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

ADDRESS TO OUR SPIRITUAL READERS.

IN venturing once more, at the opening of another year, to greet our readers with our annual Address, we desire to come before them under the gracious teachings and influences of the blessed Spirit—that holy Instructor, that promised Comforter, that unerring Guide into all truth; for if we are but favored with his heavenly dew and divine anointing, we shall not write in our own spirit, or seek our own glory; we shall not arrogate to ourselves any undue authority, presume upon our position, or abuse our privilege; we shall not use flattering words, or seek the passing breath of human applause; but shall, by manifestation of the truth, commend ourselves to their conscience in the sight of God, as seeking their spiritual welfare and the glory of the blessed Redeemer.

To edify, to comfort, to instruct, to lead on, to encourage the family of God amid all their trials and sorrows, temptations and conflicts, is, or should be the aim of all who, as preachers or writers, stand on the battlements of Zion. If God, then, in his providence and grace, has placed us in a position whence we can, if not with voice, yet with pen, address many, very many of his dear children; if he has inclined any of their hearts to listen to us as believing that we know and love the truth as it is in Jesus, we are bound, not only by the weight which eternal realities have with our own soul, but by the very readiness of our friends and brethren to receive our words, to seek to the uttermost their spiritual profit. To be of the least spiritual service to the Church of Christ; to profit the souls of any, though the least and lowest, of God's dear children; to promote in any way a spirit of love and union in the churches of truth specially, and amongst individual believers generally; to contend for the faith once delivered to the saints earnestly, but affectionately; to testify boldly against all error and all evil; and be a favored instrument of advancing in any measure the kingdom of the Redeemer, the cause of vital, experimental godliness, and the glory of a Triune God—what earthly rank or dignity, what place of worldly power or profit can for a moment be compared with an honor such as this? And are any of us, friends and brethren, so highly favored and honored? Blessed are our eyes, dear Readers, if they have seen any divine beauty and blessedness in Jesus; blessed are our ears if we have heard his voice with sweetness and power; blessed are your tongues,

ye servants of God, if, in testifying of his Person and work, love and blood, suitability and preciousness, you have felt the dew of the Spirit dropping from your lips; and blessed are your fingers, you whose pens seek to trace his worth, if what you write is attended with the unction of his grace to contrite, believing hearts. If this be our experience, and this our aim and end, one living bond of union will knit together editor, writers, readers, servants of God, members of Gospel churches, and believers generally among whom our pages come.

The union of the church with Christ her living Head, and the union of all the members of his mystical body with each other in him, are truths so vital and essential that, if lost sight of or not realised, confusion in doctrine, experience, and practice, must be the necessary result. "I am the vine, ye are the branches." "Abide in me, and I in you." "We are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones." "That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us." If these divine truths be hidden or obscured; if these springs of love to Jesus and of love to his dear saints cease to flow into our hearts; if they are dried up by contention, or muddied by error or evil, we at once lose sight not only of our own standing in Christ, but of the place which the church holds in his person and heart. We would then, the Lord enabling, fix our eyes steadily on these two points as guiding stars, as we sail over the waters of time; and we invite our readers to look at them with us in this opening season, that, with the help and blessing of the Lord, they may influence our hearts, lips, and lives, day by day in our walk before God and our walk with his children, from the beginning to the end of the year.

From ignorance or forgetfulness of these grand distinguishing truths of the glorious gospel of the grace of God, many, both preachers and writers, who appear to have some desire for the welfare of Zion, have dwelt, we think, too exclusively, and some almost angrily on the evils which afflict, on the divisions which separate the sheep of Christ; and, in their zeal and warmth against what they consider the low, carnal state of the church, seem well nigh, if not quite, to lose sight of her covenant standing in the Son of God, her place in his heart, her interest in his blood and righteousness, as well as of his tender care over her, and that what she is she is by his sovereign grace, or by his all-wise permission. We may look at the church sometimes as we often look at ourselves, seeing in her, as in our own evil hearts, nothing but what is carnal and vile; and with much the same result—unbelief, and hopelessness of any better or brighter days. But, as the more we look at ourselves apart from Christ, the lower we shall sink, so the more we look at the church separate from him, the worse she will appear. To be ever fixing our eyes on the low state of the church, and be ever censuring her for her spots and blemishes, is a spirit akin to that which sees nothing in individual believers but their faults and infirmities. A parent may keenly

grieve that his eldest child is a cripple, or a husband that his wife is afflicted in body or mind; but the love that so deeply feels the affliction will not be ever roughly uncovering these family infirmities to the rude gaze of the common eye; nor is the child less a dear son, or the wife less a beloved partner because of them. Are we members of the family in heaven and earth, (Eph. iii. 15,) that royal family, all of whom are made kings and priests unto God? (Rev. v. 10.) Let us, then, be jealous of the family honor; not stain with contention the family dignity; and, whilst deeply lamenting family infirmities, still manifest family love, and cleave in affection to every member of the family as equally dear to their covenant Head, and for that reason, dear also to us. Take away the people of God, where are our friends, our companions, our brothers? Do we hope to spend with them an eternity of bliss? Can we not, then, bear with them a little on earth, if we hope to be for ever with them in heaven? To be always dwelling on their infirmities, is to speak a language very different from the language of Christ to his bride, and from all that the blessed Spirit has revealed of the covenant standing of the affianced spouse of Jesus. To view the church separate from Christ, is to look at a headless trunk; to view the members of his mystical body, apart from their union with each other, is to see only scattered limbs. Such unscriptural views must lead to a wrong judgment, and must necessarily make us dwell more upon what the church is in herself, sunk and fallen, than what she is in her covenant Head, all fair, without spot, or wrinkle.

In the same spirit many seem also much disposed to dwell upon the breaches of Zion, the divisions which undoubtedly exist among those who profess the same truths, and to believe in the same blessed Lord. But here, too, they appear to want the anointing eye-salve, which would show them that as there is more in the blood of Christ to save the individual believer than there is in sin to damn him, so there is more in grace to unite together the members of Christ than there is in strife to separate them.

Whatever be the divisions and dissensions that rend the visible church, which at the best is a mixed multitude, a firm, indissoluble union binds together the living members of Christ's mystical body. Small are their differences compared with their points of agreement. A stranger to the spiritual union which knits the members of Christ to him as their living Head, and to each other in him, sees only the divisions which separate; whilst he who knows the strength and sweetness of that inward life which gives him union with Christ, feels the power of that grace which gives him also union with his brethren.

Unless we believe that sin is stronger than grace, Belial than Christ, the world than faith, the works of darkness than he who was manifested to destroy them, we have no ground to believe that disunion, division, strife, contention, and discord, are stronger than love, union, affection, concord, and peace. To a common eye the ship of the church may seem tossed with every wave, driven out of her course, or pursuing no definite course at all, her sails rent, her

masts and yards broken, her pilot heedless, her officers asleep, and her crew at strife. But the spiritual eye looks beyond all that meets the common gaze, and sees that there is at her helm an almighty and unerring, though invisible, Pilot, who steers her after his own will, who holds the winds in his fists, governs and directs the movements of all on board, overrules all their ways and wills to his own glory, and is bringing her through every storm to her desired haven.

Let us freely acknowledge that there is not always that love and affection, that tenderness, kindness, gentleness, forbearance, meekness, and brotherly interest manifested by the children of God to each other, which should mark Christ's disciples. Let us confess that amongst many who really fear God there is often a want of mutual consideration for each other's feelings, a lack of sympathy with each other's trials and temptations, an inability or an unwillingness to make any allowance for differences of station, education, or natural disposition, all which things are very trying to tender minds, and especially so to those who either expect too much from their brethren, or who are disposed to lean too much upon them for help and comfort. Nay, let us go a step further, and own that in many instances there is more than a want of love and affection; that there is actual strife and contention; envy and jealousy in the pulpit, sullenness and bitterness in the pew; members of the same church who will hardly speak to each other in public, and almost cut off each other in private; pride or covetousness in one, love of dress and the world in another, a censorious, quarrelsome spirit in a third, a readiness to take offence and an inability to bear the least reproof in a fourth, a cavilling, contentious disposition upon every point or no point at all in a fifth, a hot, fiery temper in a sixth, a self-pitying, self-bemoaning complainingness in a seventh, that always feels or fancies it is ill treated and imposed upon by every one. Allow that all these evils, which, beyond doubt, sadly impair union, exist in many churches; still, we assert and are willing to stand by our assertion, that under all these hindrances there lies a firm bond of union amongst the family of God; which, as being of grace, and, therefore, eternal and indestructible, as much surpasses in strength and duration all these temporary ills as the sun outshines the mists, or eternity stretches beyond time. The man who stands on Dover cliffs sees merely the channel that divides England from France. He looks on the wild waste of waters that is spread between, on the rolling waves that sunder them from each other. But, underneath the dividing sea, lies the electric cable, hidden indeed from view, but carrying every moment messages to and fro, and binding our island to the continent more closely than the channel keeps it asunder. Nay, the very waves themselves are but seeming barriers, for over them speed the ships laden with goodly merchandise, and bearing to each country the productions of the other. So, under all the waters of contention which seem to separate the living family of God, there lies a firm bond of spiritual union; and over the very sea of discord there pass occasional winged prayers for each other's good, and kind,

affectionate feelings, not the less deeply felt because not always freely expressed, that tend more to unite than the waves to divide.

Union with Christ, our living Head, and union with his people as living members of his mystical body, stand on the same foundation with the other blessed truths of the everlasting gospel. Do we believe that the everlasting covenant stands ordered in all things and sure; that the work of Christ is a finished work; that his blood cleanseth from all sin; that his righteousness perfectly justifies; that he has fulfilled the law, conquered Satan, destroyed death, and gained a full and final victory for all that believe on his name? These are the foundations of our most holy faith, and the ground of all our hope; and if the foundations be destroyed, what shall the righteous do? Let it, then, not be forgotten, that as sin cannot destroy grace, or the law overthrow the gospel; as Satan cannot triumph over Christ, as death cannot reign over life, and as hell cannot defeat heaven, so all the divisions and dissensions that harass the church cannot break to pieces the bond of union that knits together the family of God.

These divisions are works of the flesh, (1 Cor. iii. 3; Gal. v. 20;) the evil fruits that hang on the boughs of our fallen nature; the spawn and filth of that old man which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts, and all influenced and drawn out by the restless agency of Satan, acting upon our carnal mind. But as there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, as they stand complete in him, without spot or blemish or any such thing, as all the members of his mystical body must be partakers of his glory, and can no more fall out of his body than he himself can fall from his throne, we must view all these divisions as mere passing things of time, evils, it is true, much to be lamented, and as much to be avoided, but not touching the foundation, nor removing the church from her standing in Christ's person, or Christ's heart. And even admitting that divisions do subsist in the visible church, yet we believe they are very much confined to those who are out of the secret—mere professors of the truth, without divine light or life, liberty or love. Say that a church appears, and, indeed, is much divided. But before we begin to lament and bewail how a church of Christ is so rent and torn, it might be as well to examine a little more closely the actual condition of that church. Perhaps it is very large, made up of members, hastily, almost heedlessly taken in, when the pulpit was filled by an unsound minister, or an undue influence exerted by worldly deacons; perhaps, even at the present moment, more respect is paid to money and respectability than grace; a spirit of contention is fostered from the pulpit; great laxity of discipline and order prevails; evils are allowed to grow instead of being nipped in the bud; loose-living characters are tolerated; doctrine is more contended for than experience and the power of godliness; and a general deadness and stupor evidently pervade the whole. Now, if such a church be rent and torn with divisions, it will not do to point to it as a specimen of a gospel church and say, "See how the children of God are divided," when, perhaps, not half are children of God at all, or,

if children, sunk so low into carnality and death as to give little evidence of the life of God being in them. Instead of looking at the contentious spirits who fight and wrangle in the van, fix your eyes upon those who, out of the din and strife, occupy the rear. Search and look for the broken in heart, the quiet in the land, the sick and afflicted, the tried and tempted, the doubting and fearing, the simple and sincere, the slow to talk but quick to act, the tender in conscience, the exercised and distressed, the warm-hearted and affectionate, the prayerful and watchful, the humble and spiritually minded. Put aside the fighting men and women, the talkers, the brawlers, the boasters, the contentious, the self-conceited, and the ignorant; and see if you cannot, when you have blown away the foam, get at something more palatable and drinkable; when you have swept away the chaff, tail corn, and blind ears, if you cannot find some precious grain below. It is among the mourners in Zion, the weighted with a heavy cross, the plagued all the day long and chastened every morning; it is among the true lovers of Jesus, who have some personal experience of his love and grace; it is amongst those who know the sweetness of communion with Christ, and love the brethren with a pure heart fervently, that you must look for union. These do tenderly and affectionately cleave to each other. Say that the heads of the church are at variance; minister and deacons jarring; the word little blest either to call or deliver; the main supporters of the cause worldly and proud, keeping the poorer members at a distance, and little disposed to words of kindness or deeds of liberality towards them; beneath all this sad state of things, in a church sunk even so low as this, there may still be a deep, close, and blessed union amongst those unknown and unnoticed sheep of the flock, whose souls are alive to God, and who are favored with his teaching and blessing.

It is then neither true nor fair to represent the real church of God, that which alone deserves the name, as torn with divisions, when these contentions and quarrels are much confined to dead churches, sunk into worldliness and error, or to those members of living churches who are either destitute of grace, or sadly departed from it. Sure we are that no one living under the influence of grace can be quarrelsome or contentious. That holy Dove, who, as a Spirit of peace and love broods over contrite hearts, never rests upon that bosom which indulges in constant war and strife, and in which allowed enmity rankles against any of the dear saints of God.

We do not believe it then to be a fact that God's real children, at least those who are daily living under the influences of the blessed Spirit, are divided, or are ever jangling and wrangling with each other. It is true that unkind, angry feelings may at times, with all other evils, work in their carnal mind, and may occasionally, to their grief and sorrow, manifest themselves in hasty words or cold looks; but these are passing clouds; for the same grace which subdues their other sins restrains also this beginning of strife, and that promise is fulfilled in them with this, as with other iniquities, "Sin shall not have dominion over you, for ye are not under the law, but under grace."

We have known during our pilgrimage many dear saints of God, some now before the throne, and others still in the wilderness, in different parts of England, and we would desire to leave it on record when God calls us away from this mortal scene that we have received little else but the greatest kindness and affection from them, that with those with whom we have been brought into closer connection we have lived in undeviating love and union, and that except for a few passing moments the noise of strife has not been heard in our gates. And we may add, that as a Christian, as a minister, and as an editor, the desire of our soul is to seek and pursue peace, love, and union with all who fear God and love the Lord Jesus Christ, and to avoid as much as possible contention and strife.

True it is that strife in churches as well as amongst individuals cannot always be avoided, for there are contentious spirits, who, if permitted, would set any church on fire—salamanders who live in the flame, petrels that revel in a storm. Mark and avoid all such, ye saints of God. (Rom. xvi. 17.) If in the church, treat them kindly and courteously, but bring no fuel to their fire, (Prov. xxvi. 20, 21,) nor make them bosom friends; if out of the church, do all you can that they do not get in. (Prov. xxii. 24.)

But enough, and perhaps more than enough, has been said by us on this subject. Other points, besides that of Christian union, call for some notice from us in our annual appeal to our readers' hearts and consciences.

If we are, as we profess to be, followers of the Lamb, three things, we believe, will be with us primary objects of spiritual desire. 1. The glory of God; 2. The edification of our own souls; 3. The good of our brethren. If we lack the first, our eye cannot be single, and, therefore, the light that is in us must be darkness; if we lack the second, eternal realities can rest with but little weight and power upon our conscience; if we lack the third, pure love to the brethren cannot dwell in our breast. In opening, then, and dwelling upon these three points a little more fully, we may, perhaps, not unprofitably occupy the rest of our Address.

1. Preachers, writers, editors, *if the glory of God be not their main object*, cannot look for his blessing to rest upon their labors. Yet how little of this singleness of eye, this simplicity and godly sincerity, is seen in many who call themselves ministers of Christ and servants of God. And how painfully evident the contrary often is in them to such as are possessed of any measure of spiritual discernment. Pride, self conceit, and self exaltation, as they are the chief temptations, so they are the main besetments of those who occupy any public position in the church; and, therefore, where these sins are not mortified by the Spirit and subdued by his grace, instead of being, as they should be, the humblest of men, they are, with rare exceptions, the proudest. O did we but see what we really and truly are; had we a penetrating, abiding view of the depths of the fall, in which we as sinners are so fearfully sunk; did we carry about with us a daily, hourly sense of what our heart is capable of,

if left of God to itself, and what but for grace we could say or do the very next moment; were we continually sighing and mourning over our ignorance, unbelief, ingratitude, shortcomings, and miserable unfruitfulness; did we bear in constant remembrance our slips, falls, and grievous backslidings; and had we, with all this, a believing sight of the holiness and purity of God, of the sufferings and sorrows of his dear Son in the days of his flesh, and what it cost him to redeem us from the lowest hell, we should be, we must be clothed with humility, and should, under feelings of the deepest self abasement, take the lowest place among the family of God, as the chief of sinners, and less than the least of all saints. This should be the feeling of every child of God. But if, in his infinite condescension, the Lord has made any of us his servants, and has qualified and commissioned any of us to preach the gospel to his people, what peculiar, what additional self abasement does this call for! If we did not know the human heart, and how it takes advantage of God's own gifts, and even of his very grace to lift itself up against him, we should at once say, "A proud minister of Jesus Christ, a self-conceited servant of God! A man to preach humbling grace, and yet be proud of his way of preaching it! The thing is impossible; it is a self contradiction. Such a man is a monster, not a Christian, still less a Christian minister." Truly he is a monster; and such the Lord makes some of his dear servants feel themselves to be when this accursed pride lifts itself up in their hearts, and they see in the light of his countenance what a hideous guest is lodged there. But till this pride be in some measure crucified, till we hate it, and hate ourselves for it, the glory of God will not be our main object, and we shall lie under the weight of that cutting reproof, "How can ye believe which receive honor one of another, and seek not the honor that cometh from God only?"

Readers, friends, brother ministers, may we all with one mind and heart seek the glory of God with a single eye, and be ever willing to be nothing that Christ may be all in all. Let the world, profane and professing, seek their own honor, their own pleasure, and their own profit. Let us who profess ourselves to be "a peculiar people, zealous of good works," seek the honor of that dear Lord, who, as we trust, has called us by his grace, brought us near to himself, and is employing us in some measure in his service.

2. *The spiritual profit of our own soul*, the blessing of the Lord, as a personal, experimental reality in our own conscience, the dew of his favor resting on our branch, and our own growth in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ—how weighty, how essential should these blessings be felt to be by us. Surely our own soul's salvation and consolation should be our main concern. What are our farms, our shops, our business, our property, our families, our friends, our very bodies and lives themselves, compared with the worth and value of our immortal souls? If it be well with them, all is well; if ill with them, all is ill. And if any of our readers are called to minister to the souls of others, with what power or earnestness, we may well say with what *face* can we press eternal realities

on the conscience of others, when they have so little weight with our selves, or bid them keep their vineyards clean, when we are so neglecting our own? If our soul be like the garden of the sluggard, overrun with thorns and briars, never weeded or watered, the fences broken down, and the wild boar of the wood wasting it, and we are idly looking on, careless what the crop is, or whether there be any crop at all, we shall prove sorry gardeners of the church of Christ—that “garden enclosed,” into which she invites her beloved to come that he may eat his pleasant fruits. Now, without a spirit of prayer, reading, meditation, seclusion from the world, self searching and communing with one’s own heart; without visitations of the Lord’s presence, and the operations and influences of the blessed Spirit, we can never be fruitful in every good word and work. “Abide in me and I in you; as the branch cannot bear fruit of itself except it abide in the vine, no more can ye except ye abide in me.” Associating with worldly people, gossiping and visiting from house to house, lounging their precious time away in empty talk, not giving themselves to reading, meditation, or study, but spending hour after hour in utter idleness of mind, neither tried, nor exercised, nor crying to the Lord, nor even thinking about eternal things at all, much less enjoying the Lord’s presence—if such be their state week after week, can we wonder if the occupiers of the pulpit are rather a burden than a benefit to the occupiers of the pew; and if, instead of being honored and resorted to, they gradually become despised and forsaken? “By much slothfulness the building decayeth; and through idleness of the hands the house droppeth through.” When we look around and see decaying buildings and dropping houses, well may we say, “Slothfulness and idleness have done this.”

3. *An earnest desire for the good of the brethren* will flourish or fade much in proportion to the weight and power with which eternal realities press on our own soul. In this desire for the welfare of Zion, this love to the people of God for Christ’s sake, this pure, disinterested, affectionate solicitude that the blessing of God might rest upon them, does the grace of the gospel shine forth so conspicuously, and forms such a noble contrast with the spirit of the world. *That* says, “All for me, none for you; all I get I keep; all you get I grudge.” But the noble, unselfish principle of grace says, “Dear brother, I want you to be blessed as well and as much as myself; for the more the Lord gives me, the more I want him to give you. We are partners, not rivals; friends and brethren, not antagonists and foes!” In nothing does divine grace more display its heavenly origin than in seeking the good of the brethren. Ministers seeking the spiritual welfare of their flock; members of churches desiring the blessing of God upon those connected with them in church fellowship; believers generally laboring in prayer and supplication for the power of God to rest upon his servants, his churches, his people,—how becoming the gospel is this, how consistent with our profession, how following the example of the blessed Redeemer,

“Who spared no pains, declined no load,
Resolved to buy us with his blood.”

We wish to say little of ourselves, lest we fall into the same spirit of self exaltation that we have been condemning; but this much, we trust, we may say, that in editing this periodical, we desire to seek the good of the brethren among whom it comes. In what falls from our pen, as well as in selecting what is sent by our correspondents for insertion, our main aim and object are to profit the Lord's people, to avoid all questions that may minister to contention and strife; and whilst we contend for the truth in the power and experience of it in the heart, to do so in a spirit of tenderness, affection, and love.

In this spirit have we desired to write what we now lay before our readers, and if any of them think we have, in some expressions, borne rather hard on existing evils, let them forgive us this wrong, and attribute it to our desire to be faithful, as well as affectionate, and not, under a show of seeming gentleness, smooth over manifest inconsistencies.

"Brethren, pray for us," is the best request and the most fitting close that can be offered to those of our readers who know and love the truth, by their affectionate friend and servant,

THE EDITOR.

Whosoever then seeketh righteousness by the law, what can he imagine else but that God, being angry, must needs be pacified with works? Now when he hath once conceived this fantasy, he beginneth to work. But he can never find so many good works as are able to quiet his conscience, but still he desireth more; yea, he findeth sins in those works he hath done already. Therefore his conscience can never be certified, but must needs be always in doubt, and thus think with itself. Thou hast not sacrificed as thou shouldest do; thou hast not prayed aright; this thou hast left undone; this or that sin thou hast committed. Here the heart trembleth and feeleth itself oppressed with innumerable sins, which still increase without end, so that he swerveth from righteousness more and more, until at length he fall to desperation. Hereof it cometh, that many, being at the point of death, have uttered these desperate words: "O wretch that I am! I have not kept mine order. Whither shall I flee from the wrath of Christ, that angry judge? Would to God I had been made a swineherd, or the vilest wretch in the whole world." Thus the monk, in the end of his life, is more weak, more beggarly, more faithless and fearful than he was at the beginning, when he first entered into his order. The reason is, because he would strengthen himself through weakness, and enrich himself through poverty. The law, or men's traditions, or the rule of his order, should have healed him when he was sick, and enriched him when he was poor; but he is become more feeble and more poor than the publicans and harlots. The publicans and harlots have not a heap of good works to trust unto, as the monks have; but although they feel their sins never so much, yet they can say with the publican, "O Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!" But contrariwise, the monk, which hath spent all his time in weak and beggarly elements, is confirmed in this opinion: "If thou keep thy rule, thou shalt be saved," &c. With this false persuasion, he is so deluded and bewitched that he cannot apprehend grace, no nor once remember grace.—*Luther.*

MOURNERS IN ZION COMFORTED.

A SERMON BY MR. W. TIPTAFT, PREACHED AT ZOAR CHAPEL, GREAT ALIE STREET, LONDON, ON THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 2, 1843.

“To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified.”—Isaiah lxi. 3.

THE Lord's people, who are taught by his blessed Spirit, and know what poor, guilty, ruined, and condemned sinners they are in themselves, and have found the Lord Jesus Christ precious to their souls, are not satisfied with any religion, (however great the profession of it may be,) unless there is something of the bright side experienced as well as of the dark side, and something of comfort as well as of sorrow; and that such professors have been wounded and distressed on account of sin, and have also had fresh testimonies of the love of God to their souls. But I have much greater hope of those persons being in the right way who mourn over their darkness and are in trouble about their souls, than of those persons who are always boasting of their faith and talking of their enjoyments. How very many are so satisfied and comfortable with their religion; they say they are always in the light, and always happy; and if you question the genuineness of their faith, and say they are presumptuous characters, and that it is not right to call such as preach in this way the ministers of God, such persons would soon be offended with you, and accuse you of being very uncharitable. But only let such as those who have this kind of religion, and talk so largely, come to be tried, sifted, and exercised, and it will soon be evident that the greater part, or all of their religion arises from the pride of their hearts, and is one of the devices of Satan. So that there is a greater confidence to be placed in the standing of those who are tried and cast down, who are sorrowful and mourning on account of sin, and who are crying out, “What will ever become of us?” than of those who are full of pride and presumption. I have a greater opinion of those who are thus humbled and brought down, seeing themselves sinners in God's sight, and feeling their lost and ruined state, than of those who are always talking about the greatness of their faith. So that what we contend for is this—there must be sorrow as well as joy, there must be wounding as well as healing. God's children are lost as well as found; they are pulled down and they are built up; they are stripped and they are clothed; they are condemned in their own sight, and brought to mourn over their sin and sinfulness, and yet at times are enabled to rejoice on account of what Christ has done for them.

The words at the beginning of the chapter are expressly applicable to the Lord Jesus Christ. But they do not belong exclusively to him; they belong also to the ministers of Christ who are sent out, instructed, and qualified by his blessed Spirit. “For my words which I have put in thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth nor out

of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed saith the Lord, from henceforth and for ever." Those that preach acceptably to God's quickened family must speak under the power and influence of the Holy Ghost; for the same Spirit who inspired and caused the book of God to be written must open and unfold its sacred contents, and also open the hearts of God's people to receive and understand it; so that when that which is written in the word is in accordance with that of which they have a living experience in the heart, there is a blessed agreement and an evidence of the work of God on their souls; for it is the office of the Holy Ghost to lay the sinner low in the dust, and take of the things of Christ and show them unto him.

Now all through the book of God the Lord's people have been recorded as mourners in Zion; witness Job, David, Jeremiah, and others. But Paul says, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." And also it is said, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man," the things of God. So that to come aright and understand the way of truth, it must be through its being made known and taught to the soul by the Holy Ghost. There must be a revelation of the truth brought home with power to the heart; when such is the case, they will become witnesses for God; and when any one thus taught is called upon to speak in the name of Christ he will be an able minister of the new testament, "not of the letter, that killeth, but of the Spirit, that giveth life." So that all power, light, and unction is from the Holy Ghost.

The prophet Isaiah, speaking of the Spirit resting upon Christ, says, "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn; to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified." The ministers of Christ are specially qualified and sent out for this work, to speak unto them that are mourners in Zion, who are sitting in ashes, and are bowed down with the spirit of heaviness.

But let us inquire who they are that are mourners in Zion? It is those who are called and quickened by the Holy Ghost, and brought out of nature's darkness into the kingdom of God's grace, and who are really concerned about their soul's salvation. You will find many in this great city that are mourning and full of sorrow, but it is not on account of their sins; it is only on account of the perishing things of this life. But all such persons as these are not the mourners intended here; it is to appoint unto *them* that "mourn in Zion," to give unto *them* "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for

mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." These words belong only to those who can give evidence that their mourning is of a godly sort, and who are made to differ from the world by the power of God's grace in their souls. But if a man's religion does not make him differ from the world, it is a plain proof that he is in the high road to destruction; for the friendship of the world is enmity with God; and "if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." True religion, then, will make a man differ from the world, and bring him out from it; so that the world and he will never quietly be at peace any more. Such characters as these become mourners in Zion. But some may ask, "How long will they remain in this trouble and affliction? That is a question I cannot answer. The length of time is with God, and it is according to his will and pleasure. There is *a time* for the Lord's people to be brought into trouble, and there is also *a time* for them to be brought out of it, and to rejoice in the Lord Jesus Christ.

The promise is, "to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion." Those that are mourners in Zion are special characters. But when you come to reckon up and look around, how very few there are of this kind; whilst there is an abundance of professors of the name of Christ to be found, yet of true genuine mourners how very few indeed! And when such are found, there is more rejoicing over one such real mourner in Zion than there is over ninety and nine just persons in their own eyes who need no such repentance. For he makes such a one, when God begins a work in his heart by his blessed Spirit, feel as the publican did when he smote upon his breast and cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" and like the three thousand who were pricked to the heart under Peter's sermon, who cried out in terror and dismay, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" And I believe it is the case with all when they are first wrought upon by God, that they imagine there is a great deal to be done and they must set about doing it. I know such was the case with myself; and you will find every one in this state will really think that he can make himself better; and that what with reading books, attendance upon hearing the word, with many prayers and his own strivings, he thinks what a great Christian he will be! Well do I remember how I claved to Arminianism, and would not give it up. I would have reconciled free grace and free will together if I could; and I tried to prove that all were interested in God's favor, and might be saved if they would. I did not like the doctrine of free grace, but loved that of free will, which gave to all a chance of being saved, who were willing in their way to seek and serve God. But when at length I was taught my sinfulness more completely, those errors were purged out of my heart, so that I could not embrace them nor those that preached them any longer. I said to all such in the words of Job, "Miserable comforters are ye all!" But I believe there are many quickened characters like these among the General Baptists, Wesleyans, and the Church clergy, and those sitting under them, but who are always uneasy, feeling their misery, and find that something is wanting which they have not; they are

mourners and among the discontented. For where God begins a work by his blessed Spirit there will be such a deep sense of sin and misery felt that it will produce great mourning before the Lord, with earnest supplications for his mercy. And the more a man knows of his own wretchedness, so much the more will he want to hear of the doctrines of God's grace, and will cleave to them from necessity; and when he discovers that he can neither work nor think anything that is good, he will be *glad to hear* that Christ has done all things for him; so that the blessed truths of the gospel are established in his heart, and he becomes a living witness for the truth of them.

(To be continued.)

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES AND SUCKLINGS THOU HAST PERFECTED PRAISE.

Dear Sir,—I have long felt a desire to send a few lines to you by way of encouragement in the work in which you are engaged. I have taken the *Standard* for some time past, notwithstanding that it is now, as in the days of the Apostles, the way or sect everywhere spoken against. It was the finding fault with an article in a number that was the means the Lord used to bring me to see the Magazine that I might read it for myself; and, I must say, the gracious experiences therein recorded have often cheered my weary pilgrimage.

I have known the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ for more than 22 years; and when I can look at the way in which the Lord has led me, and the way in which I have returned the kindness of the Lord, I have not far to go to find occasion for weeping and mourning.

I left my native land as a poor forsaken sailor-boy, company for no one that I could find, and thought I never should find a sailor who feared the Lord; but the Lord led me to New York. There I heard a sailor tell of the love of Christ; and the Spirit of the Lord carried it home with power to my heart; yea, I believe, made the word quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing to the dividing asunder of joints and marrow, and became a discerner of the thoughts and intents of my heart. I felt that all things were naked and open unto the eyes of him with whom I had to do.

But my intention is not to speak of what the Lord did in me so much as of what he lately did for my youngest daughter, about eight and a half years of age, who was taken from me last December, I fully believe for a world of blessedness. I have been led to do this from reading the first article in the *Standard* of this month. The Lord Jesus has revealed himself to me on sea as well as on land; and though I am brought to feel with Paul that I am the chief of sinners, yet sometimes I can say, "By the grace of God I am what I am." I know what it is to be filled with the Spirit, and I know what it is to be barren; and in this dark and cloudy day I feel sometimes as though the whole people were going wondering after the Beast of a mere empty profession. But it is a great mercy that the Lord continues to carry on his own purposes of grace and mercy to his chosen ones, and still has his reserves, as in the days of Elijah.

My little one lost her mother about three years since, and ever since that time she had been drooping, until a few weeks previous to her death, when she was taken with her last sickness, and then the doctor told me that she would never come down stairs again. She had evidently inherited her mother's disease—consumption, and that of the most fearful kind. She did not lay her head upon a pillow for nearly two weeks, but got all her sleep by simply nodding in sitting on a sofa. I had to take the most care of her myself. While my feelings were pained much in seeing her suffer so, and that nothing could be done to relieve her, I felt it was a case that demanded of me, who knew of a Physician who could cure soul and body, if it pleased him, to bring her case before him. Prayer was offered in the church, of which I was then a member, and she was visited by many, but, being very low, and greatly troubled in her mind, she wished to see no one but her immediate friends. I was advised to come home about a fortnight before she left us at 12 o'clock, as her step-mother thought she would go off in one of the spells that came on about that time. I came home, and about 3 or 4 o'clock that afternoon, as I was sitting in the front room, all alone with her, she said, "Father, my heart will jump out of me." I said, "My daughter, I hope the Lord will sustain you." A moment after she said, "Father, I am going to Jesus; I shall die happy! I have no fear of death." Oh! It was the Shepherd's voice. I ran across the room and caught her in my arms, and said, while we were both together in tears, "That is all, yea, more than I asked." We called in several friends to rejoice with us, and we all expected she would leave us that night; but she lingered along nearly two weeks after this in great suffering. Sometimes at midnight, when she got so that she could lay her head on the pillow, I would try and pray beside her. She would say, "Father, come close by me; I love to hear you pray. When you pray, Jesus seems close by me;" and she said one day, while suffering much pain, "Father, this is sore suffering; but what is all this to what Jesus suffered for me?" When she left us, the last words on her faltering tongue were, "Pray, pray, pray!" I felt, when bringing her case before the Lord, that the case of the man having the palsy was mine. I knew Jesus could heal her, and I tried to bring her in my arms of faith, and lay her at his feet; telling him if he could do anything for us, to help us; and he graciously answered his own faith, for he is the author of it all.

I feel that it is my duty to the church of God, if I can encourage the weakest, to cast in my mite; and you can do as you think best with this. The Lord willing, at some future time I may send an account of some of the Lord's dealings with my own soul, and give a reason of the hope that is in me with meekness and fear, the Lord enabling me.

The family who resided in the house with us lost their only daughter a few days after I lost mine; and, as her mother had been very kind to us in our affliction, and sat up many nights with me, I felt as though I ought to ask the Lord to bless her for her kindness. I told her of this when her daughter was dying; and, though it seemed to

carnal reason a strange way of blessing, yet I believe she would have reason to thank the Lord for it. Just as the breath was leaving the daughter's body, the mother's tongue was loosed, and she spoke out the praise of our wonder-working God and Saviour, and her tears were tears of gratitude; and then her husband was led to call upon the name of the Lord, and both of them are now hoping in the mercy of the Lord; and, as the Lord opened their hearts, the door of their house was opened, and ever since we have had a prayer meeting on Thursday evenings, and we have sometimes felt as though the Lord was in our midst.

Lately we have had some trouble at the church where I belong, I urging the absolute necessity of the Holy Spirit's presence in the new birth, and that there can be no motion Godward until he comes upon the soul, as he did upon the Virgin Mary, forming a new creation or new creature; and the pastor saying that if they waited, without making the effort, they would never come; but I know that when the Lord makes his people willing they come without any driving. They have a new nature, and that nature wants nourishment, and they come under the sweet and gracious teachings of the Holy Spirit to Jesus Christ. I also maintained that the Lord Jesus died for the elect world, and them only, and that I was born again before I knew it, and could not believe it, until Jesus revealed himself as mine, by speaking my sins all forgiven; and that I would give no one the praise of this but him. When my little daughter was sick, many said, "Tell her to do this and that," but I felt it was only the Lord that could bring her; and therefore I told him if he would be pleased to speak she should live; because he is the resurrection and the life, and the Spirit, like the wind, blows on whom and where he pleaseth, and who dare instruct him?

I received a letter from the pastor accusing me of receiving the errors of a certain sect in England; and I believe it is the certain sect that is everywhere spoken against by the mere professors. He said that sentence of Toplady's, that there was no sense in asking the dead sinner why he would die when he was dead already, he could not receive as gospel or truth; but, how men who have known anything of their own spiritual death, can believe anything else, I cannot see; but you are too familiar with their mode of reasoning to need anything from me. We are hoping that the Lord will open the way for a small place to be opened where we can meet, and we hold prayer meetings from house to house. You will answer this if you think meet.

I remain, Yours in a complete Redeemer,

CHARLES R. STEPHEN.

Brooklyn, Long Island, State of New York,

August 1, 1856.

The impressions of the kisses of the face of Him that sitteth on the throne are the deeper, that the frequent experiences of grace have been many.—*Rutherford*.

A FULL SAVIOUR AND AN EMPTY SINNER.

My dear Friend,—If nothing unforeseen turn up to prevent, I will endeavor, by the Lord's help, to come and see you again, for the purpose of saying something about the dear Friend of ruined sinners, in your little place. O may he bring me there, and himself be also manifestatively and graciously there too.

I was not left without some sweet and solemn feeling in my heart when I endeavored to speak there for the first time, nor without feeling myself at home in your house. I wish you had told me how your poor daughter is in her health, as I have thought much of her since I saw her. My own daughter having been a great sufferer since then, it has called yours afresh to my thoughts. Mine is indeed a path of sorrow, but I see at times it is a right one, and can feelingly say, "Thy holy, blessed will be done." I am a poor blunderer, but he makes no mistakes; I am darkness, he is light; I am weakness, he is almighty; I am a poor beggar, he rich in mercy; I am a mass of sin, he the Lord our righteousness; I am nothing and less than nothing, and vanity, but he is all in all. O that I knew him more, loved him more, and exalted him more!

With kind regards to your dear wife and daughter, and all the friends,

I remain, Yours in the truth,

London, May 6, 1850.

J. S.

The application of all the promises is the work of the Holy Spirit. The promise of life and the spirit of life always go together; for it is the powerful application of the word by the Spirit that makes the promise; the incorruptible seed, the word of God, that liveth and abideth for ever. All the promises of divine consolation have their sincere milk from Christ by the Holy Spirit. One promise brings peace, another joy, another love, another comfort, another rest. Just as the Holy Spirit sends them in, so they discharge their rich contents. The hungry soul, by exercising faith upon them, sucks the sweetness of them, till he is filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory. There is no converting, refreshing, encouraging power attends the word without the Spirit's operation. When he makes application of it, faith, life, and love attend it. And various are the sensations of the soul, under the Spirit's influence, when he applies the word. Sometimes it is a word of support that fortifies and strengthens; sometimes a word of encouragement to keep us watching and waiting, and to bear us up under trials and crosses; sometimes a word of correction that leads us to self-examination, which awes us, and excites watchfulness and amendment; at other times a soft word that breaketh the bones, and melts us under a sense of undeserved love and self-aborrence; and often a word of instruction to correct the mind, to disperse some wrong notion, to inform the judgment, and to bring more harmonious and consistent views of things to the soul. Innumerable are the ways by which the Holy Spirit works by the word, and in his application of it; but it is always a seasonable application; and "a word spoken in due season, how good is it!"—*Huntington*.

MAN SHALL NOT LIVE BY BREAD ALONE.

Dear Brethren in Jesus, whom I love in the truth, and for the truth's sake,—Mercy and peace be multiplied unto you.

I trust this will find you all well, both in soul and in body, which is the greatest blessing we poor mortals can enjoy in this poor dying world. I am but poorly myself, and have been so all through the winter; but, notwithstanding that, I have only been laid aside from preaching one Lord's Day.

I think I promised to let you know how we were going on at B—. We left the old barn in December, and opened our new place on the 16th of that month, and have continued in it ever since. I am happy to say I believe the Lord is amongst us indeed, by increasing our numbers, and blessing his word to our souls. It is surprising to see what a quantity of people attend. Every Lord's Day there are more people than can get into the place; so that we shall be obliged to enlarge it. It is wonderful what a spirit there is for hearing, for hearing the truth, and nothing but the truth. Nothing else will suit; and I am happy to say that the greatest harmony, peace, union, love, and concord, reign amongst us. I feel a very great attachment to the people, and I believe they feel the same towards me. You know how blessed it is to meet together on a Lord's Day. Yes, beloved; as soon as one Lord's Day is gone, we begin to long for the next. We are now joined together as a church, on strict Baptist principles. I have taken the pastoral charge; not that I desired such an office, or felt myself competent to the undertaking; but the friends would not have a refusal; for they said as the Lord first began with me amongst them, and had blessed my labors to their poor souls, and that their hearts were fixed upon me, I must comply; therefore, I could not withstand them. We have many of the Lord's living children amongst us, both aged, middle-aged, and young; and many strong men in the faith, and women also. Some of the men have extraordinary gifts in prayer; but they all love the plain honest truth, free from all condition as it respects the creature. So you see, what with my situation as gardener, a very large family to support, extensive grounds to cultivate, men to employ in their different departments, and having to preach every Sunday, all on my mind, I am so fully employed that sometimes I have not time to write a letter.

How blessed it is that our gracious God not only makes promises, but fulfils them in our experience; for he has said, "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy day, so shall thy strength be." O how suitable this is in my present situation. I have many things to try me, am often sorely tempted, and cast down by reason of darkness, and very much tried respecting my preaching, calling myself a thousand fools for ever attempting it. I often go out on a Lord's Day morning, and would, if I dared, hide myself anywhere rather than go into the pulpit; but when this is the case, I generally have the best opportunity in preaching, and the people in hearing. This is the way the Lord makes his strength perfect in our weak-

ness, and this is the way the Lord enables me to lean upon him, the strong one, for strength. Sometimes when I begin to preach I feel as if I could not stand up for five minutes; then the Lord gives me a little opening, and a little light, life, and love in my soul, so that I do not know how to leave off. These seasons are generally very precious, because of the Lord's presence. This is the way the Lord keeps down the pride of the heart, which would soon begin to show itself to one's eternal ruin, if it were not for the Lord's grace; but the Lord will keep the feet of his saints, so that they shall not finally fall and perish. No man or enemy can pluck us out of his hands.

Our dear Lord has left us an example that we should follow in his steps. In everything we should inquire, How did our Lord act? Look at him when he was tempted forty days and forty nights. The same Satan that tempted him tempts you and me. When Satan tempted him to despond, how did he answer? "It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." And that is the way we must live, namely, by faith. When our Lord was tempted to love the world, he said, "Get thee hence, Satan." We are often tempted to this, for that carnal love is never rooted out of our carnal hearts, but is a sore evil and plague to God's living family. I know by experience the dear child cannot be happy with worldlings. If we wish to make a child of God miserable, put him amongst the world, and he will be immediately like a fish out of the water.

Well, beloved, your God who hath redeemed you and justified you, will take charge of you in the everlasting covenant, ordered well and sure; and rest assured that your name cannot be blotted out of the book of life, for your life is hid with Christ in God, and is everlastingly secure.

I hope to have a letter from you, my beloved friend, before long. I long to hear from you all, for you are very near to my heart. I desire to pray for your soul's prosperity, and that the Lord will perfect his own work in your heart.

How is Mrs. —? Is she yet groaning, being burdened? Tell her Christ is the only refuge.

Are my dear brother J. S., and his sister, quite well? The Lord bless them in all their engagements in this life, lead them by his counsel, and afterwards receive them into glory.

Receive this in love. Your loving Brother in Jesus,

The Hasells, March 14th, 1843.

R. THOMPSON.

[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.—Ed.]

If you make price with Christ, and compound with everlasting grace, you shame the glory of the ransom-payer.—*Rutherford*.

IS ANYTHING TOO HARD FOR THE LORD?

Esteemed and kind Friends,—I have been waiting for the winter to be past, the frost to break, the northerly wind to cease from blowing, and the long nights and short days to make a change; wishing that the sun might shine, the south wind and the dews and rain to fall, the upper springs to flow and the nether springs to rise; and laboring that the heavenly Messenger might arrive with a message for me to give, that I might write with instruction and you read with profit, and have your soul sweetly comforted, and the name of the Lord be glorified; yet, after all am I kept waiting. What news shall I send my friend? I have eight children that look, or will look if life is spared, to me for bread; and this keeps me looking to the Lord, to watch his overruling and bounteous hand, while my faith persuades me that he will not let me return ashamed, nor my children cry with perishing hunger for their bread.

I am brought into a decent, respectable state of living, and I have no other way to maintain it but my faith and my mouth. Besides this numerous family, I have many times the number who are waiting for the bread of life, and depending upon its coming through me as the instrument; and often I have nothing to depend upon but his gracious promise and all-sufficiency, and am obliged to go to the work without sense or feeling of what I am going about until I am engaged therein. But past experience, the unconditional promise, and a faithful Lord and Master, forbid me to faint or give way to fears, by which I am preserved from mistrust and guilt. And this is no small favor.

I suppose and believe that I am writing to one who has for many years proved that nothing is too hard for the Lord, and but one thing impossible; that is, he cannot lie; and that you are now witnessing what the Almighty says, "Even to your old age I am he; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you;" yea, that you are bringing forth fruit up to old age, to show that the Lord is upright.

