lord has blessed my soul many times under the truth at Providence Chapel ; so that I have often been able to say,

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

The writer of the above departed this life, Nov. 27th, 1855, aged 59 years. The following was found by her husband after her death.

Oct. 1st, 1855. O how could I bear my pains and weakness, if I had not faith in the Lord Jesus Christ ?

5th. O that my flesh may rest in hope until the first resurrection.

6th. O bless the Lord, my soul, for all his goodness unto me in a way of Providence. O that the dear Lord would say unto my soul, “I am thy salvation.”

8th. I felt a little sweetness from these words, “Bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar.” I thought the Lord Jesus was the sacrifice, and the cords the everlasting love of God.

11th. O that the Lord would lift up upon me the light of his countenance ! O, dear Lord, my soul does long for thee more than they that long for the morning. Do, Lord, come and give me one word, for thy mercy and truth's sake. Amen.

The Christian's clothing is humility.—*Romaine.*

Salvation originated in the love of Jehovah. It is displayed in the birth, life, death, resurrection, and ascension of Christ. It is received by faith in the written word of which he is the sum and substance. It is enjoyed by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, who takes of the things of Christ and shows them unto us. Therefore Christ is the Alpha and the Omega of our salvation. To him be all the praise and all the glory.—*K.*

Let it be always remembered that the gospel is preached unto sinners, as sinners ; neither doth the foulest state of sin, and under the most deplorable circumstances of sin, prove that such are of the children of the bond-woman. There is a great and essential, yea, an everlasting difference between being in the *service* of Satan, and being the *children* of Satan. Many of God's dear children, yea, all of them by nature, have lived more or less in Satan's service ; and some of them long worn his livery, done his drudgery, and worked for his wages ; but when the Lord hath awakened them by his grace, and called them from darkness to light, they have been enabled to run out of Satan's kingdom, and thereby proved that they were and are not of “the children of the bond-woman, but of the free.”—*Hawker.*

REVIEW.

The Posthumous Letters of the late Wm. Huntington, &c., Brighton: C. Verrall.

WHAT a storm of enmity, prejudice, abuse, calumny, and contempt was for many years poured upon the name, character, and ministry of that eminent saint and servant of God, whose "Posthumous Letters" we have named at the head of our present Article.

The memorable lines of Cowper upon Whitefield (or at least a portion of them) apply to the maligned Coalheaver, "beloved of his God, but abhorred of men," more forcibly, perhaps, than even to England's great Evangelist for whom they were designed. Like him, his predecessor in the path of truth and suffering, W. Huntington

" Stood pilloried on infamy's high stage,
And bore the pelting storm of half an age,
The very butt of slander, and the blot
For every dart that malice ever shot.
The man that mentioned *him*, at once dismiss'd
All mercy from his lips, and sneer'd and hiss'd.
His crimes were such as Sodom never knew.
And Perjury stood up to swear all true.
His aim was mischief, and his zeal pretence,
His speech rebellion against common sense;
A knave, when tried on honesty's plain rule,
And when by that of reason, a mere fool.
The world's best comfort was, his doom was pass'd,
Die when he might, he must be damn'd at last."

Nor was the storm hushed when his days were finished on earth, and he had run, under the public eye, a lengthened course, on which enmity itself, sharpened to more than its usual watchfulness, could not fix a decided blot. When men die, the world generally leaves their ashes in peace. But it was too deeply stung by the wounds that his grace and faithfulness had dealt out, to leave him calmly and quietly in the hands of the great Judge of quick and dead; nay, even now, after he has been in his grave more than forty years, men cannot mention his very name without spitting forth their enmity and contempt. In this he forms a remarkable contrast to other good and great men who have been valiant for the truth upon earth. Most worldly authors are content to leave unnoticed the great religious instructors and spiritual writers whose works have been made a blessing to the church of God; or if they do casually name them, will sometimes assign a faint meed of praise to their "piety" or "diligence." Bunyan is rarely named without his genius being praised; Owen and Gill have tributes paid to their varied and extensive learning; and Whitefield himself, instead of being slandered and vilified, as when the bard of Olney drew his portrait, is now often mentioned with respect as the great reviver of the decayed religion of the last century.

But Huntington—what good word is there for him? It is but a few weeks ago since we saw him called in some Review, "that half knave, half fanatic." Macaulay, that reader of almost every book in every language, and whose fascinating style has made him the most

popular and widely-read historical writer of the day, takes an opportunity, in his *Essay on Lord Clive*, of giving him a passing lash with his well-braided whip. The same glowing pen which glosses over the crimes of Lord Clive, the miserable suicide, has by two short sentences engraved the name of Huntington deeply on the memory of thousands as a knave and an impostor.* But of all writers who

* The passage in which he speaks of Huntington is worth quoting, not only as showing what sort of an impression a worldly and, as regards rigid truth, not over scrupulous writer has sought to give of a man whose experience is as much out of his sight as the sun is out of the eyes of one born blind, but as an instance of that disingenuousness which has been frequently alleged against the great historian. We will first give the incident as quoted in Huntington's own words, on which Macaulay builds his attack upon him. "I laboured much at this time to harden myself against fear; but, do what I would, I could not accomplish it. However, on the Lord's day following, I had appointed to walk with a person to see Lord C—ve's new house, then building at Esher. When I came there, I asked the reason why they built the walls so remarkably thick. The person said that several had asked that question as well as myself, and had received an astonishing answer from the owner, namely, that their substance was intended to keep the devil out! I replied, that the possession of Satan was the man, not the building, and that the walls would not answer the end. Hearing somewhat more of the state of the owner's mind, it re-kindled all my old fire."—*Kingdom of Heaven*, p. 199.

Now let us see what the glowing pen of the brilliant Essayist turns this simple statement into:

"The peasantry of Surrey looked with mysterious horror on the stately house which was rising at Claremont, and whispered that the great wicked lord had ordered the walls to be so thick in order to keep out the devil, who would one day carry him away bodily. Among the gaping clowns who drank in this frightful story, was a worthless, ugly lad of the name of Hunt, since widely known as William Huntington, S.S.; and the superstition which was strangely mingled with the knavery of that remarkable impostor seems to have derived no small nutriment from the tales which he heard of the life and character of Clive."—*Macaulay's Lord Clive*, p. 82.

It is when we compare the two, the text and the comment, with each other, that we see how the pen of the Essayist has perverted and distorted the simple statement of the writer. It is said that the spider sucks venom from the same flowers whence the bee gets its honey. So a malignant mind can scan a work like "The Kingdom of Heaven Taken by Prayer," one of the most remarkable displays of the grace of God ever given to the church of Christ, and gather from it only that which feeds its enmity against the truth. It is, perhaps, hardly worth while to point out the perversion of facts so obvious to our readers; but observe, first, the reason of the thickness of the walls was not "whispered about by the peasantry" as an imagination of their own, but was given by Lord Clive himself, either in jest, or what is more probable, under one of those deep clouds of mental horror which eventually ended in suicide. Secondly, Huntington was not at this time a "worthless, ugly lad," but a man grown up and married, with a family; nor, thirdly, was he "a gaping clown," but a solid, weighty, sober man, under deep distress of soul; nor, fourthly, is there the least reason to believe that this mere passing incident made any deep impression on his mind, still less that "the tales which he heard of the life and character of Clive" permanently fed what the Essayist calls his "superstition," but what rightly interpreted means his believing there is a God above who holds the reins of government in providence and grace. How true it is that "one sinner destroyeth much good." (Eccles. ix. 18.) Here is an instance how a popular writer by a couple of sentences can falsify truth, slander away the reputation of a servant of God, and associate in the minds of thousands the name of Huntington with superstition, knavery, and imposture.

have labored most to blacken his reputation and hold him up to disgrace and contempt, none have approached Southey, who, in an elaborate Essay of nearly 60 pages in the *Quarterly Review* of Jan. 1821, has done all that malice and ingenuity combined could effect to stamp him as a knave, an impostor, and a hypocrite. Though we have read it several times, (indeed it was from reading it very many years ago that our first favorable impressions of Mr. Huntington were derived,) and though the volume now lies open before us we find it very difficult to make any extracts from it;* nor indeed would it be profitable to our readers, though it might sometimes horrify, sometimes disgust, and sometimes almost amuse them to see how awfully this hack writer, in his pride and ignorance, comments upon the extracts which he gives of an experience which he is compelled to confess "bears the genuine stamp of passion and truth." Yet such is the power of truth, and so conspicuous and undeniable were the abilities and usefulness of that eminent servant of God, that, with an apology to his readers for the admission, the Reviewer is compelled to say, "that he was useful to others cannot be denied, and ought not to be dissembled." He speaks also of "the real talent which he possessed, and his occasional felicity as well as command of language." Hard words are easily written; but is it not unpardonable to make such accusations without there being a tittle of evidence to prove them true? A "knave" is a cheat, a swindler, a villain without principle or shame, who pursues a course of roguery, and by craft and design robs the simple of their property. In what one instance did Mr. Huntington do this?† Can a man be a knave

* The following extract, however, may be quoted as presenting a tolerably fair description of Mr. Huntington's manner in the pulpit:

"His manner in the pulpit was peculiar, and his preaching without the slightest appearance of enthusiasm. While the singing was going on he sat perfectly still, with his eyes directed downwards, apparently as probably musing upon what he was about to say. He made use of no action, except that he had a habit or trick of passing a white handkerchief from one hand to the other while he preached. He never raved and ranted, nor even exerted his voice, which was clear and agreeable; but if it had ever been powerful, it became softened in his latter years, through a well-lined throat; for the Doctor, as he called himself, bore all the outward and visible signs of good living. Anything which he meant to be emphatic was marked by a complaisant nod of the head, and not a syllable was lost by his auditors, who were open-eared and open-mouthed in profound attention. His sermons were inordinately long, seldom less than an hour and a half; sometimes exceeding two hours. This must be admitted as a proof that he was in earnest, for certainly if he had spared himself half the exertion, the greater part of his congregation would have been better pleased. He had texts so completely at command that even an excellent memory could hardly explain his facility in adducing them, unless he had some artificial aid, and the probability is that he made use of *Cruden's Concordance*. His prayers were little more than centos of Scriptural phrases."—*Quarterly Review*, vol. xxiv. p. 407.

† About twenty-five years ago we were travelling to London, and inside the coach casually fell into conversation with a well-dressed, chatty old gentleman, when soon the subject of religion came up. He was evidently a stranger himself to personal godliness; but seeing, perhaps, how the land lay with his fellow-traveller, said rather abruptly, "Did you know the celebrated Mr. Huntington, the walking Bible, as he was called?" The answer was, "No,

for forty or fifty years, and go to his grave honoured and deeply lamented by hundreds of the very persons among whom he spent his days,—his dupes as his calumniators would call them? Should not some of his base actions have come to light before now? And if his people supported him liberally, was there any more knavery in that than in Mr. Southey's taking 50% of Mr. Murray to cut him up in a slashing article?*

It is not worth while, however, to dwell further upon this elaborate attempt to brand the character of a man, whom not to revere and admire, as one of the most gifted and most gracious servants of God, is to proclaim our ignorance of that grace which made him what he was. It may, perhaps, however, not be wholly uninteresting to take a glance at what may be considered some of the leading causes of this marked, this lasting enmity against so great and good a man, one so exemplary in life, so powerful in mental capacity, so vigorous, and yet so original in his mode of handling his pen; combining the keenest wit and humour with a variety, and sometimes an eloquence of expression, that stamp him, in our judgment, as one of the greatest writers in the English language.

His crime, his unpardonable crime, was that instead of giving these signal gifts to the service of Satan, he gave them to God. The Lord, by raising him up from the cobbler's bench and the coal-barge to be an eminent prophet and distinguished servant of the Most High, poured contempt on the pride and self-righteousness of the profane and professing world; and they, in return, poured their contempt on the object of his choice. But several peculiar circumstances much tended to swell the stream of scorn and enmity which rose so high against him.

1. *His low extraction*, with all its attendant circumstances, served to raise to a high pitch the contempt and enmity of the educated classes, who prize birth and family more than is generally supposed, and more than they themselves would be willing to acknowledge.

It may seem a momentary digression from this point, but we have often thought in our own minds upon the circumstances of

I am too young for that." "Well, then, I did; for I was his lawyer;" and, after speaking most highly of him for his uprightness and integrity, added, "I will give you an instance of it: I went to him one day, and said to him, 'Sir, you are aware that Miss Sanderson has a good deal of property, and as she attends your chapel, and there are many young men there who might be looking after her, would it not be desirable to tie up her money, and settle it upon her in such a way that it could not be touched?' 'Yes,' he said, 'do so, by all means; and now that we are about it, tie up Lady Sanderson's in the same way, that I may not touch a shilling of it.' This anecdote we give just as we heard it from the gentleman's own lips, whom we never saw before or since, but who was evidently well acquainted with Mr. Huntington, and showed us his gold seal, with the initials W. H. upon it, which he wore, out of respect to his memory, attached to the chain of his watch. If this be true, and we see no reason to doubt it, was it the action of a knave?"

* If Mr. Murray paid him at his usual liberal rate he had £50 for this Article, nearly a sovereign a page. In former days we were personally acquainted with an eminent writer in the *Quarterly*, and from him we learned the usual scale of payment.

Huntington's birth, as a most marked instance of the marvellous sovereignty of God, in the election of the vessels of mercy. Look at the appointed means for the introduction into time of this chosen vessel, on whose future ministry, as the servant of God, such momentous blessings to the church of Christ hung. He was the fruit of a double adultery. His mother was a poor labourer's wife, and his real father a neighbouring farmer, probably her husband's employer. He was not a bastard, but he was worse; for his real was not his reputed father. Carry up the links of that chain. See how sovereign was that eternal decree which fixed the circumstances of that birth, with all its consequences in time and eternity; and view, with holy awe and reverential fear, how the divine will which fixed the birth preserved itself pure from the sin out of which that birth sprang. But if your eyes are too much dazzled with this display of divine sovereignty, and you instinctively shrink from the consequences which seem to flow from it, turn them away from this instance, and fix them on what almost seems a scripture parallel, the birth of Pharez and Zarah. (Gen. xxxviii.) Pharez was an undoubted link in the genealogy of Christ; (Matt. i. 3;) and if so, consider how the eternal decree which fixed the Lord's descent from Judah, (Heb. vii. 14,) in permitting Judah to sin, at the same time preserved itself pure from Judah's transgression. This view of the case the world did not indeed see, but the circumstances of his birth were widely enough known to make it indignantly cry out, "Thou wast altogether born in sins, and dost thou teach us?"

2. But besides his lowly birth, there were circumstances *in his calling and occupation* which drew forth peculiar contempt. At one period of his life he used to unload coals from the barges at Thames Ditton. Hence he obtained the name of the "Coal-heaver," which, indeed, he never was, in the London meaning of the word. To understand, however, the full force of the contempt that was poured upon him as having been a Coalheaver, let us try and represent to ourselves what sort of idea a coalheaver turned preacher would bring to the mind of a Londoner, bearing in mind that London was the seat of his ministry. Take your stand in Fleet-street. See that heavily-laden coal waggon coming towards you; observe that stout, broad-shouldered man, his face all-begrimed with coal, a low-crowned hat flapped over his neck and back, with a long whip in his hand, steadily walking by the side of those four noble horses. That is the London coalheaver—of all London occupations perhaps one of the most marked.

Let a few years roll on. Now enter that large chapel in Gray's Inn-lane. See the crowded congregation. Mark the still solemn quietness that reigns in the place, and see how every eye and ear are turned to that fine tall dark man in the pulpit, dressed plainly but well in a straight cut coat and a black wig, that too much hides his broad forehead, but well sets off his strong features and flashing eye. Who is that preacher, who without any elevation of voice, animation of action or manner, or any warm appeal to natural feelings,

keeps the place as still as the grave, while hundreds are drinking in every word that falls from his lips? Why, that begrimed coalheaver whom you saw a few years ago in Fleet-street.

Now, it is true that Huntington was not exactly what we have drawn, for we have slightly deviated from the precise state of the case in order to give more point and emphasis to the idea as it would present itself to a London imagination; but had you seen him with a sack of coals on his back, stepping from the barge at Thames Ditton to his master's wharf, you would not have seen him differing much in outward appearance from his Fleet-street fellow coalheaver. Nay, we believe you would have seen his clothes more ragged, his shoes more patched, and his whole body in much worse case.

We, indeed, and our spiritual readers who, as Christians, can see and acknowledge the sovereignty of God, the superaboundings of grace, the supremacy of divine teaching, the gifts of the Holy Ghost, and that he who made the world makes the minister, so far from despising admire, and so far from hating love this display of divine sovereignty. To us, viewing matters in this light, there seems nothing so out of the way that a coalheaver should become an honored servant of God. Peter and John, with their nets over their back, and their hands all slimy with fish, are not so very far from the coal sack on the shoulders, and the hands begrimed with coal dust. But the world will not have it, and to make a coalheaver into a minister, to the proud Londoner would seem much like making a chimney sweep into a peer. Bishops, deans, archdeacons, clergy, high and low, the parish clerk and sexton, the bell-ringer and the pew opener, beadle and gravedigger, would all join with the dons and doctors, tutors and students of all the dissenting academies, in the universal chorus of contempt and scorn, that a coalheaver should stand up in a pulpit, in one of the largest chapels in London, and declare again and again that the God of heaven and earth was his Father and friend, had called him by a voice from heaven to the work of the ministry, would maintain his cause and honour him in it, and that all his enemies and opposers were the enemies and opposers of the Most High.

3. But when besides these declarations, spreading by word of mouth all over London, then much less in extent than now, this despised coalheaver had, what Southey calls "the blasphemous effrontery" to publish his "*Bank of Faith*," in which he entered into the minutest particulars of the Lord's providential dealings with him, even to the very fit of his nether garments, the chorus of contempt and hatred rose to its highest pitch.* "Enthusiast," "Fanatic," "Knave," "Impostor," "Hypocrite," burst forth from the lips of hundreds of most pious, religious, and respectable persons, who daily read in the Bible how God fed ravens, but would not let him feed William Huntington; and that he clothed lilies, but would not suffer him to clothe a poor, tattered coalheaver.

* "The Naked Bow of God" especially moves his anger. We have often thought whether Southey's dying as a lunatic and almost an idiot was not an arrow from the naked bow of Him whose servant he had so shamefully reviled.

4. When, however, by degrees, the *doctrines and experience*, held and enforced by the Coalheaver with extraordinary power and ability, came to be known and discussed by the religious professors of the day; when it came abroad that this preaching coalheaver denied the law to be a rule of life to a believer, contended for manifestations of Christ to the soul as a vital point, insisted on a personal experience of law and gospel, of condemnation and acquittal, sent off into Hagar's bondage all who hugged their chains and cleaved to Moses and his covenant, and that he enforced all he taught, not only by what he declared was the work and teaching of God in his soul, but by a most wonderful command of the word of God, which he seemed able to quote in the fullest, freest manner, from Genesis to Revelation, and applied with a point and pregnancy peculiar to himself,—then all the pious joined with the impious, the professing with the profane, to denounce him almost as unfit to live. Rowland Hill, the great leader of the then evangelical party, pursued him wherever he went, with the cry of "Antinomian" and other epithets, in which he forgot not only what was due to his own character as a minister, but even as a gentleman.

5. Time rolled on, and the first French Revolution loomed in the horizon. Tom Paine borrowed from the French infidel philosophers of the 18th century, what he published as "The Rights of Man;" a work, the tendency of which was to uproot the very foundations of society, but one, we have always understood, of singular force and power. That book, and the doctrines contained in it, spread through the nation like wildfire, and meeting with those liberal principles of civil and religious liberty which have always been deeply enshrined in the heart of the great Nonconformist body, then much oppressed by intolerant statutes and the Tory spirit of the age, burst forth to a fearful height. Many ardent lovers of liberty hailed with joy the dawn of the first French Revolution, who lived to see the sun of freedom set in seas of blood. Looking back upon that period from our present state of civil and religious liberty, and seeing what was then the spirit of thousands, we may safely say that the laws, the liberties, the very existence of England as a free country, were never in such a state of peril as from about 1788 to 1802. The peril was, lest such a revolution should burst out here as had swept over France like a hurricane; and lest under that fearful storm our ancient constitution should suffer utter shipwreck. Mr. Huntington was one of the gifted few who saw what was the real peril of the nation. He clearly saw that the wild cry of liberty was to let loose the mob, and let in a flood of infidelity; and by what was called "fraternising" with France, to introduce the fire of the French Revolution into this country, with all its attendant bloodshed and crime.

By an unhappy circumstance, the very Jacobin spirit that he so much abhorred was introduced by a minister supplying for him into his own congregation. The moment the tidings reached his ears he started off homeward, determined to beat down the rising flame, and tread it out to the last spark. Those chiefly had fallen

into the snare of whom he had long stood in doubt.* His real friends, and the most spiritual, savoury, tender-hearted, and exercised of the church and congregation stood by him. But his bold unsparing denunciations, both of the spirit and of the persons possessed of it, brought upon him a weight of odium and reproach, not only from those whom he drove out of his church and congregation by wielding the winnowing fan with so vigorous a hand, but also from all, and they were a numerous and powerful band, among the large body of general Dissenters, who had embraced heart and soul the principles laid down in "The Rights of Man." We by no means wish to justify every word that Mr. Huntington used at this crisis, but we view his general conduct on this occasion with much admiration. He stood by government and order against anarchy and licentiousness. He saw that those who "despised dominion, and spoke evil of dignities," were such "filthy dreamers" as Jude speaks of, and that they were "trees, whose fruit withereth, twice dead, plucked up by the roots." If, therefore, he now seem to us to have leaned too much the other way, and by his intense admiration of "the good old King," as he termed, in common with many thousands, George III., and of William Pitt, to have almost forsaken the principles of nonconformity, let us bear in mind that he firmly believed, in so doing, he only obeyed the precept, "Fear God, honour the King."

6. *His singular influence with his congregation* was another circumstance which much drew forth the bitter contempt and dislike of the men of that day. The world would not much have minded if the converted coalheaver had exercised his gift for the ministry among twenty or thirty people, in a small town, up a court, or in a little chapel in some City alley. But that he should occupy a prominent position at the West-end, have a large chapel and a crowded congregation, and that when the chapel was burnt down another and a larger one should be at once erected, and that such respect, veneration, attention, and almost worship should be shown him; this was what the world could not bear. They despised him, and despised those who honoured him; wondered at them as fools and idiots; would have liked to crush him and them altogether under the heel of oppression; worked themselves up into a fever of abuse; and then wondered again how they could be so angry with what was so contemptible. His ministry in London was to them a fretting sore. His keen cutting remarks, with mutilated and often distorted fragments of his experience, got into the newspapers and maga-

* Mr. H. was then at Dock, now Devonport, 218 miles from London; and we have heard that a young man who had become acquainted with what was going on in his congregation in London was so much oppressed in spirit with what he knew, that he could not rest in his bed, but was obliged to get up in the dead of night and knock at Mr. Huntington's bed-room door. At first Mr. H. refused to admit him, but when the young man said he must tell him what so troubled his mind, he opened his door; and when he learned the circumstances of the case, sent him off to order a post-chaise and four, and started at four o'clock in the same morning for town.

zines of the day, or were handed about from mouth to mouth; persons of various ranks, and from very different motives, crept into his chapel to hear his strange doctrines, and retailed with many humorous additions any eccentric expression that had struck their fancy; his books and pamphlets got spread about, and, it is said, were carried under the hammer-cloth of the King's state carriage by the royal coachman, one of his hearers. All this notoriety, at a period when every public man's words and actions were eagerly and anxiously watched, lest he should be a spy of Buonaparte, or an agent of Pitt, fed and kept alive the fever of surprise, contempt, and enmity, which, in tranquil times, like our own, might have gradually died away,

7. There were also *worldly circumstances* which much served to fan the flame. His people, as he got into years, and lived a few miles from London, presented him with a new coach, with the initials W. H. S. S. on the panels and harness.* The mysterious letters S. S. first maddened their curiosity to know what in the world they could mean, and then, when made known, drove them almost mad with anger that they meant what they did. D. D., B. A., M. A. were, they thought, becoming additions to the name of a reverend divine, and showed that he was coined and stamped at the regular mint. But S. S. (Sinner Saved), that any man should have the impudence, the presumption, the audacity, the —, here language and breath alike failed to express the speaker's intense disgust and abhorrence, that any man or any minister, and above all a coalheaver, should not only have the daring wickedness to believe he was a sinner saved, but should publicly proclaim it in that awful way—all he could do was to wonder the man was not struck dead for his presumption. Then his marriage with Lady Sanderson, a Lord Mayor's widow, and a few infirmities which our great respect and esteem for his memory will not suffer us to touch upon, all this wonderfully fed that mingled tide of curiosity, gossip, wonder, contempt, ridicule, and enmity, which the longer he lived seemed to flow more deeply and widely.

8. But none of these circumstances, or all combined, would have drawn down upon him such a load of odium and contempt, had he not possessed, in an eminent degree, *the grace of God*. It was his clear, deep, and blessed experience; his earnest contending for the faith once delivered unto the saints; the power of his ministry; the blessing of God which so eminently rested upon him and it; his bold disentanglement of the meshes of legality in which the evangelical creed of the day had wrapped up many living souls; and his godly, secluded, and separate life,† which so provoked Satan, the

* In mentioning this we would not be understood as approving of their putting S. S. on the carriage harness.

† We were struck the other day by meeting in the "Posthumous Letters" with a declaration from his pen, that "he had never spent one day in seeing sights or what are called 'amusements' since he became a servant of Christ." It is well known that his chief delight was to be by himself, either at Crickelewood, or when in London in what he used to call his "cabin," a little room fitted up for his use at Providence Chapel.

prince and god of this world, to stir up so much enmity against him.

9. But he had also *a peculiar work to do*; and with masterly ability did he execute it. Whitefield first, and then Toplady, Romaine, and many other good and gracious men had thrashed out the corn, and it lay upon the floor, mingled with straw and chaff. Wesley, with his Arminian zeal and free-will doctrines, and Lady Huntingdon's preachers, with their mixture of truth and error, had added to the heap, and it is to be feared much more chaff than wheat. An able, experienced workman was needed to sift the heap. This workman was the immortal Coalheaver, who, by a deep personal experience of law and gospel, could well winnow the floor. This it was which especially made him obnoxious to the professing world as well as to the profane. You may take away almost anything from a man but his religion. To pronounce his faith a delusion, his hope a falsehood, and his love a lie; to sift his profession till nothing is left but presumption or hypocrisy; to withstand his false confidence, and declare it to be worse than the faith of devils; to analyse his religion, beginning, middle, and end, as thoroughly and as unreservedly as a chemist analyses a case of suspected poisoning, and declare the whole rotten, root and branch—can this be done without giving deadly offence? But this was the work that Huntington had to do. How could this, then, be done without giving dire and deadly offence to ministers and people? To take their children and pronounce them bastards; to sift their credentials and declare them forged; to call and treat as servants of Satan men who had stood for years, as they thought, on the battlements of Zion; how could this not madden where it did not convince the legal ministers of the day? We need not then wonder that with almost his dying breath he dictated as a part of his epitaph, that he was "abhorred of men." But he had as firm a confidence that he was "beloved of God." And we believe it may be added, "beloved of the people of God." His "Posthumous Letters" abundantly prove the warm affection and respect, we might add veneration, with which his friends regarded him. His Letters are, we think, the most edifying and instructive of his writings. It is true they have not the grandeur of the "Contemplations," or the details of personal experience as in the "Kingdom of Heaven;" but there is a freedom in them, an entering into many minutiae of the divine life, and a drawing forth many sweet draughts from the deep well of his own gracious leadings and teachings, which makes them singularly instructive and edifying. There is also in them an absence of controversy, and therefore of that warmth which he sometimes displays in handling an opponent. The kindness, tenderness, wisdom, knowledge of his own heart, of the devices of Satan, of the consolations of the Spirit, of the word of God, and of the whole length and breadth of Christian experience displayed in them, is truly wonderful. Even as letters they are wonderful productions. Such originality of thought and expression, such variety of language, with occasional flashes of surprising wit and humour, with such freedom of style as if all he had to do was to write as fast as his pen

could travel over the paper, stamp these Letters as most remarkable compositions. The wonder is whence he got his knowledge of so many things, his command of language, his ample and powerful vocabulary, and his dexterity in wielding his words and ideas. When we consider that he had no education but at a common dame school where he just learned to read and write, we stand surprised at his amazing genius. We do not say it in a boasting way, but it has so happened, from the bent of our studies in former days, that we have read some of the finest productions of human eloquence, in both ancient and modern languages, and therefore we know what we assert when we declare that, in our judgment, the description of his deliverance in the "Kingdom of Heaven," apart from the experience there described, as a mere piece of eloquence, is one of the grandest and most beautiful pieces of writing that has ever come under our eye.

Southey himself has remarked the "vigour and manliness of his style," and its singular freedom "from those inaccuracies which might have been expected in one totally uneducated." In fact, he says, that in the whole twenty volumes of his collected works he only noticed one what he calls "slip-slop blunder," viz., the use of the word *promiscuously* for *by chance*.

But our limits warn us to close. Among so many letters of equal excellence, it is hard to select one for insertion in our pages, but the following sample may give some faint idea of the staple :

"Seek his blessed face, my dear friends, and feel after him in every time of trouble, for he is never far from us. Feel after him in the affections; he calls for the heart wherein the divine Lover dwells. Feel for him in the court or conscience; there the Prince of Peace sways his sceptre; that is his principality. Feel for him in the understanding; the Sun of Righteousness shines there. Feel for him in meditation; 'In the multitude of my thoughts within me thy comforts delight my soul.' And feel for him on his throne; he sets the door of mercy open before us, and then our hearts open; but when that seems shut our hearts and mouths are shut also. If he shines, we walk abroad; if he woos, we run; and if he hides his face, or turns his back, then (like the snail) we pull in our horns, creep into the shell, and never venture abroad again until the dew falls, or the sun shines; and as sure as we crawl in and shut the door, then comes Satan, and sets before us his dishes of vanity; for, as we have lost the bridegroom and are obliged to fast, he hopes that his dainty meats will meet with our reception. 'Eat and drink,' says he, but his heart is not with us; and the morsels we eat we must vomit up, and lose our sweet words; for instead of praises we must make use of lamentations. But I must have done; it is high time for you to set sponge. Farewell!"

Take heed that thy inside and outside be alike, and both conformable to the word of his grace. Labour to be like the living creatures which thou mayest read of in the book of the prophet Ezekiel, whose appearance and themselves were one.—*Bunyan*.

Paradise was made for man, yet there I see the serpent. Need I then wonder that I find him in my closet, in my table, in my bed, when our holy parents found him in the midst of paradise. No sooner is he entered but he tempteth; he can no more be idle than harmless. I do not see him in any other tree. He knew there was no danger in the rest. I see him at the tree forbidden.—*Dr. Hall*.

P O E T R Y.

NO NIGHT.

“There shall be no night there.”—Rev. xxii. 5.

No night, no night, when we arrive
On Canaan's happy shore;
Our eyes so oft beclouded now,
Shall know no darkness more.

No night of deep conviction there,
Our ransom'd souls shall know;
Safe from the reigning power of sin,
And every subtle foe.

No night to shed repentant tears,
Nor mercy trembling seek,
For God will then have wiped away
The tears from off our cheek.

No night of wonderment to know,
If walking on that way,
The vulture's eye hath never seen,
Nor any beast of prey.

No night to sigh and cry for sin
That other souls have done,
To see so foully trampled on,
The blood of God's dear Son.

No night to feel the dreadful state
Of friends and kindred dear,
When pain and death come on apace,
Without a helper fear.

No night to grieve o'er dying bed,
Or mourn some loved one gone;
To feel in future we are left
In friendship's path alone.

No night to grieve o'er sinful thoughts,
Or how we've backward slid;
The reason why our Jesus oft
His lovely face hath hid.

No night of weariness and pain,
From keen affliction's rod;
No seeking in distress again,
After an absent God.

No night to feel an unkind word,
Our very soul can move;
To weep in secret o'er a frown
From those we dearly love.

No night; for there 'tis always day;
God's glory is its light.
What need we of the sun or moon,
Where Jesus shines so bright?

No night, no night! O when shall I
Behold that bless'd abode,
And view the glorious Lamb within,
Thou City of my God.

A MEMBER OF GOWER-STREET.

LINES BY A PRISONER.

(From the German of Karl Plank.)

A SONG OF SIGHS.

When I'm by earthly friends forsaken,
When human comforters depart,
I'd cling the closer to my Saviour,
And clasp him firmer to my heart.
With disappointments, bitter tears,
With all my sorrows, all my fears,
With longings not to be express'd,
I cast me, Saviour, on thy breast.

Thine arms of love are open ever,
And the poor wounded outcast lamb,
The world may hate, but thou, O Shepherd,
Thou bring'st it on thy shoulders home!
Known unto thee are all thy sheep;
Thy blood-bought fold thou'lt safely keep,
And give e'en here that holy peace
The foretaste of eternal bliss.

Whoso, O Lord, hath comprehended
Thy faithful, thy unchanging love,
Thy anguish here below endured,
Thy pleading for thy saints above,

Will gladly seek thy face to meet,
 Will lowly worship at thy feet,
 And see well pleas'd the earth recede ;
 Eternal glory for his meed.

Thy cross, on Golgotha erected,
 The anchor of my hope shall prove ;
 The death which thou by death hast conquer'd,
 Proclaims the marvels of thy love.
 I stand and gaze, but cannot sound
 The wonders of its depths profound ;
 But faith still whispers, "Clear thy brow ;
 He's done too much to leave thee now."

Yes, I am thine, and thine for ever ;
 A trusting suppliant near thy throne ;
 E'en though the light of life should leave me,
 And starless night of death draw on ;
 For safety, light, and life are thine,
 And comforts high and joys divine ;
 And neither sigh, nor tear, nor groan,
 Pollutes the precincts of thy throne.

He that carries Christ's cross aright shall find it such a burden as wings are to a bird, or sails to a ship.—*Rutherford.*

Satan cares not what we strive and contend about, so that we do not strive at the strait gate, nor contend for the faith of the saints.—*Huntington.*

When you do not consult Christ you will blunder ; when you do not lean on his arm you will fall ; and when you do not drink of his comforts you drink poison.—*Romaine.*

Till Christ called Mary by name she knew him not, but supposed him to have been the gardener, (who indeed is the planter of the celestial paradise), neither can we know Christ till by a special and particular vocation he make himself known to us.—*Featley.*

By *feeling* as well as by *knowledge* our glorious Christ is so blessedly suited for every state and circumstance of his people, that all the members of his mystical body, in all their varied and multiplied situations, cannot fail of finding ample resource in him for every time of need.—*Hawker.*

How great a pleasure is it to discern how the most wise God is providentially steering all to the port of his own praise and his people's happiness, whilst the whole world is busily employed in managing the sails, and tugging at the oars, with quite an opposite design and purpose. To see how they promote his design by opposing it, and fulfil his will by resisting it, enlarge his church by scattering it, and make their rest come the more sweet to their souls by making their condition so restless in this world ; this is pleasant to observe in general ; but to record and note its particular designs upon ourselves, with what profound wisdom, infinite tenderness, and incessant vigilance it hath managed all that concerns us from first to last, is ravishing and transporting.—*Flavel.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

NO. 249. SEPTEMBER 1, 1856. VOL. XXII.

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

THE TRUE VINE.

“I am the Vine, ye are the branches.”—John xv. 5.

Joseph was an eminent type of the Lord Jesus Christ; and it is said of him, “Joseph is a fruitful bough by a well, whose branches run over the wall.” (Gen. xlix. 22.)

Now, however truly the prophecy was fulfilled in the type, it was still more emphatically so in the great Antitype; for Christ is a fruitful bough growing, as it were, by a well; which well is the eternal fountain of living waters, and from which he throws out an abundant fruitfulness over the wall. This wall I cannot help thinking is that middle wall of partition* which consisted in ceremonial rites and observances, over all which this fruitful bough has run, and now hangs with boundless fruitfulness for poor Gentile as well as Jewish sinners.

In the beginning of this chapter Christ says he is “the *true* Vine,” just as in a chapter or two before he said he was “the *good* Shepherd;” (John x. 11;) which statements seem to argue that there are wild vines and hireling shepherds; and of these he puts us on our guard. The wild vine will yield only sour grapes; and these will set the children’s teeth on edge. Servants may be able to eat them, but the children cannot. They must come to this fruitful bough, and there pick the clusters of the first ripe fruit. All wild fruit will be detected by its taste, and be passed by till the true fruit be found.

Christ is the *true* Vine on account of his being God. Hence he was in very deed planted close to a well, and consequently full of verdure. Yea, he himself is that well and fountain from which all living waters flow; and it is the efficacy of this flowing through every word and every deed of his that manifestly constitutes its value. See we the righteousness he wrought? It was the righteousness of

* This fanciful idea cannot be supported, for the apostle declares that the Lord Jesus “hath broken down the middle wall of partition;” (Eph. ii. 14;) and surely Christ, the living Vine, does not rest on a broken wall. The wall is the support of the vine, and therefore, if Joseph be here a type of Christ, the wall would rather figure his Deity supporting the humanity. But if we take Joseph rather as a figure of a believer—a fruitful branch, for he is called “a fruitful bough,” (not the *vine*, but one *branch* of it,) then the wall would represent Christ, on whom the believer leans.—Ev.

God! Hear we the words he spake, and still speaks? These are the words of God! This is why they quicken dead souls. He said, "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." See we the contradiction he endured? It was the endurance of God! See we the salvation he worked? It was the salvation of God! See we the blood he shed? The virtue of the Deity flowed in that blood, so that it is called the "blood of God!" The virtue of the Godhead flowed through every vein, and was incorporated in every deed; and here stands the security of the church, that in offering himself a sacrifice *for man*, he took our flesh and blood, and in offering that sacrifice *to God*, he was perfect God himself, and therefore competent to work a salvation acceptable to his Father. If he had not a perfect manhood, he could not suffer *for man*; and if he was not perfect God, he could not offer that sacrifice *to God*; but, being both in that one Person, he was qualified to work out a salvation by which he could raise his people from their degradation and sin to an acceptance at the hands of Jehovah, which shall adorn every attribute of his almighty name.

He was also the *true Vine on account of the truthfulness, completeness, and entirety of the work which he accomplished*. He was not only qualified for this great work, but he actually accomplished it. The whole of the sins of his people were laid upon him, and he made an end of them. They stood in need of an active righteousness, and he brought in an everlasting one; so that they not only now stand "justified from all things from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses," but also imputatively adorned in all, nay, much more than all that law required; for that law required only the perfect obedience of a man, but they stand arrayed in the righteousness of God. He bore away to the land of forgetfulness all our sins, by being made sin for us, purging it away; and he then clothed us with that righteousness in which the Godhead ran. Hence the apostle, speaking of this subject, says, "He (God the Father) hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." (2 Cor. v. 21.) He who knew no sin, but was holy, harmless, and separate from sinners, was made sin by God the Father, in order that they who were really sinners might be delivered from all the dreadful debt that had accumulated against them. What a transaction in the Persons of a Triune God! When the Father, by imputation, transferred all the iniquities of his people to the Person of his only-begotten, co-equal, and well-beloved Son; when that same Son felt the crushing weight of all that iniquity press upon his holy Person! (and this was really so;) with this load of sin and guilt, and under a feeling sense of his Father's fiery indignation on account thereof, he looked into the bitter cup which it behoved him to drink, and exclaimed, "Father! if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not my will but thine be done." (Matt. xxvi. 39.) And as the two seas of divine and infernal wrath met and howled within his holy breast, they squeezed out great drops of blood falling to the ground. Some of the learned, I have understood, have rendered the

reading of that passage, "*clots*," so that it would seem that the pressure of anguish squeezed through the pores of his skin congealed clots of blood* dropping to the ground; and under a sense of this wrath and the indignation of heaven against the sin which he bore, he went and accomplished the final blow, surrendering himself to the king of terrors, and so, "through death, destroyed him that had the power of death, that is, the devil." (Heb. ii. 14.)

Thus we see he was the *true* Vine on account of the truthful fulfilment of the whole of his work. In this surrender he atoned for all the sins that were laid upon him; for all the while one sin remained unatoned for, he would have been held a prisoner by death, and the Father's wrath could not have ceased howling against him; but when the whole debt was discharged, and full payment made for all the claims that justice and the law could bring, he was liberated from the grave, and rose triumphant over death. Hence his resurrection is a living receipt for all the claims of law and justice. "He was delivered for our offences, and rose again for our justification." (Rom. iv. 25.) Had he not rose, did death still claim him, we should have no proof, could produce no receipt, for the payment of our debt, and should ourselves have to suffer for our own sins; and this seems to be the argument of the apostle, "If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are *yet in your sins*." "Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished," &c. (1 Cor. xv. 17-18.) But he *did* rise, leaving the sins of his people in the jaws of death, but raising their persons in union with himself, without spot or wrinkle or any such thing.

It was by virtue of this already constituted union that he had to bear this load of sin, and consequently of guilt, and consequently again of wrath; for he had shaken hands with this strange woman before she became involved in her awful debt, and so he became *ensnared* in the work of his hands, and responsible to rescue her from her degradation and guilt, and to raise her up to be his acceptable as well as lawful bride. All earthly marriages are but types of this one great eternal wedding, and shadow forth, in faint similitude, the realities that were here transacted in substance. The dear Lord might perhaps be alluding to this, when, speaking of Moses granting a bill of divorcement, he adds, "But from the beginning it was not so;" (Mat. xix. 8;) that is, in the one union which constituted Christ and his Church as "*one flesh*" (Eph. v. 31) from the beginning. A

* It is perfectly true that the word translated "great drops" does mean literally "clots," and is frequently used in that sense by Homer and other Greek authors. But we think that our translators were quite right in rendering the word "great drops," (the adjective "great" not being in the original, but clearly involved in the expression "clots," which are great drops of black congealed blood) for this reason; "Clots are cold congealed blood: in a word, *dead* blood. But it was *living* blood; nay, hot blood, that fell so thick and fast in huge drops from the Redeemer's agonizing brow. Though there is a sound solid vein of experimental truth in our friend "O's" pieces, for which reason we give them insertion, yet we must say we have sometimes thought his ideas and interpretations of Scripture fanciful; and this we think evident in more than one instance in the piece before us.—ED.

dissolution was not lawful according to the covenant of grace, let what would befall the bride; nor did the Husband require it, but "for the joy that was set before him," in rescuing his bride from her thralldom and guilt, he cheerfully went through all that flood of suffering in which she had entangled herself, and even looked forward in anticipation of the time when he should suffer: "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished!"