I have much on my hands. I have been sitting up all night with a son in the faith who is ill in the body. The bearer of the note is just setting off; so I must say with John, "I would not write with paper and ink; but I trust to come unto you, and speak face to face."

Wadhurst, Oct. 8, 1828.

W. C.

Can the father see the child sweat, wrestle under an over-load till his back be near broken, and he cry, "I am gone," and his bowels not be moved to pity, and his hands not stretched out to help? Were not the bowels and heart of that mother made of a piece of the nether mill-stone, had she not sucked the milk and breast of a tiger, and seemed rather to be the whelp of a lion, than a woman, who should see her young child drowning, and wrestling with water, and crying for her help, and yet she should not stir, nor be moved in heart, nor run to help? This is but a shadow of the compassion that is in that heart dwelling in a body personally united to the blessed Godhead in Jesus Christ.—*Rutherford*.

REJOICE WITH THEM THAT REJOICE, AND WEEP WITH THEM THAT WEEP.

My dear Sister in the Faith of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ,—Hearing of your late heavy trial, in which death has bereaved you of your beloved daughter and only surviving child, I cannot help sympathising with you. My hearty desire and prayer for you is, that the Lord may sanctify the stroke, and also bless you with his supporting grace, and more than make up the loss with his sensible and comforting presence.

O my dear sister, what a changing world we live in! How short-lived are our best earthly comforts! All is frail and fading. Vanity of vanities; all is vanity, and vexation of spirit, short of Jesus. He is the one thing needful. You, my dear sister, through grace, have been enabled, like Mary, to make choice of him as the better part; and although the Lord has taken your children, and may, if he thinks proper, deprive you of every comfort, yet this better part shall not be taken from you.

“ And if our dearest comforts fall
Before his sovereign will,
He never takes away our all;
Himself he gives us still.”

What are all the strokes, sorrows, and chastisements, dear sister, which we have to contend with, to be compared to what the Lord Jesus endured and suffered, when the chastisement of our peace was upon him; when he said, “If it be possible, let this cup pass from me. But O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done?” O what bitter were in this cup! The guilt of millions, the malice of men and devils, and the wrath of God. Like a great mountain it pressed him down in agony, until he exclaimed, “My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death.” “Behold! all ye that pass by, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, wherewith the Lord afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger.” This dear Man of Sorrows is acquainted with all our griefs, even your present griefs; and mind you, “though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies.” “He will not always chide, neither will he keep his anger for ever.” “He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.” “Like as a father pitieth his children [in their trouble], so the Lord pitieth them that fear him; for he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust.”

You, my dear sister, in your present distress, may be ready to say with Jacob, “All these things are against me;” or with Jeremiah, “Surely against me is he turned; he turneth his hand against me all the day;” but this is only the voice of unbelief; and as they found it so, likewise will you.

“ Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.”

Depend upon it, that what he has done is all for the best, both for you and your dear offspring.

“ He hides the purpose of his grace,
To make it better known.”

“ What I do now,” he says, “ thou knowest not; but thou shalt know hereafter.” The hereafter sweetness will more than make up for all your present bitters.

My kind love to your dear partner; and may the Lord's blessing rest upon you both. So prays,

Yours sincerely,

Sutton Benjer, Jan. 31, 1855.

J. H.

THE BLOOD OF SPRINKLING.

Dear Friend,—If it should please the great Head of the Church, I do hope that this will find thy soul in a prosperous way, with a deep discovery of thy ruined state by the fall of man, and as a sinner before God; also may you have, by faith, a view of your soul's interest in the precious blood and righteousness of Christ, the God-man mediator between a guilty worm and divine justice. I hope the Holy Spirit is leading you out of all refuges short of Christ; and that you feel you are coming up out of this wilderness world, leaning on the Beloved; for nothing short of this will stand. A bare knowledge of the doctrines of truth, however clear, must give way sooner or later, if there is no vital union to the living Vine; for the fire shall try every man's religion, of what kind it is; therefore do not rest down short of an application of the blood of Christ to your soul. Satan will get you, if possible, to rest on a deep law-work, or a deep discovery of the evil heart, or on great temptations; for a person may have great terrors and dread of hell, and pass through all this, and yet fall short of entering into that rest prepared for the people of God. But every elect vessel of mercy will, sooner or later, receive the application of the blood of Jesus by the Holy Ghost to his soul, so that he will feel cleansed from all his sins. Nothing short of this will satisfy your soul or mine. Let me know how you get on; if you find the road very rough, and if the world, flesh, and the devil oppose; if you are still panting and crying after Jesus; also if sin is a burden, yea, a deep affliction to your soul? I mean the workings of evil within. And is there a weaning from the world, although it often carries your heart away so at times you cannot see, as you think, the least difference between those that are dead in sin and yourself? These things will bring you to the light to search, and you will then want the Holy Spirit to bear witness with your spirit that you are a living child of God.

Yours in the truth,

T. S. S.

Any man is nearer God than the humble soul in his own eyes.—
Rutherford.

LETTERS BY THE LATE D. HERBERT.—III.

My dear Friends,—I feel persuaded you will pardon the liberty I have taken in troubling you with these few lines, to inform you I am still living to praise my ever-living, glorious Lord. I have for some time appeared to stand just on the brink of Jordan, looking, longing, and expecting my heavenly Father would say, "Come up hither." But truly the Lord has said, "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are my ways your ways;" for he has been pleased to raise me up once more.

You must know, my dear friend, that on the Sunday before I intended setting out for D—, I went about six or seven miles from home to speak in the name of my glorious, precious Christ, and my heavenly Father was pleased so to indulge me with his special presence, and fill my poor earthen vessel so full, that I forgot I was an old man. I was raised above my infirmities, and was led to exert myself so much that on Monday I was taken with a bowel complaint and a nervous fever; so that I was obliged to keep my bed for a month. But, bless God, my soul was happy all the time, and I think I sometimes ate of the fruit of the tree of life that stands in the midst of the paradise of God, and knew sweetly what it was to rejoice in tribulation; cast down, without a fear of being cast off. Perhaps you will say, "And why not come, after you got so much better?" O my dear friends, I know I disappointed you, and I do assure you the disappointment distressed my very soul; for I felt my heart was with you, although I thought it hardly probable I should ever see you again in the flesh; and after I felt myself better, I still felt my heart's desire was to see you; but two things counterruled all my plans. The first thing that operated upon my mind was, I thought the season was too far gone by; but the other reason was too powerful for me to resist, as it went deep into my heart. You may remember that last July twelvemonth, I felt a strong inclination to visit my old friends at Q—, D—, and G—, once more; and I intimated my inclination to them by letter; but received an answer that they wished me not to come. I have been used to disappointments in a very great degree, but I must confess I never had one that afflicted my mind so much as that did, as it was such a blank to my anticipations; but still I thought that weeks and months would roll round, and looked forward to another year, feeling persuaded that when that period came round, I should receive an affectionate invitation from my Q— friends; and so fully did I expect it that almost every post during last May, June, July, and August, I was on the look out for my anticipated invitation; but alas! alas! it all turned out a blank, for I have not received a word from any one; and I have set myself down as a poor, abandoned, slighted cast-off; therefore, from the feelings which agitated my poor nervous mind, (though my health was in a great measure restored,) I felt myself compelled to give up my intended visit to you; at which I think you will not be surprised.

It has been my lot to have many a pleasing gourd spread over my

head, but it has as often been my lot to have a worm at the root. I have been so pleased and gratified with my Q— gourd that I little suspected a worm would ever find its way there. At Q— I thought myself secure, and more than half at home. I hope when you see my Q— friends you will tell them that cuts and wounds from friends very soon fester, and mostly are very slow in healing.

When you see any of the Lord's dear tried ones, who perhaps expected to see me with you, tell them I thought to have had a very long stay with them, to have told them about my precious and glorious Christ, what a suitable Christ I have found him to be; what a rich Christ for such a poor forlorn beggar as I; what a full Christ for such a poor ruined empty sinner; what a complete Saviour for one so completely lost; but the dear Lord would not trust me; yet I would say with that old servant of the Lord Nehemiah, "Shall such a man as I flee?" Are not all these vicissitudes under the management and direction of my heavenly Father, who has promised that whatever others do, "He will never leave me, nor forsake me," that "He will never turn away from me to do me good, but that he will guide me continually and lead me in the way that I must go?"

I was thinking perhaps I ought to apologise for troubling you with this long round about letter, but, as it comes from a sincere heart, a poor old man bending under bodily infirmities, with a mind sometimes overwhelmed, so that I can often say with David, "I was brought low," I know you will excuse it.

Now allow me to make one request; and that is, when opportunity offers, that you will favor me with a few lines, as it would gratify my very heart to hear from you, and to know how you and my always kind Mrs. R. are. I have not forgotten that you and dear Mrs. R. were amongst the first of my friends thirteen years ago, in whom I have never experienced any change and whose kindness can never be obliterated from my mind.

I fear I have tired you, and I am very tired myself. I can only say, the Lord bless you; and when it is well with you and you can go to a throne of grace with, "My Father," then drop a word in favor of your poor but

Truly affectionate Friend and Brother,

Sudbury, Sept. 29, 1830.

DANIEL HERBERT.

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

Between the two extremes of absolute perfection and total apostasy, lies the large field of believers' obedience and walking with God. Many a sweet heavenly passage there is, and many a dangerous depth in this field. Some walk near to the one side, some to the other; yea, the same persons may sometimes press hard after perfection and sometimes be cast to the very border of destruction.—*Owen*.

A LETTER BY THE LATE J. JENKINS.

My dear Friend,—I have this day read over your letter, which you some time ago sent to me, and which has hitherto lay by me unanswered, either from want of an opportunity or a disposition for the work, or from both. When an opportunity has offered, there has been neither light, power, nor a heart to take the work in hand; and though the will be present, yet how to perform that which is good I know not.

I believe you are a witness, and one more added to the cloud of witnesses, who bear their testimony that none ever waited on the Lord in vain. "They shall not be ashamed that wait for me; they shall not be put to shame;" nor shall either men or devils ever triumph in their disappointment of what they have hoped for; and though hope delayed maketh the soul sad, at which time we receive many a taunt by our enemies saying, "Where is now their God?" yet, when the desire cometh, it is so sweet that we forget all former causes of discouragement, all our pains, sufferings, temptations, and tribulations, which we endured; they are like water that passes away. It is true we are made to be ashamed of our doings that were not good, and reproach we must suffer. The waiting sinner often meets with disappointments,—is often baffled in his expectations, and will be both reviled and reproached by Satan at those times; and we are confounded and abashed, and dare not open our mouth before God, when we know that he is pacified towards us in his dear Son. But "for their shame they shall have double, and for their confusion, they shall rejoice in their portion," in the Lord, they shall possess it; "everlasting joy shall be unto them."

I liked your letter when I first read it, and felt its power, life, light, simplicity, and honesty, and a union to the writer taking place; but rather wondered that you had slipped out so secretly and so soon. "This my son," said I, "where has he been? Who hath begotten me this? seeing that I judged myself childless, and a wanderer to and fro; who and whence is he? I said, Come near to me, my Son, that I may feel thee, and that I may know whose Son indeed thou art;" because I have often been disappointed through the dimness of my eyes; and as he drew near, I thought I smelled his garments, as the smell of a field which the Lord of Hosts has blessed; and I blessed him in the name of the Lord, and prayed that he might be Lord over all his brethren, (according to the flesh,) and that all the base-born sons of his mother might bow down to him.

I think you are a proof that God works by the most base, unworthy, and despicable instruments; and it seems he has thus ordained it, that the excellency of the power might appear clear enough to be of him, and not of the instrument; and to God you must give all the glory. Nothing of it belongs to the poor vessel. No good thing was ever found in him, except that Spirit which convinced, reproved, enlightened, and wrought faith in your heart by hearing. O my son, keep near to him; walk as you have received

him; and hold fast that which you have received, that I may have cause of rejoicing in the day of the Lord, that I have not labored in vain, nor run in vain.

Your letter was not that of the necessitous, which call for the most and speediest of attention, otherwise I should have answered it sooner. I should be glad to see you for a little conversation when you can come, and when I have an opportunity, and am at home.

That the Lord may bless and prosper you, is the prayer of

J. JENKINS.

Sins against the Holy Spirit, in his work and operations, are taken notice of in a very particular manner, and are highly resented, even in the saints, and are punished with peculiar severity in the daring and presumptuous. The Israelites in the wilderness vexed his Holy Spirit, till he turned to be their enemy, and fought against them. Some of the young Gentile converts grieved him, and many were sickly and weak among them, and many slept, for their unbecoming behavior at the Lord's table. "The Holy Spirit," says Christ, "shall glorify me." And the Spirit is grieved when the Lord is dishonored. Ananias and Sapphira, agreeing together in sin, tempted the Spirit of the Lord, and Satan filled their hearts to lie to the Holy Ghost. "Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God," says Peter. Therefore the Holy Ghost is God. And they were both struck dead upon the spot for it. Great and innumerable sins against God in his law, as in Manasseh and others, have been forgiven; and many awful things done and spoken against the Son of Man have been pardoned, as may be seen in Paul. But those that do despite to the Spirit of Grace; who willingly and wilfully counteract his operations and designs in the souls of God's people; and who see his power, and yet oppose, hate, and fight against it; and who ridicule and blaspheme both the Author and his operations; never have been, nor ever will be forgiven; for "the sin against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men." And can any man in his senses believe, or attempt to affirm, that the all-wise God, the Judge of all the earth, who is rich in mercy and abundant in goodness and truth, would exclude men from all possibility of pardon, and doom them to eternal damnation, for sinning against a *name*, an *accident*, or only a *quality*, *attribute*, *perfection*, or a *power* in God, which may be transiently put forth, and displayed as an operation on man? Surely sinning against God the Father himself, which is sinning against all the revealed perfections and attributes of his nature, must be a more heinous crime than sinning against a single *quality* in him. And yet all manner of sins and blasphemies, committed against him in the law, have been forgiven unto men; but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost never was nor ever will be. And why this sin unto death should be emphatically called *the great transgression*, I cannot conceive, if the Holy Ghost, against whom it is committed, be not the great and terrible God.—*Huntington*.

Obituary.

A FEW FRAGMENTS OF THE EXPERIENCE OF WILLIAM KNEE, LATE OF DEVIZES, WILTS.

William Knee was, in the early part of his life, dismissed from the horse soldiers, with a pension of 3s. 6d. per week, owing to his having fallen from his horse, which injured his heart and all the parts nearly connected with it; so that he had been a great sufferer from that time. He was sometimes laid aside for many months together, incapable of working, but, during the last three months he was a companion in affliction with Job. From the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, he was literally diseased. He said, "I am literally brought into that place, 'My wounds stink and are corrupt.' I fear I shall be an offence to my friends; I fear I shall go mad; I have had only four hours' sleep since I was taken ill, two hours at once; I only doze now for a few moments; I do beg of the Lord to continue unto me the use of my intellects, let him do what he will with my body."

He has now entered into rest, and truly it must be a rest to him; but the consolations of God were neither few nor small towards him. When this poor man was first called by grace, he could not read. The longest word he could pronounce after he had spelt it, was f r o m. He used to take his Bible to a solitary place, there kneel down and spell, and look up to the Lord to help him to pronounce it, which the Lord enabled him to do, and frequently gave him the spiritual meaning with it. When his mind was at first a little opened to divine things, he was pondering over the words in Eph. v. 30, "Members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones," when it was injected into his mind that Jesus descended from the Jews, and therefore he had no part in him. He searched the word, to see if these things were so. There he read that his descent was also from a Moabitish woman (Ruth.) To the joy of his heart he found, that both Jew and Gentile were one with Christ. At another time he was walking in great darkness, and whenever he took up the Bible whatever part he looked into, it appeared to speak condemnation to him, until at last he began to despair of receiving any consolation, but thought he would open it once more, and perhaps for the last time. He was about to close it, when Rom. iv. 4 caught his eyes: "Now to him that worketh is the reward; not reckoned of grace, but of debt; but to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." He could then go on his way rejoicing.

Knee once said, "More than twenty years since, I was in a wretched state of mind, fearing there was no mercy for me, when I was induced to go and hear Mr. P., at Allington. He spoke from these words, 'There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen.' He spoke of the path of holiness, and said, the wayfaring men, though fools, should not err therein. O how I trembled while he was speaking of the first part. I thought

my doom was about to be sealed. I listened very attentively to hear him describe the vulture; and when he had finished, I said in my mind, I am not a vulture; I am too great a fool to be that; for, as to head knowledge, I have none. Then I listened to hear what he would say on the wayfaring man. O what a blessed time I had! He described my pathway so clearly, that my chains fell off; and O, what a love I felt for that dear man! When I came out of the chapel, a young person said to me, 'You have got a blessing, for I saw your countenance beaming with joy; but soon after you came in I thought you were going to have a fit, you shook, and looked so ill.' I said, 'The Lord has blessed the ministry to my soul.' I got away as soon as I could, to be alone, for I wanted no other company. I felt as the Spouse in the Canticles, 'I charge you, ye daughters of Jerusalem, that ye stir not up, nor awake my Beloved, till he please.' What sweet communion I had with the Lord all the way home; and for a long time the sweet savor abode with me. How I begged the Lord he would prolong the life of that dear man, for his own glory and his people's good. Though I have never spoken to him, he has been in my heart ever since, and I know that I shall die with him there, and shall meet him in heaven. Another time I heard him from 2 Cor. iii., respecting the glory of the two covenants, but the new covenant excelled in glory. I had been led into the majesty of the Lord under the law in a most tremendous manner. If I viewed the works of creation, I felt his awful majesty. When I looked up to the sun and moon, and contemplated what that Being must be who made these glorious orbs, and that I had sinned against him, such fears seized me, I sometimes thought the earth would open and swallow me up. 'When I view the heavens, the work of thine hands, Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him?' I followed Mr. P. when he spoke of the first covenant, but when he came to the glory that excelleth, O what a union of soul I felt to him! I prayed to the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth many such laborers into his harvest."

Knee's path was a conflicting one throughout. At one time, seeing him in such great agony, I suggested, that as he could not rest himself by lying on his back, there should be a contrivance for him to lie forward, and one or two other things I proposed, to all of which he said, "No, it would hasten his death; and as he knew that to be the case, it would be self-murder. I do not know what the Lord is about to do with me," he said, "I am afraid of myself." I believe he had great soul conflict at that time. I said, "Think it not strange that you are so afflicted, for we read in the word of God, that some of the most eminent of the saints of old were sorely afflicted. What must Job have felt, when he said, "Am I a sea or a whale?" "Yes," he said, and again, "They were sawn asunder."

I think it was the next day I called on him, and told him I had a sermon of Mr. P.'s, on Heb. iv. 4, 15: "For we have not a High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." He wished me to read it. He told me afterwards that the text and

several parts of the sermon occurred to his mind during the night, and it was comforting to him, and another portion with it, (vii. 7, 26): "For such a High Priest became us, who is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners."

He related another instance of the matchless love of God towards him. He said, "The happiest time I ever experienced, was during the life of my first wife. We could walk together in divine things. The Lord was pleased to take her. I remember coming home full of the goodness of God, after hearing Mr. P. preach," (he spoke of four sermons he heard from Mr. P., three at Allington, and one in Devizes, under each of which he could read his title clear to mansions in the skies. I do not know to which he referred at this time,) "when I forgot I had a wife lying dead at home; but the moment I put the key in, to unlock the door, the stench of death came into my nostrils (natural death, I suppose he meant). Hard thoughts of God possessed my mind, and I remained a long time in a rebellious state. 'The rebellious shall dwell in a dry land.' But when I came to myself, I felt I had sinned against so much goodness, and the enemy suggested that I had sinned against the Holy Ghost. I begged, I entreated of the Lord, if he could have mercy on one so vile, he would show it me. I said, 'Lord, if there is one of thy dear children who has sinned as I have, and it be recorded in thy book, show it me.' The words came, 'Call me not Naomi, call me Mara, for the Lord hath dealt bitterly with me.' O how blessedly I did walk with that dear old woman "Naomi."

It was truly blessed to hear him recount the many bedewings of the love of God to his soul during his thirty years' sojourn in the land that led to rest. I have tried to restrain him from talking so much, for fear he would feel ill effects from it; but while the oil ran, he felt constrained to let it flow. He called to remembrance an event that occurred many years since, which I must not pass by. His work lay several streets from his dwelling, and as his breath was bad, instead of going home, he used to take his dinner to a room occupied by the late John Pearce, a gracious man; and whilst at dinner they used to converse on heavenly things. He one day said, "John, I fear I am a trouble to you coming here so often." John replied, "It would be more trouble to me if you stayed away."

"Walking one day," said Knee, "this portion darted into my mind, 'Trust in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is my strength.' I said, 'Lord, do not I trust in thee? Lord, if I do not trust in thee aright, teach me how to trust thee.' I called on John and asked him to look into his Concordance, (for I believed it to be scripture,) and told him my fears. John found it in Isaiah. He said he did not view it in the light that I did; and did not think it a reproof. I said, 'What do you think of it?' 'The word of God,' he said, 'is deep and mysterious, and we cannot understand it till revealed, but in time the meaning may be known.' The next day I took a walk with him. On our return, I was taken very ill, and with difficulty reached home. My wife hastened to get me some warm tea; but as soon as I had drunk it, I broke a blood

vessel, and threw up a quantity of blood. The doctor came, and I was put to bed in an exhausted state. John remained with me all night. I was dreadfully dark in mind, looking up to the Lord, but could not get a ray of light. A deathlike feeling came over me, and I did not know but that I was about to be launched into eternity. I thought I would give a last look towards the Lord, when the words came again, 'Trust in the Lord for ever,' &c. I gave John a look. He came to me, and put his ear to my mouth. I said, 'Trust in the Lord;' John finished the sentence, and burst into tears."

At another time he was very much cast down; the consolations of the Lord were withdrawn, and he was bemoaning his desolate state, when these words, he said, came with power, "O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me." I said, "Lord, if that be scripture, help me to find it."

At another time he said, "I have been in company with that good old woman again (Naomi.) It strikes me that she had not a, "Thus saith the Lord" for moving into that heathen country. A famine being in her own land, she, as well as her husband, was mistrustful of the providence of God, left her own people and sought worldly advantage; but she was disappointed in the thing she sought. See what befel her. She lost her husband and her two sons, and was compelled to return again to her own land with this lamentation, "I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home empty again. Why then call ye me Naomi?" Knee said a great deal more upon the subject, but I cannot remember it.

A lady once sent him some beef tea. "It was very kind of her," he said; "but, you cannot think how my mind was exercised about it. I thought, now she will be coming to read her prayers to me; for I understand she is a mighty zealous woman in her church way. I fear she will be wanting me to sell my birthright for a mess of pottage."

I called on him the second day after he had received two half sovereigns from two friends, when he said, "a marvellous thing has occurred since you were here last. I have received two half sovereigns; one from —, and one from —. To think that their hearts, who live at such a distance, should be open to such a vile creature! O how it broke my heart to think how mistrustful I had been of the providence of God!"

Knee could not seem to lay himself low enough, nor exalt the Lord high enough. "I was asked," he said, "what portion I should like for my funeral text. I do not want anything said in commendation of myself (or words to that import.) I was born a sinner, I have lived a sinner, and I shall die a sinner. The most appropriate text for me would be, 'And as he was yet a coming the devil threw him down and tore him;' for that is as I have always found it."

August 28th.—After a dreadful night of suffering, and great darkness of mind, "my head was so affected," he said, "I could have no conception of the Deity. I said in the morning, Lord, dost

thou intend that I shall go down to the grave in this state? My boy brought me a cup of warm tea; I took it in my hand, and these words came, "Since thou wast precious unto me, thou hast been honorable, and I have loved thee." That was enough, I put down my cup of tea, and said, "What I, Lord? Such a wretch as I honorable!" I soon saw where my honor lay; it was in the dear Redeemer. At another time he said, "My prayers are very short now, they are chiefly 'Mercy, Lord, mercy!'"

30th.—He said, "I do not live much now by sense and feeling, but I live by promised love and covenant grace. I was thinking how it would be with me in the Jordan of death, and it struck me

'Here at thy cross my dying God,
I lay my soul beneath thy love;
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.'

Tuesday, Sept. 2nd, was the last time I saw him living. I took him in a florin which was given me for him by a friend. He said, "May the Lord return it fifty-fold to my friends, both in spirituals and in temporals. This is my prayer. Temporal things are good; but I want light, life, and liberty, and an expansion of soul."

On the following Thursday morning, a little after 10 o'clock, he finished his course. He was not aware that his end was so near till within a few minutes of the time. Spasms seized him in the back, then in the arm, and lastly in the chest. He said, "It will soon be over;" and fell asleep, aged 61.

He joined the Old Baptist Church, Devizes, about the year 1828, and was baptized by Mr. Dymott, of Hilperton. Mr. D. had some conversation with him the night previous to his baptism; and said of him, that "he had witnessed a good confession." He was reading to himself from the Gospel of Matthew, "Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water;" and he said to his wife, "Jesus was a Baptist!" I believe that was the first time he thought about the ordinance of baptism.

Devizes, Sept. 13th, 1856.

E. B.

Afflictions take us out of company; they gather our thoughts home; they serve to turn our eyes inward; they bring the child of God to books; they cast a damp upon earthly enjoyments, and wean the affections from a vain world; they lead to self examination and to consider the one thing needful; and they often humble the mind. meekens the spirit, encourage faith, awaken fear, and perfume the soul, and make it more unctuous and savory; they lead to watchfulness on the handy works of God, and to thankfulness where his goodness appears.—*Huntington.*

WE regret that the length of our Annual Address in the present Number has compelled us again to defer the continuation of the Review of "Calvin's Calvinism" as well as Answers to "Inquiries;" but we hope D.V. to attend to these matters next month.—ED.

P O E T R Y.

"AGNUS DEI. LAMB OF GOD."

With believing eyes methinks I see
 A spotless Lamb hang on a tree,
 All rent and torn with agony.
 I too can hear that piercing cry,
 "My God! my God! O why, O why,
 Hast thou forsaken me?"
 And thus I see him bleed and die.

I hear him, 'midst his cruel woes,
 With humble spirit pray for those
 His bitter and most cruel foes;
 To whom, while they their victim slew,
 His parting soul no hatred knew.
 'Twas, "Father, them forgive,
 For, O! they know not what they do."

But whilst this mighty Victim bled,
 (Glory and honor crown his head!)
 The Sinless in the sinner's stead,
 A malefactor doom'd to die,
 Whose crimes had lifted him on high,
 Sin smitten, thus was heard
 To supplicate with mournful cry:

"Remember, O remember me,
 A sinner vile as vile can be,
 When thou thy kingdom com'st to see!"
 At once the Lamb of God replies,
 In answer to his dying cries,
 "To day thy soul shall be
 With me in yonder Paradise!"

O wounded Lamb of God, I see
 'Midst all thy grief thy blood flow'd free,
 To cancel man's high penalty!
 "Blot out my sins," O Lamb of God,
 And wash them in that purple flood;
 "This brand pluck from the fire!"
 And quench it with thy dying blood.

S. W. K.

I have observed that some men are as afraid of a broken heart, or that they for their sins should have their hearts broken, as the dog is of the whip. Oh! they cannot do with such books, with such sermons, with such preachers, or with such talk, as tends to make a man sensible of, and to break his heart, and to make him contrite for his sins. Hence they heap to themselves such teachers, get such books, love such company, and delight in such discourse as rather tends to harden than soften; to make desperate in, than sorrowful for their sins. They say to such sermons, books, and preachers as Amaziah said to Amos: "O thou seer, go, flee thou away into the land of Judah, and there eat bread, and prophecy there, but prophecy not again any more at Bethel, &c.—*Bunyan*."

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MOURNERS IN ZION COMFORTED.

(Continued from page 18.)

Now all such poor mourners in Zion as these, who are cast down through many temptations and distressed in their mind, are in such a state that they may be well said to be sitting in sackcloth and ashes, lamenting their case, feeling like the sparrow alone on the housetop, or like the pelican desolate in the wilderness; pitying and bemoaning themselves, and not knowing whether they shall go to eternal happiness or endless misery. They cannot join in with the service of the church of England, and say, "We bless thee for our creation;" for they wish they had never been born, and think no one so miserable as they feel themselves to be; therefore they want the Lord to say unto them, "I am thy salvation!" For they have so many things against them that they are cast down and full of heaviness. They have not the consolation which they want, and are full of fears whether they shall get to heaven after all, and whether they have ever been taught by the blessed Spirit at all; so that they are like those who are sitting in sackcloth and ashes. Now David found himself in this state, but he cried unto the Lord, and he delivered him, for he says, "Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing; thou hast put off my sackcloth and girded me with gladness." And all those who are thus brought down and are low in their souls shall be exalted, and they shall have an experimental knowledge of the blessings and promise of the word of God, for in his own time he will come and deliver them. O how sweet were those words to my soul some time ago, when they were applied with divine power, "Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust, for thy dew is as the dew of herbs." O how my soul did bless and praise the Lord for his mercy to me! His word was sweet and precious. It was the joy and rejoicing of my heart, and more unto me than my necessary food. And when the Lord does thus bless the soul with the rich communications of his grace, he can enter into the feelings of David, and say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless and praise his holy name." He can also then use the language of the church service, and say, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." But there are multitudes who use these words, and say, "Take not thy Holy Spirit from us," who never knew what it was to mourn or

sorrow for sin at all. And while they are mocking God with these blessed words, at one and the same time they are hating and persecuting the Lord's people, and are treating them with the greatest contempt. But it is the Lord's own appointment to bring his people into an enjoyment of those feelings; and when he is pleased to bring them here they will not say their own hands have attained to it, but they will know it is all of the riches of free and sovereign grace. And why will they not say so? Because the Lord will lay them low, and they will think it is too great a gift for God to bestow on such guilty miserable objects as they see and feel themselves to be; and they will say, "Canst thou bestow thy grace, Lord, upon such a wretch as I?" They will not boast that it is given unto them because they are better than their neighbors, or on account of any merit of their own, but they will use the language of Mr. Hart as expressive of their feelings:

"This is a treasure rich indeed,
Which none but Christ can give;
Of this the best of men have need;
This I, the worst, receive."

Therefore it is on this account that they are brought down into the very dust of self abasement, and loathe themselves in dust and ashes before the Lord. And is it not a blessing for a man to be stripped of his own fancied righteousness, and to feel his need of being clothed in Christ's glorious righteousness? Paul might well say for himself, "Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord, for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung that I may win Christ, and be found in him, not having mine own righteousness which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith." And David describes the glory and beauty of this righteousness in a wonderful way in the 45th Psalm.

The Lord hath also appointed "the oil of joy for mourning." This oil is the unction of the Holy Ghost, which causeth the heart of the Lord's people to rejoice. It is said that "wine maketh glad the heart of man, and oil maketh his face to shine." And David speaks of it as that unction, that dew, that power, whereby his heart was made to rejoice, and through which his mourning departed from him. It was this "oil of joy" that lifted him out of the deep miry places into which he had sunk, set his feet upon a rock, and established his goings, and which put a new song into his mouth, even praise unto his God. It was this "oil of joy" that made him rejoice in the Lord, and triumph in his song of praise that he was fixed upon the everlasting Rock of Ages, and caused his cup to run over with joy and delight. So that he knew it was the Lord that had changed his mourning into rejoicing, and his weeping into praise, and had given him the voice of melody, joy, and thanksgiving. And now he could not only praise God's name, but he called upon all those that feared God to come unto him and hear what the Lord had done for his soul.

Now there are many who when they hear these things laugh, and

call it enthusiasm. But, nevertheless, let Jesus only come into the soul, by the power of his blessed Spirit, and it will make the heart to rejoice with exceeding joy; let him but only kiss the soul with the kisses of his love, it will be better to him than wine, or all things else that the world can produce, and the soul will esteem it above ten thousand worlds. But if any will talk in this way they are viewed and looked upon as nothing better than fanatics. Notwithstanding all this, they know that the enjoyment of the love of Jesus to their souls is a "feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined." So that when Jesus comes, their mourning is turned into joy, and their sorrow into delight, and they are lifted up above their fears; they show forth the Lord's praise, and bless him for saving them from going down to the pit; for they feel now that Christ is in and with them of a truth. But, then, how few there are who understand and can enter into these things. Nevertheless, it is a blessed thing to have the feet directed at all into the right way; and though the poor soul may not be able to make it out fully to its own comfort, that it is in the right way, yet it is a great thing to be enabled to bless and praise the Lord for any evidence of his mercy. For a poor, lost, and ruined sinner to have any token of God's favor, and to praise him in any way for the riches of his grace in delivering him from going down to the pit, is a very great mercy indeed! And for a poor soul, who is full of troubles, and cast down in his mind, to have this blessed change wrought in his feelings, it is like that of a criminal who is anxiously awaiting the hour of his execution, when, to his great astonishment, he unexpectedly receives his reprieve. O what a change takes place in his feelings! Now I know about a month ago, when my soul was full of heaviness and trouble, and I was much cast down, the Lord was pleased to bless me with such an overwhelming manifestation of his love that there was such a change in my feelings, that though the ground was covered with snow and it was a gloomy day to many, yet it was like a spring day to me, for my poor soul was as happy as it was possible to be, and I did nothing but bless and praise the Lord for the displays of his loving kindness toward me. Therefore I say when the Lord is pleased to manifest his mercy, and show that he has been leading in a right way, the soul is satisfied, and would not have anything altered in the world. There is a conviction in the mind that all is right, and it is ready to say, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life." It reminded me of a miser going a journey, who had entered into a rough road, where he could neither get out nor turn back, and was full of regret that he had ever entered it at all; but before he had completely got to the end of it he suddenly finds a purse of money. Behold the change that is wrought now in his feelings! There is no more grumbling about the roughness of the road, nor the length of the journey, nor of what he felt in it. O no! it was the very best road that he ever walked in; he is quite delighted that he came into it, and he would not have come by any other on any consideration whatever. And just so it is with

the child of God; when the Lord is pleased to manifest himself to the soul in trouble, he does not any longer complain of his trials, and say, "Why have I had so much sorrow and affliction?" But he is perfectly satisfied now that all was for the best, and that the Lord has led him by a right way, and he would not have come in any other way if he could. And it is in this way that the soul is brought to "glory in tribulation also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." And when the love of God is so shed abroad in the heart, all murmuring and re-pining against his dispensation will cease. "The rebellious dwell in a dry land;" but when the love of God is thus manifested to the soul, all crooked things will appear straight and clear, and rough places will be made plain, and the heart will break out in praises to the Lord, and say, "My Jesus has done all things well." He will be quiet, and rest satisfied that everything is just as it ought to be. He will say, "Though I did not like the path in which I was led, yet God saw it was right to lead me in this way," and therefore he will not feel inclined to find fault any longer with any body, or any of the circumstances by which he is surrounded. He no longer looks to second causes, but sees that everything has been for the best, and he says,

"Tell it unto sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found."

Now some will say, "What blessing is there in all this, to be sitting in ashes, and to be brought into a state of mourning?" But those that are tried will say, "If these exercises are profitable to my soul, let me be brought into them." These things will cause them to cry unto the Lord that he will lead them in the right way, and in that path wherein he would manifest himself unto them. They will have an earnest desire to go where the Lord has appointed them, and to be and do whatsoever he pleases, so long as they may be proved true Christians and not bastard Calvinists. They will say, "Lord, lead us where thou pleasest, and do with us what thou wilt, so that we may be established by thy grace and have tokens from thee that thou art leading us!" Thus the troubles and exercises of the Lord's people are productive of very great blessings indeed to their souls. And, therefore, when I hear some persons crying out under their sorrows and difficulties, I have been very glad to hear it and have not wished that they should be removed, but rather that they might be increased upon them; because I have known that it is good for them to be tried, that they needed much furnace work, and required a great deal of purging and sifting; and I know these things will bring them away from a mere profession of religion, and prove the reality of grace in them. They will feel what it is to be bound with the chains and cords of their sins, and they will be earnest in seeking deliverance from the Lord.

But now, if you look around, you will find but very few persons

who are crying out under a feeling sense of their guilt and darkness, and sighing and mourning for a manifestation of God's mercy to their souls. There is so much resting in the form of religion. Most professors are so happy and comfortable in it, and say they are called out of darkness into light, that they are the Lord's children, and that they are going to heaven. But if you should inquire how and where they got it from, and press them close, it will come out that they have learnt their religion from their minister, or books, and have gained all their confidence that way. But this will not do. It will not stand the fire which will try every man's work, nor is it learning religion in God's way. Therefore the soul that is taught of him must be brought into a "spirit of heaviness;" and the "garment of praise" is appointed for all who are made to feel this "spirit of heaviness," and "heaviness in the heart maketh it to stoop." Thus all those who are taught by the blessed Spirit will be tried and exercised whether they have a right faith, and whether God has really begun the work of grace upon them.

(To be concluded in our next.)

If by "the kingdom of God" be understood to mean the kingdom of grace, then it is plain an unregenerate man cannot see it, or cannot understand its doctrines, because they are spiritually discerned. But if by "the kingdom of God" be meant the kingdom of glory, then, unless a man be born again, he cannot see it, because we being impure by nature, except we are renewed we cannot dwell with a pure and holy God.—*Whitefield.*

Pharaoh and Saul confessed their sin, Judas repented himself of his doings, Esau sought the blessing, and that carefully with tears, and yet none of these had a heart rightly broken, or a spirit truly contrite. Pharaoh, Saul, and Judas, were Pharaoh, Saul, and Judas still; Esau was Esau still. There was no gracious change, no thorough turn to God, no unfeigned parting with their sins; no hearty flight for refuge, to lay hold on the hope of glory, though they indeed had thus been touched.—*Bunyan.*

If Francis Spira go for a despairing reprobate, (which I dare not aver,) yet, when he said, he believed Christ was *able* to save him, but he doubted his *will*, he must not be understood as if it were so indeed. Unbelievers know not all the mysterious turnings of lying and self-deceiving unbelief. Unbelief may lie to men of itself, when it dare not belie the worth of that soul-redeeming ransom of Christ's blood. If he that sinneth against the Holy Ghost could believe the *power* of infinite mercy, he should also believe the *will* and *inclination* of infinite mercy, for the power of mercy is the very power of a merciful will. I shall not then be afraid that that soul is lost which hath high and capacious apprehensions of the worth, value, dignity, and power of that dear ransom, and of infinite mercy. It is *faith* to believe this gospel truth, which is, "That Christ is *able* to save to the utmost all that come to him." If I believe soundly what free grace *can* do, I believe soundly what free grace *will* do.—*Rutherford.*

THE GLORIOUS LORD A PLACE OF BROAD RIVERS AND STREAMS.

Dearly beloved in the Lord,—I write to say that, through the tender mercy and long forbearance of a compassionate, covenant-keeping God, I am still in the land of the living, a monument of his mercy; and not only so, but I do believe I can truly say with a good hope in his mercy, that endureth for ever towards them that fear him. Although I am the chief of sinners, and am often led to wonder how it is that the Lord bears and forbears with me, yet here I am constrained to stop and consider; and when I am enabled, through the anointing of the Spirit, to contemplate his love and mercy towards so vile a wretch as I, I am lost in wonder at such love, and can only say, "He loved me because he would love me." But, my dear friend and brother, I can tell you what this does for me at such times and seasons as these. The blessed effect of it is to endear him more and more to me; for it is here I get a glimpse of the king in his beauty. It is here he becomes to me "the altogether lovely, and the chiefest among ten thousand." It is here where and when I am led to abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes. It is here where I am, though a poor blind creature, led into the mystery of redemption by Father, Son, and blessed Spirit. It is here I get a sight of what the gospel of Jesus Christ is, and of those he sends to preach it; and it is here where I get a sight of all false professors; as it is written, "Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth is come, he will guide you into all truth." It is here where and when I am led to extol free grace. And it is here where I am constrained to say, "Not unto us, O Lord; not unto us, but unto thy name give glory for ever and ever. Amen."

I make no doubt you have been wondering how it is that I have not written before. It is not from the want of love, but sometimes it is for the want of matter, and sometimes it is for the want of time; so you must accept the will for the deed. I am always glad to have a letter from you, and hope my delaying will not prevent your writing. My love to your wife, and I pray the Lord to be with her in nature's trial. Write soon, and let me know how you are getting on at R—. I was glad to hear of the little increase in the church; it shows that the Lord is still on your side. The Lord be praised for that. I believe the Lord has given you the necks of your enemies, so that in his own good time you will be enabled to tread down all their high places. The Lord grant it for Christ's sake.

And now that the God of all grace may bless you in Christ, is the prayer of,
 Yours in the Lord,

Sept. 28, 1856.

H. K.

Those that keep the word of his patience shall escape the hour of temptation; while hypocrites in Zion, who boast of their faith, wisdom, and power, and who hate the true light and the just, shall be left to stand the storm, and sustain the shock, and then it shall be made manifest what they are.—*Huntington.*

HE HATETH PUTTING AWAY.

My dear Friend,—May the Lord be your “sun and shield;” your sun to enlighten your dark understanding to understand his revealed will towards his people; also your shield to protect you from your internal, external, and infernal foes; for depend on it they will be many and mighty. O may he be your eternal refuge; “for the Lord God of Israel saith that he hateth putting away.” O my dear friend, is it not well for us he does? O if he were to deal with us once as we have dealt with him every day since we came into this ungodly world, our portion must be for ever in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death. But he saith, “I am the Lord, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed.” O he hateth putting away! So depend on it he will never do the thing he hates; for his love and mercy in Christ, and through Christ towards his people, are like himself, from everlasting to everlasting. O hear him: “I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee;” and mark,

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

He hateth putting away. O, how many wicked men, sent by the devil, are lying in wait, trying to deceive God’s people; trying, with all the deceivableness of Satan, to make our Creator one like unto themselves, a poor, vain, fallible creature, a mutable being, changing every moment, yea, as unstable as water. But “God is of one mind, and who can turn him?” He hateth putting away. Hear his gracious words to all his redeemed: “I will have mercy on their unrighteousness, and their sins and iniquities I will remember no more;” “I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake; and will not remember thy sins.” O my dear friend, who then can make him? If you now were in heaven among the redeemed, they would all tell you this was the way they came there, all shouting, “Grace, Grace, unto it;” singing, “Worthy is the Lamb who was slain, and hath redeemed us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood.”

Portsmouth.

W. P.

I have for some years had the rheumatism fixed in my right shoulder; it is now fallen into my right hip, and I am at times led to conclude that my travelling days are come to an end. I am not in much pain in bed, nor when I sit; but in walking my pain is great, so that I am almost ready to drop if I walk but a few yards. I have confidence that God would remove this pain from me, for his dear Son’s sake, if I was to entreat him. But I have found the inward man so much renewed day by day under these decays of the outward man; and fearing also that the removal of this outward cross would be followed by a worse within, I am afraid to ask, knowing that dissatisfaction with one crook has often brought on a worse.—*Huntington.*

TO HIM THAT IS AFFLICTED PITY SHOULD BE
SHOWED FROM HIS FRIEND.

Dear Friend,—I felt rather sorry at not seeing you once more before you left A—; but I was very ill that Sabbath morning you so kindly offered to sit by me. I thought afterwards, no doubt it was wisely ordered, as I might have alarmed you.

I am at all times pleased to be comforted by your friendly visits, or your truly Christian and sympathising letters; I feel them truly refreshing.

As I am so much in solitude, how glad I should be, (were it the will of the Lord,) if you were near to sit with me an hour sometimes. I have no Christian friends here to come in, and my relatives are too much engaged. I have been a month confined to my room; still I trust I am not alone, though the furnace is a very trying place to flesh and blood. I hope I can again say, "It is good that I have been afflicted." O what changes does my soul pass through! At times, the weakness of my poor suffering body depresses and elogs my spirits, both nearly sinking together; then again the blessed Lord shines through the cloud, and brings my soul to bow in sweet submission to his sovereign will, and I feel like a little child, melted down in gratitude and love at his blessed feet for such superabounding love over the aboundings of my sins.

"O to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be."

I fear I shall quite tire you, but though it is so painful for me to write, yet I want to open all my heart to you. I feel a union of soul to you, and I long once more to go up to the house of the Lord, to worship with his saints. I need all your prayers to the Lord to be kept humble and patient, and to wait and be still, and know that he is God. As the bounds of my habitation are fixed, and I cannot say what is the Lord's will, whether this sickness is unto death, or if I yet may meet you again in the house of prayer, yet I do hope, through the atoning blood of our dear Redeemer, to meet you in heaven, where all tears shall be wiped from our eyes for ever.

I shall feel it kind if you will favor me with another letter soon. I should have answered yours before, but was suffering so much pain I could not write.

Please to excuse all imperfections, and believe me,

Yours affectionately,

E. C.

The gospel showeth that God for Christ's sake is merciful unto sinners, yea, and to such as are most unworthy, if they believe that by his death they are delivered from the curse, that is to say, from sin and everlasting death; and that through his victory the blessing is freely given unto them, that is to say, grace, forgiveness of sins, righteousness, and everlasting life.—*Luther.*

LETTER BY THE LATE STEPHEN OFFER.

Dear Sister in Jesus, who is the great and glorious covenant Head of his mystical body, the Church,—May grace, mercy, and peace be made known unto your soul by the power of the Holy Ghost.

O my dear young friend, what a mercy to such poor wretches as you and I, that the first moving cause of our salvation is God's eternal and unconditional election before the world began; for the Lord could not see any goodness in your nature and mine, to be the cause of his love, any more than he could in devils. You know that there was a time when you were "dead in trespasses and sins," and an enemy to God by wicked works; and it was in a state of enmity that you were when the Lord first made known his everlasting love unto you, in quickening your soul when you were not seeking him, but spending your youth and strength as I did, in the service of the devil. Many a professor in our day is going about speaking against God's choosing love; but the Lord Jesus saith, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you." O wonderful love!

"Loved when a wretch defiled with sin,
At war with heaven, in league with hell;"

a brand plucked out of the fire. The Lord Jesus is the elect Head of his body, the church, in whom all the fallen sons and daughters of Adam's race that ever will be saved were chosen before the world began. Yes; our adorable Jesus, "in the fulness of time, took upon him, not the nature of angels, but the seed of Abraham," and hath fulfilled the condition of the covenant of works, which was perfect obedience unto the holy and righteous law of God, and has made atonement for sin by his own blood, which he did by his holy and unspotted life, and by his shedding his heart-blood. O the wonderful love of our Jesus. Had he failed in his undertaking, we should have been undone for ever; but glory be unto his name, he has triumphed over sin, Satan, death, and hell, and freed his church from everlasting condemnation. There was a time when you and I were ignorant of the wonderful plan of salvation; but the love of the Spirit was made manifest when he called us out of that gross darkness which our souls were shut up in.

O my dear friend, if the Lord had left you and me, according to much of the preaching in our days, viz., that the Lord is offering grace to all mankind, and then leaving them unto their own will to choose or to refuse, we know by every day's experience that we should have willed the road to hell; for such is our carnal nature, that we should have followed on in our sins, if hell had been before our eyes.

No doubt the Lord is teaching you daily that you are not sufficient of yourself to think anything that is spiritual. The Lord does teach all his chosen this truth in their hearts, that without him they can do nothing. You find, from day to day, that it is a tribulation path. Be not cast down, my dear sister, it is a right way to "humble us, and to let us know what there is in our hearts." If

the Lord had not in love unto your soul taught you the truth in your very heart, you would have "been carried about with every wind of doctrine; for many shall arise and deceive many;" and if it were possible, would deceive God's elect; but that is impossible, for "they shall all be taught of God," therefore they cannot be finally deceived.

May the Lord keep you daily by his almighty power, and enable you to let your light so shine before the world as to adorn those doctrines in your life and practice, and thus by well doing put to silence the ignorance of foolish men.

If I am spared a little longer, I hope that I shall have the opportunity of seeing you.

May the Lord bless you, lift up the light of his countenance upon you, and give you grace abundantly.

STEPHEN OFFER.

The Holy Spirit, which searches the deep things of God, knows what is in reserve for us, and the time appointed for us to receive that which God hath laid up for us; and he sets us to praying for them when that time arrives. Thus, when the time of Israel's deliverance from Egyptian bondage drew near, the Spirit of supplication was poured out, and the cries of the children of Israel went up. "And God heard their groanings; and God remembered his covenant with Abraham, with Isaac, and with Jacob. And God looked upon the children of Israel, and God had respect unto them." So in Daniel, just as the time was approaching for them to return to their own land, Daniel understands, by the prophecies of Jeremiah, that God would accomplish seventy years in the desolations of Jerusalem; then Daniel sets his "face to the Lord God, to seek by prayer and supplications, with fasting, and sackcloth, and ashes." So, also, there is a set time to favor Zion and every one that is ordained to be of her community; a set time for every purpose; and when that time is up, which the Holy Spirit is perfectly acquainted with, then he makes intercession with such energy that the kingdom of heaven, which suffereth violence, is taken by force. The Holy Spirit furnishes the soul with suitable promises to plead, with invitations and encouraging passages of scripture. These he brings to the mind, and puts into the mouth, enabling the soul to use all sorts of arguments, pleadings, intercessions, supplications, confessions, and reasonings; and, at the same time, helps the poor creature against his unbelief, misgivings of heart, desponding thoughts, shame, fear, and confusion of face. He draws forth faith into lively exercise, and raises up hopes and expectations of being heard and answered. He emboldens the poor sinner, and fortifies his mind; he strengthens his heart, silences his accusers, and clothes his word with power, enabling him to pour out his very soul before God with earnest cries and tears, till his cares and concerns, his burdens, his griefs, his distresses and sorrows, his doubts and fears all flow out with his words; and he goes from Shiloh with his countenance no more sad.—*Huntington.*

Obituary.

MR. JOHN GOODCHILD, LATE OF HARTLEY ROW, HAMPSHIRE.

That sweet and sacred portion of God's holy word, Rev. xiv. 13, may be emphatically applied to our dear and deeply-lamented friend and brother in Christ, who is the subject of this brief memoir. His life gave satisfactory evidence that he was one whom the Lord had blessed, and had made a partaker of rich and distinguishing grace. He possessed a kind and affectionate disposition, a benevolent and sympathising heart, and a liberal hand to the afflicted and distressed in Zion. He entertained a deep and abiding affection for those who he knew loved the Lord in sincerity, and his hospitality and kindness to his friends were exemplary. His valuable services in the church of God, and his sincere love to the truth and ordinances of the gospel, unquestionably testified that he was under the teaching and influence of the Divine Spirit. His memory will long remain in the endeared recollection of many of the Lord's family, both in this place and elsewhere, and his death will be deeply felt by many in the neighborhood. The church, of which he was a deacon, has sustained a severe bereavement, and his family an irreparable loss.

Mr. John Goodchild was born on the 15th of May, 1785, at Hartley Row, Hampshire, where he spent the whole of his life. This being the case, and his having been favored to possess a larger share of temporal blessings than falls to the lot of most of the Lord's people, his pathway in Providence was not marked with the vicissitudes which render a biography full of interest. Nevertheless, we have a great many pleasing traits in his character, which prove to the greatest certainty that he was a man of God, and a true Christian.

In his early days he was a singularly thoughtful child. His seriousness was much noticed by his family and friends. He had several youthful dreams that were deeply impressed on his mind, and which often recurred to him in after life. When quite a youth he went to visit some friends in London who were hearers of the late Mr. Huntington. On the Lord's Day morning he accompanied them to the chapel, and heard Mr. H. preach from Luke xvii. 26—30. This impressive text and the substance of the sermon the Lord was pleased so indelibly to seal on his soul that from that time the weighty matters of eternity and the day of judgment were constantly on his mind. He became deeply concerned for his eternal salvation. He soon began to be dissatisfied with the ministry at his own parish church, and attended at Eltham church, where an evangelical clergyman preached at that time; and his ministry was made useful to him. He afterwards attended the ministry of Mr. J. A. Jones, who was then pastor of the Baptist Chapel in this place. There his mind was more deeply led into the truths of the Gospel, and he was brought to see the ordinance of believer's baptism as plainly set forth in the New Testament; and after giving a most satisfactory state-

ment of the work of grace upon his soul, he was baptized by Mr. Jones on the first of March, 1818, and united with the church on the same day.

On the 15th October, 1820, Mr. Goodchild was elected by a large majority to fill the office of deacon; which office he held most honorably until the day of his death. He had many trials to endure, and difficulties to contend with during his long service of 36 years in the church, but he loved the house of God and counted it an honor to serve the Lord in his temple. He often said with Watts:

“ There my best friends, my kindred dwell;
There God my Saviour reigns.”

In the year 1848, a most painful disagreement arose respecting the choice of a pastor, which resulted in a separation; when Mr. G., with his fellow deacons and friends, left the chapel, and had a comfortable place fitted up for the worship of God, where he attended every time the doors were opened, with very few exceptions, and did every thing in his power to promote the interest of the cause and the peace of the church; and he often expressed great pleasure and satisfaction in the worship of God within those walls. He went as long as strength would permit; indeed he was there when quite unequal to the effort, and partook of the ordinance of the Lord's Supper on the first Lord's Day in September, although laboring under extreme weakness and severe indisposition of body, which terminated fatally in less than a fortnight; so that his countenance had every appearance of his near dissolution, but his soul was warmed with divine love, and seemed full of energy. He spoke most affectionately to the members, and expressed his pleasure in thus meeting them at the Lord's table to commemorate his dying love. We all felt that it would probably be the last time he would partake of it on earth. From that day he rapidly grew weaker; but his soul was sweetly stayed upon the Rock of Ages, and he rejoiced in hope of the glory of God. Those blessed words spoken by the Lord of life in John vi. 63, “It is the Spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing,” were divinely impressed on his mind throughout his illness. He wrote a letter to a friend, which, I believe, was the last he penned, wherein he expressed the feelings of his soul under his affliction. “I have,” he said, “been shut up with a bilious and yellow jaundice disease a month to-morrow. My mind is dark as to the event. Though I feel myself

‘ A lump of sin and every ill,
Without the power to act or will;’

yet the Lord has had compassion upon me, and gives me grace equal to my day, and he enables me to believe that because he lives I shall live also. He also gives me resignation grace.”

He repeatedly said he did not know what the Lord was about to do with him; but he felt entirely passive; whether for life or death, all was well. His patience under his sufferings was so great that a murmur never escaped his lips, and he was grateful to all for every attention paid to him.

The last few days his exhaustion was extreme. He was so debilitated he could scarcely move his hand, and therefore he was unable to say much; but the night before he died he repeated those emphatic words of Toplady's:

“ While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyestrings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, shelter me;
Let me hide myself in thee!”

The whole of the hymn was then read to him, and he seemed to enjoy every word. The theme was so suitable to his feelings, that he could appropriate the language as his own. He often said Jesus was very precious to him. “Happy! Happy in him!”

On Saturday evening, September 20th, 1856, he fell asleep in Christ, and entered on an eternal Sabbath in the kingdom of glory, there to sing the praises of his dear Redeemer in perfect strains for evermore.

Hartley Row, Oct. 14th, 1856.

All the care and concern of Christ is about the poor and needy, the sick and the lame, the hungry and the thirsty, the wounded spirit and the conscious sinner. Nor is there one word, in all God's book, against such as are poor in spirit, if rightly understood.—*Huntington.*

Who can tell what the Saviour sustained when they stript and scourged him? Who knows, or can think, what he felt when they put the crown of thorns upon his head, and laid on him with their hands and with staves? Or who can form an idea of the smart and anguish he bore when the cross was laid upon his sore and raw back, and he was led out like a robber to die? But could a man be able to guess at his bodily pain, yet who in heaven or earth can judge what his righteous soul felt from the wrath above, and from hell beneath?—*Cennick.*

There is in the covenant of grace provision made against all and every sin that would annul the dispensation and make a final separation between God and a soul that hath once been taken into the bond thereof. This provision is absolute. God hath taken upon himself the making of this good and the establishing of this law of the covenant, that it shall not by any sin be disannulled. “I will,” saith God, “make an everlasting covenant with them, that I will not turn away from them, to do them good; but I will put my fear in their hearts, that they may not depart from me.” The security hereof depends not on any thing in ourselves. All that is in us is to be used as a means of the accomplishment of this promise; but, the event or issue depends absolutely on the faithfulness of God. And the whole certainty and stability of the covenant depends on the efficacy of the grace administered in it, to preserve men from all such sins as would disannul it.—*Owen.*

INQUIRIES.

Dear Sir,—Would you kindly give me an explanation of the two following verses?

“Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he was called.” (1 Cor. vii. 20–24.)

“For this cause ought the woman to have power on her head, because of the angels.” (1 Cor. xi. 10.)

Yours truly,

A. M.

ANSWER.

Two Questions being here proposed, we will endeavor to answer each of them separately, as far as we have light to do so.

1. The “calling” of which the apostle here speaks evidently refers to a state of natural servitude in which he assumes a Christian may be. This is evident from the context, as will be at once seen, if we look at the whole passage in its connection. “Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he was called. Art thou called being a servant? Care not for it; but if thou mayest be made free, use it rather. For he that is called in the Lord, being a servant, is the Lord’s freeman; likewise also he that is called being free, is Christ’s servant. Ye are bought with a price; be not ye the servants of men. Brethren, let every man, wherein he is called, therein abide with God.”

As the gospel proclaimed “liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound,” many supposed in the apostle’s day that servitude was inconsistent with Christian freedom; that there should be no servants, at least amongst Christians; and that as all were equally free in Christ, all should be equally free in worldly condition. This vain notion the apostle seeks to beat down, by showing that natural servitude is perfectly consistent with Christian freedom, and natural freedom with Christian servitude. There is something exceedingly beautiful as well as deeply spiritual in his language on this point, which a little paraphrase may perhaps more clearly set forth. “Art thou,” says he, “called to the knowledge of Christ and the faith of the gospel, though by worldly condition and in the providence of God, thou art a servant (literally, a slave)? Care not for it. Let not thy servile condition, though it subject thee to the will and authority of an earthly master, and perhaps a harsh one, fret and distract thy mind. Thy time here is short, and the path a path of suffering. Still, if thou mayest be free, if by thine honest exertion or the liberality of others, thou canst gain thy liberty, avail thyself thankfully of it, and use it to the glory of God. For he that is called in the Lord, if he be a servant by natural condition, is free in a gospel sense, free spiritually, for he is Christ’s freeman. The truth has made him free; his soul is emancipated from the bondage of sin, and he is a free man in Christ, though his natural

condition be servitude. But there is another side to the question. As in one sense all the saints are free, so in another they are all servants. Therefore he who is called, being free by natural condition, and perhaps a master of others, is still spiritually but a servant, for he is the servant of Christ. Thus all who are called by grace are spiritually equal; and there is an interchange of condition—the natural servant being spiritually free, and the naturally free a spiritual servant. For all alike, believing masters and believing servants, are bought with a price, even with the precious blood of the Lamb. Therefore, argues the apostle, “Ye are all alike free in the Lord, whatever be your earthly condition; be not ye, therefore, in a spiritual sense, servants of men, fettered and bound by the spiritual tyranny of any who claim dominion over your faith. Still, as regards your earthly calling, I repeat what I said before, let every man, wherever he is called, whether bond or free, master or servant, so abide with God, patiently submitting to his earthly lot as arranged and ordered for him by his sovereign will.”

This we think is the apostle’s meaning, the primary sense of the passage. But it admits a wider interpretation, and may be justly made to refer to all those various earthly callings in which the providence of God has placed those who fear his name. These are very different in outward circumstances; and some may be extremely irksome and disagreeable, whilst others may be full of temptation and trial, or necessitate much bodily toil and privation. But they are not to be rashly abandoned as incompatible with grace, nor is a Christian man to throw himself out of a situation because he has a tyrannical or ungodly employer, or cast himself on the Lord’s providence with an idea of obtaining an easier subsistence, or gaining a field of greater usefulness, or attaining more spirituality of mind, all which are often mere excuses for shirking hard work, and mumping a living instead of laboring for it. There is, in fact, only one legitimate cause for a Christian man’s abandoning his natural calling,—where it is positively and inherently a sinful one. Temptations, or unwholesomeness, or oppression, or any mere disagreeableness, are not sufficient reasons for a Christian man to abandon his natural calling. If oppressed and bowed down by these or similar circumstances, let him cry unto the Lord, who can deliver him in his providence, or support him by his grace. But where a calling is positively sinful, so that to continue in it is to continue in sin, there a Christian man has the full warrant of the word of God, and the verdict of his own conscience to abandon it. (2 Cor. vi. 17, 18; Rom. vi. 1.) In such cases the Lord will provide, though he may see fit much to try faith and patience.

2. The other question is more difficult to answer. “The power on her head” is well explained in the margin, “*i.e.*, a covering in sign that she is under the honor (or power) of her husband.” (Gen. xxiv. 65.) This expression, therefore, need cause us no difficulty, as it evidently agrees with the context (verses 4–7.) The main difficulty is who these “angels” are. Some interpreters, we believe, suppose

that the word means the pastors of the church, who are called "angels" in the Revelation; but we rather incline to think that angels are meant in the usual acceptation of the term. As these are "ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation," (Heb. i. 14,) and are represented as "desiring to look into" the things that are preached in the gospel, (1 Peter i. 12,) we see no inconsistency or impropriety in believing that they are occasionally, if not frequently, present in the assemblies of the saints. Paul having given Timothy directions how to behave himself in the house of God, which is the church of the living God, charges him "before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, and *the elect angels*, to observe these things without preferring one before the other." Now this would seem to imply some presence of the elect angels in the church of God, which Timothy was to bear in mind.

The woman, therefore, is bidden to cover her head, (to expose which in the East was counted the greatest indelicacy,) that the holy angels might witness in the assemblies of the worshipping saints nothing indecent or unbecoming the gospel.

We do not positively state this as the undoubted meaning of the passage, but, weighing all things, we give it as the most probable and consistent interpretation.

Dear Sir,—Will you oblige me by answering the following in the "Gospel Standard," as soon as convenient?

Did our Lord speak to the multitude, or to his disciples, when he said, "Suffer ye thus far," &c., as recorded in Luke xxii. 51?

A PILGRIM.

ANSWER.

Looking at the context, and comparing the whole passage with what is recorded in the other gospels, we should say that the Lord addressed the words to his *disciples*, bidding them, and especially Peter, not resist by force those who came to take him, but "suffer them" or "permit" as the word literally means, "thus far," that is, to go as far as God allowed them to execute their deed of violence. For if help were needed to deliver him, he had but to pray to his Father, and he would presently give him more than twelve legions of angels.

We may also observe that it was an answer to a question put to him by his disciples. "When they which were about him," (*i.e.* his disciples,) "saw what would follow, they said unto him, Lord, shall we smite with the sword?" It is then stated as in a parenthesis, "And one of them smote the servant of the high priest, and cut off his right ear." Then comes, "And Jesus answered and said," that is, he answered the question asked him, "Suffer ye thus far." This was addressed to *all* the disciples; and then most probably he added, speaking *individually* to Peter, "Put up again thy sword

into his place," &c. (Matt. xxvi. 52—54.) Then follows the address to those who came to take him, "Then Jesus said unto the chief priests," &c.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Being a constant reader of the "Standard," and I hope not without spiritual instruction, consolation, and edification, I take the liberty of calling your attention to 1 John v. 6, humbly begging the favor of a few remarks in the "Standard," which I hope, under the teaching and blessing of God the Spirit, may comfort and strengthen some of the household of faith.

A LOVER OF TRUTH.

ANSWER.

John here evidently refers to what his own eyes saw, as Jesus hung on the cross. "But one of the soldiers pierced his side, and forthwith came thereout blood and water." (John xix. 34.) He, therefore, declares in the passage before us, (1 John v. 6,) "This is he that came by water and blood, even Jesus Christ; not by water only, but by water and blood."

"Water" here, as elsewhere, signifies that which washes and purifies from defilement, and especially "the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost." We read, therefore, (Eph. v. 26, 27,) that "Christ loved the church, and gave himself for it; that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word, that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish." The apostle Paul in these words is speaking not of the work of Christ in redemption, but in sanctification; "the washing of water by the word;" and this corresponds with the Lord's own words, "Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you;" (John xv. 3;) and again, "Sanctify them through thy truth; thy word is truth." (John xvii. 17.) Thus Christ "came by water," to regenerate and renew, to sanctify and cleanse his church. So says the apostle, "But ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of our God." (1 Cor. vi. 11.) This is being "born of water and of the Spirit," without which no man can see or enter into the kingdom of God. (John iii. 5.) And it is the fulfilment of the ancient promise, "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness, and all your idols, will I cleanse you." (Ezek. xxxvi. 25.) It is to do all this by virtue of his holy life and death, by his sufferings, resurrection, and intercession, that Jesus Christ is said "to come by water."

But the blessed Redeemer "came not by water only!" He came to *redeem* as well as regenerate, to wash in his blood as well as cleanse by sanctifying grace. "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood." "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." (Rev. i. 5; vii. 14.)

Therefore holy John says, "He came not by water only." Something more than water, something distinct from and prior to the washing of regeneration (Titus iii. 5) was needed to save the church from her sins. The Son of God, therefore, "came by *blood*," that precious blood which "cleanseth from all sin." In order clearly to understand the apostle's peculiar and powerful language here, we must see that his object is most positively to insist that redemption and regeneration necessarily and unalterably go together, and must not be separated; that those whom Christ regenerates he redeems, and those whom he redeems he regenerates; that he did not come to wash and sanctify by his grace those whom he left under the curse of the law and the guilt of sin; nor to save by his blood from the punishment of their sins those whom he would never regenerate by his Spirit. In his day, as in ours, heretics and erroneous men labored to separate these two vital blessings. "Christ came by water only," say the self-righteous, and those who feel no need of atoning blood. "A holy life is the main thing. His life and death are our example, and if we are holy and do the things which are right, we shall be saved." Such, whether open or secret Socinians, allow the water, but slight the blood. Others again, of an Antinomian turn, exalt the blood, but slight the water. "If Christ died for you," say they, "you will be saved, let your life be what it may. What is all this talk about a godly life, a tender conscience, and walking in the ordinances of the Lord's house? What do they mean by all this legal stuff? If I am redeemed, that is enough."

But out of the *same* pierced side came both blood and water; blood to redeem, water to regenerate; blood for justification, (Rom. v. 9.) water for sanctification; blood to cleanse from guilt, water to wash from filth; blood to give a title to heaven, water to produce a meetness for heaven; (Col. i. 12;) blood to purge the conscience, (Heb. ix. 14,) water to shed the love of God abroad in the heart. Thus Moses, the typical mediator, washed Aaron and his sons with water, and sprinkled them with blood, when he consecrated them as priests unto God. (Levit. viii. 6, 30.) And so Jesus, the true Mediator, in consecrating his people "a royal priesthood," redeemed them by his blood, and washes them, in the time appointed, by his regenerating grace.

Nay more, holy John would show, by these striking words, that from the same cross, from the same pierced side of Jesus, at the same moment, though in two separate streams, came sanctification as well as redemption; that not only does his precious blood atone for sin, but that his dying love supplies motives and strength to all godliness; that pardon and peace, salvation from the guilt of sin and deliverance from the power of sin, are linked together; that at the foot of the cross, from the heart of Jesus, the stream of sanctification flows; that true repentance comes from looking to him whom we have pierced; and that as the blood of his heart sufficed for full atonement, so the water of his heart suffices for full sanctification.

We feel that we have expressed our views and feelings but feebly and imperfectly. We close, therefore, with a verse, which seems to embody the whole truth in a short compass :

“ This fountain so dear, he'll freely impart;
Unlock'd by the spear, it gush'd from his heart,
With blood and with water; the first to atone,
To cleanse us the latter; the fountain's but one.”

Mart.—Hymn 155 Gadsby's Selection.

The path that leads to God, and the way in which he leads his chosen, is hid from all living, nor can it ever be discovered but by the light of the Lord's countenance.—*Huntington.*

Forgiveness in the blood of Christ doth not only take guilt from the soul, but trouble also from the conscience; and in this respect doth the apostle at large set forth the excellency of the sacrifice.—*Owen.*

Ye see not Christ, yet ye love him. It overfloweth Christ, and taketh him, and ravisheth his heart. It is a strong chain that bindeth Christ, when the grave, sin, death, and devils could not bind him.—*Rutherford.*

Why did Christ cry with a loud voice?—To show that he died full of vigor. What may we learn from his calling God, Father?—That we are to acknowledge God to be our Father, though under the severest dispensations of his providence.—*Whitefield.*

Under the Old Testament the church had sundry motives for obedience taken from temporal things, such as prosperity and peace in the land of Canaan, with deliverance out of troubles and distresses. But we are now left, almost entirely, to promises of invisible and eternal things, which cannot be fully enjoyed but by virtue of the resurrection from the dead.—*Owen.*

David receiveth a great victory, and is established on his throne, which had been reeling and staggering of late; but there is one sad circumstance in that victory; his dear son Absalom was killed, and the mercy no mercy in David's apprehension: “Would God I had died for Absalom!” So a little cross can wash away the sense of a great mercy. The want of a draught of cold water strangles the thankful memory of God's wonders done for his people's deliverance out of Egypt, and his dividing the Red Sea.—*Rutherford.*

The doctrine of the resurrection is a fundamental principle of the gospel, the faith whereof is indispensably necessary to the obedience and consolation of all that profess it. I call it a principle of the gospel, not because it was absolutely there first revealed. It was made known under the Old Testament and was virtually included in the first promise. In the faith of it the Patriarchs lived and died; and it is testified in the Psalms and Prophets. Hence did the ancients confess that they were strangers and pilgrims in this world, seeking another city and country wherein their persons should dwell.—*Owen.*

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.

(Continued from the "Standard," of November, 1856.)

At the south-west corner of one of the largest and most beautiful lakes of Switzerland, within sight of the giant of the Alps, Mont Blanc, which rears its hoary crest more than 15,000 feet into the sky, and cut in twain by

"The blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,"

lies the free and independent city of Geneva. No place could have been better fitted both by local situation, and political as well as religious circumstances, to become a spiritual metropolis at the time of the Reformation than this Queen of the Leman lake. Three great countries, France, Germany, and Italy, meet at that narrow angle where the Rhone gushes out of its bosom; and in its rear rises, in scene after scene of majestic grandeur and beauty, that land of mountain and lake, of glacier and valley, that native home of bravery and freedom, Switzerland. The circumstances of Geneva, both political and religious, at the period where we paused in our late Review of the life of Calvin, were no less favorable to its becoming a great centre of the Reformed doctrines than its natural site. Having newly shaken off her Popish bishop, and driven away by force of arms the Duke of Savoy, and thus having got rid of both her ecclesiastical and civil oppressors, she had a short time before Calvin's arrival constituted herself a republic,* and thus opened a path for political liberty; and mainly through the preaching of Farel, one of the most remarkable characters that was ever raised up by the power of God to preach the gospel, had about the same period (August, 1535) formally abolished Popery, and established Protestantism in its stead as the religion of the State. Four ministers and two deacons were appointed by the Council with fixed salaries, payable out of the ecclesiastical revenues, and strict regulations were made to enforce the observance of the Sabbath and the conducting of public worship. Terrible scenes of violence, however, had accompanied the first planting of the gospel at Geneva; and the city was still rocking with the storm. Just then at this very crisis,

* Though nominally a republic, Geneva was really an aristocracy, and tended more and more in that direction as the influence of Calvin became more and more felt.

when a man of powerful mind, sound judgment, inflexible purpose, and thoroughly possessed of vital godliness, was needed to grasp the helm, the providence of God sent Calvin to the city. His intention was to stop only a single night at the house of Viret, one of the lately chosen Protestant ministers. But Farel was at this juncture in the city, and hearing of the arrival of Calvin, with whose character he was well acquainted, and moved, doubtless, by a divine impulse, immediately sought him out, and obtaining an interview, earnestly begged him to abide at Geneva, and lend his aid to the cause of God by accepting the office of the ministry there. Calvin at first steadily declined acceding to his request, on the ground that he did not wish to accept any public office, having determined to devote his life to private study and seclusion from all public employ. Farel, however, changing his tone from entreaty to command, and assuming almost apostolic authority, bade him stay, denouncing him with God's displeasure, and almost with the curse of Meroz if he did not come "to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty." (Judges v. 23.)

Overcome by Farel's voice and manner, which had struck awe into thousands, and recognising in them a power which reached his inmost soul, Calvin (to use his own words) felt "as if God had laid his hand upon him out of heaven," abandoned his projected journey, and consented to remain at Geneva, but would not bind himself to accept any definite charge or public office. How strikingly do we see in all this the marvellous providence of God, and with what divine sovereignty yet with what consummate wisdom he selects as well as fashions his own instruments to execute his own work.

Calvin was not the man to rush into a Popish town, and like a soldier storming the breach, to carry the gospel in one hand and his life in the other. This was Farel's work,—the fearless, undaunted Farel, who, with half of Calvin's learning, had double of Calvin's courage, and thrice Calvin's energy. But when the ground was once fairly cleared, and the Reformation firmly established, then the vigorous intellect of Calvin, his great knowledge of divine truth, his enduring fortitude, his self-denying godly life, his far-seeing administrative talent, his calm, inflexible firmness of purpose, his amazing industry, and his great ability as a writer and as a preacher, were all admirably adapted to carry on what Farel had begun. Farel could throw down, but could not so well build; Calvin could build, but not so thoroughly pull down. But, as coadjutors, they were admirably mated. Farel was a man of action, Calvin a man of thought; Farel was a preacher of fiery eloquence, Calvin a writer of deep, but calm scriptural knowledge. Both were men of God, ardent lovers of truth, bosom friends and affectionate brethren for life, and so matched as fellow laborers that Farel's impetuosity urged on Calvin's slowness, and Calvin's judgment restrained Farel's rashness.

When we consider Calvin's circumstances at this time, we can see there were solid reasons why he should be induced to pitch his tent at Geneva. Severed from all ties of family and country, driven out

of France by the strong arm of persecution, he could not but be desirous to obtain a haven from the storms of outward violence, as well as a safe and abiding home, and a position where he could be of some service to the church of Christ. Thus, as most of God's saints and servants have experienced, the leadings of his providence and the dealings of his grace, both combined to work out his eternal purposes, and to fix Calvin's abode in that city which has become lastingly identified with his memory and name.

He was soon chosen teacher of theology, an important post in those days—when the truth was so little known—and one peculiarly adapted to his spiritual gifts and intellectual abilities; but from diffidence, or not seeing clearly the will of God, declined the office of minister. Such gifts as his, however, could not long be hid in a corner; and in the following year (February, 1537,) he was induced to take upon himself the burden of the Lord. His first sermon made such a deep and striking impression on the hearers that multitudes followed him home to testify to the power of the word, and he was obliged to promise that he would preach again next day, so that others who were not then present might be similarly favored.

Being thus firmly established at Geneva, and having obtained a place by his grace and gifts in the esteem and affections of the people, Calvin did not long delay to associate himself closely with Farel in pushing on those wide and deep plans of reformation and religious discipline which they believed were needful for the full establishment of the gospel in that city.

No man admires or reveres the Reformers more than we do, but if we dare advance an opinion adverse to their movements, we have long thought that they greatly erred in endeavoring to bind a gospel yoke on a carnal people, and turn the precepts of the New Testament into a legal code. Gospel precepts, like gospel promises, belong to believers only; and New Testament discipline is for the government of New Testament churches alone. But their view was to make the reformed religion a national thing; to incorporate the gospel with the government, and to visit sins against the New Testament as crimes against the State. By so doing, they virtually denied their own principles; for if there be an elect people, the gospel alone belongs to them; and you cannot consistently punish carnal men for the infraction of gospel precepts when they have no interest in gospel promises. We are touching here, we are well aware, on a most difficult question—how far the State should recognise the religion of the New Testament without constituting it into an establishment; and whilst it punishes crime, how far it should repress immorality and sin. Allow the State to interfere at will in matters of conscience and religion, and you convert it into an engine of persecution. Deny it all interference in religion, and it cannot suppress loud-mouthed blasphemy, the grossest profanation of the Lord's Day, the burning of the Bible in open day, and infidel lectures in the public streets.

Calvin, however, felt little difficulty in this matter. His views were to establish the gospel in high places, and give it supreme sway

over the minds and actions of all men who came within its reach. In conjunction, therefore, with Farel, he drew up a short confession of faith in twenty-one articles, which also comprised some regulations respecting church government. Among the latter was the right of excommunication, which became subsequently a formidable weapon in Calvin's hand for the punishment of evil doers. To this confession of faith Farel appended the Ten Commandments, and in this amended form it was laid before the council of Two Hundred, who ordered it to be printed, read in St. Peter's Church every Sunday, and the people sworn to the observance of it.

But Popery had too long prevailed at Geneva, and had taken too deep and wide a root to be speedily eradicated. Almost a French city, it had a great deal of French manners, and French morality, and was not only a very gay, light-hearted, and careless seat of pleasure, but terribly dissolute and licentious. Rome cares little now, and cared still less then for the morals of her devotees as long as they worship at her altars. A drunken Irishman is a good Catholic if he do but attend mass, take off his hat to the priest, say an Ave to the Virgin Mary, and hate all heretics. Dancing and music, the gambling table, and the masquerade, feasting and revelling every Sunday and holiday, Rome tolerated, if not encouraged, at Geneva, as long as mass was duly said at the altar and the convent vesper bell nightly tinkled over the blue lake. But there were darker crimes behind the midnight mask and holiday revel. Drunkenness, blasphemy, adultery, licensed prostitution, and the most dissolute profligacy, in which the popish clergy* were not the least backward, made the city a very sink of iniquity. It was not likely then that these lovers of pleasure, many of whom still continued in Geneva, sunk as they were up to the neck in profligacy, would readily submit to the yoke which Calvin and Farel were binding on their necks. For these men of God did not lop off merely a few twigs of the Upas tree of sin. They hacked and hewed down sin root and branch, and smote the Amalekites hip and thigh. Not only the grosser crimes just mentioned were severely punished, but cards, dancing, plays, masquerades, were all absolutely prohibited; all holidays except Sunday were abolished, and that observed with all the strictness of our Puritan ancestors. All the church bells were dismantled and silenced; the citizens were strictly enjoined to attend divine service, and be at home by 9 o'clock in the evening. Fancy an English town, a gay and fashionable watering place, such as Brighton, Cheltenham, or Leamington, subjected to these regulations, and then fancy whether our good Protestants would relish their cards, their balls, their late supper parties, their plays and concerts, their races and raffles, their coursing and hunting, all swept away at a stroke, they made to hear sermons upon election and predestination several times a week, and all to be in doors before the clock struck nine. Geneva, the gay, the dissipated Geneva, where mirth and pleasure

* The last bishop carried off by force a young lady of good family and kept her at his palace till forced by an armed mob to give her back to her friends.

had long run riot, began to rebel against this bit in her jaws, and a formidable party was secretly organised to resist these stringent measures. To show how Satan can invest the worst deeds with the holiest names, these lovers of all ungodliness named themselves, "Brothers in Christ." "Libertines" was the name given them with far greater justice by the lovers of the gospel at Geneva. Our limits will not allow us, nor indeed is it necessary to detail their intrigues and the artful manner in which they disguised their real intentions. Suffice it to say, that they soon obtained political power in the executive Council, and thus brought the Genevese government under their influence. They durst not openly avow that their end was to restore the ancient reign of riot, but intending, doubtless, to undermine or eject Calvin and Farel by surer methods, they took their stand on some points in which the reformed church at Berne* differed from that at Geneva, and required the ministers to conform to them. The two main points were using unleavened bread in the communion, and celebrating four festivals in the year. As Calvin and Farel would not, however, consent to conform to these points, and even refused to administer the Lord's Supper at Easter at all on account of the debauchery and insubordination of the people, the Council forbade them to mount the pulpit. Regardless of this prohibition, and determined to obey God rather than man, they both preached twice at their respective churches, but did not celebrate the communion. Their open disobedience to the express orders of the government brought matters at once to a crisis. On the following morning the Council met, and passed sentence of banishment on both Farel and Calvin, issuing at the same time an order that they must quit the city in three days. The Council of Two Hundred and the General Assembly, the two fountains of all power at Geneva, convened especially for the purpose, confirmed the sentence of the Executive Council; and their decision being without appeal, submission was their only alternative. The exiles simply exclaiming, "It is better to serve God than man," and turning their backs on the city which had thus cast them out, went first to Berne, and thence proceeded to Basle, where they were received with the greatest cordiality. But neither tarried there long, and were soon separated, Farel repairing to Neufchâtel, and Calvin to Strasburg, a free and imperial city on the Rhine, where the Reformation was firmly established, where he was received with open arms, appointed professor of theology, and a pulpit and congregation assigned him.

Meanwhile at Geneva, matters were in a strange ferment. The party which had banished Calvin and Farel had gained a triumph, and were determined to make the most of it. The dancers, the gamblers, and the drunkards were pleased enough, and soon restored the ancient days when sin ran down the streets as water. But the exiled ministers had a strong party that knew and loved the truth, which daily gathered power and influence. The ministers who had

* Berne was the mother church of Geneva, and therefore looked with jealous eye on any departure from her rules and practices.

succeeded Farel and Calvin were unable to maintain their ground, and quitted the city. Riot everywhere prevailed; strong attempts were made to re-introduce Popery; and confusion and disorder shook the city to the centre. The hand of God now began to lift itself up against his adversaries. Jean Philippe, the Captain General and head of the Libertine Party, was publicly executed for killing a man in a riot. One of the magistrates who assisted to banish Calvin, and told him "the city gates were wide enough for him," broke his own neck in trying to escape from the officers of justice out of a window. Two others were obliged to fly on charges of treason; and thus the Council became purged of Calvin's enemies. Swayed as it were from above, and feeling that he alone could restore order to their troubled and disturbed city, the hearts of the Council and a great majority of the citizens longed for Calvin's return. On the 24th of April, 1538, the sentence of banishment had been passed; on the 20th of October, 1540, the Council passed a resolution that he should be invited to come back. Calvin's heart was really at Geneva; but mindful of the troubles he had suffered there,* and perhaps not being willing too soon to be won, he respectfully declined their invitation. In addition to this, as he was highly honored at Strasburg, where the Lord was remarkably blessing his labours, had lately taken to himself a wife, and was deeply immersed in his beloved studies, he had every inducement there to remain. Undeterred by his refusal, again the Council pressed him most earnestly to return; again Calvin pleaded his engagements at Strasburg. Unable to prevail with him, the Council sent a circular letter to the governments of Berne, Basle, and Zurich to request their influence in procuring his return;† Farel,

* He thus writes to Farel: "Who will not pardon me if I do not again willingly throw myself into a whirlpool which I have found so fatal? Nay, who would not blame me for too much facility, if I should fling myself into it with my eyes open? Besides, putting my own danger out of the question, what if I can scarcely trust that my ministry will be of any use to them? Since such is the temper of the majority there, that they will be neither tolerable to me, nor I to them."

And again to Viret: "There is no place under heaven which I more fear than Geneva; not that I dislike it, but because I see so many difficulties in my way there, which I feel myself unequal to cope with. Whenever I recall what has passed, I cannot help shuddering at the thought of being compelled to renew the old contests."

+ Some extracts from this letter will show the important place which Calvin held in the eyes of the Genevese Council: "Although we have been troubled with many and serious disturbances in our city for about twenty years past, yet we have experienced, most illustrious princes, in all these tumults, seditions, and dangers, no such wrath of God pressing on our necks as in the years just past; in which by the art and machinations of factious and seditious men, our faithful pastors and ministers, by whom our church had been founded, built up, and long maintained, to the great comfort and edification of all, have been unjustly driven out and rejected with great ingratitude, those extraordinary favors and benefits being altogether passed over and forgotten, which we have received at the hand of God through their ministry. For from the hour that they were banished we have had nothing but troubles,

Bucer, and other influential ministers, urged his compliance. None but he, it was felt, could raise the sinking church at Geneva, or rule the people in that riotous city. Overcome at length by these powerful persuasions, seeing, doubtless, the hand of God in them, and that Geneva was his divinely appointed post, Calvin yielded the point and consented to return. His return, under these circumstances, was a triumph of truth over error, and of godliness over ungodliness; and thus his very exile gave him a power and an authority subsequently at Geneva which he could not have had without it. How evident in all this is the wonder-working hand of God. A mounted herald was despatched to escort him from Strasburg, and a carriage and three horses sent to bring his wife and furniture. On the 13th of September, 1541, he again entered the gates of Geneva. The Council received him with every mark of affection and respect, besought him ever to remain with them, provided him a house and garden attached, settled on him a fixed salary, and, what we may believe Calvin valued more than all, prepared him a pulpit in St. Peter's Church, so arranged that the whole congregation might hear him with ease. From this period till the day of his decease, (May 27, 1564,) a space of nearly 23 years, did this zealous and godly servant of the Lord labor at Geneva. The following was the ordinary routine of his labors. Besides the Lord's Day, he preached every day during each alternate week; thrice a week he gave lectures in divinity; presided in the consistory or meeting of the ministers every Thursday; and lectured at St. Peter's Church every Friday evening. On the alternate week he chiefly devoted himself to his studies, commencing at five or six in the morning, and continuing at work nearly all day.

We cannot pursue his history during an eventful period of twenty-three years. We hasten, therefore, to his end; those latter days of his life on earth, on which a peculiar halo of grace and glory was shed. For several years his bodily sufferings and afflictions had been great; but about 1561, a complication of disorders fell on his earthly tabernacle. A continual colic, incessant vomitings, loss of appetite, sleeplessness, and tormenting headaches, pressed him sore. But worse ills, asthma, gout, and stone, followed in their rear. Still he continued his severe labors, writing commentaries on the Scripture, and preaching, though obliged to be carried to the church in a chair. On the 6th of February, 1564, he preached his last sermon, though he still occasionally addressed a few words to the congregation. But, amidst all his severe sufferings, no complaint

enmities, strife, contentions, disorders, seditions, factions, and homicides. We acknowledge, therefore, that this great anger of God hath fallen upon us because our Lord Jesus Christ hath been thus rejected and despised in his servants and ministers, and that we are unworthy ever to be esteemed his faithful disciples, or ever to find quiet in our state, unless we endeavor to repair these offences, so that the due honor of the most holy evangelical ministry be restored; and, by common consent, we desire nothing more ardently than that our brethren and ministers be reinstated in their former place in this church, to which they were called by God."

escaped his lips, except that sometimes he would look up, and say, "Lord, how long?"

He was now very sensible that his earthly pilgrimage was drawing to a close. Still he pursued his literary labors; and when Beza begged of him to give up dictating, or at all events writing, his only answer was, "What? Would you have the Lord find me idle?" On the 10th of March he was publicly prayed for in the churches by order of the government, and on the 18th, the Council sent him a present of twenty-five crowns, which, however, he refused to accept, assigning as his reason that he was no longer able to work, and therefore had no right to be paid. On the 2nd of April he was carried to church, stayed the sermon, and received the Lord's Supper from the hand of Beza. He joined in the hymn with a tremulous voice, and though his countenance bore on it the evident stamp of death, yet was it lighted up with the radiant beams of joy and peace. On the 25th of April he made his will, and on the 26th the Council assembled at his house. We could wish that our limits admitted the insertion of even a portion of his grave and wise address to the executive government of Geneva, received by them as it was with the greatest respect and affection as well as many tears. On the 28th all the Genevese ministers met at his house. These he addressed most earnestly and affectionately, exhorting them to persevere in the good work to which the Lord had called them, to avoid all dispute and strife, and walk in mutual love and affection. He bade them firmly maintain his doctrine, and uphold his discipline, and appealed to his own experience that the Lord had blessed both him and his labors. He assured them that he had always lived with them, and was now departing from them in the bonds of the truest and sincerest love; begged their forgiveness for any peevish expressions which had escaped his lips during his illness; returned them hearty thanks for bearing his burdens; and, amid many tears on their side, shook hands separately with, and bade farewell to them all. His last letter was written to Farel to dissuade him from coming from Neufchatel to have a last interview. Our readers will peruse it with interest.

"Farewell, my best and truest brother! and since it is God's will that you remain behind me in the world, live mindful of our friendship, which as it was useful to the church of God, so the fruit of it awaits us in heaven. Pray, do not fatigue yourself on my account. It is with difficulty I draw my breath, and expect that every moment will be my last. It is enough that I live and die for Christ, who is the reward of his followers both in life or death. Again, farewell with my brethren. Geneva, 2nd of May, 1564."

Farel came, however, to see him; but we are not favored with the particulars of the interview, which, between two brethren so long and so warmly united, and both sinking into the grave,* worn out with suffering and toil, must have been most deeply interesting.

* In the August of the following year Farel died, at the advanced age of seventy-six.

The days that now remained to him on earth, Calvin spent in almost continual prayer, and ejaculating sentences from the Scriptures. On the 19th of May he took finally to his bed, where he lay in much bodily weakness and suffering till the 27th. About eight o'clock in the evening of that day, the signs of approaching dissolution appeared. Beza, who had not long quitted him, was sent for, but too late to see him expire. Before his friend could reach his bed-side, his ransomed soul had passed from earth to heaven, apparently without a struggle, as he looked like one who had fallen into a deep sleep, without a trace of expiring agony.

Thus lived and thus died this great and good man, this eminent servant of God, this memorable champion of the truth of the gospel, this learned and godly Reformer, John Calvin. On that night and the following day, according to the testimony of Beza, Geneva seemed plunged into universal mourning. The state lamented the loss of its most distinguished counsellor; the church of its beloved pastor; the university of its unwearied and able teacher; the poor of their firm friend and sympathising succorer; the ministers of a wise and affectionate fellow-laborer; and a large circle of private christians of their spiritual guide and father. Nor was the feeling of grief and lamentation confined to Geneva. The whole Reformed church, that had been so long and so deeply indebted to his labors, and a large and increasing band of correspondents, whose faithful and affectionate counsellor he long had been, joined in lamenting his loss.