This union between Christ and his people is set forth in the Scriptures under a great variety of figures and similitudes, all of them tending to show the closeness of the tie, the oneness of the union that there exists. When the figure of a man and his wife is used, the apostle makes use of the strongest terms to set it forth. He says, "We are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones;" (Eph. v. 30;) in which figure is involved another simile, stronger still, if possible, viz., the particular "members" of one's own body; for a man and his wife, though virtually one, are not actually so in the same way that our head and our body constitute but one person, without which union neither head nor body could exist. In this the union seems complete,—the head and members of one person. Hence the beauty, that Christ and his church are not two, but one. "I speak," says Paul, "concerning Christ and the church." (Eph. v. 32.) I cannot help thinking sometimes, when I view the identity of union between each part of my physical frame, what a beautiful figure it is of the oneness of all the mystical members with the mystical Head of the one church; and when I meditate upon the circulation of vitality continually and successively flowing through every part of my body, from head to foot, I cannot but think of the reality of spiritual life, which also flows through every mystical member of the one church from the one Head; for without the circulation of this life we have no manifestative proof of being members of the living Head. "Now," says Paul, "ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular;" (1 Cor. xii. 27;) and he is particularly careful to show that these members constitute but one body. Just as my eyes and ears, and hands and feet, (for he mentions these as instances,) make but one person, so these mystical members make but one body, manifested to be such by union with the one Head.

The same thing, under a different figure, is held forth in our text. Christ is there set forth as a Vine, and his people as the branches; in which figure the oneness and identity are clearly set forth, and the same doctrine clearly preached.

Now this union is by *oneness of nature*, and that oneness is doubly true as manifested in the gospel. The branch must be like the vine, and the vine must be like the branch, or no true oneness can exist; and this is blessedly so under the gospel; for I have before showed that Christ must become like the branch, ("yet without sin,") in taking the children's flesh and blood; and now the branches become like the Vine, by the implantation of a divine nature. And this is really done by God the Holy Ghost in every true branch of the true Vine. Hence the seed is called a "holy seed," and the new nature

a “divine nature.”* This constitutes the actual union, and so the oneness is doubly true. Christ takes our nature, and gives us his.†

Now, then, the union is constituted, the oneness actually made, and a channel opened for communication to flow; so that the sap from the Vine sends forth its life unto the branches. A branch cannot bear fruit of itself; but in union with the vine it does bear fruit, by virtue of that union. All the graces of the Spirit,—faith, hope, love, patience, meekness, humility, submission, with all their attendants, hang in sweet clusters from such a branch; and we are fed, succored, and invigorated by the sap of the parent tree.

Sometimes a pruning work is necessary, and then the great Husbandman carries it out, and, wondrous to tell! instead of its killing the branch, under his skilful workmanship it is made to sprout forth still more fruitfully; for the sap keeps flowing in, and bulging forth buddings, blossoms, and fruit, which manifests the skilfulness of the Husbandman and the indestructibility of the root.

The sap that thus flows is spiritual life; and this life is said to be in all essentiality *in the Son*. It therefore follows that when a virtual and actual union to the Son of God is manifested by any member of the mystical body, it is by the vigorous flowing of this *life*; for we have no life but by union to him; and we can have no union to him manifestatively but by this life. “As is the tree, so are the branches.” (Rom. xi. 10.) Life is in the root of this Vine, and the root is in the Godhead; and then flows out in fruitfulness to all the true branches, glorifying Him from whom our fruit is found: “From me is thy fruit found.” (Hosea xiv. 8.)

Hastings, 1856.

O.

A BETTER HOPE.

Dear Friend,—I have often thought of writing to you, and chided myself many times for not doing so; but have put it off from time to time because of my poverty of thought and feeling respecting the best things. I hope you will pardon me, and I trust the Lord may direct me to write and you to read, so that my letter may not be unprofitable to you nor to me.

* The divine nature of which the saints of God are made partakers (2 Pet. iv.) does not make them God as the assumption of human nature made Christ man. What it is, and why it is so named, is well explained, Eph. iv. 24, where it is called “The new man,” and is said to be “created after God (that is, after or according to the image of God) in righteousness and true holiness.” It is pure, holy, righteous, spiritual, capable of knowing, loving, and enjoying God, but it is a creature still, and no creature can ever possess the eternal, essential, infinite nature of God.—Ed.

† Not his divine nature, but that new nature which, as born of the Spirit, is capable of seeing Him as he is, and of dwelling for ever in his embrace. As the human nature of the Lord Jesus, though glorified beyond all thought, is still the same body and soul that he took, both at once, in the womb of the Virgin Mary, and which suffered in the Garden, and hanged upon the cross, so the saints in heavenly bliss will be human still, having human bodies and human souls, though the former will be expanded to their utmost perfection, and the latter fashioned like unto the glorious body of their risen Lord.—Ed.

When I came down stairs this morning I found it was raining hard, which rather sunk my spirits, as my work lay out of doors, and I could not attend to my business. A lost day seemed to press me down, having, as you know, enough to do to support my large family; but just as I was going into my room, a thought seemed to force itself into my mind: "Can't you bless the Lord, notwithstanding the weather is against you?"—"Yes," I immediately answered, and my soul was melted within me, "I can bless the Lord, for I am not in hell, where I must have been were it not for the blessing of the Lord." I fell upon my knees with a heart full of love, and I blessed and praised his name, and begged of him to continue his grace and favor to me in Christ; and I believed all would be well with me in time and to all eternity. O the blessedness of communion with the blessed Trinity in Unity and Unity in Trinity! What will it not do for the soul? Why, it will make all things straight, let them be ever so crooked; for our God can make crooked things straight and rough places plain. He can and does exalt the valleys and bring the mountains low; and then, as Watts sings, we can

"March boldly on,
To victory and the victor's crown."

There is no way to the crown but by the cross; and when the blessed Spirit reveals Christ to the heart, in his humiliation, sufferings, death, resurrection, ascension, and glorious exaltation at the Father's right hand, gives the soul a foretaste of the joys prepared for his suffering church, and bestows a sweet intimation of his own personal interest therein, he can welcome trouble, affliction, and the cross, singing, "Light affliction!" What, then, is all our pain compared to the overwhelming sufferings of the dear Redeemer, "who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God, angels and principalities and powers being made subject unto him?" Did he wade through all suffering, endure the hiding of his loving Father's face, and feel the wrath of God in his soul, to redeem your soul and mine from death and hell? Must we not, then, sing, and that in the affection of a loving heart,

"Our Jesus has done all things well?"

I doubt not, my dear friend, you have in your soul that life of grace that will respond to the foregoing; and I hope you can bless the Lord with me for his loving kindness and tender mercy to such unworthy sinners. O, my friend, never give up your hope. Hold fast your confidence firm unto the end; for the Lord has pledged his holiness to bring every poor sinner who is glad to accept the salvation wrought by Christ upon his own terms, viz., without money and without price; terms so very suitable to a poor bankrupt soul that no other would possibly meet his case. I say the Lord will bring every such soul to glory. Have you not blessed the Lord many times for such free salvation? Deny it if you can; but I know you cannot. It is all owing to rich, free, and sovereign grace, that you and I can ascribe to the Lord all the glory of our salvation, from first to last. We were both going the downward road, as fast as sin

and the devil could carry us, and we loved the road too ; but can we not say, "Glory to grace, that put, as it were, a stumbling block in our way, hedged up our path with thorns, and effectually stopped us in our career of sin and wickedness, putting the fear of the Lord in our hearts, and bringing us with weeping and supplications to his feet for mercy?" And has he not brought us thus far on our way, and enabled us to persevere towards his heavenly kingdom and glory?

I must now tell you we had a very comfortable meeting on Dec. 26th, and had five persons added to the church, one of them being my eldest daughter. We expect to baptize again to-morrow week. I think this gives you and me great encouragement to go on praying for our poor sinful offspring. I hope I can say my soul groans out many a sigh for the salvation of my poor children. May the Lord in mercy hear me and all his poor praying family!

I hope you are well in health, and also your family, and that your soul prospers. Remember me kindly to your wife and family, and I should be glad for you to remember me at a throne of grace.

I must now conclude, wishing you every good that can flow from a Covenant God in Christ.

I am, your Friend and Brother in the best of Bonds,
Hailsham, Jan. 19th, 1856.

R. T.

THE GLORIOUS GOSPEL.

The glorious gospel of the grace of God, made manifest in the work of obedience and death of Christ Jesus, was God's eternal purpose, "that in the dispensation of the fulness of times he might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven and which are on earth; even in him; in whom also we have obtained an inheritance, being predestinated according to the purpose of him who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will. The work of the eternal Spirit can only make known the mystery of this will in the hearts of his chosen. No schools of divinity raised up by man can go any further than to teach man in the letter. The heirs of heaven are "born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." Then, except a man be born again, he can have no spiritual knowledge of divine things; neither, with all his talking and preaching, can he experimentally feel his need of what Christ is to his church, as her "wisdom, sanctification, and redemption;" for Christ, in the eternal covenant of grace, had a work to do, that man untaught by the Spirit can do without. Christ, in this everlasting covenant of grace, became the Surety of his people, to bring in everlasting righteousness; but none but those who are taught by the eternal Spirit can feel their need of this. They are never brought into the place of stopping of mouths, of all self-boasting, under the holiness of God's most holy law; for the Spirit alone convinces of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment. When then the soul is brought to see light in God's light, he then sees the holiness of God's law, that it extends to the inward

thoughts of the heart, and lays open all the dark den of inward wickedness and sin. Thus, however openly moral and consistent a man's outward conduct and conversation may have been, he is made to feel an inward grief over those sins which the light of day has never openly seen. This man, find him in what corner of the world you may, you will find a poor burdened, heavy-laden sinner. This is the work of the eternal Spirit upon the soul. The Lord in his own time will bring righteousness and judgment to light; and however deep and long the soul-travail may be, in the end the true confession shall be that the Lord is just and right in all his ways. When sweetly brought to fall upon the resting-place, Christ Jesus, the soul experimentally knows that without the work, obedience, and death of God's dear Son, he could have found no refuge of safety from the justice of Him who is holy in all his works and righteous in all his ways. O how the poor sinner is brought to look back, when he is made to trust in Christ as his only Rock of salvation; and how his loosened tongue tells out the greatness of God's everlasting love, to think that while he was an enemy Christ died for him, and that all was the effect of everlasting love! He thinks again, and feelingly believes, that if anything could have altered his love or changed his will, his sinfulness would have done it, nay, would do it now. But O the sweet experimental comfort which at times is felt in the consideration that this cannot be. And why? Because the eye of Purity looks to him who is in the midst of the throne, and the eye of Justice sees all the redeemed church shine in the perfection of beauty in Him who has honored God's law and brought in everlasting righteousness. O the wonders of grace! In the beginning of time it was opened up in what way it was to be made manifest; and in the purpose of heaven the effects made manifest the cause. Sin and death itself made way for the rich stream of mercy and grace; for as sin hath reigned unto death, even so grace reigns through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord.

Moreover, "the law entered that the offence might abound; but where sin abounded, grace did much more abound;" and the experienced soul, who is deeply taught out of God's law, sees and knows that had he not been led feelingly to know that he was a poor lost sinner, he never would have been brought to know Christ as his Saviour; nor would his heart and soul have been brought to see him the chiefest amongst ten thousand and altogether lovely. Neither would he have had the song to sing which is ever new, "To Him who hath loved us, and washed us from all our sins in his own blood, to him be glory for ever and ever. Amen!"

A WAYFARING MAN.

If Jesus be indeed touched with the feeling of our infirmities, then must it undeniably follow that he *knows* the precise state of every individual case for whom he feels; so that there can be no sinner so desperately reduced by sin as to surpass the power of his feeling, any more than of his knowledge.—*Hawker*.

MY WORD SHALL NOT RETURN TO ME VOID.

My dear Sir,—I trust you will excuse the liberty I take in thus addressing you, having never spoken to you but once in my life.

I can assure you I write from the very feelings of my soul, your ministry having been blessed to my edification and consolation many times. On two especial occasions our precious Immanuel has made you an interpreter to me; once at L—, which was indeed a sealing time never to be erased from my memory. This was in 1844. The passage from which you spoke was 1 Peter ii. 5: "Ye also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house, a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ." O the blessedness and glory, the safety and sweetness, of being manifestly a living stone in mercy's building, fitted and prepared by the great Builder to form part of that edifice, the foundation of which is that Rock against which "the gates of hell shall not prevail," and the top stone of which shall be laid on with shoutings of "Grace, grace unto it." I then felt an almost overwhelming sense of the beauty and glory of the plan of salvation, as the blessed Comforter revealed to me my personal interest in the love and blood of the Lamb, and caused me to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. It also brought with great comfort to my mind such portions of the word of truth as I had felt before with a measure of sweetness and power. The way in which I had been led, though suffering to the flesh, seemed then an altogether right way. The Banqueting Hymn, 449th Gadsby's Selection, was then the real feeling of my soul, and was truly my song in the house of my pilgrimage. Though this powerful manifestation did not continue long, yet for some time was I blessed with a stayedness of mind; a "peace which passeth all understanding" kept me, and made me so feel the vanity of everything of an earthly kind that I was hardly fit for business.

I well knew the meaning of the prophet Isaiah, "The mountains and hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands." Everything in creation seemed to wear a different aspect. The glory of the Creator seemed to shine in all his works; but to feel that this blessed almighty Jehovah is *my* God, *my* Redeemer! O how consoling! And also to feel, as an evidence of this, that he has put his fear in my heart, and said also, that I shall not depart from him! That verse was very sweet to me:

"'Tis grace, 'tis glory in the bud;
A new creation pure and good."

But I shall weary you, though the half cannot be told.

The other occasion I referred to was at Bedworth, in, I believe, 1851; when you preached from Isaiah xlv. last two verses. I then felt that the ever-adorable Jesus was made unto me righteousness and strength; as I had been in a very low state of mind previously, this was a great boon, and seemed again to raise me up to a lively hope. When you were led to describe the coming unto Christ, "even to him shall men come," you so entered into the feelings of my mind, so set forth the way in which the Holy Spirit had been

pleased to lead me, that I could not then doubt of being led by the Spirit. This was a season also deeply recorded in my memory, and one of which I am led at times to say, "Remember the word to thy handmaid, upon which thou hast caused me to hope."

But as only a hint can be given of these things, I forbear to say more now. I have long felt a wish to add my feeble testimony to the strengthening of your hands in the ministry, but I think Satan hindered me. To enter into my subsequent experience of trial and depression, my ins and outs, my conflicts with our three-fold enemy, the world, the flesh, and the devil, (the worst of which I feel is my own carnal heart,) I have at this moment neither time nor strength.

It is now more than 18 years since the dear Lord passed by and said unto my soul, "Live!" but to this day I find the greater part of my experience portrayed in Rom. vii., a sweet and precious portion to my often-troubled mind; and I never felt more keenly than now the truth of our Lord's words, "Without me ye can do nothing;" but I also feel as dear Gadsby says,

"'Tis by such means, though strange to tell,
The Lord will teach us Jesus well."

Trusting this may find you in better health of body, and also that the dear Lord may still hold you as a star in his right hand, continue unto you every needful gift and grace of the blessed Spirit, in public as well as private, clothe his word from your mouth with the demonstration of the Spirit and power, that so the work of the Lord may prosper in your hand, and that ere long he that sowed and he that reaped may rejoice together, is the desire and prayer of, Your unworthy Friend, and trust I may say Sister in the Faith and Hope of the Gospel,

Dadlington, Nov. 15th, 1855.

E. S.

Why was the superscription over the cross written in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin?—To show that Jesus Christ was to be the Saviour of all nations, tribes, and languages.—*Whitefield*.

There is no way left but this; fair means, as we say, will not do; good words, a glorious gospel, entreatings, beseeching with blood and tears will not do: Men are resolved to put God to the utmost of it; if he will have them, he must fetch them, follow them, catch them, lame them; yea, break their bones, or else he will not save them. Some men think an invitation, an outward call, a rational discourse will do; but they are much deceived. There must be a power, an exceeding great and mighty power attending the word, or it works not effectually to the salvation of the soul. I know that these things leave men without excuse; but they are not enough to bring men home to God. Sin has hold of them; they have sold themselves to it; the power of the devil has hold of them, they are his captives at his will; yea, and more than all this, their will is one with sin, and with the devil, to be held captive thereby; and if God gives not contrition, repentance, or a broken heart for sin, there will not be, no, not so much as a mind in man, to forsake this so horrible a confederacy and plot against his soul.—*Bunyan*.

DEEP WATERS.

Dear C.,—Betty earnestly requested that I would write, but she did not tell me what I should write about; therefore, as I am one of the know-littles, my letter may prove a great disappointment to you.

The salubrious air of C— seemed somewhat to brace me up, so that I grew rather stronger by my visit; but I have grievously relapsed into my fainting fits again. David, the notable mourner in Israel, has told a tale of himself that well expresses the state I feel myself to be in. It is the plaintive strain. Yet, while confessing, he is enabled to keep on in a prayerful way, before the Lord his most gracious God and Father. The words are, "Save me, O God, for the waters are come into my soul;" fit emblem to express the trouble that he felt within, making him thereby a striking type of his dear although suffering Lord, and suiting his suffering church, when drinking of the cup of bitters that he has appointed for them. But David goes on, "I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing;" that is, the inward depravity of his fallen nature. In another Psalm he speaks of "miry clay," sticking in the flesh as clay would stick outwardly upon the flesh; "I am come into deep waters," such as are not fordable, but admit of sinking even to danger; "where the floods overflow me;" to all appearance as if death would come in such a day of evil as it was; but as was said of Saul, "Behold he prayeth," so of David's Lord: "He prayed;" "and being in an agony he prayed more earnestly, and sweat, as it were, great drops of blood, falling down to the ground." So of David: "Save me, O God." None but the Saviour will do at this time. He feels as if he must die, and fears as if he may be lost, but he prays sincerely, fervently, and even to an agony; but it was successfully. He was in the deeps of soul distress, by reason of indwelling sin; but, as he says, "My prayer is unto thee, O Lord, in an acceptable time." Thus, as the waters poured in, he poured forth his prayer unto the Lord, and the Lord was pleased to hear him. Jonah, in a like case, says, "Out of the belly of hell cried I unto thee, and thou heardest my voice." The sea was deep and drowning, and death might, he thought, come; but before the last gasp, he prays, and God heard from the height of his heavenly throne down to the deep of his poor servant's hell. Jeremiah sank in the mire; but he says, "I called upon thy name, O Lord, out of the low dungeon;" and he adds, "Thou hast heard my voice."

Well, it is not only to be said that there is nothing lost by praying, but as another said, it is all profit. And what makes the children of God pray but trouble, soul trouble, a deep sense of their own vileness, and they sunk deep in their own feelings in consequence? Prayer is a service I wish to render unto the Lord. In prayer I would seek his salvation and every blessing that he has to bestow upon his poor, needy, and destitute children, while here below. I want to feel a heart to pray, and to have access unto his heavenly throne. I want to "pray without ceasing," and to feel that while

I am praying I am heard; and that, when I rise from prayer, my spirit is refreshed by calling upon him. I want to have a humble faith when I begin, and a very humble assurance when I leave off. I want to feel free to go, a choice pleasure and delight in thus offering up myself, thus absorbing myself, into his holy mind and will. Then it appears I must have troubles, soul troubles; troubles about my sinful state, and such as will sink me very low, yea, as low as the deep, very deep pit, even as a hell. Then, as others have done, so shall I call upon the name of the Lord. I would pray morning, noon, and night, and in the night; sitting, walking, or working; in health or sickness; in prosperity or adversity; while I am living, when I am dying. I would enter heaven by prayer. I would care for all my fellow creatures, and pray for them for all the good that the Lord may be pleased to do unto them; but I would pray for all his dear children that they may obtain eternal life, eternal salvation, and eternal glory. I would pray for all the Lord's sent servants, and so for my beloved C. I would give thanks for all things before the Lord. I would return my sincere thanks to all the friends of C— for all the kindness that they have shown me, both before and during the time I was with them last. I would greet them all by name, but this must suffice.

Remember, that there shall be a free flowing from your heart and mouth unto the people that desire, long, and expect your visit unto us; for the Spirit that thy dear Master will give will be all-sufficient for thee, as it hath been hitherto. Bestow your charity upon an old, feeble, frail, infirm, sinful, and mortal man. I hope you will feel inclined to come and help in this day of trouble and difficulty for me, as I painfully feel it to be to go on in the work. Do accept my poor love, and that of my dame.

Wadhurst, April 30th, 1856.

W. C.

A woman that loves dress, who thinks no expense too great to bestow upon the adorning of her person, cannot stop there. For that single temper draws a thousand other follies along with it; and will render the whole course of her life, her business, her conversation, her hopes, her fears, her tastes, her pleasures, and diversions, all suitable to it.—*Whitefield*.

The heart must know its own bitterness, or it will never relish or prize those joys that a stranger intermeddeth not with. Bitter draughts strengthen the stomach, promote appetite, and help digestion. Hence the ancient order given for eating the passover,—“Ye shall eat it in haste, and with bitter herbs shall ye eat it.” All the Saviour's garments smell of myrrh, aloes, and cassia, two of which out of the three are bitter; and with myrrh and aloes was the Saviour's body anointed. Ezekiel eats the roll, and John the little book; and they both found the contents to be sweet as honey, but afterwards their bellies were bitter. Sweet is the word of God; but, when it discovers the corruptions of the heart, and gives rebukes for what is amiss, the heart knows its own bitterness.—*Huntington*.

THE TWO NATURES.

Sir,—Your review of a layman's work in this month's "Standard," "The Two Natures," induces me to send you a few remarks made many years ago by the late W. Gadsby, in his first sermon preached in Brighton, in Mr. Sharpe's upper chamber, from, "Blessed are the pure in heart," &c. After showing wherein purity of heart consists, he said, "Well, then, beloved, you will say I make man to consist of four parts; and so I do the regenerated man, but the unregenerated man only of three. First, there is the body, the outside case, or shell, of itself a mere dead thing, made out of the dust of the earth; secondly, there is the soul, the breath of life breathed by the Lord into man's nostrils, whereby he became a living soul,—a perfect man; the third part is sometimes called the old man, the body of sin, the flesh, &c., which I hold to be an infusion of the devil at the fall of man; and what the works of the flesh are, the apostle describes in Galatians v. This evil nature remains unchanged, as to its nature, even in the children of God, and continues their plague down to the Jordan of death. Then there is the fourth part, which consists of an impartation of the Holy Ghost to the soul in regeneration, and is called the new man, the incorruptible seed, &c. This is as unchangeably holy as the old man is unchangeably sinful. Hence there is a continual conflict in the soul between these two natures."

I afterwards heard the same subject handled by Mr. Gadsby at Gower-street Chapel, soon after it was opened, when preaching from Gal. v. 17, in which the watchfulness of Christ over each of his members, both before and after conversion, in preserving them from doing many of the evil things they would do, was experimentally set forth as a ground of consolation, while under a feeling sense that they could not do the good things they would; together with the certainty of final deliverance from this old man at death.

If these truths should be as much blessed to any one of your readers as they were to me when I first heard them, being at a time when I could scarcely believe Omnipotence able to separate the sinful nature from the soul itself, I should indeed rejoice.

Near Newbury, Berks.

CRYPTUS.

There are a multitude of thoughts in the minds of men, which are vain, useless, and altogether unprofitable. These ordinarily, through a dangerous mistake, are looked on as not sinful, because, as it is supposed, the matter of them is not so. And therefore, men rather shake them off for their folly than their guilt. But they arise from a corrupt fountain, and woefully pollute both the mind and conscience. Wherever there are vain thoughts, there is sin. Such are those numberless imaginations, whereby men fancy themselves to be what they are not, to do what they do not, to enjoy what they enjoy not, to dispose of themselves and others at their pleasure."—*Owen*.

A LETTER BY THE LATE JOHN KEYT.

To my highly-favored brother on the crag of the rock, in the strong place, (Job xxxix. 28-30,) where thy young ones (graces) suck up blood. (John vi. 55.)

Blessed be he that doth so bless and feed thee; and who also appears to be very mindful of poor me, unworthy as I am of the least of all his mercies. Notwithstanding all the goodness that hath passed before me, and all the blessings bestowed upon me, I am still a needy one, exceedingly weak and feeble; therefore you must not wonder that I have such a relish for wine. Besides, a very skilful physician ordered me to use as much as I could get. (Song v. 1; 1 Tim. v. 23.) Though I did not mention figs and pomegranates, it was not because I had an aversion to them. No, no; but you must know the time of ripe figs is not yet come, on this side the water at least; and as to pomegranates, you know they are exotics, nor have I seen a tree of this kind growing in this country to perfection, except a few in Providence green-house; and what is worthy of observation, when they begin to be fruitful the husbandman (John xv. 1) is sure to transplant them into a more genial soil, where the sun shines warm all the year round. This was the case forty-eight days ago, when one of the most fruitful, fragrant trees my eyes ever saw was removed out of our garden.* If you recollect, it grew on the south side, in the centre of a bed of spices; and, according to report, that very tree is now in a far more flourishing state than ever it was before; and to tell you the truth, I have found a strong desire spring up in my heart to go and dwell in that pleasant land, although it is so very far off. I cannot fully describe the influence that hath been upon me; you may guess it; but I can assure you I have given up the idea I once had of settling here, and am now content to dwell in a tabernacle, as some of our family used to do in the old time. (Heb. xi. 9.) Feeling this purpose fixed in my heart, it would be mere folly to occupy my mind about the treasures of Egypt, knowing that such trash is of no account in the regions beyond Jordan, that goodly land of promise! I have, my dear friend, such a persuasion of the reality of these things, that I have actually begun to prepare my stuff for removing; and as this quarter is notorious for thieves, I have, with the assistance of a bosom friend, (John xiv. 17,) packed up and sent off the most valuable articles that I had in my possession; (Coloss. iii. 2;) and by advice per post, (Rev. xix. 10, last clause,) I believe they are safely arrived.

If you wish for another reason of my conduct, you shall have it, as I do not wish to be thought a smuggler, or to act in an underhanded manner; therefore be it known to my esteemed friend, that I was born naked. As I grew up, the cold began to pinch me; and when I found out that the want of a covering was the cause, I set to work to scrape up such materials as this country afforded, in order to make myself warm and comfortable; but what with the bad

* In allusion it would appear to the death of Mr. Huntington.

texture of my manufacture, together with a violent shivering wind from the north, I was in a manner starved to death; so that all hope of recovery vanished away. Yet, as God would have it, just at that juncture the glorious sun broke through the dismal gloom with light and heat. The light discovered my dangerous condition, and the heat produced a sweet reviving. After this, I found out that a Divine Person had wonderfully led me out of myself, (Deut. xxxii. 10,) and he afterwards instructed me and kept me as the apple of his eye. Moreover, by a kind attraction, he drew me to another Person, his co-equal Son, (Heb. i. 3,) that illustrious, gracious, and divine Friend, who hath done more for me than ever I could ask or think, (bless his adorable name!) having provided a cleansing fountain, (Zech. xiii. 1,) and a covering so complete that nothing can equal it. (Rom. i. 17.) And add to all this, he once spoke such kind words in my hearing that I never can forget them. (Zech. ii. 4.) And then, besides, another Person of equal dignity and glory, (2 Cor. iii. 17,) appeared to ratify the whole matter, and by his testimony produced unutterable joy in my heart, insomuch that I found, at the time, all joy and peace in believing.

This, my brother, was my reason for packing up, as I said before, and though you are an elder brother, I am sure you will not be angry on this account.

But to return. You must know that it came to pass, after these things, that I was beset with many cruel enemies, one in particular, who proved to be an arch rebel, that had thrown the whole universe into confusion. This enemy, whom I could not see with my bodily eyes, did me a deal of mischief in an invisible way, by making in-roads upon my premises, through a little side door called ear-gate; and as there was a swarm of vermin in the house, he contrived to set them in motion, night and day; by which I was so much vexed, that I was obliged to petition the Higher powers for assistance, and the great King granted my requests by quartering his own royal guards in the house, (Gal. v. 22-25,) and, by their kind and efficacious aid, this rebellious leader and his allies have been roughly handled; and though the house is not cleared of the hateful vermin, yet they are not so bold as heretofore. I often wish they were all cleared out of my habitation, but to my sorrow I find they are still with me. I remember once that, after begging for their destruction, the Master told me the reason why he suffered them to live; (Psalm lix. 11;) but having got my treasure and valuables safely over the river, and knowing they are in safe keeping, I am not so much distressed as in time past; nevertheless, I meet with many things that appear strange, though by the advice of a friend I am not to call them so. (1 Pet. iv. 12.) As you are one of the same family, you can be no stranger to my way of living; but I must needs say you are more favored than some of us are. I was rather vexed at the hint about your supper. Surely you might have sent me a morsel; but depend upon it your Father shall hear of your selfishness, unless you behave better, for you know very well that he loves a cheerful giver; and as you have freely received, you are freely to give.

I have many things to say to thee, but will not be burdensome at this time, only request a morsel from thy table when it is furnished afresh, (Exod. xxv. 30,) as you know perilous times are come.

May the Lord deal bountifully with thee, while

I remain, thy Brother Pensioner,

J. KEYT.

P.S.—I had just finished this, when thy choice favor of August 16th came to hand. What shall I say? Forgive what I have said about the supper, for now I have all and abound, having received such things from thee, an odour of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable to God, and profitable to me. Thy care of me hath flourished again, and may the Lord recompense thy work of faith and labor of love; and may a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou shalt be safe, until every calamity is overpast.

Salute the brethren, the sisters, and the wife. May peace and truth be with you all. Amen.

[John Keyt was a highly favored saint of God; and we cannot but call attention to the above sweet and savory epistle, through which there runs a choice vein of experience expressed in a very pleasing and original manner.—Ed.]

All providences, means of grace, dispensations of sickness or health, yea, the very persecutions his people sustain, are all so calculated as to minister the better to this great end, the Lord's manifesting his feeling for them. It is not enough to say that Jesus knows all, but that he appoints all. He that fixes the bounds of his people's habitations, no less arranges all events concerning them, and metes out everything that is to be in their lot by measure.

—*Hawker.*

He that determined such a sparrow shall not fall, determined also to prevent that which would cause him to fall: and, therefore, either the fowler shall not find the bird, or the bird shall discern his approach, or smell the powder, and be gone; or if he shoot, he shall miss his mark; or if he hit, it shall light on the feathers, that will grow again, or on some fleshy part, that may be licked whole; or, perhaps, it shall open an ulcer, that could not otherwise be cured.—*Elisha Coles.*

The holiest of men know but too often, to their sorrow of spirit, how many and grievous the interruptions of flesh and blood are to their souls in their sweet communion with the Lord. They groan, therefore, as Paul did, being burdened. They find, "that when they would do good, evil is present with them." Yea, not only is there in itself a total indisposition in the body to divine things, but the animal spirits of nature sometimes, and not unfrequently, flag, and render the very attendance on ordinances and means of grace a burden. The flesh tires under the word, and induces a frame not unlike the spouse in the Canticles, when she said, "I sleep, but my heart waketh."—*Hawker.*

BEHOLD! I AM VILE.

My dear Sister in the Lord, and in the Faith of Tribulation,—Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you, from God the Father, and our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

I hail and greet you in love, and would sincerely thank you, my dear sister in the faith, for your truly kind, spiritual, and sympathising letters. A friend in need is a friend indeed. Your second letter came to me as if sent by the dear Lord with a word of comfort to my soul, though I felt truly undeserving of such condescension from the Lord or yourself. I was in a low spot, cold and barren, writing bitter things against myself. When I had read your truly spiritual letter, my dear sister, I felt that you had been influenced to write to me by the Holy Spirit of our ever-dear covenant God in Christ. It melted my heart into thanksgiving and praise, and caused my tears to flow in gratitude to a precious Jesus, who came to bleed and die,—the just for the unjust,—and to save his own dear people from their sins. I am under a cloud, learning more and more that in my flesh dwelleth no good thing. The things that I would not those I do; and I feel no strength, or will, or power to think a good thought, or worship the dear Lord in spirit and in truth. I am such a poor fallen sinner, that I can only sigh and groan, having no power to pray and hold sweet communion with the Lord; but nothing will satisfy a living soul but experiencing again and again that Christ Jesus, and him crucified, is all our salvation, and all our desire. O that precious blood of an Almighty Saviour! I have nothing, my dear sister, to plead but the merits of his blood and righteousness to cancel my guilt.

“Black, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.”

O how I wish I could live as near the Lord as you do,—live more to his honor and glory! O, I am so earthly, so impatient. I am so dissatisfied with myself that, like Job, I must confess I feel myself vile; but, bless the dear Lord, I cannot rest in such a state. I want my dross and tin taken away. And O the mercy of the blessed Lord! he deals with me tenderly, but I want to realise in my soul that he is the way, the truth, and the life of my soul.

I feel such a union of soul to you, and so revived when I am reading your letters expressing your feelings, that I cannot give up the hope, yea, I feel such love spring up at times in my heart, to the dear Lord and his people, that I cannot doubt of spending a never-ending eternity with you, my dear sister, when God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes. What a thought! O may this cheering hope support your fainting soul through this vast and dark wilderness. O to be for ever with the dear precious Jesus, will indeed be worth suffering for all our journey in time; but how many mercies have we!

Your unworthy, affectionate Sister in Jesus,

C—, June 23rd, 1854.

EMMA.

OBITUARY.

MRS. GADSBY, LATE OF GODMANCHESTER, HUNTS.

My dear Friend,—I promised to send you a short account of the Lord's gracious dealings with our dear old friend, Mrs. Gadsby, of Godmanchester, who died April 18th, in her 81st year.

She was altogether a remarkable woman, blessed with great faith, which had supported her in her many afflictions and temptations. Naturally she was quick and shrewd, courageous and determined, with great energy of character. Fierce conflicts she had with the enemy of souls, and also with her own evil heart. The Lord wonderfully appeared for her many times, and thus her soul was strengthened and established. Her death is a great loss to me, and indeed to the whole church of God in this place. People of the world greatly respected her for her unflinching uprightness of conduct. During her last illness, as I walked along the street, several of whom I knew nothing spoke to me, and inquired about her.

It is about fifty years since the Lord began a work of grace upon her soul. At that time she was living without God and without hope, drinking into all the vanities of the world, and caring for neither God nor devil. She hated religion, and said she wished there was a great bonfire kindled in the market-place at Huntingdon, and all the "meetings" burned to death; it would rejoice her heart. But the time drew nigh when this enmity was to be slain, and love as intense and strong as death succeed. It was on the eve of a carnal festival this change commenced. She sat up all night, (it was Saturday,) to get all in order for her family, as she was determined to go to the dance the following day. The night wore away as she was thus engaged, when suddenly a streak of light coming through the shutters arrested her attention. The thought immediately struck her, "It is Sunday morning, and I am at work; what a sinner I am!" This feeling increased; she tried to get rid of it, but in vain. She was determined she would not give way to it; she would go to the feast, and dance with the rest. She went; she tried to be merry, but the arrow stuck fast in her conscience; she was wretched, and could not stay. When she got home, her husband saw there was something the matter. He asked her what it was. She said she felt herself such a sinner, she was such a sinner. "Why, what have you done?" "Done," said she, "O, I have done nothing but sin ever since I was born." He thought she was going out of her mind. Her distress continued, and at last to such a degree that her husband declared he could not live with her. At length, one day, as she was walking across the room, the word was suddenly darted into her soul, "Go thy way, and sin no more; thy sins are all forgiven thee." In a moment she felt all her sins were gone, and that she was in a new world. Her soul was now filled with peace and joy in believing. "From this moment her conflict began." Her husband opposed her going to the chapel. This was now her heart's delight; and she was not to

he moved by opposition and threats. One day he told her he would not live with her, if she still persisted in going. She answered to this effect, that she had been a good wife to him, and if he liked she would still be the same, for the gospel would never make her a worse wife to him, or worse mother to the children ; but give up going to hear the gospel preached she neither could nor would ; and if he was still determined to leave her, well then he must. He saw it was no use contending with her, and for a time let the matter drop. Still he hated her religion, and though he knew she was an excellent wife to him, he threw every obstacle he could in her way, and tried to hinder her from going to chapel. While enduring these persecutions, she was strongly beset by the enemy of souls. The devil represented to her that all she had felt was a delusion, that the Bible was not true, and, in fact, that there was no God. This was a dreadful blow, and she sank as in deep mire where there was no standing. One night, as she was in bed, tossing about in anguish of soul, harassed with these suggestions, it came into her mind to beg of God that he would make it known to her that there was a God by this : that one of their sheep might die before morning. She had no sooner done this, than she was again assailed by the foe : " You'll see there is no God ; the sheep will be all right in the morning." Thus she lay in bed, sighing, groaning, and trembling, till her husband got up in the morning. As he went down stairs she listened and heard him go step by step, her heart sinking within her, while she said to herself " The sheep will be safe ; there is no God, there is no God ! " He went out and shut the door. In another minute he returned, and called to her, saying, " Hannah, get up, my favorite sheep is killed." A cart had been left in the yard where the sheep were placed, its shafts supported by a hurdle, and it was supposed that some of the sheep had pushed against the hurdle, which brought down the shafts of the cart upon this sheep, and broke its back. Little did her husband then know what was passing in her mind, the joy and gratitude she felt that God had answered her prayers. As a bird let loose from the snare of the fowler, she rejoiced in the God of her salvation. She dared not in the least to communicate her feelings to her husband. But the time drew near, when he also was to be brought into the bonds of the covenant. It was about two years after Mrs. Gadsby's call by grace, and on New Year's day, that this wonderful change was wrought in Joseph Gadsby. All this day our departed friend was sorely exercised and tempted about going to chapel, as there was to be service in the evening. She went out into the yard, walking up and down, wringing her hands in the perplexity and distress of her soul, for she did not know what she was to do. Was she to obey God, or was she to obey her husband ? Suddenly these words dropped upon her mind, and settled the point : " Take up thy cross, and follow me."

She went in, got her bonnet, put it on, and said, " I am going to chapel ! " To her astonishment her husband said, " And I'll go with you." She was amazed ; she looked at him ; was it mockery

or in earnest? She asked him if he really meant what he said? He replied, "Yes, I do;" so they went together. As they walked along, some of his old companions, who were standing at the door of a public-house which they had to pass, began laughing at him and jeering him, saying that he was being led by his wife. She thought how the enemy of souls was trying to gain the day, and her heart went up to the Lord in this extremity. Her husband, however, heeded them not, but went on with her. As they passed by a large house, she said to herself, "If that house were to be given to me, from top to bottom full of guineas put in edgewise, (I use her own expression,) it would not give me such delight as to have my husband go with me to the chapel." The text that evening was 2 Cor. xiii. 5: "Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves. Know ye not your own selves how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?" Every word appeared to be spoken to Joseph Gadsby, and he felt condemned and cut up in his conscience. He too was now a broken-hearted sinner. The work thus begun was carried on in his soul till he was blessed with joy and peace in believing. For many years he was a highly-esteemed member of the church at Godmanchester. It is now about 21 years since his death; and for a whole fortnight before it took place, these lines were constantly running through Mrs. Gadsby's mind:

"The word that I have rested on
Shall help my heaviest hours."

She could not imagine what the special meaning of these words could be, but told her husband, and said she felt sure they were to prepare her for some heavy trial. One day Mr. G. came home from business, and complained of feeling ill. He thought he would go to bed, but had not been long upstairs before he got up again, and while coming down the stairs he was seized with apoplexy, and fell down dead!

But to return. At the time when Mrs. Gadsby joined the church at Godmanchester, the pulpit was occupied by a Mr. H——, who was far from being clear even in the letter of truth; and our friend, taught alone of God, while reading her Bible, was not satisfied with his preaching. At length the Lord in his providence sent Mr. Freeman to supply at Godmanchester. Her soul was riveted to him as a man of God and a bold uncompromising minister of the truth. On hearing him, she remarked to her husband, "If this man is settled anywhere within ten miles of Godmanchester, I will go to hear him, if I walk all the way." Mr. Freeman was soon after settled at Godmanchester. The Lord blessed the word; numbers flocked to hear; the chapel was enlarged to more than double its former size; the church was broken up, and a new one, on Strict Baptist principles, formed of those who gave in a satisfactory experience. All this, however, was not done without much opposition. After witnessing one day the "no small stir" caused by Mr. Freeman's preaching, the disaffection and desertion of the leaders of the old cause, Mrs. G. opened her Bible on her return home, when her eyes rested on Nahum iii. 17: "Thy crowned are as the locusts, and thy captains as the great grass-

hoppers which camp in the hedges in the cold day; but when the sun ariseth they flee away, and their place is not known where they are." "This (said she to herself) is just it; they could camp in the hedges in the cold day, but now, when the glorious gospel is preached in all its fulness, like the sun shining in its strength, the place is too hot for them; they cannot stand it, and so they flee away." Some of these leading men, however, afterwards returned; amongst them Mr. M., the subject of many papers inserted in the *Standard*, commencing with the first number of the first volume, entitled, "A Saint Indeed."

A remarkable occurrence took place some years after this. One morning Mrs. G. had got the children ready for school, but before they went, as was her custom when her husband was from home, she kneeled down and commended them to God in prayer. She was led that morning in a particular way to beg that God's will might be done. "Thy will be done" cut short her prayers. She seemed unable to say another word, and so sent the children off to school. The words, "Thy will be done," kept running through her mind; neither could she get rid of them the whole of the morning. At noon the children returned, and as the dinner was not ready, one of them, a boy about ten years old, asked his mother for a piece of bread and butter. This she gave to him, kissing his hand at the time; upon which the boy ran off to play. A little while before this, a butcher had come to the house to buy, or take away a calf, and had left his horse and cart standing at the door. It was not long before there arose a cry that the horse and cart had run away. In a moment it flashed across Mrs. Gadsby's mind, "My John will be killed!" She told her daughter to see if all the children were safe. They were all mustered with the exception of John. It appeared that in his play he had got up into the cart, when the horse set off at full speed. On the way the boy saw his father coming along with another man, when at once he jumped out, and was killed on the spot, his brains being dashed out with the force of the concussion. Thus he was brought home to his mother a mangled bleeding corpse. Now was the power of God displayed, and in a manner that excited the astonishment of all around. Her neighbors expected to see her wring her hands in frantic grief; and were offended at her apparent apathy. But it was not apathy or want of feeling; it was the powerful voice of the Lord she heard in her innermost soul, that quieted and sustained her, and enabled her to drink the bitter cup, with the feeling, "Not my will, but thine be done." She could not grieve and fret; she felt raised above everything earthly, and was, as it were, swallowed up in the will of God. This blessed and supernatural feeling remained with her for days, while her conduct on this occasion ever remained a mystery to many.

She was a woman much given to prayer. "Take it to the Lord," or, "Is anything too hard for thee? Bring it unto me," would generally be the answer, if consulted by a child of God on any difficult or perplexing matter. The salvation of her children was much on her heart; and many were the prayers and tears offered up to God on their behalf. The word of God, too, was her delight. She

both loved and revered the Bible. One she had, which was very old, but much esteemed, as she had had many a feast out of it, which endeared the very copy itself to her. She used to call it her "cradle Bible," as she kept it in the cradle while her children were infants.

She was remarkably quick in perceiving any deviation from a straightforward course of conduct; and when she saw anything wrong she would be sure to speak.

There could be no bribing her to keep silence. An instance of this occurred in the early part of her experience. She was invited by a female member of the church, who lived in the country some two or three miles distant, to take tea with her. She accordingly went in company with another female member. They had not been in the house long, when Mrs. Gadsby asked her friend who had gone with her, to take a walk with her in the garden. She then said to her, "I cannot stay here; there is something wrong." Her friend expostulated with her, and said it would look so strange to go away now they had come to tea. "It does not matter," said Mrs. Gadsby, "I'll neither eat nor drink in this place;" and she kept her word, and immediately returned home. It afterwards turned out that this very woman who had invited them to her house was at the same time living in adultery.

Mrs. Gadsby, in relating this circumstance said, she could not account for the feeling that came over her mind; but so it was; she seemed moved by a sudden impulse.

She deeply felt her own helplessness and dependence on the Lord, and would often say, "If the Lord were to leave me, I should fall and bring a disgrace on the cause. We are only kept as the Lord keeps us." Death had no terrors for her; and for the last year or two of her life I think I never saw her without her referring to the subject, and expressing her readiness and desire to depart. She longed to have done with all below, and to be for ever with the Lord. Her desire was, that if it were the will of God, she might die suddenly; and this her desire was fulfilled. On Lord's day, April 13th, she appeared to be much favored in her soul, and spoke in a particular manner of her death, as if it were near at hand, though at the time she was enjoying her usual excellent health and spirits. On the following Tuesday, about ten o'clock in the morning, she went for a walk into the fields about a mile distant, and returned to her son's house, where she had been staying for a week or two. Before taking off her bonnet she sat down for a few minutes, when she was seized with apoplexy. She was at once taken upstairs; and there she lay as in a deep and quiet sleep, till Friday morning, when she breathed her last in this vale of tears. She suffered no bodily pain, and thus in every sense of the word her end was peace. Her soul, like a shock of corn fully ripe, was gathered into the garner.

Truly the memory of the just is blessed. May my last end be like hers.

Thus, my dear Friend, I have given you a few particulars of this highly-favored woman.—I remain, Yours, for Christ's sake,
Godmanchester, June 23, 1856.

W. B.

R E V I E W .

Salvation by Grace, the Substance of a Sermon from 1 Cor. xv. 10, preached at the High Chapel, Helmsley Blackmoor, Yorkshire, on Lord's Day evening, October 14th, 1855. By William Tiptaft. London: J. Gadsby, George-yard, Bouverie-street. Price Twopence.

There was a race of ministers in the Church of England in the last century, to whom, as far at least as our observation extends, there seems to be no present parallel. Toplady, Berridge, Romaine, Newton, and, at a somewhat later period, Hawker, were men who experimentally knew and warmly loved the truth of God—men, blessed in life and death, and though differing in gifts and abilities, as well as in their experience of the power of the gospel, all honored instruments of spiritual good to the church of Christ.

It is not for us to deny that there are men now in the Establishment who preach the truth, at least in the letter, and perhaps with some degree of usefulness; but where is Toplady's holy fervor, Berridge's gracious experience, Romaine's life and walk of faith, Newton's affectionate warmth and tenderness, Hawker's unction and savor? In a word, where is now the power of godliness that rested on, and specially marked out not only the men whom we have named, but others also, their less known fellow-servants and fellow-laborers in the gospel of the grace of God? The fire that glowed in their bosoms seems well nigh burned out; and now, amidst heaps of dead formality, and what is far worse, Jesuitical Puseyism, there remain here and there but a few ashes, in which one would fain hope there may be still some smouldering embers, though the flame, at least to our eye, is not very distinctly visible.

Among these saints and servants of God, who in the last century waved the banner of salvation from a Church pulpit, Dr. Conyers, of Helmsley, Yorkshire, may well find a place. As he left, we believe, no permanent record of himself by his writings, we are indebted partly to tradition, but principally to a funeral sermon preached on his decease by his intimate friend John Newton, for what is known of him. We therefore have but few materials from which to form a judgment of him, either as a saint or a servant of God; but if Newton's estimate of his grace and gifts be true, he would seem to have been "a burning and a shining light."

As we think it probable that many of our readers may not have seen the sermon, the following extract may not be unacceptable to them :

"When he entered upon his ministry at his beloved Helmsley in Yorkshire, he found the place ignorant and dissolute to a proverb. At this early period of his life he feared God, and he hated wickedness. With much zeal and diligence he attempted the reformation of his parish, which was of great extent, and divided into several hamlets. He preached frequently in them all. He encouraged his parishioners to come to his house. He distributed them into little companies, that he might instruct them with more convenience. He met them in rotation by appointment. In this manner, long before he fully understood that gospel of God which of late years he so successfully imparted to you, I have been assured that he often preached and exhorted publicly, or more privately, twenty times a week. These labors were not in vain. A

great, visible, and almost universal reformation took place. About the time I am speaking of, a clergyman in his neighborhood made very honorable mention of Mr. Conyers, in a letter to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, (which I have seen in print,) as perhaps the most exemplary, indefatigable, and successful parochial minister in the kingdom; yet, in the midst of applause and apparent success, he was far from being satisfied with himself. He did what he could; he did more than most others; but he felt there was something still wanting, though for a time he knew not what; but he was desirous to know; he studied the Scriptures, and prayed to the Father of lights. They who thus seek shall surely find. Important consequences often follow from a sudden involuntary turn of thought. One day an expression of St. Paul's, 'The unsearchable riches of Christ,' engaged his attention. He had often read the passage, but never noticed the word 'unsearchable' before. The gospel, in his view of it, had appeared plain, and within his comprehension; but the apostle spoke of it as containing something that was unsearchable. A conclusion therefore forced itself upon him, that the idea he had hitherto affixed to the word gospel could not be the same with that of the apostle. From this beginning he was soon led to perceive that his whole scheme was essentially defective, that his people, however outwardly reformed, were not converted. He now felt himself a sinner, and felt his need of faith in a Saviour, in a manner he had never done before. Thus he was brought, with the apostle, to account his former gain but loss. The unsearchable riches of Christ opened to his mind, he received power to believe, his perplexities were removed, and he rejoiced 'with joy unspeakable, and full of glory.' He presently told his people, with that amiable simplicity which so strongly marked his character, that though he had endeavored to show them the way of salvation, he had misled them; that what both he and they had been building was not upon the right foundation. He from that time preached 'Jesus Christ, and Him crucified,' as the only ground of hope for sinners, and the only source from whence they could derive wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. The Lord so blessed his word, that the greater part of the people who were most attached to him soon adopted his views, and many more were successively added to them."

Biographers, who are themselves but slenderly acquainted with a work of grace, are almost sure to slur over a good experience, and suppress, cast out, or soften down all its salient points and primest features. A deep law-work looks to them like so much lunacy, and a striking deliverance to border on enthusiasm, or to arise from some peculiar mental organisation or preternatural excitement; and therefore out it goes lest it should prejudice people's minds, or what is worse—the sale of the book. This valley is too deep, and this hill too high. Level them to the usual smoothness and evenness of the ordinary turnpike-road. People will get frightened if you lead them to think that it is necessary to feel any terrors in religion, or experience any joys. You may just hint that there have been now and then good people who have been very much tried and distressed, and, as they thought, very much comforted; but their mind was not quite evenly balanced, and besides that, they were peculiar cases—out of the common line of things. It is in this way that many writers of the lives of God's peculiar people manage to rub out the most striking points and blessed features of their experience. "Paint me just as I am—with all the warts on my face," said Oliver Cromwell to a court-painter who was meditating a handsome likeness of the great Protector. Religious biographers, like the court-painter, would soften down or leave out what they think are warts on the faces of God's people; but what are really the best and most marked features

of their experience. We strongly suspect that this has been the case with the account left us of Dr. Conyers, and that there was a deeper, clearer, and more powerful work upon his conscience than Newton was either aware of, or has softened down lest it should terrify the people to whom he preached his funeral sermon.

The following account from another source, though much softened down, carries in its bosom some strong hints that the Lord handled the conscience of Dr. Conyers more severely and blessed him more sensibly and powerfully than Newton's funeral sermon represents.* Newton says nothing of any work on his conscience previous to his reading Eph. iii. 8, but the following extract from another work shows the matter quite differently:

"On reading Luke vi. 26, 'Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you! for so did their fathers to the false prophets,' a flash of conviction darted into his soul. He was honored by general approbation; the rancorous fury of calumny had not interrupted his repose, nor had he to contend with the virulence of persecuting opposition. He was, therefore, apparently included in the tremendous denunciation. Yet hoping, by additional punctuality in the discharge of his duties, to calm his mental perturbation, he conducted himself with great propriety, fasted more frequently, and used sometimes, at the altar in the church, to sign with his own blood, in a most solemn manner, his resolutions to devote the remains of his life to the service of God, and to render himself acceptable to heaven by peculiar sanctity."

Depend upon it there was something pretty deep at work in his conscience when, in that most solemn spot as he considered "the altar in the church," he signed a covenant with his own blood to live to the service of God.

His deliverance also shines forth more clearly in the following extract from the same work:

"While reading the lesson for the day in the public service at the Church, the expression of St. Paul (Eph. iii. 8), 'The unsearchable riches of Christ,' made a deep impression upon his mind. On this Scripture he was involuntarily led to reflect—'*The unsearchable riches of Christ*' I never found! I never knew that there were 'unsearchable riches in Him!' Accustomed to consider the Gospel as extremely simple and intelligible, he was surprised that the apostle should assert that the riches of Christ were 'unsearchable;' immediately he concluded that his sentiments and experience must be entirely dissimilar to those of the apostle. Deep convictions accompanied these reflections, and his trouble was not a little increased by considering that if he himself was wrong in the fundamental articles of religion, he must also, by his mode of preaching, have misguided his flock, to the great prejudice of their souls. At length the sorrowful sighing of the prisoner was attended with success, and on the 25th of December, 1758, while walking in his room, in a pensive frame, he was led to contemplate those two passages of Scripture,—Heb. ix. 22, 'Without shedding of blood there is no remission,' and John i. 7, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.' The mists of ignorance were instantaneously dissipated, and finding that he could centre

* The following extract of a letter of Dr. Conyers to Lady Huntingdon will show that the kingdom of God had been set up in his heart:

"I hope I shall meet you in heaven; we shall ail nothing there—nothing can keep us asunder there. O thou adorable Lord Jesus, hasten thy kingdom! My heart just pants after that blessed time when all the elect of God shall be gathered together—when I shall see Him whom my soul loves eye to eye. I humbly beg your prayers that I may be strengthened through grace, and, happily triumphant over every evil, may gain an admission into my heavenly Father's kingdom."

his hopes in the atoning blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ, he became the immediate partaker of real and ineffable joy."

"I went upstairs and down again, (said he) backward and forwards in my room, clapping my hands for joy, and crying out, 'I have found Him—I have found Him—I have found Him, whom my soul loveth,' and for a little time as the apostle said, 'whether in the body or out of it I could hardly tell.'"—*Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon.*

Now just compare the few words at the end of the above extract—what we may call "the sweet little bit" written by himself, with the account given by the writer. Look how the court-painter comes in with his miserable brush to soften down and paint out the strongest features of the work of grace. "At length the sorrowful sighing of the prisoner was attended with success." "Walking in his room in a pensive frame he was led to contemplate." Why, the man durst not say "God heard his cries and groans;" nor that "the Holy Ghost applied two passages of Scripture with divine power to his soul." And yet no doubt it was so, for all his "contemplating" the word of God, from Genesis to Revelation, would never have brought such peace and joy into his soul as he himself speaks of.

We often see, at least it was frequently seen in those days, that the Lord wisely permitted those whom he meant to teach by his grace, to do all that they could previously do in the strength of self. Berridge, for six years at Stapleford and for two at Everton, labored with all his might to work sanctification into the hearts and lives of his parishioners; but to his surprise and grief, "the wicked continued wicked still; the careless continued careless still." So Conyers found it at Helmsley. Though he washed them well with nitre, and took much soap, yet the Helmsley leopards would not change their spots, nor his Yorkshire Ethiopians their skin; nor could he, with all his toil, pull his parish or indeed himself, to the top of Labour-in-vain Hill. When, however, having himself experienced the power and sweetness of sovereign grace, he began to preach what he himself had tasted, felt, and handled of the good word of God, the blessed Spirit condescended to apply the word to the hearts of many of his hearers, and to gather out a goodly number of living souls. After laboring some years at Helmsley, Mr. Thornton, the well-known benevolent London merchant, of whom John Newton said, "that the Lord had given him, (like Solomon,) largeness of heart as the sand on the sea-shore;" and whose sister he had married, presented him with the living of St. Paul's, Deptford. This step, John Berridge, in a letter to Mr. Thornton, condemned as altogether wrong. "It has been a matter of surprise to me," he writes, in a letter to Mr. Thornton, "how Mr. Conyers could accept of Deptford living; and how Mr. Thornton could present him to it. The Lord says, 'Woe to the idol shepherd that leaveth his flock.' Is not Helmsley flock, and a choice flock too, left—left altogether; and left in the hands not of shepherds to feed, but of wolves to devour them? Has not lucre led him to Deptford, and has not a family connection overruled your private judgment?"

But man in all these matters is but a short-sighted being. Dr. Conyers did not enjoy much comfort or happiness at Deptford, from a constitutional infirmity; and if Mr. Thornton was induced to remove him near London, with a view of greater usefulness than at Helmsley, the same infirmity must have much disappointed him likewise.

The following extract will show what havoc in a man's own comfort, and a minister's labors, a loose string, as it were, in the system can make in that frame of ours which is so wonderfully and curiously made :

"He had a continual hurry and flutter upon his spirits, the effects of which were unaccountable to those who knew not the cause. Taken in different views, he might be considered as very happy or very uncomfortable at the same instant. In the most important sense, he was a happy man. He had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, enjoyed much of the light of his countenance, and had no perplexing doubts respecting either his acceptance in the Beloved, or his perseverance in grace. Yet, through the agitation of his spirits, he spent his days, and almost every hour, in trepidation and alarm. The slightest incidents were sufficient to fill him with fears, which, though he knew to be groundless, he could not overcome. But upon no occasions did he suffer more from these painful feelings, than when he had public preaching in prospect. When he met his people at home, he usually found pleasure and liberty, unless he observed some new faces. But the sight of a stranger, especially if he knew or suspected him to be a minister, would sometimes distress him greatly and almost disable him from speaking. It may seem very extraordinary that a man of the first abilities as a preacher, highly respected, and honored with eminent usefulness, should be intimidated by the presence of those who were much his inferiors. But such was his burden, which neither reflection nor resolution could remove. Perhaps there have been martyrs, who approached the rack or the stake with less distressing sensations; than he has frequently felt when about to enter upon his otherwise delightful work.*

But the Lord did not leave his flock at Helmsley as Dr. Conyers did. As his successor by law was not his successor in grace, those of his people who attached no sanctity to gothic windows, and valued the presence of God more than the consecration of a bishop, abandoned to the moles and the bats, the walls and roofs of the parish church under which they had hitherto sat, and erected a chapel which, as the good hand of the Lord was with them, they subsequently enlarged. A greater minister than Dr. Conyers (may we say, without disparagement, than ten such?) preached in the chapel to about six hundred hearers, gathered, no doubt, from a wide circuit, thirty years after Dr. Conyers left the open heaths and wild moors of Yorkshire for the smoke and stir of Deptford. Need we add that we mean "the immortal Coalheaver," to whose name and memory we set up in our last Number a faint tribute of affectionate respect and admiration? Mr. Turner, better known by his late residence, Sunderland, and much esteemed both as a preacher and

* John Newton, though a good man, was not deeply exercised either as a saint or as a servant of God. He might therefore have misunderstood, for we may be sure he would not have misrepresented, Dr. Conyers' exercises about preaching; but as it was not so much the feeling of standing up in the name of God which terrified him as the sight of a stranger, we are inclined to think that it was more an infirmity of nerve than soul exercise which filled him with such apprehensions.

writer by those who love experimental truth, being recommended to Helmsley by Mr. Huntington, labored there for some years; and after his removal to Sunderland, occasionally visited it during the greater part of his ministerial life.

And now our friend, Mr. Tiptaft, who was led in the providence of God to pay the friends there a visit, has been induced to publish a sermon which was preached in that chapel, and from the preface to which, in addition to other sources, we have borrowed a few particulars of the preceding sketch. The following extract tells, in a few simple words, how he was induced to send the sermon forth :

“The following sermon, being written more than two months after it was preached, may be considered rather as the substance of it. An aged friend, with whom I was staying, said he should like to see the sermon in print. I felt life and power in my soul whilst preaching, and some of the friends expressed that they were favored in hearing; but I did not think of publishing the sermon till I received a letter from Hull, from Mr. S., requesting me to send him my reasons for leaving the Church of England, and any of my sermons I might have, as he had tried to obtain sermons of mine in London, and was disappointed. This request from Hull, with similar requests at different times, and the desire of my friend to see this sermon in print, which had not been expressed of any other, although I had preached many sermons previously in the chapel, induce me to send the sermon to the press.”

The sermon, if, dropping the natural partiality of a friend, we may express our opinion of it with the freedom of a reviewer, strikes us as resembling a picture which must be examined closely and minutely, and looked at again and again from various points of view, before what it represents, with all the nice lines and touches that give it force and truth, comes fully out. Sometimes we read a sermon, think it very good, admire the language and expressions, and pronounce it an excellent discourse; but, somehow or other, we never care to look at it again; or, if we do, almost wonder how we could have liked it so well at first. At another time, we meet with a sermon of quite a different stamp, glance hastily over it, think little of it, and lay it down. But, perhaps under some trial or temptation, or under some peculiar frame of mind, we take up the same sermon again, and then it opens up to us in quite a new light, and appears to read quite differently. The more we then look at it, read, and study it, the better we think of it; and the more the solid substantial truth of God appears to shine forth in it. This, we think, is much the case with Mr. Gadsby's sermons that were taken down and published in “The Penny Pulpit.” We think little of them perhaps at the first reading, and they seem hardly worthy of his great name and reputation as a preacher. But when we read them a second time, their weight and solidity, which escaped us at the first reading, come to view. Compare one of Mr. Gadsby's sermons with one of Mr. Spurgeon's best, and poor old Gadsby's language seems tame and flat compared with this bright youth's flash and glare. But read Gadsby again, and you will see that his sermon is like the gold of a sober wedding ring, and the other like the rings on the finger of a Jewess—mere Birmingham jewellery, the gold gilded brass, the diamonds Bristol stones.

In the sermon before us there are no brilliant periods, no poetical language, no striking figures, no quotations from Shakspeare; in a word, nothing of that tinsel oratory which attracts admiring crowds, and almost turns a chapel into a theatre. Read carelessly, and merely glanced through, the sermon may not seem to be very striking. But let it be read carefully and prayerfully, and every sentence weighed and examined as in the court of conscience, and it will be found solid and weighty, and very discriminating and heart-searching. The sentences are for the most part short and pointed; and the way to read it properly is to take them one by one, and hold them to the heart as if so many dagger points. Read in this way the opening sentences:

“What a solemn consideration it is that we all have never-dying souls! A little time will sweep us all into the grave, and where will our souls be? We are fit to die, or we are not. All that die without the grace of God in their hearts, are sure to be in hell. Is my soul quickened? Am I born again? Has my soul longed to know and feel the cleansing blood of Jesus? Are my sins pardoned? Am I justified freely by God's grace? What is my real state before God? What a solemn subject is death with eternity in view! Who amongst you all here present have real and blessed evidences that your souls are quickened, and that you are not dead in trespasses and sins, that you have been led to seek Christ sorrowing, and Christ has been found, and you can express how precious He is to your souls, and how much you love Him? You that are careless about your souls, with no real desires for mercy and pardon through the blood of Christ, if you live and die as you are, where will your souls be in a thousand years, in a million years, and for ever and ever? If you die destitute of grace, you will hear, when standing before the judgment seat, ‘Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire;’ and those blessed with grace will hear, ‘Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.’”

In the same way how separating and probing are the following sentences? Exeter Hall would be soon stripped if these sharp, short questions sounded as a trumpet in the ears of its present crowds, who are more admiring the oratorical powers of a man than longing to experience the mighty power of God:

“The most important matter with us is, what are we? By the grace of God have we been stopped in our blind zeal as Pharisees, or have we been plucked as brands out of the fire, as profligates? Can we hope that the grace of God hath quickened us? Are we in the narrow path to life? How dwelleth the love of God in us? Can we hope that by grace we have broken hearts and contrite spirits? Can we tell what God has done for our souls? Are we anxious to say with David, ‘Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul?’ The Scriptures do not give any encouragement to those professing religion who have no soul trouble; they are out of the secret; they fear not God, nor will he show unto them His covenant for their comfort and encouragement. ‘If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?’ If you are not amongst those who are calling upon God to bless their souls, or amongst those who are calling upon their souls to bless God, I would by no means deceive you. Such are strangers to vital godliness, whether they profess religion or not. If they profess, they have the form without the power—a name to live whilst dead in sin; for if your souls were really quickened, you would surely pray and cry for mercy, and would earnestly ask God to bless your souls. There is a great difference between a babe in grace and a father in Christ; but both are safe as they stand in the glorious covenant of God, ordered in all things and sure.”

We can only add our sincere desire that the God of all grace

would bless the sermon preached at Helmsley, as much as He blessed that which was preached in the Great Church, Abingdon, on Christmas Day, 1829, the fifth edition of which has been lately sent abroad by the same publisher.

A believer's heel may be bruised, but his vital parts are out of reach, and therefore safe.—*Elisha Coles.*

God is jealous—jealous of his glory and worship, and jealous for his people and their security. He cannot long bear the oppressions of his people, and the boasts of their enemies.—*Charnock.*

Christ belongeth to sinners as sinners; he receiveth sinners as sinners; yea, he ascended on high to give gifts to the rebellious; therefore there is no qualification required in men that believe in Christ; no, nor doth unbelief debar a man from Christ; it only excludeth him from the experimental knowledge that Christ is his.—*Rutherford.*

As if a man should pretend that his great design is to prepare himself for a voyage unto a far country, where is his patrimony and his inheritance, but all his thoughts and contrivances are about some few trifles, which, if indeed he intend his voyage, he must leave behind him, and of his main design he scarce thinketh at all; so we all profess that we are bound for heaven, immortality, and glory; but is it any evidence we really design it, if all our thoughts are consumed about the trifles of this world, which we must leave behind us, and if we have only occasional thoughts of things above?—*Owen.*

How very blessed is the consideration that, both in the life that now is and in that which is to come, all the revelations of God in his Trinity of Persons, will be in and through our Christ. We shall have communion with Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, in all things that our then full-ripened faculties are capable of sustaining for everlasting blessedness, holiness, and glory; but all in him, and through him, and by him, whose union with our nature will reveal the whole through that nature, and render the whole indescribably sweet and precious.—*Hawker.*

Christ, when he came, found us all captives under governors and tutors, that is to say, shut up and holden in prison under the law. What doth he then? Although he be lord of the law, and therefore the law hath no authority or power over him, (for he is the Son of God,) yet of his own accord he maketh himself *subject to the law.* Here the law executeth upon him all the jurisdiction it had over us. It accuseth and terrifieth us also. It maketh us subject to sin, death, the wrath of God, and with his sentence condemneth us. And this it doth by good right; "for we are all sinners, and by nature the children of wrath." Contrariwise, Christ did no sin, "neither was there any guilt found in his mouth." Therefore he was not subject to the law. Yet notwithstanding, the law was no less cruel against this innocent, righteous, and blessed Lamb, than it was against us cursed and condemned sinners.—*Luther.*

P O E T R Y.

SILVER AND GOLD.

“Silver and gold have I none.”—Acts iii. 6.

The apostle was poor, yet with wealth did abound;
The riches of Christ he through mercy had found;
The free gift of God, and a treasure untold,
A portion far better than silver or gold.

The joy of the Lord was the strength of his heart;
To him did the Spirit his comforts impart.
Supports such as these had made his mind bold,
For O, they were better than silver or gold.

He slept in the prison, fast bound in his chains;
His soul though was free, forgetful of pains;
He knew—though his life through malice was sold,—
His Saviour had bought him, not with silver and gold.

He knew that the glory which soon shall appear,
Would make him amends for all he felt here;
He knew he belong'd to the sheep of Christ's fold,
And this was far better than silver or gold.

The silver and gold, they belong to the Lord;
The earth and all in it he made by his word;
But, alas! they are few, if the truth must be told,
Who his glory prefer before silver and gold.

The silver and gold which so many adore,
Will fail at the last, and leave their souls poor;
When death seizes on them, and loosens their hold,
What good will then do them their silver and gold?

The silver and gold, like time, have their wings;
They are here, and are gone, like treacherous things;
But grace will remain, and can never wax old;
How much is it better than silver and gold.

The children of God, when guided aright,
Do hunger and thirst after Jesus, their light;
But when faith declines, and love waxes cold,
'Tis then their hearts cling to the silver and gold.

'Tis not wrong to be rich; 'tis not wrong to be poor;
To one God gives less, to another gives more;
But O! it is well, when our knell shall be toll'd,
To have used to his glory the silver and gold.

May 11th, 1855.

W.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

Could the wisest of men, with an angel of light,
To utter Christ's love their vast powers unite;
Their mightiest efforts too feeble would prove,
To express, or conceive, his unsearchable love.

'What prompted God's equal, anointed dear Sou,
To consult, and consent, before time began;
In the fulness of time to descend from above?
'Twas pure, unmingled, spontaneous love.

What was it induced him in flesh to appear,
 To lost helpless sinners true likeness to bear;
 In privation and sorrow, through this world to rove?
 Moved, sustain'd, and upheld by unquenchable love.

What led him so freely his life to resign,
 To pour out his soul as a ransom for mine?
 This wondrous transaction for ever must prove,
 Salvation flows surely from sovereign love.

In weakness he died, but with power he rose;
 Sin, death, law, or justice, could no more oppose;
 Thence all he represented shall certainly prove
 Grace and glory connected with his dying love.

When to heaven the Lord did in glory ascend,
 And all his sore conflicts did finally end;
 He sent down the Spirit of grace from above,
 Evincing thereby his unchangeable love.

Now he is exalted, and reigns on his throne,
 He commissions his servants his love to make known;
 And still does his Spirit on dead sinners move,
 Their souls to revive by Omnipotent love.

Though sorrow and suffering he no more can know,
 He still intercedes for his people below;
 In temptations and troubles he'll cause them to prove
 His divine, sympathising, immutable love.

A theme so exalted, so deep, and so grand,
 Jehovah himself can alone understand;
 But long as eternity's ages shall move,
 All his saints shall enjoy inexhaustible love.

March 24th, 1856.

KELTSO.

Early in the morning, while it was yet dark, the angel removed the stone, so that Mary and the apostles might look into the sepulchre; and unless the angel of the covenant remove the stone from our hearts, we can never look into Christ's sepulchre with an eye of faith, nor undoubtedly believe the resurrection.—*Featley*.

In the fourteenth of Exodus, the Lord speaketh unto Moses at the Red Sea, saying, "Why cryest thou unto me?" Yet Moses cried not, but trembled and almost despaired, for he was in great trouble. It seemed that infidelity reigned in him and not faith. For he saw the people of Israel so compassed and enclosed with the Egyptian host and with the sea, that there was no way whereby they might escape. Here Moses durst not once open his mouth. How then did he cry? We must not judge therefore according to the feeling of our own heart, but according to the word of God, which teacheth us that the Holy Ghost is given to those that are afflicted, terrified, and ready to despair, to raise them up and to comfort them, that they may not be overcome in their temptations and afflictions, but may overcome them, and yet not without great terrors and troubles.—*Luther*.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

No. 250. OCTOBER 1, 1856. VOL. XXII.

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

PERILOUS TIMES.

“This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come.”

—2 Tim. iii. 1.

The occasion of my writing upon this important subject, which particularly concerns the church of God, is as follows. I have for some time, at certain seasons, been deeply impressed, and I really believe that the impression comes from God, that there is a black cloud hanging over the nation in which we live, and that it is ready to burst, much nearer than many are aware of. Twice I had a very clear view of it, and the impression never altogether leaves me. This very morning, while lying in bed, I had a view of it, and the words which I have written out of Timothy's Epistle came to my mind.

I feel very unfit for the work if I look to myself; but I have in a small measure learnt that it does not at all depend upon me but upon the Holy Spirit, who is to guide us into all truth. I have, therefore, cried to him, and do expect that he will bring me through this little work; and I pray that it may be made a blessing both to myself and others; and he shall have all the glory.

Paul was shortly going to suffer martyrdom for the truth's sake, as he tells Timothy: “For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.” What the Lord reveals to him, he tells to his son Timothy, who was to succeed him, for Paul never had shunned to declare the whole counsel of God. He tells him to “endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ,” and not to entangle himself with the affairs of this life. That the apostle himself “endured all things for the elect's sake” is clear, and also to “study to show himself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.” He tells him of the vessels of “gold and of silver,” by which he means God's elect; and of “wood and of earth,” by which he means reprobates; and exhorts him to keep clear of the latter: “If a man, therefore, purge himself from these, he shall be a vessel unto honor, sanctified and meet for the Master's use, and prepared unto every good work.” He also exhorts him to “flee youthful lusts,” and to “follow righteousness, faith, charity, peace, with those that call on the Lord out of a pure heart;” and tells him to “avoid foolish and unlearned questions.” This same advice he gives to Titus, and tells him what

these questions are, namely, "about the law;" for, says Paul, "they engender strife," and "the servant of the Lord must not strive," &c.

"This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come."

My text naturally divides itself into three heads:

I. What we are to understand here by these *last days*.

II. The *perilous times*.

III. The *certainty* of them; for Paul does not say they may, but they shall come.

I never felt more reluctant to attend to any one thing that I ever wrote, nor more unfit for it than I do in this case; but, as the text came in the way I have related, I am looking to the Lord for wisdom, seeing he gives it liberally to them that ask it and upbraideth not.

I. The *last days*. The term "last days" in scripture sometimes means the end of a man's life; hence you read that Jacob called unto his sons, and said, "Gather yourselves together, that I may tell you that which shall befall you in the last days." But this is not the meaning of our text; because these perilous times all do not see in or toward the close of their natural life.

Again. By last days we may understand when God's wrath will be poured forth upon the ungodly; for this will certainly take place. Hence James encourages some under cruel oppression to wait, to be patient, for the coming of the Lord, seeing the Judge standeth before the door; and he tells the rich that they have heaped treasure together "for the last days."

Again. By last days, we may understand from the incarnation of Christ to the close of time. Hence Paul says, "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son."

But what I understand in our text of these last days is, a very heavy affliction that will come on the church of God, and the last that ever will take place before the universal spread of the gospel.

II. This shall bring me, therefore, to the second thing proposed, namely, to treat about *perilous times*.

If we look at the generality of men in a profession of the truth, they appear fast asleep as it respects these perilous times, or they see everything going on well. The gospel to them appears in a flourishing state. But we certainly are going into a dark night. Perilous times are coming on faster and faster; every thing to pave the way for the man of sin. Iniquity abounds, and the love of many waxes cold. There are great divisions and much strife also amongst real saints, and very little real love. The apostle Paul gives us a melancholy account of what will take place, as it respects the professing world at large, as in 2 Tim. iii. 2. You there see what wickedness may be carried on under the mask of religion. There is something very particular in the word "form." It shows that in appearance it is like the power; whereas, such are said to deny the power. The form of a thing must be exactly like it, or it cannot be the form. Now, this form of godliness certainly consists in sound words. Hence Paul says, "Hold fast the form of sound words."

But this may be and is held by numbers without the power. Paul speaks of the speech of some that were puffed up, and says, "When I come, I am determined not to know their speech;" no, that was clear enough; "but the power; for the kingdom of God stands not in word, but in power." Nothing is more deceiving than this; for if a man comes forth with undeniable truth, we conclude that such a man has the experience of that truth. Of such were the foolish virgins, and the man without the wedding garment, neither of which was discovered by the saints; for there is a fictitious work of Satan which we may call his master-piece, and that is, his counterfeiting God's work to deceive his chosen family. Hence it is that numbers get into churches, and continue for years before they are made manifest. See how far Alexander the coppersmith went, even to endure persecution, and after all blasphemed Paul and his doctrine. Demas also, who went back, having loved this present evil world. Hymenæus and Philetus too, who said that the resurrection was passed already, and overthrew the faith of some. Nicholas also, as recorded in the Acts, a proselyte of Antioch, who was chosen by the rest as a man full of the Holy Ghost, but who afterwards justified a plurality of wives, which our Lord in the Revelation declared that he hated. All these, and more that might be mentioned, show us how far men may go. I know that a man may preach truth so clearly that none can find him out, and continue so doing for years; yea, and be very zealous in behalf of that truth, and have great gifts and abilities to set it forth, and after all be dead in trespasses and sins, a mere minister of the letter, with the one talent. What will it avail you and me, reader, if we come ever so nigh to truth, if it has not a place in our hearts and affections?

It will be a perilous time when open persecution takes place. You and I have long been favored. The nation in which we live has been blessed for a number of years with the pure gospel. Many noble champions there have been, and some few there still are, who declare the whole counsel of God. We are not sensible of our privileges as a church and people, neither shall we be till these perilous times come. It is very easy when things slide on easily, to say, "I could part with all for Christ;" but no man can tell what he can do till the trial come. O Sirs, it is no easy thing to be separated from our families, and come to the stake for Christ! Nature is a strong tie; life is sweet. To be persecuted in a secret way is very trying; to be hated of all men, reproached, reviled; for false witnesses to arise against us, speaking all manner of evil against us; I say, this is very trying; and when, at the same time, God hides his face and suffers the devil to torment us, as David says, "The enemy persecuted my soul;" O how trying is this! Yet how much greater must outward persecution be when the Lord withdraws himself; for such are deprived of their secret places of retirement that they used to be favored with, and also of hearing the word. If you will read carefully Fox's Book of Martyrs and all other accounts, such as the Inquisition and England's Bloody Tribunal, you will see what man is capable of, if God give him wholly up to the devil. But why do

I refer my reader to such accounts? If thou hast had much inward teaching from God to know thy own heart, thou wilt wonder at nothing that may take place; for out of the heart proceed murder, blasphemies, and every branch of deception and wickedness.

Again. That perilous times are coming, see how Popery itself is advancing and making head. See the Popish schools, how many there are; and how zealous the Papists are in furthering Satan's cause. And as it respects the church of God itself, it is in a divided state. They are opposing one another. Such strife, such contention, such divisions as were, I suppose, never known before; "biting and devouring one another, through pride, vainglory, and highmindedness." If such things are not an introduction to these perilous times, I am greatly deceived.

But again. The cruel outward oppression which the poor laborer under is beyond expression, poor men laboring hard and cannot get half enough to eat, while those they work for are rolling in wealth, and daily oppressing the very instruments that are the outward cause of all their riches.

Again. Look at the heads of the nation, and what pattern are they? What good example do they set the public at large? None, unless adultery, debauchery, and all kinds of vice is a good example. Say you, "You are a Jacobin;" but a man is not a Jacobin merely because he opposes vice in the higher powers. If rulers are a terror to good works, their conduct may be opposed. I am not to wink at their wickedness, and say nothing for fear of being called a Jacobin. God forbid! If David be guilty of murder, it is abominable, and I am, as a Christian, to oppose such things. See Gadsby's Sermon about the Queen,—a very good work.

But again. The oppression there is in men's dealings. Every advantage is taken by shopkeepers, almost universally. They will ask you a third part more than the thing is worth, and after taking so much less, make a good living and carry a high head. They will cheat you also in weight and measure and yet belong to churches,—tell you they are converted to God, have been baptized, go to the Lord's table, and so on; and yet are in union with the world, and never were in heart out of it.

Now, all these things show us that perilous times will come, and that we are entering into them; for this nation that has so long been highly favored with the Gospel in the power of it, abounds in all manner of wickedness. The word perilous is not mentioned in any other part of the Scriptures. It takes in all kinds of sufferings that appears to endanger natural life.

I never can tell nor write as I see things at times; and I do believe it is in God's light. The Arminian denies God's election of sovereignty, and rejects the imputed righteousness of Christ. The Antinomian denies the fruits of grace and all good works. The Sandemanian denies the Spirit's work in the heart. The Arian denies the Trinity, or Three Persons in one God. The Unitarian believes that God the Father acts in three office characters, but denies three persons. The Established Church in general is resting

in a form of prayer, while her preachers are little better than heathens. The bastard Calvinists are trusting to the letter of sound truth; and thus every thing looks blacker and blacker.

By perilous times we are to understand these six things. Times of great calamity; times of great distress; times of great trouble to the church of God; times in which God's enemies will triumph; times that will bring matters to a decision who is on the Lord's side; and times in which many lives will be lost for the truth's sake. I once heard a man preach from this text: "The sun was risen upon the earth when Lot entered into Zoar;" and he made four observations which I like much, viz.: "1. Public evils ought to excite in the minds of God's people personal concern; 2. When sinners have filled up the measure of their iniquity, God's judgments will inevitably come to pass; 3. Outward appearances being favorable is no argument against a near approach of danger; 4. The Lord provides a place of safety for his people, when he pours forth the fierceness of his wrath upon the ungodly, as was the case with Lot;" four beautiful remarks. You see what times of calamity have been, and how careful the Lord was to inform some of his people of them, as Abraham respecting the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, and Noah about the deluge.

There are very dreadful denunciations in the book of Deuteronomy (xxxii.) against rebellious Israel for their idolatry, perverseness, unbelief, and hardness of heart. Read the chapter very carefully over. Now, these were God's people by national adoption, and had long been highly favored; but their vile abominations at last brought down the righteous judgments of God upon their heads. O Britain! Britain! that has so long been highly favored of God with the pure Gospel, "Do ye thus requite the Lord?" Have we, as a nation, a stone to cast at Israel? No! Our sins are of a black, aggravating nature beyond all expression, and will surely bring on perilous or calamitous times.

Again. In many parts of holy writ, we are told that the calamity of the wicked will be a very sudden thing; the change for the worse will come suddenly so as greatly to surprise them. Hence the following texts: "Behold, I come as a thief," &c.; "And when they shall say, Peace and safety, sudden destruction cometh upon them as travail upon a woman with child, and they shall not escape." How suddenly the deluge came down upon the old world, and how suddenly destruction upon Sodom. It was a fine morning when Lot entered into Zoar, and after that, fire and brimstone rained in torrents from heaven. And so I might instance Babylon, and other nations, how suddenly their judgments took place; and you and I know not how very nigh we may be to these perilous times of calamity. We do well to be upon the watch: "What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch!" The Gospel, that once was in a flourishing state in our country, has dwindled away and is at a low ebb. A form of godliness is substituted in its place, and damnable errors abound; and if any conduct can be worse than this I am greatly deceived. I am writing about us as a guilty land and nation. I

believe there are a few, and but few comparatively, who declare the whole counsel of God, but they are despised and abhorred of men universally, as it ever was.

Now, for all these distresses that I have referred to, and many more recorded in the Bible, to come upon a nation, and you and I as individuals to have no God to go to, O how dreadful! Yet this was King Saul's case. When God left him, he disguised himself and went to the witch of Endor, and she brought up Samuel by Saul's desire. Mr. H. believed it was not Samuel, and I believe the same; for Satan's power is not so great as to disturb a prophet of the Lord, to gratify an enemy when God leaves him. However, this Samuel is said to speak to Saul; and Saul tells him that he is sore distressed; for, says he, "The Philistines make war against me, and God is departed from me, and answereth me no more, neither by prophets nor by dreams." Such distress and wrath were also poured upon the Jewish nation for their wilful rejection of the Lord Jesus Christ, which was foretold by our Lord to his disciples: "For there shall be great distress in the land, and wrath upon this people." Now, this was not the case with David. When he was greatly distressed, when Ziklag was burned, his wives taken, and the people spake of stoning him, he encouraged himself in the Lord his God, and inquired of him. Let the distress of God's people be never so great, they have a God to go to; and therefore the Lord says to them, "Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee. Hide thyself as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast; for, behold, the Lord cometh out of his place to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity."