That Calvin had his faults, his warmest friends and greatest admirers cannot deny. His language at times against his adversaries, though it must be borne in mind that it was the prevailing evil of the day, was exceedingly violent and intemperate. "A beast, a pig, a vagabond, a scurvy knave, an impostor, a foul-mouthed dog;" such are some of the epithets that fell from his pen.* He was also stern and unforgiving on points where his own authority was in question, and ruled, both in church and state, with too much of an iron hand. The times were, however, peculiar, and a silken glove was not adapted for the turbulent city of Geneva; nor were the principles of liberty understood there as now with us, with whom they have been the growth of centuries. The fairest way is to look at the result of his rule. That he found Geneva full of riot and turbulence, a very sink of sin and immorality, and left it at his death a seat of order and quiet, of morality and good government, and a favored spot of truth in doctrine and godliness in life, all must admit who are not blinded by a spirit of prejudice and error. But his best and most enduring monument is the fruit of his pen. There he peculiarly shone. His great and varied learning, his logical accurate mind, his deep knowledge of the scriptures, his ardent love

* Castellio, against whom these angry invectives were launched, thus pointedly reproves Calvin for using them:—"Even were I as truly all these things as I really am not, yet it ill becomes so learned a man as yourself, the teacher of so many others, to degrade so excellent an intellect by so foul and sordid abuse."

of truth, his clear and forcible style, and the strength of his arguments, all combined to give his writings a power and prevalence in his own age, of which we still feel the effects, but can hardly realise the conception. His writings, it is true, are now little read, and have become in a measure superseded by more modern works. It is good, however, to go at times to the fountain-head; and Dr. Cole has thus conferred a benefit on the church by translating and publishing the work at the head of the present article.

We purpose (D.V.) in our next Number to examine it at more length, and shall then take the opportunity of making some extracts from the work itself, which will enable our readers to judge for themselves of its real nature and value.

It is no shame to die in Christ's debt.—*Rutherford.*

Christ came to save sinners. Then, saith Paul, to save me, for "I am the chief of sinners."—*Rutherford.*

Though we may have the guilt of sins upon us that the law pronounceth death unto, yet flying to Christ for refuge, God hath not only provided for us safety, but strong consolation also.—*Owen.*

All the saints truly humbled cry up Christ, and down themselves; and in their own books are as far from Christ as any: "I am not worthy that thou shouldest come under my roof."—*Rutherford.*

Why is the Holy Spirit represented by water?—Because, as water washes away the filth of the body, so the Holy Spirit cleanses the pollution of the soul; and as water refreshes the thirsty, so do the comforts of the Holy Ghost refresh the spiritual man.—*Whitefield.*

Do we think that men may turmoil themselves in earthly thoughts all the day long, and when they are freed of their affairs, betake themselves unto those that are vain and useless, without any stated converse with things above, and yet enjoy life and peace?—*Owen.*

God hath an old quarrel against pride, as one of the oldest enemies born in heaven, in the breast of the fallen angels, and thrown out of heaven, and it seeketh to be up at its own element and country where it was born, as proud men are climbing and aspiring creatures; but God, afar off, resisteth the proud, and denieth grace, or any thing of heaven, to the proud Pharisee.—*Rutherford.*

I am more than sure that God's elect shall never be finally deceived. This has been my prop and stay for many years in the Lord's work. As Satan is sure to send his bellman to cry me down, go where I may, this in reason's eye vexes and dejects me. But when faith considers that God made choice of Peter's mouth, that by him the Gentiles should hear the word and believe; and knowing that God works, and none can let it; and that his election ordains, fixes, furnishes, and appoints the mouth that is to bear the tidings to every chosen vessel; these lift me above Satan's schemes, and above his sounding bell.—*Huntington.*

P O E T R Y.

BEFORE PREACHING.

ONCE more, gracious Lord,
 To thy bountiful board,
 A poor, starving sinner is come.
 O hear my petition,
 Regard my condition,
 And mercifully give me a crumb.

I want to be fed
 With a crumb of that bread,
 Which once upon Calvary's tree,
 Was broken indeed
 On purpose to feed
 Poor destitute wretches like me!

I know I'm not fit
 With the children to sit,
 At the table of Jesus to sup;
 But, O may there fall,
 One crumb, e'er so small,
 That I, a poor dog, may pick up.

S. D.

[The writer of these lines died at the early age of 21.—Ed.]

*ON READING THE REVIEW IN THE "GOSPEL
 STANDARD," OCTOBER, 1856.*

THE voice of my Beloved! O I long again to hear,
 But my soul is fill'd with sadness, with gloominess, and fear;
 I look on things around me, but no joy in them can find,
 I turn and look within me, and still no peace of mind.

The voice of my Beloved! O yes, I know its sound,
 It has spoken peace and comfort, made joy and praise abound;
 My sins the hugest mountains, the hills, the hills of prey,
 But the mercy of the Lov'd One swept guilt and fear away!

The voice of my Beloved! O sweet it was to me,
 When it told of sins forgiven, by his grace so rich and free;
 That tho' I'd sinn'd so deeply, yet "He mighty was to save;"
 Though sin abounded greatly, Love would the victory have.

The voice of my Beloved! Those sweet melodious tones,
 Which came when I was mourning, and petitioning in groans;
 It broke my heart in pieces, and I long'd to sin no more,
 But haste to my Beloved, and join the heavenly choir.

But the voice of my Beloved I would but cannot hear,
 Now that sin has made such inroads, I feel remiss in prayer;
 I know 'tis sin that separates, and brings the cloud between
 A holy God and sinners, nor can he then be seen.

The voice of my Beloved, I would that I could hear
 In the same love winning accents, casting out all fear;
 For sin my God does chasten, to this truth I witness bear,
 And I sigh and groan out daily, O when will God appear?

Wilderness.

A POOR SINNER.

ETERNITY.

(Translation of a German Hymn composed by Wülfer.)

Eternity! Eternity!

How long thou art, Eternity!
 Yet onward still to thee we speed
 As to the fight the impatient steed,
 As ship to port, or shaft from bow,
 Or swift as couriers homeward go.

Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!

How long thou art, Eternity!
 A ring whose orbit still extends,
 And ne'er beginning, never ends;
 "Always" thy centre,—ring immense,—
 And "never" thy circumference.

Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!

How long thou art, Eternity!
 Came there a bird each thousandth year
 One sand-grain from the hills to bear;
 When all had vanished, grain by grain,
 Eternity would still remain.

Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!

How long thou art, Eternity!
 As long as God shall God remain,
 So long shall last hell's torturing pain,
 So long the joys of heaven shall be;
 O long delights! Long misery!

Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!

How long thou art, Eternity!
 O man, let oft thy musings dwell
 Upon the dreadful woes of hell,
 Oft on the saints' all-glorious lot;
 For both shall last when time is not.

Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!

How long thou art, Eternity!
 The thought of thee, in pain, how dread;
 In joy, how bright thy prospects spread;
 For here God's goodness glads our eyes,
 And there his justice terrifies.

Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!

How long thou art, Eternity!
 Who here lived poor and sore distress,
 Now truly rich, with God doth rest;
 With joys consoled for all his ill,
 He lives to praise God's goodness still!

Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!

How long thou art, Eternity!
 A moment's pleasure sinners know,
 Through which they pass to endless woe;

A moment's woe the righteous taste,
Through which to endless joy they haste!
Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!

How long thou art, Eternity!

Who thinks of thee speaks thus to God:
"Here prove me with thy chast'ning rod;
O let me here thy judgments bear;
Hereafter, Lord, in mercy spare!"

Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!

How long thou art, Eternity!

Who thinks of thee alone is wise;
Sins, pleasures, all he can despise;
The world attracts him now no more,
His love for vain delights is o'er.

Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!

How long thou art, Eternity!

O man! I warn thee,—think on me,—

Think oft on me, Eternity!

For I, the sinner's woe shall prove,
And recompense of godly love!

Mark well, O man, Eternity!

AN ENCOURAGEMENT TO SEEKING SOULS.

Psalm xxii. 26; Amos v. 4-6, 8; Luke xi. 9.

Is there within thy heart An earnest, real desire, Jesus to know by saving faith, Which does to heaven aspire?	If all your works do fail True confidence to give, On Jesus you shall sweetly rest, And in his name believe.
Is there within thy mind A constant aching void, And dost thou feel that thy poor soul In hell will be destroyed?	God's word declares that all Who for salvation long, [thrall, From feeling sin, and guilt, and That Christ shall be their song.
Is sin thy daily grief, Doth it torment thee sore, And unbelief prevent relief In searching God's word o'er?	God's matchless sovereign grace, Is only known by those Whom from among the human race Eternally He chose.
Art thou by doubts and fears Continually distrest, And dost thou want to feel within The blessed Gospel rest?	Then, every needy, poor, Desiring, longing soul, God's on thy side—do not despair; No foe shall thee control!
Poor, needy, helpless souls, Whoever you may be That are in such a case as this, You shall deliv'rance see.	No trial, great or small, Shall e'er thee overcome; But thou shalt triumph over all, And find that heavenly home.
Such trouble and such grief Is never felt by one [sheep, But by the Lord's own quickened For whom he died alone.	May God the Holy Ghost Work faith within thy heart, To fix on Christ, and make thy boast Of him, that blessed part.
If you're dissatisfied With all created good, And truly long to feel within The Saviour's cleansing blood;	Now may the Almighty bless These lines to some poor soul, And his great name shall have the And glory of the whole. [praise

A LOVER OF ZION.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

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

MOURNERS IN ZION COMFORTED.

(Concluded from page 41.)

Now, have not some of you here to-night been afraid of dying suddenly, of being run over, or of being cut off by some disease or fever, and going to hell, after all your profession? So that you who really have grace find that your religion has cost you something! You have had deep exercises of mind about the reality of it. You have been brought also to feel the Lord's chastenings and rebukes for sin; for, depend upon it, "if ye are without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons." O! what a deal of pride we have; and what trials do we need to deliver us from its influence! What dross we have, and how we need the furnace to purge and remove it away from us! And, therefore, the Lord says, "I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and 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 many are saying, "The Lord is my God," to whom he has never borne any testimony that they are his people, nor sent into their heart the Spirit of adoption. And if you ask them for the proofs of it, they cannot give you any account of the way and manner in which the Holy Spirit broke in upon them; nor give you any description of convictions of sin which they have felt at any time. But they will presumptuously use language which they do not feel, and say, "Our Father, which art in heaven," with many expressions of which they have never felt the power in their own souls. Now, for years I could not make use of these words. But when the Lord was pleased to visit my soul with the sweet manifestations of his love, I could say it then, and found it very precious to me. But, still, I can see how it is with most people; how they go on in a form of religion, mocking God by their vain repetitions. And when the soul has this Spirit of adoption given unto him, he can then call God his Father; as it is written, "Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father," for they are "heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ." So that it is the Lord that appoints unto the soul "the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, and the oil of joy for mourning."

Now, if any of you were to say that you can praise God, it would not satisfy me, because I know that there are so many beginning to praise before they have been in heaviness. They will get into joy before they have had mourning. They will speak of mercy before they have experienced their misery; talk of pardon before they have felt their guilt; speak of healing before there was any wounding; and shout victory before they have been in the battle! Therefore, when "judgment is laid to the line, and righteousness to the plummet," they are found wanting, and it is made evident that they have been built up in nothing but presumption and notion. But those that are "trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord," will bless and praise his holy name. For they are "a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people, that they should show forth the praises of him who hath called them out of darkness into his marvellous light." Such as these who are called out of darkness into his marvellous light will show forth God's praise; "for he hath purified unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." And I believe those who can say with David, "He hath delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling," will be a people that are manifested as the children of God. You will be able to make them out, and they will be taken notice of that they are the true followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. These are a people that will not be grasping after gain, nor striving to get the world's goods into their possession, and heap up riches to themselves. If they have food and raiment, they are content. They will hunger and thirst after the enjoyment of Christ's presence. They want tokens of God's favor, for that is better to them than all things else beside. They see vanity and emptiness stamped upon every one and every thing else; and then they say,

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

Christ is precious to such souls as these. And they "count all things else but dung and dross for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ's love;" and can understand what Paul meant, when he said he was "in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better." But though this is the case sometimes, yet I believe all the Lord's people feel the warfare, and find there is a great fight of afflictions to be endured; for, "the flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh; and these are contrary the one to the other, so that they cannot do the things that they would."

But they are said to be "trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified." Now, Jesus says, "Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up." But those plants which he hath planted shall bring forth much fruit. Herein God is glorified by his people bringing forth much fruit; and they are brought to bless and praise his holy name for the riches of his grace towards them. And it is said, "Whoso offereth

praise glorifieth me." He will be glorified by his dear people. He will have them to honor him upon the earth; and he hath ordained them to bring forth good works. As saith the apostle, "For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them." And this is the appointed way. There is no way of obtaining the victory but through this. For, if a man is trying to overcome the world, sin, or Satan, in any other way, by his own strength, or by free-will notions, like the Romish church, it will only leave him where it found him. Paul says, "I labored more abundantly than they all, and yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me." It was the grace of God that wrought all these things in the apostle, and it is the same influence that produceth good works in every one of the living branches. Jesus himself says, "Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away, and every branch that beareth fruit he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." So that the grace of God will influence the Lord's people to do good works, and to bless and praise his dear name. He has made them his peculiar treasure. He will cause them to love as brethren, and be kind to one another. He will give them a tender conscience, by purging it from dead works, to serve the living God. For the Lord says, "This people have I formed for myself; they shall show forth my praise." He will watch over and protect them from every evil, that nothing shall hurt or harm them. He says, "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that shall rise up against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord."

But, now, have any of you that are here to-night, love to the brethren, and are you dead to the world? Are you living to God's praise, and desirous of glorifying him in all that you do? or are you seeking your own happiness in the gratification of the things of time and sense? Have you any evidence in your souls that you are justified freely by the riches of God's grace? Is there any proof in your life and conversation that you have been called by the Spirit of God, and that you are bringing forth fruit to the honor and glory of his great name? If you have any of these marks and tokens, then are you "the trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified."

But some will say, many that are called of God will indulge in sin, and bring forth but little fruit to God! Then I say, if they are his dear children, he will visit them for it, sooner or later. For he says, "If my 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 transgressions with the rod, and their iniquities with stripes." He is not going to let them sin cheap; they will surely have the rod of correction for it! And when the devil has succeeded in drawing them into sin, through the power of temptation, it will not be long before he turns round upon them to accuse them. He will say, "What! you go to the chapel, and pretend to be one of the Lord's people, and yet commit such a sin as this? Why you are

worse than Judas himself! You have sinned against goodness and mercy, against light and knowledge! It is impossible that you can be one of the Lord's saints! You are a hypocrite, and are only filling up the measure of your iniquities, and you will sink to hell at last!" And thus, through Satan's powerful accusations, they will be mourning over a sense of their guilt and misery, and he will suggest to them thoughts like these, "Destroy yourself!" or, "Go out of the kingdom!" in order to drive the soul into despair. But, nevertheless, where the Lord has really begun the work, he will come and manifest his mercy again, give a fresh application of his precious blood, wash away the guilt and stain of sin from the conscience, and enable the poor mourning and sorrowful soul to rejoice in the loving-kindness and compassion of the Lord, and to say, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life." Here God makes it evident that such are safe in his keeping, and that none shall be able to pluck them out of his hands. And thus, while the poor sinner is humbled in the dust with views of himself, he will be constrained to praise and adore the riches of God's mercy in the salvation of his soul, and learn that it is all of free and sovereign grace, from first to last.

But, now, who are there among you that can honestly say before God that they are deeply concerned about their souls, and that they are pleading and wrestling with him that he would give them "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness?" Who can say it is their earnest desire that the work of grace may be carried on in their souls at any cost rather than be lukewarm professors? Who are there among you that are willing to be wounded, and to have sorrow, and feel the rod of God's chastenings, if so be that the Lord will work with his mighty power on your souls? Who are there ready to sacrifice their idols, and to part with the things which they most esteem, to have tokens and evidences of the Lord's favor to them; and who can say with that well-taught and excellent man, Joseph Hart,

"Vanquish in me lust and pride;
All my stubbornness subdue;
Smile me into fruit, or chide,
If no milder means will do."

Who is there here that can say, "Lay thy rod upon me, O Lord, and smite, if so be that thou wilt manifest thy love unto my soul!" and can call upon God to witness that they do not want to live in any thing in which they would not wish to die? But Satan will come in here, and say, "Are you not living in neglect of God's commandments, and are you not committing this or that sin?" which will cause the soul to pray unto the Lord that he would not suffer him to live in a careless or indifferent way, but that he would quicken him according to his word. So that the Lord's people will have something to pray about, and not be suffered to become hardened through the deceitfulness of sin.

But, now, you that are making a great profession of religion, what has God done for your soul? Are your sorrows greater, or are you

just in the same state? Do you go from the beginning of the year to the end of it with the same feelings? Is the work really begun? Have you any fresh evidences of the love of God in your souls? Do you hunger and thirst after Christ's presence more, and have a greater love for his people? Are you trying to embrace your idols, and to have Christ also? Do you want to enjoy the world while you live, and go to heaven when you die? Are you trying to give a flat contradiction to Christ's words, where he says, "No man can serve two masters, for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other; ye cannot serve God and mammon?" Are you trying to overturn this testimony, which no man has ever yet been able to do, nor ever will? But, if these things cannot be done, and you fall under the power of the word, there will be groans and cries rising up to the Lord that he would carry on his work of grace more powerfully in your souls. And if you are in earnest about these matters, and sincere before the Lord, there will be great exercises and trials in the mind, and a desire to be made upright and honest, and kept so. And thus the truth of God's word will be felt, that it is "through much tribulation ye must enter the kingdom." So that you will be asking yourselves this question, "Will the profession of religion that I am making lead me to heaven or hell?" Then I say to such of you who may be walking in a quiet and easy way, and have everything that is comfortable and pleasing to the flesh, and are satisfied with mere head religion, consider the rich man in the gospel, who fared sumptuously every day! And where do you behold him after he had left this world? Why, it is said, that "in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments!" And if any now present are going on in the same easy way, depend upon it it will lead you to the same fearful place! So, therefore, do not begin to flatter yourselves, and think that all is well with you, and that you are going to heaven; for if you can go with the stream, like a dead fish, it is evident that you have only a name to live, while you are dead. But, if you are alive to God and the things of God, set it down as certain that you will meet with great opposition, have much fighting and conflict, and find constant difficulties strewed in your path. And I tell all those who are satisfied with an easy profession of religion, that I would not be in their state for ten thousand worlds. I would sooner be a poor horse belonging to the most cruel cabman, and be beaten and driven about town till I dropped, than I would be in their condition! Therefore, I say, have any of you here had any manifestations of God's love to your souls? Have you ever had the "spirit of heaviness," and felt bowed down on account of what you meet with in your path, or are you always happy and contented? For many talk about religion just as though there was no such thing as deceit in the heart, nor any devices of Satan to deceive the soul; and such professors will say, "Prophecy not unto us right things; speak unto us smooth things; prophecy deceits." And thus the false ministers sew pillows under the arms of all such people, to bolster them up in hypocrisy and deceit!

But God forbid that I should encourage any such characters that

may be here to-night, and tell them they are going to heaven, while they have not one real evidence of it! I would sooner break stones on the road than be placed in such a dreadful position! I cannot persuade people that they are going to heaven and eternal happiness, when they do not show any of the marks and tokens of God's Spirit. So that I say to those who hear me, Do you know what it is to have broken bones on account of sin? Have you ever been brought in guilty before the Lord, and have you fled to the Lord Jesus for refuge and salvation? If you have, it is a sure token for good, and you will be constrained to bless and praise the Lord for his great mercy towards you, and to acknowledge that your salvation is all of grace.

But God must work all these things in your soul, for there is a set time to favor Zion. And he says, "the bruised reed he will not break, and the smoking flax he will not quench." God does not despise the day of small things. And where he has really begun the work of grace in the soul, he will surely carry it on, and bring it to eternal glory, to the praise and honor of his own great name. Amen.

I SAT DOWN UNDER HIS SHADOW WITH
GREAT DELIGHT, AND HIS FRUIT WAS SWEET TO
MY TASTE.

My dear respected Friend,—It may well be said,

“ The season will be sweet,
If Jesus be but there.”

Truly since I last wrote to you I have had many precious seasons. I have felt that precious Christ formed in me the hope of glory. I have been favored to hold sweet communion with him, as one friend with another. We have been as familiar friends together. The day before our ordinance I was sweetly blessed with a meditation on, "Do this in remembrance of me." The blessed Spirit led my mind out sweetly into some of the many things we were to remember Christ in. It was not in eating the bread and drinking the wine only, but in the many things that Christ had suffered for such rebel wretches as you and I. Sweetly was I led to see Christ seated at his Father's right hand, and daily his delight, rejoicing always before him, when my mind was led out concerning his leaving his Father's throne to be carried about in the womb of the Virgin Mary. May God lead your mind out to view this precious Christ in his humility and condescension, to be thus contracted to a span, and to be carried about in the womb of the Virgin. What the Father devised the Son delighted in, for he said, "Lo, I come, in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O my God." I was then led to remember his being born in a stable, and cradled in a manger, as also his being blindfolded, smote with the palms of his persecutors' hands, spit upon, scoffed at, and mocked, the hair plucked off his cheeks; then to view him as a partridge hunted upon the mountains, worse than the birds that have nests, and the foxes that have holes; for

this precious Christ had not where to lay his head. Then my mind was led out to remember him taken upon the pinnacle of the temple and shown the world and the glory of it; then to view him in his bloody sweat in the garden, and in the purple robe, his precious temples crowned with thorns, his mangled back which was so lacerated with the scourge, and to behold this precious Christ bearing his cross; and, lastly, to see him stretched out, lifted up, and hung betwixt heaven and earth by his hands and feet. May God anoint thy eyes with his holy anointing, to look unto him whom we have pierced, view his dear feet, his mangled back, his pierced side, his dear mangled hands, and his head crowned with thorns.

My dear friend, it might well be said that "his face was more marred than any man, and his visage than the sons of men." These are only a few things to what I might say that we are to remember concerning this precious Christ.

"At most we do but taste the cup,
For he alone has drunk it up."

Such views of him melt my poor soul down humbly at his feet; for, dear friend, there never was love like his. I have been drawn much of late to this precious Christ, feeling that he loves me and that I love him. One morning these words were sweetly blest to my soul: "Thou hast loved them even as thou hast loved me." And also these words came very sweet: "That the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them, and I in them." This brought me down in love to a precious Christ, to plead with him for the enjoyment of these precious things in my own soul. I was so overcome with love to this precious Redeemer, and love to the Father for the gift of this precious Christ to redeem me, that I was completely at a loss to find words to express my love to him.

Is not this, dear friend, "sitting under his shadow with great delight?" Is not this "eating our honey with the honeycomb?" Is not this his being "the altogether lovely?" Through the help of God's Spirit, we are then enabled to bid all other idols begone, and bid them "not to stir, nor awake our Beloved until he please." I feel that I love my wife and children, but not so much as I do this precious Christ! David speaks of Jonathan's love to him as being "wonderful, passing the love of woman." How much more must the love of Christ be, when we feel as branches in this living Vine, and experience virtue flowing out of it into our souls, to nourish and comfort us, and cause us to bring forth fruit? "For herein is my Father glorified, that ye bring forth much fruit."

One morning, I bowed myself before him, with a candle in my hand, and I said, that as that candle gave light wherever I might take it, so I begged of him that I might be the same in his hand, to be a light in this ungodly world wherever it might be my lot to go; and not to be as the light that is under the bushel. Another morning, whilst pleading with him that he would keep me, and hold me as the horse was held by bit and bridle, it was sweetly whispered in my soul, "and that *bit* and *bridle* to be love!" And it must be he, dear friend, who hath loved us, that must keep the reins and govern-

ment. What I have seen and felt of this precious love I can tell you but little of! God has said "he will make us willing in the day of his power," and I know of nothing that will make a poor sinner so willing as this precious love shed abroad in his heart. It can then come and say unto the Lord, "Take this soul and body that thou hast redeemed, and do with it, and in it, what thou seest best, as thou hast a just right to do as thou wilt with thine own."

My dear friend, how precious must we be in his sight, to give such a ransom price for us, to redeem us from the lowest hell. It was sweetly whispered in my soul, that it was love before blood, for love devised the plan for the shedding of blood to redeem thy soul and mine from the jaws of death and hell. I begged of God that I might be in the arms of love, as a child in the arms of a strong man, that it might influence every member of my body to obedience, that I might abide in his love even as Christ abideth in his love. "For, in keeping his commandments there is great reward." And I believe in my soul that my prayer went up acceptable to God. How very sweetly Solomon speaks of this love when he says, "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth, for thy love is better than wine. Because of the savor of thy good ointments, thy name is as ointment poured forth; therefore do the virgins love thee." And when this ointment is poured forth upon the head, it will "run down, even to the skirt of our garment," for the sweet odour of it will go forth in our conversation, prayers, and supplications, when and where they may be offered up. As Christ said of the poor woman, that she had wrought a good work upon him, even so I must say of Christ, that he hath wrought a good work upon me. And such special seasons, my dear friend, we cannot easily forget. I believe in my own mind, that love is the mother of all graces, and I likewise believe that pride is the mother of all sin. I shall never forget, when amongst the Independents, thinking I would have some new clothes; and whilst I was thinking of this, it came with a divine power to my soul, that pride, spiritual and temporal, was an abomination to the Lord.

I feel, dear friend, that I must still go on to tell you a little more of God's sweet love-visits to my soul, all flowing through the grace and merit of his dear Son. I hope never to forget the sweet feeling I had toward God for that unspeakable gift. I was so overcome that I did not know what to say to the Lord. I burst out in blessing and praising him. I felt, and said, that if I had a thousand tongues, and if I lived to be eighty years of age, I would have them all employed in blessing and praising the Lord. There is no fasting, dear friend, when the Bridegroom is with us! It is, "Eat, O friends, drink, yea, drink abundantly, O Beloved." One night, when down on my knees, feeling my soul much humbled within me, I said, "Lord! I have nothing to offer thee but this poor body and soul, which thou art welcome to, if it can be of any service!" I felt sorry that I had nothing more to offer, for I felt if I had had a dozen souls and bodies at that time, he would have been heartily welcome to them all. It is not, dear friend, loving in tongue and in word that creates

such feelings, but to feel it a truth that God loves us, and to feel that we love him. How sweetly Paul speaks of this love! He challenges angels, principalities, and powers, to separate him from that love. One day, entering into my closet, I was under an influence to bow down three times before I left the room, and each time I felt the season to be sweet and blessed to my soul. I felt it was the Spirit of my Father that produced such feelings within me, and that offered such petitions for me. I cannot tell you the sweet feelings I enjoyed; they are better felt than expressed. I begged of God, that as the blood flowed out of my heart into the veins of every member of my body, and caused them to act upon the earth, so I begged of him, that the love of God might flow out of my heart, and cause every member of the body to be an instrument of righteousness unto God. Having his precious word before me, and pleading with him that he would give me an understanding of it, and that its truths might be written within, that I might have a gospel within as well as without; whilst pleading with the Lord, a still small voice within (which I believe in my very soul was the Spirit of my God) whispered, "Lean thy head upon the book!" which I did, still pleading with the Lord. And I was sweetly blest with this portion of scripture, and had most blessed enjoyment in it: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." And it was sweetly opened up to me that this was the blessed pasture that his beloved disciple John was favored to enjoy; for, "as the Word was God," I was leaning upon God through the Word, by faith, as John leaned upon the bosom of his Lord.

I shall never forget once being out on a rough, stormy day, when it blew, rained, and snowed, and having some miles to come home, I was so overcome with the power and love of God, that I could not keep my tongue still, but was blessing and praising a Three-One God for his great love and mercy towards me, that I thought I must have bowed down amongst the snow and dirt. I went on under the influence of this for some miles, the rain, snow, and wind beating bitterly on my poor body; but this I did not mind so long as I had the presence of my God and Father. At last I was obliged through the influence of this, to turn aside, and bow down under my umbrella on a stone-heap, to worship him. I was disturbed by seeing a man near me, but whose approach I had not been able to hear, on account of the snow, when I got up and went on my way. I thought the man would think I was crazed, and I looked back, expecting he would be coming after me, to take me up. But I said, "Well, I do not mind what they say about me; if I am not crazed, they cannot make me so. If I can but have the Three-One God with me, that is all I want." I cannot tell you the height of this love that my soul has been led into at times, nor the depths of sorrow that I have had to sink in; for I have felt that I was a deceived character, and that my portion would be with the damned in hell. Having spoken so much in praise of this precious Christ, I thought the devil would torment me more than any one else, and I have had to beg of God that he would not let the devil do as he liked with me when he

got me there. At another time, my agony was so great that I wished the Lord would let me alone if I was damned at last! Entering into my room one night, these thoughts came powerfully into my mind, "Don't put the candle out, and then you will see if the devil comes." These things will show you something of what the Psalmist speaks of, "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."

Stamford.

Yours in the Lord,

T. B.

REMINISCENCES, OR, FOOTSTEPS OF PROVIDENCE.

By S. COZENS.

Some years ago I published my experience of divine goodness and mercy, and my call to the work of the ministry. And as many days have past since then, and as the good hand of my God has been upon me and with me, I desire to utter the memory of his goodness.

When first settled in the ministry, I was in very comfortable circumstances, and served the church of God gratuitously with a willing mind and a zealous heart; but I was not long at the work of the Lord before I was persecuted out of my temporal nest, and the leader in that persecution, a Rev. D. D., soon after died a prisoner. The little church to which I ministered would not hear of my leaving, and for my support offered me one pound a week. I knew they were poor, most of them being agricultural laborers, and I refused to take so much. Being united to them in heart and soul, I consented to remain with them the Lord's time for thirteen shillings a week, believing that the Lord would provide what was necessary; and, to the honor of his name be it spoken, he did more than provide; and I was often able to help the poor brethren. It is true that we were often in great difficulties. The pocket was frequently empty; but it was emptied to give exercise to faith and prayer. At that time I had great fellowship with those in the wilderness, who gathered their daily bread, especially with those who gathered little and had no lack. I felt it was impossible to be poorer than they were every evening; it was impossible to be better provided for every morning; and I felt confident that he who provided for them could appear for me. To relate all the providential interpositions of heaven in my behalf, the exercises through which I passed, the temptations with which I was beset, the holy and happy seasons I enjoyed, the kindness I received, and the sympathy I experienced, during my labors at F—, would fill a volume. We had no lack. Faith was severely tried, but we had no lack! "The living was often spent," but we had no lack! The meal in the barrel was made into the last cake, but we had no lack! There was a knock at the door, and a basket of provisions. The potatoes were all eaten, (and none but he who knoweth that we have need of these things, knew it,) but we had no lack! A cart stopped at the door; a boy

came in with, "Please, Sir, father has sent you a load of potatoes!" A load of potatoes! Why, if it had been a load of gold, it could not have been received with greater emotion. "A load of potatoes; and father sent them." Yes, my dear boy, your father sent them, and *my* Father sent them. I sent many thanks to the boy's father, Mr. W., and gave more thanks to my Father, God. The money was all spent, (and that was a frequent occurrence,) and my little boy put a sixpence into my hands, which somebody had given him. I never saw such a sixpence as that in all my life. I never had one worth so much. The fact is, it was wanted; and want makes worth. I have had hundreds of pounds since then; but I think I may truly say, I never valued them as I did that. I remember holding up the little bit of silver in my hand, and, looking at it with the most profound feelings I ever had, and speaking thus with myself: "This silver is my Father's; he has sent it to me; he has given it to me." It may appear childish to those in easy circumstances, to talk thus, but I can assure you that I look back to that circumstance with great pleasure, for I felt that he who gave me that bit of silver when it was so remarkably needed could give me another bit, and another bit, and another bit, as it was needed; and I prayed him to give it me in bits as I needed it. I prayed him to keep me poor, humble, and dependent upon him. I was positively afraid of money. O that my conscience had always been as tender before him in that respect, for I saw that money answered all the purposes of evil as well as all the purposes of good.

While there I gave one poor, tried family three sovereigns in one quarter; and that same quarter I had three sovereigns given to me! The next quarter I gave them none; and, strange to say, none were given to me! One day, the Lord put it into my heart to give a poor widow, not connected with us, a shilling; and the next time I went to chapel, a widow gave me half a sovereign. One day I went into a house in London, to see a person in great soul distress, and while there I felt they were in needy circumstances; I say I felt it, for it was not discoverable either in the persons or the place. I had two half-crowns and a sixpence in my pocket. Without saying a word to them, I placed the two half-crowns on the mantle-piece, fearing that they would feel hurt if I offered them to them. I went away to go home; but I had not gone far before I began to reflect; aye, and to regret that I had given them so much. I called myself almost everything but the master of prudence, for how was I to get home? I had no money to pay my fare, and I was too weak and poorly to walk so many miles. And what had I to take to my wife for domestic purposes? I concluded at last that I would ride as far as my sixpence would carry me, and walk the rest. The thought of walking so far was almost too much for me; but that was not the worst; I had nothing to take home! What should I tell my wife? What a scolding I should have for my folly in thinking about others, and forgetting home! I felt desperately at odds with myself, and I thought it would be ten times worse when I told the wife what I had done with the money. Well, on I went, with a heavy heart, to-

wards London Bridge station, and felt in a dreadful state of despondency and darkness. I had hard thoughts of God, and thought my lot a very hard one. I concluded no one had such a rough and thorny road as I. As I was walking along, pensive and consummately wretched, looking down—aye, looking down, for I could not look up—a gentleman, of Zoar Chapel, to whom God had made my ministry a blessing, stopped me, shook hands very warmly, and left a sovereign in my hand. None but those in like circumstances can enter into the mingled feelings produced by such kind interpositions. I belabored Satan as stoutly as he had been belaboring me; and I smote my breast for daring to harbor one hard thought of him who had separated me from my mother's womb, and who had again, and again, and again appeared for me in the moment of danger.

The Friday before we left F—, I had occasion to go up to London. I called upon a brother whom I loved in the Lord, and found him in great difficulties. I had my quarter's rent in my pocket. I took it out and gave it to him, saying, "Here, brother, take this; I give it you in faith, believing the Lord will provide." And I did believe it most heartily at the time! Friday passed away, and there was no appearing. Saturday passed away, and no ren-came. The Sabbath passed, and not a shilling towards it! Monday came, and with it a thousand fears, a thousand regrets. I called myself of fools the fool. The good woman of the house was not in the most harmonious humor; in fact, she was downright cross, and did not thank me for my out-of-door sympathy. On Tuesday we were to leave. Leave without paying the rent, I determined I would not! My father-in-law had kindly engaged to pay the expense of our removing. He knew nothing of our exigencies, or they would not have been; and I could not tell him. I did not know what to do. Leave I determined I would not till the rent was paid. I had given my rent to one of God's servants, in faith; and, if God did not pay my rent, I would not move. But, then, arrangements are all made, the men are coming in the morning to move the chattels. Wife says, "You can't alter it; we must go." I said, not in the best of tempers, "I won't go." My heart was rent with contrary passions. As Monday evening was closing, I said, "It won't come now; it is *too late!*" And the men are coming at 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning. It is *too late!* to-night, and it will be *too soon!* in the morning. Well, I won't go!" It was the only debt I owed in the world. I had a tender conscience. I felt I had no right to owe any man anything. O that I had been always as particular as then! How many sorrows I should have spared myself! How many restless nights would have been sweet seasons of repose! But, to return. I felt it was *too late!*, yet I was breathless at times with listening anxiety. Hark! Yes, hark! was the word that night. Every little noise was saluted with, Hark! Hark! Nonsense, it is the wind, or the trees, or any thing but a footstep. It is *too late!* "Your faith was wrong," whispered something. "Hark! There's some one coming!" Aye, and some one did come! Several came one after the other, in a short space of time; and every one, like Job's friends, brought money in silver

and gold; and I had my rent with good interest, and told the devil it was not *too late*. It was soon enough. It was a day before it could be demanded. Faith may be severely tried, and tried almost to death, but if he does not come in the first watch, she will be found in the second; and if he does not come in the second, you will see her in the third; and if he does not come in the third, you will find her in the fourth watch, because she has no faith in *too late!*

I have just asked my wife if she could recollect any particular providence at F—. She replied, "I think it was *all* providence there." Yes, it was *all* providence there. Those were holy days. It was good to live upon the Lord. If we sank, it was to swim. If we went down into the deeps, it was to mount up again to heaven.

But, leaving F—, I come to L—. O that I could write of L— as of F—. I cannot tell whether the Lord called me from F— to L—, or whether I went because I was invited to go by those whom I had loved years before my settlement at F—. I confess this has been a difficulty that I have never been able to solve. But to L— I went; and going there, in time-things, was like going out of the wilderness into the land flowing with milk and honey. For some time I felt great liberty and joy in the work of the ministry. But, alas! my kind friends in that place used me too well. They took a little palace for me, gave me the means to furnish it, and paid me so handsomely, I may almost say, extravagantly, for my services, that I had nothing of a temporal kind to ask God for. They did it kindly, but they little thought that they were killing me with kindness. Yes, and they did unintentionally kill my spirituality of mind. I had for a long time been in a low place, and when taken out of that state to have more than heart could wish, was, I confess with shame and confusion of face, too intoxicating for a weak and unstable heart like mine. I grew worldly, became carnally minded, and felt folded in the arms of a death out of which I could not extricate myself. By the help of my too kind friends, I went into business; got up early, sat up late, ate the bread of carefulness, and, for a time, prospered. But I felt wretched in my prosperity, more wretched than I had been in my deepest poverty. I had lost the presence of my Friend. I had no fellowship with the Father. A cloud was upon the throne. Still I kept on preaching. But when I preached, it was from such portions as these: "I know that in me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing;" "The heart is deceitful above all things," &c.; "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart is faint;" "O that it were with me as in months past." In my business prosperity, I received an invitation to go to W—, to supply. I refused to go, on the ground of business, not feeling at the time the force of, "Whosoever forsaketh not *all* that he hath, cannot be my disciple." (Luke xiv. 33.) I thought as I was in business, and could not possibly leave that business for a week, I was perfectly justified in refusing to accede to their urgent request to supply them for two Sabbaths. I very soon found that the hand of God was gone out against me. My business fell off, and I went down in my affairs

like a stone in the mighty waters, and could not account for it. I could not then see that I had sinned against the Lord, in considering *my* calling before *his*. Things got worse and worse. I took stock, and found I could just pay my creditors in full. I began selling off, but I could not sell at any price. People who had been in the habit of dealing with me passed the shop, and went next door. It seemed as though they had all agreed to abandon me. At that time I was preaching occasionally at the Tabernacle, Y—. I went to bed one Saturday night, dreadfully cast down, and without a text, and had to be up early the next morning, to go to the Tabernacle, where I was expected to preach twice. After tossing to and fro, and wondering where the scene would end, I fell asleep, and dreamed as follows: I dreamt that I was preaching from, "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory;" (2 Cor. iv. 17;) and I was preaching away about leaven working in the meal, and "All things shall work together for good," &c. I awoke, and got up, and went off to Y— with "Our light affliction," &c. It was not so light, and that I meant to tell them. I determined to tell them all I could about present (soul) affliction. I could sympathise with Jacob, and say, "All these things are against me." The troubles of my heart were enlarged, and,

"With my burden I began."

But God graciously carried me away from present affliction into future glory. That moment of my business affliction was expiring, and I was preaching its dirge, its funeral sermon, though I did not at the time know it. I had for a long time been reducing my stock, but still there were some goods that I could not get rid of. My good friend, Mr. S., having two or three horses in the stable, used to fetch me in the morning, and drive me back in the evening after service. We started as usual to come home, but my friend had not driven very far before he suddenly pulled up, turned the horse round, and said to me, "You shall not go home to-night!" I remonstrated with him, and reminded him of his covenant, that if he fetched me he was to take me home on the same evening. But remonstrance was in vain. He said, "You shall not go; see what a dark night it is!" I said, "I cannot see that it is so dark as to prevent our going home. We have returned darker nights than this." "Well," he said, "You shall not go." "But," I said, "my wife; you know what a nervous creature she is; she will fancy a thousand things." "Can't help it," replied S., "I won't drive you home to-night. Go on, pony." And crack went the whip, on dashed the horse, and to C— I was taken. I thought, as we were passing through the lanes to my friend's house at C—, what can this mean? S. and I have gone home together blacker nights than this. Is he timid? I never saw him fearful in my life. Does his courage fail, or is his wife in trouble? Is the Lord taking me to C— to speak to her? I felt I was going to that place for something, I could not

tell what. When I alighted, I found Mrs. S. well and happy. Well, I thought, I have not come for you. What am I come here for? We read the Bible, engaged in prayer, and went to bed; and nothing remarkable took place. I was looking out for something remarkable, and was disappointed. I felt sure something was in it. In the morning we rose early, and started for my home; as nothing occurred I was surprised, for I quite expected a something. Well, as we were passing through Y—, Mr. S. said, "Will you just run in and see Mr. —?" I replied, "Yes." He pulled up, and our friend was standing in his shop, apparently in deep thought. Directly I entered, he said, "You are just the person I wanted to see. I wanted to speak to you yesterday, but did not like to distract your mind with worldly matters. The fact is, I have advertised the opening of my new shop (next door) to-morrow, which will be conducted by two of my children, and scarcely any of the goods ordered are to hand. What shall I do? Can you advise me what to do?" I recommended him to go to some respectable house in the town, and get what was necessary to begin with. "No," he replied, "I cannot do that. It will look so paltry, after advertising as I have done, to go to a shop in the town and get my articles. Can you let me have them?" Can I let you have them? Why, yes, to be sure, but the distance is so far, and you must open to-morrow. A list was soon drawn out, and a conveyance was soon on the road. I executed the order, sent off the goods, received the cash, wound up my affairs, paid my creditors in full, and the moment of my business affliction expired. After selling all, and paying all, I had but two or three shillings left!

(To be concluded in our next.)

ONE person has religion enough, according to the way of the world, to be reckoned a *pious christian*; and another is so far from all appearance of religion that he may fairly be reckoned a *heathen*; and yet if you look into their common life, you will find them exactly alike; seeking, using, and enjoying, all that can be gotten in this world, in the same manner, and for the same ends, even to please themselves, without any prevailing habitual regard to the glory of God. You will find that riches, prosperity, pleasures, indulgences, state, equipage, and honor, are just as much the happiness of the one as they are of the other.—*Whitefield*.

FAITH in Christ is not a light matter, or what can be learned as any other art. It is not consenting to the truth of the scriptures, or confessing Christ, or acknowledging the mystery of the Trinity, and signing such and such articles; for though all this is well, yet it does not save the soul; it is not a justifying faith; it is not a laying hold on him, and getting his righteousness; but all this can be held, and we remain, as touching the faith, reprobate; therefore must the Holy Ghost, who only knows the depths of Satan's deceits, and the desperately-wicked heart, convince us of this unseen condemning sin. He does not say he shall convince the world of sin because of drunkenness, idolatry, disobedience to parents, murders, adulteries, witchcrafts, &c., for the law has pointed out these, and cursed the doers of them; and therefore it is said, "By the law is the knowledge of sin." But "He shall convince the world of sin, because of *unbelief*."—*Cennick*.

A WORD OF FRIENDLY REMONSTRANCE TO A MINISTER, FROM ONE OF HIS HEARERS.

My dear Sir,—I have long wished for an opportunity to speak to you upon a subject which has for many months tried and perplexed my mind; and now, in attempting to pen a few lines to you, I feel so altogether unfit for the task imposed upon me, that I know not how to proceed, fearing I may wound your mind, and fail to make myself clearly understood. Still I must proceed, in humble dependence upon the Spirit's aid to teach me how and what to write, and to give you the heart to receive it as I send it, in sincere love of the truth as it is in Jesus.

It would have been more agreeable to me to have penned a few lines to tell you that the dear Lord was still blessing my soul under your ministry, and making his house a Bethel to me; but, alas! it is not so, and for months I have groaned under it as a burden to my spirit. I have indeed cast much blame upon myself, and wished I could soar aloft, as you appear to do, and enjoy all the precious promises, names, and offices of my Saviour as my own; but I find and feel this is not in my power. God the Holy Ghost, as the Teacher of his people, must unfold them to my poor soul, must say first, "I have loved thee," ere I can rejoice in that love which separated me from all eternity and drew me to himself. While I have known the time when he was as a root out of a dry ground, having no form or comeliness, I have also known him as the altogether lovely; yet to this day I find I cannot of myself bring one thought into sweet captivity to the love of Christ, but I have often to mourn over a hard heart. I would give all I could for a soft melting of soul, but I am obliged to wait the Lord's time; so that I feel it is he that must keep my soul alive. Now, upon this point I find your ministry very different to what it used to be, and your experience, if I may judge from your preaching, is as opposite to my own feelings as can well be. You appear to throw down a heap of gospel blessings, and all that cannot take the comfort of them you say know but little about them; while I believe there is more reality in the religion of one who, as dear Hart says,

"Would gladly receive him
But fear to presume,"

than in many who hear the word gladly. There is now in your ministry, I am sorry to say, so little of personal things; no tracing out of the character who is interested in the glorious work of Jesus; nothing, or but little, said of the trials and difficulties which are thrown into the pathway to the kingdom; and therefore, I fear, there is but little food for the tried soul, either under the hidings of God's face, the temptations of Satan, an unbelieving heart, or trials of any kind, either in providence or grace; but a general mixing up of things, which is palatable to those who can receive anything upon trust, but who have never known much, if anything, of the depths of the fall or man's utter helplessness, who have never groaned for a manifestation of the pardoning blood of

Jesus to their souls, and have never agonised with the Lord that he would himself give them an answer of peace.