Again. The church of God in all ages has been subject to sore afflictions. They have many enemies, seen and unseen. Every corruption in their own hearts is an enemy, and they are innumerable. All the fallen angels are their enemies. All ungodly men, whether openly profane or in a profession of religion, with all their hosts of iniquity working in them, are all bitter enemies. Now, when God permits perilous times to come, Satan is then suffered to rage openly. He blows the fire up and sets all his allies at work against Zion, the church of God; for they are his only enemies, being united to the Son of God, who destroyed him that had the power of death, that is the devil. The martyrs at Smithfield, and also in Scotland, were witnesses to this enemy's wrath; and do you suppose that the nature of man is altered, and that Satan never can go such lengths again? If you do, it is because you are greatly in the dark. Depend upon it, they only want power given them, and they are all ready, furnished by the devil, who is unwearied in all blood and slaughter. The Lord preserve this nation, if it be his will. But really everything appears very black. These Papists are incarnate devils. They will creep a little at a time, and cringe, till they get into power, and then perilous times will come on the church of God. As for all our great light of the Gospel in the present day that is talked so much about, it is nothing to prevent this; for grace only can keep and preserve us.

Where is there a nation that has been so highly favored as we

have for many years? We have been preserved and protected from an invasion; we have abounded with a plentiful supply in providence; we have had liberty of conscience to worship God in his own way, sitting under our own vine and fig tree, none daring lawfully to make us afraid; we have been blest with the pure Gospel; many noble champions have been raised up who have not shunned to declare the whole counsel of God, and who have stood firm in the truth for many years; are not these great favors? But what has been our return, as a nation, to God, for these favors? I answer with the prophet Isaiah: "The Lord looked for judgment, but behold oppression; for righteousness, but behold a cry." Therefore God says, "I will take away the hedge thereof, and it shall be eaten up." This hedge is God's blessing, care, and protection; as Satan told the Lord respecting Job, "Hast thou not made a hedge about him?" And so God did to Israel; but for their idolatry it was eaten up, for God removed the hedge, "and brake down the wall thereof;" that is, in plain English, "I will forsake them, and let their enemies triumph over them; I will not save them out of their hands as heretofore." Salvation is called a wall: "Salvation shall God appoint for walls and bulwarks;" and God is called a wall: "I will be a wall of fire round about them;" and so he was, and saved them from every foe. But he says, "I will take away the hedge and break down the wall, and it shall be trodden down. I will lay it waste;" that is, it shall be in a wilderness state, uncultivated. "It shall not be pruned;" that is, I will not cut off the luxurious branches, but let them grow; give man up to his own lusts. "Nor digged;" that is, leave them in a hard impenitent state. "And I will also command the clouds. (faithful laborers or clouds of witnesses,) that they rain no rain upon it." And has not the Lord removed valiant soldiers away from our nation, while there are none raised up to succeed them?

(To be continued.)

Bend not your eye so much on the peril and length of your passage, as on the longed-for shore that lies beyond it; and reckon the surges of that dreadful gulf which is yet betwixt you and it but as so many strokes to waft you thither.—*Elisha Coles.*

What! an unconverted man, and laugh! Shouldest thou see one singing merry songs, that is riding up Holborn to Tyburn, to be hanged for felony, wouldest thou not count him beside himself, if not worse? And yet thus it is with him that is for mirth, while he standeth condemned by the book of God for his trespasses.—*Bunyan.*

There is required hereunto an unsolicitousness about present affairs and human events. There is nothing given us in more strict charge in the scripture than that we should be careful in nothing, solicitous about nothing, take no thought for to-morrow, but commit all things unto the sovereign disposal of our God and Father, who hath taken all these things into his own care. But so is it come to pass, through the vanity of the minds of men, that what should be nothing unto them, is almost their all.—*Owen.*

THE DEW OF HERMON.

Dear Friend,—If you are disengaged, we shall be glad to see you at chapel, and if you come we hope the Lord may manifest his presence, his blessing, and his love, which he has commanded on Mount Zion, to refresh the plants of his own right hand planting, known and felt as comparable to dew, or the dew of Hermon; but it includes “life for evermore!” O that we could feel it more powerfully in our souls; but if it is there at all, it is an unspeakable mercy; for then God is our friend for ever. He sees and knows every minute circumstance that attends our path. Are we afflicted in body? He knows all about that. Are we poor? He knows all about that. Are we desirous that our hands should find suitable employment? He knows all about that. Are we desirous of labor for the good of souls? He knows all about that. Indeed, naked and open unto him are all things with whom we have to do. Is not this a consolation in all thy ponderings? I have been exercised for about 40 years as to how I should get through the world with credit, to pay my way and provide for my family; but I can say, “Hitherto the Lord hath helped me.” It is 40 years this year since I experienced what Mr. Hart speaks of,

“I looked for hell, he brought me heaven,”

after two years’ heavy soul trouble. Many changes, troubles, and tribulations I have experienced since that time, and am still exercised in various ways, day by day, and at times ready to say, “All these things are against me.” The following words were very seasonable to me some years back: “He sent his word and healed them, and delivered them from their destructions.” And this I have proved many times in my experience.

“This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith;” so all that are of faith are blessed with faithful Abraham. They live by faith; they walk by faith; they fight by faith; and when the battle is at an end, they shall have salvation to the full, yes, fulness of pleasures, for evermore. Our God is the God of salvation:

“The faith that unites to the Lamb,
And brings such salvation as this,
Is more than mere notion or name;
The work of God’s Spirit it is.”

O that this faith were more known and more extensively preached! But infidelity seems to be on the increase. Nevertheless, “she that hath looked forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun,” will ultimately be “terrible as an army with banners.” The Lord will hasten it in his time.

I must leave you to think over this scrawl, and remain wishing you and yours all needful good,

W. B.

The gains, profits, and benefits of a throne of grace are infinite; it is the most lucrative branch of all the high, holy, and heavenly calling. Drop this trade, and beggary is sure to follow.—*Huntington.*

A PELICAN IN THE WILDERNESS.

Dear Friend in the Lord,—From my prison-house I look through the bars of iron and gates of brass. I thought that you had forgotten us altogether, as you have been so long absent; but we are a poor, helpless, mournful, unworthy people, and not worthy of the ever-blessed God to send his dear servants to speak to us.

I am sure you will not be offended at receiving a few words which the Lord will enable me to pen, concerning my soul-travail since I saw you last. I have no visions or revelations to speak of, but sighs and groans, for I am chastened every night and scourged all the day long. I am no sooner out of one prison than I am fast in the stocks in another; though, blessed be the Lord, I am not altogether left. My old master is so offended because I have left his army, that he is always bringing fresh indictments against me. It was the Lord's blessed will to permit the enemy to lead me into a very exceeding high mountain, which I hinted to you when I saw you last; and having to come down again, I have found that I have occasion for the faith of Abraham and the patience of Job, which I feel myself almost destitute of. Well might one of old, say, "Woe is me, that I am constrained to dwell in Meshech, and to have my habitation amongst the tents of Kedar." When the Lord was pleased to send Mr. P. into his vineyard, to cut the twigs that sprouted too high, I found it a pruning time indeed; though I have found since that all things work together for good to them that fear God. I have sometimes had scarcely power to rise from my seat when the sermon was over; but the Lord did not let him leave me there; for after he had made the sore he brought the balm of Gilead. While I was coming down this hill the beasts of the forest came so thickly upon me that I quite expected that I should have been swallowed up, and the pit would have shut its mouth upon me; and enemies within and without all seemed ready to have the great shout against me! Poor worm! I was not aware that I was to have such trials, for I may say that for six months the sword was in the land, and the cloud over the tabernacle. I here learnt what David meant when he 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." Here I have been for weeks together, all landmarks being covered, while a vile and polluted heart has been rolling and wallowing in all evil; and when I have gone to prayer, if prayer I may call it, I have had to encounter a sort of experience which I have not heard from the pulpit. I have had black men before my eyes with large white teeth, making all manner of gestures at me; and I have got up from my knees, fearful that the Lord would smite me for my presumption. The professors of the day were all ready to taunt me; for I had not held my peace in the day of prosperity, when the Lord was pleased to open my eyes and understanding. My trade was almost gone, and

poverty stared me in the face; while a great professor prophesied that I should soon be in the world again, which grieved my soul to the uttermost.

When the Lord was pleased to break upon my soul again, it was at O—— chapel, under a sermon from 1 Sam. ii. The minister did not confine himself to one verse, but took the whole chapter; and when he came to these words, "Talk no more so exceeding proudly; let not arrogancy come out of your mouth; for the Lord is a God of knowledge, and by him actions are weighed," here my soul, in a transport of joy, I really thought would have left her tabernacle of clay. I cannot explain the love, joy, and peace I had for a long time; and the words were ready to burst out of my mouth. At times, for a week afterwards, the peace of my mind was past all understanding. The Sun of Righteousness arose with healing in his wings, and the beasts of the forest gat them into their dens; and from that time, in various sermons under the same minister, the Lord often showed me wonderful things in righteousness; and such power accompanied the word that I have been lost in wonder and amazement, that the living God should be merciful to such an unworthy worm, even when I have been so fretful and so impatient.

But the enemy has returned upon me with double fury, and imprisoned me. I am at this moment groaning under the yoke. He has brought forth my first experience as not genuine, and tells me I cannot prove it by Scripture, and that the Free-willers will prove to be the children of God at last. I have sometimes stopped the fury raging in my breast with Luke xi. 42. I hope that the Lord will reveal the secret in his own time, after I have been well sifted, and learnt more of my vile and polluted heart. No man can describe the tremendous trials of a poor worm in these dark seasons. I have heard you dissect the heart in a wonderful manner, and Mr. P. and Mr. S. show the depravity of our nature; but you cannot have such a one as mine; for I was permitted to go into such a deplorable length of sin. I have heard Mr. P. compare it to thrusting a mountain down with one's little finger; but it is a great blessing to have Moses to touch the rock, and the water to gush out, if it is only for a passing draught; and then go on our way again in such hot and parching times. And blessed and praised be his holy name that sitteth in the highest heavens, he bestows a few drops upon his unworthy, disobedient, polluted worm. His word stands for ever. "No man having drunk old wine desireth new, for he says the old is better." "Thus saith the Lord, I remember the kindness of thy youth, and the love of thy espousals when thou wentest after me in the wilderness;" but O, this pride of my heart will break forth. When the Lord is pleased to enlarge my heart, I am apt to break out in praise; and how can I help it when I see the wonderful mercies of a covenant God; when I have a hope springing out of the veil? But I have no cause to repine when I see the Lord's dear ministers cut up as I saw you on the 21st. When I got into chapel Mr. K. was giving

out the 285th hymn, and my knees smote together, for I could not think what was the matter.

“To see thy saints in mourning clad,
And foes by their distress made glad.”

My soul sank within me. But when you began your sermon, you went into my soul-trouble, and the dear Lord was pleased to bless the word to my heart.

Paul was willing to be spent for the church's sake; and, my dear father in the Lord, you have your share of it also; but thy God will give thee thy reward; and thy enemies shall be found liars against thee. O these blessed words of the dear servant of the Lord when he took his leave of Israel. I have had them applied with sweet power; and when I came to chapel last Lord's Day, and heard you read David's words, “Bless the Lord, O my soul,” and was convinced by your prayer that you had tasted of the cluster of grapes from the brook Eschol, my heart was glad within me.

I am oftentimes present with you in spirit, though absent many miles in body. But I hope you are well. Forgive my pride, vanity, and foolishness.

I have been reading honest J. Warburton's Experience, and it appears as a lantern to my feet. I can go with him, on page 17, though I was not relieved under any minister. It was in my own chamber that Joseph made himself known to me. O the love, joy, and peace I enjoyed, and the trouble I had to make the people believe it; for, like Mr. Warburton, I thought every person that went to chapel was a child of God; and I used to put such questions to them that thy could not bear to see me at last.

J. C.

“Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto him.” (Heb. vii. 25.) And what is the uttermost? Nay, what is it not? Stretch your imagination to the greatest extent of the horizon, in heaven or earth, if there be any bound to that thought, then it is not the uttermost, for the thought will reach farther. Hence the beauty of this scripture lies in this, that the uttermost to which Christ saves, is himself, without bottom and without shore.—*Hawker*.

All the sufferings, troubles, and afflictions of our Saviour's life served to make him an experienced Physician and Priest of his people; and to this end he underwent all pains and sorrows, and waded through all the heaviest oppressions and temptations, that he might feel how near they touch a weak soul, how deep they pierce and wound, and how bitter and sad they make every human creature's life. To prove this truly, it became necessary that the Lord Jesus should be lower than the angels, and take on him a nature inferior to theirs, that being made capable of suffering death, and of enduring death, and of enduring all afflictions, he might be a suitable person for all in distress to apply to; and who, from a feeling of their infirmities, might pity them when they were tempted.—*Cennick*.

THE WORK OF FAITH WITH POWER.

Dear Brother in Christ Jesus,—Grace, mercy, and peace, be multiplied to you.

Pardon the liberty I have taken in addressing you by letter. Three pieces of your poetry and your letter have fallen into my hands; the reading of which has been attended with a divine unction to my soul, which has knit my heart to you as one who has obtained like precious faith with myself. The contents of your letter I am sure are what you have felt, tasted, and handled of the words both of life and death; death by the law, and life by the gospel; or you could not have handled the subject in so masterly a manner. Had it not been your own real experience, such knowledge, my brother, would have been too wonderful for you, as it is for fools; but you know that every fool will be meddling. Such set up their own wisdom as a standard, lest all wisdom should die with them; and by so doing prove that they are destitute of that wisdom which cometh from above; for Job says that God “counselleth them that are without wisdom.” The law, you observe, does nothing but alarm the conscience. It is the blessed Spirit of God that gives the wound which none but Christ can heal. At the same time there is faith wrought in the heart to believe that Christ is a Saviour, all-sufficient to save; and, as you observe, the Spirit sets the soul longing and looking for him; and the sinner is led to him in all his hopes and expectations. Light has entered; and where light has entered Christ has entered; for Christ says, “I am the light;” but there are, as you say, many seasons of passing by the window of the prison, and standing behind the wall, before faith is permitted to catch hold of the object, so as to hold him and not let him go. Nevertheless, Christ is there in light and power, and faith shall succeed at last. The porter shall receive the word of command to let the prisoner of hope go forth, by the blood of the everlasting covenant; whereby justice lets his prisoners go free, and then they are free indeed, and shall never more be shut up in this prison. It is, however, not until the Spirit operates as a Spirit of love, and liberty is proclaimed to the captives, and faith embraces Christ as her surety, that every faculty of the soul bows to Christ as her prophet, priest, and king, while the banner of everlasting love is displayed. This it is, indeed, that crowns the work.

May you and I know more and more of this love in all its sweetest operations, assimilating our souls unto his likeness who is all and in all, that, beholding his glory, we may be changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of our living God.

I shall esteem an answer to this letter a favor; and when it is well with you I would entreat you to remember,

Your sincere Friend, and Sister in Christ,

Old House, July 5, 1798.

M. HOOPER.

[Mrs. Hooper was an attached friend and hearer of Mr. Jenkins, of Lewes.—Ed.]

MY CUP RUNNETH OVER.

Dear Cousin,—I feel assured you will be happy to hear what the Lord has done for my soul. It was Whit-Sunday when I went to your house, and I prayed much to the Lord that as it was the day of Pentecost, he would baptize me with the Holy Ghost. On that day I was much blessed.

I cannot find language to express to you how I spent the next fortnight,—a foretaste of heaven, a finished salvation, exalted above measure, and a laying hold of all the precious promises. It was made clear to me by that still small voice, over and over again, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." I can take up my Bible now, and view all the promises as my own as sure as if my name were written by the side of each.

O how shall I describe the wonderful love and peace of God that was dropped into my heart? My soul was filled to the brim; my cup of bliss was running over. I thought to myself, "Surely, if I am to remain in this blessed state, the Lord will soon take me home." I thought all the demons in the bottomless pit should never tempt me to cast away my confidence again. I was like David when he said, "Thou hast made my mountain to stand strong. I shall never be removed." Since then many little clouds have come over me; but my Father has not left me without a witness. I thank the Lord I feel a great deadness to the world. Old things are certainly passed away; behold, all things have become new. O let me be interested in your prayers, that the Lord may strengthen such as I to stand; and "let him who thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

July 15th, 1844.

M. A. G.

The smell of a carcase is not so offensive to the nostrils as the stench of gluttony, drunkenness, and uncleanness, in which the wicked wallow, which is loathsome to God and all good men.—*Featley.*

Why doth Paul call the book of Genesis the Law, seeing that book containeth nothing at all concerning the law; and especially that place which he allegeth, speaketh not of any law, but only containeth a plain history of Abraham's two children? Paul is wont to call the first book of Moses the law after the manner of the Jews; which, although it contain no law besides the law of circumcision, but principally teacheth faith, and witnesseth that the patriarchs pleased God because of their faith; yet the Jews notwithstanding, because of the law of circumcision therein contained, called the book of Genesis, with the rest of the books of Moses, the law. So did Paul, himself also being a Jew. And Christ, under the name of the law, comprehendeth not only the books of Moses, but also the Psalms: "But it is, that the word might be fulfilled which is written in their law: they hated me without a cause." (John xv., Psalm xxxv. 19.)—*Luther.*

COUNT IT ALL JOY WHEN YE FALL INTO DIVERS TEMPTATIONS.

My dear Sister in Jesus,—I was very glad to receive a letter from you, but have felt much my own inability to answer it. Ever since I saw you I have been in great soul trouble. The Lord has hidden himself, and I have had fresh views of the depths of iniquity within. It is a special mercy, dear sister, to have the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves. “We were alive without the law once, but when the commandment came, sin revived, and we died.” This death is only experienced by those who are alive to God, those who live by faith on the Son of God, and renounce all hope in themselves; and in this sense, “precious in the sight of the Lord, is the death of his saints.”

It has pleased the Lord, in his infinite wisdom, to permit Satan to attack my soul very furiously of late. He went to the full length of his chain, but now I can see and feel that temptation is really profitable to the soul. It drives the child of God to its Father; it gives matter for prayer, need for prayer, and importunity in prayer. Necessity being laid upon the soul, it is led to earnest watchfulness and continual waiting for the promised help. A sense of danger, and a consciousness of creature helplessness, lead to a firm dependence on divine power. “Just and right are thy ways, thou King of saints.”

The Lord knows how to deal with his children; and though we do not always like his discipline, yet the end will convince us that all things work together for good, to those who love God.

I feel it a great privilege, my dear sister, to have met with you in this vale of tears; feeling persuaded that you have experienced the work of God's Spirit, that you, in common with all the elect, are subject to many changes, finding this world a waste howling wilderness, and looking for a city whose builder and maker is God. I felt a sweet union of soul to you when you were here, because I could see in you a likeness to my Lord; and I trust, if we here felt a love to each other for his dear sake, that it may be abundantly strengthened and confirmed. I often feel astonished that the Lord's people should love me, for I feel so very vile and unworthy; but I conclude they do not love me for anything that I am in myself, but for what I am in Christ.

I am this day prevented attending the means of grace by bodily affliction, having an attack of erysipelas. I have thought much of poor Job, how Satan was permitted to afflict him, and yet the Lord designed it all for his good; and he proved the Lord to be faithful and merciful, “too wise to err, and too good to be unkind.”

I shall be very pleased to hear from you again, if this is worth answering. I would send something better if I could, but all my sufficiency is of God.

I remain in true affection, yours, for Christ's sake,

D—, May 1, 1854.

A. L. E.

THE WELL IN THE VALLEY OF BACA.

My dear Friend,—Doubtless you have heard of some of the trials that have overtaken me in this dreary valley, such that I never witnessed before; and surely it has been a way that I knew not; but mercies have marked every stage of it, yea, it is through mercy I am not consumed.

I cannot describe my feelings, while passing through the trials. I have not yet explored the end of this valley. The funeral of my dear partner was no sooner over than my dear little babe was taken in convulsions, and lay in them for more than a fortnight. The agonizing feelings of my mind at this stage are past description, seeing the little infant suffer in such a manner, and left without a mother; but my gracious God released her from her pain on Friday last. On Monday morning my dear boy was taken very ill, and still is very ill indeed. You see that mine is wave upon wave, billow upon billow. I am not yet at the end of Achor's gloomy vale; yet a door of hope is opened and some sweet comforting promises have been spoken home to my heart by the blessed Spirit, so that hitherto I have been borne up under my sorrows.

I am much obliged to you for the kind feelings expressed in your letter. I hope you will excuse my not writing before, as I have not been able to write to any one.

Yours in Tribulation,

Bradford, Aug. 8th, 1849.

J. H. S.

The daily cross, the rod, and the furnace, lay a firm foundation for continual joy; for these are the peculiar lot of God's darlings; and all that escape the furnace are out of God's choice; such as miss the rod are base born; and all that fail of the daily cross are not in the footsteps of the flock.—*Huntington*.

If it were possible that tears could be in heaven, the humble saints that are there could not see Christ reach out a crown to set on their head but they would weep, and hold away their head; yea, the glorified are ashamed to bear a crown of glory on their head when they look Christ in the face, and so they cannot but cast down their crowns before the throne.—*Rutherford*.

Where a true repentance is, the soul hungers and thirsts after righteousness, and mourns for a Saviour, and will not be comforted without him. They leave all their sins, and hate the very places where they have done amiss; and beside a sense of their original sin, or sinful nature, their hardness of heart and filthy state weighs them down so that they can forget to eat; but day and night, in bed or up, their heart and soul cries out for mercy till they get mercy. This is a repentance not to be repented of. To be sorry for a season, and then go back again as a dog to his vomit, or the washed sow to wallow in the mire, is at best but a dog's repentance, and the nature is not changed nor the heart altered nor softened in the blood of Christ at all.—*Cennick*.

OBITUARY.

JAMES WESTALL, OF ACCRINGTON, LANCASHIRE.

The subject of the following memoir was born in Oswaldtwistle, near Accrington, of poor parents, and, like most in those circumstances, was set to work when very young; consequently he received very little education, only from the Sunday-school, which was amongst the associated Baptists of that place. He was even then of a very solid, quiet disposition, and was not left to fall into the same depths of sin that some are, and was therefore considered a very promising boy; but alas! he possessed a sinful heart, though at that time he knew very little about it. So he grew in the Sunday school, and maintained a good moral conduct (which is very commendable), till he was about twenty years of age, when the Lord began to show him the evil of his own heart. Like most of the Lord's family, he then began to work out a righteousness of his own, but he always found he got further from that perfection which he aimed at; yet still he tried and tried again, till the law was brought home to his conscience with a "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them." He found no relief from the ministry he sat under at the time, although he was a strict attendant on the means of grace at the place; and he has often told us how he wandered about in the greatest distress, finding to his sorrow that all his righteousness was as filthy rags, and every prop knocked from under him, till it pleased the Lord in his Providence that the late Mr. Gadsby came to Accrington in June, 1836. James often told us how he was led to describe his state and situation at that time; in short, he said that he was the first man that showed him where he stood. From that time he began to attend the little cause latterly opened at Accrington, but was some time before he was feelingly delivered from the law; but after much exercise of mind in prayer, and waiting before the Lord (as he said in his last illness), he was praying in his own room, when he was led into the sufferings of Christ Jesus, and by faith he saw him on the tree, when these words, "My Lord and my God," were powerfully brought to his mind; and in an instant he was completely free from that burden that had been so long on his soul, and has often said he thought he must have died under his feelings at that time. He could now rejoice in a crucified Redeemer; but this frame of mind did not last very long. He had to descend from the mount, and was sometimes left in darkness; but regularly sitting under the word, he grew in knowledge and a love of the truth as it is in Jesus. He now became a teacher in the Sunday school, and was much admired by the friends as a steady, sensible young man. At last, with much diffidence, he came before the Church in November, 1837, and was enabled to tell something of the goodness of the Lord to his soul. He was unanimously admitted as a candidate for baptism, which took place at Accrington, December 3rd, 1837, and he became from

that time, to the day of his death, a very useful member of the church, and an ornament to the cause of truth in that place.

It was often observed by the friends that there was something more about him than most of the Lord's family. He was so sedate and sensible, far above his years, and there was always a weight in his sayings that had an effect upon the mind, that it was therefore plain to some that the Lord was preparing him for the work of the ministry; so as time went on, he grew in the word till June, 1841, when he was called on by the Church to exercise his gift in speaking before them; but, being weighed down with a sense of his own sinfulness and inability, he did not say much at that time, and begged to be let alone a little longer. So the matter lay over for twelve months or more, when he was again called upon; and from that time he went out more or less, but often supplied at home. He was much approved of, as he always dwelt much upon a work in the heart by the Holy Spirit, producing its effects in the walk and conduct of the Lord's family; and those churches that had him to supply well know with what earnestness and sincerity he was enabled to advocate the truths of the Gospel, as it was his desire to be an instrument in the Lord's hands for the benefit and comfort of Zion, so far as the Lord would enable him to speak faithfully and honestly what he had tasted, handled, and felt. Though he had not that eloquent manner of delivery that some have, yet there was often an unction and power in his words that commanded attention and respect from his audience. The last time he went from home to preach was to supply at Rochdale for Mr. Kershaw, he being at Accrington preaching their anniversary sermon in August, 1855. James was very poorly and weak at the time; but having previously promised to go he said he would try. But from that time he got weaker, and went to the sea side, but all to no purpose; a consumption was fixed in his system; and he still got weaker, till he was confined at home. As winter came on he tried all the means he was able for his recovery, but of no avail. He began now to see that his departure was at hand, and often said he felt quite resigned to the will of the Lord, whether for life or death, though at times the flesh would still cling to life. Having an old mother in part depending upon his support, he sometimes felt much for her, as he was greatly attached to her; but as his end drew nearer he was enabled to leave that matter entirely in the hands of the Lord. In a letter to a friend, where he used to supply, he writes as follows:—“Nov. 16, 1855. Dear Friend,—As things are at present it would be wrong for me to wish you to keep a Lord's-day open on my account, seeing I cannot report any real improvement in my health; therefore, if you can fill up with men of truth, do so, and the God of peace and of truth bless you. At present the Lord's way to me is in the sea, and his paths are in the deep waters, and his footsteps are not known; yet, though darkness be round about him, at times I feel a solemn trusting in him, believing that he both is doing and will do all things well. My dear friend, what a mercy to have a God to go to in the hour of need; the ungodly know nothing of these

favours. May the Lord bless you, both as a Church and individually, is the prayer of yours, &c.,

J. WESTALL."

During his confinement he was always glad when any of the friends called to see him, and would talk of his approaching end in a cool and solemn manner. To one he told that the doctor had been and examined him again, and said that his system was sinking; and there was no possibility of his recovery; so he asked him how long he might last. The doctor said he could not exactly say, but he could not last longer than March or beginning of April. But he said he was in the Lord's hands, and felt resigned to go at his bidding. On December 27, 1855, he wrote to the same friend as follows:

"Dear Friend,—Yours came to hand duly. I was very glad to hear from you, not only on account of the bounty that has dropped in so liberally during my present affliction, but also because I love to hear of your welfare. I cannot report any amendment in bodily health. I think there is a gradual wasting of the system. With respect to heavenly things I have been the subject of changes. I have had to experience darkness of mind and desertion of spirit, and felt afraid lest a wise and sovereign God would leave me to struggle with the last enemy alone. But of late my mind has been quiet and serene, believing that my strength shall be equal to my day. You will forgive the shortness of my letter, as my strength is exhausted; the cause of delay in writing has been my confinement in bed. May the Lord bless you with all those mercies to which you are heir by Christ Jesus, is the prayer of yours in truth and love,

"J. WESTALL."

In January, 1856, it became evident to him and his friends that his tabernacle was about to be dissolved, yet he was enabled to trust in the faithfulness of a covenant-keeping God, believing and feeling that he abideth faithful. A few days before his death he said to the writer of this, "Ah! I shall soon be better off than you;" he said he would, but we should regret the loss the Church would sustain, being so few in number. "Oh, no," he said, "I do not think you will suffer any loss by me; but if you do, your loss will be my infinite gain." Three days before his death he wrote a few lines to a friend, in which he says that he is now confined to his bed, and cannot last long in this world. But the truths which he preached to others in health were now his support on a dying bed. On the same day a friend called to see him, and found him in a solemn frame of mind, to whom he said he had no great rapture, but he felt his mind stayed upon the faithfulness of the Lord. The friend asked what portion of the word he must read for him. He said, "Read something about Jesus." After reading and engaging in prayer with him, James got him by the hand and said, "If I never see you again in this world, all will be right;" and with great composure he said again, "All will be right with both you and me." He continued in the same frame of mind, but got weaker and weaker in body till Tuesday, the 20th February, 1856, when he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, having borne

testimony to the truth in a very consistent manner, from being brought to it to the end of his pilgrimage here below. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

Accrington, April 14th, 1856.

ROBERT HINDLE.

INQUIRIES.

Dear Sir,—Is it right for a minister of God's truth to baptize an individual, by immersion, when he knows the same person to have previously been baptized, and also knows that he previously belonged to what are called the General Baptists?

By carrying such a principle out, do not we, as Particular Baptists, richly deserve the epithet of Anabaptists, or Re-baptizers?

Feb. 19th, 1856.

A CONSTANT READER.

ANSWER.

Our own view is this that if a person has been baptized, we mean of course by immersion, when in a state of nature, by General Baptists, the act is not valid. It was not an act of faith, it did not spring from the grace of God, nor did it meet, being but sin, (Rom. xiv. 23) his holy approbation. It was, therefore, in our judgment, as much invalid as infant sprinkling, and stands much upon the same footing; for assume that the infant was immersed, as was the custom formerly, we should not accept *that* as baptism, for want of faith in the recipient. If then an adult be baptized, by immersion, when in a state of unbelief, how does that differ from the immersion of a child? The point is not age, for a child of 8 or 9 years of age or younger, might believe and be baptized; but the possession or non-possession of faith in the person baptized.

If, then, a person came before our church, who in his own judgment had been baptized when dead in a profession, we should certainly think it right, we will not say to re-baptize him, because we consider the first baptism wholly null and void, but to baptize him like any other candidate.

But though baptized by General Baptists, if the person were at the *time of his baptism* a partaker of grace, and did it as an act of faith, we should not think it right to baptize him again.

Sir,—Is the Psalmist in the 19th Psalm speaking, in the first six verses, of the kingdom of grace, and can it be made to refer to the same with any propriety whatever; or is he extolling alone the wisdom, power, and mercy of God in his works of creation, as bringing glory to God?

A SEEKER AFTER TRUTH.

ANSWER.

We should say that David, in Psalm xix. 1—6, is speaking primarily of the glory of God as displayed in creation, and more especially in the sun and the starry heavens; but that he views these as emblems of the kingdom of grace and particularly of the gospel and its promulgation. It is evident that the apostle Paul so understood

and quotes the Psalm: "But I say, have they not heard? Yes verily, their sound went into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world." (Rom. x. 18.) Ministers of Christ are compared to stars; (Dan. xii. 3; Rev. i. 20;) for as the stars send forth their rays all over the earth, so do the servants of God scatter rays of light and truth over the darkness of an ungodly world. And as there is no speech or language where the voice of the stars of heaven is not heard, for their bright beams are so many tongues to proclaim the glory of their creation, so the servants of God at different periods have preached in well nigh every speech and language salvation by grace. It is as on the day of Pentecost: "Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judæa, and in Cappadocia, in Pontus, and Asia, Phrygia, and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians, we do hear them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God." (Acts ii. 9—11.) Thus "their line is gone through all the earth and their words to the end of the world." "In them too," that is, in these starry heavens as the emblems of the servants of God, "hath he set a tabernacle for the sun." This "tabernacle" is the gospel which they preach, which is as a tent—the dispensation of the gospel not being a house, an immovable fixture in heaven, (Heb. xi. 10; 2 Cor. v. 1,) but a tent to be taken down when the earth is burnt up; and in this tabernacle which contains, and yet veils the glory of Christ, hath he set the sun—the Sun of Righteousness, who "cometh forth, as the bridegroom" of the church out of his wedding chamber, to shine, and to be admired and loved by all believing eyes and hearts, "and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race," knowing he is certain of the victory. "His going forth," in the ancient covenant, in the counsels of eternity, when he said, "Lo, I come to do thy will, O God," (Psalm xl. 7, 8; Heb. x. 7,) was "from the end of heaven;" "and his circuit," in the acts of his doing and suffering humanity, has indeed been "unto the ends of it;" and when he shines into the soul, "there is nothing"—not one dark or cold corner, "hid from the heat thereof."

The explanation that we have given of these verses may appear to some far fetched and mystical. But before they reject it will they consider these three things, which our space does not allow us to elucidate? 1. The interpretation Paul has given (Heb. ii. 6—9) of Psalm viii., and whether they would not on the same grounds consider that interpretation mystical too? 2. The express quotation of verse 4 by Paul, and his express application of it to the gospel; (see Rom. x. 16—18;) and 3. The connection of the first six verses of the Psalm with verse 7, where the Psalmist most evidently speaks of the gospel as "the law of the Lord which is perfect, converting the soul."

Thus, though we consider the Psalmist is certainly speaking in the passage of the glory of God as manifested in the visible heavens, yet his main object seems to be to consider them as emblems of gospel grace and the display of the greater glory of their incarnate Creator.

REVIEW.

The Love, Wisdom, and Faithfulness of Jehovah, displayed in all his Dealings with his Children. By Thomas Dray, Minister of Robert Street Chapel, Brighton, Sussex. London: Houlston and Stoneman, Paternoster Row.

We do not notice this book from any love to, or approval of its contents, for we believe that, under the cover of much sound gospel truth, it labors to establish a pernicious error—the non-chastisement of believers for sin; nor do we draw attention to it from any admiration of the strength of its arguments, or the clearness of its style, for more loose statements or confused language it has rarely been our lot to read. But as there is something rather plausible to heady, inexperienced minds in the error itself, as it appears to be almost a natural conclusion from certain acknowledged gospel premisses, and as several lovers of truth have wished us to notice it, we have felt disposed to throw together some of the thoughts that have occurred to our mind upon the subject, in the hope that we may disentangle thereby some of those webs of sophistry which may have caught unstable souls, and even hold fast some of the living family of God.

The title and drift of the book widely differ; and thus there commences at the very outset the first link of that disingenuous chain of sophistical argument to which we have already alluded. The title is, “The Love, Wisdom, and Faithfulness of Jehovah, displayed in all his Dealings with his Children.”

Now we should say that “the love, wisdom, and faithfulness of Jehovah” are “displayed,” not in the non-chastisement of his children, but in the exact contrary; and that his “love” impels, his “wisdom” directs, and his “faithfulness” insures the rod for the very reason that they are not bastards but sons. The drift of the book, as we have already hinted, is to show that God does not chastise his people for sin, and that such a doctrine is derogatory to the finished work of Christ, and inconsistent with the full and free pardon of all transgressions past, present, and to come, through the blood of the Lamb.

As the author considers himself falsely accused of denying chastisement altogether, and must be supposed to know his own views best, we give, in all fairness, his own ideas in his own words. He thus opens his pamphlet:

“To Zion at large, I send greeting; and I can truly say, my only object in addressing you is the glory of a triune Jehovah, the good of his tried chosen people, and the setting forth a full finished salvation. And having of late been charged with asserting from the pulpit that the Lord does not chastise his people, which I deny in full, as a lie; but I do assert that the Lord does not chastise them for their sins, but all flowing from his superabounding love and mercy to chasten them from their sins; and that the Lord has not an eye to their sins, but that it is for their good and his glory.”

Such nice distinctions as chastising *from* sin and not *for* sin may serve to cover up error, but will never clear up or establish truth. The grand point, after all, is this. Does God *chastise* his people at all? and if he do chastise them, *why* does he chastise them? Is there not a cause? And is not this cause sin? Would he chastise them if they had no sin? A favorite argument with the advocates of this doctrine is, that all sin being completely put away by the blood of Christ, God sees no sin at all in the church to chastise. We can hardly gather from Mr. Dray's confused statements whether he holds this view or not, though he says (page 30):

"So then the man that will affirm that God see [sees] sin in the church must be blind to the mystery of the cross."

But how blind he must be himself to his own self-contradiction, to say with one breath that God sees no sin in the church, and with another that he chastises *from* sin! For if he see no sin in her, what is there to chastise? No one that knows and loves the truth of God believes that he chastises his children from penal, vindictive wrath, or that he proportions his stripes to their sins, or that he has any other end in view but their good and his glory. If his stripes are for sin, as we believe, they are not for sin in the same way as the just judgments of God and his eternal wrath are for the sins of the ungodly. Nor are they proportioned to the sins of his people, for it is quite to mistake the whole matter to argue, as Mr. Dray does, that if God chastise for sin, there is necessarily a proportion between the rod and the offence. Punishment is one thing, and is necessarily proportioned to the magnitude of the offence and the dignity of the offended party. Chastisement, by which in a gospel sense we understand fatherly chastisement is another, quite distinct from punishment, and demands no such proportion. The law punishes, the gospel chastises; a judge wields the sword, a father uses the rod; wrath, unmixed with mercy, sentences rebels; love, tempered by judgment, chastens children. If we be "blind to the mystery of the cross," is not Mr. Dray blind to the mystery of chastisement? We do not wish to speak harshly, but we own we are surprised, not so much at Mr. Dray's ignorance, as at his rash boldness in daring his opponents to the scriptural proof of chastisement for sin. Look at the following challenge:

"You now perhaps say, were not the Corinthians chastened for their sins? Where will you find it?"

We will tell you, 1 Cor. xi. 30, "*For this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep.*" What can be more plain than that their conduct at the Lord's supper was the *cause* of their bodily sickness, their tabernacle being afflicted because of their sin; and this is evident from what immediately follows: "For if we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged. But when we are judged, we are chastened of the Lord, that we should not be condemned with the world." (1 Cor. xi. 31, 32.) "If we would judge ourselves," says the apostle, "we should not be judged," that is, by these temporal judgments or afflictions, for self condemnation and confession would avert the rod. "But when we are judged," that is, when the

righteous Lord, viewing our transgressions, visits us with these blows of his hand, "we are (mercifully) chastened of him," and thus brought to repentance and confession, "that we might not be condemned," and judicially and eternally punished "with the" ungodly and unrepenting "world." In the whole compass of God's word there is not a clearer testimony to the chastisement of believers for sin than this passage which Mr. Dray has challenged his opponents to produce.

But chastisement for sin does not at all imply that it is not wholly put away, and fully and freely forgiven. It is a mistaking of the whole question to think that when we say God chastises his people for sin, we mean thereby that their sins are not freely pardoned, wholly put away, and completely blotted out, and that God's vindictive anger falls upon their transgressions. One of the most usual and successful, though not the most honest, modes of argument is to throw upon your adversary consequences which he denies. Thus the opponents of free grace charge us with the consequence that it leads to licentiousness. We deny the conclusion, and say that it is falsified by experience and fact. Similarly, the advocates of non-chastisement charge us with the consequences that we deny the full pardon of sin. We refuse their conclusion, and say that as free grace includes and produces good works, so full pardon of sin includes and produces chastisement, for if sin were not pardoned, it would not be chastised, but punished. But let us endeavor to gain a clearer conception of the whole question, for without clear ideas there can be no clear words. And to do this, let us examine certain points which contain the marrow of the subject.

1. Does God see sin at all in a believer? If it be answered, that sin is so perfectly put away by the atoning blood of the Son of God that the church stands before God without spot or blemish or any such thing, and therefore the eyes of Infinite Purity and Holiness see no sin in her, we partly admit, and partly deny the truth of that statement. As regards her eternal justification, covenant standing, and acceptance in the Beloved, it is a most blessed and glorious gospel truth that the Bride of Christ is "all fair, and that there is no spot in her." Washed in his blood, clothed in his righteousness, and sanctified by her participation of his holy humanity, the church stands unblameable in holiness before the eyes of God. But not so as regards the sin that dwelleth in her, that is, in her flesh during her pilgrimage state. Here is the grand mistake made by the advocates of the non-chastisement of believers. It does not follow because the church of God, as viewed in Christ, is spotless, that she is so in her own, or that she has no sins to draw down fatherly chastisement. The same kind and loving Father who says, "Fury is not in me," says also, "In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment." The same covenant God who declares, "My covenant will I not break," says, "I will visit their transgressions with the rod and their iniquities with stripes." (Psalm lxxxix 31, 32.) If sin is so wholly put away that it has become a "nonentity,"

as some assert, why should the church see, feel, or confess it? But her own confession is, "I am *black* but comely." (Song Sol. i. 5.) "Look not upon me, because I am *black*." We need not multiply quotations to prove that all the saints of God through the Scriptures have groaned under sin, which they could not and would not have done had they not felt its indwelling presence, its defiling filth, its amazing power, and its dreadful prevalence.

2. But the grand question is, not so much whether they see and feel it in themselves, as whether God sees it in them and *chastises them for it*. Take two scriptural instances to prove this. David sinned, foully sinned. Did God see no sin in him when he committed adultery and murder? We know that David stood complete in Christ. But did this completeness prevent the eye of God seeing his actual transgression? If it did, what means that word of the Holy Ghost, "The thing that David had done displeased the Lord?" (2 Sam. xi. 27.) Can any man who fears God, with this scripture staring him in the face, deny that God not only saw sin in David, but was displeased with it? And if displeased with it, was he not also displeased with David for it? And if he were displeased with David for it, and chastised David, as we know he did, first, by smiting his child with death, and then permitting Absalom to rise up against him, how can we deny that he chastised David *for sin*? It is plain that he chastised David, and it is evident that but for sin he would not have chastised him. We come, therefore, at once to this most certain conclusion, that he chastised him *for sin*. And if Mr. Dray deny this, and say, "No; it was not *for sin* but *from sin*;" we answer, "How could it be *from sin*, when the sin was past and gone, and its guilt put away?" It was not to keep David *from* fresh adultery and murder, but *for* the adultery and murder he had already committed. Hear the words of the Lord: "Now, therefore, the sword shall never depart from thine house; *because* thou hast despised me, and hast taken the wife of Uriah the Hittite to be thy wife." Observe that word "*because*," and see how it stands as it were out of the word of God, lifting up its voice as a witness to that most solemn truth that the Lord does chastise his people *for sin*. It was *because* he had already despised him, not that he might not despise him in future, that the sword was never to depart from his house. The instance of Solomon is as much to the point as that of David. We read (1 Kings xi. 6) that "he did evil in the sight of the Lord." Then, according to this testimony, God saw sin in him. And not only so, but the express testimony of the Holy Ghost is, that "the Lord was angry with Solomon because his heart was turned from the Lord God of Israel." (1 Kings xi. 9.) What next was the consequence of his transgression? Chastisement. "Wherefore the Lord said unto Solomon, Forasmuch as this is done of thee, and thou hast not kept my covenant and my statutes, which I have commanded thee, I will surely rend the kingdom from thee, and give it to thy servant." (1 Kings xi. 11.) What can be more clear than this sequence? Solomon sinned; God was angry; chas-

tisement came. Where in this chain is a faulty link? Now was this chastisement for sin, or from sin? or both? For both. It was to chasten *for* sin past, and to keep from sin future, for be it borne in mind that we fully hold chastisement *from* sin, as well as *for* sin. These two instances are worth a hundred, and are most undeniable examples from the word of God.

3. But the *positive declarations* of the Holy Ghost are as striking as the instances we have adduced to prove that God chastens his children for sin. What can exceed the clearness of the declaration in Psalm lxxxix.? "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." Where is anything said here about not chastising *for* sin, but *from* sin? "He will visit their transgressions with the rod and their iniquities with stripes." Two things are plain from these words. 1. That he sees their iniquities. 2. That he visits them (meaning, of course, his people for them) with stripes. If no iniquities, no stripes; if transgressions, the rod. We may quibble as long as we please about "for" and "from;" but here is the plain undeniable fact, that God visits transgression with the rod.

4. From the denial of non-chastisement for sin flow very *evil consequences*, and among them this not the least, that it nullifies the eternal distinction between good and evil, and makes it of little real moment whether a believer walk in obedience or disobedience. Thus Mr. Dray seems to think it is almost a matter of perfect indifference with God whether the believer sin or not; for he says (page 5):

"But again if the Lord afflict, the cause being sin, does not that embody that his blessings and frowns depend on my walk?"

And again (page 10):

"Then how can the sins and infirmities of the believer cause him (that is, God,) to frown, or their obedience cause him to smile? Is not such a thought legal, and embodying that his blessing depends on us?"

Can we accept such sentiments as these? And how evil must be the root which bears such evil fruit! Test these sentiments, however, by the infallible touch-stone, the word of God, bearing this in mind, to guide our judgment, that we can accept no conclusion drawn from a scriptural premiss, which conclusion contradicts a positive scripture declaration. Take two scripture examples to show whether a believer's sin never causes God to frown, and his obedience never causes him to smile. Abraham, in obedience to God's command, offers up Isaac, or at least goes so far in positive obedience as to take the knife to slay his son. Was this act of obedience pleasing or not in the sight of God? In other words, did it not make him smile? What was the Lord's own testimony from heaven, which we must accept as conclusive, whether it contradict Mr. Dray or not? "By myself have I sworn, saith the Lord, for because thou hast done this thing, and hast not withheld thy son, thine only son,

That in blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven, and as the sand which is upon the sea shore; and thy seed shall possess the gate of his enemies." (Gen. xxii. 16, 17.)

Again, Eli does not restrain his sons from open sin. Now we want to know whether Eli's conduct, when "his sons made themselves vile and he restrained them not," was displeasing to God or not? Was Eli's disobedience as acceptable to God as Abraham's obedience? Did God smile upon Abraham, and frown upon Eli? and if he did, why did he smile, and why did he frown? Turn the matter as much about as you may, you cannot evade this scriptural conclusion, that apart from their eternal acceptance, which depended neither on their obedience nor their disobedience, the conduct of one brought a smile, and the conduct of the other a frown. If Eli's sin was not displeasing, why did the Lord rebuke him; why slay his sons; why remove the high priesthood from his house? If the Lord were not displeased, why these tokens of his displeasure? And if it be answered, he was chastised not *for* sin but *from* sin, how could that be, when his sons still went on in sin, and he himself, though doubtless saved, died under a cloud? If the sins and infirmities of the believer never cause God to frown, what means that passage, "When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth; surely every man is vanity?" (Psalm xxxix. 11.) How clear, how express the language of the Holy Ghost, "When thou with rebukes dost correct man *for* iniquity!" Does it say "*for* iniquity," or "*from* iniquity?" And how dares any man who reveres God's word lift up his voice and say, "God does not chastise his people *FOR* sin," when this scripture stares him point blank in the face?

Again, the apostle says, "But I have all, and abound; I am full, having received of Epaphroditus the things which were sent from you, an odour of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well-pleasing to God." (Phil. iv. 18.) He there declares that the gifts sent him by Epaphroditus were "an odour of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well-pleasing to God." If words mean anything, these clearly declare that God was pleased with the kindness and liberality of the Philippian saints to his servant and apostle Paul. And if he were pleased with their obedience, did it not cause him to smile?* This sets up neither legality nor merit; touches neither the foundation of acceptance, nor the certainty of salvation. It was his own grace producing these fruits which was pleasing in God's sight. But if a believer's obedience never cause God to smile, what is the meaning of "walking worthy of the Lord to *all* pleasing," (Col. i. 10;) "of speaking not as *pleasing* men, but *God*;" (1 Thess. ii. 4;) "of doing those things which are *pleasing* in his sight?" (1 John iii. 22.) How came Enoch to "please God?" (Heb. xi. 5.) How came Samuel to tell Saul "that the Lord had delight in the obeying of the Lord?"

* When we say that God frowns or smiles, it is of course figurative and metaphorical language, simply meaning that he is pleased or displeased, smile; and frowns being indications of each in the human countenance.

(1 Sam. xv. 22.) And how came Paul to preach such doctrine as this, "But to do good and to communicate forget not; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased?" (Heb. xiii. 16.) Need we quote more passages to show how unscriptural it is to assert that a believer's obedience never makes God smile?

Again, to say that the sins and infirmities of believers never cause him to frown, is to contradict not only the testimony of God in the scriptures, but the experience of his saints from the first day that he had a saint on earth. Does God ever frown? Does he ever hide his face? Does he ever draw a cloud before his throne? Does he ever afflict in body, in family, in substance, in soul? Why, why, does he thus afflict his sons and daughters, but for sin? Whence those sighs and groans, those doubts and fears, that distress and anxiety, that sorrow and remorse, that self loathing and self abhorrence which rise up as so many clouds from the saints of God? Sin, horrid sin, causes all. But if it be a matter of perfect indifference whether they obey or disobey, all such feelings are not only superfluous, but deceptive and delusive. Such statements, to say the least, are unscriptural; and, but for that we would not bandy a misused term, might be called "Antinomian." We do not mean to insinuate for a single moment that Mr. Dray is Antinomian, either in principles or practice; but we do feel that he expresses himself in a loose, unscriptural manner. Like many other erroneous men, he does not seem to understand his own ideas, or at least wraps them up in a cloud of confusion. He says and unsays, asserts and denies, aims at everything and establishes nothing. We can understand spiritual argument, and we can understand natural argument; but we cannot understand a jumble of both. His premisses are right because spiritual; but his conclusions wrong because natural. We go all lengths with him when he speaks of the free and full justifications of the church, her completeness in Christ, and her security in him her covenant Head. When too he speaks of the pardoning love and the deliverance that it gives not only from the guilt but the power of it, he speaks in full accordance with scriptures and the experience of God's saints. But when he draws from these spiritual premisses the carnal conclusion that because sin is judicially put away, God sees none in the saints to chastise, and that all chastisement for sin is derogatory to the finished work of Christ, then we dispute and deny the value of his conclusion, and say it contradicts the whole tenor of scripture and the whole tenor of the experience of the saints. We were much struck with one expression in his book. He says (page 24):

"I feel if half the written Word appeared to say that sin was the cause of the Lord's afflicting a believer, I must set it down that I could not understand the meaning of the Spirit, and not ignorantly say with one breath that it was all poured out on the dear Lord and with the next breath say the believer is punished for the same thing in any way whatever."

How strong must an opinion be fixed in a man's mind who would not alter it, were half the written word against his view! It is as much as to say, "I have drawn a certain conclusion of my own from

a certain truth; and if half the word of God were to contradict this conclusion, I would hold it still." This may be logic, but it is not faith. Logic says, "God is one; therefore there cannot be three Persons in the Godhead." Faith says, "God is one; and yet the Persons are three." Logic says, "Christ is man, and therefore he cannot be God." Faith says, "Christ is man, but he is God too." Thus logic takes a certain premiss, and draws from it a rational conclusion. Faith takes a certain premiss, and lets God draw his own conclusion; for faith knows that logical conclusions often contradict gospel truths. Thus Mr. Dray and those who hold his views logically argue, "All the sins of the church are put away; therefore God cannot chastise her for sin, for there is none in her to chastise." Faith moves more reverently and obediently. It says too that all the sin of the church is put away, "but God tells me," says faith, "that if I be without chastisement, of which *all* are partakers, I am a bastard and not a son. I believe therefore that God chastises for sin. Nay more, I feel it; for my own conscience tells me he has chastised and still chastises me for it; and when I sin and he does not chastise, I fear lest mine be the bastard's lot."

We cannot but consider the line of argument pursued by Mr. Dray very disingenuous, and that he sadly, though we are willing to believe ignorantly, misrepresents the views of those whom he opposes:

"And how can one that is made to believe that the dear Lord Jesus has had all the wrath poured out on him until it dried up his bones like a potsherd, and his holy soul was burnt up as it were in that holy wrath which was poured out *on him* for the sin of his people till it was drained dry that love alone may flow to them—how can one say that he left anything unatoned for in the believer, which must be if the Lord afflicted for sin?"

Who that knows and loves the truth ever thought, much less said, that the Lord Jesus Christ "left anything unatoned for in the believer?" We hold a finished work—a complete justification "from all things from which he could not be justified by the law of Moses," and that all the sins of the church, past, present, and to come, were all fully and eternally blotted out, cast behind God's back, and thrown into the depths of the sea. But it by no means follows thence that the Lord does not afflict or chastise for sin. Mr. Dray does not seem to understand the distinction between penal wrath and fatherly correction; between vindictive anger and stripes of love. This he himself confesses:

"But some will say there is no penal wrath. I must say that I do not know how to define their opinion, for I cannot believe that it is the faith that the Holy Spirit giveth; and until man can prove that the dear Lord did not give *full* satisfaction in *every way* for sin, I cannot believe that the Lord afflicts a believer for sin, because that embodies in it that his death was not sufficient, and it throws such a dishonor on the justice of God, and it conveys such an idea that it has had at my Surety's hands, and then a something at my own."

But because he does not "know how to define their opinion," it does not follow that that opinion cannot be defined; nor because "he cannot believe that it is the faith that the Holy Spirit giveth," that the Holy Spirit gives no such faith. It only shows that the

Holy Ghost has not given him that faith, nor wrought that experience in his heart.

But let us see if we can at all define this difficult opinion or reconcile it with the faith and experience of God's tried people, for

“Opinions in the head
True faith as far excels
As substance differs from a shade,
Or kernels from their shells.”

Penal or vindictive wrath is the fiery indignation of God that burns to the lowest hell. (Deut. xxxii. 22; Isaiah xxx. 33; Rom. ii. 8, 9; Rev. xiv. 9, 10.) Now of this penal vindictive wrath of God not one drop belongs to the church of Christ, for the Redeemer bare all her sins in his own body on the tree, and all the wrath due to them, and to her on account of them, fell on his sacred head. Here Mr. Dray and we are most fully agreed; and let him state this blessed truth ever so strongly, we will go with him every word. But this does not prevent fatherly chastisement for the sins that the children of God are continually committing. Nay, it is because they are put away that the Lord chastens for them. Nathan said to David, “The Lord hath put away thy sin;” but he added, “Howbeit, because by this deed thou hast given great occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme, the child also that is born unto thee shall surely die.” (2 Sam. xii. 14.) When David fasted, and wept, and lay all night on the earth, were the stripes of God upon him or not? It was not the vindictive wrath of the Almighty, for his sin was put away, and he had the testimony of it in his conscience; but it was the fatherly chastisement of God *for*, not *from* his sins, which so grieved him. To see his beloved infant suffer, and that for his sin, it was this which cut so deeply. Were it merely *from* sin it would not have brought such penitence and grief; but being *for* sin, it made him grieve and groan, and feel such sorrow of heart, such contrition and brokenness of spirit. We have no right to say that Mr. Dray has not felt this; but judging from what he himself says above, he does not seem to have experienced one of the most gracious feelings that the soul can pass through—sin forgiven and sin chastised at the same time—backslidings healed, and yet visited for. There is such a thing as “accepting the punishment of our iniquity;” (Levit. xxvi. 41;) “hearing the rod and flim who hath appointed it;” (Micah vi. 9;) a “passing under the rod and being brought into the bond of the covenant;” (Ezek. xx. 37;) a “remembering and being confounded, and never opening the mouth any more for shame when the Lord is pacified.” (Ezek. xvi. 63.) “There is a being loved and yet chastened; a being scourged and yet received.” (Heb. xii. 6.) “There is a being chastened for our profit, that we might be partakers of God's holiness.” (Heb. xii. 10.) There is a being chastened of the Lord and fainting under it; and there is a meek and patient enduring of it as the dealings of God as with a son. (Heb. xii. 5, 7.) There is a choosing affliction with the people of God; and a part of this affliction is the rod. (Heb. xi.; Lam. iii. 33.) There is a “giving

the cheek to Him that smiteth us, and being filled full with reproach," the reproaches of God for sin. (Lam. iii. 30.) There is "a living man," not a dead professor, "complaining, a man for the punishment of his sins;" and thence the inward search: "Let us search and try our ways, and turn again to the Lord. Let us lift up our heart with our hands unto God in the heavens." (Lam. iii. 40, 41.) There is a coming unto an erring church or backsliding saint with a rod in the hands of an apostle; (1 Cor. iv. 21;) and there is a godly sorrow produced by its application. (2 Cor. vii. 9—11.) There is a furnace in Zion in which God hath chosen all his people; (Isaiah xxxi. 9, xlvi. 10;) and by that furnace the Lord sits as a refiner and purifier of silver, and purifies the sons of Levi. (Mal. iii. 3.) But if no rod, no furnace; and if no furnace, no fruits of the furnace; no taking away the dross and tin, no bringing forth the gold seven times refined in the fire; no meekness, submission, resignation, confession, self-abhorrence, forsaking idols, and vomiting up the poisonous draughts of sin and folly. To set aside the rod for sin is to set aside the greater part of living experience, and to ignore all those peculiar transactions between God and the soul, whereby the conscience is kept tender, the fear of God maintained in exercise, the evil of sin learnt, the faithfulness of the Lord manifested, and conformity to Christ's suffering image produced. Mr. Dray speaks scripturally and well upon the effects produced by a sense of pardoning love; but the after experience, the wilderness state, the furnace work, the chastenings and scourgings, the rod and the frown, the trials and afflictions, the backslidings and sorrows caused thereby, the hidings of God's face and his fatherly displeasure—in a word, the whole course of heavenly discipline carried on in the school of Christ, is tacitly set aside as so much legality and bondage. Instead of seeing how the church's complete acceptance and justification are perfectly compatible with the fatherly rod, he uses blessed truth to overthrow truth equally blessed; and thus so far from being "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth," he ought rather to be ashamed of the way in which he has thrown it into heaps and mingled truth and error in miserable confusion.

We may seem, perhaps, to have dwelt more than was necessary on Mr. Dray's book; but our object has been not to attack a book, much less an individual, towards whom we have not, as a man, one unkind thought, but to expose an error. The book may die, and probably will, but the error may live; and as error soon creeps into churches, and when once crept in is sure to work confusion and strife, we have felt desirous, without one particle of personal feeling, to hold it up to the light of Scripture and experience.

The great subtlety, and, therefore, the great mischief of Mr. Dray's book is this,—that it secretly denies what it openly affirms. For instance, it openly denies the doctrine that God sees no sin in believers, for it allows chastisement from sin; but secretly affirms the doctrine by such passages as this, "If sin is not imputed to the soul, how does it stand good that the Lord afflicts for that

which he does not impute?" (page 17;) and, "Before the Lord can see sin, he must take that garment off which he has put on," (page 31.) But if the Lord see no sin in the church to chastise *for*, how can he see sin in the church to chastise *from*? Chastisement *for* or *from* equally implies that the Lord does see sin in her. The fact is this, that these men really deny chastisement altogether, only as they dare not set themselves so openly against the Scriptures, they cover it up in this subtle way; and thus, though they openly deny non-chastisement, they secretly affirm it. Again, he openly affirms that God did chastise David and Solomon, but secretly denies the application of these instances to New Testament believers by restricting chastisement for sin to that dispensation, and putting it on the same footing as a man having several wives, and the seventh day Jewish Sabbath:

"Is not the Old Testament full of the accounts of the Lord's chastenings for sin? It does appear so at the first glance; but I think we shall see that the Lord's dealings with his people were according to the *then* revealed covenant; and men do pervert the gospel of our Lord, for the Lord permitted many things in those days which is forbidden since he came in the flesh; for instance, he permitted one man to have many wives, 'but,' saith he, 'it was not so from the beginning; God made male and female; for this cause a man shall leave father and mother, and cleave to his wife, and they shall be one flesh.' And God caused the seventh day to be set apart to himself as holy, but now we set the first apart to the Lord."

What a shuffle! and what shifts men who hold error will have recourse to, to evade the testimony of God's word! To put chastisement for sin on the same level as polygamy and the Jewish Sabbath, and as these are abolished, so chastisement for sin is abolished also! What shall we have next? But when Paul quotes Prov. iii. 11—12, and enforces it as a gospel precept, Heb. xii. 5, how is it he should have made such a mistake as to apply an Old Testament transitory custom to New Testament believers? He certainly does not enforce polygamy or the Jewish Sabbath, and if chastisement for sin passed away with the law, how came he to enforce it under the gospel? Besides which, if the dispensations were different, the covenant of grace was the same. Was not David as much a believer as Mr. Dray? as much washed in Christ's blood and clothed in Christ's righteousness, and as much interested in the covenant of grace? If God see no sin in Mr. Dray, he saw also no sin in David; and if the non-imputation of sin save Mr. Dray's back from the rod, how came it to pass that it did not save David's? We may seem severe, but error is not to be laid hold of with a silken glove. Our soul loves truth and hates error, and as long as we have a tongue to speak or a finger to write, we hope we shall proclaim the one and denounce the other.

All error comes forward under the cover of truth, and therefore needs to be exposed. The brass is electroplated with gospel gold, and comes forth as if from heaven's mint; but it has not the clear ring, the approved weight, and the intrinsic value. We have rung Mr. Dray's book on the counter. Say, spiritual readers, whether the error it contains should pass current amongst the family of God.

Put it into the furnace—it melts there, and runs down into worthless slag.

P O E T R Y.

CHRIST THE ROCK, &c.

(The following lines were written to a Friend, on hearing that she had gone to reside at the White Rock, Hastings.)

I cannot but rejoice,
In searching for a home,
That thou hast made a rock thy choice;
Come to "a living stone."

Is Christ alone thy "Rock,"
Thy "Tower" of defence?
Then thou art one of Jesu's flock,
Arm'd with omnipotence.

A "sure Foundation" too,
Whereon the soul may rest,
Secure when floods or tempests blow;
With every blessing blest.

If but within the cleft,
Thy God has made thee stand,
From every danger thou art safe;
He'll hide thee with his hand.

This "Stone" has been well tried,
By men and devils too;
By his own children, too, beside;
By me, my Friend, and you.

The lively stones that form
God's temple where he'll dwell;
Cemented to the "corner stone,"
They grow together well.

Time was when thou didst roam,
In search of fancied bliss,
But none could find, till thou didst come
To dwell where Jesus is.

There mayest thou always dwell,
Nor ever from him stray;
And taste, and see, and feel, and know,
The love of God alway.

Red Hill.

B.

Whilst a sinner, being weak and poor himself, seeketh to be justified by the law, he findeth nothing in it but weakness and poverty itself. And here two sick and feeble beggars meet together, of whom the one is not able to help and heal the other, but rather molesteth and troubleth the other.—*Luther.*

Why must Christ rise again and enter into glory?—To assure us God was satisfied for our sins; that he was no impostor or cheat; and to assure us of the resurrection of our bodies after death. Why must he rise the third day?—Because if he had continued longer, the body must have seen corruption; and then the prophecy would not have been fulfilled, which says, that "God's Holy One was not to see corruption." Nor would he have fulfilled the type of Jonah.—*Whitefield.*

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

No. 251. NOVEMBER 1, 1856. VOL. XXII.

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

PERILOUS TIMES.

(Continued from page 301.)

“This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come.”
—2 Tim. iii. 1.

We read that at Christ's crucifixion many bodies of the saints were raised, but not any of the wicked; and this was to teach us that all Christ suffered was for the saints, and that the grave must eventually give them up. “O Death, I will be thy plague; O Grave, I will be thy destruction.” Nevertheless, perilous times of great troubles will come upon the church of God; yet they are not without many exceeding great and precious promises, for God says he will deliver us in six troubles, and in the seventh he will not leave us. What a precious promise that is! I often plead it at his throne: “Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy day so shall thy strength be.” It is the weak that are to say, “I am strong;” strong in the Lord and in the power of his might.

In these times of great trouble, every one shall be delivered whose name shall be found written in the book. “Oh,” says some poor doubting soul, “if I could believe that my name was written in the Lamb's book of life, that is all I want, for then I should be sure that, come what would, I should be right at last.” To this I answer, none but God can give you this comfortable persuasion; for “faith is the gift of God;” nevertheless, there are four marks which, if you have experienced, are proofs from God's word that you are amongst that happy number. 1. Has a discovery, from a feeling sense of your sinful lost estate, ever led you in heart to cry to the Lord to be delivered from the power and dominion that you felt sin had over you? “Yes, really,” say you, “I often have cried to him from my heart.” Well, then, you are written in this book. Take it from God's word: “Shall not God avenge his own elect, that cry day and night unto him? Yea, I say unto you, he will avenge them speedily.” You see none but God's elect cry unto him day and night to be delivered from the reigning power and dominion of sin. 2. Was ever the word preached attended with power to your soul, or God's word, although not preached, so as to raise your soul up to a hope in his mercy, and to bring you to say with the church, “My beloved is mine, and I am his?” or with Paul, “He loved me and gave himself for me?” If you say, “Yes,” then this is a proof of your election, and that your name is written in heaven, amongst the

living in Jerusalem. "Knowing, therefore, brethren, beloved of God, your election; for our gospel came not to you in word only but in power, in the Holy Ghost and with much assurance." 3. Did you ever feel the witness of God's Spirit in your heart, silencing conscience, devil, and law, and enabling you in truth to lay claim to God as your Father? If so, "the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirits that we are the children of God," that is, by predestination; for we are predestinated to the adoption of children. 4. Have you felt the sentence of justification by faith in the perfect righteousness of Christ imputed to you; and has it brought peace, quietness, rest, love, joy, &c.? These things prove that your name is written in the book of God's decrees; for it is whom he predestinated he called, whom he calleth he justifieth, &c. But some may say, "I cannot come up so high." Well, if you cannot, but yet are seeking sincerely after these things, go on, and you shall not be disappointed. "Seek and you shall find;" "They shall not be ashamed that wait for me, saith the Lord."

These perilous times will be times in which the wicked will triumph. If you ask what a wicked man is, I answer, I believe he is one that is wholly and altogether destitute of every thing that is good, although high in a false profession. Hence Solomon opposes the wicked to the righteous in many parts of the Proverbs; and he tells us that he saw the wicked buried that had come and gone from the place of the holy; which shows they were professors; and the higher a man soars in gifts, abilities, knowledge, &c., if destitute of the grace of God, the more wicked he will be; for he is capable of doing things that a common worldly sinner cannot do for want of light and knowledge. Christ's worst enemies were those that were high in a profession. The Jewish Scribes and Pharisees had great light and enmity with it: "Ye have *seen* and hated both me and my Father," said our Lord. Now their triumph lay in bringing the Saviour to their bar, and judging, condemning, mocking, scourging, and crucifying him; and they did it all in malice, rage, enmity, and murder, knowing him to be perfectly innocent of every charge; for he could defy them all. Hence he said, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" The devil himself called him "the Holy One of God." Pilate's wife tells Pilate to have nothing to do with the blood of that just man, for she had suffered many things in a dream; and Pilate believed him to be innocent, and washed his hands and told them to see to it, calling him a just person; but, being given up to hardness of heart, in the face of all conviction, pride, their own honor, and presumption, they ran upon the thick bosses of God's buckler, stood in an evil thing, and triumphed, laughing at the sufferings of our dear Lord upon the cross, shaking their heads and saying, "He saved others, himself he cannot save;" "If he be the Son of God, let him come down from the cross, and we will believe him." Thus he endured the contradiction of sinners against himself. This was their hour and the power of darkness; and they never rested till they had him out of the world. But, after all, the triumphing of the wicked was short, and the joy of these hypocrites

but for a moment; for God took these wise in their own craftiness, and carried the council of these froward ones headlong. He outshot the devil with his own bow, letting the wicked have their way, and yet brought about his own purposes, which, through the death of Christ, was everlasting life to all the elect of God.

Now Peter says, Christ "has left us an example that we should follow his steps;" and if this be the case, you and I may look for such things in our measure, if perilous times come in our day; for Satan's malice is at Christ; he being the Head and we the members of his mystical body.

It is very easy to enter into a profession of Christ, when every one almost is of the same mind, or if the laws of the country we live in allow us liberty of conscience to worship God as we like. These are great advantages. But my soul has often sunk deeply indeed for fear I never should endure to the end. The man that appeared to be all faith, all love, all zeal, all talk, when these perilous times come may find himself deceived. He now must suffer in losing his property, and be separated from houses, lands, wife, children, and at last lose his life, if he is staunch in God's cause; but if he forsakes God and his cause, all worldly things shall prosper. Many alarming texts of scripture may be brought to his mind of the dreadful consequences of denying Christ, so that he is wretched and miserable; but his love to his wife and children increases more and more, and they are particularly pleasing in his eyes; until he at last, through the power of Satan, forsakes Christ. (See Francis Spira upon this head.) It was all for the want of the root of the matter which Job had in him, and which is the everlasting love of God to his elect.

But my reader may be ready, in reading this melancholy account, to write bitter things against himself. To such I would say, though you feel yourself nothing but weakness itself, yet remember that the promises are made to the weak only; for weakness takes in the poor and needy lost sinner; afflicted and tempted; tossed with tempests and not comforted. I repeat it again, that feeling our utter weakness takes in all these. It is a good sign also to be *afraid* lest you should deny Christ. Remember, God has promised that "as thy day thy strength shall be;" but the day is not come as yet, and you are not to be inlaid with strength years before the trial comes. But you will say, "I appear to be the very character which you have pointed out." Yes; I know well by my own experience that you do; but this is owing to your having true light and life. As your heart by nature is the same as all others, and as grace does not remove the old nature or in the least alter it, only subdue it; I say, when this light shines upon the old man and the devil stirs it up, the new man hidden and under sore temptations, then we fear we shall deny the Lord; but those characters to whom the threatenings properly belong, have no such fear. It is true that, under dreadful alarms of conscience, they may be afraid of hell and damnation, but they never fear being left to themselves lest they should dishonor God and his cause. This fear, therefore, is a good sign. It is a

grace of the Spirit. See the cases of Joseph and Nehemiah. I once heard of two ministers, the one apparently very strong in faith and the other altogether as weak, who were conversing about suffering times. The weak one told the other that he feared he certainly should deny Christ, for he never should be able to lose his life for the cause; but the other (who was a very fat man) said very boldly, "O, this fat carcass shall burn for Christ." However, in time things were brought to a decision, when God strengthened the weak one, according to his promise, and he suffered in that he was burnt; but the strong one (strong in himself) denied Christ, and saved his natural life. "Let the weak say, I am strong."

From what has been written, it becomes you and me, reader, and may the Lord help us so to do, to examine ourselves, and see where our trust is. If in ourselves, we shall see ourselves righteous, and boast of it either in whole or in part. If in head notions, we shall have no changes, but be at ease in Zion. But if in the Lord, we shall have many changes, and shall see and feel ourselves worse and worse, though unperceived by men, to keep us from trusting in our own hearts. We shall thus be brought off and kept from every other trust and dependence, but the Lord himself.

III. I now come to the third thing proposed, which is, the *certainty* of those perilous times coming. They *shall* come. This I shall take up in six particulars, as causes why these things shall take place. 1. *Because God's word has declared it*, and the scriptures cannot be broken; 2. *That the wicked may be ripened for destruction* in filling up their measure of iniquity; 3. *That the church of the living God may be purged*; 4. *To discover and make manifest those that are hypocrites in Zion*; 5. *To bring the just judgments of God upon the ungodly*; and 6. *The ultimate end of it all*, whether in judgment or in mercy, viz., God's glory.

1. Their *certainty*. God's word has declared that perilous times *shall* come, and the scriptures cannot be broken. Man may fix things and have great power. We read of the laws of the Medes and Persians, that altered not; but after all, men are but changeable at the best, and their breath is in their nostrils; but the scripture truths are infallible, written by holy men of God, as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. Seeing, then, that this is certainly the case, it becomes you and me to attend seriously to the holy word; for God is not one that can say and unsay. He is not a man that he can lie or the son of man that he can repent. Paul tells us perilous times *shall* come; and there is not a jot or tittle of God's word but what will be punctually fulfilled; as our Lord said when upon earth, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away;" and therefore it is that we read in the Evangelists that such and such things were done that the scriptures might be fulfilled; things which to us may appear trivial, yet not so with God. He will be unalterably faithful and true to every part of the holy word. Men may put far away the evil day, and cause the seat of violence to approach, but they can never alter it.

2. Another cause why these perilous times shall come is that *the*

wicked may be ripened for destruction in filling up the measure of their iniquity. Say you, "Has every wicked man a measure of iniquity to fill up?" Yes, he certainly has. "And the Lord said unto Abraham, Know of a surety that thy seed shall be a stranger in a land that is not theirs and shall serve them; and they shall afflict them four hundred years; but in the fourth generation they shall come hither again; for the iniquity of the Amorites is not yet full." Now the completing work to fill up these measures of iniquity appears to be shedding righteous blood. Take it from Christ's own mouth, the lip of truth. "Woe unto you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, because ye build the tombs of the prophets, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous, and say if we had been in the days of our fathers, we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets; wherefore ye be witnesses unto yourselves that ye are the children of them which killed the prophets. Fill ye up then (when perilous times come when you have opportunity and power) fill ye up then (mark the word then) the measure of your fathers." "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" "Wherefore, behold I send unto you prophets, and wise men, and scribes, and some of them ye shall kill and crucify, and some of them shall ye scourge in your synagogues, and persecute them from city to city; that upon you may come all the righteous blood shed upon the earth, from the blood of righteous Abel unto the blood of Zacharias, son of Barachias, whom ye slew between the temple and the altar." Now it appears clear to me that the same spirit as was in these serpents—these generation of vipers—is at this time in the Roman Catholics, and discovers itself in their claim. They wish to have a full claim without restriction, the same liberty as our own people. Well, but were you to have this claim, you would in time shed the blood of God's saints, calling them heretics? O, no; we would not do any such things, neither would we (had we been in the days of our fathers) have done as they did. This is the flattery which they use, and which Daniel speaks of: "And such as do wickedly against the covenant shall he corrupt by flatteries." I think I can see things in Daniel xi. suitable to what is going on at present. Now, as some in our Lord's days pretended great regard, love, and attention to the prophets, and said they would not do the same as their fathers had done, that is, shed their blood, yet it was nothing but lies and deception; for the Saviour told them what they should do to fill up the measure of their iniquity. Even so it is with these flattering Catholics, and many will find it so (who now believe their deceit and lies), when these perilous times do come. Then you will find that the tender mercies of these wicked ones are cruel. "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?" And it was said unto them that they should rest yet for a little season until their fellow servants also and their brethren that should be killed as they were should be fulfilled. And this, I believe, is yet to come, and it will fill the measure to the brim.

3. Another cause why these perilous times shall come is, that the *church of God may be purged*. When things slide easily on and the profession of Christ is customary, no marvel that numbers embrace Christianity. The doors of the church are opened wide, and we are told not to be so narrow. All are jumbled together. We are told that the kingdom of heaven is like unto a net that was cast into the sea, and gathered of every kind, which when it was full they drew to shore, and sat down and gathered the good into vessels, but cast the bad away. By the kingdom of heaven in this place I understand the gospel of Christ Jesus. Hence it is called the gospel of the kingdom. The sea Christ tells us is this world. The net cast is preaching Christ crucified,—Christ the bread of life. A net is to entangle and hold fast; and so does the preaching of the word. The net being full, shows a great profession, as there is in this our day; and while it kept filling things went on pretty well; but the order is to draw it to shore, and then there is a separation. This shows the fiery trial that is to try every man's work of what sort it is; and you find that the good are put into vessels, and the bad ones cast away. By gathering them into vessels I understand the deliberate work there is which goes on in every fiery trial, and in which it is confirmed or established, both to themselves and others, that they are vessels of mercy, gold and silver, formed for God, to show forth his praise; while the others are proved bad, vessels of wrath, wood and earth. "Reprobate silver shall men call them, because the Lord hath rejected them."

Now, perilous times purge the church of the living God from these awful characters, who can sit comfortably enough before the trial comes. Hence you read that "when the sun (of persecution) waxed hot, they were scorched; and because they had no root, they withered away." Depend upon it, perilous times shall come, and bring matters to the test. The Lord keep his poor tried family, and enable them to stand in the evil day.

4. The fourth cause why these perilous times shall come, is to *discover and make manifest those that are hypocrites in Zion*. The word hypocrite is taken from a stage player, one that appears in the character of others, but not in his own. There are two sorts of hypocrites, I believe, in Zion. The one sort are knowingly and wilfully so, and the others are ignorantly in this state. If you will read Joshua ix. you will see an account of the Gibeonites who came to Joshua and deceived him, and the princes took of their victuals, and asked not counsel at the mouth of the Lord; and Joshua made peace with them, and made a league with them to let them live; and it was three years before this was found out. Now what a plausible lie it was, and they knew it well, for they said they had heard what God had commanded Moses, to destroy all the inhabitants of the land, and they did it to save their lives. And it is thus possible for people with a head knowledge of Gospel truth, so to counterfeit and dress up things as to deceive ministers, get into churches, and go on for a long time deceiving the people of God. Such were Ananias and Sapphira. They knew they were hypocrites

in keeping back part of the price through covetousness; and it was a perilous time to them which made them manifest, and proved that the love of money, the root of all evil, reigned in them. I believe also that Nicholas, a proselyte of Antioch, was another that knew he was acting wrong, and contrary to God's word, in justifying a plurality of wives.

But there is another sort of hypocrites, who are not intentionally so; and these are described by Paul as "deceiving and being deceived." Satan deceives them with a fictitious work, which is his masterpiece; and they conclude it is God's work, and so deceive others. Now this deception of Satan is as follows. He goes out of a man. Before this he made the man wallow in uncleanness, but now through natural convictions, he makes a profession of religion. People tell him he is converted, and he thinks he is, for he is now self-righteous, whereas, before he was openly profane; and he makes rapid progress,—more haste than good speed. I once knew one of this sort. He was openly profane, and used to come home in liquor, and lie in this state all night on the floor, until his wife was worn out with him. Suddenly he altered, and made a profession of Christ. I was very intimate with him in my younger days, and thought he was a good man. We often came home together from S— Chapel, talking about religion; but when the Lord brought me out from these professors, showing me their awful deception, this man shook me off, and as Providence smiled upon him, so he shook all religion off together, went into the world openly, and, after some time, died an awful blasphemer. Now, I really think he was deceived by Satan at first. He used to go to prayer at the meetings, buy religious books, &c. However, the Lord kept me, and to him be all the glory, or I had gone long ago.

I might greatly enlarge upon these things, but wish not at present to say more than is really needful. I believe that Simon Magus, the foolish virgins, and the man without the wedding garment, were all of this stamp, that is, deceived by the devil. I know another, and he is yet alive. He sat some time under a real servant of Christ, bought his books, and concluded that the word was blest to his soul; but after a time the devil sent out a man to imitate, mimic, and counterfeit this good preacher, hoping he should make a good living by it; but God discovered the imposture to his servant, and then he turned a bitter open enemy, and went on writing and preaching against him and his people unweariedly. Well, this man, who had before appeared to receive the truth, went away and joined this awful presumptuous preacher, and is at this time in the scorner's chair. Now I doubt not but at the first both the preacher and this man were deceived; but not now, for they are sinning with a high hand. The Lord keep you and me, reader, from breaking through bounds.

Now perilous times shall come, and shall make manifest hypocrites in Zion. I have showed you two sorts, the one a cunning crafty hypocrite, and the other one to whom God sends strong delusions to believe a lie.

Afflictions coming upon Zion as a body, or as individuals, will try pretended friends. Hence Ahithophel forsakes David in his trouble; and Paul tells us that at Nero's bar all forsook him. May the Lord keep us steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work, the blessed work, of the Lord.

5. Perilous times shall come to *bring the just judgments of God upon the ungodly*. Things may go on a long time in favor of the wicked, but their prosperity is to their eternal ruin; for "though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished." The scriptures are abundant upon this head, proving clearly that as sure as ever perilous times come upon Zion, either as a body or as individuals, so sure God's just judgments shall overtake the wicked instruments of it. Perilous times shall come that the ungodly may have opportunity, as I told you before, to fill up their measure of iniquity, that their lusts may grow and bring forth corrupt fruit unto eternal death. (See Pharaoh.) He says, "I will pursue, (Israel,) I will overtake; my lusts shall be satisfied upon them." It was a perilous time to poor Israel, for they were completely hedged in—mountains on either side, the Red Sea before, and Pharaoh with his hosts of chariots and horses behind. But God's just judgment destroyed every man of those Egyptians in the Red Sea. You may see it also in the Jews who put our Lord to death. What a dreadful length they went to in this with open eyes. This was their hour and the powers of darkness, as our Lord told them. But where were the poor followers of Jesus at this time? O, they were in deep waters. It was a perilous time with them; and so the disciples found it when they all forsook Christ and fled, and when poor Peter, through the fear of man, denied his Lord. But did all this pass over? O no! "Wrath came upon that people to the uttermost." I might mention Saul, Haman, Absalom, and others; but I forbear.

Perilous times shall come, and are yet to come, upon the church, for the Papists are to have their last triumph, venting their rage, malice, and murder upon Christ and his chosen family; after which they will be thrown down to rise no more; for God's just judgments are sure to come heavy upon them.

(To be concluded in our next.)

When the soul is willing, as it were, to be tempted, to be courted by sin, to hearken to its dalliances and to its solicitations, it hath lost of its conjugal affections unto Christ, and is entangled. This is "looking on the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright."—*Owen*.

What may we learn from Christ's saying to his disciples, "Peace be to you," though they had all so lately forsaken him?—That we ought never to upbraid those who have offended us, when they give marks of repentance; and also, this should encourage sinners to hope for blessings from Jesus Christ, though they have sinned against him.—*Whitefield*.

LETTERS BY THE LATE DANIEL HERBERT.

[We have been favored by a friend with a considerable number of the late Daniel Herbert's letters, which we acknowledge with thanks. We hope to insert them from time to time, as opportunity permits.]

My dear kind Friend,—I received your letter, which gladdened my very heart, as I had given up all expectation of ever seeing you or hearing from you again. I am truly gratified by your kind invitation, and happy should I be to enjoy the pleasure I am assured it would afford me; but at the present time I am rather unwell, for which I can in some measure account.

I some time ago received a very affectionate letter from my esteemed friend Mr. Lamb, informing me that my friends were inquiring after me, and that some expressed a great desire to see me once more; and as I felt myself very well, and had a great desire to see them again, I immediately wrote, informing them that I meant, if it were the will of my heavenly Father, to do so on the first Sunday in this month. But in a few days I received another letter, to inform me it would not be convenient, and they wished me not to come, assigning, as the principal reason, that there was no money to pay expenses. This I acknowledge put me very much about; for do you know, my dear friend, I never had more than five shillings from their chapel funds? The last Sabbath I was there, they made a collection at the doors, and there was three pounds fifteen shillings collected, and Mr. S— added five shillings to it, which made it four pounds; therefore every farthing I had, except the five shillings, was entirely from the liberality of my friends; so the state of their funds could be of very little consequence. As my friends have been so liberal for eleven years, I had no reason to doubt the twelfth.

Now, my dear Friend, I told you that I was very unwell, and that I could partly account for it. When I received the negative letter that I have referred to, and found I was forbidden to go, it wholly unstrung my harp, and completely unnerved my whole frame, and, indeed, brought a bowel complaint upon me, which has so debilitated me that I should be sorry to venture far from home, especially as my dear wife says she should be miserable; therefore, my dear friend, matters must rest as they are at present. Who can tell but that my heavenly Father may spare me one summer more, and give me strength of body and mind? If so, I would certainly avail myself of your kind and friendly invitation; for, as I now know where you dwell, I am ready to say as poor Jacob did, when he had heard that Joseph was alive, "I will go and see him before I die."

I trust you will receive the above as a sufficient apology for my declining your invitation for the present.

As I have been accustomed to disappointments for several years

[The writer of the above letter, now no longer in this vale of tears, was, we understand, a simple-hearted gracious man, as indeed his language and spirit here testify, much esteemed and loved by the people among whom he ministered the word of life. Knowing him only by report, we can add no more than we like the honesty and simplicity that breathe through the letter. —E.D.]

past, I almost chide myself for feeling chagrined at the late unexpected one; but I am such a poor nervous creature that a very little will affect me; and O! I have suffered so much, both in body and mind, since I saw you last, that my spirits are very soon broken down. My dear and only daughter has been afflicted at my house for more than two years; my poor dear wife is seldom well; and I some months back was so very bad, that I thought I had only a few more steps, and I should reach the land I was longing for. But at the time that I visited Quadring, I was never better in my life; and I hope, though I now feel so languid and poorly, I shall soon get better again; but the unexpected disappointment rather upset me. Notwithstanding, I hope I am enabled to say with the Shunamite, "It is well."