O my dear friend, these are precious realities. There is such a thing as feeding upon the word when applied with divine power. It is then the joy and rejoicing of the soul; but can we do so unless power be given? The general preaching of the day may and does suit the outer-court worshippers, but the living soul must pass through this crowd, and cry out that he would see Jesus, he would hear his voice, see his face, make his wants known unto him, and receive from himself a cure.

I fear you will think me very presuming in thus so freely writing to you; but my conscience bears me witness that I have no other wish than to lead your mind to dwell more on personal things, and to insist upon the Spirit's work to apply a Saviour's blood to the souls of poor sinners ere they say, "Who loved me, and gave himself for me." The way to the kingdom is a narrow way, and there is to be a striving to enter into it. Not only must we have faith, but we must have it tried too. Our hope must be lost to sense ere we can derive from it all its comfort, and love must pass through fire and water ere she can stamp it as real. It is these trials and tribulation pathways which seem out of fashion now; and therefore a hymn out of Dr. Watts's is now much more suited to the sermon than one of those sweet unctuous lines of Hart's, which has cheered and refreshed thousands of the Lord's tried ones. Last Lord's Day I was hearing Mr. —, at —. His plain honest testimony of the Lord's goodness to his people, how he wrought out deliverances for them, and the way in which he traced out the Spirit's work on the heart, his helping hand being extended to uphold every trembling soul, &c., quite did me good, and made me wish for the like fare to day, after a week of incessant toil for the bread that perisheth, tired both in body and mind. I felt indeed to need a Sabbath, and my soul went forth in earnest desires that I might "slide softly into promised rest," &c.; but in the ordinances of his house I found not him whom my soul loveth, and returned home cast down greatly. The dear Lord has, however, drawn near to me since; and I pray that he may grant this favor, that your mind may not be wounded by my addressing you.

May the Lord pardon all I have said amiss, and grant you grace, peace, and his blessing.

I remain, Yours in Christian Bonds.

YE find that Abraham had two sons, Ishmael by Hagar, and Isaac by Sarah. They were both the true sons of Abraham. Ishmael was as well the true son of Abraham as Isaac was, for both came of one father, of one flesh, and of one seed. What then was the difference? This maketh not the difference (saith Paul) that the mother of the one was free and the other bond, albeit it pertaineth to the allegory; but that Ishmael, which was born of the bond woman, was born after the flesh, that is to say, without the *promise* and the word of God. But Isaac was not only born of the free woman, but also according to the *promise*.—*Luther*.

Obituary.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE EXPERIENCE AND DEATH OF JOSEPH WRIGHT.

Joseph Wright was born at Brampton, Huntingdonshire, in the year 1836. He was always of a quiet gentle disposition, very truthful and obedient, so that his parents had not the trouble with him that many have with their children. But the Lord seeth not as man seeth, and all that are taught of him are made to feel this solemn truth. From his very childhood Joseph had convictions of sin. He well remembered one day, as he was playing on the violin, how he was struck with terror, being condemned in his conscience as a guilty wretch in the sight of a holy God. For years he was miserable under a sense of sin and guilt. He wanted to get rid of his burden. He loved to hear the word, as his lot was cast under the sound of the Gospel; and yet for the most part he felt miserable while hearing. Everything seemed to condemn him; yet he came with a longing desire in his soul to have his sins forgiven. He was encouraged to hope and believe that the Lord is a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God, by the following circumstance, which occurred when he was about ten years of age, and which evidently had made a deep impression on his mind.

He was employed at that time by a farmer to drive away birds from the corn fields, when, one day, he lost his powder horn. At this he was much distressed and frightened, for he expected his master would beat him for losing it. That night, he said, he could not sleep, but kept praying to the Lord that he might find it. And when he got up in the morning, he looked about for it all over the field, but in vain. He then kneeled down in the middle of the field, and, in his distress, once more prayed earnestly to the Lord that he might find it. When he arose from his knees, to his great joy he found it lying close beside him! This was a lesson he never wholly forgot.

A few months ago he became very ill, and his wretchedness increased. Many were struck with his countenance at chapel, as it betrayed the deep anxiety and distress of his soul. At length his place there was empty, as he could no longer drag his weary body along a distance of three miles. One day I went over to see him, but he was too much overcome by his feelings to speak to me. He retreated into a back room, and I followed him. There I found him crying, and covering his face with his hands, in a corner of the room. I spoke to him of the love and the mercy of God, and I told him of my own experience of it, how the Lord had first blessed my poor soul when I was a mere boy like him. After repeating a few portions of scripture and hymns that I thought suitable to him, I left.

So matters continued with him till about six weeks before his death. At this time the word of God began to be a comfort to him, particularly the following: "Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord." This text I

had preached from, and he had heard it, and felt it a good deal at the time. It now seemed brought to him with sweetness and power. Also these words: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee." I saw him just after this, and was struck with the alteration that was manifest in his countenance and manner. Light had evidently begun to dawn. A friend asked him, if he had begun to flee to the city of refuge? He said he thought he had. Thus he went on, hoping and fearing; sometimes comforted with a gracious promise, and again cast down in the darkness and distress of his soul.

One day, when he was very ill and weak in his body, his distress and terror were very great. He cried out, "What will become of my poor soul?" He thought at the time he was dying. Still he kept on begging the Lord to appear; and one evening, after he had gone to bed, his many prayers and tears were answered. It was on his birthday that the Lord thus broke in upon his soul, and manifested himself to him. The poor boy sat up in bed, with his arms extended, crying out, "I have found him! I have found him!" He called his father and mother into the room, to come and hear what the Lord had done for his soul. He was filled with love, joy, and peace, and said he could not tell them how he felt. He began to sing,

" Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,"

and,

" Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more."

A friend who saw him, said his face shone with the glory that was upon him; and in this state he continued from Friday night till the following Lord's Day evening. Many friends called to see him, and he said to almost all that went in, "I have found him whom my soul longed for!" One said, "Well, and what has he done for you?" He answered, "He has pardoned my sins, and saved me from hell!"

After this he was troubled because he had told so many what the Lord had done for him, and feared he had done wrong. This was a sore exercise to him. He said he wished the Lord would come and take him to himself. He said, "Talk of delusion! This is no delusion!"

After this his head became affected, and his language and manner like one that was possessed by the devil. But this was entirely physical, and belonged to the nature of the disease. I should scarcely have noticed this circumstance, but simply have drawn a veil over it, had I not thought this a fit opportunity to drop a word to any dear children of God who may be called to witness similar scenes of distress. When the brain is on fire, the physician and the nurse alone have to do with the poor patient. What is said or done by him is no more to be regarded than the ravings of a madman. In fact, the case is one of temporary madness. Medical aid was much blessed to Joseph in this stage of the disorder; these symptoms were soon removed, and he had no subsequent return of the distressing affection.

One Lord's Day evening he put a pin in his Bible to mark 1 John

v. 1: "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God; and every one that loveth him that begat, loveth him also that is begotten of him." Also, Rev. ii. 10: "Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer; behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days. Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

At one time he awoke up, singing, "Without money, without price." At another time he said, "True faith! that is mine!" He was often tried and tempted, and he said the devil told him he would have him at last. A friend said to him, "You have felt the love of Christ to your soul." He said, "Yes, I thought I did. I felt such love as I never felt before." The next day he was asked if he felt the Lord's presence? He said, "I do feel his presence, and I trust in him; I feel sweet encouragements." About this time he longed to be gone from his poor frail body, but begged for patience to wait the Lord's time to take him to himself. Often did he say, "What a wretch I feel myself to be; I am unworthy of the mercy I am favored with;" and he would contrast the comforts he enjoyed with the privations and sufferings of his Lord and Master.

He would sometimes say, "I am on the Rock. Death has no sting now. I do not fear death now!" About a week before his departure he raised a quantity of blood, and seeing his mother weep, he said, "Mother, you are alarmed! I am not at all alarmed! I was the time before;" alluding to a former attack. His mother said, "It will bring your death nearer." He replied, "I think so too. This verse was sweet to him, and he repeated it:

"Lord, I believe thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought, free reward,
A golden harp for me."

A friend said, "I went to see him two days before he died, and spent an hour with him. He was even more cheerful and lively that morning than usual. He told me there were some nice pieces in the 'Gospel Standard,' and wanted me to read them, and especially the account of James Westall, whose death was recorded in the October Number. This account he quite enjoyed. We afterwards conversed on the subject of baptism, and he said he wondered how so many believers could pass that by. As for himself, he saw more and more beauty in it every day, and said if he were spared, he would go to Godmanchester, and be baptized, if the church would receive him."

Another friend called to see him on the Saturday. Joseph said he was glad he had come, and told him what a sweet night he had had, and how he had been carried above everything, and above the devil, who had so long harassed and tempted him, and how he had felt as if he were already in heaven. He said, "I am going home to heaven, and I shall meet you there." The friend said, "You are only going a little while before." Joseph replied, "Yes, we shall meet again there." He sang very sweetly:

"Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;

But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought."

He expressed great love towards me, and once, in the simplicity and warmth of his affection, he said to his mother, "O how I do wish I could see Mr. B. now; I feel as if I should throw my arms around him, and kiss him. I'm sure I should, mother!" To some this may appear childish, but to me it was sweet. It is like the love of the early Christians.

The night before he died, his father sat up with him, and read to him both the word of God and also hymns. His father asked him if he was happy, and Jesus precious to him? His answer was, "I am ready to go when the Lord's time comes." He told his mother in the morning how he had been tempted during the night. The enemy of his soul had been at him. She said to him inquiringly, "But you had some sweet portions to rest upon?" He answered, "Yes!" He was down stairs, not being able to lie down in bed, and as the morning sun shone in at the window, upon his face, he asked them to raise him up from his temporary bed that he might sit in his chair. He remarked that he could not see. His mother told him it was the approach of death, and said, "You will soon be landed. You will soon be fed with the bread of heaven." Joseph replied, "I hope I shall. I long to be gone, if it is the Lord's will."

Shortly after this, he laid his head on his pillow, and peacefully fell asleep in Jesus. So quietly did he depart that those around him could not ascertain the exact moment of his departure.

Godmanchester.

W. B.

THE characters and cases of persons for whom Christ was anointed, appointed, and to whom he was sent, are all pointed out in the word of God; and those who reap no benefit by his death are described also; as, for instance, the self-righteous: "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." The insensibly secure and whole hearted: "The whole need not the physician, but they that are sick." The wise, the prudent also: "Woe unto them that are wise in their own sight;" from these the mysteries of God are hid, and Christ thanks his Father for it. Those who trust in and boast of the light of nature: "If ye were blind ye should not have sin; but since ye say, we see, your sin remaineth." Those who vainly dream that they are right, and their state good, though never changed in heart: "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel." And to the lost sheep among the gentiles: "I have other sheep which are not of this fold, and them I must bring, and they shall hear my voice." Those also that are alive under the law, while sin is dead in them; not those, but the self-condemned: "The dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live." And they that say, "Stand by, I am holier than thou." Those that sanctify and purify themselves shall go to confusion together; the strong man also: "I will feed the fat and the strong with judgment." The mere formalist comes in among them; these make many long prayers, but feel no need of the Spirit's aid; all they do is to be seen of men; "verily they have their reward." Those that never at any time transgress the commandment. To these he gives not the robe, the ring, nor the shoes; nor to any others that hate Zion, and remain strangers to their own hearts.—*Huntington.*

INQUIRIES.

Dear Sir,—Will you, or any of your correspondents, be so kind as to give your thoughts on Proverbs xiv. 14, in the "Gospel Standard?" By so doing, you will greatly oblige,

Yours respectfully,

J. F. K.

ANSWER.

We see no difficulty in the first clause of the verse quoted by our correspondent. It is, indeed, a most certain truth, that, sooner or later, "the backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways." He has forsaken the Lord; he has gone after his idols; and, by so doing, has brought guilt, darkness, and bondage into his soul. The Lord, for wise reasons, suffered him to depart in heart from himself; but when he would return, he finds such mountains between him and the Lord that his very soul sinks within him. All his carnality, filth, and folly, come as it were trooping back upon him; he has sown the wind, and now reaps the whirlwind. The sensible anger of God is in his conscience, and thus he reaps the fruit of his own doings. This is being "filled with his own ways."

There is, then, little difficulty in this clause of the text; nor do we see much more in the following: "And a good man shall be satisfied from himself." It does not mean that a good man is satisfied with his own doings, or that he reaps any satisfaction from the contemplation of self. But the springs of consolation are *in* his heart; and it is the wellings up of the faith, hope, and love, joy and peace, that flow into his soul, from which he is satisfied. The opposition meant, is between the satisfaction derived from *outward* things that contents the world, and the satisfaction that springs up in the soul from *inward* peace and joy in the Lord.

The worldly man is satisfied with, or if not satisfied with, seeks satisfaction from outward things, the mere objects of his senses. The professor is satisfied with the doctrine, without any experience of the power of the truth. But the good man, the child of God, is only satisfied with those things which are brought into his soul by a divine power, and thus become his own. His own faith, not another's; his own hope, not another's; his own experience of the mercy and love of God, not another's, alone can satisfy him. And thus he is "satisfied from and for himself." As the Lord said, "The kingdom of God is within you;" and it is the inward possession of this kingdom, which is "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost," that alone can satisfy the good man. The backslider in heart being filled with his own ways, is very far from enjoying this inward satisfaction; for he is full of dissatisfaction and discontent. The experience of both is here brought forward, for there seems to be some opposition intended between the backslider and the favored saint, who, by the grace of God, is enabled to live near to the Lord, and to maintain that sweet assurance of his love, which the other seems, for a time at least, to have forfeited.

Dear Sir,—Will you oblige by answering the following question? Allowing gutta percha tubes and their appendages, as externally fixed to pulpits in public places of worship, to be unsightly to the mixed multitude, is it right for the deacon or deacons to prohibit their use, and thus deprive the deaf of hearing the gospel preached?

Yours in Christ,

R. D.

ANSWER.

None but those who love the truth, but are afflicted with the infirmity of deafness, can tell the misery and wretchedness of being present with the family of God at public worship, and yet not able to hear a word of the prayer and sermon, or, at best, only just enough to tantalise them, because they can hear no more. It is worse than being at home, absent from the assembly altogether; for the endeavor to hear keeps up a stretch of attention which is often disappointed, and exhausts the mind whilst it leaves the soul unfed. None but these, therefore, can tell what a comfort, and we may add, what a blessing, the gutta percha hearing apparatus is to them. We know, ourselves, persons, who, before the invention of this apparatus, had not heard a gospel sermon for years; and they have invariably expressed their pleasure and gratitude at being once more restored by its means to the privilege of a hearer.

Viewing the matter then, generally, for there may be circumstances in a chapel which might interfere with its introduction in a particular case, and looking simply at the advantages named, we very much approve of the introduction of the apparatus where there are several deaf people, to whom it might be made a blessing. It might be a question where a cause is poor, and there is but one individual who might profit by it, how far the expense should be incurred, as an ear trumpet might be sufficient, if the person sat or stood near the pulpit.

The objection mentioned by our correspondent, that it is unsightly, is not to be entertained for a single moment. We do not profess to look to external ornament. It is contrary to our character as separate from the world. Our chapels are usually unsightly; and many of the most favored saints of God in our churches and congregations are very far from being sightly as the world would esteem it, in person, dress, or appearance. Do we want sightly ministers, sightly deacons, and sightly members? "Man looketh at the outward appearance, but God looketh at the heart;" and if the deacon or deacons prohibit the gutta percha hearing apparatus only on the ground of its being unsightly, we think that the sooner an objection of that kind is withdrawn, the better.

PAUL'S assurance of obtaining what he ran for was a mighty strengthening to him in his race. Who so crucified to the world as Paul, so abundant in all kind of service, or more ready to die for Christ than he? who yet had the fullest assurance of holding out, and of receiving the crown of righteousness at last; and that nothing should separate him from it.—*Elisha Cotes.*

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.

(Concluded from page 65.)

MANY speak as if Calvin *invented* those doctrines which are so frequently called by his name, and others as if he first *discovered* them in the bible. He did neither the one nor the other. Before Calvin had birth or being, they had a place in the scriptures of truth; and before the bible itself had birth or being, they had a place in the heart of God. The grand doctrine of election was not left for Calvin to discover in the bible. It is not a faint, feeble glimmer in the word of truth, an obscure doctrine, which, with much painstaking, and piecing of text to text, may at length be dimly descried lurking in some intricate passages, but a ray of light that shines through and illuminates the whole scripture from the first promise made in Eden to the close of the sacred canon. Dr. Cole, the translator of the work before us, speaks well upon this point in his introductory preface:

"Calvinism is a designation, by which the doctrines of the sovereign grace of God have been distinguished for the last two centuries; but, more particularly and generally, for the last century. The term derives, of course, its descriptiveness from the historical fact that the eminent Swiss Reformer was the chosen servant of God, appointed by him to proclaim and defend, more prominently than any cotemporary or antecedent witness, the sublime doctrines in question. Not that these stupendous truths originated with Calvin, but with God himself. They form an essential portion of the revelation of his word. They are no more Calvinism than Augustinism, or Lutherism, or Bucerism, or Cranmerism, or Latimerism, for they are Bibleism; and they are the *ism* of every saint, and true minister of Christ; they are the solidity and security of all true religion; they are the fast-hold of faith; they form a substantial ingredient in every true ministry of the gospel; and they constitute an essential doctrine in the confession of every true church of Christ."

But election in that, as in all preceding as well as subsequent ages, met with countless opponents, who, summing up every argument and objection that unsanctified reason could devise, vented them forth with an enmity which the carnal heart alone could conceive, and a virulence which only a tongue, "full of deadly poison," could utter. Among the writers who drew their envenomed pen against the doctrines of grace, as set forth by Calvin in his "Institutes," one of the most distinguished was Albertus Pighius, an Italian, who, to use Calvin's words, "attacked him by name, that he might stab, through his side, holy and sound doctrine." Pressed by various engagements, Calvin for some time took no notice of these attacks, except that he published his thoughts on *free will*, a doctrine which Pighius had attempted to establish in the same work that he issued against the electing decrees of the Most High. In that answer Calvin promised to consider, when opportunity offered, the doctrine

of predestination. Shortly after, Pighius died, which led Calvin further to delay his promised defence of election. Meanwhile another adversary, Georgius, a Sicilian, started up, who had the shameless effrontery to declare that Christ had appeared to him, and appointed him an interpreter of the whole scripture.

Against these two writers, therefore, Calvin directs the work before us; for though in some points they differed, yet in this doctrine they agreed:

“That it lies in each one's own liberty, whether he will become a partaker of the grace of adoption or not; and that it does not depend on the counsel and decree of God, who are elect and who are reprobate; but that each one determines for himself the one state or the other, by his own will; and with respect to the fact that some believe the gospel while others remain in unbelief, that this difference does not arise from the free election of God, nor from his secret counsel, but from the will of each individual.”

In attempting to substantiate this view, Pighius thus lays down his opinion, which we quote, as showing his agreement with the Arminians of our day:

“That God, by his immutable counsel, created all men to salvation without distinction; but that, as he foresaw the fall of Adam, in order that his election might nevertheless remain firm and unaltered, he applied a remedy, which might, therefore, be common to all; which remedy was his confirmation of the election of the whole human race, in Christ; so that no one can perish but he who, by his own obstinacy, blots his name out of the book of life. And his view of the other side of the great question is, that, as God foresaw that some would determinately remain unto the last in malice and a contempt of divine grace, he, by his foreknowledge, reprobated such, unless they should repent. This, with him, is the origin of reprobation; by which he makes it out, that the wicked deprive themselves of the benefit of universal election, irrespectively and independently of the counsel and will of God altogether.”

Georgius did not go so far even as this, but held “that no man whatever, neither one nor another, is predestinated to salvation, but that God pre-appointed a *time* in which he would save the whole world.”

These views, in all their varied bearings, Calvin undertakes to overthrow, and to establish on their ruins the grand, “the important doctrine, which God himself clearly teaches us in the sacred oracles; the sum of which is, that the salvation of believers depends on the eternal election of God; for which no cause or reason can be rendered, but his own gratuitous good pleasure.” But before he bends his bow, whilst the arrow is yet on the string, he pauses to give his readers an admonition, which will show with what a holy, tender, and reverent spirit this great Reformer handled these divine mysteries:

“What my mind on this momentous subject is, my ‘Institute’ furnishes a full and abundant testimony, even if I should now add nothing more. I would, in the first place, entreat my readers carefully to bear in memory the admonition which I there offer; that this great subject is not, as many imagine, a mere thorny and noisy disputation, nor a speculation which wearies the minds of men without any profit, but a solid discussion, eminently adapted to the service of the godly, because it builds us up soundly in the faith, trains us to humility, and lifts us up into an admiration of the unbounded goodness of God towards us, while it elevates us to praise this goodness in our highest strains. For there is not a more effectual means of building up faith than

the giving of our open ears to the election of God, which the Holy Spirit seals upon our heart while we hear; showing us that it stands in the eternal and immutable good will of God toward us, and that, therefore, it cannot be moved or altered by any storms of the world, by any assaults of Satan, by any changes, or by any fluctuations or weaknesses of the flesh. For our salvation is then sure to us, when we find the *cause* of it in the breast of God. Thus, when we lay hold of life in Christ, made manifest to our faith, the same faith being still our leader and guide, our sight is permitted to penetrate much farther, and to see from what *source* that life proceeded. Our confidence of salvation is rooted in Christ, and rests on the promises of the gospel. But it is no weak prop to our confidence, when we are brought to believe in Christ, to hear that all was originally *given* to us of God; and that we were as much ordained to faith in Christ, before the foundation of the world, as we were chosen to the inheritance of eternal life in Christ. Hence, therefore, arises the impregnable and insubvertible security of the saints. The Father, who gave us to the Son, as his peculiar treasure, is stronger than all who oppose us, and he will not suffer us to be plucked out of his hand. What a cause for humility then in the saints of God, when they see such a difference of condition made in those who are, by nature, all alike! Wherever the sons of God turn their eyes, they behold such wonderful instances of blindness, ignorance, and insensibility as fill them with horror; while they, in the midst of such darkness, have received divine illumination, and know it and feel it to be so. How (say they) is it, that some, under the clear light, continue in darkness and blindness? Who makes this difference? One thing they know by their own experience, that, whereas *their* eyes were also once closed, they are now opened. Another thing is also certain, that those who willingly remain ignorant of any difference between them and others have never yet learned to render unto God the glory due to him for making that difference."

Before, however, he proceeds to cut up the arguments of his adversaries, and unfold the inspired testimony of God in those important matters, he pauses once more to clearly define his views of the great doctrine which he was about to defend from all ungodly cavils:

"Let these roar at us who will. We will ever brighten forth, with all our power of language, the doctrine which we hold concerning the free election of God, seeing that it is only by it that the faithful can understand how great that goodness of God is, which effectually called them to salvation. I merely give the great doctrine of election a slight touch here, lest any one, by avoiding a subject so necessary for him to know, should afterwards feel what loss his neglect has caused him. I will, by and by, in its proper place, enter into the divine matter with appropriate fulness. Now, if we are not really ashamed of the gospel, we must, of necessity, acknowledge what is therein openly declared; that God, by his eternal good will (for which there was no other cause than his own purpose,) appointed those whom he pleased unto salvation, rejecting all the rest; and that those whom he blessed with this free adoption to be his sons, he illumines by his Holy Spirit, that they may receive the life which is offered to them in Christ; while others, continuing, of their own will, in unbelief, are left destitute of the light of faith, in total darkness."

We cannot wonder, knowing what the carnal mind is, that, lashed into fury by the sovereign election of some and the rejection of others, it should spit its venom even against the great Sovereign himself. Paul's check, however, "Nay but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God?" (Rom. ix. 20,) is the best breakwater against these raging waves of the sea that do but foam out their own shame. We much admire the way in which this profound writer and Reformer amplifies and expounds Paul's rebuke to those daring cavillers just quoted:

† "Against this unsearchable judgment of God many insolent dogs rise up and bark. Some of them, indeed, hesitate not to attack God openly, asking

why, foreseeing the fall of Adam, he did not better order the affairs of men? To curb such spirits as these, no better means need be sought than those which Paul sets before us. He supposes this question to be put by an ungodly person: 'How can God be just, in showing mercy to whom he will, and hardening whom he will?' Such audacity in men the apostle considers unworthy a reply. He does nothing but remind them of their order and position in God's creation. 'Who art thou, O man, that repliest against God?' (Rom. ix. 20.) Profane men, indeed, vainly babble, that the apostle covered the absurdity of the matter with silence, for want of an answer. But the case is far otherwise.

"The apostle, in this appeal, adopts an axiom, or universal acknowledgment, which not only ought to be held fast by all godly minds, but deeply engraven in the breast of common sense, that the inscrutable judgment of God is deeper than can be penetrated by man. And what man, I pray you, would not be ashamed to compress all the *causes* of the works of God within the confined measure of his individual intellect? Yet, on this hinge turns the whole question. Is there no justice of God, but that which is conceived of by us? Now if we should throw this into the form of one question, 'Whether it be lawful to measure the power of God by our natural sense?' there is not a man who would not immediately reply, that all the senses of all men combined in one individual must faint under an attempt to comprehend the immeasurable power of God; and yet, as soon as a *reason* cannot immediately be seen for certain works of God, men, somehow or other, are immediately prepared to appoint a day for entering into judgment with him. What, therefore, can be more opportune or appropriate than the apostle's appeal? that those, who would thus raise themselves above the heavens in their reasonings, utterly forget who and what they are.

"And suppose God, ceding his own right, should offer himself, as ready to render a reason for his works. When the matter came to those secret counsels of his, which angels adore with trembling, who would not be utterly bereft of his senses before such glorious splendour? Marvellous, indeed, is the madness of man, who would more audaciously set himself above God, than stand on equal ground with any pagan judge! It is intolerable to you and hateful, that the power and works of God should exceed the capacity of your own mind, and yet you will grant to an *equal* the enjoyment of his own mind and judgment! Now will you, with such madness as this, dare to make mention of the adorable God? What do you really think of God's glorious name? And will you vaunt that the apostle is devoid of all reason, because he does not drag God from his throne, and set him before you, to be questioned and examined?"

Read again that last paragraph, and see with what force and clearness he exposes the daring audacity of man, a worm of earth, to call God to account for his inscrutable ways. One more objection he meets, which is common enough in our day, that, allowing those doctrines to be true, we need not pry into them; an argument much of this kind, that, allowing there is gold to be found in Australia, no one should be so foolish or presumptuous as to dig for it. Why is the doctrine revealed, but that it should be believed? Why is the hid treasure stored up in the mine, but that it should be sought, searched for, and found? (Prov. ii. 4.)

"But, say our opponents, this subject is one of which we may remain ignorant, without loss or harm. As if our heavenly Teacher were not the best judge of what it is expedient for us to know, and to what extent we ought to know it! Wherefore, that we may not struggle amid the waves, nor be borne about in the air, unfix'd and uncertain, nor, by getting our foot too deep, be drowned in the gulph below; let us so give ourselves to God, to be ruled by him, and taught by him, that, contented with his Word alone, we may never desire to know more than we find therein. No! not even if the power so to do were given to us! This teachableness, in which every godly man will ever

hold all the powers of his mind, under the authority of the Word of God, is the true and only rule of wisdom.

“Now, *wherever*, and *how far soever*, he, who is ‘the way,’ thus leads us, with his outstretched hand, whose Spirit spoke by the apostles and the prophets, we may most safely follow. And the *remaining ignorant* of all those things, which are *not learnt* in the school of God, far excels all the penetration of human intellect. Wherefore, Christ requires of his sheep that they should not only hold their ears open to his voice, but keep them shut against the voice of strangers. Nor can it ever be, but that the vain winds of error, from every side, must blow through a soul devoid of sound doctrine. Moreover, I can, with all truth, confess that I never should have spoken or written on this subject, unless the Word of God, in my own soul, had led the way. All godly readers will, indeed, gather this from my former writings, and especially from my ‘Institute.’ But this present refutation of my enemies, who oppose themselves to me, will, perhaps, afford my friends some new light upon the matter.”

We cannot here travel through the long and penetrating arguments by which Calvin pursues, as it were, unto the death, all the objections of Pighius against the discriminating doctrines of the gospel. He quotes Augustine very largely, to show the mind of that eminent writer on those points, and how closely it agrees with his own. It requires, however, more patience and attention than many readers can bestow, thoroughly to appreciate the force of Calvin’s arguments; and the work itself labors under two great disadvantages, which are very adverse to its becoming extensively popular. 1. That it is an *answer* to a book that is not in our hands, a circumstance which, besides involving much personal matter, renders it almost necessarily obscure; and, 2ndly, that it is a *translation*, which, though no doubt very ably and faithfully done, yet must always be inferior in force and fluency to the original work. Passing over, therefore, the main bulk of the work, we must content ourselves with quoting a few more passages in which Calvin lays down, in his simple and clear way, his own views on some deep and important matters:

“One reason, Pighius says, why he cannot believe in particular and special election is because Christ, the Redeemer of the whole world, commanded the gospel to be preached to all men, promiscuously, generally, and without distinction. But the gospel is an embassy of peace, by which the world is reconciled to God, as Paul teaches. And, according to the same holy witness, it is preached that those who hear it might be saved. To this pretended difficulty of Pighius, therefore, I would briefly reply, that Christ was so ordained the Saviour of the whole world, as that he might save those that were given unto him by the Father, out of the whole world; that he might be the eternal life of them of whom he is the Head; that he might receive into a participation of all the ‘blessings in him,’ all those whom God adopted to himself, by his own unmerited good pleasure, to be his heirs. Now, which one of these solemn things can our opponent deny?

“Hence, the apostle Paul declares this prophecy of Isaiah to be fulfilled in Christ, ‘Behold, I and the children whom the Lord hath given me,’ &c. Accordingly, Christ himself declares aloud, ‘All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.’ (John vi. 37.) And again, ‘Those that thou gavest me I have kept, and none of them is lost, but the son of perdition.’ (John xvii. 12.) Hence we read, everywhere, that Christ diffuses life into none but the members of his own body. And he that will not confess that it is a special gift, and a special mercy, to be engrafted into the body of Christ, has never read, with spiritual attention, Paul’s Epistle to the Ephesians. Hereupon, follows also a third important fact, that the virtue and benefits of Christ are extended unto, and

belong to, none but the children of God. Now, that the universality of the grace of Christ cannot be better judged of than from the nature of the preaching of the gospel, there is no one who will not immediately grant. Yet, on this hinge, the whole question turns. If we see and acknowledge, therefore, the principle on which the doctrine of the gospel offers salvation to all, the whole sacred matter is settled at once. That the gospel is, in its nature, able to save all, I by no means deny. But the great question lies here. Did the Lord, by his eternal counsel, *ordain* salvation for *all men*? It is quite manifest that all men, without difference or distinction, are *outwardly called* or invited to repentance and faith. It is equally evident that the same Mediator is set forth before all, as he who alone can reconcile them to the Father. But it is as fully well known, that none of those things can be understood or perceived but by faith, in fulfilment of the apostle Paul's declaration, that, 'the gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth;' then, what can it be to others but the 'savor of death unto death?' as the same apostle elsewhere powerfully expresses himself."

His views on the fall strike us as particularly sound and scriptural:

"When we come to speak of the first man, in our discussion of the doctrine of predestination, my teaching is that we ought ever to consider the solemn case to be this; that he, having been created perfectly righteous, fell, of his own accord, and willingly; and that, by that fall, he brought eternal destruction on himself and his whole future race. And though Adam fell not, nor destroyed himself and his posterity, either *without* the knowledge, or *without* the ordaining will, of God; yet, *that* neither lessens his own fault, nor implicates God in any blame whatever. For we must ever carefully bear in mind that Adam, of his own will and accord, deprived himself of that perfect righteousness which he had received from God; and that, of his own accord and will, he gave himself up to the service of sin and Satan, and thus precipitated himself into destruction eternal. Here, however, men will continually offer one uniform *excuse* for Adam that it was not possible for him to help or *avoid* that which God himself had *decreed*. But, to establish the guilt of Adam for ever, his own *voluntary* transgression is enough, and more than sufficient. Nor, indeed, is the secret counsel of God the *real* and *virtual cause* of sin, but, manifestly, the *will* and *inclination* of man."

How full of truth and point is the last sentence of the above extract! How nobly it clears God; how justly it condemns man! Of a similar character is our next extract:

"For, although mortal men may employ their thoughts in circuitous reasonings, ever so long and deep, they never can so far delude or stupify themselves as not to find and feel that they carry the *originating cause* of all their sins deeply seated in their own hearts. Impious reasoning, therefore, will attempt in vain to absolve from the guilt of sin, that man who stands condemned by his *own conscience*. And as to God's having, knowingly and willingly, permitted man to fall, his *reason* for so doing may be *hidden*! *JUST*, it cannot be! And this, moreover, should ever be held fast, without controversy, that sin was ever hateful to God. For that praise which David loudly bestows on the Most High strictly applies to his adorable Majesty in every respect: "Thou hatest all workers of iniquity." (Ps. v. 5.) Wherefore, in ordaining the fall of man, especially, God had an *end*, most glorious and most just; an end, into our contemplation of which, the mention or idea of *sin*, on the part of God, can never enter; and the very *thought* of its entrance strikes us with horror!

"Although, therefore, I thus affirm that God did ordain the fall of Adam, I so assert it as by no means to concede that God was therein, properly and really, the *author* of that fall. That I may not, however, dwell extensively on this great point now, I will only express it as my view, belief, and sentiment, that what Augustine so deeply teaches on this matter was *fulfilled* in God's ordaining the fall of Adam: 'In a wonderful and unutterable way, *that* was not done *without* the will of God (says he,) which was even done *contrary* to

his will; *because*, it could not have been done at all, if his will had not *permitted* it to be done. And yet, he did not permit it *unwillingly*, but *willingly*.' The great and grand principle, therefore, on which Augustine argues cannot be denied, 'that, both man, and apostate angels, as far as they were themselves concerned, did that which God *willed not*, or which was *contrary to HIS WILL*; but that, as far as God's *overruling Omnipotence* is concerned, they could not, in any manner, have done it *without his will*.' To these sentiments of that holy man I subscribe with all my heart. I solemnly hold that man and apostate angels *did*, by their sin, that which was *contrary* to the will of God; to the end that God, by means of their *evil will*, might effect that which was *according to his decreeing will*. If any one should reply that this is above the capability to comprehend, I also acknowledge and confess the same. But why should we wonder that the *infinite* and incomprehensible majesty of God should surpass the *narrow limits* of our *finite* intellect? So far, however, am I from undertaking to supply this sublime and hidden mystery, by any powers of human reason, that I would ever retain, in my own memory, that which I declared at the commencement of this discussion, that those who seek to know more than God has revealed, are *madmen!* Wherefore, let us delight ourselves more in wise ignorance, than in an immoderate and intoxicated curiosity to know more than God permits. Let all the powers of our mind restrain themselves within the bounds of this reverential assurance, that God *willed nothing*, by the sin of man, but what became his *infinite justice!*"

Though the work is, as will be seen from the extracts given, chiefly argumentative, yet there are here and there passages in which Calvin writes very sweetly and experimentally, as one who had felt the power of truth in his own soul:

"When Pighius asks me, *how I know* that I am elected? my answer is, 'Christ is, to me, more than a thousand witnesses.' For when I find myself engrafted into his body, my salvation rests in a place so safe, secure, and tranquil, that it is as if I already realised it in heaven. If Pighius say, in reply, that the eternal election of God cannot be judged of by *present grace*, I will not attempt, on my part, to bring forward, as proofs, those feelings which believers experience in this matter, because it is not given unto 'strangers' even to taste that bread on which the 'children' of God feed. But when Pighius dares to prate that it is nowhere found in the Scriptures that the children of God *know* their eternal election by their present grace, a falsehood so bare and base is disproved by the Word of God in a moment. After Paul had testified that those who were elected are called and justified, and at length attain unto a blessed immortality, fortified, as it were, by a strong bulwark on every side, he thus exults: 'Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?' &c. And that no one might suppose this doctrine of security to apply to all men, generally, he directly afterwards applies it to the peculiar use of each believer: 'For I am persuaded, (says he,) that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.' (Rom. viii. 33, and 38, 39.) Now, whereas Pighius will have it that the believer's confidence of eternal salvation may be broken short at any moment, Paul extends it into futurity, and into an eternity beyond the limit of this present life, and demonstrates that such a confidence proceeds from no other source than God's election!"

The copious extracts that we have given will, we think, sufficiently show the nature of the work before us, and the keen, vigorous way in which Calvin defends the great doctrine of election and the allied truths of sovereign grace. We have now only to mention the circumstances under which it is produced in its present form for the benefit of the English reader, it never having before appeared in our language. Dr. Cole, already favorably known to the church as the

translator of some of Luther's works, and the author of four excellent sermons on "Regeneration," has been, we understand, for some time, laid aside, both from the ministry and his secular employ, (taking pupils,) by an attack of paralysis. He has been favored, however, with sufficient strength to translate the former part of Calvin's great work, now before us, and hopes, if adequately supported, to translate and publish the sequel in a corresponding manner, in the same form, and at the same price. But, as the sale of works of this kind is very limited, it is proposed to publish it by subscription, as the work before us has been published. Any, therefore, of our readers, who may feel disposed to help forward the good work, can, by communicating with our publisher, find the opportunity of doing so.

As we know it is in the nature of fire to burn, because it immediately lays hold on whatever is combustible; so let any temptation whatever be proposed unto a man, the suitableness of whose matter unto his corruptions, or manner of its proposal, makes it a temptation; immediately he hath not only to do with the temptation, as outwardly proposed, but also with his own heart, about it. Without farther consideration or debate, the temptation hath got a friend in him. Not a moment's space is given between the proposal and the necessity there is incumbent on the soul to look to its enemy within. And this also argues a constant habitual propensity unto evil. Our Saviour said of the assaults and temptations of Satan, "The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me." (John xiv. 30.) He had more temptations intensively and extensively in number, quality, and fierceness, from Satan and the world, than ever had any of the sons of men; but yet, in all of them, he had to deal only with that which came from without. His holy heart had nothing like them, nothing suited to them, or ready to give them entertainment. "The prince of this world had nothing in him." So it was with Adam; when a temptation befell him, he had only the outward proposal of it to look unto. All was well within, until the outward temptation took place, and prevailed. With us it is not so.—*Owen*.

God having therefore received me into his favor, by faith in his Son Jesus, I am not justified at one time and not another; but I am always and continually in the favor of God, and bear in my heart the witness of the adoption of God through the Holy Spirit. I do not esteem myself free from faults or imperfections, but I know that those which God daily places before my eyes are innumerable, and believe assuredly that my hidden faults are still more numerous. But because I am in Christ Jesus, and he in me, such faults and infirmities are not imputed to me, but God bears with them and overlooks them, as a father acts towards his dear child. His grace, however, does not render me careless, but incites me daily to renew myself, more and more, in the spirit of my mind. For God, who works all that is good in us, causes a filial fear to dwell in my heart, and makes me feel a real awe in the presence of his sacred Majesty, which preserves me from presuming upon grace. But he prunes me also like a branch, that I may yield so much the more fruit. I am truly clean through the word that Christ spake, and which I have believed. This is no vain imagination or false appropriation. Christ has really loved me, and washed me from my sins in his blood; and my salvation consists in the forgiveness of sins. God has caused me to feel my corruption, and granted me grace to know my natural inability, and afterwards showed his mercy to me, and wrought faith in my heart.—*Lierman Franke*.

P O E T R Y.

HYMN BEFORE SERMON.

WHEN friends together meet,
 And Jesus is the theme,
 The moments O how sweet,
 While they converse of him;
 While he unfolds his love within,
 And pardoning blood removes their sin.

So was your visit blest;
 I feel its savor still;
 Come, be our minds express'd,
 And, Lord, be there to heal;
 Give us a token of thy love,
 And fix our wandering hearts above!

Thy servant's message bless;
 Attend the word with power;
 Lord, show triumphant grace;
 Be that the appointed hour!
 And prove 'twas well that there he came,
 To speak where God doth write his name.

G. T. C.

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.

THE chequer'd day of life is past,
 Its varied joys, its varied cares;
 The clear blue sky is overcast,
 And night a solemn aspect wears.
 O Thou, whose smile makest all things bright,
 At evening time let there be light!

Darkness has often marked our way,
 And sorrow on our souls has press'd;
 But thou canst all our fears allay,
 And cheer the closing hour of rest.
 Thy love is boundless as thy might;
 At evening time let there be light!

O shine within our hearts! Reveal
 Thyself in Christ, the God of love;
 Nor let one earthly cloud conceal
 The glory of the land above.
 Our faith increase, our hope excite;
 At evening time let there be light!

Like radiant stars that chase the gloom,
 And guide the traveller to repose,
 So let thy promise still illumine
 The shadows which death's coming throws;
 And ere our spirit takes her flight,
 At evening time let there be light!

“Let there be light!” One word from thee
 Will every passing shade dispel,
 Until thy face unveil'd we see,
 And in thy cloudless presence dwell.
 Soon shall our faith be changed to sight;
 In heaven there will be perfect light!

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

REMINISCENCES, OR, FOOTSTEPS OF PROVIDENCE.

(Concluded from page 83.)

Directly I closed my shop, I believe it was the same morning, I received another application from the church of God at — — W—. When that letter came, the sudden reverse from business prosperity to adversity was explained. God was determined that I should go there. When they first applied, I said, "No, I cannot come, *because of business!*" O what a mercenary wretch, to seek first my own interest! O what a merciful God, to bear with such selfish, abominable conduct! Business indeed! Ought I not to have been about my Father's business? Yes, yes, I ought! I thought I would be independent of God's people, and then I could preach where I liked, and when I chose. But my thoughts were not his thoughts. The Lord, in that dispensation, said, "You cannot go to W—, because of your business? Well, I will take away your business, and you shall go to W— to attend to *my* business." O when that letter came, what feelings of remorse and repentance filled my soul! O what a sinner I was for aiming at independence! Independence indeed! The kindred sin of devils. God forgive me, and preserve me from independence!

I might relate several striking providences before this. One day I rose early, and went into the garden, with a heavy heart and a downcast soul, because money had to be paid, and there was none. I walked about the garden, crying, "Lord, help me; Lord, help me." It was all that I could say. The servant called me, and I went into the shop. A stranger was there; he wanted goods. I sold him almost a cart-load of rice and cheese, and other things; and the Lord did help me in that time of difficulty. At another time, I wanted ten pounds eleven shillings, to pay the balance of an account. The gentleman was in the parlor. I had given him every shilling I had in the world, and the balance was ten pounds eleven shillings; that amount must be paid. I could not pay it. A person in the place owed me ten pounds eighteen shillings. I had sent to him, and had written to him again and again for the money. Just as the gentleman was asking me for a bill for the balance, I was called, went out, and who should be there but that very person with the ten pounds eighteen shillings in his hand. I was so thankful, because this was the winding up of all business transactions with that party.

About this time I find the following memorandum: "The Lord's hand has appeared for me to-day in a way of providence, for which I desire to set up a memorial to his praise. Adored be his name! He knoweth when we have need of these things. And, in reference to the future, I have been told that there is bread and raiment in the earth for me, (Matt. vi. 26—30,) and no other can eat or wear it. Our God knows the exact amount of provision his creatures need, and that amount he perpetuates to the amazing wonder of the fearful and unbelieving. O God forbid that ever I should dictate to thee (as I have been disposed to do,) as to what I shall eat, or what I shall drink, or wherewithal I shall be clothed. Keep me in the daily consciousness that the queen's robes will be as worthless to her in the article of death as my rags! I have read to my sick wife, this evening, a part of Ezekiel xl., with some degree of comfort, as I therein discover our God works by measure. The posts so long, and so broad. Yes! the cross was measured; it had its limit. And, O my soul, is not thy cross limited too? Can any assiduity of thine diminish it? Can all thy foes combined extend it? Nay! The Lord is the great architect in creation, providence, and grace. His plans cannot be altered! His designs are good, the accomplishment certain, and the end glorious."

The providence recorded in the above memorandum was this. We were in very trying circumstances. A gentleman called, and appeared rather confused, as though he wanted to say something he could not. After sitting about half an hour, without coming to the point, he rose; and, as he was leaving, he thanked me for the profit he had received through me, shook hands, and left five sovereigns in my hand!

This brings to my recollection two other circumstances, on both which occasions, I had a whole handful of money given to me. I went to preach at Gravesend, when I had not a sixpence in the world. A colonel present emptied the contents of his pocket into my hand, which amounted to something considerable; the exact amount I do not now recollect, but I know it was enough to make me dance and sing before the ark of the Lord. On another occasion, when very poor at F—, I had an invitation to go to W— A— one week night. A gentleman, who had been very kind, accompanied me, paid my fare, and gave me a sovereign. Strange to say, that, whenever I was in great difficulties, I was almost sure to meet that same gentleman. Once I went down to Dover to preach, when severely tried, and who should be there but the same gentleman, from whom I received the same sovereign salutation. It was always a sovereign. He it was who gave me the sovereign on the Borough side of London Bridge, when going down, as I have mentioned, by the railway. One night I met him in the city, in one of the streets, I forget which, when I was dreadfully cast down, my poor father lying dead at the same time, and my poor afflicted mother in very indigent circumstances. It was, "Good bye," and a sovereign. Well, with him I went to W—. After service, a gentleman, a very warm supporter of the cause there, walked with us towards the rail-

way station. Presently he drew me back, saying, "They cannot do much for you at the chapel; (I thought they had done too much for a small place, for they gave me fifteen shillings;) put this in your pocket;" and "this" was a whole handful of half-crowns! I felt the Lord was too good to such a worthless worm as I. "Many times did he deliver them;" aye, and many times did he deliver *me*.