Blessed be my covenant God and Father, I can say I know whom I have believed; I know my Jesus died for me; I know he rose again for my justification; I know he ever lives to make intercession for me; and I do verily believe that he not only is present with my poor broken sighs and groans, but that he perfumes them with his own merits; and such is my present situation, that I am often forced to lie at his feet, and sometimes rush into his arms, saying, "Lord, undertake for me; make good thine own promise, namely, that thou wilt deliver the needy when he crieth, and the poor also, and such as have no helper." And truly that is my case; for I am a poor outcast in the world. Large and populous as Sudbury is, there is not ~~one~~ ^{one} individual with whom I associate; or to whom I open my mind; not that I covet the friendship of the world, for I have very little to do with it. The old saying is, "Prosperity makes friends, and adversity tries them." I have found the friendship of the world to be like my shadow; it will follow me while the sun shines; but no sooner does a cloud come than it is gone, like summer brooks dried up, when I want them most. But, though I sometimes stagger like a drunken man, and am at my wits' end, and my burden is too heavy for me to bear, yet I have this consolation, I have not far to carry it for I expect it will not be long before I lay down this load of flesh and corruption, and take possession of my eternal inheritance.

May the Lord give me patience and resignation to his will. I would wish to be on the look out for my deliverer, when I shall be for ever emancipated from this state of bondage.

I hope, my dear Friend, you will pardon my troubling you with a long letter; but as I know I am writing to one who can sympathise with others, I take the liberty of giving a little vent to my feelings. I beg you will remember me with sincere Christian affection to Mrs. R—, and tell her, I have not forgotten her ten years' kindness to me when at Donnington; and I was thinking the day is coming when we shall hear our adorable Jesus say, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from before the foundation of the world;" and perhaps I shall hear my almighty Jesus say thus to you and my friends, "As ye showed kindness to one of my poor, weak, and tried disciples, you did it unto me."

Farewell. I will finish my long epistle with Aaron's benediction:

“The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious to thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace.” So prays

Your affectionate Friend and Brother in Christian Bonds,
Sudbury, Sept. 12, 1829.

D. HERBERT.

The Holy Spirit, with the witness that he bears, follows the convinced sinner through every stage of his experience, from his first awakening, until his translation into the kingdom of God takes place. So that the convinced sinner who comes to the light, who waits upon God, and waits for him, has the witness of the Spirit in his own heart to the truth of what he feels, and of what he seeks. The Spirit bears his witness to the reality of his wants; to the deep sense that he has of his sins; to the honesty and integrity of his soul; to his fervent cries and earnest searches; to his real grief on account of his sins, and his earnest desire of deliverance from them. Nor can such a soul look either God or conscience in the face, and say, I am neither awakened nor quickened; I am neither in earnest, honest, nor sincere. Nor dare he say, I have no hunger nor thirst after God, nor that I neither labor nor am heavy laden. Nor dare he say, that he has neither hope nor expectation of better days and better tidings. Nor dare he say, that there is no truth in him, nor that God has done nothing for him; nor would he change states, miserable as he is, with the most secure pharisee, nor with the most gifted professor in the world; nor would he part with his dreadful feelings, the chastisements, the reproofs of God, the bitter sense he has of his sins, nor the intolerable burden of them, for all the treasures of Egypt, unless he could get rid of them the right way; namely, by an application of the atoning blood of Christ. He can smell the stinking savor of a hypocrite in Zion, and feel the barrenness and emptiness of a minister of the letter. He can see through a sheep's skin on a wolf's back, and knows the empty sound of swelling words. Neither the graceless heart of a foolish virgin, nor the arrogance of them that talk of liberty while they are the servants of corruption, are hid from him, though he is fast bound in affliction and iron. He is a strange creature both to himself and others. He speaks a language that few understand; and it is a language that he cannot explain. He is always in action and acts a part that astonishes himself. He sucks his sweets from bitterness, and cleaves to the rod that beats him. By affliction he lives, and in the shadow of death he finds the most life. He gets health in his sickness, and healing in his wounds; satisfaction in sorrow; life in death; faith in severity; hope in heaviness; and expectation in self-despair. His burden is more than he can bear, yet he dreads the thought of losing it. He is completely miserable, yet he hates ease. And though his life hangs in doubt, he trembles at the thoughts of security. And that which he is most afraid of is that which he seeks most after. None works so hard as he, and none so great an enemy to works. To secure himself is all his concern, and yet he hates himself more than he hates the devil.

Huntington.

IN ALL THESE THINGS IS THE LIFE OF MY SPIRIT.

My dear Friend,—I arrived safely at home, and, through mercy, found all affairs as well as could be expected.

This, my dear Friend, is not our home, and bless God for that; I am glad of it, for there is nothing binds me here, except it be for the glory of God. O let us look at our high calling, and wonder and admire the mercy of grace, sitting loosely to this world, and not being so much intoxicated as some seem to be, for the great day may come upon us unawares. It will come upon some as a thief in the night. When they are saying, "Peace, peace," then sudden destruction will come upon them in a moment, and utterly consume them; and it appears that some of God's people will suffer loss by these means, their souls being saved, yet so as by fire.

The happiest life for a Christian is, when he has been brought to be a fully decided character, his heart being fully set to serve God without reserve. You will say, "O that I could! but the conflicts, the corruptions, the vileness, deadness, and barrenness within that I experience! Sins more than I can number often stagger me and lay me low." I am glad to hear that; for it gives you something to do at a throne of grace. It keeps up the life of your spirit, and causes you to know more of God and more of his dealings with his saints. That great day does not come upon such unawares. The Lord increase your faith here, and bring you more to rest wholly on himself. This conflict will help to estrange you more from this bewitching world. It is by this means that many of the Lord's people are taught; for "they that would be rich fall into a snare, and many hurtful lusts, which drown many in destruction;" but I believe my friend will be kept from that.

I feel more and more decided for God and his truth, his eternal love to and union with his saints in Christ, in the covenant of divine grace. It affords inexpressible peace and joy to know that we are interested therein. It is

"A mercy too great for tongue to describe,
For heart to conceive, for angels to know,"

or ever to attain to. It is only fully known to God, and some little of it to his saints, but very little indeed, in comparison to what it is.

Yours, in the indescribable Bond of Union in Christ,

Desford, July 19th.

E. M.

As travellers at night talk of their foul way, and of the praises of their guide; and, battle being ended, soldiers number their wounds, and extol the valor, skill, and courage of their leader and captain; so, the glorified soldiers may take loads of experiences of free grace to heaven with them, and there speak of their way, and their country, and of the praises of Him who hath "redeemed them out of all nations, tongues, and languages." The half-drowned man shaketh his head, and drieth his garments before the sun on the shore, with joy and comfort.—*Rutherford*.

OBITUARY.

MRS. ANN LINDSEY, OF TROWBRIDGE.

On Monday, March 17th, 1856, died Mrs. Ann Lindsey, of Trowbridge, aged 64 years.

It pleased the Lord in early life to change her heart by grace, and bring her to a knowledge of her state before him as a sinner; and then, in his own time, to reveal and form himself in her soul the hope of glory. I have many times heard her relate, with pleasure, the happy season which she enjoyed for nearly twelve months, when the Lord delivered her from under the bondage of the law; during the whole of which time she was in very trying providential circumstances; but it troubled her very little, for her soul was in the sweet presence of her Lord and Master, whom she delighted to serve.

She was a member of Mr. Warburton's church, being baptized by him in the month of August, 1828. Her walk was of the greatest consistency, an honor both to her profession and the church to which she belonged; and indeed I would add that I esteem it an honor to be reckoned amongst her household, and to say that such a gracious person was my very dear and ever to be remembered mother.

During the latter years of her life, although providence smiled, her way became dark and gloomy, and her soul missed the presence of that Friend whom she so dearly loved, because he first loved her. Often would she say, how appropriate these lines of the poet were to her, in that they helped to show the feeling barrenness of her soul:

"Ah! my winter has been long;
Chill'd my hopes and stopp'd my song."

But yet there were seasons sometimes, though very few and far between, when she could, by a few moments' happy experience, exclaim, "My beloved is mine, and I am his." The last seven or eight years of her mortal existence were in a great measure spent in much pain and misery, owing to that direful affliction, an affection of the heart; which caused her to think the time of her departure was near. Often did she labor under bondage through fear of death, not only as to how it would be with her after death, but also as to the bodily pains she would suffer, for the enemy many times insinuated that her sufferings would be great whilst passing through the river; but she proved Satan in this, as well as in many other things, to be a liar; for she was indeed highly favored and signally blessed by the Lord whilst passing the swelling floods of Jordan. Without either sigh, groan, or struggle did she depart, to enter into the joy of her Lord.

Her last stroke, which I may very justifiably term her final summons, took place about the middle of the month of February. It commenced with violent and uninterrupted palpitation of the heart. This was about a month before her departure, during which time her soul underwent many deep and sore exercises; and her ardent

desire was, "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation;" then shall I be enabled to say,

"Lord, to thy glory take me in,
For there I long to be."

About three weeks before her departure, the second verse of the 209th Hymn, Gadsby's Selection, was applied with much power to her mind, and was much impressed upon it:

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

From this we believe she in some measure thought her end was approaching. Owing to her affliction, she could obtain but little rest at night, and during her wakeful seasons I believe she spent much of her time in earnest cries and petitions unto God, that he would revive her hope, set her feet upon the Rock, and establish her goings, that she might be enabled to face that grim monster, Death, whenever he should appear. One night, during her last affliction, she was affected with her disease very violently, and we feared her end was come. She seemed very happy in mind, and began to sing very loudly, so that she might have been heard at some distance:

"I soon shall reach the harbor,
To which I speed my way;"

and the heavenly smile on her countenance indicated the holy raptures which her soul was then enjoying. This was about a fortnight before she was taken for ever to be with her Lord.

On Friday, Death, that gloomy King of terrors, more powerfully commenced to unpin and take down her tabernacle of clay. The cold, chilling sweats of that monster began their final work. Until this time, my dear mother had been often telling us her dread of death; but now she said not a word. No, no. Death was no more a monster to her, for its sting had been removed, and she indeed saw that all would be well. All medical advice we could obtain failed. The signal had been given, and the message could not be delayed.

On Sunday evening, the 16th, the day previous to her death, her much esteemed and beloved friend, Mr. F., called to see her. On entering the room, he told her that her end, he perceived, was drawing near, and that Death, the last foe, would soon perform his office; "but," said he, "I see you are prepared, and that by the heavenly smiles of your countenance, you can face that monster with pleasure." She rejoined, "Yes, I fear not death; the fear of that is entirely removed." By this time her speech became broken, and a great deal dropped from her lips which we could not catch; yet from her appearance we could see that she was unmolested by the enemy, and that her soul was bathing in the secret pleasures of glory.

At length, about twenty minutes before 3 o'clock on Monday

morning, the 17th, she sweetly and calmly fell asleep in a precious Jesus,

“There to behold his brighter face,
Midst the celestial throng.

Thus departed from this life, one whose loss is very intensely felt amongst her relatives and friends, but whose gain has been that of eternal glory and everlasting joy.

Trowbridge.

J. L.

INQUIRIES.

Dear Messrs. Editors,—We read in Ephesians iv. 3, these words: “Endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.” Would you, or your correspondents, be kind enough to give me your ideas on what that unity is, and what it is to keep it?

It is no idle curiosity which prompts this inquiry, but a great exercise of soul; for in the visible church of Christ I have seen so much that cannot be called unity, and in my own soul there have been such tossings to and fro, that instead of unity there seems more like diversity. Yours, for the truth's sake,

A CONSTANT READER.

ANSWER.

“The unity of the Spirit” signifies that secret bond of divine union which knits together all the living members of Christ's mystical body, not only to him as their risen Head, but to each other also by virtue of the same indwelling Spirit.

It is, therefore, not a mere unity of opinion, of church membership, of outward profession, or any mere external bond; for all these may subsist in the highest degree, and yet there be no spiritual union. The word translated “unity” means literally “oneness,” and therefore implies that oneness of faith, hope, and love which pervades every member of the mystical body. It is, therefore, called “the oneness of the Spirit,” that is, that oneness of heart and soul, love and affection, of which the Holy Ghost is the sole and immediate author. This oneness of Spirit is, so to speak, kept together and maintained in its place by “the bond of peace,” which is wrapt round it. All strife and contention tend to break this oneness of Spirit; but when “the bond of peace” is twined round it, it is not only preserved from outward assaults, but, like the blood within the artery, or like the marrow within the spine, is free to move and act. As, therefore, this “oneness of spirit” can only be maintained in living exercise as surrounded by “the bond of peace,” the apostle bids us to endeavor “to keep” it within this bond. It is in itself a thing so tender, and yet so essential to the comfort of the church, that we should never, so to speak, take that bond off which preserves it uninjured.

By “peace,” therefore, we may understand not only peace of conscience, peace with God through the atoning blood of the Lamb, but peace also with the brethren. In other words, a quiet, peaceable,

affectionate, and loving spirit manifested to the people of God, and especially to those with whom we are brought into church fellowship, is indispensable to the lively maintenance of spiritual union. It is true that spiritual union, once felt, can never be utterly lost; but it may be sadly weakened. Next then to our own soul's peace and establishment in the truths of the gospel, next to our own union with Christ as sensibly realised and spiritually maintained, should we seek to keep up oneness of Spirit with the saints of God; and so far as we aim at this by showing a quiet, peaceable, and affectionate spirit, do we fulfil the apostolic injunction, and "endeavor," for we cannot always or often succeed, "to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace."

Dear Sir,—Feeling assured you take pleasure in comforting the Lord's feeble ones, the dear Lord enabling you so to do, emboldens me to request you would favor a feeble one with a few remarks in your publication upon prayer; not as to the nature of prayer, but what may be taken as evidences that prayer is answered, as my mind has been much perplexed about it these last few days?

The case is this. Speaking with a dear brother the other day, of having made request to God and of its having come to pass as I requested, I said I thought this was an answer to prayer; but this brother replied, "It might occur so, and yet not be in answer to prayer." After retiring to rest, I cried, "Lord, how are we to know that thou hearest and answerest us?" I felt great distress of soul. It seemed as though some one was whispering in one ear, "It may occur so, and yet not be an answer to prayer;" and as though some one was whispering in the other, "Of what use is it for you to pray? It is of no use for you to pray; you get no answer to your prayers." I felt as though I must sink under these suggestions; and in anguish of soul I cried, "The lion roars and threatens to devour; but, Lord, I look to thee."

I have been, I hope I may say, led to make what some people would think trifling things a matter of prayer; but we are exhorted to "acknowledge him in all our ways." I have, as I thought, received some signal answers to prayer, and with gratitude have said, "O Lord, I know thou art a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God." But now I say it might be so, and yet not in answer to prayer! I think the Psalmist says, "I know that thou hearest me," but how are we to know?

If you should think my request not worth notice, I hope you will throw a mantle of love over it, knowing that if the Lord withdraw his face and the enemy is allowed to distress the soul, he will make that appear dark, distressing, and mysterious, which at other times would be plain and easy to be understood. As one of old said, "You are not ignorant of his devices." May the dear Lord bless your labors.

S. S.

ANSWER.

It often happens that we get wounded in the house of our friends; and sometimes we almost get rightly served by looking too much to

man and too little to the Lord. This seems to have been the case with our correspondent, who, by consulting a brother instead of consulting the Lord, only laid himself open to a blow in a very tender quarter.

It is hard to form a judgment upon a one-sided statement of a case; and therefore there might be circumstances not mentioned by our correspondent, which might make the answer obtained from "a dear brother" less objectionable than it now appears. For as it stands at present, it is nothing less than the language of sheer infidelity, and carried out would cut to pieces every answer to prayer that God has given either in or out of the Scriptures.

There are but two ways whereby we can know that God hears our prayers at all. 1. The first is, by *an inward feeling, through a sense of access*, that our prayer has entered the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. Though the prayer is not *then* fulfilled, and months or years may elapse before the answer comes, yet there is an inward testimony and a sweet assurance that the prayer is registered on high. Of this kind was the confidence of Hannah, who when she left the Tabernacle at Shiloh was as certain that her prayer would be answered as if she had held the infant Samuel in her arms. 2. The second testimony that our prayers are heard is *by receiving marked answers*; for if this be not a proof that prayer is heard, what other proof can we have?

We look, therefore, upon the reply which "the dear brother" gave to our correspondent to be nothing less than a word for Satan, and opening a door for infidelity, unbelief, and despair. Go on, S. S., committing your path to the Lord; acknowledge him in all your ways, bless him for every signal answer to prayer; and however highly you may esteem, and in some points rightly, "a dear brother," do not put him in the place of God, or suffer him to rob you of anything that the Lord may have done for your soul.

Dear Sir,—Would you favor the church of God with your thoughts upon Acts xxvii. 23, 24.?

Is "the angel of God" there mentioned, the Angel of the Covenant, the Lord Jesus Christ? And does the Holy Ghost mean by these words, "And, lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee," that anything more than their natural lives was given them; or does he mean that they were all spiritually saved by grace as the apostle himself was?

AMOR VERITATIS.

ANSWER.

There is not the slightest doubt in our mind, that the "angel of God" who appeared to Paul as recorded Acts xxvii. 23, 24, was an angel properly so called, and not the Angel of the Covenant, the Lord Jesus Christ. Before his incarnation there evidently were appearances of the Son of God, in some angelic shape; and in the case of that wondrous appearance to Abraham when about to sacrifice his son, "the angel of the Lord," or as the words might be rendered "the angel Jehovah," who spake out of heaven and sware by himself

as the LORD, was the Son of God. So "the angel of the Lord," concerning whom the promise was given to Moses that he should go before him, and whom he was to fear because "God's name was in him," was evidently the Son of God, the angel of the covenant. But after the Son of God had taken our nature into union with his own divine person, and in that nature had suffered, died, rose again, and ascended to the right hand of the Father, he never assumed any angelic shape. John saw him in vision (Rev. i.) but not in angelic shape, for he saw "one like unto the Son of Man." The angel, therefore, which appeared to Paul was no more the Lord Jesus Christ than the angel which appeared to Peter, (Acts xii. 7,) and of which Peter himself said, "The Lord (that is, the Lord Jesus Christ,) hath sent his angel."

The apostle Paul (Heb. i.) lays down in the strongest manner the superiority of the Son of God to angels, and says of the latter, "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?" To make the Son of God, therefore, come down from heaven to earth in the shape of an angel, is to degrade him from his pre-eminence, and to confound the distinction between him who is exalted far above all principalities and powers, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come, and those ministering spirits whom he sends forth to execute his errands of love or wrath.

Nor do we for a moment believe that when the promise was given to Paul that "God had given him all those that sailed with him," this promise included more than their natural preservation from shipwreck. Not a hair was to fall from the head of any one of them; and in the fulfilment of this promise, some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship, escape! all safe to land. But there the promise ended. What became of their souls is not recorded; and there is one expression which would lead us to think that no spiritual good was wrought by this deliverance; for we read (Acts xxviii.) that when Paul saw "the brethren" who came to meet him, "he thanked God and took courage;" which would seem to imply that he had met with little spiritual comfort with those with whom he had suffered shipwreck, and that these were not "brethren." And as their whole number consisted of two hundred and seventy six souls, we can hardly think that so wonderful a haul in the gospel net at one cast could have been overlooked by the sacred historian.

Now if the law of God be weak and unprofitable to justification, much more are the laws and decrees of the Pope weak and unprofitable to justification. Therefore we give sentence against the ordinances, laws, and decrees of the Pope, with such boldness and assurance as Paul did against the law of God, that they are not only weak and beggarly rudiments, and utterly unprofitable to righteousness, but also execrable, accursed, devilish, and damnable; for they blaspheme grace, they overthrow the gospel, abolish faith, and take away Christ.—*Luther.*

REVIEW.

Calvin's Calvinism, Part I. A Treatise "On the Eternal Predestination of God." To which is added, "A Brief Reply to a certain Calumniator of the Doctrine of Eternal Predestination." By John Calvin. Originally published at Geneva, A.D. 1552; and now first translated into English, by Henry Cole, D.D., of Clare Hall, Cambridge. London: Wertheim and Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row.

Two men, giants in intellect and blessed saints of the Most High, but widely differing in the work which they had to perform, and the manner in which they executed it, were raised up in the 16th century by the God of all grace to commence and carry on the blessed Reformation, that goodly tree under the shadow of which we are now sitting. These two eminent saints and servants of God, in whom gifts and grace, cultivated intellect and spiritual light, human learning and divine teaching, apostolic labors and apostolic suffering, were combined in a way of which we have now lost even the very idea, were Luther and Calvin. The two men widely differed in their mental constitution, temper, habits, and even in some of their religious views. Luther was a thorough German; and had, in spite of occasional coarseness of language and rudeness of manner incidental to the period, all that native nobility of mind, that openness, frankness, bravery, and boldness, sincerity and truthfulness, which, from the remotest ages, have characterised the German race.* Calvin was a Frenchman; and though widely differing in mental constitution from that light-hearted nation, yet, as a writer, had all that subtlety of intellect and clearness of thought, that buoyancy of style, that logical accuracy, and that high finish which distinguish the French authors above those of all other nations.† Both were men of powerful intellect, deep learning, and intense study, thorough masters of the scriptures, which they read day and night, unwearied preachers in public and indefatigable instructors in private, faithful counsellors of all that needed advice. fervent lovers of truth and holiness, and no less fervent haters of error and evil; godly in life, blessed in death, and now happy in eternity.

* Three distinct races, what we may perhaps call waves or tides of immigration, at very remote yet different periods of time, have successively flowed from Asia into Europe. The first is the Celtic stock, which formerly was spread over the whole face of Europe, but is now driven into its remote corners. These comprise the native Irish, Highland Scotch, Welsh, and the inhabitants of Brittany, a small province in the west corner of France. The second race, of which we are a branch, is the Teutonic or German, including the Danes, Swedes, Dutch, Lowland Scotch, and the greater part of the Germans properly so called. The third race is the Slavonic, such as the Russians, Poles, Bohemians, &c. These three races, though all descended from Japhet and at some ancient period closely allied, differ radically and widely from each other, not only in language, but in mental constitution, natural disposition, habits of thought, and even bodily endowment.

† Merle D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation gives a very good idea of the lively, sparkling, finished style of the French writers.

But with all these points of resemblance, the two men widely differed. Luther was more the Elijah, Calvin the Paul of the Reformation. Luther thundered and lightened against the Pope and his shaven crew,* burnt his bulls; mocked and derided his legates and prelates; and by a very storm of tracts,† in thoughts that breathe and words that burn,‡ lighted a fire in Germany which, like that on Mount Carmel, consumed the wood, and stones, and dust, and licked up the water in the trench. Calvin was not such a man of action, or of such fiery energy; he had not by nature the same intrepidity of mind, or even by grace the same martyr spirit; nor did he stand so forward in the very van and front of the battle as the stout-hearted German. Luther at the Diet of Worms, confronting the Emperor and all the assembled princes of Germany, and Calvin publishing his works under false names,§ and hiding himself in various places in Paris and other parts, present a striking contrast. His work, though in the issue perhaps more important than that of Luther's, was not to stand before assembled princes, or hurl bold and loud defiance against popes, but was carried on in the quiet depths of his own mind, and the close recesses of his study. There, in silence and solitude, were moulded and elaborated those works which have exercised so vast and salutary an influence on the church of God, and the leading truths of which have penetrated into so many living consciences. Though a man of energy and action at a later period, when grace gave him a firmness and boldness which he did not naturally possess, enabling him to rule Geneva with a rod of iron, and to exercise almost as much civil as spiritual authority in that little republic, his chief work was rather to take the burning fragments of truth, mingled sometimes with scum and slag, that Luther hurled forth, and separating from them the dross and tin, to weld the whole mass into a compact, homogeneous form. He could not preach with the power nor write with the vigor of Luther; nor had he, with all his piercing intellect, that grasp of mind and that authority of thought and language whereby the German Reformer could almost at will raise or quell a storm. As a theologian, as an

* His bosom friend Melancthon conveys this idea in a Latin verse, which may be thus translated:

"The lightning flashed in every word of thine."

† "Luther's warning voice resounded far and wide. Letter followed letter in rapid succession. Three printing presses were incessantly occupied in multiplying the copies of his writings. His discourses passed from hand to hand through the whole nation."—*D'Aubigné*.

‡ The burning energy of some of Luther's expressions is almost untranslatable; but take the two following sentences which we have rendered as literally as we can: "Were there as many devils in Worms as tiles on the housetops, yet would I in." "Were there a fire lighted that should reach from Worms to Wittenberg, right up to heaven, yet, in the name of the Lord, would I go through it and stand before them." What gives these expressions such energy is the conviction that they were thrown off his mind as sparks from glowing iron when struck by the hammer; not idle vaunts of a bragging coward, but the stern resolves of a man who could die as well as dare, suffer as well as speak.

§ He changed his name seven different times as a writer or when travelling.

expounder of scripture, as a clear, deep, and patient thinker, as a systematic writer on the grand doctrines of truth, as an able administrator, and as a godly, self-denying, mortified saint and servant of God, Calvin excelled Luther. But in an experience of the terrors of the law and manifested blessings of the gospel, in a deep acquaintance with temptation and conflict internal and external, in life and power so far as he saw and felt the things of God, and in unvaried unflinching boldness of speech and conduct, Luther as far outshone him. Calvin was naturally shy, timid, and retiring; zealous, no doubt, for the glory of God, but not a little jealous too of his own; stern and unforgiving when offended;* in principle and practice a rigid disciplinarian, and too often carrying the severity of the law into the precepts of the gospel. You would highly esteem him as a saint, and deeply venerate him as a servant of God; but you would find it difficult to love him as a man or make him a bosom friend. His godly, self-denying life and walk and holy example would often reprove you, and might stir you up to desire for yourself a measure of the same grace; but if you were much tempted and tried, plagued by sin, assailed by Satan, and sometimes almost at your wits' end, you would rather open your heart to Martin Luther than to John Calvin. He lived for the most part out of the storm and whirlwind of human passions; and therefore had little sympathy with those that have to do business in deep waters. A stern censor of any approach to gayety of dress, manner, or life, even in men who were manifestly unregenerate, he sternly carried out a system of discipline that might suit the church, but which could not be enforced on the world.† He was, therefore, never beloved even in that city where he ruled as chief and where his word was law. Living in his study in continual meditation, he could not throw himself, like Luther, into the popular heart as a man of the people; nor could he, like him, strike chords which have never ceased to sound in Protestant Germany to this day.

Every true-hearted German is proud of Luther. His very name even now calls up visions of liberty in their enthralled bosoms; his hymns are sung in their churches; his pointed, pithy sayings have

* A person in Geneva named Ameaux, having taken too much wine, declared one evening that "Calvin preached false doctrine and was a bad man." On this coming to the ears of the council, Ameaux was thrown into prison, and though he apologised for the words he had used, he was kept there for two months and fined sixty dollars. This punishment however Calvin considered too light and demanded a second trial. By a second sentence, Ameaux was condemned to parade the town in his shirt, with bare head, and a lighted torch in his hand, and to make on his knees a public acknowledgment of his contrition. The whole of this sentence was fully executed, and a gibbet at the same time erected by way of terror to any one who should interfere with the execution of the punishment.

† As an instance of this we may mention the following circumstance. An order had been issued that no bride on her wedding day should wear her hair in loose tresses. This rule being broken by a young lady at Geneva, the matron with whom she went to church, and the person who dressed her hair, with some others, were thrown into prison. As no mention is made of the bride, we may suppose that she had left the town before her offence had become known.

become national proverbs; the educated classes admire him as the undaunted champion of civil and religious freedom, and the great classic who first moulded into form and almost launched into birth their noble language; and the poor honor him as one of their own class, and as one before whom popes, emperors, and kings, had to doff their caps. When Germany ceases to admire and venerate Luther, she will be Russianised in stem and revolutionised in root. None despise him there but a tyrannical aristocracy, a papistic priesthood, an infidel press, and a revolutionary mob.

Does Calvin lie so deeply imbedded in a nation's heart? Though, to a great extent, he did for the French language what Luther did for the German, making a rude and antiquated dialect a vehicle of the most accurate and refined thought, yet is he despised as a fanatic by that nation of which he is so bright an ornament, and by which he was driven into exile. Even in Geneva, the seat of his labors, where he once held almost the whole sway of government, he is but little remembered and less venerated. Socinianism fills those pulpits which once resounded with the accents of Calvin's voice, and those few ministers who hold and preach his sentiments are bitterly persecuted in the very city where he was so honored in life and lamented in death.

And yet with all this, as a Reformer in the church of God, and as an expositor of divine truth, Calvin has had an enduring influence in which Luther has comparatively failed. Not that Calvin discovered any new truth, or was the first writer who laid down the doctrine of election with accuracy and clearness. Augustine in the fifth, and Bradwardine and Wickliffe in the 14th century, had set forth the doctrines of grace with almost equal profundity of thought and clearness of style; but the age in which they lived was not prepared to receive the truth from their lips or pen. The doctrine of divine sovereignty in their mouth was rather the private experience of a solitary believer, the inward food of an isolated individual, than the bread of life broken up for famishing multitudes. But the Reformation roused men out of the deep sleep of centuries; and the Spirit of God having quickened the souls of many into a hungering and thirsting after righteousness, when the truth of God was brought before them by Calvin's hand, it was gladly and eagerly received by those who felt themselves starving amidst the husks for swine. By the singular clearness of his style, his deep scriptural knowledge, the readiness and aptness of his quotations, and the full mastery which he had of his subject, Calvin became a teacher of teachers, and a preacher to preachers. Under his pen the scriptures uttered a definite creed; sounded by his lips, the gospel trumpet gave forth a certain sound; a harmony and consistency were seen to pervade the whole of divine revelation; and his hand, it was at once felt, had seized the clue, the only clue which led the convinced sinner safely through those mazes where so many before had wandered in confusion and sorrow. Grace having shone into his soul was reflected, as in a mirror, by his clear understanding, and thence, as he directed it upon the pages of inspired truth, the

scripture was seen to be illuminated as with a new and immediate light from heaven. His writings have, therefore, influenced directly or indirectly every preacher and every writer who has been of any service to the church of God from that time to this. His system is so thoroughly scriptural, so accurately drawn out, and so firmly and compactly welded together, that it not only commends itself to the conscience of all who are taught of God, but presents an impenetrable front to all adversaries. His views, too, of church government, though we cannot look upon them with an approving eye, have exercised scarcely less influence than his doctrines, and have even moulded the character of nations. The Scotch and Dutch people, at the best periods of their history, are wonderful instances of the permanent effect produced upon a nation by the establishment not only of Calvin's doctrines, but by the adoption of his system of church government. John Knox, Rutherford, and all the old Covenanters that did and suffered so much for the glory of God in Scotland; all those martyrs who shed their blood like water sooner than Arminianism in doctrine and Episcopacy in government should be forced upon them at the point of the sword, were but disciples of Calvin; and the Kirk which they loved almost to idolatry was but a copy of the church established by him at Geneva. Nay, we Nonconformists and Dissenters, who have rightly abandoned Calvin's views of church government for a purer and more scriptural system, yet we too, under God, owe mainly to him the leading principles of our faith and practice; for we are the spiritual descendants of that holy band of Puritan Refugees who, returning from Switzerland after the persecution of Queen Mary, introduced into this country those pure principles of religious worship, learnt from Calvin and his disciples, which have placed us in irreconcilable opposition to the mimicry and mummery of a worldly establishment.

The personal history of Calvin is so little known to any but those who have made it an object of study, that perhaps a short sketch of so distinguished a man may not be unacceptable to our readers as well as form a suitable introduction to the work at the head of the present article.

John Calvin was born at Noyon, a small town in Picardy, a province in the north of France, on July 10th, 1509. His father was Gerard Calvin, a notary in the ecclesiastical court of Noyon, and secretary to the bishop; an office to which he, the son of a poor cooper, had mainly raised himself by his great abilities and judgment, and in the execution of which he commanded the respect and esteem of the chief noble families of the province. Being himself a man of distinguished mental ability, and living in habits of familiar intercourse with the great church dignitaries and chief men of the province, he was desirous to give his children, and especially his son John, a similar education with those of the highest rank. The opportunity presented itself through an illustrious family, at that time resident in the province, of the name of Mommor, with the children of which noble house the young Calvin, who from a child

manifested great talent, was domesticated and educated. His father, like Luther's and perhaps most parents in those days, was singularly rigid and severe; and thus we see in the plastic days of childhood two opposite influences acting upon his infant mind which moulded between them his future disposition,—great refinement of mental culture and manner, and rigid severity of conduct. The former he owed to the circumstances of his early education; the latter, if not hereditary, to the influence of his father. Timid and bashful in disposition, silent and grave in manner, taking no pleasure in the sports of childhood, but devoted to study, and flying sometimes into the depths of the adjoining forest there to read and meditate, on he grew, till at twelve years of age he received what is called the clerical tonsure, that is, had his hair solemnly cut off from the crown of his head by the Bishop, as the first step before receiving orders in the Romish Church. The object of this step, one not unusual at that period, was not so much to devote him to the altar as to enable him to hold a chaplaincy, to which, according to the corrupt practice of that age, even a child might be presented, if he received the tonsure. For two years had the boy chaplain enjoyed his clerical dignity and the emoluments connected with it, when a terrible pestilence broke out at Noyon. The children of the noble family of Mommor, partly to flee the pestilence, and partly to pursue their studies, were about to proceed to Paris, then as now the great centre of learning and education. Terrified lest his son John should die of the plague, desirous that he should not be separated from his noble fellow students, and anxious to complete an education for which such singular aptitude was exhibited, Gerard Calvin petitioned the Chapter that the young chaplain might have a dispensation to accompany them to Paris, retaining, with an eye to what is called the main chance, the emoluments of his benefice. This being granted up to a named period, the youthful Calvin left his native town for the great metropolis, then or some time after the focus of a terrible persecution against the opponents of the Mass and the adherents to the reformed doctrines. It does not appear that at this period the light of divine truth had either penetrated into his conscience, or had even come before his mind. What religion he had was wholly in accordance with the then prevailing Romish views, which, as we learn from himself, he held with a most bigoted and stubborn obstinacy. On reaching Paris, he became domesticated in the house of an uncle, Richard Cauvin,* which indeed was his own name, and who seems to have been somewhat imbued with those new doctrines which were then agitating France, and which a century afterwards threw it into all the convulsions of civil war. The timid and shy student lad was now growing up into a youth of middle stature, whose complexion, naturally dark, but pale with thought and study, was relieved by a set of animated features, and an eye singularly clear and bright, which even to his dying day

* His family name was Caulvin or Cauvin, which he Latinised according to the custom of the times into Calvinus, under which name his first work was published.

revealed the fire of genius that burnt within. His dress singularly neat and modest; his grave and silent deportment; his entire separation from all society but that of a few choice friends; his disgust, which he took no pains to conceal, at the sports and idle frolics of his fellow students; his severe reproofs of their outbreaks into sin and wickedness;* and his own not only perfectly moral, but even austere and rigid life, gave promise of what he would be when grace visited his soul and turned the current into the channel of vital godliness. But at this period study and more especially that of the Latin language, at that time the great vehicle of thought, and in which he became so accomplished a writer, was his main object. Like a ship launched upon the waters, or a horse rushing into the battle, this pale youth threw himself into study, mastering with such ease and so retaining in the grasp of his powerful memory all to which he applied his mind, that he seemed to take by assault the citadel of learning which his fellow students were but slowly and often unsuccessfully besieging. Rising to the top of every class, he had to be removed from them all that he might receive that instruction in private in which no class could follow him.

Looking at the features of his mind as afterwards more fully developed by long and severe culture, he seems to have possessed from the very first certain mental qualities in a degree that few men have ever been favored with. Acute penetration into the heart of every subject, clear comprehension in the mass and in detail, power and precision in reasoning, and that logical accuracy of thought whereby every link of a long chain of argument is struck and maintained in its exact place, were the chief characteristics of his mind; and as these were aided by a most capacious and retentive memory, and a clear, simple style of language and expression, he was enabled to employ them with the greatest facility and to their utmost extent. The college at which he was first placed not being able to advance him beyond a certain point, he removed to another in the same metropolis where he made still greater progress in those studies to which he directed his attention. Though he had received the tonsure, he had not been admitted into orders, and was therefore in a strict sense not an ecclesiastic. The extraordinary abilities which he had already displayed induced, therefore, his father to make him renounce the study of theology for that of the law. In compliance with his father's wishes, the youthful student left Paris for the University of Orleans, in order to study jurisprudence under a celebrated professor there, who was reputed the acutest lawyer in France.

His friend Beza gives us a few particulars of Calvin's life during his residence at Orleans, which he had probably heard from his own lips, and tells us that he was accustomed to spend half the night in study and in the morning lie in bed to reflect upon what he had read. But he paid the usual penalty of such intense study, for here

* From what they considered his censorious accusations he was nicknamed by them "The Accusative Case."

he laid the foundation of those bodily disorders, and especially those cruel headaches which embittered his future life. Though we have no clear and distinct account of his call by grace, yet it would appear that it was during his abode at Orleans that divine light and life entered his conscience, or if the fear of God was not there first implanted, yet that there it was sensibly deepened. He tells us himself, in his Preface to the Psalms, that his call was sudden, and that previously he had been an obstinate and devoted bigot to every papal superstition.

A near relative, Olivetan, who afterwards translated the scriptures into French, was the person, according to Beza, from whom he derived his first bias toward the reformed doctrines; and it was by his advice and example that he was particularly led to read and study the scriptures. He thus came at once to the fountain head of all spiritual wisdom and knowledge, and without any other guide or teacher but the Holy Ghost, was led by him into that vital experience of the truth which he so richly possessed. But though made alive unto God, he did not at once devote himself to the service of the sanctuary.

It was the custom of that period to move from University to University, to obtain the advantage of the most celebrated teachers. Calvin therefore left Orleans to complete his legal studies at the University of Bourges, the most renowned school in France for that branch of science; and here he began to lay the foundations of a knowledge in the Greek language, to which he had as yet not paid much previous attention. But the work of God was still going on in his soul. The fire was shut up in his bones; and as it burnt within he could not stay nor hold his peace.

It was at Bourges and in the neighbouring villages that he first began to open his mouth in the name of the Lord, and to preach that truth which had been commended to his conscience and made precious to his own soul. Some peculiar and divine power must have rested upon him from his very commencement to declare God's truth, for before a year had elapsed all in the neighborhood who were desirous of knowing the pure doctrines of the Gospel came to him for instruction; and in spite of his shy and retiring habits and studious pursuits which made such interruptions naturally distasteful, he could not refuse to minister to their instruction and consolation.

Calvin was now about twenty-three years of age, and still studying the law at Bourges, when an event took place which exercised a great influence upon his future life. This was the sudden death of his father, which rendered him master of his own actions, and enabled him to abandon the law for those pursuits and studies which were more congenial to those desires after God and godliness which had been communicated to his soul. He therefore left Bourges, and once more repaired to Paris, where, relinquishing all other studies, he devoted his whole mind to those alone which he considered necessary to qualify him for becoming a "workman who needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." Paris was at this time in a remarkable state. Persecution had already commenced

against the professors of the reformed doctrines, but not in that fearful form which it assumed about two years afterwards, when, after a solemn procession through the streets of Paris, in which the king walked bare-footed, and with a taper in his hand, after the host, borne under a canopy, six persons, who were convicted of Lutheranism, were publicly burnt at a slow fire. There was, however, a sufficient amount of persecution going on to compel the evangelical congregations to assemble in the greatest secrecy. Calvin, we have already remarked, was naturally not only of a very shy and retiring, but timid disposition. Yet here he began to manifest the power of grace in giving him that boldness for truth in the midst of danger which formed afterwards so prominent a part in his character. He was constantly employed in preaching to the congregations which met in secret, and always concluded with those suitable words, "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

A singular circumstance, however, was the cause of his being obliged somewhat abruptly to abandon the scene of his labors. A theological college, well known all over Europe by the name of the Sorbonne, and universally considered the great pillar of Catholic orthodoxy, had newly elected and placed at its head a rector by the name of Nicholas Cop. The new rector had secretly imbibed the tenets of the Reformation, and having become acquainted with Calvin, accepted his offer to compose a sermon which was to be delivered before the assembled College on the festival of All-Saints. To the consternation, not less than the indignation of the assembled doctors, this sermon, instead of, as was usually the case, furiously upholding the doctrines of Popery, and furiously attacking the tenets of the Reformation, boldly set forth justification by faith alone as the way of salvation, and unflinchingly declared that the Gospel was the sole standard of divine truth. Such an attack as this upon their darling creed of salvation by works, and no less idolised doctrine of the authority of the Pope, and as they considered such an insult to the world-renowned theologians of the first college in Europe, could not be overlooked. Cop, who probably had but partially read the sermon before he preached it, was denounced by the Sorbonne doctors to the Parliament of Paris, who taking the matter warmly up, sent their officers to apprehend him. He, however, having received through a friend timely notice, had already escaped to Basle, in Switzerland, his native town, where neither doctors nor officers could touch a hair of his head; but Calvin's share in the transaction having got wind, the police were sent to seize him. The Lord, however, would not give him over a prey to their teeth. It is said that he was so near being apprehended that he only escaped by letting himself down from his window by the sheets of his bed; and seeking the house of a vine dresser whom he knew, probably one of his little congregation, put on his rough smock frock, with a white wallet on his back, and a hoe upon his shoulders, and took the road on foot to Noyon. He was now compelled to lead a wandering life, through which we cannot now follow him, preaching as opportunity offered, but chiefly employed in writing his great work,

the "Institutes of the Christian Religion." Persecution was now growing hotter and hotter every day; and most of those who had made themselves conspicuous by their contending for the faith once delivered to the saints, felt themselves compelled to leave France for some safe and tranquil asylum. Amongst these was Calvin, who fled to Basle, in Switzerland, which offered a secure refuge to all exiles for conscience sake, being a free city on the banks of the Rhine, over which neither pope nor prince had any power. Here he became acquainted with many of the leading German reformers, especially Bucer, afterwards so well known in England, and especially at Oxford, where he was made divinity professor. And here it was that he was enabled to put the last touches to, and to publish A.D. 1535, the first edition of his great work, "The Institutes of the Christian Religion." At this time he was only twenty-six years of age; and yet his views of divine truth, especially of those doctrines which from him have been called Calvinistic, were fully matured. When we consider the wandering life which he had led from the time that grace first visited his soul, and the persecutions which he had to endure, both of which must have sadly interrupted his meditations and studies, we stand amazed at the clearness and depth of that mind which could give us, under such circumstances, a work so replete with every excellence. "The Institutes" is a body of Christian divinity in which all the great doctrines of our most holy faith are laid down with the greatest clearness and accuracy; so that there is scarcely a single point in the whole truth of God which does not find its right place there. The influence exerted by this work, which at once became a text book for private study and public lectures, both in this and every country where the gospel found any footing, is incalculable. Never before had the truth been presented with such clearness of statement, such abundance of scriptural proof, and such felicity of language. It at once, therefore, established itself as a bulwark against error, and a guide into the truth as it is in Jesus.