But to return. We left our L— friends, whose conduct had always been too generous, and whose kindnesses were continued to the end. I lament that they were not more prudent in giving, and that I had so little prudence in receiving; for, verily, like Jeshurun, I waxed fat, and kicked, (Deut. xxxii. 15,) and journeyed towards the north, pitching our tent at W—. Our furniture was a long time on the road. Day after day I went to the luggage office, but could hear nothing of my chattels. I sought the Lord, went to the office, but was afraid to ask, lest they should answer, "Yes," because I had no money; and, as I was a stranger in a strange land, I thought they would not let me have them without paying the carriage. Thus I went on for a week, wondering what had become of my household goods, inconvenienced in expensive furnished lodgings, and afraid to make any very urgent inquiries, because I was without a pound in the world. One morning, after seeking the Lord, I went off to the station. As I was passing through the market place, a gentleman called me into his shop, and placed a paper in my hand, containing five sovereigns! I went thence to the station, and inquired with a little more determination and confidence after my things. To my surprise, they had just arrived. I never could learn why they were nearly three weeks on the way, but this I believe, that Jehovah manages our least affairs, and brought the goods just at the right time, when I had just enough to discharge the expense of their transit.

I do not intend making a large book. I only wish to write a few simple facts for the encouragement of the poor and afflicted; therefore I must not detail, or the book will be too expensive for them, and the object desired, viz., to promote confidence in God, will not be attained.

At W—, we experienced much kindness from all in connection with the church, but one excepted; and that gentleman acted, I believe, more from predilection than from unkind feelings; at least I would put a charitable construction on the conduct he exhibited. For I do verily believe that he did not pursue the course he adopted for my removal because he really disliked me, but because he preferred another before me. Some few weeks before I left I had a dream. I dreamt that that very gentleman was sitting in the pulpit one morning, when I went up to preach. He looked round and smiled, without offering to rise. In fact, he had not time to rise, for, with a bow, I said, "Keep your seat," closed the door, and went away. I also thought in my dream that I came again in the evening; he sat and did, and I said and did as in the morning. I had not the slightest suspicion of his attempting my removal, and thought perhaps God was about to call him to the ministry. A few evenings after, I was

taking tea at his house, and had just commenced telling him that I had had a singular dream about him, when the servant called him from the room, and I was prevented from making known to him the very thing that he was, as I afterwards learnt, planning, viz., dispossessing me of the pulpit. Shortly after this, these words were powerfully applied to my mind: "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy days thy strength shall be." I preached from these words on a Lord's Day morning and evening, and felt very happy in my own soul. On the Tuesday after, just as I fell asleep, I was awoken by the application of these words: "God is able to make all grace abound towards you." O, thought I, what does this mean? And, after thinking what it could mean, I fell asleep. Again and again the words came like a voice from heaven: "God is able to make all grace abound towards you!" and startled me out of my sleep; aye, and I felt sure there was something coming, and I trembled. But, there was the promise, and I rejoiced. I did indeed tremble and rejoice. I trembled in fear, and rejoiced in hope. Well, I went to sleep again; and again, as with a voice of thunder, the words brought me out of bed, and, upon my bended knees, I begged God to verify the same in my experience, let come what might, that he would be gracious to make all grace abound towards me. I should have said, that as I was getting out of bed, these words came forcibly to my mind: "Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us out of your hand." Wednesday night was the night for preaching. I went with, "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy days thy strength shall be;" and began by saying that the Lord had given me prospective strength, and related the threefold application of the above words; remarking, at the same time, that the child of God might say to the world, "Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us out of your hands;" to devils, "Our God is able to deliver us out of your hands;" to false professors, "Our God is able to deliver us out of your hands;" aye, and he might say to false brethren, "Our God is able to deliver us out of your hands." And thus I went on; concluded the service, and went home. A person was standing in the room, pale as death. He took hold of my hand, saying, "I perceive God is revealing to you the wickedness that is going on, and I am come to tell you that "Absalom is kissing in the gate." "What?" I said. "Absalom is kissing in the gate!" he replied. I asked, "What in the world do you mean?" He answered, "Mr. — is determined to get rid of you!" I could then hardly believe him, till he placed the matter beyond doubt, by assuring me that he had been to him to get him on his side. He was now in the pulpit. I saw my dream. We had a meeting, I made my bow, and left the place.

Thereupon a door was opened at W—, and there I was advised to go by almost all my W— friends. There I went, and was very happy and successful for about four years. Up to that time there was but one fault I now complain of, and deeply regret; the people made too much of me! I greatly feared that they thought more of me than they ought to think, and I really anticipated something

would occur to cleanse them from their idol; and so it happened, that after I had lived with them most happily for about four years, a spirit of persecution from without kindled a like spirit within, and

“ From sinner and from saint,
I met with many a blow.”

Arminians called me Antinomian, Antinomians called me Arminian. The Legalist said I was a Doctrinalist, and the Doctrinalist said I was a Legalist. As it was in the beginning, so it was then; “some cried one thing, and some another.” (Acts xxi. 34.) Pamphlets were written against me, scurrilous reports were circulated, anonymous letters were sent to destroy domestic quiet; I was caricatured; I was the song of the drunkard. But, blessed be God, many of mine enemies have been found to be liars. (Deut. xxxiii. 29.) It was a trying time. In the midst of the controversy, I laid down my pen. Something said, “If you were doing the work of the Lord, he would not allow you to be so tried; he would appear for you.” At that time I was getting behind with my printer. I had just laid down my pen, when there was a knock at my study door, the door opened, in walked a friend, and, in the most kindly and encouraging terms, told me that as a proof of his sympathy with me in the work, he had brought me ten pounds, shook hands, and went away. There was another knock at the door; it was the postman, with a letter, containing another substantial token of sympathy from one who had been in bondage for fifteen years, to whom God had made one of my pamphlets a blessing, and by which he had brought him back to himself. And thence followed testimony upon testimony of usefulness, and letters of encouragement from all parts of this kingdom.

In W— I experienced great kindness from some, and great unkindness from others. But I wish to cast a mantle of love over those who were influenced to act unkindly. Against their bitter feelings, Mr. — acted like a father to me, for years, and his kindness I never shall forget; and I am exceedingly sorry that anything should have occurred to alienate us. I do not mean to say that I was prudent and perfect in all I said and did. No! if I should say I am perfect, it shall prove me perverse. (Job ix. 20.) “If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves.” (1 John i. 8.) I have deplored, and do deeply deplore my shortcomings, my unprofitableness, my lukewarmness, my worldliness. I regret that I exhibited so little of the mind and spirit of that dear Saviour, whose I am, and whom I serve; that there is so much combativeness in my proud and rebellious nature.

I did hope that W— would have been my last earthly home, and I can say of it, “With all thy faults I love thee still,” and pray that God, in mercy, will send them a man after his own heart, and establish peace in their midst. Nothing will afford me greater pleasure than to hear that they are at peace among themselves.

I believe all the trials I have endured have been sanctified, and I feel sometimes that I would not have been without one of them; it

was a good school in many respects. I wish to bow to the will of God, and acknowledge that he hath done all things well.

“ His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.”

Dear children of God, trust in him. He will not deceive you. No! He will fulfil his promise: “Thy bread shall be given, and thy water shall be sure.” “Commit thy way unto the Lord.” “In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he will direct thy steps.” In all thy trials, look up. “Thy God reigneth.”

To all those who have been my helpers, I would say, “Grace, mercy, and peace, be with you all.” Amen, and Amen.

A LETTER BY THE LATE T. BRICE.

Sir,—“I know not how to give flattering titles to man; for in so doing my Master would soon take me away.” A pamphlet having fallen into my hands, the title page being styled “A Sermon preached by the Rev. T. W. on the Love of God,” I was induced to read it over, in hopes to find some “fruit pleasant to the taste,” (Song iv. 16,) but met with the same disappointment our most blessed Lord did when he came to the barren fig tree; plenty of leaves, gospel doctrines, but no fruit, no life or power of God’s Spirit. “Doth not the ear try words? and the mouth taste his meat?” (Job xii. 11); and, “Can that which is unsavory be eaten without salt?” What a long harangue is here about God’s being all love and all mercy; enough to pillow and bolster up all the hypocrites in England, as though God had no properties or attributes, in which he reveals himself but these.

I think if ever God had arrested your conscience with his law and justice, accompanied with his power and Spirit, you would have told another story as well as Paul, and would have declared there was terror as well as love. “Knowing the terrors of God, we persuade men.” “With God,” says another, “is terrible majesty.” “Our God is a consuming fire;” so is God in his righteous law. It is a truth that he is love in a covenant of grace, and in the Lord Jesus Christ; but there is no getting at this savingly by a few doctrines in the head. ‘A man may have all knowledge and yet be destitute of this, and be nothing but sounding brass, and a tinkling cymbal; (1 Cor. xiii. 1.) Yea, he may be a minister, and speak with the tongues of men and angels, and yet be nothing more than an instrument without life-giving sound, (1 Cor. xiv. 7,) a well without water, (2 Pet. ii. 17,) and a cloud without rain. (Jude 12.) For, saith the apostle, “I will know, not the speech of them that are puffed up, but the power. For the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power.” (1 Cor. iv. 19, 20.)

Sir, I have no room to give you my thoughts at large on your sermon, therefore shall confine myself to one head, which, you say,

is to show what the Father and Christ are said to do for them, namely, to give them a good hope through grace. Here I cannot help thinking you have acted like one of our West Country parsons, turned over two leaves at once. I suppose this part of the king's business required haste, as you never stop to show us the conception, birth, or growth of this good hope through grace; so that we cannot tell by his features whether he be a bastard or a real son.

Sir, every man born into this world has a natural faith, a false hope, and a feigned love; yet all that some teachers seem to require in the present day is, an assent and consent to the doctrines of the gospel, with a little reformation in life, and a submitting to some outward ordinances. This is counted a wonderful conversion. God's everlasting love, predestination, election, and the finished work of Christ, is heaped upon them, by which they become as a high wall in their own conceit. "Thus saith the Lord God, one built up a wall, and lo, others daubed it with untempered mortar;" a false experience by which they are persuaded heaven and happiness are theirs in another world; and thus, says God, "they have made others to hope they would confirm their words." But what saith the Lord? "Say unto them which daub it with untempered mortar that it shall fall; there shall be an overflowing shower; and ye, O great hailstones, shall fall, and a strong wind shall rend it. Thus will I accomplish my wrath upon the wall, and upon them that have daubed it with untempered mortar, and will say unto you, The wall is no more, neither they that daubed it." (Ezk. xiii.)

Another thing that God complains of in these false teachers is that they zealously affect them, but not well, (Gal. iv. 17,) by a soft affected speech, (Rom. xvi. 18,) which moves the passions and draws the natural affections into a flame. This they call the mighty power of God; when, alas, alas, there is not the slightest shadow of God's power in it at all. For when the Lord sends his word home with power, he arrests the sinner, comes near to him in his judgment, sets his secret sins in the light of his countenance, and makes him possess the iniquities of his youth; makes his word sharper than a two-edged sword; smites, wounds, and pierces the sinner's conscience; sends his law home in its spirituality, which worketh wrath, and stirreth up all his corruption, working in him all manner of concupiscence; fills his loins with a loathsome disease, and makes him truly feel the plague of his heart. This wonderfully shakes a rotten faith, and removes a false hope like a tree or chaff before the wind. The sinner then begins to sink in deep waters where there is no standing.

Now, instead of love to God, the mind is filled with enmity and hard thoughts against him; sometimes fretting, then murmuring, then crying, praying, laboring, striving, groaning, sighing, and moaning; putting the mouth in the dust, if so be there may be hope. This is the power of God. All short of this is receiving the word in word only; and all such will prove to be nothing but foolish virgins at last, with their lamps; a little light in their heads, but no oil, no Spirit of prayer in their vessels. Hear the word of the Lord: "I

kill and I make alive; I wound and I heal." "I the Lord search the heart, I try the reins of the children of men; I will be unto them as a lion; I will meet them as a bear bereaved of her whelps, and will rend the caul of their heart, and there will I devour them like a lion," and discover their hidden sins. "The sorrows of a travailling woman shall come upon them." (Hos. xiii. 8, 13.) "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth."

Thus God brings the sinner out of the wilderness, pleads with him face to face, makes him pass under the rod, and then brings him into the bond of the covenant. And how can it be otherwise? How can people be in pain as a woman in travail? How can they come after him in chains with supplications and bitter weeping; if he deals not thus? Why need they cry day and night, if their iniquities did not prevail against them, and prove a burden too heavy for them to bear? Why should the kingdom of heaven suffer violence if there was nothing to make them violent? Now persuade such as these that God is all love and mercy, and that their hope is a good one, if you can. No, Sir, it is impossible. They are at God's bar; their mouth is stopped; their conscience condemns and passes sentence on themselves; the terrors of death, a guilty conscience, and the wrath of God hurry them away; unbelief shuts them up as in a prison; and thus, according to Solomon, they are drawn unto death; their hearts meditate terror; fearfulness and trembling take hold of them, and they are afraid of God's judgments.

Now no poor criminal in the cells of Newgate is in a worse plight than such. If they look within, there is a guilty conscience; if towards heaven, a broken law as a flaming sword, turning every way to keep them from life; if they look back, they see a whole life spent in sin; if forward, nothing but eternal misery before them. Thus they are shut up; their strength is all gone, and there is none left, and they are styled in God's word, his prisoners, whom David says the Lord will not despise. (Psa. lxxix. 33.) "For he hath looked down from the height of his sanctuary; from heaven did the Lord behold the earth; to hear the groanings of the prisoners; to loose those that are appointed to death;" (Psa. cii. 19, 20;) for, saith the Lord, "I will not contend for ever, neither will I be always wroth, lest the spirit should fail before me, and the souls which I have made." But how does God loose such as these? By opening the prison doors, and saying to the prisoners, go forth; and this he does by opening the eyes of the understanding, and discovering the Lord Jesus Christ as the new and living way, in which he can be just and yet the justifier of the ungodly. His wrath being appeased by his sufferings, and his law being magnified and made honorable by his obedience, this makes way and opens a door for hope in this valley of Achor; and the first gracious word of promise that is applied by God's Spirit softens and melts the heart, allays his distress, persuades the mind, and begets in him a hope that shall never be ashamed or confounded; for there shall be a performance of that which is promised; his hope not being raised by a little knowledge in the head, or a few legal

works in the heart, but in the mercy of God held forth in the free promise through Christ. "Remember," says David, "thy word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope." Such a one is said to look out of obscurity and out of darkness; for he is not out of the prison, though he is raised to hope; but is styled in God's word a prisoner of hope. "Turn ye to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope; even to day do I declare that I will render double unto thee."

To such alone are all the free invitations held forth in the word of God, to invite and encourage poor guilty rebels to come in and receive the pardon given in the Lord Jesus Christ and his Gospel, which they find exceedingly hard to do, it being the work of the Spirit of God alone; "for it is God which worketh in you, both to will and to do of his good pleasure," (Phil. ii. 13,) by the taking of the things of Christ and showing them to the mind, his sweet invitations, free promises, precious blood, and righteousness; the one to cleanse the soul from all its filth, the other to justify and make it complete in the sight of God. This girds the loins, strengthens the mind, revives hope, and sweetly draws the affections after Jesus, hungering and thirsting after his righteousness. Thus "he draws them with the cords of a man, and with bands of love." (Hos. xi. 4.) And while this sweet view lasts, the soul is filled with holy longings, thirstings, and strong desires after the pardon of sin and the salvation of God: "My soul thirsteth after thee as a thirsty land." (Psa. cxliii. 6.) "I have longed for thy salvation, O Lord." "When wilt thou comfort me?" (Psa. cxix. 174, 82.)

And now begins that strange war between the flesh and spirit, which no hypocrite ever knew: "For the flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh; and these are contrary the one to the other;" (Gal. v. 17;) for as sure as the soul is indulged with such a view as described, so sure will Satan assault it with all his power, stirring up corruption and lust, with which he wars against the mind, and tosseth it like a tempest, and carrieth it away like the wind. "Our iniquities like the wind have carried us away," (Isa. lxiv. 6,) "and we do fade like a leaf." This shakes the mind, fixes the hands on the loins, and turns the face into paleness. Now, instead of fervent desires, strong fears, unbelief, and sin, like a strong army, drive the soul back; and were it not for a good hope, it would utterly sink into despair. "I had utterly fainted," says David, "unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living." "My soul fainteth for thy salvation; but I hope in thy word." And thus hope, like an anchor, keeps the soul from being totally wrecked, until the Lord Jesus appears again, rebukes Satan, commands a calm, saying to sin and corruption, Be still; drops a little myrrh upon the handle of the lock, puts his hand in by the hole in the door, moves the bowels towards him, and makes unbelief give way; stays the mind, puts fresh life into faith, reanimates hope, and draws the affections to the right hand of God, with fresh breathings and crying to be avenged of his adversary. Thus he goes on. At one time going down to the deeps in doubts and

fears, from a sight and sense of his own wretchedness, and the violent temptations of Satan; at another time mounting up on eagles' wings from a fresh view of Christ, his finished work and dying love; and these two working in the heart the one against the other, sin and Satan, grace and Spirit, throw the soul into a state of violence, and make it violent at the throne of grace. So says the Lord, "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force;" (Matt. xi. 12;) "The captive exilē hasteneth that he may be loosed, and that he should not die in the pit, nor that his bread should fail;" (Isa. li. 14;) and when the Spirit of God enables the sinner, by working faith in his heart, to lay hold of the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, to the removing of guilt, and speaking peace in the conscience, such a captive is loosed from the chains by which he was bound, and with a holy violence taketh the kingdom of heaven; for that kingdom stands not in word but in power, in righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost; sighing and sorrow flee away, and joy are obtained. (Isa. xxxv. 10.) Thus the soul is delivered and brought forth into a large place, the everlasting love of God; (Psa. xviii. 19;) the Spirit of God bears witness with our spirits to our adoption by grace, to the silencing of both law and conscience, and persuades the mind to the full assurance of hope.

This is the way God brought my soul; and I think, according to his word, it is the way he brings all his people, to obtain a good hope through grace. But most in the present day receive the word with joy, and spring up into a full assurance of heaven and happiness, before others dare so much as to look up. So an inheritance is gotten hastily at the beginning, but the end thereof shall not be blessed; for these, like Moab, have not gone into captivity; they have not been emptied from vessel to vessel, but are settled on the lees of a false hope and rotten faith; their scent of a proud, self-righteous spirit remaineth in them, and is not changed. (Jer. xlviii. 11.) Job asks what is the hope of such a hypocrite, though he hath gained? (Job xxvii. 8,) though he hath gained admittance into a church, the applause of men, or a wonderful knowledge in the doctrines of the Gospel, and even an understanding in all mysteries; yet, "What is his hope, when God taketh away his soul?" All that he hath is a little of the new wine, the doctrines of the gospel, in an old bottle, which will surely burst, sooner or later, as the Lord hath spoken. Excuse my liberty, and

I remain, Sir, Yours, &c.,

Brentford.

P. BRICE.

[The above letter needs no commendations from us. It speaks for itself as a most able and experimental testimony for the power of God made manifest in the souls of his dear children. Brice has been dead some years; we do not know the date of his decease, but we should think somewhere about thirty. A choice letter of his upon sanctification appeared in the "Gospel Standard," Vol. XI., July, 1845.—Ed.]

TRIALS are not intended for food, but for physic; and the more bitter the drugs, the better for the stomach.—*Huntington.*

MERCIES OF A COVENANT GOD.

Dear Friend,—Yours I received, but it was a long time before I could find out who you could be; and now I can only conjecture. I cannot think of any F., except it be a Mr. F., under whose roof I tried to sleep, at Liverpool, above 40 years ago. But you do not mention that in your letter. Still, I suppose you are the same person. If you are, I am glad to hear you have found a covenant God faithful to his promises. Not one thing has ever failed, does fail, or ever shall fail, for body or soul, in time or through all eternity! “Has he said it, and shall he not do it?”

Ah, my friend! my soul has been brought through many strange things since I slept at your house. But I can say to the honor of my covenant God, it has been a right way, and not one trouble too many; and I have had and still have many. My soul is truly humbled within me, to see the kindness, the tender mercy, that has followed me all my life long to this present moment, such a worthless wretch, such a vile wretch, such a hell-deserving wretch! I must say, I cannot help but say, “Ebenezer! hitherto the Lord has helped me;” “Therefore, having obtained help of God, I continue unto this day;” “By the grace of God I am what I am.” I have nothing else to hang upon, to rest upon, to look to, but the Lord Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God that took away the sin of the world. I have no other rock but him to rest upon; no other refuge to hide in; no other fountain that can wash my filthy soul; no other righteousness that can adorn my soul; no other strength that can hold and bear up my soul. My soul can say, “It is of him, and to him, and through him, are all things; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.”

I have been at Trowbridge nearly five-and-thirty years, and I have proved the text that settled me here to have come from God, an abiding city. For I have much people here, with a good chapel out of debt, and between six and seven hundred for my congregation, and about three hundred members. What hath God wrought! It is, at times, wonderful in mine eyes, such an ignorant thing, such a weak thing, such a base thing, such a despised thing, yea, such a nothing as I am! “Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth’s sake.”

Through mercy he preserves me in good health, considering my age; and though I find a good many infirmities, yet I am seldom laid by from meeting the people at the appointed time. O that the dear Lord may keep us near his dear feet, with a becoming sense of his manifold mercies all these years in this vale of tears, and keep us humbly dependent upon him for every needful blessing. Bless his dear name, he will never leave nor forsake us, world without end. I have got one of my likenesses, and have given it to A. R., and I believe it is a deal more pleasant than when I was running the pigs out of the garden.

May God bless you, and be with you, and guide you unto death, and afterwards receive you into glory.

My wife joins with me in wishing you every mercy a covenant God sees right and good.

Yours in Truth,

Trowbridge, March 13th, 1850.

JOHN WARBURTON.

**BUT THANKS BE TO GOD, WHICH GIVETH US
THE VICTORY THROUGH OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.**

Dear Brother in Christ Jesus,—This comes with kind love to you for Christ's sake.

I received your kind and welcome epistle, and was truly glad to hear from you, for I hope I can say without feigned lips, that I do esteem you as one of the excellent of the earth, and as one of the Lord's messengers, although I am deprived of the privilege of hearing you, and other of God's dear ministers. I assure you, my friend, this is a dark spot. I went last Sunday to hear a Baptist minister at —, but could not get on; there seemed to be everything but the right thing. I did not find fault so much with what was said as I did for what was not said. He did not cast up the way, nor did he take the stumbling-blocks out of the way, nor sound an alarm in God's holy mountain. I have learnt, by painful experience, not to bid any man God-speed without a divine warrant; for I have been misled by man, which has often caused me to call myself a thousand fools to think I should have been so deceived. But when I have read of David, a man after God's own heart, I have found he was deceived in Ahithophel, and likewise the disciples in Judas. If such men were deceived, no wonder that I have been such a poor blind fool as I feel myself to be in divine things. But, my friend, I find even these things have worked together for my good. They bid me take heed to my way for the future, and to try the spirits, of what sort they are; for sure I am that many false prophets are gone out into the world, so that, if it were possible, they would deceive the very elect. But this is impossible, for our dear Lord will not suffer his people to be finally deceived; for when he, the Spirit of truth, is come to a poor sinner, he is to guide him into all truth. And I do believe that the dear Lord has given us his blessed Spirit to convince us of sin, and has led us to the fountain open for sin and uncleanness, blessing us with a living faith that has drawn virtue from that blessed fountain of a dear Redeemer's blood, which has made us clean manifestively in God the Father's sight, though still in our own vile as Manasseh, and foul as the poor leper of old, who had not a sound spot from head to foot.

But I need not enumerate to you my many sins, for they are more in number than the hairs of my head; and you, knowing a little of your own heart, know a little of mine. But I do hope that although I am as black as the tents of Kedar, yet, blessed be the name of our God, he hath pronounced me clean through the word that he hath spoken unto me, which is the Incarnate Word, the Lord Jesus Christ, in his redeeming love shed abroad in our poor

hearts; and a sense of this has proved us to be of the excellent of the earth. Though fools in our own sight, yet the Lord has made us wise to salvation, through faith in his dear Son, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and, sanctification and redemption.

My brother will say, "You speak with great confidence!" This is not always the case. I often feel as though I did not possess a spark of divine life. I often feel so dead, so cold, and so lifeless in the things of God, so full of darkness, worldly-mindedness, and the wretched evils of my wicked heart, that I often have to cry out and say, "Can ever God dwell here?" I often think, did the people of God know what I am in myself, they could not, nor would they think any thing of me; but this I believe comes from the enemy of our salvation; for I do believe all hearts are fashioned alike, and they that have been brought aright know that the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked; yes, a store-house for all manner of sin! And a feeling sense of this often leads me, like the apostle, to cry out, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" But, praised be his dear name, that, like the same apostle, I am often enabled to say, "Thanks be to God," who always causes us to triumph in his blessed name and "shout victory through the blood of the Lamb." The dear Lord has now and then paid me a visit from off his mercy-seat since I have been up here, and although I am deprived of the company of my dear brothers and sisters in the faith, yet, blessed be his dear name, he is still a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. I do not know the cause why the Lord has moved me so far away from those that I love in the faith, except that I may be weaned more from man, and be led to cleave more closely to our Covenant Head, and to make me esteem the Gospel more highly when I hear it.

Now, my dear friend, I must leave this in the hand of God, praying that great grace may rest upon you, and that you may be much favored with the presence of the King of kings. I was glad to hear that the Lord did often visit your soul in the pulpit; and that amongst the people he may still own and bless your labors, is the prayer of

Your unworthy friend,

H. K.

LONDON abounds with four sorts of laborers. The first is the Arminiau tribe; these exalt the creature, and debase the Saviour's merit, and the grace of God in him. The next class are the arrogant and presumptuous; these preach up an assurance; but their confidence stands in the flesh, and not in the power of God. There is a third set of men who seem to be pregnant with legal strife, terrors, wrath, and bitterness, as if the worm and the fire had already begun; these do all their work in a storm and tempest, and deal principally in hell and damnation. The fourth sort, such as Socinians and Arians, are employed by Satan to debase the King of Zion to the level of a mere creature, that their deluded followers may make flesh their arm, and in their heart depart from God; in these the enemy and the avenger works mightily.—*Huntington.*

Obituary.

ELIZABETH FREAD.

I desire to commit to paper for the glory of God and the good of souls, a most gracious and merciful circumstance that took place on Sunday evening, February 4th, 1855, when I visited the sick and dying bed of Elizabeth Fread, aged 17 years.

For about six years she had been the subject of decline, as was her mother also, with whom I had been acquainted for some years, and of whom I entertained a hope that she was under Divine teaching. She also, about twelve months since, evidently began to droop with a like disease; which proved her death. I visited her, that is the mother, several times during her illness, but never seemed much led to speak very freely to her, or to ask her how matters stood with her as she approached the borders of the grave; but I was glad when I heard of her departure, by some that witnessed it, that she was blessed with that assurance which I believe every quickened soul longs for, and without which it will never be satisfied.

Now when I heard of this circumstance, and moreover that she thought that Elizabeth would also be found right at last, for just before her mother's death, her mouth seemed to be opened to speak concerning the things she had been the subject of, for the first time, I felt a little hope of and going forth towards her, hoping that God had begun a good work in her soul; for on all previous occasions, when I had visited her mother, she would be lying upon the couch, or sitting in a chair with her face turned away, or screened from sight by her apron or handkerchief. Ah! little did I then think what God had wrought in her soul, in making her a true picture of the publican, feeling herself such a sinner; for she afterwards told me that when I used to come to see her mother, she covered her face, for she could not look at me. But to return and to note down my first visiting her, for I still feel a great desire of committing it to paper; and although I am conscious that my memory is very treacherous, yet nevertheless, I am persuaded that the words that so sweetly flowed from her lips made such an impression upon my spirit, that I trust I can say in truth that when I think of or meditate upon them, it is fresh to my mind and sweet to my soul. When then I entered her room and had taken a seat close to her bed-side, I asked her how she felt; but after asking me how I and my wife and children were, she began, not as at other times, by turning her face to the wall, but, to my astonishment, to speak blessedly how the Lord had manifested himself, in bringing these words to her soul: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee, nor in sickness, nor in death." Upon the three last words she seemed to lay such a particular stress, as if it came from the bottom of her very soul; and I believe it did too, by the manner in which she spake, as well as by my own feelings. I evidently felt life spring up in my soul, and my mouth seemed opened to ask her how long she had had these things, and what preceded these manifestations. I said to her, "Betsy, can you re-

member any time when you were convinced of your state as a sinner? for I suppose you have not always felt as you do now." To use her own words as near as I can, she said, "I can. About two years ago when I was at chapel, Mr. B. was showing what was requisite to salvation, and what must be experienced in the soul. I felt convicted in my conscience, and longed for the time to get out of the place, with a determination not to come any more, for I felt I was not one of this number. I felt therefore as if I could not go any more, and after tea I wanted to go to bed, to be by myself to bemoan my condition.

My mother, seeing there was something the matter with me more than usual, came and sat down upon my bed, and asked me what was the matter with me, for she was sure there was something more than common. I was a long time before I could tell her; but she would have it out of me; then I told her what I had felt, and that I would not go to chapel any more; neither could I. Now I became very melancholy, and used to want to be by myself, and I used to take the hymn-book or the Testament when I could walk about a little, and go down the garden and sit in the wheel-barrow under the hedge; or down the lane by the ditch to read; and sometimes there would appear to be some little hope for me, and I used to wish there were great deep ditches at those times, that I might get down out of sight." "What, Betsy," said I, "have you found that when God chasteneth man for iniquity, it makes his beauty to consume away like a moth?" "Ah!" she said, "it doth." I said, "Bunyan has fitly described it; for said he, 'I could have crept into a mouse-hole to have got out of sight.'" But she said moreover "At times this burden would seem to wear off; but when I went over to Marden last summer, then my convictions deepened, and I used to sigh and cry to God, ah, for hours, and could not go to sleep; and it used to be suggested to me, Ah; he will never hear you, and besides you are so young; he will not hear you; but I was forced to keep crying to him, for I had nowhere else to go; and I told him if he would hear and pardon me, I would praise him as long as I had breath."

She also said, "I could not tell any one what I felt but my mother, until she was dead and carried into the other room; then my mouth was opened to tell a friend what I had been the subject of." She said moreover, "When my mother lay dying, they asked me if I would be moved, thinking the sight might be too much for me, for our beds stood side by side; but I said No, I will see the last breath."

Now it would seem, if I have any judgment in the matter, that her case became very urgent, almost desperate; for she said, "I felt that my time would be short; and O to die without pardon! O I felt as if I could not die without it—without some word from the Lord; ah! if but one word to give me some hope that he did die for me. Now," she said, "I did beg of the Lord that if I was one of his, he would give me some word whereby I might know it; and if I was not one of his, that he would make it manifest that way by letting me be in the state I was in, and to give no word nor

anything, but let me go out of the world in that state. But O!" she said, "bless his dear name; he brought these words to me, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee, nor in sickness nor in death;" and I believe he will not, for he told me he would not, nor in sickness nor in death. O!" she said, "help me to praise his blessed name. Oh to see him hanging and bleeding upon the cross for such a poor sinful wretch as I; and in the garden sweating great drops of blood running down to the ground. O is not this a brand plucked out of the fire? Christ came into the world to save sinners, poor lost sinners, such as cannot help themselves. Bless his name! Precious Jesus! Behold all things are become new. O!" she said, "I cannot tell you what I can see." And I verily believe she saw things unspeakable, and full of glory; for joy seemed to wreath her brow, and glory sparkled in her eyes.

Hearing such a relation as this flowing from the heart of this young person, caused the tears to flow from my eyes, and my very heart and soul were knit to her like the hearts of Jonathan and David; so much so, that I felt that I could have kissed her dying cheek; and I said, "I never thought that I should hear Betsy come forth like this, for God has made a preacher of Betsy at last." And she said, "How could you? for I never have had my mouth opened to speak to you before; but if these hold their peace, the very stones would cry out. O that I had a voice that I could make all the world to hear!

‘Then would I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found.’”

She said moreover, "I felt a great desire to see some one to tell them what the Lord had done for my soul;" and Mr. C. she mentioned for one; but I said, "Betsy, if he were to come, you could not talk to him, he is so deaf." "Ah," she said, "I did not think of that." Then I said to her, "Well, Betsy, then you find your heart to go out to a certain people, and particular persons, and individuals." "Yes," she said, "and this is the company that I want; the world is no company for me." And when I said, "I think I had better not talk any more to you now," as she had then become very low and weak, for she had taken nothing of eatables, only sucked an orange, or had a little draught of peppermint water, or tea, and the like, she made answer, "It is not your talking interrupts me, but that worldly company that was here to tea to night; it was their talk that interrupted me." Her father told me she had had her brothers round her bed, and told them what would be the awful consequences of living and dying without Christ. Then I asked her, "Do you believe, Betsy, that there are an elect people that will be saved?" She immediately answered in the affirmative, "I do, and I used to tell my mother,

‘Although election be a truth;
Small comfort there I see,
Till I am told by God’s own mouth,
That he has chosen me.’

And I never shall believe I am one, if he do not speak to me himself;
but bless his name, he has, and why

‘Should I be made to hear his voice,
While thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?’

Ah! rather starve than come!”

And now, after having two or three hours’ blessed conversation with her, I took my leave of her, with a full satisfaction in my soul that God had wrought that work in her whereby she would live for ever, and sing the praises of a covenant God and Saviour, throughout the countless ages of a never-ending eternity.

On Monday morning she was fresh on my mind, and I wondered in myself whether she was still this side Jordan, or whether she had passed the river. During the day she was still in my thoughts, and I could but say within myself, “What hath God wrought!” When the evening came, I felt as if I could not go to bed till I had been to see if she was still in the body. And when I asked her whether Christ was still precious to her, she said, “Yes, he is still with me; he does not leave me. O what a mercy that he should so manifest himself to me, and give me a few days at least to speak of his blessed name! I told father the Lord would send some one that I might tell it out to.” “Ah, Betsy!” said I, “this is blessed news indeed, if it be of the Lord, and I have a hope that it is; for I don’t know when I have felt more comfortable than I did last night by your bed-side after your relation of the dealings of God with your soul; but to be by the side of a bed of one of whom we have no hope, is not a very pleasant place; such a case as Mr. —, who was cut off with a stroke. “Ah!” she said, “I thought of it when I heard the bell go for old Mr. —; I thought in what a short time there were two taken away; and O what an awful thing to die out of Christ!” Again she said, “I have had Mrs. — to see me, and I do not know what to make of that woman, for she was talking about Mr. —, and saying she could not tell what might be done in his last moments, for he was willing to die; but I told her I did not know about his being willing to die; but this I know, that if God did not make him feel his sins, and lead him to himself for mercy, where God dwelleth he is not gone. Mrs. — said to me, ‘Do you think so?’ I said, I do not think so, I know so; thinking will not do; no white-washed wall, painted sepulchre, nor untempered mortar will do to die by.” I said to her, “I suppose, Betsy, you do not want Mr.— to come to see you, do you?” “No,” she said, “but I thought perhaps he would come; but if he had, I think I must have told him that he could not do my soul any good. Ah!” she said, “my soul is saved without Mr.—” (the church clergyman). She told me of a Mrs. —, who talked to her and said she wished she could pray more, and every day get a little nearer heaven. She also said, “I let her go on, for I did not want to talk to her. Poor blind creature, she was all for doing; but I used to lie here from day to day, and week to week, entirely helpless both in body and soul. Ah! if it was but one good thought required of me for my

soul's salvation, I must have been lost for the want of it, for I could do nothing but cry to him; and when I could not do that I used to sigh." "Ah, Betsy! God hath said he will be just when he judges, and clear when he passeth the sentence; and can you say it would have been just in him if he had cast you off, and sent you to hell?" "Yes," she said, "I can say it would have been just in him so to do."

Now it appeared evident to me she had been taught her true state and condition as a sinner before God, and been taught to justify God in his dealings with her, and also to bless and praise him for delivering her soul at the last extremity. Ah! and it was a most blessed and pleasing sight to see this young woman, so low sunk with disease, and with her hand, which was but a mere shadow, (when talking she would beat it down upon the bed,) as if preaching; and indeed it was no less, for the grace of God seemed abundant upon her, and I believe she spake as the Spirit gave her utterance. She then wished a book brought to her for me to look at, which she said had been a blessed book to her; and on looking, I found it was written by that blessed man of God, Daniel Herbert. I said "Here is some sound work here. Shall I read one of the hymns to you?" "Yes," she replied. So I read to her the hymn on the 127th page, Vol. I. The title of the hymn is 'To be carnally minded is death;' (Rom. vii. 6;) and when I came to the last three verses of the hymn, she broke out and said, "Why that is me, that is me!" then she would say,

"Sweet to lie passive in his hand,
And know no will but his."

Then she told me these words came to her as her mother lay dying:

"Sweet in the confidence of faith,
That when my change shall come,
Angels shall hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home."

"And these words have kept coming to me; and when in my sleep I dreamed that I heard the men that carried my mother sang that hymn and when they came to the last verse, I dreamed that I helped them sing, and that awoke me; and that was the reason why I wished it sung at her funeral, and I wish you to see that it is sung at mine;" and I promised her if I had any influence, it should be so.

On Tuesday I visited her again, and found her sinking in body, but her confidence was firm. Now she was become so low, that the nurse was frequently obliged to moisten her lips with a feather. The nurse told me that when she gave her a little water, she said, "O sweet water!" Then she added, "And what else did I say? Did I not say, O! that water of life, and that bread from heaven, which will do to die by? O! bless his name, what must it be in heaven!" And now I felt a great desire to ask her whether the conversation which we had two nights before, had been, in any measure, savory to her soul. I watched for an opportunity to speak of it. She labored very hard for breath, and my hopes seemed almost

faded, for I thought she was now going. But she revived again, and I put my mouth to her ear, and said, "Betsy, can you, with your dying breath, say that my conversation has been, in any way, blessed or savory to your soul?" Her answer was, "Mr. P., I can truly say that I had in those two nights a feast of fat things, in conversing with you!" "Then," I said, "this is blessed news indeed!" It seemed to strengthen my hope. "Ah!" she said, "don't distrust him; he will never deceive you!" Just then, some bells began to ring; hearing which, she exclaimed, "Ring on, bells! They have no charms for me. But people are pleased to pull the ropes, and make that noise. O! this world, this world! I am clean gone from the world. When I lie here, and hear the bell toll the people to church, I think what a state to be in, to want a bell to toll them to church!" Then, in a very quick tone, she remarked, "You don't want a bell to toll you to chapel, do you?" "No, Betsy," I replied, "I don't want a bell to toll me to chapel; neither would you, if you were well, should you?" "No," she said, "and I should like to go now."

On Wednesday I called, and found her still alive, but too low to say much. She was quite sensible, and knew me before I reached the bedside. I read to her two pieces of poetry, composed by Jas. Weller, beginning thus:

"It will not be long,"

and,

"I shall see the face of him that died for me,
And rose to justify;"

and the other commencing

"Happy soul, now safely landed;"

which she seemed to feed upon. In watching her lips, I could see them move, and, by listening, I could hear her say, "Bless his name." She then slept for a short time, and awaking up, said, "O that I could go to sleep, and not awake up any more!"

On Thursday evening I again visited her, and found her yet alive, but longing to be gone. She began to be in a great deal of pain, but when the pain had abated a little, she said, "The Lord's time, and not mine." I remarked, "Betsy, this is hard work." She replied, "It is nothing to what he suffered for me;" and added, "Do you think he will be long?" I said, "I cannot tell; but I think not." About 10 o'clock I left her, and never saw her any more alive; for, on Friday she breathed her last. And then I believe was fulfilled the latter part of her favorite verse:

"Angels hovered round her bed,
To waft her spirit home."

And now I hope I can say in the fear of God, that I esteem this no small mercy at his hand, that ever he should favor such an unworthy wretch as I with such a sight as this, even to be an eye witness, of the effects of his all-sufficient grace, as manifested in the death of this young woman.

AN EYE WITNESS.

INQUIRIES.

Dear Sir,*—Of what use are the Italics in the Bible? And if, as I understand, they are additions by the translators, can they be considered a part of God's inspired testimony?

Yours sincerely,

R. G.

Dear Sir,—Since the new translation of the bible has been talked of, there has been much written on the subject. It has been taken up in almost every newspaper; and some are clamorous for a new version. I wish for your opinion on the subject, knowing that you have had as good an education as most men, and have read the bible in different languages. Seeing such statements circulating throughout the kingdom, and thinking it might do much mischief, I feel induced to write to you. If you think it would not be a proper subject for the "Gospel Standard," I would not for one moment wish you to notice it; but, if otherwise, I should feel thankful to see a few words from you.

Yours affectionately, for the gospel's sake,

OBSERVATOR.

ANSWER.

The intention of the *italics*, as the sloping characters are usually termed, in our version of the Scriptures, is often misunderstood. Their introduction by our translators into the Bible, is not an arbitrary or blameable addition, but was, in most instances, a matter of absolute necessity. Their object, we need hardly remind the greater part of our readers, is to show the omission of certain words in the original, which, in our language, require to be supplied. But it may be asked, "What is the reason of these omissions in the original, and is it right that they should be thus supplied? Is there not a great hazard of introducing thereby uninspired, and, therefore, unauthorised words into the sacred record of God?" To understand properly this question, we must examine into the nature of these omissions, and why they ought, or at least may be supplied, without any such dangerous or justly dreaded consequences.

Language being spoken before it was written, and the human mind naturally hurrying forward to express its desires and emotions, the consequence is, that certain words become, by practice and common consent, usually omitted, which may be easily supplied if necessary. Of this common circumstance all languages supply abundant examples. Thus, for instance, our own language frequently omits the relative pronoun, "who, which," as in the following sentence: "This is not the man I saw yesterday;" where there is the omission, or what grammarians call the "ellipsis" of the relative pronoun "whom." Now, if this sentence had to be translated into Greek, Latin, or French, (we omit Hebrew, because in that language the same ellipsis is customary,) the relative "whom" could not be left

* We have mislaid R. G.'s letter, but have attempted to give the substance as correctly as we can.—ED.

out, because the laws of those languages would not allow its omission. We do not feel, and perhaps scarcely notice the missing relative, because we are so used to its being dropped, but most other languages would be ungrammatical without it. In ordinary translation, no notice would be taken of this customary English ellipsis; but, if scrupulous accuracy were required, the translator, in order to show its omission in the original sentence, might put the word into italics.

This, then, is the whole history and mystery of these *italics* in the Bible, by which some are so puzzled, that they point out the omission of words in the original languages which cannot be omitted in our own, because the idiom of the two tongues is, in this point, different. We are not, therefore, at liberty to reject the words in italics, where they are obviously required to make sense, as by so doing we should absolutely spoil innumerable passages. Let us take an instance or two where to omit them would spoil the sense altogether. Read John xi. 1, without the italics: "Now a certain was sick, Lazarus." "Man," and "named," are supplied in italics. The Greek, having a masculine adjective, which we have not, does not require "man," but we do; "named" is not absolutely necessary, but is supplied to prevent baldness and obscurity. Again, verse 39, "For he hath been four days," where "dead" is in italics. This is not expressed, but it is implied in the original, and therefore could not be omitted in our translation. Of course, it requires a thorough knowledge of the language to be able in all cases to supply properly the omitted word; and in the Old Testament (the Hebrew being a most elliptical language, much more so than the Greek,) there may be room for examination how far the ellipses are correctly supplied. We were reading the other day a very good sermon, in which an objection was taken to the italics, 1 Cor. xv. 45, and the preacher contended that it should be read "the last Adam a quickening spirit." Now, if the good man had known anything of the original, he would have seen that the very laws of the language necessarily required those words to be supplied; and had he seen into the true meaning of the passage, he would have found the present translation sound divinity as well as good grammar, for "the last Adam was made a quickening Spirit" by divine appointment when he was constituted Head of his Church. In fact, after much and careful perusal of the Scriptures, especially those of the New Testament, we can hardly find an instance in which the italics could be omitted without impairing the force and beauty of the translation. And we cannot but admire the great faithfulness of our translators in so scrupulously adhering to the exact words of the Holy Ghost, and when they were necessarily compelled to supply the ellipses in the original, to point out that they had done so by marking the word in italic characters. By so doing, they engaged themselves, as by a bond, to give the word of God in its strict original purity; and yet, as thorough scholars in the original tongues, and complete masters of their own, they were enabled to give us a version admirable not only for its strict fidelity, but also for its eloquence, grandeur, and beauty.

We have thrown together our answer to both the preceding Inquiries, as affording us not only an opportunity to explain the meaning of italics in the Bible, but also to express our opinion upon a question of late much agitated, viz., whether it would be desirable to have a new, or at least a revised translation of the Scriptures. We fully admit that there are here and there passages, of which the translation might be improved; as, for instance, "love" for "charity" all through 1 Cor. xiii.; but we deprecate any alteration as a measure that for the smallest sprinkling of good would deluge us with a flood of evil. The following are our reasons:

1. Who are to undertake it? Into whose hands would the revision fall? What an opportunity for the enemies of truth to give us a mutilated false Bible! Of course, they must be learned men, great critics, scholars, and divines. But these are notoriously either Puseyites or Neologians; in other words, deeply tainted with either popery or infidelity. Where are there learned men sound in the truth, not to say alive unto God, who possess the necessary qualifications for so important a work? And can erroneous men, men dead in trespasses and sins, carnal, worldly, ungodly persons, spiritually translate a book written by the blessed Spirit? We have not the slightest ground for hope that they would be godly men, such as we have reason to believe translated the Scriptures into our present version.

2. Again, it would unsettle the minds of thousands, as to which was the word of God, the old translation or the new. What a door it would open for the workings of infidelity, or the temptations of Satan! What a gloom too it would cast over the minds of many of God's saints, to have those passages which had been applied to their souls translated in a different way, and how it would seem to shake all their experience of the power and preciousness of God's word!

3. But besides this, there would be two bibles spread through the land, the old and the new, and what confusion would this create in almost every place! At present, all sects and denominations agree in acknowledging our present version as the standard of appeal. Nothing settles disputes so soon as when the contending parties have confidence in the same umpire and are willing to abide by his decision. But this judge of all dispute, this umpire of all controversy, would cease to be the loser of strife if present acknowledged authority were put an end to by a rival.

4. Again, if the revision and re-translation were once to begin, where would it end? It is good to let well alone, as it is easier to mar than mend. The Socianising Neologian would blot out "God" in 1 Timothy iii. 16, and strike out 1 John v. 7, 8, as an interpolation. The Puseyite would mend it to suit Tractarian views. He would read "priest" where we now read "elder," and put "penance" in the place of "repentance." Once set up a notice, "The old Bible to be mended," and there would be plenty of workmen, who, trying to mend the cover, would pull the pages to pieces. The Arminian would soften down the words "election" and "predestination" into some term less displeasing to Pharisaic ears. "Righteousness" would be turned into "justice," and "reprobate" into "undiscerning." All

our good Bible terms would be so mutilated that they would cease to convey the Spirit's meaning, and instead of the noble simplicity, faithfulness, and truth of our present version, we should have a bible that nobody would accept as the word of God, to which none could safely appeal, and on which none implicitly rely.

5. Instead of our good old Saxon Bible, simple and solid, with few words really obsolete, and alike majestic and beautiful, we should have a modern English translation in pert and flippant language of the day. Besides its authority as the word of God, our present version is the great English Classic—generally accepted as the standard of the English language. The great classics of a language cannot be modernised. What an outcry there would be against modernising Shakspeare, or making Hooker, Bacon, or Milton, talk the English of the newspapers or of the House of Commons.

6. The present English Bible has been blessed to thousands of the saints of God; and not only so, it has become part of our national inheritance which we have received unimpaired from our fathers, and are bound to hand down unimpaired to our children. It is, we believe, the grand bulwark of Protestantism; the safeguard of the Gospel, and the treasure of the Church; and we should be traitors in every sense of the word if we consented to give it up to be rifled by the sacrilegious hands of Puseyites, concealed Papists, German Neologians, infidel divines, Arminians, Socinians, and the whole tribe of enemies of God and godliness.

THE promises of the law are conditional, promising life, not freely, but to such as fulfil the law, and therefore they leave men's consciences in doubt; for no man fulfilleth the law. But the promises of the New Testament have no such condition joined unto them, nor require any thing of us, nor depend upon any condition of our worthiness, but bring and give unto us freely forgiveness of sins, grace, righteousness, and life everlasting, for Christ's sake.—*Luther.*

WHEN the great St. Paul, in his epistle to the Romans, had a mind to lay a solid foundation for the grand distinguishing doctrines of the gospel, like a wise master-builder, he took care to dig deep into the corruption of human nature; and after having given us a lively portraiture of the universal depravity of the *Gentile* world, he proceeded, in a most masterly manner, to bring down the proud thoughts and high imaginations of the self-righteous and formal Pharisees, by proving, to a demonstration, that the *Jewish* professors, notwithstanding all their peculiar advantages of external revelation, circumcision, near affinity to Abraham, and such-like, were all equally included under sin, were all equally guilty before God, had equally fallen short of his glory, consequently were all upon an equal level with the rest of mankind, and stood as much in need of the free grace of God in Christ Jesus, and the sanctifying operations of his Holy Spirit, as the most savage barbarian, or disputing Greek. This was acting like as did the forerunner or harbinger of our blessed Lord; for, when he saw many of the Sadducees and Pharisees (the infidels and professors of that age) coming to his baptism, disregarding as it were the former, in a very pungent, and what some would term a very unpolite manner, he thus addresseth himself to the latter: "O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?"—*Whitefield.*

REVIEW.

Sacred Musings, or, Songs in the House of my Pilgrimage. By Septimus Sears. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

Fragments of Experience, in Verse, written under the varied forms of sorrow and joy which are common to Believers. Prefaced by a Letter containing some Account of the Author's earliest Spiritual Exercises. By William Peake. London: J. Gadsby. Oakham: F. J. Barlow.

THERE is in poetry, we mean *true* poetry, something inexpressibly charming to those with whose natural tastes it is in accordance. To understand, admire, and love it, and much more to write it, is a natural gift of comparatively rare occurrence, and which, even when found, exists in very different degrees in different individuals. This natural gift, whether confined to simply understanding and enjoying it, or expanded into a power of poetical composition, may be cultivated and improved by study and practice, and may be refined to a high degree by industry and exercise, but can never be communicated by them where it does not originally exist. In this it much resembles music and drawing. If there be no natural ear for music, no practice can enable a person to sing correctly; and if there be no natural taste for drawing, all instruction will fail to make the pupil an artist. So it is with poetry. No man can ever be a poet, in the real sense of the word, who does not originally and naturally possess the rare gift of a thoroughly poetical mind; and we much doubt if any one has even a dim perception of the exquisite beauty of poetry, or any acquaintance with the peculiar feelings that it kindles, unless his mental faculties are of a similar cast. As a proof; two men shall read the same lines. To the one, they shall make the blood leap in his veins, flush his cheek, fire his eye, and melt his heart into tears. The other shall think them very good and very pretty, but see and feel no more in them than in a page of Robinson Crusoe. So two companions in travel shall see at the same moment, for the first time, the majestic range of the Alps spread before them in all their matchless grandeur. The one is speechless with rapture and admiration; the other thinks them very pretty, but, being tired and hungry, thinks much more about his dinner. Which of these two is the poet, which the man of prose? As, then, some persons are naturally incapable of understanding and admiring a beautiful landscape, so others are naturally incapable of understanding and admiring a beautiful poem.

But if to understand and enjoy poetry requires a special gift, how much more is a larger endowment of the same peculiar faculty needed to pour forth strains which shall at once proclaim their writer a true and genuine poet, and not a mere versifier. In fact, it is not so much one gift as an assemblage of many gifts, and these rarely united, that is required to constitute a true poet. He must possess great and original powers of thought, an active and thoroughly

poetical imagination, feelings highly sensitive and acute, affections deep and strong; and these must be combined with a musical ear exquisitely attuned to sound, a rich and varied vocabulary of language, and a thorough acquaintance with the laws of metre and rhythm. His mind, by original constitution and long continued study, must resemble a musical instrument of exquisite manufacture, which is susceptible of every tone and responsive to every touch; and he must be a skilful performer upon it, thoroughly acquainted with all its powers, and able to evoke at will every note through its entire gamut. He must himself feel, deeply feel, every thought that arises in his mind, and almost every thought to which he gives utterance must be the vivid expression of this feeling. To move and stir the sluggish minds of others, he must have his own mind moved and stirred to its lowest depths; and he must, as it were, first bathe his words in the inmost recesses of his own heart, and then bring them forth all dripping with the feelings by which he himself is agitated. He should be able to clothe his ideas and feelings in the choicest and most musical language; and the whole, both in design and composition, should be under the control of a chaste and refined taste, so that nothing gross or vulgar, low, far fetched, or obscure, should mar the delicacy and beauty of his thoughts and expressions. Though what he writes will often be the fruit of the greatest labor, it should, from its ease, appear thrown off spontaneously and without the slightest effort; and, however highly polished by continual corrections, his verse should show no trace of the file.

But the question at once arises, "If this is to be a poet, where will you find one? You have set up a standard neither necessary nor attainable." To set up a standard is one thing; to require full compliance with it is another. It is with poetry as with every other product of the human mind or hand. Unless we set up an ideal standard of beauty or excellency, we can have no definite rules of judgment, nor any adequate and trustworthy points of comparison; and without these, we are no judges whatever whether such and such a poem is poetry, or such and such a writer a poet. And this is just the case with most readers. Having no standard in their own minds, or any poetical taste of their own, they cannot distinguish between mere verse and real poetry. Of course, in this as in every other product of the human mind, there are degrees of excellence, and a man may be a good poet who is not a great one. In fact, the gifts required for first class poetry are so great, that though the world has in all ages been flooded with verses, there are scarcely a dozen great poets. Excellence in any pursuit is so rare that for the same reason there never have been many great musical composers, or great painters, or great sculptors, or great orators. But to take a kindred instance; as in music, there may be and are persons who can sing very sweetly and accurately, who are not first-rate singers, and individuals who can even compose with melody and harmony, who do not rise to the highest class of musical composers, so in poetry there may be and are writers who are sufficiently gifted to shine and to please who are not poets in the highest sense of the word.

But it is time for us to leave the ground of poetry as poetry, and speak of it as attuned and adapted to the utterance of Christian thought and feeling. The hints we have dropped are meant to show that poetry, whether secular or religious, must emanate from a peculiar assemblage of original mental gifts, and cannot be learnt like farming or arithmetic, as well as to beat down that vain and conceited notion that every copy of verses put forth by any or every scribbler is poetry. A man may tag rhymes all his life, and leave behind him volumes of poems and piles of manuscript, of which the first is only fit for the trunk maker, and the last for the butter merchant. A poet is as different from a mere verse maker as a Handel from an organ grinder, a Michael Angelo from a stone mason, or a Raphael from a travelling portrait painter.

But what a proof of man's degradation and desperate wickedness it is, that this noble gift of poetry, the highest exercise, in one sense, of the intellectual faculty, the harmonious combination of the most subtle and exquisite tastes, which should only find their truest utterance in singing the high praises of God, should be prostituted, for the most part, to the service of the devil. Sin and Satan have seized the lyre, which, as touched by the fingers of David, sounds the pure songs of Zion, and have dragged it down from heaven to hell. Naturally fitted, as we see in Holy Writ, to be a handmaid in the service of God, she has been made to subserve the vilest passions of the human heart. Lust and bloodshed, under the names of love and glory, have been her chosen themes; and thousands have been stimulated into crime by her magic tones chanted in the worship of these twin deities. In our own days, for instance, what an awful influence for evil has Lord Byron's poetry exercised upon the minds of thousands of the young and imaginative. What gloomy infidelity, what hatred of all restraint, what pride and selfishness, what contempt of everything holy and spiritual, have his powerful verses engendered or nurtured in many a bosom. Youth is the season for those deep impressions which influence a life; and to a mind of poetical cast there is sometimes a force in one stanza of his glowing verse, which, imprinting itself on the memory as in letters of fire, burns and smoulders, till it gushes forth in lava streams of words and actions. We are not speaking here at a venture, but of what we have seen with our own eyes in days long gone by, for we have personally known those who apparently owed their ruin, body and soul, to the influence of his poems. To the young and ardent of both sexes, to the romantic and imaginative, to the meditative and melancholy, especially when under the influence of that strongest of all human passions, love,—how seductive is that poetry, which, in all the magic of verse, reveals and embodies their deepest and most secret feelings; and how almost at will the enchanter can beguile their thoughts and desires into the channel of his own headlong passions. What the Bible is to a child of God their idolized poet is to them. They hang over its pages, learn by heart its lines, are continually repeating to themselves favorite passages, till they drink into the very spirit of the writer, and adopt him as their model and guide.

Would that religious poetry exercised the same influence upon the children of God that secular poetry has exercised in all ages upon the children of this world. To a certain extent, and in a different way, we thankfully acknowledge that it does. The blessing, for instance, that Hart's hymns have been made to the church of God is incalculable. We name him, because, besides his rich and deep experience, and spiritual unction and power, he evidently possessed a large share of poetical gift. That there is something in the very form and language of poetry is indisputable; for else how is it that a verse or line of a hymn, if it describe the experience of the soul, produces an effect which the same thought would not produce were it expressed in simple prose? The circumstance cannot be well explained, but the fact remains that there is something in the poetry itself, through which, as an instrument, the Blessed Spirit touches and melts the heart.

But independent of their qualities as poetry, spiritual and experimental compositions in verse have a power peculiar to themselves. Tried indeed by the standard that we have set up, few of our most admired hymns can be called poetry—at least, not if Shakspeare, Milton, and Byron are poets. But they possess what these poets had not—a secret power over the soul, a power contrasted with which, weighed in a spiritual balance, all their gifts are as valueless as time compared with eternity. When we have read the most beautiful compositions of earthly poetry, what impression do they usually leave behind? One so abhorrent to the spirit of Christ, that, in a spiritual frame, a Christian cannot read or even look at them. We are conscious to ourselves of two distinct feelings and tastes; one that would revel in poetry such as we have attempted to describe, the other that would turn away from its carnality and worldliness with abhorrence; one that would despise the baldness of many a hymn dear to the church of God, the other that would feel and love the experience which it unfolds. For this reason, we feel it exceedingly difficult to appreciate poetry strictly religious. Having read in former days so much of first class poetry, as well as being naturally fond of it, we are too much inclined still to read religious verses as literary compositions, and to weigh them in the same balance as Homer or Shakspeare; and though our spiritual mind calls out against it, and would look at them with gracious eyes, yet we own there is a continual tendency to demand in them some of those qualifications which give to secular poetry not merely its charm but its very being. We offer this explanation and apology if we should seem to have dwelt too long, or insisted too much, upon poetry as distinct from religion.

The two publications which we have classed together at the head of the present article, though cast into a poetical form, do not claim to be poetry in the highest sense of the word. We do not say this to disparage them, but as intimating our belief that their writers have that which is intrinsically higher and better at heart. It would not, then, be dealing fairly by them, were we to try them by

that high poetical standard that we have set up. And even were they naturally gifted to shine amidst the higher ranks of the poetic band, their very subject, and we may add, their own spiritual feeling, would much debar them from rising, we had almost said, in the words of Milton, "to that bad eminence." Indeed, as poetry deals so much with mere natural feelings, and draws its deepest and most intoxicating draughts, not from the well of Bethlehem or the pool of Siloam, but from the turbid springs of human passion, a spiritual poet is almost cut off from the main fountain of poetic thought and expression. A carnal poet may wander at will, unchecked by conscience or godly fear, amidst every field of human thought and passion, and pluck flowers for his poetic wreath from the very brink of hell. But a Christian poet can dwell only on those themes which the Holy Spirit has sanctified, and every thought and expression must be under the powerful restraints of a conscience made tender in God's fear. Debarred from the use of "strange fire," the writers before us have rather sought to fill their censers with coals from the brazen altar. Their aim is nobler and higher than any carnal poet ever dreamed of; and if they have clothed their thoughts and feelings in verse, it is not to bind their brows with wreaths of poetic laurel, but to express their own experience of sorrow and joy for the comfort and encouragement of the people of God. As gracious men, and as personal friends, both of them have a claim upon our affectionate sympathy and interest; and if we cannot rank them in the highest class as poets, we are glad to esteem and value both them and their productions as imbued with the spirit of the gospel.

As poetical contributions, Mr. Sears's compositions certainly claim the higher place, and are generally written with much ease of versification, and force and warmth of expression. Though his main object was doubtless to give utterance to his own feelings and desires, yet he has evidently paid much attention to the structure of his verse and the correctness of his rhymes. In some of his verses there is an easy, animated flow, and a command of poetic imagery and expression which evince a natural gift in that direction. But it has higher qualifications. There is a prayerful spirit, mingled with confession, breathing through them, which makes them very suitable to the tender in heart and contrite in spirit; and though doctrinal truth is not prominently put forward, yet, to use John Newton's figure, it sweetens the whole.

But, as a part of a reviewer's office is to find fault, we cannot but think it a blemish that so many of the pieces in Mr. Sears's little work turn upon what, without wishing to use an offensive expression, we can hardly help calling a jingle; we mean, concluding every verse with the same or nearly the same line; or, if not that, taking two or three words as a kind of key-note to every verse. Though sanctioned occasionally by Newton and Kent, and carried to excess by Medley, it is not used by our greatest and best Christian poets, as Toplady, Kelly, Berridge, Hart, Cowper, Swaine, or Steele. A friend, to whom we mentioned it, seemed to think it an evidence of poverty of thought, and there is, perhaps, some truth in the explanation. Sparingly used,

it may add a force and a sweetness to a hymn, as in those beautiful lines by Fowler :

“Ye pilgrims of Zion;”

and in Kent's well known hymn :

“Jehovah hath said;”

but a beauty may be overdone. At any rate, when, out of sixty-nine pieces, about fifty are written wholly or partially on this plan, we think it a blemish instead of a beauty, and gives too much sameness, and a technical, artificial character to the work as a whole. The following affords a favorable specimen of the “Sacred Musings:”

THE INKHORN AND THE SLAUGHTER-WEAPONS.

“Set a mark upon the foreheads of the men that sigh and that cry.”—Ezek. ix. 4.

How solemn a sight, my spirit engages;

The slaughtering army of vengeance draws nigh;

The dread storm of fury has slumbered for ages,

But now it awakens and darkens the sky.

But, hark! a sweet voice the tempest is stilling,

And bidding the heralds of judgment stand by;

To lose his dear chosen, Jehovah's unwilling;

Then, mark the dear men that sorrow and cry.

The man with the inkhorn, by heaven inspired,

Goes through his great work with this in his eye—

He'll not miss a soul with sackcloth attired,

But mark the dear men that sorrow and cry.

But, lo! what a sight! the thunders are pealing!

The weapons of vengeance are lifted on high!

And all to destruction are certainly reeling,

Except the dear men that sorrow and cry!

How fearful the sight! a city all streaming

With sad mingled blood of the low and the high!

And yet the sweet sunshine of favor is beaming

On the heads of the men that sorrow and cry.

Blest Spirit of Grace! my heart is desiring

To have this rich gift sent down from the sky;

That love, which with joy while the bosom 'tis firing,

Makes the heart with contrition to sorrow and cry.

O! give me the heart that glows with devotion;

A spirit that mounts with gladness on high;

A conscience so tender, it melts with emotion,

And makes me for evil to sorrow and cry.

When, not a step of my pathway untrodden,

I lie but next door to my home in the sky,

'Twere blest, if with tears my pillow were sodden,

If thy tender love make me sorrow and cry.

Lord! grant that the light of thy love may be gleaming,

Through all the dark valley of death when I die;

Thus let me expire, in the rays ever beaming—

In regions where saints do not sorrow or sigh.

Blest Salem, whose streets of pure gold God enlightens

With beams from the Lamb, that's exalted on high—

The taste of thy glories, this truth surely heightens—

No sin ever there makes us sorrow and sigh.

Mr. Peake modestly styles his poetical contributions “Fragments of Experience.” Such fragments, when struck off at a white heat,

under the influence of the blessed Spirit, have a value that elaborate poems cannot reach, which have been more coldly worked upon the anvil. Writing poetry under gracious influences, and sitting down to compose verse at a stated hour of the day, resembles preaching or praying in the Spirit, and doing so because the hand of the clock points to eleven. The people of God instinctively feel and recognise what is spoken or written under divine influences; and as to them *that* alone is true eloquence which speaks from heart to heart, so *that* to them is alone true poetry which is imbued with unction and savor, and reaches their feelings and consciences. If not highly gifted as a poet, Mr. Peake evidently seeks the profit and edification of the family of God; and there is that sincerity and truth running through his poems, which, placed in the balance of the sanctuary, far outweigh all mere poetic tinsel. The light which he bears is of the Lord's lighting, (Psalm xviii. 28,) not an ignis fatuus; and it leads to Gethsemane and Calvary, not to the regions of sin, death, and despair. Who would choose a Byron's fame to have a Byron's end? Happier far are our friends who have devoted their poetic powers to the service of the sanctuary, and, instead of seeking the applause of dying worms, have made their end and aim the glory of God. The following is a fair specimen of Mr. Peake's Christian muse:

“THE PRECIOUS THINGS PUT FORTH BY THE MOON.”

(Deut. xxxiii. 14.)

OFt when the evening shades arise,
 And darkness overclouds the skies,
 The silvery moon is seen
 To rise, and with a borrowed light,
 Soon to disperse the shades of night,
 And brighten all the scene.
 So, midst the thousand shades of woe,
 Which mortals suffer here below,
 Believers yield a light;
 Reflecting, as the silvery moon,
 A light they do not call their own,
 Which soothes afflictions' night.
 Were not this world a darksome scene,
 Did no dark shadows intervene,
 The moon would rise in vain.
 And so the soul's reflected light
 Shines best in sorrows' darkest night
 Of suffering and pain.
 O! I have seen the child of God,
 Who, bowed beneath afflictions' load,
 My sympathy still shares;
 Whose faith and patience oft have proved
 A help to those of God beloved,
 As have her fervent prayers.*

* The allusion is to my dear friend Sarah Adcock, of Uppingham, who for upwards of twenty years has been laid on a bed of extreme suffering, and is entirely dependent on the never-failing providence of her gracious God and Father in Christ Jesus. I know but of two other cases in any good degree resembling hers, either as to the duration of the sufferings or the grace bestowed to bear them.

And I have seen, nor hope in vain,
 Perhaps once more to see again,
 The prayerful man of God;
 Who ready was, at every call,
 To wait, as servant, upon all,
 And tread as Jesus trod;

Who sympathized with others' pain,
 And when they sighed could sigh again,
 So brilliant shone his light;
 No moonbeam struggling in the dark,
 Or living glow-worms' sprightly spark,
 Shone with such lustre bright!

The letter prefixed to the poems, containing some account of Mr. P.'s Christian experience, will be read with interest.

IF the moral law itself, or the ten commandments of God, can do nothing else but gender servants, that is to say, cannot justify, but only terrify, accuse, condemn, and drive men's consciences to desperation; how then, I pray you, shall the laws of men, or the laws of the Pope justify, which are the doctrines of devils? They therefore that teach and set forth either the traditions of men or the law of God as necessary to obtain righteousness before God, do nothing else but gender servants. Notwithstanding such teachers are counted the best men. They obtain the favor of the world, and are most fruitful mothers, for they have an infinite number of disciples.—*Luther*.

I AM sure this was my case from my youth. I aimed sincerely at righteousness, and wanted to be saved; yet, had I died in that state, what would have become of me? for I am persuaded, though I watched, fasted, and prayed much, gave alms, frequented the sacrament, and all I could think of to make my conscience easy, yet I was entirely a stranger to faith, and did not know what believing in him meant. As often as I strove to cry, "Peace," to my heart, and to think myself right, so often was the Lord pleased, as it were, to impress upon my mind, "Yet lackest thou one thing." But as I never heard any one scruple their faith, if that came at all into my thoughts I would not suffer it, till one greater than my heart opened my eyes, and made me see and feel I had no confidence in Christ. I did not believe in him for remission of my sins; for to speak truly, I believed nothing more than a heathen or a Turk. I thought if I did all in my power, and was obedient to the commandments, prayed many times a day, fasted often, attended the church service, the sacrament, helped the poor, and refrained from gross sins, &c., I should be accepted; and of the righteousness of Christ I expected no more than that, in case I fell short, it would help to mend my righteousness. I did not believe any one had his Spirit, or knew remission of sins. My heart had no real benefit from his death or blood-shedding, more than a serious Jew; nothing that could make me happy or deliver me from the fear of death or the power of sin. My nature remained the same, only I washed and made clean the outside of the cup and platter. I garnished the tomb and whited the wall; but within I felt the old stainings, the same bad tempers and ill affections. When I saw this, and knew with all my glorious profession I had not faith, my heart sank, and I became more and more concerned and restless, till our Saviour gave me to believe, and ended my fears. In such a state as I was in before I experienced this, I would not have ventured to depart this life for all the gold in Arabia.—*Cennick*.

P O E T R Y.

I've pass'd through trials, deep and great,
 And sunk immensely with their weight;
 I've been oppress'd with care and grief,
 And sometimes could not find relief.

I've pass'd through many fears and doubt,
 And borne the frowns of men without;
 The killing law I've sunk beneath,
 And felt the terrors, too, of Death.

Pain and affliction, too, I've had;
 With mourning, too, my soul's been clad;
 With sad dejection I've been press'd,
 Till I have cried, Lord, I'm oppress'd!

But one thing yet, of all the worst,
 Besets me like a mighty host;
 Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
 It presses like a mighty load.

'Tis my bad heart, a wretched spring
 Of every base and unclean thing;
 It plagues me sore by night, by day,
 And robs my soul in every way.

Of all the grief that's ever fell,
 And sank my soul as down to hell,
 'Tis the base workings of my heart,
 That work and lust in every part.

O wicked thoughts that in me lurk,
 Like a foul spring in constant work!
 A wretched heart is mine, I feel;
 May God his powerful blood reveal!

I'm so beset with foul desires,
 So much unlike what God requires;
 I would be free from every sin,
 But, O! the unclean spring's within!

O could I live in godly fear,
 That holy grace, to me so dear;
 O may it prove in me again,
 A flowing spring, to wash me clean!

THOMAS.

THE pope calls all the world to the obedience of the holy church of Rome, as to a holy state, in the which they may undoubtedly obtain salvation; and yet after he has brought them under the obedience of the laws, he commands them to doubt of their salvation. So the kingdom of Antichrist braggeth and vaunteth at the first, of the holiness of his orders, his rules and his laws, and assuredly promiseth everlasting life to such as observe and keep them. But afterwards, when these miserable men have long afflicted their bodies with watching, fasting, and such-like exercises, according to the traditions and ordinances of men, this is all they gain thereby, that they are uncertain whether this obedience please God or no. Thus Satan most horribly dallies in the death and destruction of souls through the pope; and therefore is the papacy a slaughter-house of consciences, and the very kingdom of the devil.—*Luther.*

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

THE GRADUAL CONQUEST; OR, HEAVEN WON
BY LITTLE AND LITTLE.

BY RALPH ERSKINE.

“And the Lord thy God will put out these nations before thee, by little and little.”—Deut. vii. 22.

WE have here God's promise to Israel of old, concerning their being brought to the possession of the earthly Canaan; and, lest they should be discouraged by the difficulty of the conquest, so many enemies being in the way, he animates them against the greatest discouragement. If they objected the *number* of their enemies, and their strength, he answers that objection, ver. 17, 18. He had destroyed greater enemies than these for them; and he that had done the greater would easily do the less; he that began the work would finish it. If they objected the *weakness* of their own strength and forces, he answers that objection, ver. 20, 21. Their greatest encouragement was, that they had God among them, a mighty God, and terrible; and if God be with us, if God be for us, we need not fear the power of any creature against us. If they objected the *slow progress* of their arms, and feared that the Canaanites would never be subdued, if they were not expelled at the first, to this it is answered in the words of our text: “The Lord thy God will put out these nations before thee, by little and little.”

I shall endeavor to open and confirm this doctrine in the following method:

- I. Inquire who are the *true Israel* of God.
- II. Speak a little of the *heavenly Canaan*, which they will be brought to the possession of.
- III. Inquire what *nations of enemies* they have in their way.
- IV. Speak a little of the *Conqueror*, the Lord their God.
- V. The *manner* of the conquest, his putting them out before them by little and little.
- VI. The *reasons* of this gradual conquest.
- VII. Make some *improvement* of the subject.

I. The first thing proposed was to inquire, who are the *true Israel* of God to whom this promise is made in the mystical and spiritual sense of it? “For they are not all Israel that are of Israel.” (Rom. ix. 6.)

1. The true Israel of God, whom he will bring to the heavenly Canaan, are a people whom he hath set apart for himself, and separated from the rest of the world, as Israel was. The true Israel are set apart, not only by election, from eternity, but by effectual calling in time. As in the first creation, God separated the light from the darkness, and made the one day and the other night; so, in effectual calling, he separates the elect from others, as light from darkness; he leaves the rest of the world buried in their own obscurity, and makes the others children of light. By effectual calling, they are favored with convincing grace, and others are left stupid and seared; they obtain enlightening grace, and others are left in the dark; they obtain renewing grace, and others are left in their enmity; they are favored with persuading and enabling grace to believe, others are left in their unbelief, and remain children of wrath and disobedience. "This people have I formed for myself, they shall show forth my praise." (Isa. xlii. 21.) Hence,

2. The true Israel of God are a people whom he hath brought out of Egypt, in a spiritual sense, as Israel was in a temporal; and that with a high hand, and out-stretched arm. He hath brought them out of the Egypt of a natural state, and out of the house of bondage; from their natural bondage of sin and Satan, their bondage to the law, as a covenant of works, putting them to the hard task and intolerable labor of doing for life, a task much worse than the Egyptian bondage of making bricks without straw. They are a people redeemed, not only by the price of the Mediator's blood, but also by the power of his Spirit. By his power he hath begun to plague their enemies, and to drown them in the red sea of his blood; for, "They overcome by the blood of the Lamb." (Rev. xii. 11.)

3. The true Israel of God are a people acquainted with *travelling in the wilderness*, from Sinai to Zion, as Israel was; I mean, from the law to the gospel; from the covenant of works to the covenant of grace. As Israel at Sinai were amazed at the sight of God appearing in his terrible majesty, so the true Israel of God are a people that have been humbled with the views of God's holiness and infinite justice in the command and threatening of the law; and been made willing to flee for refuge to the hope set before them, in the gospel-covenant. They have come from Sinai to Zion; "to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling." (Heb. xii. 24.)

4. The true Israel of God are a people acquainted with the *conduct of the pillar of cloud and of fire*, as Israel was; I mean, they have received the Spirit of Christ to be their guide in the way to Canaan: "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his;" (Rom. viii. 9;) and if any man have the Spirit of Christ, he is guided thereby, and led into all truth, and out of all the paths of damnable error. There is a leading of the Spirit by a secret invisible hand, and by the means of the word, that all the Israel of God are partakers of; even a voice behind them, saying, This is the way, and that is not the way; and all his sheep know his voice. (John x. 4.)

5. The true Israel of God are a people *fed with manna from heaven*, in a spiritual sense, as Israel was in another sense. They are a people that eat the hidden manna; that have bread to eat the world knows not of, even the bread of life that came down from heaven. They live by faith on the Son of God; Christ is the ALPHA and OMEGA of their life, the restorer and preserver of their life; they cannot live without him. The worldling lives upon his riches, the carnal man lives upon his lusts, hypocrites live upon their profession, legalists live upon their duties; but the true Israel of God live a life of faith upon Christ himself, as their wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. If I have any wisdom, Christ is my wisdom; if any righteousness, Christ is my righteousness; if any holiness, Christ is my sanctification; Christ is my ALL; my life, my strength, my treasure, my hope, my deliverer, my friend, my Saviour, my complete salvation.

6. The true Israel of God are a people acquainted with *wrestling with God for the blessing*, as Jacob was, who thereby obtained the name of ISRAEL; and all believers are thereupon called the seed of Jacob, that shall not seek God's face in vain. They are a people whose life of faith is acted much upon their knees, or in a way of praying in the name of Christ, and in the Spirit of Christ; praying in (or by) the Holy Ghost. (Jude 20.) "This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O God of Jacob." (Psalm xxiv. 6.) They are always wanters, and that makes them constantly seekers and beggars.

II. The second thing was, to speak a little of the *heavenly Canaan*, which they will be brought to the possession of. I would hold it forth in these four particulars, namely, in its *types, epithets, parts, and properties*.

1. In its *types*. How magnificently does the Lord speak of the earthly Canaan! It is called a goodly land; a holy land; a land flowing with milk and honey; (Deut. xi. 9-12;) yet this land was but a type and shadow of the heavenly.

The Sabbath is a type of this heavenly, happy, and eternal sabbath of rest. But it is unsettled rest the Lord's people have here. When they rest in the Lord at any time, their rest is soon disturbed. Even though they can say at times, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee;" how soon does the devil, the evil heart, and the world disquiet them again! But there remains a rest (a sabbatism) for the people of God, when they shall rest from their labor; rest from sin and sorrow. (Heb. iv. 9.)

The tabernacle was a type of the heavenly Canaan: "The Lord's presence filled the tabernacle." O how does his presence fill heaven, and fill all the hearts of the heavenly inhabitants! Glorious things are spoken of the earthly Zion; how much more glorious things may be spoken of the new Jerusalem above! But then,

2. We may consider the heavenly Canaan in its *epithets*; as

It is called a house, a mansion house, a prepared place: "In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you."

(John xiv. 2.) O what a noble house is it, where glory dwells! What an excellent house will it be, when the Father of the family will be in the midst of the house, and all his children about him; all his elect gathered together from all corners of the earth; where the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, as also Christ himself the elder Brother, and all the younger brethren will dwell together!

It is called the joy of the Lord: "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." (Matt. xxv. 23.) Joy here enters into the believer; but there the believer enters into joy. He enters, as it were, into an ocean of joy; and it is the joy of his Lord Jesus; of whom it is said, that, "For the joy that was set before him, he endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." (Heb. xii. 2.) That same joy the saints are to enter into: "In thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore." (Psalm xvi. 11.)

It is also called life, eternal life: "The gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom. vi. 23.) Life is sweet; and the more excellent the life is, the more sweet. The rational life is sweet; the life of grace is yet sweeter, but the life of glory is sweetest of all; and this life is eternal; it is life for evermore.

It is called a kingdom, a heavenly kingdom: "The Lord shall preserve me to his heavenly kingdom. (2 Tim. iv. 18.) Yea, such a kingdom, that all the subjects here are kings. One said of Rome once that it was *Republica regum*, "A commonwealth of kings." It is true of heaven; it is a commonwealth of kings; they are all kings and priests unto their God. And there all the kings have their crowns; a crown of glory, righteousness, and joy. "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne," &c. (Rev. iii. 21.) They will have their royal robes, their robes of glory, and palms of victory. (Rev. vii. 19, &c.) But again,

3. We may consider this heavenly Canaan in its *parts*. The first part of it is the vision of God: "Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face." (1 Cor. xiii. 12.) "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory." (John xvii. 24.) New cabinets of rich treasure will be opened up to them every moment to eternity. The second part of it is likeness, which follows upon the former: "We shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." (1 John iii. 2.) This is the native fruit of beholding Christ, to be thereby brought to conformity to him. (2 Cor. iii. 18.) The third part of it is love. Likeness breeds love, even upon earth; then will the saints be made perfect in love. (1 John iv. 18.) O what flames of love will burn in heaven! every saint will be a flame. The fourth part of it is satisfaction, which proceeds from the rest: "I will behold thy face in righteousness. I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness." (Psalm xvii. 15.) All this is begun on earth in the heirs of glory. The brighter view a believer gets of Christ, the more likeness; the more likeness the more love; and the more love the more satisfaction. But, O, when there shall be perfect seeing, there will be perfect likeness; when perfect likeness perfect love; and

when perfect love perfect satisfaction and joy; then "the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." (Isa. xxxv. 10.)

4. We might consider this heavenly Canaan in its *properties*. It is another sort of inheritance than the earthly Canaan.

It is a glorious inheritance, it is glory itself; yea, "an exceeding great and eternal weight of glory." (2 Cor. iv. 17.) God, who is everywhere present, is there gloriously. To make a weak allusion. The sun in the firmament is in this or that place by his rays and beams, but in the firmament in a glorious manner. So God is here on earth, in his grace, and the rays of his countenance; but in heaven in a glorious way. O, Sirs, there the saints are, indeed, all glorious within and without, both; their bodies glorious, like unto Christ's glorious body, when once they are raised; their souls glorious, because perfect in holiness.

It is a heavenly inheritance; therefore called a heavenly kingdom, in opposition to earthly kingdoms. There the great King is heavenly, the subjects are heavenly, the employment is heavenly, the reward heavenly, the company heavenly, the converse heavenly, all heavenly.

It is called a promised inheritance; promised in Christ Jesus before the world began. (2 Tim. i. 9; Titus i. 2.) It is also an eternal inheritance; "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." (1 Peter i. 4.) The earthly Canaan was but temporary, subject to be laid desolate for the sins of the inhabitants thereof; and accordingly it was laid waste, and remains so to this day; but the heavenly Canaan is an inheritance that is not liable to corruption nor defilement, and therefore it fades not away. It cannot, like the former, be infested with enemies or evil neighbors, nor with any plague or malady. The inhabitants of that land shall not say, I am sick. It is a place of perfect health, without any sickness; and a happy immortality, without any death, or fear of death; a blest eternity, for, when thousands, thousands, thousands of years are gone, their happiness is but beginning. Earthly kingdoms fade, and this world's monarchs die, but, in that everlasting kingdom, death is swallowed up in victory. If it were to have an end after millions of years, it were enough to make them live in perplexity and trouble, but it is eternal and everlasting. This is a short description, from the word, of that heavenly Canaan.

III. The third thing is, to show what *nations of enemies and oppositions* are in the way to this heavenly Zion. See how many and mighty nations stood in the way of Israel's possessing the earthly Canaan, in the first verse of this chapter where our text stands: "Seven nations, greater and mightier than they." And after they came to that land of promise, some of these nations were suffered to dwell among them, particularly the Jebusites, who were as prickles in their eyes, and thorns in their sides. And, in process of time, God stirred up other nations against them, for just and holy causes

as the Philistines, the Moabites, the Ammonites, that coasted near their dwelling; besides the Assyrians and Babylonians, from remoter countries, who led them captive. And besides outward enemies and foreign invasions, they were not a little vexed and disquieted with civil and intestine dissensions. There was Saul's house against David's, and David's against Saul's; Israel against Judah, and Judah against Israel; Manasses against Ephraim, and Ephraim against Manasses; nations thus both without and within, and enemies on every side. Now, in like manner, there are great and mighty nations that oppose the true Israel of God in their way to the heavenly Canaan above, and that hinder their peaceable possession of any part of heaven that, through grace, they possess on earth. In allusion, therefore, to the seven nations here that God cast out before Israel of old, I shall show seven of these nations of spiritual enemies and oppositions that are in the way to the heavenly Canaan, and that disturb the Israel of God in any begun possession that they may have here, through grace.

I only premise, that as, in an outward sense, all nations of the earth proceed from one root and original, namely, the first man, Adam; so, in a spiritual sense, most of the nations that oppose our happiness, do spring from one root, and that grand root is original sin and corruption. Here is the great commander that leads forth multitudes of nations of actual oppositions against God, and the Israel of God who are bound for the heavenly Canaan. A body of sin and death is the fertile womb that brings forth swarms in one day; yea, there, as it were, whole nations are born at once. But, more particularly, there are seven nations that oppose and vex the Israel of God in their way to heaven.

1. A nation of *vain thoughts*. We are by nature vain in our imaginations, (Rom. i. 21,) and these vain thoughts lodge within the walls of Jerusalem: "O Jerusalem, wash thine heart from wickedness. How long shall vain thoughts lodge within thee?" (Jer. iv. 14.) These nations lodge within, take bed and board with you, and eat up the very sap of your souls; therefore, when David says, "I hate vain thoughts," (Psalm cxix. 113,) he expresses them with a word that signifies the sprig and branch that grows in a tree, which draws the sap out of it, and makes it fruitless. Do you not find a nation of this sort swarming about your heart every day, and every hour of the day? Yea, I am mistaken if these Philistines have not been upon you, and if these nations have not been besetting you, and besieging your souls in time of praying and hearing on this occasion; and, I imagine, they who are exercised and bound for heaven, will feel a need of Almighty power to put out this nation before them, though there were no more. And indeed, these vain thoughts are like the flying posts to the rest of the nations that may be named. But then,

2. There is a nation of *worldly cares*, which Christ compares to briars and thorns, that choke the seed of the word: (Mark iv. 7, and Luke viii. 14.) This nation goes under the name of Frugality; but if you look narrowly to its armour, you will find the motto thereof

to be, Careful about many things, but neglecting the one thing needful; and yet this is such a powerful nation that many people are subdued by it, so as they can mind nothing but earthly things, and so lose heaven, and come short of salvation; yea, such is the power of this nation over the Israel of God that he is obliged in a manner to smite them, and extirpate the world out of their heart with a rod of correction: "For the iniquity of his covetousness was I wroth, and smote him;" yea, the rod of God will not do it till the grace of God efficaciously be exerted: "I hid me, and was wroth, and yet he went on frowardly in the way of his heart;" but sovereign, powerful grace steps in: "I have seen his ways, and will heal him." (Isa. lvii. 17, 18.)

3. There is a nation of *doubts and fears*, as also *sinful discouragements and unbelieving objections*. (Psalm xlii. 6, 7.) The soul is oft-times overset and overwhelmed with them. They may well be compared to a nation. They are so many, that no sooner does a minister begin to answer objections, but the unbelieving heart will raise a thousand more; and so mighty, that there is no subduing of them, till Christ himself rebuke them, as he did the raging waves of the sea, with a word of power, and so create a calm in the soul. This is a nation that rages like the heathen spoken of in Psalm ii., and imagines many vain things against the Lord, and his Anointed; but the Lord stills the rage with the rod of his strength, that he sends out of Zion, when he makes a people willing in the day of his power. He answers the doubts and objections of unbelief, and stills the fears and discouragements of his people, either by a word of power let into the heart, such as that, "Fear not, it is I; be not afraid. O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" Or by a breathing of his Spirit, accompanying a word that is spoken to the ear.

4. There is a nation of *ungodly men* from without, that also vex and oppose the people of God in their way to the heavenly Canaan: "Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation." (Psalm xliii. 1.) This is a nation that many times suppresses and bears down the work of God in the soul. The company and influence of the ungodly, who mock at religion and laugh at sacred things, is a great hindrance to the salvation of a soul. And as it was with Israel of old, so it is with the church in all ages; she is never without enemies that annoy her. There are four sorts of ungodly men that the church of God generally complain of, the tyrant, the atheist, the heretic, and the hypocrite. Some of these would subvert, and others pervert her. The tyrant, by heart-hatred and open persecution; the atheist, by profanity of life; the heretic, by corruption of doctrine; and the hypocrite, by pretences of holiness. These nations of ungodly men do oppose the people of God, partly by force and partly by fraud; and, indeed, the secret enemies are commonly the most dangerous of the two, they that use fraud more dangerous than they that use force; for these, being seen and known, are more easily avoided, but the other not so easily shunned, because not suspected.

5. There is a nation of *mighty kings* and *powerful giants*, as the sons of Anak are called. (Num. xiii. 33.) How many great kings did the Lord give into the hands of Israel! such as Og, king of Bashan, and Sihon, king of the Amorites. (Psalm cxxxv. 10, 11, and cxxxvi. 18, 19, 20.) But there are greater kings and potentates than these that stand in the way of the possession of the heavenly Canaan. There are more especially four mighty kings to be subdued; for,

As Sin is a mighty king, that reigns in us and over us naturally, therefore, says the apostle, let not sin reign in your mortal body, so Satan is a mighty king in his own territories, therefore called the prince of this world, the prince of the power of the air that rules in the hearts of the children of disobedience. (Eph. ii. 2.) Self is a mighty king; it competes with king Jesus, and keeps his throne, so long as the loftiness of man is not brought down, and the haughtiness of man made low, (Isa. ii. 11,) that the Lord alone may be exalted in the heart; and even after Christ is exalted to the throne of the heart, self is still fighting and working for the throne. Death is a mighty king, therefore called the king of terrors. (Job xviii. 14.) He is a king that is the terror of kings, as well as inferior subjects. This is called the last enemy of God's Israel: "The last enemy to be destroyed is death;" and happy, happy they that get the sting of death extracted, which is sin: "Death shall be swallowed up in victory." (1 Cor. xv. 54-57.) Christ is the victorious conqueror of this and all other enemies. However, these are mighty kings in the way, and some of them have mighty giants in their armies, particularly these three, viz., king Sin, king Satan, and king Self; these three have powerful armies to fight their hellish battles. And there are,

6. A nation of *deceitful lusts* in the heart, so called, Eph. iv. 22. These are like so many deputies and officers, captains and lieutenants, fighting under the banner of king Sin, king Self, and king Satan, against king Jesus, the God of glory. O what swarms of lusts make up this army of hell! If you can travel through the camp of your heart, you will see an armed regiment of gigantic lusts. There you may see grim-faced ignorance, armed with the devil's black livery; there you may see cursed atheism and unbelief, armed with lies and blasphemies, and bitter invectives against heaven; there you will see cruel enmity, armed with a bloody sword of forcible opposition unto God and Christ; there you will see subtle hypocrisy, armed with fraud and flattery; there you will see brazen-faced hardness of heart, armed with a brow of brass; there you may see dumpish security, armed with a fearless spirit, and a stupid conscience; bold presumption, armed with a daring countenance; towering pride, armed with a robe of gaudy attire, and an eye of scorn, contempt, and disdain; as also self-righteous confidence, armed with gross ignorance both of the spirituality of the law, and mystery of the gospel. These reign in and over the ungodly world, and many times rage in the hearts of believers to the leading of them captive.