But the time was drawing nigh when Calvin was to be no longer a wanderer and fugitive, but have a settled house and home, and be put into possession of a religious centre, from which his influence, not only as a writer, but as introducing and carrying out a new and original platform of church government, might be extended to the remotest parts. Men speak of accidents; but accidents with God there can be none. It was then by an accident, as men call it, that Geneva was made Calvin's resting place. His elder brother Charles dying unmarried, the paternal inheritance devolved on Calvin. He proceeded, therefore, to Noyon, to sell the estate and put his affairs in order; for well he knew that French soil was never more to be a resting place for him. His intention, upon leaving Noyon, was to proceed to Basle or Strasburgh, meaning in one of those cities permanently to pitch his tent. The army, however, of Charles V. having at that time penetrated into France, the usual way was closed, and he was forced to take a circuitous route through Geneva. This simple circumstance determined the current of his whole future

life, and this accidental visit to Geneva was, in the hands of God, made the means of fixing him there, with the exception of a short interval, for the rest of his life.

But our limits warn us to close. We purpose, therefore, with God's blessing, in our next Number to give a sketch of the life and labors of Calvin at Geneva; and to drop at the same time a few remarks upon the work which stands at the head of the present article.

It follows not that, because Christ can bind Satan, and cast him out, therefore Satan can do so by Christ. He can come into the devil's nursery when he will; take a crab-stock, and transplant it, and graft it with a noble scion; but Satan cannot come into God's vineyard, (which is a garden inclosed,) and take thence what he pleaseth. One, who is now dead in sin, may be quickened; but, being once alive, can die no more; it is Christ's own assertion, "He that liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die;" which cannot be meant of any other but a spiritual death, which is all one with losing his faith.—*Elisha Coles.*

If a broken heart be a thing of so great esteem with God, and if duties cannot be rightly performed by a heart that has not been broken, then this shows the vanity of those people's minds, and also the invalidity of their pretended divine services, who worship God with a heart that was never broken, and without a contrite spirit. There has indeed at all times been great flocks of such professors in the world in every age; but to little purpose, unless to deceive themselves, to mock God, and lay stumbling-blocks in the way of others; for a man whose heart was never truly broken, and whose spirit was never contrite, can never profess Christ in earnest, cannot love his own soul in earnest. I mean, he cannot do these things in truth, and seek his own good the right way; for he wants a bottom for it; to wit, a broken and a contrite spirit.—*Bunyan.*

Moses was esteemed the meekest man, but his patience was often tried, so that "he spake once unadvisedly with his lips." And Elias, the good man of God, made intercession against Israel in his anger. David also, the most lively and bright figure of the King of kings, in his haste prayed against his adversaries. But though Jesus had all the wrong done to him which could be invented, and though he was hanging in the most shameful spot, upon Calvary, the place of execution of murderers, rebels, and blasphemers, the very gate of hell, and though all were deriding, tempting, teasing, and provoking him round about with bitter reproaches and presumptuous mockings and jeers; though they had put him in the middle of two thieves, that all who looked on should reckon him the greatest; yea, though the very thieves themselves were reflecting upon him, and Jews and Gentiles, princes and the mob, the priests and people, all were adding to his sorrow, and, as it were, trying to make him angry, he did not cease to be the same gracious Lord, but "loved with everlasting love," and the most they could hear from him was, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."—*Cennick.*

Born free of a city, fair Zion above,
 And wedded to Jesus, in infinite love.
 The planet that ruled on the day she was born
 Was Bethlehem's Star, the delight of the morn;
 And, sure as I prophesy under this star,
 She is born to be rich, and a diadem wear.
 By union to Jesus, what's his is her own,
 His grace and his righteousness, glory, and crown.
 She truly shall reign, and always shall shine
 For ever and ever, in glory divine.
 Then what is the reason she oft is so sad,
 So seldom rejoicing, or in confidence glad;
 So often distressed on account of the way,
 And fearing she will be to Satan a prey?
 The reason is this, if the truth you must know,
 She daily perplexed is with enemies so;
 They sorely molest her, and cause her to fret,
 And often entangle her feet in a net.
 They say of her love to her Saviour and Friend,
 It never was real, but only was feign'd;
 And all her enjoyments that she has received,
 Are all a delusion; she never believed.
 Sometimes they will raise a mist to her eyes,
 Which fills her with fear, and a trembling surprise;
 "Now look for your interest," cries one in her ear;
 "You know you can't see it; it *never was clear*."
 Now look at your sins; you see them quite plain;
 Your failings, and fallings are of a black stain;
 Your wanderings in prayer, and coldness in love,
 Must prove that you never were born from above."
 She looks at her map, and then tries to trace
 The way that Jehovah has led her by grace;
 But see it she cannot, without or within,
 For all she is looking at is her own sin.
 While this sad confusion takes place in her heart,
 The enemy throws in a fiery dart,
 A horrid temptation, concerning her Lord,
 Or wicked suggestion concerning his word;
 Then turns the accuser of all that she feels;
 Nor can she believe what the Bible reveals.
 Confused in her mind, she knows not what to think,
 But feels that in horror she surely shall sink.
 Distracted with grief, she cries out for her lover:
 "Lord, save or I perish, and all will be over."
 He catcheth her sinking, and graciously saith,
 "I'm ready to save thee; fear not, little faith."
 His love he reveals to her trembling spirit,
 And comforts her heart with the words of his merit.
 To the paths he now points thro' which he has led her,
 And shows her the place wherein he has fed her.
 "I found thee a rebel; I made thee a friend,
 And low at my footstool I caused thee to bend.
 I found thee a stranger, I made thee come near;
 I found thee quite careless, I caused thee to fear;
 I found thee quite naked, without any dress;
 I took and I clothed thee in my righteousness;
 I found thee forlorn, in pollution and sin;
 I destitute found thee, when I took thee in;

I cleansed and dressed thee, and fed thee with food,
 And gave every comfort which really was good.
 I taught thee to hope and to trust in my name;
 And now dost thou think I will put thee to shame?
 No, never! I still am thy Saviour and Head,
 And to thee I am everlastingly wed.
 I never will leave thee, but always will be
 A covenant Saviour, a God, unto thee."
 Thus rescued by mercy, she fell to the ground,
 Rejoicing that she her Redeemer had found.
 She looked at her troubles, when freed from the evil,
 And saw that they all were the work of the devil.
 She now, for a season, is raised up on high,
 And feels truly willing to live or to die.
 While Jesus is smiling, she sings away night,
 And lives in the prospect of perfect delight;
 But if the Redeemer his face but conceal,
 And Jesus his countenance do not reveal,
 She quickly is vested in mourning attire,
 And fears that Jehovah will never come nigh her.
 Thus hoping and fearing, rejoicing and sighing,
 Sometimes she is singing, at other times crying,
 Believing and doubting, but often the latter,
 And thinks there must surely be something the matter.
 Thus tossed up and down, amidst turbulent foes,
 Like a ship on the ocean poor little Faith goes.
 One moment she rises, then down she is toss'd;
 But Jesus preserves her; she cannot be lost.
 In glory's bright harbor she surely shall come,
 For Jesus, her Pilot, shall take her safe home.
 Midst shoutings of triumph, her spirit shall rise,
 Bid adieu to the world and ascend to the skies.
 Transported in glory, her spirit shall sing,
 While gazing for ever on Jesus, her King,
 "All glory, all glory, to God and the Lamb!
 All glory, all glory! Amen and amen."

Errata in our last Number:—Page 319, line from top 21, instead of "From the denial of non-chastisement for sin," read, "From the doctrine of non-chastisement for sin." Page 324, line from bottom 5, instead of "that it secretly denies what it openly affirms," read, "that it openly denies what it secretly affirms, and openly affirms what it secretly denies."

Two points closely connected with the doctrine of chastisement for sin, as advocated by us in our last Review, have been brought before us by friends, and indeed obviously occur to the spiritual mind; 1. How far trials and afflictions are necessarily chastisements for sin, in other words, whether they are always visitations for some particular disobedience; 2. How far the smiles of God are connected with our doing those things which are pleasing in his sight, and whether this does not make them depend in some measure upon our obedience.

We feel, therefore, rather disposed, if the Lord enable, to offer a few thoughts upon both these points at some future opportunity.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

No. 252. DECEMBER 1, 1856. VOL. XXII.

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

PERILOUS TIMES.

(Concluded from page 334.)

“This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come.”
—2 Tim. iii. 1.

6. Lastly. The ultimate end of it all, whether in judgment or in mercy, is *God's glory*. Here I shall be brief.

First. God will be glorified in his *judgments*. This you may see in his raising up Pharaoh; for in that man, with all his hosts, God's glory appeared in his righteousness, holiness, truth, and power; and the name of the Lord was spread over all the earth. (Ex. ix. 16.) Not that man can add to God's essential glory. No, by no means; but God is pleased in this way to reveal himself, that men may tremble and stand in awe of him. He is glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders. This is his native right: “Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory.” See how the glory of the Lord appeared in those perilous destructive times that came upon the Canaanites when God destroyed them, their cities, and their kings. Indeed, all through the holy word we may see that his glory is the ultimate end in every event. Hence he declares himself to be a Jealous God, and that he will not give his glory to another, nor his praise to graven images. Nebuchadnezzar suffered for taking the glory to himself as recorded in Dan. iv. See how Herod was struck dead and eaten of worms, as recorded in Acts xii. 21, because he gave not God the glory.

Secondly. God will be glorified in his *mercies* also; therefore he forms a people for himself, to show forth his praise, and they glorify the God of their salvation. Many painful exercises they go through to keep them tender of his honor and from glorying in any one thing short of him. This I well know by experience. Now the Lord does many things in us to bring us into the mould of the Gospel; into many furnaces of affliction he brings his people; not for their destruction, but for their good and his glory. Therefore Peter says, “That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, may be found to praise, and honor, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ;” that is, every time he visits our souls, as well as his second coming.

These are the only things that Satan and those in alliance with him are warring against; for Satan is not divided against himself, or how

should his kingdom stand? Do not forget that a train of various causes there must and shall be; but this is the grand cause.

Well, to be strong in faith is to give glory unto God; and faith works by love. If you ever read the Book of Martyrs, you will find that the more valiant for truth and God's glory God helped his people to be, the more desperately cruel were they used by those incarnate devils. These wooden vessels of wrath, called fuel of fire cannot endure the burning love of God working powerfully in his people; and therefore, to drown their voice, when thus triumphing, they beat the drums, played the music, and stirred up the fire more furiously, to get rid of them. See also Stephen, that valiant soldier of Christ, as recorded in Acts vii. When under the powerful influence of the Holy Ghost, he spake the truth home to their consciences, and they gnashed on him with their teeth, here was the fuel of fire, as I told you, pouring itself forth in desperate rage and malice. "And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. And he kneeled down and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep." There are things very wonderful in this account. A faithful speaking of the truth to men's consciences is not from a bitter wicked spirit which would injure them and wish destruction to come upon them. No; far from it. It is a love to men's souls that enables such to speak the truth in love, keeping nothing back; for you see that Stephen prayed for those who stoned him, showing what a blessed, loving, sweet, kind, tender, child-like influence he was under.

God's glory, therefore, in the salvation of his elect, richly displaying his mercy toward them, as well as his just judgments upon the wicked, is the ultimate end of all that shall take place in these perilous times.

Thus, reader, I have, as the Lord has enabled me, in a very feeble way, been writing about these perilous times. Great deficiency I have felt all through; but do not despise what I have written; but weigh it well; and O that the Lord would raise up some one to write upon it as the subject deserves.

I have one thing more to mention about perilous times, which far exceeds all that I have already advanced; and that is, the day of Judgment, the day of Judgment to the wicked; mark that, to the wicked; and to none else will it be perilous times. That this day will certainly come is very evident, as scattered up and down in many parts of holy writ. Now what I have been treating of, as in our text, have been days in the plural; but this differs from all the rest, and is called day in the singular. Hence it is called the great day; the last day, the day of Judgment.

Reader, whoever thou art, or whatever thou mayest be, thou shalt surely see this day, as well as myself. If thou art an enemy to God and his family, hear the word of God, speaking of this great day, this last day, this day of judgment, the day when the Lord Jesus Christ will come, the second time. Hear it, and may the Lord fasten it home on thy conscience, if it be his will; "Behold, he cometh with

clouds, and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him, and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him. Even so, Amen." (Rev. i. 7.) "Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints, to execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed and of all their hard speeches which ungodly sinners have spoken against him." (Jude 14, 15.) And Peter says, "But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night, in which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise and the elements shall melt with fervent heat. The earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up." (2 Pet. iii. 10.)

But my reader may be one who is a friend to Jesus, his truth, and his family; and if so he has no foundation to fear, quake, and tremble at this day of Judgment; for there is no text in all the book of God that militates against him. The saints of God are judged in this world and will not be at the great day. Say you, Is this really the case? Is there no judgment takes place to the saints after death? Indeed and in truth; and I hope briefly to prove it. I need not enlarge upon it, seeing that I have proved it largely in a book of mine, called "The Certainty of the Saints' Judgment in this World, but not after Death." Some good men have thought that, in order to enhance the sovereign grace of God, in the great day, matters will be so sifted over as that God's family will but just as it were escape; but such things have not the least foundation in the book of God, and are greatly calculated to distress God's poor tried family. "But," say you, does not the Scripture say that "for every idle word that man shall speak he shall give an account thereof in the day of judgment?" Yes, it certainly does; but you and I must be particular in distinguishing this judgment as twofold, and not jumble all together. Every elect vessel of mercy is sooner or later brought to trial in this world, and is judged. He is brought to the bar of his own conscience and condemned by it. God searches his heart and tries his reins, so that he sees and feels himself nothing but sin from head to foot. He is also brought to the bar of God's law, and finds that it is spiritual, but he is carnal, sold under sin; and that, in thought, word, and deed, he has broken it all; for he knows that love is the fulfilling of the law; but he feels his carnal mind enmity against God, not subject to his law, neither indeed can it be.

Now, this is a little of the saints' judgment. And this is not all. Such are condemned in their feelings by all. The world at large appears happy and comfortable, for they are, as Job says, wholly at ease and quiet, wrapped up in carnal security. The Churchman and Dissenter go their regular round of apparent duties, and seem very contented; for the strong man armed keeps possession of their hearts, and their goods are in peace. The poor believer, while under this judgment, looks at such and often envies them; for they appear so even-tempered that nothing seems to put them out of the way, while he appears full of all sorts of devils,—pride, lust, covetousness, murder, malice, rage, rebellion, blasphemies, oaths, and curses; and he goes on expecting to break out openly, through all bounds, day

after day. Life is a sore burden, and he says with Job, "My soul is weary of my life; I loathe it. I would not live alway." Job at this time was under this judgment. Hence he says, "And dost thou open thine eyes upon such a one, and bringest me into judgment with thee?" (xiv. iii.) When the soul awakes in the morning, he feels a load of guilt, and an increasing burden of sin, which weighs him down to the earth. God appears arrayed in terrible majesty, a swift witness against him. (Mal. iii. 5.)

Again. If we look at those professing the gospel, while destitute of the power, they condemn us, for they are always happy, as light as a feather; and will tell you that they were converted some ten, twenty, or thirty years ago under Mr. So and So; whereas, if you advance the simple truth to them, they will hiss like a viper; but, as we cannot make this mystery out, we are condemned in our feelings by them, and conclude that they are the free-born citizens of Zion; whereas, they are Hagar's family; and thus we are continually condemned on all hands, while this trial for eternity is going on.

Now observe, that all this judgment to the saints is only in this world. Hence Peter says, "The time is come," (he does not say, "The time *will* come," but, "The time is already come,") that judgment must begin at the house of God." By the house of God is meant every chosen vessel; as Paul explains it when he says, "But Christ as a Son over his own house, whose house we are," &c. (Heb. iii. 6.) And if you examine the word, all the Elect travel this path, more or less, but none others; for it is Zion that is filled with judgment and righteousness. "The prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself." The evil that he foreseeth is the evil of his nature, heart, and life, and the awful end of living and dying in his sin and guilt; and he hides himself in Christ Jesus, who is the only hiding-place. This is his judgment. "But the wicked pass on;" that is, they are never brought to trial in this world, but go on treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath and revelation of the righteous judgment of God. Thus they "pass on and are punished." Job, Hezekiah, Jonah, Paul, the publican, &c., all were judged in this world. "When we are judged, we are chastened of the Lord, that we should not be condemned with the world."

Now let us, for our comfort, look at two things:

1. *In what state will all the elect of God be raised in the great day?*
2. *Who is this Judge, and what is his language to them?* I say, let us examine the holy word a little upon this head, for our encouragement in this miserable world.

1. The apostle Paul will fully answer our first proposition, *In what state will the elect be raised?* Speaking of the resurrection of the elect of God, he says, "It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body." Then according to this, when they are raised from the dead they will not be in corruption, but in glory and in power, and have a spiritual body. Then all corruption will be done away, and our vile bodies will be changed and fashioned

like the glorious body of Christ. Read carefully Rev. i. 13-18 and compare it with Ez. i. 26-28,—the best account, I think, of the body of Christ, a spiritual body; and John says we are to be like him.

Again. We shall be “raised in power.” Mark the word. It does not say *with* power, though this is true, but *in* power; that is, capable of bearing an eternal weight of glory; and all weakness will be done away.

Lastly. No more a natural body, but a spiritual body. Now, though all will not die or go into the grave, yet this same change will pass upon the elect of God who in that day are alive upon earth. Hear what Paul says: “Behold, I show you a mystery. We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.” Then says Paul, “Death will be swallowed up in victory;” and, “Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.” But were it true what some ministers advance, that there will be a very strict judgment over the elect, they must then arise with two natures, an old man and a new; which the Scriptures know nothing about.

2. Having showed the state in which they are raised, let us inquire, *Who is this Judge, and what is his language to them?* Then let it be observed that their Judge is the Lord Jesus Christ; as you read: “The Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment to the Son, that all men should honor the Son even as they honor the Father.” When you read texts like this, of committing all judgment to the Son, you are not in the least to suppose that the Son is inferior. No. God forbid that we should harbor such a blasphemous thought! But we are to understand, in such texts, his incarnation and the union of the two natures, God and man. How wonderful it is that our nature should be so highly exalted as to be united to the Son of God, or God the Son. Many fight against this truth, but there is a day coming when their proud spirits must come down to acknowledge it. This is our blessed Judge; and when we arise from the dead, there will be nothing dreadful in his appearance to us; and as we shall be in his image, there will be nothing for the Lord to find fault with. No, no. We had our trial for eternity in time, and were acquitted; and, therefore, when the Lord comes, it will be to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired by all that believe.

But *what is his language to them?* “Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.” They were blessed in Christ when they were chosen in him in the ancient settlements, when the glorious Three-One entered into covenant on their behalf; and as this kingdom was then given them in Christ, they are now to inherit it; for the saints of God shall take the kingdom, and possess the kingdom, for ever and ever, for ever and ever. Bless the Lord that, while writing, I feel a humble hope and confidence that I shall be with that happy num-

ber that no man can number, out of every nation, kindred, tongue, and people.

But again. His language to them is, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant. Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Thus he condescends to applaud his own work in them, and crown that work with glory. "The ransomed of the Lord shall return to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy shall be on their heads."

But again. He will in the great day publicly own and acknowledge them to be his. The prophet Malachi tells us that in the great day the Lord Jesus will say, "They shall be mine: "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."

But O! what perilous times to the wicked, the ungodly, the reprobate, the non-elect! What were all the perilous times to God's family, which I have been treating about, to what will assuredly overtake these characters when raised from the dead? Indeed we may go farther. Instead of perilous *times* it will be a perilous *eternity*, "where the worm (a gnawing, guilty conscience) will not die and the fire (of hell) is not quenched." Man in this world is buoyed up with false hopes, false confidence, false peace, carnal security, &c.; and Satan has blinded his mind, so that, as the poet says,

"He fancies music in his chains."

Things are now turned upside-down; evil is called good, bitter sweet, and darkness light; and thus he makes lies his refuge, and under falsehood has hidden himself; "but the hail (God's desolating judgments) shall sweep away these refuges of lies, and the waters (or wrath of God) overflow" these hiding-places.

If my reader be a person of deep experience, I would refer him to his own experience when God drew near to him to judgment; and in that he will see better than in anything else the perilous state of a sinner in the great day, when they shall call to the mountains and rocks to fall upon them to hide them.

Now in that day it will not be as some vainly imagine, that every little thing by degrees will be deliberately brought forward that the wicked have been guilty of, as if a man took his trial in a court. No; but man will discover that he is a lost soul at once, and never can stand in the judgment nor endure the presence of the Judge and his family, under strong powerful convictions that he is lost without any hope, in possession of original and all his actual transgressions. The old man of sin, that all his days was hidden from him, now will clearly appear, pride, covetousness, lusts of all kinds, rebellion, &c., all in full power reigning over him; and God will despise him. "As a dream when one awaketh, so, O Lord, when thou awakest, thou wilt despise their image;" and in this state they will receive their sentence from the mouth of the Judge, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire." "Depart!" There is an eternal separation between the righteous and them. "Ye cursed!" Being out of Christ under the law and having had confidence in the flesh and

none in God. "*Into everlasting fire!*" This shows the abominable lie of Winchester's doctrine, that there would be a universal restoration both for men and devils. Christ, the Judge upon the throne, declares the fire to be everlasting, a never-ending fire. Perilous eternity indeed!

Having treated, as the Lord has helped me, of these perilous times, before I close the subject let me write a little to God's dear family and to myself, by way of advice. You and I are in an enemy's country, a world full of snares and traps. We have a heart as vile as hell itself, and easily drawn aside. Now it is right for us to attend very closely to the following things: 1. Secret calling upon the Lord, particularly by ourselves, and to "redeem the time," as Paul tells us. You may go to prayer meetings, and, having a gift, be admired by men; but "enter into thy closet, and shut the door." This takes in Examination: "Examine yourselves, (continually,) whether ye be in the faith;" Confession of sins (upon this examination) to God alone: "He that confesseth and forsaketh his sins shall find mercy;" Pleading the unconditional promises in and through Christ Jesus, the Mediator between God and man; Watching, to see what change takes place, if sin is subdued and grace reigns; and Blessing and praising the Lord for every mercy both in providence and grace. You will find all this blessed work, for God will work in you to will and to do. The Holy Spirit will help your infirmities, bring all things to your remembrance, testify of Christ, glorify him, and be a comfort to your soul. I have been led on in this way for years, and found the blessed effects of it to my poor soul. 2. Shun the professors of this awful day. Have nothing to do with those that are all faith and always happy, for they are deceived by the devil, let them talk as much as they will about Christ. They have no changes. Shun them, but keep company with those who feel the plague of their own heart and the temptations of Satan, who groan under the power of sin, speak of Christ from blessed experience of his atonement and righteousness, and who are tried in providence. These are the best I have ever found. 3. Keep clear of letter preachers, for they will rob your soul of all its meekness, tenderness, filial fear of God, and love to him and his family. They will weaken your faith, and build you up when you need pulling down. But when you find a preacher in the path of tribulation, keep close to him. 4. Be much by yourself; you will find it very profitable. Retirement to a believer naturally leads him to those five things I have mentioned, and if any fresh contracted guilt is on the conscience, the Lord may in mercy remove it. But company leads to talking, and this is sweet only when we can declare to God's glory, as I have often done, what he has done for our souls. 5. Spend much time in reading the holy scriptures, and sound authors, such as Huntington's, Romaine's, and Bunyan's works; but particularly the scriptures; for Christ says, "Search the scriptures;" and through patience and comfort of the scriptures, we are to have hope. 6. You will find meditation sweet work at times. "Isaac went out into the fields to meditate;" and David says, "My meditation of him shall

be sweet." Whom does he mean by him? I answer, Christ, the beloved of our souls. Hence the church says, "His mouth is most sweet; yea, he is altogether lovely."

Now, though I have exhorted you and myself to these blessed things; yet do not forget that it all depends upon the immediate operation of the Holy Ghost, for I have tried again and again to go on with all these things, and I could not, because he suspended his gracious influence. In this we learn how dependent we are upon him and upon the blessed Saviour, who is the fulness of all means." Hence Christ says, "Without me ye can do nothing." Christ is all. You may try and try again; but if he does not come and visit you, you will find barrenness and death in all these things, though it is right to persevere in seeking him in all appointed means.

Thus I have been enabled to go through this far enough beyond my expectations. May the Lord bless it as far as it is right to his own family who may read it, and if there be any thing amiss, pardon and forgive; for "who can understand his errors?" And to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be all the honor and glory.

JOHN RUSK.

[We cannot but call the attention of our spiritual readers to the piece of John Rusk on "Perilous Times" which we furnish this month. It is so scriptural, faithful, and experimental, and at the same time so simple, plain, and clear, that it seems to have been written with a special unction and under a peculiar power. Few writers in our judgment come up to Rusk. The concluding advice to believers we particularly admire, and have met with nothing for a long time that more falls in with our own feelings and experience, or has been more commended to our conscience, as full of holy wisdom and suitable instruction.—ED.]

WATCHMAN! WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

My dear Friend,—May dear Mary's good part be thy present and everlasting portion.

Allow me to ask my dear sister in Christ how it fares with her now. What hour of the night is it with you? The morning cometh, yea, it is near; remember that; therefore look upwards and take courage. The midnight state of unregeneracy I have passed. You trust you have too. They who trust in the Lord shall never be confounded. The night of darkness and terror at Sinai's mount I have passed. "Give me a proof of it," say you. Before, I was in black Egyptian darkness, and knew and felt it not, being dead in trespasses and sins, nor cared I at all about it; sinning against God in heart, lips, and life. I knew I had broken God's holy and righteous law, but braved it out, with a hope, without looking to Christ, that an angry God would have mercy on me at last. But when the light of life divine sprang up within my soul, I saw and felt the dark state I was in by nature, and groaned with the terrors of a law-wrecked, guilty conscience felt within, until a living faith in exercise in my soul pointed me to, and at length caused me to flee

unto a precious Christ, and embrace him, believing in him, and enjoying him as my Redeemer, Saviour, God, and Friend, and all my salvation. The blood of sprinkling applied by the Holy Ghost, sealing this sweet assurance within my breast, is the reason I now give you of my hope that I have passed through the night thus far, and that the morning now begins to dawn upon my longing heart and eyes. The night of experience, the long nights and gloomy hours in my experience which I have passed through since, I have not time to, nor can I, describe; but this one thing I must stop to say, I have never passed through a night state of soul, however dark, long, or gloomy, but a morning of light, joy, and thanksgiving has followed it. This encourages me to testify to you that the morning cometh and will come. "The vision is yet for an appointed time; though it tarry, wait for it; it will come and will not tarry."

Nearly thirty-seven years in the wilderness of sorrows and joys, darkness and light, hopes and fears, losses, crosses, tribulation, and anguish, afflictions, distress, rejoicing in hope, with assurance triumphant, &c. &c., of my mournful, groaning, and rejoicing days, are now gone, and bring me to this present time. Now the shades begin to fly away, the clouds are breaking, and the morning rays do often dart forth and cheer my heart in very deed. While here, I stand amidst the thorny way, and with weeping eyes and heart, cry, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me."

All these witnesses seem to say it is with me nearly the eleventh hour. What time of the night is it with you, fellow traveller?

The night of death,—that will come soon. But this does not move me respecting my hope in Christ. Natural, and parental affections draw me back, but the love of Christ bears me up and draws me forward.

The sting of death, and this is sin,
Is from my conscience ta'en away;
Seal'd by atoning blood within,
This night will end in endless day.

As it is written, "The morning cometh," the morning of the resurrection; on those who have part therein, shall the second death have no power. Blessed be God for a good hope through grace.

Christ is my hope, my life, my joy;
My soul from him nought ere can part;
I shall live with him too on high,
As sure as he has won my heart.

O sweet assurance, Sister, join
My anthem, Jesus and his blood;
Free grace has made the blessing mine,
Which we shall sing beyond the flood.

Yours,

Bedworth, June 20th, 1851.

G. T. C.

LECTURERS ON INFIDELITY TO RAILWAY OPERATIVES, AND IN OTHER PLACES.

I have heard of many speaking in the most blasphemous way of the Lord Jesus Christ. I ask these sons of Belial what better they have to put in the place than Jesus; what better to ease the mind, soothe the conscience, and comfort the mind, distracted through sin and guilt? I say distracted; for some of the ancient kings used to kill their own children to take away the bane and poison of their guilty or unhappy feelings. What do these would-be wise men, in their natural knowledge, put in the place of Jesus? The worm that never dies—a guilty conscience, is a sad thing. Natural philosophy, mechanical knowledge, as in steam-engines, railways, and the various plans, making, and perfecting of them, are admirable in their place; and so is natural knowledge universally. But, I ask, what is to take the poison out of the conscience but the blood of Jesus? This poison rankles more or less in the consciences of all men, both saints and sinners. And a very unhappy thing it is at times even to natural men. See their slavish fear in sickness and at death. Have not I heard of persons saying they would give all their property for a hope of pardon, when they were dying? What can be more serious than taking a leap in the dark, as infidels call death, with secret unhappiness or dread, more or less preying on their vitals? I myself have known what it was to have secret unhappiness, or guilt, or sin, preying on my vitals; and a serious thing indeed it is. Solomon says, sickness is bad; but a wounded spirit is worse. Suicides in France and England, how common they are! And I have found nought but the balsam and balm of Christ's blood to bring perfect happiness. How vain the bandages of worldly happiness to effect a contented mind! True contentment, where is it to be found? Where but in that heavenly balsam, that precious balm, distilling from the wounds of the Son of God? See the wretch with bankers' accounts, money at command, laid on a handsome bed, with servants, and all the trappings and ornaments and pleasures of this mortal life, stung with sickness and pain and distress; say, where is he to find rest? On what friendly bosom is he to rely, now that earth and its pleasures are waning away? I heard of a rich farmer, at two fits of sickness, sending for a serious man who thought or felt much about religion, and making the most solemn promises how good he would be, if God would spare his life. And it is certain, natural men have many awkward twinges of conscience; many things stare them in the face, and they are afraid to die. Why should our lecturers in infidelity then wish to take away the blood of Jesus? If that is taken away, what is there left to staunch the bleeding wounds of conscience? Guilt is more than a name; it is a pressure. Men that drown themselves do not do it generally through bodily disease; it is generally through sorrow of mind; the griping pains of conscience, deadly remorse, and such things. A man drowned himself where I at times live, and it was nothing perhaps but having gained money wrongly, and got it out of the

poor, insomuch that many said "he would never die with his shoes off,"—a natural death. But if you take away the blood of Jesus, you take away the pardon of sin, and the strongest binding towards a good life. Infidels are cruel men; they fear not God, nor regard men. The Sadducees, who "believed neither in angel, nor spirit, nor resurrection," were more cruel men than the Pharisees, though the latter were mere hypocrites in religion.

I assure you there is nought to thoroughly comfort any one in this mortal life but the love of God. It doubles every satisfaction; and is the pleasure and delight of a godly man's whole life. It is the sweet restorer of his spirits; and spreads an inexpressible charm over his earthly existence; while a sense that the Almighty, who made heaven and earth, answers his prayers, gilds his daily life and sweetens every earthly enjoyment; this makes a little of this world to be much in the eyes of sweet contentment; while a sense that we are reconciled to God, and a partaking of the unspeakable streams that run therefrom, make life at times to be almost one sunbeam of bliss. I should lie against God if I were to say I was not as happy as an angel at times. Hope gilds the scene. What we have got from God pleases us much; while, what is still before our eyes ready to drop for the future on our ravished feelings, amazes us so at times with such a sacred bliss as baffles every description. And this, O Christian, is thy lot, from the fountain of happiness above; while dimness and dread are more or less the undesirable company-keepers of infidelity.

The lecturers and hearers of infidelity at our large railway stations and elsewhere, are specimens of the signs of the times, and are different from what a truly worthy man of property said, he did "not wish to go to France where the Lord Jesus Christ was more blasphemed by Sabbath-breaking and endless enormities than in England."

It is certain the sledge-hammer of God's wrath will fall on the world when it is fully ripe, like a boil, and all its deadly venom is fully ripe for its dreadful stroke. Wicked men are fermenting, by their vain imaginations, to hasten on the fatal stroke.

And thou, O Christian, in thy carnal mind, hast at times all this rankling venom boiling in thy carnal feelings against God, against Christ, and against the sacred mysteries of the Christian religion.

But to all these haughty sons of Belial, the lecturers and hearers of infidelity, I bring this one argument: Show me how I am to get guilt off my conscience. It is a good bridge that carries us over the worst dangers. Jesus Christ shall be my God, for he has forgiven me my sins, and taken that insufferable burden from my inflamed and distracted conscience.

It is true, I cannot to natural men level that stumbling-block over which infidels by their insufferably impudent language stumble into hell, how Christ was conceived and born of the virgin Mary. But I firmly believe it, and so do all saints. For he is conceived and born into our hearts, the unutterable hope of glory, strictly according to the scriptures. He it is that has smashed down the

gates of the grave in our feelings, and opened life and immortality to beam on our ravished souls. We say and feel this in a sound and sober mind strictly according to the Scriptures.

If asked by infidels, What is the chief good of man? We answer, A union with the Lord Jesus Christ in this very way that infidels stumble at.

All the natural pleasure I ever had, all the natural satisfaction I ever had, all the varied comforts I ever had from my infancy, all, all are not for a moment to be compared, are not the weight of a feather, when put in the balance, with the Lord Jesus Christ. A felt union with him (which infidels stumble at); the ineffable union of Christ, the best of beings, with my soul; the virtuous, sacred, and purest pleasures that honorably arise therefrom; the solemn realities of hatred of sin; the pleasures of a union to the best of Beings that hateth sin; all these, things overjoy the soul in the sanctifying blood and righteousness of the Son of God. While, secondly, keeping strictly the commandments of God, out of love and gratitude, abundantly confirms that "God dwelleth in me and I in God."

Abingdon.

J. K.

IS NOT THIS A BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE FIRE?

Dear Sir,—I have long had a desire to let you know a little of the Lord's dealings with me, since I have sat under your ministry, which has been about four years and a half, that you might know you have not labored in vain, nor spent your strength for nought.

I need not say any thing of my former profession, for you know enough of that already; but it was such as left me to sink in a trying hour. When I heard you first, I could see I had been led away by "Lo here," and "Lo there;" and I seemed to rejoice awhile in that light; but the depths of my heart were not broken up till this word came with power to my soul: "Your faith is vain; you are yet in your sins;" and conscience bearing the same testimony, I sensibly sank to the sides of the pit. Now, every refuge seemed to fail; despair began to make head again, and every lust and corruption of my heart boiled up. My secret sins were set in the light of God's countenance, and the guilt of them lay on me as a burden which I found was too heavy for me to bear; and I quite expected it would sink me lower than the grave. The law cursed me as a transgressor, and conscience agreed to every bill that was brought in, Satan tempting me all the day with all manner of evils, while the wrath of God was sensibly raging within, which made me stagger as I went like a drunken man. The snares of death encompassed me about, the pains of hell sensibly gat hold upon me, and this was sounding in my ears all the day long, "You have sinned against the Holy Ghost; therefore it is all over. You will soon be mad, dead, and damned." All this I expected would come to pass. I dared not tell the devil he was a liar, for if I did, and

could not prove it, I thought he would torment me worse. Now I thought if I were quite sure I should not be saved, I would do nothing but sin; and I have gone to do it, when the flashes of hell seemed to come in my face, though perhaps not permitted to do it. Then the accuser would come in and work despairing thoughts in my mind. "There is now no mercy; you had better put an end to your life at once;" and this I feared would be the case. But I heard you describe what the sin against the Holy Ghost was, and I found I stood clear of that. Then I thought there might be some hope; and here I found a wish in me that I might not rebel when I was punished, that I might say it was not God's fault, but that I had procured my own destruction. I knew the word of God would stand for ever, and I could see the safety of them that are in the covenant, but had no faith to take a word for myself; and then I wished there was no election. I was willing to be saved from the misery I now felt, but I knew it was "not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy;" and it was to the mercy of God my eye was first directed; which made me cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

I now attended constantly at the chapel, and when I heard my case and feelings pointed out, and that others had been saved who had been in the same case I was now in, I began to have some hope; and every time a ray of light appeared on my path, and I could see it agreed with the word, hope got stronger and faith got a faster hold of the promise, though too weak to keep me from sinking; for as soon as ever I lost that light, which I often did before I left the chapel, down I went again to meditate on terror.

I went on thus, sometimes hoping, sometimes fearing, for about three years; only as faith got a faster hold of the promise, and hope grew stronger, it kept me from sinking so low as before. My burden now seemed something lighter, and the wrath of God was not felt with such keenness as before; so that, at times, I found some quietness in my soul, and patience came in to wait; for I now believed I should, sooner or later, find him of whom the promise speaks; yea, I was fully persuaded I should not depart this life till I had seen the Lord Christ. And now I found my mind continually going out after him; yea, I felt such longing desires after him, and such expectations of his coming, that I watched every opportunity; and this was my cry, "O that I knew where I might find him." And thus I went on; looking, longing, and expecting, for about six months. Though many times I saw him leaping upon the hills and passing by the lattice, yet I could not catch him; till one Thursday evening, something more than a year ago, you preached from these words: "Saved, by the washing of regeneration and by the renewing of the Holy Ghost." When you had described the washing of regeneration, you said, "Such a one, thus wrought upon, is saved;" and I knew, by the power I then felt, I was the man; and when you had described the renewing of the Holy Ghost, you said he renewed it over again. I felt such love, joy, and peace flow into my soul that is much better felt than described; for I knew I was saved

in the Lord with an everlasting salvation. Sin, death, wrath, and Satan, now fled; and love, joy, and peace, took their place. I went home laughing, crying, and rejoicing, astonished to think that mercy should reach one sunk so low; but "the Lord will have mercy on whom he will have mercy." I tried to eat some supper, but could not; and I tried to pray, but could not. I could only praise the Lord, and had I continued here I could neither have eaten nor worked. But in a few days I lost the comfortable enjoyment of this, and then I began to search for my sins, to get the burden of them again, but I could not. "The sins of Judah shall be sought for, but they shall not be found;" and so I proved it; for they have not returned yet, nor do I believe they ever will; though I find a wicked nature within me, and a wicked devil without, with united forces wanting to reign; yet whenever my Surety appears, the devil is gone in a minute, and the old man, his companion, skulks into any hole he can get in. I once hoped he was dead, and I wish to my heart he was, for he often makes me cry, "O wretched man that I am!" and gets me many strokes on my back: "I will visit their sins with the rod and their iniquities with stripes; nevertheless, I will not take my loving-kindness away from them, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail." And blessed be his name, he has been as good as his word. Therefore, "my soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour;" for "he is my strength and my song, and he is become my salvation." Bless the Lord, O my soul.

May your bow abide in strength and your quiver be full of arrows. This is the prayer of your friend and servant,

J. H.

Those who dream of Christ's personal reign on earth before the day of judgment, unless they suppose that all the saints shall be perfectly glorified also, (which is only to bring down heaven to the earth for a while, to no purpose,) provide not at all for the edification, or consolation of the church.—*Owen*.

The miseries of the short space of the Saviour's ministry are mentioned in some measure in the gospel; but it is remarkable, no ingratitude shown him, no shame, blasphemies of the multitude, fears, or blows, made him complain. No, he bore all with a divine and inimitable patience; and even when Herod and his guards set him at nought, and his reverend head was buffeted, and beaten through the hall, and his innocent face covered with shame and spittle, his hair and beard torn off, and he mocked and derided in the most barbarous manner, it did not force from him a word. Nothing betrayed in him a sorrow that he had undertaken the work; no expression or look showed he repented, or that he wanted to be released out of such cruel hands. "He was as a deaf man, and as one in whose mouth are no reproofs," when "false witnesses laid to his charge things that he knew not;" nor could the menaces and threatenings of his judges, the rage of the priests, nor false charge of the people, make him break his lamb-like silence.—*Cennick*.

THE HAPPY VICTOR; OR, SAINTS MORE THAN CONQUERORS.

BY RALPH ERSKINE.

“Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.”—Romans viii. 37.

The method we propose for handling this subject, as the Lord shall be pleased to assist, is the following:

- I. To speak of the *Christian conqueror*.
- II. Of his being *more* than a conqueror.
- III. The *grounds* of the conquest, viz., the love of Christ.

I. We are to speak of the *Christian conqueror*. Two things seem necessary here to be considered, viz., First. The *enemies* he conquers. Second. The *nature* and *import* of the conquest.

First. As to the *enemies* that the believer overcomes and conquers.

1. The first enemy is *sin*. Sin is the grave of all our mercies and the mother of all our miseries; and it has a twofold power that must be overcome—a condemning power, that binds the sinner over to eternal death and wrath; and a polluting power, that makes the soul ugly and abominable in the sight of a holy God. But the believer overcomes both these.

2. The *world* must be conquered, and all the friendly blandishments thereof; for the friendship of this world is enmity against God. It is hard to stand against such an adversary, because here we have temptations suited to all our natural inclinations. (1 John ii. 19.) If we are for carnal pleasures, here are the lusts of the flesh to wallow in; if we value ourselves for riches and full coffers, here are the “lusts of the eye;” if we be for honor, here is the “pride of life” presenting itself.

3. The *devil* is an enemy most powerful and subtle whom we have to conquer. His great design is to tempt us to the practice of sin and to hinder the exercise of grace, and to destroy immortal souls, for “he goes about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.” But he that establishes Zion on a lasting foundation has promised that the “gates of hell shall not prevail against it;” he has promised to bruise Satan under our feet; and his promise is like a mountain of brass that cannot be removed.

4. *Raging persecutors* are enemies to be conquered, or *personal enemies*, that are Satan’s instruments; being either wicked men that, are confederates with Satan, or wickedly-disposed men though otherwise gracious, as Job’s friends, Aaron and Miriam, &c. The believer overcomes either by well-doing or well-suffering. Sometimes by well-doing, which is a notable conquest: “For so is the will of God, that with well-doing ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men.” (1 Pet. ii. 15.) Thus says the apostle, “If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.” (Rom. xii. 20.) If not coals of conversion to melt him, yet they will be stones of

confusion to astonish him, consume him, and burn him up. Sometimes we overcome personal enemies also by well-suffering. A Christian conquers by patience, constancy, resolution, and perseverance in the faith; the saints have conquered even by "suffering unto death." (Rev. xii. 11.)

5. They have *personal afflictions* to conquer; such as those mentioned in the two preceding verses, viz., tribulation, distress, persecution, famine, nakedness, peril, or sword. The godly are liable to these evils, but they are helped to conquer, by looking beyond the hatred of men, who have a sinful hand therein, to the love of God, who has a sovereign hand; and so looking on them as loving chastisements and signatures of adoption. By faith they can see God venting his love, even in those things wherein men may be venting their rage; revenge, and resentment.

Personal afflictions are conquered either by prevention of them, by cheerfulness under them, or by profiting by them. Sometimes by prevention of them, as when the Lord either prevents and diverts the dint of the stroke that it shall not fall, or the damage of it that it shall not harm; as it is said, "The curse causeless shall not come." (Prov. xxvi. 2.) Sometimes they conquer these afflictions by cheerfulness under them. Men are conquered so far as they are dejected and cast down, and when their hearts, like Nabai's, die within them; but they are conquerors so far as they are hearty and courageous in a spiritual sense, having the "Spirit of God and glory resting on them;" and are enabled to rejoice in tribulation, and are delivered from fainting in the day of adversity. This cheerfulness is not only a natural affection, but a spiritual grace. Paul and Silas sung praises in the prison; and the apostles rejoiced "that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for Christ's name." (Acts v. 41.) A believer is a conqueror over his afflictions by contentment; when "troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair." They conquer by their profiting by affliction; then have we the better of affliction when we are the better by them, and "get meat out of the eater." A man may have benefit even by his adversaries, whether they will or not, which is the greatest victory.

6. The last enemy they have to be conquered is *death*; (1 Cor. xv. 26;) and over this enemy also the believer shall be victorious. Death shall not be able to separate Christ and him, as you may see in the verses following the text; nay, death makes the union the more close. This union begins to be more perfect at death, as to the soul of the believer, for it wins nearer to him when it enters into glory; and the body being still united to Christ, rests in the grave till the resurrection, when both soul and body shall be blessed with the full enjoyment of him. Hence the song of triumph over death and the grave, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

Secondly. As to the *nature* and *import* of the conquest. Believers being conquerors, supposes and imports these following things:

1. That he has some *saving acquaintance* with the Captain of salvation, in whom he sees all the magazine of military provision,

and all the furniture for the spiritual war. Having no expectation of reaching this victory by himself or any creature, but only by the Spirit of Christ, he expects to "mortify the deeds of the body" and to "bruise the serpent's head," knowing that "not by might, nor by power, but by his Spirit" must the victory be obtained.

2. The conqueror is one that has some acquaintance with the *war-faring life* of the Christian, that this life is a fighting life. The conquest supposes a battle, and weapons of war, and a putting on of the whole armor of God. "I have fought the good fight," says Paul; "I have had hell and devils to fight against; but now I have overcome, and arrived at the crown." The conqueror knows that the Christian life is one of the sweetest of lives, and yet one of the sharpest of lives in several respects; for they that would follow Christ must not expect to be always in the mount to behold him transfigured before them; they must come sometimes down to the valley and fight; and perhaps, as Paul said, "Fight with beasts at Ephesus;" they must not expect still to sail with a fair wind, but oftentimes to sail in the dark and in a storm when Christ seems to be absent.

3. The conqueror is one who is acquainted with the *nature* of the war; that it is spiritual, and that the weapons are not "carnal, but mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strongholds," &c.; that it is managed through grace, and that sometimes by *flying*, sometimes by *fighting*, and sometimes by *watching*. Sometimes by *flying*. A Christian soldier may conquer by flying: "Flee fornication," says the apostle. Flee from sin and you fight against it; flee from both inward and outward abominations, drunkenness, whoredom, lying, cheating, Sabbath-breaking, ill company, all appearance of evil. It is dangerous to parley with temptation or to reason with the devil whether you should venture on such a sin or not; for though you should muster up arguments, yet you may find the devil a better politician than you. But there are some evils you cannot fly from, and therefore *fighting* must take place. When you cannot fly, the next best is to stand your ground: "Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil." (Eph. vi. 12.) "Stand fast in the faith," with an entire dependence upon Christ for new supplies of grace and strength from him; for we are not sufficient of ourselves, "our sufficiency is of God." "I live, yet not I," says the apostle, "but Christ liveth in me." Even so may a believer say, "I overcome, yet not I, but Christ overcometh for me." By *watching*: "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." The work of a sentinel is not to fight, but to watch the enemy's approach; and when he sees them, he tells the captain, and prays him to draw out his forces to oppose them, and so conquers.

4. The conqueror is one that is acquainted with, and his conquest imports acquaintance with, the *power* and *policy* of his spiritual enemies, with the *means* of the victory, and the *way* of using the spiritual weapons. Such acquaintance has he with the power and policy of the enemy, that he has had the sad experience of many foils and

falls in the battle. Yea, the saints may lose many battles, though they win the war at last. The liveliest of the saints may have some deadness, the holiest some sin; the most humble have some pride, the most spiritual and heavenly have some earthliness and carnality, and the most denied have some self; hence they may be frequently overcome and lose their liveliness, though not their life altogether. It is true the doctrine of the foils and falls of believers may be dangerous to the secure and a rock of offence to them over which they may stumble. "Why," say they, "I am daily overcome by sin, and my heart dead like a stone in prayer; but my blessing on the minister that tells me believers may be just like me; and so I conclude myself to be among the number of believers, and hope to be saved as well as the best." O beware, man, lest this kind of reasoning prove your spot to be none of the spots of God's children! A saint may be foiled and fall, but he will not lie among the dirt nor wallow in the puddle, like a swine in the mire; but struggle like a sheep in the mire, and be restless till he get out.

The believer also is one that knows the way and means of the victory, viz., the spiritual armor, and the way and manner of using these weapons, particularly these four. The first weapon is the *blood* of Christ: "They overcome by the blood of the Lamb." (Rev. xii. 11.) They know that this "blood cleanseth from all sin," and so washes away the enemy as a flood. The second weapon is that of *faith*: "Whom resist, steadfast in the faith." (1 Pet. v. 9.) It is by this "shield of faith" they "quench the darts of Satan;" yea, "This is the victory whereby they overcome the world, even their faith;" and by this they overcome the god of this world. The third weapon is the *word*, which is the "sword of the Spirit." (Eph. vi. 17.) By this Christ, the Captain, defeated the devil, saying, "It is written;" it is written so and so. When people observe only what is said by such and such a man, they are in danger to be tempted and conquered by temptation; but when they resist temptation, by minding what is written in the word, they overcome. The fourth weapon is *prayer*: "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." (Matt. xxvi. 41.) This weapon Paul used when he "besought the Lord thrice." The prayerless man is the vanquished man; but as long as one can pray in faith and pray in the Holy Ghost, he is armed against the devil, the world, and the flesh. The wrestler with God in prayer is the conqueror.

II. The second head of the method was, To show in what respects believers are *more* than conquerors. The Greek word is very emphatic, and such as we cannot easily reach in our language; it is as if we should say, "We over-over-come." Now, I shall show, in eight or ten respects, how true believers may be said to be more than conquerors. And,

1. They are more than conquerors in so far as their *Captain*, who fights for them, is more than *man*, more than a *complete match* for all his enemies. Christ, the Captain of their salvation is their almighty General. This is the ground of their conquest; it is through

him that loved them, as we may show afterwards. Only here we observe that, having him on their side, it may well be said, as in verse 31, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" And as Elisha said to his servants, "Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them;" (2 Kings vi. 16;) and when his eyes were opened at the prayer of Elisha, behold the mountain was full of horses, and chariots of fire round about Elisha.

2. They are more than conquerors in so far as they can *glory in their cross*; and not only bear it with patience, but triumph in it with pleasure as the cross of Christ. For a man to glory in his own crown is no great matter, but to glory in his cross is more than a victory over it. Thus did Paul when he opposed himself to the false teachers of his time, who sought to glory in these as their converts, whom they could persuade to be circumcised and to submit to the legal yokes they wreathed about their necks; but, says Paul, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." (Gal. vi. 14.) Thus were the apostles more than conquerors, when they could "glory in tribulations," (Rom. v. 3,) and rejoiced "that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for Christ's name." (Acts vi. 41.)

3. They are more than conquerors in so far as they conquer the *greatest* enemies in a little time, and with the least ado or with little strength, and by very weak and feeble means. Amongst men it is usual for that party which has the greatest forces to carry the day. But take a view of grace when first cast into the soul, particularly faith; it is but "like a grain of mustard seed," it is like nothing, were it not for the strength of Christ that helps and makes it victorious. If a great army conquer a small handful, it is but a victory; but if a small handful conquer a great army, this is more than a victory; as when that small grain of mustard seed overtops and overcomes the whole world; for "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." The children of God sometimes conquer with a little strength and by very weak and feeble means. It is all one to God to conquer by many or few.

4. They are more than conquerors in so far as they can conquer without any *loss* to themselves, but rather gain. When one army defeats another, but with loss of thousands or of the greatest part of the army, it may be called a victory; but when the one routs the other without any loss, and with great gain, then it is more than a victory.

5. They are more than conquerors in regard that they *conquer* even when they do *not fight*; for even the rest of God's people is "glorious and victorious." (Isa. xi. 10.) They are sometimes called just to stand still and see the salvation of God: "His holy arm hath gotten him the victory."

6. They are more than conquerors in regard that they *conquer* when they are *conquered*, and overcome the enemy even in that wherein the enemy thought to have overcome. Any man can overcome in his victories; but the child of God overcomes in his foils and de-

feats that he meets with; his very losses themselves are victories. What enemies design for their greatest overthrow and debasement issues in their greatest honor and advancement: "In all these things we are more than conquerors." What things are these? "Tribulation, distress, persecution, famine, nakedness, peril, and sword." These things, which seem to be so distant and remote from conquering, so opposite and contrary to conquest, even "in all these things we are more than conquerors."

7. They are more than conquerors in regard that they *conquer and overcome themselves*. "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." (Prov. xvi. 32.) Here is a notable conquest, for a man to have a command and victory over himself and his own heart, for it enables him easily to defeat all other oppositions. He that is a slave to his lusts will be a slave to his enemies; he that never conquers his carnal affections will never conquer his crosses and afflictions.

8. They are more than conquerors in regard they conquer *Him* that is unconquerable, and overcome him that is invincible. The children of God, to speak with holy reverence, do in some respects conquer *God* himself, and that two ways, namely, by the *beauty* of their *graces* and the *efficacy* of their *prayers*. First. By the *beauty and loveliness* of their *graces* which he himself has adorned them with: "Turn away thine eyes from me, for they have overcome me." (Song vi. 5.) These are the words of Christ to his spouse, the church of true believers. "Thine eyes;" that is, the beauty and lustre of thy *graces*. Christ is in a manner charmed and ravished with the *graces* of his own Spirit in his people: "Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse." (Song iv. 9.) Second. By the *efficacy* of their *prayers*. The prayer of faith holds his hands, as it were, and will not let him go; as one says, "It binds him that is omnipotent, and overcomes him that is invincible." He suffers a holy, humble wrestler to command him: "Ask me of things to come concerning my sons, and concerning the work of my hands command ye me." (Isa. xlv. 11.) It is said of Jacob, "He held him, and would not let him go" till he blessed him; and hence is said, as a prince to have "prevailed with God," and to have had "power over the angel;" and so much was signified in the change of his name from Jacob to Israel. How prevalent was Moses's prayer when God said, "Let me alone!" How powerful were the prayers of Elijah and Elisha! God gives himself up to be bound and held by their prayers; and thus "the King is held in the galleries."

III. The third general head was, To speak to the *ground* of this conquest; it is *through Christ* we are more than conquerors. How? "Through him that loved us;" even through this glorious and mighty Lover. This name of Christ, as our Lover, through whom we are more than conquerors, imports these following things:

1. The *humble frame* of the believing conqueror. To boast of being "more than conquerors" looks very big, and seems to smell of

self-confidence and presumption; therefore it is here corrected and qualified, namely, "through him that loved us," and through his strength and power. The conquest we have over sin and suffering is not from ourselves or our own strength. No; we may say, "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory;" (1 Cor. xv. 57;) and as Paul, "The Lord stood with me, and strengthened me. (2 Tim. iv. 17.) And it is through him strengthening that we can do all things: "Yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me." When we are in a cheerful frame, we are ready, with Peter, to be too confident of our own strength, and this is dangerous; for then we grieve his Spirit by presumption, and he is thereby provoked to grieve our spirit by desertion, and withdrawing of his Spirit from us. To prevent this in Paul, a thorn in his flesh and messenger of Satan was sent to buffet him, because it is better to be under the power of an affliction than under the power of a lust.

2. It imports that love was the *spring* that moved him to make us conquerors, and more than conquerors. Love made him take on our nature. Though he was God, yet he became man in rich grace and love towards us. And, indeed, that he should marry our nature to his own, and take it into the union and subsistence of his own divine person, it was the lowest abasement on his part, and the highest advancement on ours: "In this was manifested the love of Christ towards us." His being born, living, dying, rising, and redeeming us, were all the effects and results of his love, whereby we become conquerors.

3. "Through him that loved us." It imports the *power* and *efficacy* of his love, and the conquering *nature* thereof. His love was "strong as death," and conquered death, and came off victorious; and through him this last enemy shall be destroyed, for his love conquered all the curses of the law. He being made a curse for us, it conquered the wrath of God, and underwent this for us. This love of his conquers all our guilt, and takes us with all the guilt we have. His love conquers our unwillingness to take him, and conquers our willingness to depart from him. Here was the greatest difficulty and obstacle imaginable; yet love came skipping over all these mountains. His love has fought the battle and gained it, so that we have nothing to do but chase and pursue the conquered foe.

Therefore, what shall I tell you? Something more honorable can be said of the believer's conquest on earth than can be said of the glorious conquerors about the throne in heaven. The church triumphant above may be said, through him that loved them, to be "more than conquerors" above all these things, and above all tribulations, above all distresses, above all persecutions, above all perils and swords, above all the killing swords of human fury and violence. But something more honorable yet can be said of the militant church below, and of the poor believer that has the faith of the love of Christ, that he is more than a conqueror even in all these things, in all these tribulations, distresses, and persecutions, and swords of violence, when "troubled on every side, yet not distressed," not defeated, but defeating, and gaining more than a victory.

How is this? Even because they can see what the redeemed above can see no more; that is, when they see the banner of love over them, they see it extended so far as to see love in these tribulations, love in these distresses, love in these persecutions; fatherly love, even in and overtopping all these rods of his anger that may be filled with the fury of men, yet fraught with the love of God, who says, "Fury is not in me." Thus, through him that loved us, and through him as our Lover, and in the faith of his love, we are more than conquerors; the glorious victory is wholly owing to the Lord our Lover. Love leads the van; love fights the battle; love carries the day; and under this banner we are more than conquerors.

By his "own strength shall no man prevail," but by the strength of Christ, under his banner of love. Our conquest springs from his unspeakable love. "Nothing," says the text, "shall separate us from the love of Christ." Why? Because his love is so prevalent for us, as to unite us and keep us close to himself; this being the nature of love, especially of divine love, to join itself to us, to join us to it, and so to preserve what is joined to it. It is from his love that he afflicts us; and it is from his love that he strengthens us, and enables us to endure affliction. Many are ready to judge of God's love by other things, as by corn, wine, and oil they enjoy from him; but it is best to try and discover his love by this fruit of it, namely, in the matter of victory, especially over our spiritual enemies. What strength have we to resist temptations? what ability to subdue corruptions? what power to submit to afflictions? what fortitude to bear up under and glory in tribulations, distresses, and persecutions, and to make a sanctified and holy use and improvement of them? Here is a discovery of Christ's love to us.

Hence, see what matter of comfort it is to *fighting believers*, who, though their life be a fighting under the cross, both without and within, it is much for him even to overcome himself and his own unbelief, impenitency, and selfishness; and though he has his own difficulties in this fight of faith, yet he is so much more than a conqueror, that his victory is not dubious, but certain and manifest; the devil is legally disarmed and evidently disappointed. The victory that the believer has in Christ is won, and cannot be lost again. It is a sure and continuing victory; for, whatever hurt or damage the church and people of God may receive by a particular assault from a present cross, a fiery dart, or a frightful temptation, yet it is sure they shall have the full and absolute victory in the close.

Happy the followers of the Lamb, who are enlisted under his banner; they may be oppressed, troubled, persecuted; they may be separated from the society of men, and ranked amongst devils; but can tribulation and distress, can persecution or sword separate them from the love of Christ? Nay; by no means: "Nay, in all these things they are more than conquerors." Men may wickedly curse, and commit them to the devil; but the devil will not take the prey, but be obliged to cry out, saying, "Surely there is no enchantment against Jacob, neither is there any divination against Israel; according to this time it shall be said of Israel, What hath God wrought?"

THIS POOR MAN CRIED, AND THE LORD HEARD HIM.

Dear Sir,—I feel compelled to write you a few lines to state a little that I have passed through the last two months, and of the Lord's goodness to me, together with the kindness of friends, in my tribulation, and to thank them for what they have sent me, if you will allow me through your periodical. I will try and be as short as I can, and therefore wish only to relate a little of my last trouble, which doubtless many of the readers of the "Standard" will have heard some account of.

In March, 1854, I gave a farmer (worth about three thousand pounds, who was then a member of the church at Milton, where I have been laboring in word and doctrine for many years) leave to put some wool on my premises free of any charge, and told him where I wished him to put it; but while I was in London supplying at Zoar Chapel, he put it in a hovel which he chose himself, sooner than put it where I wished him. There it remained safe for more than two years, and its owner continued a member till the 18th of May last, when he was separated by the church, not one hand being held up for him. After his separation, he was very bitter towards me, and tried all he could to injure me and to set the people against me; but the more he tried, and said, the more did the friends cleave to me.

On the fifteenth of July last, I left home with my wife for Birmingham, and on the eighteenth I left Birmingham for Liverpool; leaving my daughter at home in care of the house, &c. Whilst I was at Liverpool, one third of the wool was stolen; and afterwards my opponent took the remainder away, free of any charge; for all the time it had remained on the premises. In a few days he sent me a lawyer's letter, demanding thirty pounds for the lost wool! My trouble now increased. After this came a county court summons for twenty eight pounds one shilling and tenpence, and expenses. My trouble now increased more. Some friends persuaded me not to pay it. While one said, "Pay it, and bear it; do not go to law," others said, "Do not pay such an unjust demand, but face your foe to the last, if you are cast." You can but guess what my troubles were under it. I prayed to be guided right, and feared lest I should act wrong. Sometimes rebellion would rise to a great height, and then a breaking down; and I was made quite willing to leave it with the Lord. But my exercise of mind was great, as it was a long time before the trial would come on, the 27th of Sept. being the day fixed for its decision. What I passed through during the time I cannot relate, but the Lord did sometimes lift me up; then I sank again. But in the midst of all I had a clear conscience before the Lord, and when I could enjoy a little of his smiles I could leave all in his hands; but when he withdrew, I sunk lower and lower. At one time I had three passages of scripture, each backing the other, in my mind. The first was in Deuteronomy, first part of 17th verse: "The cause that is too hard

for thee, bring it unto me and I will hear it;" the next was in Psalm l. 15: "Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee;" and the third was Ecclesiastes vii. 8: "Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof." These were a support to me; and I thought by their coming in the way they did, surely the Lord meant to deliver me in the day of trial.

But instead of that, the Lord permitted the Judge to decide against me. I had to pay my opponent's demands and expenses, together with my own, which amounted to forty eight pounds eight shillings and twopence. This was like a death blow to me; but what hurt me worst of all was, my enemy tried to make it out as if my sons had something to do with it; but they knew no more about it than a child just born. I do hope the Lord will bring the guilty parties to light, for there is a mystery about it I cannot fathom.

After the trial on Saturday, the 27th, I had to go to London, to preach at Gower Street Chapel on the morrow. But I felt as though I could not go, for die I thought I must. For about three hours my burden felt intolerable. I had just strength enough to help me and keep me. Shortly before I left Chipping Norton for London I felt a little revived, and whilst in the train these words came to my mind, "In his humiliation his judgment was taken away." Well, I thought, then I am something like Jesus here; for though they could find nothing against him, yet they would not allow him the right of judgment, but condemned the innocent Jesus, and delivered the wicked Barabbas. I reached London about half-past 10 in the evening, safe, but much fatigued. I entered my chamber for rest about half-past 11, fell upon my knees, entreating the Lord to take care of me and help me on the coming day. Afterwards I lay down, but cannot say I slept. No, for it was a sorrowing night. I arose the next morning with these words in my mind, "When he hath tried me I shall come forth as gold." This was a help to my poor tried heart. I preached from those words the same morning, yet I did not enjoy or feel what I had felt before. But there was a firm persuasion in my soul that the Lord would help me, and bring me to his kingdom at last, when the fire work was over.

In the evening I went to chapel, but entered the pulpit rather low and sinking, feeling my own weakness; the thought of preaching and baptizing made me tremble. A cry went up to the Lord for help. After singing I began reading the 12th chapter of Isaiah. I had no sooner read the first verse than the Lord broke into my poor soul, and then came the second verse, "Behold, God is my salvation, I will trust, and not be afraid; the Lord Jehovah is my strength and song; he is become my salvation." I could then speak out feelingly of the day of God's power made manifest. The day of God's delivering hand, &c., was a day of salvation indeed, so that I was compelled to speak almost upon every word down the chapter. And it was a time not to be forgotten by me, for I felt assured the Lord was on my side, and that it was far better to be the oppressed than the oppressor. Therefore I was assured I should lose nothing by my opponent's action, that is, as it regarded money matters, for the

gold and silver I knew was Jehovah's, and he could and would help me. It was as if any one had said, "Lack ye anything?" I could have replied, "Nothing." I could then leave it all with the Lord for him to work, and did not wish to have any hand in it myself.

I took my leave of the people at Gower Street Chapel on the following Tuesday, when six of the friends who shook hands with me, said, "Good bye, the Lord will appear for you." Five left each a sovereign in my hand, and one half a sovereign. Since then I have received from the friends twenty four pounds sixteen shillings, making in the whole from Gower Street, thirty pounds six shillings. I have also received the following sums from my friends in other parts. Mr. Pinnell, of Westwell, eighteen pounds seven shillings; Mr. Foreman, of London, seven pounds one shilling; Mrs. Shaw, of Birmingham, ten pounds; Mr. Carr, of Tonbridge Wells, eight pounds; from a Friend in the North, six pounds; Mr. Roff, of Stow, and his friends, four pounds fifteen shillings; Mr. Philpot, one pound; Friends at Milton and neighborhood, fourteen pounds fourteen shillings and sixpence; two Friends at Bath, one pound ten shillings; a Friend at West Bromwich, one pound; Miss Clare, five pounds; and two other Friends, one pound.

The sum altogether received by me is one hundred and eight pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence, for which I feel truly grateful to my Lord, and with all my heart sincerely thank my kind friends for their sympathy with me, which is far above and beyond what I could ever expect. I have double what I needed, yea more; and now I see in this that "the end is better than the beginning," and that what was too hard for me was not too hard for the Lord. The Lord who said, "I will deliver thee," is a God hearing and a God answering prayer.

Now what shall I say more? Why, I will say as Paul did, "Having received of Epaphroditus the things which were sent from you, an odour of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well pleasing to God. But my God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

I wish now to act in as honorable and consistent a manner as I can, and to show that I do not wish to receive what I have, and do nothing for the Lord's cause. It has been impressed upon my mind that after building the chapel where I preach at Milton, which from the first I did all upon my own responsibility, and striving hard to get the chapel out of debt, wishing to do it before I die so that my dear people may have a home to meet together in, I at first invested it in the hands of a trust, and had the deeds properly enrolled. Still a debt remains, and as I have now enough to clear it off, I shall pay it off; and it will then be free of any burden. Together with this, our vestry wants enlarging, for the school children and others to sit in, as sometimes we are straitened for room. Therefore I will enlarge the vestry and pay for it, as I shall have enough. And I believe the Lord will take care of me as long as I live. It will not be many years; and he who hath provided will provide.

I wish now to commit the keeping of my soul and the souls of

my kind friends into the hands of the Lord; and would desire an interest in the prayers of God's family.

I am, Yours, in love and truth, G. GORTON.

Milton, near Chipping Norton, Oxon, Nov. 14th, 1856.

[We do not usually insert communications of a private nature; but the above account is such a signal display of the Lord's goodness and delivering hand that we could not pass it by, and feel a pleasure in giving it a place in our pages, believing it will find a place also in the hearts of our readers.—Ed.]

INQUIRY.

Dear Sir,—Will you please to favor a few friends with a few remarks in the "Gospel Standard," on Romans xiv. 21?

"It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor any thing whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak."

Glad should we be to see the above sentiments of the apostle thoroughly vindicated, which would be generally acceptable, especially to

Oct. 10th, 1856.

J. B.

ANSWER.

By a comparison with 1 Cor. viii. and 1 Cor. x. 25—33, the apostle's meaning in the passage before us seems tolerably clear. His main object is to show the paramount claim that a brother's spiritual welfare has over our personal fleshly enjoyment or self indulgence. He does not generally or positively forbid the eating of meat* or the drinking of wine, but mentions cases in which it would be expedient to abstain from both if by indulgence in them a brother's edification or comfort were in peril. How the eating of flesh might affect this is plain from the parallel passages which we have above quoted. Much of the meat sold in the shambles in those days were parts of victims which had been already offered in sacrifice to idols. A question therefore arose in the primitive church whether a Christian could, with a good conscience, eat of such meat, as by so doing he seemed if not to be a partaker of, yet to connive at idolatry. This question the apostle examines and decides (1 Cor. viii. and 1 Cor. x.) and he decides it in two ways:

1. That as an idol was "nothing in the world," (1 Cor. viii. 4,) if a man, seeing and believing this, could, with a good conscience, eat of the meat offered to it, he might freely do so, the bare act of eating or not eating being of no consequence in the eyes of God. (1 Cor. viii. 8.) But if by so doing and making use of his liberty, he put a stumbling block in the way of a weak brother, in other words, emboldened him to do the same thing, when he had neither the same knowledge nor the same liberty he was doing wrong and had better therefore abstain from making use of his liberty at all. For one of these two things would be the probable consequence; first, either that the weak brother would be emboldened, through

* So far from this, he tells us that "to command to abstain from meats" is a part of "the doctrines of devils." (1 Tim. iv. 3.)

this hardening of his conscience, to further and more flagrant acts of connivance at idolatry; or, secondly, would so wound and defile it by the guilt and filth of this sin (for such it would be to him) as to open a door for the assaults of despair and Satan. He urges therefore his strong brother rather never to eat meat at all than thus to wound the conscience of a weaker brother and cast him into a snare where he might suffer much loss.

2. The other way in which he decides the case about eating meats is that they might freely buy and eat any meat sold in the shambles, but were to "ask no questions" of the seller whether what they were about to purchase had been offered to an idol or not. "For the earth was the Lord's and the fulness thereof;" and therefore they might thankfully eat of it as a part of the Lord's bountiful production, without unnecessarily perplexing their consciences whether it had been offered to an idol. It was the Lord's creature, that he had made for the good of man, and as such they might eat it with a thankful heart.

But he assumes another case. Suppose any believer were invited to eat at an unbeliever's house,* and he felt disposed to go, he might eat whatever was set before him freely and without scruple, asking no questions whether the meat set before him had been offered to an idol, and yet thus he might preserve a clean and clear conscience. But if a brother present were to say to him, I know from my own observation that this meat which you are going to eat has been offered in sacrifice to idols, then, says the apostle, "eat it not," for his sake that pointed it out, and "for conscience sake," that is, as he explains lower down, that you may not wound the conscience of this weak brother.

But to return to the verse immediately before us. The grand point which the apostle seeks above all things to enforce is that we are not to destroy or defile the work of God† for the sake of meat; that is, we are not to prefer our own fleshly indulgence to the comfort and edification of a brother. Nothing is to be so dear to us as the edification of our brethren, and compared with that we should give up our own fleshly gratification.

The apostle therefore does not mean to lay it down as a precept of the gospel that we are not to eat flesh or drink wine, or even that it is good or expedient to do so; but, that if

* It is almost a pity that our translators introduced the words "to a feast." (1 Cor. x. 27,) for they are not in the original, and almost seem to sanction a Christian's attending worldly feasts and banquetings. The words in the original are simply, "If any one of the unbelievers invite you." Now there are occasions when we might take a quiet meal with an unbelieving relation, which surely is a very different thing from attending a feast or mere worldly revelry.

† By "the work of God" is meant the work of the Spirit in building the soul up in the faith, hope, and love, in the light, life, and liberty of the glorious gospel of the Son of God. Every thing, therefore, that instrumentally weakens the soul or throws down this liberty and love, so far destroys the work of God. It does not destroy it fully or finally, for the work of God is indestructible; but so far hinders and impairs it, that the person does what he can to destroy it.

circumstances are such that by our eating flesh and drinking wine our brother stumbleth into evil, or is made harshly to censure others, or has his faith and hope weakened, in that case, it were good to abstain from them altogether; and this is what the apostle says he would do himself as long as the world lasted. (1 Cor. viii. 13.)

We have perhaps said enough upon this point, but there are two observations that we wish still further to make.

1. First, that eating meat and drinking wine were in those times different from what they are in the present; for as every thing in the old pagan world was connected with idolatry (the very wine that was drunk not being allowed to be tasted before a portion of it had been poured out as an offering to a heathen god,) they were not altogether indifferent acts as they now are; and therefore the text cannot be employed as a permanent prohibition against eating meat or drinking wine.

2. That what we are to consider is not so much the *letter* of the precept as the *spirit*. The circumstances that called for the letter of the precept are passed away; and we may now eat meat or drink wine (both in all Christian moderation) without wounding the conscience of any Christian brother. But the *spirit* of it is and ever must be binding upon a conscience made tender in God's fear. And the spirit of it is this, that we are to consider the profit and edification of a brother as far dearer to us than any fleshly indulgence; nay more, that we should be willing to forego lawful indulgences, things that we might pursue with a good conscience, if our doing so were likely to stumble a brother, bring a reproach upon the cause, or lay a snare for our own conscience.

ARE ALL AFFLICTIONS CHASTISEMENTS?

OUR limited space this month not allowing us sufficient room for the continuation of the life of Calvin, which we should but spoil by condensing it too closely, and the subject itself not requiring immediate attention, we have felt disposed to offer instead a few thoughts upon two points closely connected with our Review for October, and which we intimated in our last Number (p. 358) had occupied our mind.

1. "How far trials and afflictions are necessarily chastisements for sin; in other words, whether they are *always* visitations for some particular disobedience?"

2. How far the smiles of God are connected with our doing those things which are pleasing in his sight, and whether this does not make them depend, in some measure, upon our obedience?"

Heavenly wisdom, holy caution, and spiritual experience, we feel, are deeply needed to handle these two subjects scripturally and experimentally, so as to clear God in all his dealings, not to darken counsel by words without knowledge, or advance anything inconsistent with the truth of God as revealed in the scripture, or made known in the hearts of his people. We, therefore, crave the kind consideration of our readers if we fall short of handling them to their full satisfaction, as they are by no means so clear as most points of doctrine or experience.

1. The first point is, "How far trials and afflictions are necessarily chastisements for sin; in other words, whether they are always visitations for some particular disobedience?"

To clear up this point we offer the following considerations:

1. Would there be any trials and afflictions if there were no sin? Were there any, could there have been any, in Paradise, in man's primitive, unfallen state?

Certainly not. Then trials and afflictions imply sin, and the continuance of afflictions implies the continuance of sin.

Apply this general truth to particular cases. 1. Here is a child of God afflicted in mind, or body, or family, or circumstances, under the hidings of God's face, assaulted and buffeted by Satan, in heavy bondage, much cast down and distressed in his soul, or tried in any of those various ways which make up tribulation's rough and thorny path. Now, in most cases, he will not have far to look for the cause of this rod; for in very many instances, the affliction will either so follow upon the heels of the sin, or be so specially marked by circumstances for it, that there will be almost as if there were a voice in the trial declaring what it is sent for. In this case, therefore, the matter is plain enough that the rod is for some slip, or fall, or departure from the right ways of the Lord. There is no difficulty here. If the rod be not heard, it is not because the rod has no voice, but because the conscience has as yet no ear.

2. But let us assume that there has been no slip, no foolish action, inconsistent conduct, unbecoming words, hastiness of temper, strife or contention, no unkindness to a brother or sister in the Lord, no indulgence in pride, worldliness, and covetousness, no secret rebellion, fretfulness, or unthankfulness; assume there has been a freedom from these things, (and how many are free or for any length of time?) may not afflictions yet come as a rod for sins that lie deeper still?

How often, where there has been no open breach made in conscience by the guilt of the above evils, there has been perhaps for weeks or months a coldness and deadness, a lukewarmness and barrenness in the things of God, a backsliding in heart and affection, a worldliness and carelessness, an ease and a self-indulgence, which for a time conscience may not loudly testify against, but which are all very contrary to the life and spirit of vital godliness. A man may keep up all the form of private prayer, reading the scriptures with diligence and attention, attending the preached word at every available opportunity, and even at times have a few softenings and meltings, some transient feelings of sorrow and compunction for his coldness and deadness, and yet be for the most part in a very barren and unhealthy state of soul. Now, to chastise us for this backsliding in heart, as well as to bring us out of it, the Lord often sends some trial and affliction. Why it comes we may not see at first, and that it is sent as a scourge for our carnality and carelessness; but after a time, as the medicine works and the rod produces the peaceable fruits of righteousness, we are brought, as it were, to our senses by it; and, as the blessed Spirit works more sensibly and powerfully in and by it, we are led to see and feel more clearly and

deeply into what a cold, carnal, lifeless, miserable spot we had got. This feeling softening the heart brings forth confession, humiliation, penitence, and self-reproach; and when any sense of the Lord's mercy is manifested, godly sorrow, self loathing, earnestness, looking upon Him whom we have pierced, and, through all these working together to one aim and end, the blessed Spirit brings about a revival of faith, hope, and love, and a deliverance from the barrenness and death before experienced. In this case also we see that afflictions and trials bespeak the rod for sin, as well as instrumentally bring out of it.

3. But assume a third case, that the soul has been earnest, careful, and diligent, perhaps more favored with watchfulness and tenderness than usual, more spiritual, prayerful, and humble, and still affliction comes, and trials press more heavily than ever. Can this be a rod *now* when there seems to be no cause for it? But do we see things as God sees them? Because matters are so far right and straight, may there still not be much underneath, much still lurking unseen? The silver has to be "purified seven times" in the fire. (Psalm xii. 6.) The first or second time is not enough, no, nor the third, fourth, fifth, or sixth, to separate the dross and tin, so deeply are they hid, so intimately mixed with the pure ore. There may be much spiritual pride and self righteousness in the best of men, the most eminent for a godly life and conversation; nay, not only may there be, but there is sure to be, unless they have been in hot furnaces. Do we want an instance? Look at the case of Job. The Lord's own testimony of him was that there was not such another upon earth as a man who feared God and avoided evil. Why then had Job such heavy afflictions? Was not he watchful and prayerful, godly and upright, and all that we have assumed the Christian to be whose case we are now describing? But because Job was all this and more, who does not see that there was that secret spiritual pride lurking and working within, hidden indeed from Job himself, but seen by that all-seeing eye which reads all the thoughts and intents of the heart? In this eminent saint and servant of God there was a fund of self righteousness hidden in the depths of his heart which called for the rod.

And yet there is evidently another side to the question. It would seem hardly scriptural to say that *all* trials and afflictions are chastisements for sin. Look at the afflictions of Jacob and the afflictions of Joseph. The former were plainly rods for transgression, but we could not say so of the latter. It was not a self righteous speech of Joseph when he said, "I have done nothing that they should put me into the dungeon." Compare again the afflictions of David when persecuted by Saul, and his afflictions when driven from Jerusalem by Absalom. The latter were chastisements, but it would be hard to say the same of the former. Compare again the afflictions of Jonah with those of Heman (Psalm lxxxviii.); or the trials of Jeremiah with those of Daniel. In Jonah and Jeremiah we can see that their backs called for strokes; but it is not so plain in the sorrows of Heman and the casting of Daniel into the den of lions.

When we come to the gospel dispensation we see this more plainly still. There is a suffering under the gospel "for Christ's sake,"

(Phil. i. 29); a "filling up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ," (Col. i. 24); a having "fellowship with him in his sufferings," (Phil. iii. 10); "a rejoicing in being counted worthy to suffer shame for his name," (Acts v. 41); a "glorying in tribulation," (Rom. v. 3); a being afflicted for the consolation and salvation of our brethren. (2 Cor. i. 6.) When we read the long catalogue of the trials and afflictions of Paul (2 Cor. vi. 4-10, xi. 23-29), and that the sufferings of Christ abounded in him (2 Cor. i. 5); when we hear him say, "Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake; for when I am weak, then I am strong," we cannot surely call these afflictions chastisements in the strict sense of the word. When again the Lord told the two sons of Zebedee that they "should drink of his cup and be baptized with his baptism," (Matt. xx. 23); when he said to Ananias of Paul, "I will show him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake," (Acts ix. 16); when "the Holy Ghost witnessed in every city to the same servant of God that bonds and afflictions abode him," (Acts xx. 23); when we read of "receiving the word in much affliction, with joy of the Holy Ghost," (1 Thess. i. 6); when Paul bids Timothy "be a partaker of the afflictions of the gospel according to the power of God," (2 Tim. i. 8); and when we read of the saints before the throne who "came out of great tribulation," (Rev. vii. 14); it certainly would seem very harsh, legal, and foreign to the spirit of the gospel, to say that all these afflictions and sufferings were rods for sin.

We seem, therefore, brought to this conclusion that though many, perhaps the great majority, of our afflictions are chastening rods, yet that *all* are not so, and that, distinct from the chastisement which they procure for themselves, there is a path of tribulation and sorrow appointed for the children of God whereby they become conformed to the suffering image of Jesus, drink of his cup, partake of his baptism, and suffer with him here that they may be glorified with him hereafter.

II. The other question need not occupy us so long. Grace effectually excludes merit. Whatever in us is good, and as such well pleasing and acceptable to God, is his own work in our hearts, for he "worketh in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure." Nor indeed, though there is a connection between our disobedience and the Lord's frown, for if we walk contrary to him he will walk contrary to us, and so also between our obedience and his smile, yet we must beware lest in avoiding Antinomianism we run headlong into Arminianism. In all his dealings and ways he is a sovereign. He will sometimes smile into obedience, break down the heart with love, come over all the mountains and hills of sin and shame, and by a sense of his goodness and mercy lead to repentance. Nor must we, on the other hand, think that our obedience will necessarily draw down his smile. At the best, it is but poor and imperfect, mingled with sin and infirmity, and he may have to teach us more clearly and impress it more deeply on our hearts, that all our fresh springs are in him, and that there is no hope or help for us but in the blood and obedience of the Son of his love.

P O E T R Y.

"JESUS WEPT."

(Enlarged from Beddome.)

Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
 And shall our cheeks be dry?
 Let floods of penitential grief
 Burst forth from every eye.

The Son of God in tears
 The angels wondering see;
 Hast thou no wonder, O my soul?
 He shed those tears for thee!

He wept that we might weep,
 Might weep our sin and shame;
 He wept to show his love for us,
 And bid us love the same.

Then tender be our hearts,
 Our eyes in sorrow dim,
 Till every tear from every eye
 Is wiped away by him.

THE LORD OUR REFUGE.

Psalm xlvi.

(From H. F. Lyte's Poems.)

The Lord is our refuge, the Lord is our guide,
 We smile upon danger with him at our side;
 The billows may blacken, the tempest increase,
 Though the earth may be shaken, his saints shall have peace.

A voice still and small by his people is heard,
 A whisper of peace from his life-giving word;
 A stream in the desert, a river of love,
 Flows down to their hearts from the fountain above.

Be near us, Redeemer, to shield us from ill;
 Speak thou but the word, and the tempest is still;
 Thy presence to cheer us, thy arm to defend.
 A worm grows almighty with thee for a friend!

The Lord is our helper; ye sinners, be awed!
 Ye earthlings, be still, and acknowledge his word;
 The proud he will humble, the lowly defend.
 O happy the people with God for a friend!

It is easier to see what is inflicted on us than to see who inflicted it. Evil cometh, and we look no higher than the creature, as if the world created itself.—*Rutherford.*

Errata.—A kind friend has pointed out an error of the press in our last March Number, page 93, line 25, where the word "wrath" should have been "oath."

Erratum.—The notice in connection with the letter of Daniel Herbert, page 335, in our last Number, belongs not to that letter but to another not yet inserted.

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