7. There is a nation of actual *outbreakings* in the life, and *sins* in the conversation; these are like the common soldiers of the army of hell, making daily excursions into the camp of Israel; yea, every hour of the day they are breaking out on this hand, and on that hand, and round about us on all hands, in innumerable omissions and commissions. You may read a list of the names of this army in Gal. v. 19-21, and 2 Tim. iii. 1-5.

Now these are the seven nations continually in arms, and at work for hell, and against heaven; the nation of vain thoughts continually flying post through the rest of the nations for intelligence; the nation of worldly cares, continually making provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof; the nation of doubts, and unbelieving fears, and jealousies, still keeping watch, and standing sentry at the door of the heart, to keep out all heavenly messages and exclude all proposals of peace with heaven; the nation of ungodly men continually guarding the outworks of hell, and plying their large artillery and battering rams, to beat down what God and Christ and the gospel would build up; the nation of mighty kings, which I have mentioned, still issuing forth new commands and orders for war against heaven; the nation of deceitful lusts, like officers of the army, still mustering the host, leading them forth to the field of battle, and setting them in battle array; and the nation of actual sins and outbreakings still brandishing their swords and spears and other implements of war, making daily and hourly excursions out of the camp of hell, and incursions upon their opposites and antagonists, running upon the camp of Israel, to destroy them, and hinder their march to the heavenly Canaan.

Now, to these nations all the world of mankind are, by nature, kept in subjection, and, which is worse, they are willing slaves and captives to them; and even the Israel of God, who have left their camp, and fled under the colours and standard of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Captain of salvation, are many times led captive by them. They are still giving battle to Israel. Now, O thou that art bound for the celestial Canaan, what thinkest thou of these nations? Are they not seven nations greater and mightier than thou? Surely if thou hast found, to thy sad experience, the power, and the policy, and the pernicious influence of these mighty nations upon thee, it will be welcome news to hear that the Lord thy God will put out these nations from before thee, by little and little.

(To be continued in our next.)

MAN'S reason understandeth not what faith and true godliness is, and therefore it neglecteth and despiseth it, and is naturally addicted to superstition and hypocrisy; that is to say, to the righteousness of works. Now, because this righteousness shineth and flourisheth everywhere, therefore it is a mighty empress of the whole world. Those, therefore, which teach the righteousness of works by the law, beget many children which outwardly seem to be free, and have a glorious show of excellent virtues, but in conscience they are servants and bond-slaves of sin; therefore they are to be cast out of the house and condemned.—*Luther.*

A BETHEL VISIT.

Deut. viii. 2, 3, &

WEDNESDAY, the 20th of February, 1833. Having been lain aside by an ulcerated sore throat since Monday, the 4th instant, and just upon the eve of recovering from it on Wednesday, the 20th instant, after taking tea, about a quarter past seven o'clock in the evening, whilst ruminating on the goodness of God throughout this sharp but short illness, my thoughts began to fix in a contemplative mood, and I was carried in the spirit of my mind forty years back of my eventful life, to three seasons of preservation from drowning, which the Lord showed me he had preserved me from; he then showed me that it was he that gave me a concern as to the reality of another state of existence beyond this, by which he had led me to seek his face; that it was he who quickened me into life, and raised me to a hope in his mercy; that he was with me in the persecution that followed for righteousness' sake, both in the country and in London; that it was he who gave me a wife, and had been with me in all the vast variety of events and circumstances that followed; that it was he who brought me back to the fold when I had strayed away; and that it was he who had inflicted all the chastisements which my conduct had deserved. At this moment I exclaimed (being overcome with the view), "Dear Lord, how is it that thou dost so graciously condescend to notice so vile a worm?" He would have it so. That he had placed me, in his providence, where I was, and in his church, among his people; and in the situation in his church where I had a duty to perform, which he would enable me to fulfil; that he was interested in all my concerns, and that in all my dry, cold, barren, and lifeless seasons, his ear had been open to me, and his eye upon me; that he had answered me in all that had been asked in conformity to his will, both in his providence and grace; and at the instant, in his light, I saw that he had, whilst at this moment my heart was dissolved before him in the view. But had not the Lord himself shown me the fact, I never could have believed that the Almighty would have condescended to incline his ear to what proceeded from me in those seasons, but so the reality was at this hallowed moment; he feasted me with those fruits which are brought forth by the Sun, and gave me to feel, in my measure, what it was to be changed into the same image, from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord, till I was wrapt up and lost in himself, incorporated in him,—so that it was all Christ at this moment, and my soul dissolved in him. He supported me under the weight and pressure of his transforming love throughout this hallowed season; and when I left my chair to get my watch from off the table, to wind it up, I wist not what the time was, but found it was near one o'clock in the morning. But my spirit was quite fresh, and the whole of my animal system likewise. I felt no inclination for food or sleep, but bowed my knees before him, and he opened my mouth, and poured into my heart, and enabled me to pour out before him for my pastor, and family, and the whole of

His mystical body. He had given me to see that it was one body, actuated and influenced by one Spirit, and that his glory was intimately connected with and interwoven in all the circumstances and events that attended it. He showed me that the whole was a path of tribulation, for he brought the whole into one focus before my view; I saw it, and that a rich vein of mercy and love ran through the whole; so that I was thus indulged five hours and a half; and when I retired to bed, expecting that I should have no sleep, nor had I any desire for sleep, my thoughts being so intensely occupied with him, I said, "Dear Lord, henceforth let no man trouble me, nor be concerned about me; 't is enough, thou art mine!" but he gave me sweet sleep, and I awoke in the morning with the same powerful influence upon me. After my morning sacrifice had been offered, I found it was impossible for me to attend to business whilst this rich jubilee continued; and it abode with me for some days after, when I returned to my own place.

[The writer is gone to his everlasting rest.—Ed.]

A LETTER BY THE LATE SAMUEL TURNER, OF SUNDERLAND.

My dear Friends,—I have just got up from my knees, having bowed them to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family of heaven and earth is named, and having made confession and prayer for myself, and all his children. The first thought after I arose had my Helmsley friends for its object; and fearing to trust myself in writing after going out, I immediately sat down to send a few lines on the best subject—a covenant God in Christ, who has so graciously manifested himself in all generations, as to become the object of the saving knowledge, fear, confidence, hope, and rejoicing of his people in every age.

The precious words spoken to Abraham respect also his seed after him: "Fear not, I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward." How perfectly safe are those who have an interest in the one, and how inconceivably happy are they who possess the other! But we should not forget that a shield is only useful in warfare. And who can stand against the world, the flesh, and the devil, but those who are defended by almighty power? When we reflect upon the thousands and millions that the world, the flesh, and the devil have eternally destroyed; when we feel a little of their great power, and are brought low by their subtle, powerful, and malicious opposition; when foes abound and fears prevail, then how sweet it is to be enabled, in the exercise of precious faith, to find ourselves under the all-sufficient and engaged power of God, displayed in the precious blood, the everlasting righteousness, and all fulness of grace of Christ Jesus, our covenant Head! He is our Sun and our Shield, our Refuge and our Hiding place. And the Holy Spirit teaches us to fly by prayer to him for help and deliverance, for perseverance and salva-

tion. This is the feeble arm of faith making use of the strong shield. Our blind, wretched, unbelieving heart may have its fears, but God has his faithfulness, which can never fail. And the sweet Psalmist saith, "The Lord is a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in time of trouble; and they that know his name will put their trust in him; for the Lord has not forsaken the soul that seeketh him." And the Lord enlightening us to see, and quickening us to feel our depravity, the temptations of Satan, and the troubles, snares, and entanglements of this evil world, and by applying his precious promises, doth cause us to seek him for pardon, strength, and perseverance; and sometimes we can truly say, "We have found him whom our soul loveth." His presence puts our foes to flight, and dispels our fears. Light, life, and love, courage, strength, and joy accompany it. We bid defiance to our foes, and farewell to our fears, and look forward with lively expectation to our possessing the "exceeding great reward." O astonishing favor! May it deeply humble and gladden our hearts, and cause us to offer up our tribute of praise to the Three-in-One Jehovah, for grace so sovereign, rich, and free to poor unworthy sinful dust and ashes.

The love of God in Christ Jesus, the glorious Person, and perfectly finished work of the Mediator; the eternal redemption he hath obtained; the glorious truth of the everlasting Gospel; the precious promises of the new and better covenant, and the gracious work of the Holy Spirit, are the grandest and most important themes that can engage the heart, tongue, or pen. What a mercy, that we should ever see a beauty in them, ever taste their sweetness, and that they should have an abiding place in our mind and memory, our choice and desire, our heart and affections! "Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound;" that receive the love of truth, yielding the obedience of faith, and whose heart's prayer to God is to experience its power, enjoy its blessings, and live, walk, and speak according to it; and be brought into his presence with exceeding great joy, who is the sum and substance of it.

When we consider by how many, and how much, the truth is neglected, despised, and opposed, what abundant cause have we to admire and adore that sovereign, almighty grace that has made us to differ; which has opened our blind eyes, unstopped our deaf ears, and loosened our long-tied tongues; and, in spite of all our native ignorance, unbelief, and hardness of heart, and all the devices and power of Satan, our cruel enemy, has caused the light of the Gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, to shine into our hearts, giving us that view of the glory of God in the face of Christ Jesus that has caused us to love, rejoice, and adore! O that this may be much increased in you and me, and all that inquire their way to Zion, with their faces thitherward! The sweet promises are, "Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings, and ye shall go forth and grow up as calves of the stall." And, "The path of the just is as the shining light, which shines more and more to the perfect day." I remain, Yours affectionately,

SAMUEL TURNER.

CALLED TO BEAR THE WEIGHTY CROSS.

Dear Friend,—Your former and last letters are now before me, and cause me to say, I am glad to hear of distant friends, as well as to behold those who are present with me. It is the church and cause of God that lie near my heart. For that, and for them, I have often spent my strength, and exhausted my internal treasure, until, according to my feelings, I have thought I have been finished, and should go on and hold together but a very little while longer. Yet having obtained help of God, I continue to the present day.

I must confess I feel a desire to continue a little longer, for the furtherance and joy of faith of those babes of Christ who are committed to my charge. I long and labor to bring them on their journey after a godly sort; and the Lord has poured such a zeal into my heart for their holiness of life as well as of heart, that I must rebuke them that have sinned (openly) before all, that the others may fear, warn the unruly, and show the absolute necessity that the old man be crucified, and that the body of sin be destroyed; so that at the last I may present them as a chaste virgin to Christ. I find that some are very willing to “obey them that have the rule over them, and submit themselves,” being gentle and easy to be entreated; while others, even gracious souls, are stubborn and hard to be won.

What different ways, looks, and words the ministry has brought upon me. To some people I seem, in my way of acting, as though I had no concern for them in the least; while to others I use and practise all the art that is possible (that is with myself) to entangle them. To some I look so stern, as if I were filled with madness; while to others, as if my eyes were a fountain of tears and ready to burst and start from their sockets, in earnest, good, and loving wishes for them. O! If God's little children knew my heart's love for them, and could see how it streams from my eyes, and hear how it flows from my mouth, methinks that they would take the speediest advantage of it they could, and say, “Let him reprove, rebuke, warn, and admonish, it is all an excellent oil that shall not break my head.” For “faithful are the wounds of a friend; but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful.” To some I speak, and my words have been like the piercings of a sword, while others find that the tongue of the wise giveth health.

To stand clear from blood-guiltiness, I have been necessitated to tell many a sinner that, living and dying in the state he was in, hell would be his doom to an endless eternity; and to many a deceived professor I have pointed out the grounds of that deception, until their consciences have witnessed to the truth of what I said; but not falling under that, they have called me the most uncharitable man they ever knew; and that what I said was the fruits and effects of the spirit of the devil himself. Some have run away to others to get their wounds healed in any way, so that they might be healed. I remember that one poor man said, when I had been pointing the truth out to him, “O my soul, come not thou into their secret.” I

said it was likely that God would take him at his word. Since then he has fallen into a sad and shocking disgrace. Some few have fallen when wounded, and have remained so until the blood of atonement has made them whole. When I see sinners bleeding with grief in their minds and consciences, I do not know how to be kind and tender enough. Did they but know how my bowels yearn over them, they would not be so shy and so backward as they sometimes are.

Never was there more need to draw the line of separation, and produce the marks of spiritual distinction than at this time; and as this is done, you will find that "sinners in Zion are afraid, and fearfulness hath surprised the hypocrite;" but the event of such things I am enabled in a great measure to leave.

I have often thought, and find it true, that I am set as "a man of strife and contention to the whole earth." For I do not know one servant of Christ at this time (except Mr. —) who has so much prejudice to cope with as myself; and that amongst good men. Yet herein has the Lord and Saviour embraced the opportunity to make me more clearly manifest.

You have said that I am a highly-honored man, and I dare say that you had a compound of feelings when I have been amongst you; but that which the Lord approves of in you and by you, I have no reason to disapprove of myself. I would say, if your call to the ministry is clear, give yourself to much reading of the Scriptures and prayer, and to the watching of every motion without and within.

But I will now inform you that I am still honored by my most gracious Lord and Master; for he says, "Them that honor me I will honor;" and even when I have no particular manifestation of his love, yet I am called to bear the cross; which I see and feel to be as needful as other things. There was a time when the cross appeared very frightful, and I struggled to get free from it; and because I could not obtain my ends, I kicked and rebelled against it; but now it stirs me up to prayer, creates a good appetite for the word, and makes bitter things to become sweet. One part of my cross is, some whom I highly esteem walk very wide, and give occasion to the enemy to blaspheme. This is very painful to me, yet I see it is over-ruled for good. Another is, afflictions in my family, which I suppose will be heavier still; yet they are very profitable indeed; the reverse of what I have said above. I feel myself to bow and to be patient and resigned. My heart cries and goes up in prayer, and, whether you believe it or not, when my first child was laid down, I could say, "Bless the Lord for this." I think, speak, and believe in my heart that nothing takes place by chance; and that all is by weight and measure. I see that it is not only the Lord's work to give, but that it is he who taketh away also; and this greatly supports me, so that I do not repine. Should he strike my mercies dead, or take them all away, I hear him say, "Be still, and know that I am God." It was on the cross my old man was crucified with Christ; and it is by the cross I am crucified to the world, with all its affections and lusts. Without tribulation, how can I be a manifest disciple? and what hope can I have of the sparkling crown? It is this that has made

my conversation savory to you, my letters weighty, and my ministry successful. I certainly have seen him suffering, bleeding, and dying on the cross for me, which was the greatest pleasure I ever had; and may I not suppose he delights to see me wear the cross for him? Without vaunting, I say it is a badge of honor I have no desire to be without. I would be understood to mean that which is for truth's sake, or for my soul's health. In the doctrine of the cross, I see the infinite wisdom of God shine; while the "preaching of the cross is foolishness to them that perish." O James! The salutary effects of the cross are such as you can never sufficiently value, and will no doubt be at a loss how to describe.

I cannot possibly accommodate the wishes of the youths under the yoke at this time; and whether I shall be able to serve the Deptford people on a Lord's Day or not, I cannot tell; say I will if I can. The time that I fix for the present is next Monday month and the following two nights; unless I can obtain leave for the Lord's Day, of which I will give you a timely notice.

Give my respects to the Deptford friends, and to the few at Sydenham, Beckenham, Bromley, &c.

Believe me to remain, a lover of them who love the truth, and willing to serve them in the Gospel of Christ as far as my strength and time will admit of.

Wadhurst, June 20th, 1828.

W. C.

I AM come at last according to my promise, which ought to have been fulfilled before; but, alas! I have sometimes leisure upon my hands, but no heart to work; no oil in my cruse, no spring in my well, no overflowings in my cup. At other times the wind blows, the spices flow out, and the spring of divine life rises; when perhaps I want leisure. And sometimes the poor tabernacle is weary or infirm, when much study becomes a weariness to the flesh. Never right, nor can be. Something will ever be out of joint, off the hooks, unpinned, or displaced; something wanted, something missing, something deficient; until that blessed period arrives when we shall see him as he is, be changed into his likeness, bear his image, be clothed with his immortality, shine in his rays, swim in his pleasure, burn in his love, triumph in his victory, bask in his glory, and be filled with all his fulness; made perfect in one, see as we are seen, and know as we are known; then shall the high praises of God be in our mouth, and eternal joy upon our head; and our sweet, unwearyed, unmolested, uninterrupted, and unceasing employ, be celebrating the perfections of God and the Lamb for ever and ever! This is the glory set before us, for which we must endure the cross and despise the shame.—*Huntington.*

WHAT I have in this manner seen, and heard, and learnt from spiritual experience, is more certain in my estimation than what my bodily eyes see, my ears hear, and my hands touch. God himself has taught me to distinguish between nature and grace, light and darkness, imagination and power. God is not only faithful to forgive us our sins, but likewise just to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. Hence also I confess my sin and unrighteousness before him, and desire to be cleansed from it more and more. This further purification and sanctification is effected thus: I strive and struggle against sin, not in my own strength, but by the Holy Spirit, who dwells and operates in me.—*Herman Franke.*

Obituary.

MRS. CLACK, LATE OF STAMFORD.

CAROLINE CLACK (her maiden name being Tinsley) was born November 25th, 1816, at Walsoken, in the county of Norfolk.

She has been heard to say that she was, from a child, naturally of a serious turn of mind, but she dated her first divine impressions about eternal things from 1832, when the cholera raged so fearfully through the country, and several persons were cut off by it very suddenly in the village where she at that time lived. Struck with alarm and apprehension at the suddenness of these fatal attacks, she felt and feared it might be her turn next; and through this, as his own appointed way of first meeting with her soul, the Lord laid the weight of eternal things so powerfully upon her heart and conscience that she could not conceal her convictions and terrors. One night in particular, as she was in bed with her sister, she was so pressed down with the weight of guilt and fear, that she was forced to cry out aloud, "What will become of my soul? O hell, hell!" Under these fears and convictions, she began to reform her life, and tried, as most convinced sinners do, to square it with the law of God, but, as all that are taught of God find, without success. Moses is too hard a taskmaster, too rigorous a lawgiver, to let a soul off short of the curse. We have no exact account how long she continued under the law, nor when mercy first reached her soul. But it appears that soon after she was quickened into spiritual life, her parents being church people, she could no longer content herself with going to church, as she had been accustomed to do, but would steal off to the Methodist chapel, to find, if possible, some food for her soul. Like most other young Christians, she now thought she had found the Lord's people; they seemed so much more zealous, holy, and spiritual than the dead, cold formalists she had hitherto known. Influenced by these feelings, and having no books nor friends from which she could learn anything of the truth, she soon became one of them; and after a time went so far, in her zeal and warmth, as to take a part in their public service, such as giving out hymns, speaking in prayer, visiting and reading with the sick, &c. She continued bound up in this connection for two or three years, and became so much attached to them that at that time she thought there was no people like them upon earth.

Up to this period we have only imperfect fragments such as were gathered from casual hints dropped by her in conversation in after-life; but in the spring of 1835 she was led to commence a diary of the dealings of God with her soul, which she continued to keep until the early part of 1847. These records are now before us, and so far as we have read them, they breathe from first to last the same spirit. They are not daily entries, but occasional memorandums of the dealings of God with her soul. Her time being much occupied, the Lord's Day was sometimes her only spare season for noting down these interesting records. It is of course impossible for us, with

our limited space, to do anything more than give a few extracts from them. Our main difficulty, where there is so much worth permanently recording, is to select from the abundant materials before us. One thing has, however, particularly struck us in the early portion of them, that though during the first part of these records she evidently seems to have still continued among the Wesleys, and to be attached to them as a people, yet we can trace hardly anything of their views in her diary. It chiefly consists of acknowledging and lamenting her own sinfulness and vileness, and recounting the Lord's manifested mercies to her soul. The pot of ointment is, for the most part, untainted by Wesley's flies, nor is there a maggot of free-will often seen crawling amongst the records of free grace.

But it is time to let her speak for herself. Trials were soon her allotted portion, and among her first and heaviest was the loss of both her parents, at an early period of her life. On Feb. 27th, 1836, soon after she was nineteen years of age, she lost her father, and on the 21st of the following July, she was bereaved of her mother. Being thus left an orphan, and apparently in trying providential circumstances, having brothers and sisters equally unprovided for, she was compelled to go out as a governess; and not having been favored with a superior education, was necessarily compelled to accept inferior situations—in fact, to become what is usually called a nursery governess. A few extracts from her diary at this period may be interesting, as showing how her mind was exercised at the prospect before her.

1836. April 5th.—My soul has this evening been almost overwhelmed with the prospect before me; but, blessed be God, I found relief in prayer; the Lord blessed me. My chief fear is that I should be engaged in a family that do not know and love God; but I will commit my way unto the Lord. Should such be the case, I believe he is able to keep me from falling; he will keep my soul from the power of the enemy, though I dwell in the midst of temptation. Thank God, I am now enabled to believe that let what will happen it shall all be for my everlasting good and the glory of God.

But she had her encouragements, as the following extract from her diary will show:

1836. May 22nd. Sunday.—This has been a most glorious day. Last night all was gloomy; I was almost overwhelmed with sorrow; but to-night my soul feels right glad; the cloud is removed. I have been to chapel to-night; Mr. B. preached a delightful sermon on these words, "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the children of God;" but better than all, God was there; he was present in my heart; his Spirit bore witness with my spirit, and told me I was his child. Then what does it matter how many cares and troubles I have in this life? They are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed, nor even with the bliss and joy I now feel. I am his adopted child through the merits of the adorable Jesus. O for grace and strength to love him more and to trust him more. I will trust all things into his hands. My Father loves unworthy me, and will do all things well. Praised be his holy name for ever. Amen.

A singular dream seems much to have encouraged her at this trying period, just before she was launched as an orphan into the world:

1836. Sunday, June 13th.—I feel this night very much encouraged. Blessed be the name of the Lord, I am enabled to trust him. I last night had many

doubts and fears; I prayed with all my soul. I had last night a very remarkable dream. I dreamed I was in company with my deceased father and a friend; my father handed a piece of paper, which he had been reading, to a friend; I inquired what it was; he held it before me, and I read, "Fear not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows." My fears last night were, that, being engaged with them that know not God, I should backslide from the path that leads to life, and gradually fall away and lose the road that leads to death; but, thank God, he has assured me by his word that not a sparrow falleth to the ground without him, and bids me not to fear, because I am of more value than many sparrows. Then in his hands I trust my all; he is able and willing to keep that which I commit to him till the last great day. I shall be kept by the power of God. Praise the Lord.

On Aug. 15th, 1836, she left her orphaned home to dwell among strangers, and those who neither knew nor feared God. On the next day there is this entry in her diary:

Aug. 16th, Walpole.—I am now surrounded with every blessing the world can give, and God has this night visited my soul. I walked in the garden. I thought about God coming down to talk with Adam, and Adam's guilt and shame when he sought to hide himself. I felt that I too should be naked, were it not for the robes of salvation given to me by my Redeemer. Blessed be his name, I am clothed with him.

One of her greatest trials in her new situation was that she was not allowed to go among the people with whom her heart then was. But the Lord did not forsake her. The following extract will show how the Lord in secret smiled upon and blessed her soul:

Oct. 25th.—I have this night had a glorious season. Mr. and Mrs. P. being out, I had an hour alone; and O, the communion I had with my God was delightful; faith was in lively exercise; it was but only ask and have. I no sooner asked than felt his presence; I asked his blessing, and blessed be his name, felt I was blessed by him; it was as though the Lord of heaven and earth deigned to talk with his unworthy creature. I prayed and read his word, and was enabled to receive it as though immediately spoken by him to me. Praise be his holy name for ever and ever, world without end. Amen and Amen.

During this period of her life she was much wrapped up with those who denied the doctrines of sovereign grace. This would not be suspected from reading her diary; for like many others, her heart was sounder than her head. But the Lord was about to bring her under the sound of truth. The following extract will show how this was brought to pass:

1837. Feb. 13th.—I am this night in great difficulties. Mrs. P. is very angry with me. I yesterday refused to write a bill for her because it was Sunday. She seems to say that if I will not do as she wishes I must not stay here long; but blessed be God, I came and spread all my sorrows at his feet this night; and he has dispersed all my fears by this sweet promise, "Trust in the Lord, and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." Blessed be his name, I feel he enables me to trust him now by his grace. I will endeavor to do my duty, and leave the rest with him; he will never leave me nor forsake me.

May 23rd.—I have this night received notice to leave in a quarter's time. These words came into my mind at the same moment, "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him and he will bring it pass." Blessed be God, I feel I can trust in him. I think I begin to see the opening of a way for me, I hope by his grace, to leave here without bringing an ill name upon religion, as Mrs. P. says my chief offence was, not writing the bill that Sunday.

In the following September, quite unexpectedly, the Lord, who is faithful to his promise, opened a way for her to obtain a situation at

Osbourne, Lincolnshire, where for the first time she heard the doctrines of grace preached. Her mind being open to truth soon became much exercised about the truths of the gospel, now for the first time sounded in her ears. She thus speaks of the exercises of her mind:

1838. April 3rd.—I am this night very much perplexed. I went into a friend's house, where I met with Mr. P.* He endeavored to explain to me the doctrine of election and final perseverance. I cannot believe in this doctrine. I am very much puzzled. If this be of God, it is great wickedness in me to dispute it; and if it is not, O how dreadful will it be to receive it. I feel resolved, by divine grace, to take his advice. I will read and pray over the Bible more. O that the Lord may bestow upon me more light, that I may be strengthened, established, and built most firmly in his most holy faith.

At this time "Boston's Fourfold State" was much blessed to lead her into the truth. She thus speaks of it:

Aug. 5th.—I have lately been engaged in reading "Boston's Fourfold State." It has been, by God's grace, very much blessed to me. I am now led to see into the state of man's total depravity more clearly. I now see that redemption is an act of sovereign grace, and that the doctrine of free will is an error. I see that everlasting destruction to every child of Adam is strictly just; and I view it as an act of infinite mercy in the Lord of all grace that he has determined that some shall be saved. I once thought that it was impossible I should ever believe this. When I reflect upon it, my soul is ready to exclaim, This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in my eyes.

She now seems to have been led more deeply than before into the sense of her own vileness and helplessness, and many changes from sorrow to joy, and from joy to sorrow, to have passed over her soul. She thus writes, soon after coming to Osbourne and receiving the truth in the love of it:

Sunday, Sept. 16th.—This morning felt very happy. I could read my title clear to mansions in the skies; but O, a dark cloud hovers over my mind now. I cannot for one moment doubt God's everlasting love to those whom he has chosen; but O, am I one? Is my experience a blessed reality, or am I deceiving myself with vain hopes?

"O dissolve the doubtful case,
Thou who art thy people's sun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun."

I am this night full of doubts and fears. O that the Lord would, in his infinite mercy, cause me to rejoice in him again.

17th.—Blessed and praised be the holy name of my God for the manifestation of his love to me, a poor, unworthy worm. This day these words have been applied with divine power, and have caused every fear to give place to holy joy and peace, "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Tears of joy run down my cheeks, my eyes overflow that I have any hopes of heaven. Praise the Lord, O my soul.

Nov. 12th.—The manifestation of the love of my heavenly Father to me, a poor worm, last night, was so great that I know not how to express it. It beggars all language. O, why such love to me; me, a poor, guilty wretch? Surely there can no answer be given but, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight." Praise the Lord, O my soul.

After remaining about a year at Osbourne, she was induced to accept a situation at Harpswell, about eight miles distant from

* This was the clergyman of the parish, under whose ministry she first heard the truth clearly preached.

Gainsborough, Lincolnshire. The reason of this step is not mentioned in her diary, and she speaks of it afterwards as a hasty step.

At Osbournby she was much favored, not only with the preached gospel, but with the society of Christian friends, to whom she became much attached, and who as warmly reciprocated her affection, and on removing to her new situation much felt the loss of their society. She thus writes:

Dec. 23rd. Sleaford.—I have this day left Osbournby, where I have been made the happy recipient of so many mercies. I have bade farewell to my dear friends Misses C. and T. When I arrived here, I felt overwhelmed with sorrow. I sought relief in prayer, when these words came with power, "Are these, then, in the place of God?" Poor sinful creature, my heart was humbled; and I was willing to go anywhere. My will is lost, this time, in the will of my God.

At Harpswell, she had to attend the parish church, where a poor dead stick of a minister occupied the pulpit. This dead legal ministry was a great trial to her, and she thus expresses her feelings on the first Lord's Day after reaching her new situation:

1839. Sunday, Jan. 13.—I have this day been to the parish church; but O, sad disappointment! the gospel's joyful sound is unknown here. I feel very much cast down. Better put up with any ill of life than be deprived of it; but O, thus it is; I have left it, and it cannot be recalled. Lord, have mercy upon me. I thank thee that I ever heard the gospel's joyful sound. O, teach me day by day thyself, my God, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Here she continued several years, and during her abode there addressed the following letter to a Christian friend at Osbournby, with which, for the present, we close our memoir:

Harpswell, May 2nd, 1841.

My ever dear Friend,—Would that I could now see thee, and press thee affectionately to my troubled breast. This blessed evening numbers are going joyfully up to the house of the Lord, but I, alas, am confined in this barren land without the society of one kindred soul. O! this is a great trial; but this is not all to-night, for solitude I can bear patiently, for when I am alone then I am not alone, but here I am with four little children and their father, who is uncommonly cross because their mother is gone to chapel, but I will forbear to complain. It is a world of sin and sorrow, but thanks be to God, the fashion of this world passeth away. May the good Lord in much mercy make us meet for his kingdom, and then send his messenger Death to fetch us home. But O may he make me submissive to all his good pleasure, and willing to tarry till my change come. My dear girl, I feel I cannot proceed to night, my heart is so full of woe. May the Lord have mercy upon me. 4th.—My dear Friend, you will see I was in sad trouble on Sunday evening. "Cast down but not destroyed." Is not that a mercy? I am now about to attempt once more to answer your kind letter; it did indeed cheer my spirits greatly to hear from you. I deeply sympathise with you in your trials, temporally and spiritually, but I must tell you I found great cause for thankfulness and joy on your account. You are called to pass through many a fire, and it appears evident to me that you have not passed through them in vain, but that they have had a salutary effect upon your heart. "I will bring the third part through the fire; I will refine them as silver is refined, and try them as gold is tried." Let us not marvel then, but rather rejoice and be thankful at the fulfillment of his Word; let us adore and love, as we mark these evidences that we are of this happy third part. The world, its business, its cares, its wickedness, the deadness of those who surround me, are indeed a great trial to me; and I doubt not are the same to my dear Mary. I am sometimes led to think if the world be a burden to us who have so little spiritual life in us, if we feel it to be a cross to us, what

did he who was holy, he who was life itself, endure, not only during the time of his public ministration, but also in those thirty years which preceded it? And O my friend, when we consider that He voluntarily endured the world as well as the cross for us poor sinners, what matchless love attaches to his character! Verily he was God, for "God is love," and Jesus was love itself. I think if those who deny his Godhead had but only the view, even that I, a poor worm, have of the love of Jesus, they must admit that He whom they allow to be a good man is indeed equal with the Father. Blessed and praised be his holy name for ever. You very truly said in your last that every day's experience might serve to teach us our shortsightedness; but we are, I trust, under the special guidance and protection of One who cannot err and will not be unkind. What is the one desire of our souls? Is it not to be made meet for the presence of him who hath loved us, and then to be admitted into his glorious abode, there to dwell? How reasonable then is it that we should submissively and thankfully bow to the means which are unquestionably necessary to the attainment of our desired end. O that from our inmost souls we may be enabled to say, "Thy will be done." I feel better in health since the spring has come on, and I get out more than I did in the winter, but do not feel near so strong and vigorous as once I did. I often reflect with pleasure on the time when only a few steps separated us. We had our trials then, had we not? But still I shall ever look upon that period of my life with thankfulness, I trust. How providential it was that we should all dwell there at one time. If I am spared, the will of the Lord be done; may he guide me by his good providence and bless me with his grace, and with a sweet sense of his everlasting love may he enable me to trust in him that I may not be confounded. Spring enlivens all the scene, and makes Harpswell look very pretty indeed; the feathered songsters fill it with delightful harmony. If the voice of the turtle (preached Gospel I mean) was but heard in our land, it would be a delightful spot indeed. Prize your privilege, my dear friend, and pray that I may have that blessing restored to me, though unworthy of it. I do not indeed deserve it. Once, you know, I sat under the blessed sound and desired not to hear it, yea, used to endeavor to think of something to draw my attention from the subject. Then, indeed, did Satan transform himself into an angel of light, and used the written Word as a temptation; but, thanks be to God, who overcame his hellish devices and set my soul at liberty. Let his great and good name be adored eternally. I will not apologise about my long letter, or talk about my wearying you, for I believe you will not be weary with me; my partial friend loves me too well. Well, I must conclude with best love, and every good wish for your temporal and spiritual welfare.

I am ever your affectionate Friend and Sister,

May 6th, 1841.

CAROLINE TINSLEY.

P.S.—Forgive all. Write soon if you can.

MOST of our readers will probably have already learnt that it has pleased God to take unto his eternal rest our dear and esteemed friend, the late Mr. Warburton.

He died on April 2nd, 1857, in the eighty-first year of his age; very happy in his soul, and longing to be gone.

As it is is purposed (D. V.) to bring out some little account of his last days, for the benefit of his widow and family, we have purposely abstained from recording in our pages many sweet and blessed things that we have heard were dropped by him during his last illness.

INQUIRIES.

Dear Sir,—Will you kindly favor me with your answer, through the "Gospel Standard," to the following query: Whether you believe it to be contrary to the word of God to nominate a person as deacon whose wife is not a member, although she be a God-fearing person and a consistent character, at the same time bearing in mind that the nominated person is duly qualified for that office? As I have heard opinions both for and against, I should esteem it a favour if you will give me your thoughts upon the subject.

Yours in the truth,

A PILGRIM.

ANSWER.

If the person is in all other respects suitable for the office, we do not see that his wife not being a member of the church is a radical objection to his being chosen deacon. It is true that we have instructions given in the word of truth (1 Tim. iii. 11) with respect to the character of deacons' wives; and it is required of them that they should be "grave, not slanderers, sober, faithful in all things;" but without daring for one moment to set aside or lightly treat the sacred word of God, we must bear in mind that in those days the deacons' wives occupied a situation in the church which, almost ever since primitive times, has fallen into disuse, and, therefore, the same qualifications do not seem to be so absolutely and positively required in them now as were necessary then.

There was in ancient times, as indeed is now the case in all Eastern climes, a strong and remarkable jealousy as to any habits of converse between persons of a different sex. It was considered highly immodest and indelicate in a female to be seen talking, publicly or privately, to a man; and therefore, to avoid the least possible suspicion of reproach, the deacons were compelled to abstain from visiting or speaking to the female members of the church.

There is a remarkable letter still extant, written by Clement, mentioned by Paul, (Phil. iv. 3,) in which he strongly reprehends any such converse between persons of a different sex as might lay them open to suspicion from the church or the world.

The office, therefore, of deaconess was essential to the well-being of the church then, for none but females could visit those of their own sex that were sick or in prison, or needed friendly help and counsel; and these deaconesses, of whom Phebe (Rom. xvi. 1) was one, were naturally, though not necessarily, the wives of the deacons. In fact, such was the dissoluteness of morals generally in ancient times, that unless some such restraint or prohibition had been in force, there would have been no bound to suspicion; and of course Christians, however godly or circumspect themselves, were bound to yield to the force of public opinion, in order to avoid bringing a reproach upon the Gospel. But as a similar necessity does not now exist for the office of deaconess, it has fallen into disuse, nor does there seem to be any need of its revival. We are not therefore setting aside the

authority of Scripture in not requiring the same qualifications in the wife of a deacon as were then demanded; and if she be a God-fearing person and a consistent character, we cannot see that her not being a member of the church should form an invincible objection to her husband being chosen to fulfil the office; for even carrying strictly out the Scripture qualifications, she may have them all, and yet not be a member of the church, as appears to be the case in the instance before us. Nor indeed do we see the absolute necessity that she should be a gracious woman at all, provided her conduct is such as will cast no reproach upon her husband, for it might happen that there was no other male member of the church fit for the office. And he might be the very person just adapted to fulfil it.

Take, for instance, the case of a very small church in which there are but few men; and assume that their wives are not members, which, in a small church, is very probable. Is that church to have no deacons at all, because their wives are not in the church? Or assume another case; that from youth or inexperience, or want of discernment and judgment, all the male members whose wives are in the church are unfit for the office; and there is one eminently qualified for it, whose partner, though a good, or at least a quiet, well-behaved, consistent woman, is not a member. Is it not better for the church's welfare to have the latter individual as deacon, than pass him by and select a man utterly unqualified, merely because his wife is in the church? But if most would admit that in such cases the Scripture is not imperative in requiring the wife should be a member, it seems to follow that in this, as in other cases, the spirit of the Scripture is to be our guide more than the strict, absolute letter.

At the same time we fully admit that it is desirable that the deacons' wife should be a member of the church, as most likely to contribute to the comfort of all, and the avoiding of all objection and cavil. The point that we wish to establish is, that such a qualification is not indispensable, though we acknowledge highly desirable in the choice of a deacon by the voice of the church.

Dear Sir,—If a consistent, God-fearing member of a gospel church fall under the unjust accusations, bitter invectives, and slanders of a lying tongue, so as to make his character appear vile, what, in such a case, is the duty of the church of which that member forms a part? To reflect thus upon one, does it not reflect a portion of the same odium on all, as well as on the gospel they profess? Would apathy and indifference become them in such a case, or would they be doing wrong to vindicate the character of such an unjustly-accused brother member? Does not the honor of religion, the glory of the gospel, as well as the union and sympathy of the members of Christ's mystical body, which is set forth in the scriptures of truth to exist among living souls that are said to be "members one of another," call upon them to rub off the dirt of calumny and reproach, and put the right in the right place, and the wrong in the right place?

Yours respectfully, in the best of bonds, R. M.

ANSWER.

It is evidently the duty of a gospel church to investigate the circumstances of the case when unjust accusations, or indeed, accusations of any kind, are brought against the character of a member. It is not brotherly, or indeed consistent with a profession of vital godliness, to treat such a case with apathy and indifference; for it is not only the character of the individual member which is at stake, but that of the whole church which must suffer with him.

If our correspondent considers himself unjustly accused, why does he not lay the matter before the church, and urge them to institute an investigation of the case? Why does he not represent to them that their own honor is at stake as well as his, and ask them to appoint two or three of their soberest members to examine the case, and if need be, bring the matter before the whole body, that his character may be cleared or not, according to circumstances? At the same time, if R. M.'s conscience acquit him of the accusations laid to his charge, and the church be unwilling to interfere in the matter, it would be more consistent with the Gospel, and in the end be more for his own peace, if he committed the matter unto Him who judgeth righteously, and is able to bring him forth out of every false charge to the praise of his great name.

In a city that is at unity in itself, compact and entire, without divisions and parties, if an enemy approach about it, the rulers and inhabitants have no thoughts at all, but only how they may oppose the enemy without and resist him in his approaches. But if the city be divided in itself, if there be factions and traitors within, the very first thing they do is to look to the enemies at home, the traitors within; to cut off the head of Sheba, if they will be safe. All was well with Adam within doors when Satan came, so that he had nothing to do but to look to his assaults and approaches. But now, on the access of any temptation, the soul is instantly to look in, where it shall find this traitor at work, closing with the baits of Satan, and stealing away the heart. And this it doth always, which evinceth an habitual inclination. David says, "I am ready to halt," (Psalm xxxviii. 17,) or for halting; I am prepared and disposed unto hallucination, to the slipping of my feet into sin, (Ps. xxxviii. 16,) as he expounds the meaning of that phrase in another place. (Ps. lxxiii. 2, 3.) There was from indwelling sin a continual disposition in him to be slipping, stumbling, halting, on every occasion, or temptation.—*Owen*.

WHEN the Holy Spirit convinces, therefore, of sin, all the self-righteousness, all dependance upon our religion and morality, tumble like Babylon to the ground, and poor, and naked, and blind, and miserable, the soul thirsts for the revelation of Jesus Christ, and for "those times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." Nothing can satisfy such but the whisper of the Redeemer to the heart: "Your righteousness is of me; I am your salvation;" and till this is brought about, the Spirit helps to pray with groanings that cannot be uttered. He teaches them to ask after the will of God, and leads the soul on till he has brought it to the blood of Christ, which is the well of life, and then he bids it drink, yea drink abundantly. He lifts up the blind eyes, which he had anointed with his eye-salve, to the cross, and shows the ransom. He directs them to look and be saved, to believe and receive the remission of their sins.—*Cennick*.

REVIEW.

Deborah, "A Mother in Israel." Judges iv. 7. A Treatise on Walking with God. By the celebrated Anne Dutton. To which is prefixed, Her precious Memoir, as written by Herself. With a Portrait. A New Edition, with a Preface by J. A. Jones. London: J. Paul, 1, Chapterhouse-court, Saint Paul's.

THE prophet Amos, writing under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, and thus speaking for God, puts a very pointed and pregnant question, where he asks, "Can two walk together except they be agreed?" (Amos iii. 3.) The inquiry thus launched forth, and permanently embodied in the word of God, embraces a very wide scope, and is true naturally as well as spiritually. Take, for instance, two persons in ordinary life—one quiet, reserved, studious, fond of retirement and solitude—the other noisy, boisterous, devoted to pleasure and gayety, a sportsman and a gambler. Can these two men be bosom friends and intimate associates? As much as sheep can willingly lie down with dogs, or doves nestle with vultures. There must be a similarity of tastes, inclinations, tempers, and habits, before such a mutual pleasure can be taken in the society of each other, as shall result in any close or permanent intimacy.

But if this be true as a matter of daily observation and experience, how much more is it a solemn and permanent truth when viewed spiritually, and brought to bear upon 1. The relationship between God and man; and 2. Upon the relationship between the children of God and the servants of Satan. Can God, then, walk with man, or man walk with God, except they be agreed? The thing is impossible, God and man continuing what and as they are. God is holy, man unholy; he is infinitely pure, man desperately wicked; he dwelling in the light which no one can approach unto, man sitting in the very darkness and shadow of death. Yet, according to the testimony of the sacred record, Enoch walked with, and pleased God; (Gen. v. 22, Heb. xi. 5;) Abraham was the friend of God; (Isa. xli. 8;) and Corinthian believers were the temple of God. (2 Cor. vi. 16.) Thus it is plain from God's own unerring testimony that there is a way whereby God and man may become agreed, and as such walk together; for not only may man walk with God, but God can also walk with man, according to his own promise, "I will dwell in them, and walk in them, and I will be their God, and they shall be my people." They thus walk together—God walking in them, and they walking with God. Are they, then, agreed? They are, or how else could they walk together, if the inspired question of Amos is to stand firm and true?

But is there no original breach which first needs repairing, no previous alienation that requires removing; for most plain it is that of the vast mass of mankind few, very few, really walk with God, or God walks with them? What, then, made the breach; for when God created man there was certainly no variance between the Creator and the creature? Sin made the breach; sin caused the separa-

ration; sin drove man out of Paradise, and set him at a distance from God. But could not this breach, this separation, this distance be removed? Removed it certainly might be, for removed, in certain cases, at least, it has been, or otherwise no one could walk with God; but not removed by any goodness, wisdom, strength, or righteousness of the creature. For consider what a dreadful breach has been made—how flagrantly, how wilfully man sinned, what death he brought into his whole being, body and soul; how daringly he trampled on the express prohibition of his Maker and Benefactor; and how he not only sinned against the majesty, holiness, and justice of God, but cast himself into a state of condemnation and death, in which he has neither will nor power to return to Him against whom he has so deeply revolted.

But what man could not do for himself, God, in the depths of his infinite mercy, did for him, by sending his own Son, in the likeness of sinful flesh, to offer that atoning sacrifice, to shed that precious blood, to work out and bring in that perfect righteousness by which sinners are reconciled to God, and stand without spot or blemish before him. Sin being thus wholly and completely put away, blotted out, cancelled, and eternally removed, the barrier between God and his people is fully taken away, the breach healed, and the sinner brought nigh unto his benign, compassionate, and merciful Father and Friend. But something more is needed—some spiritual knowledge, some experimental application, some divine manifestation of this wondrous scheme of pardoning love, this personal reconciliation of the sinner to God. And who thinks about, or cares for this personal and individual discovery of pardoning love, this sensible reconciliation of a sinner through atoning blood, but the poor, guilty, sin, law, and self-condemned wretch who would come to God as an accepted child, but cannot from darkness of mind, guilt of conscience, bondage of soul, grief for the past, and fears for the future? He would walk with God, but cannot, because as yet not having received the atonement, or reconciliation, (*margin*, Rom. v. 11,) he is not experimentally in his conscience so reconciled and brought near as to be agreed with God.

But something else is necessary also. He must be made a partaker of the divine nature, (2 Pet. i. 4,) be born of God, (John i. 11,) be taught and led by the Blessed Spirit, (John vi. 45, Rom. viii. 14,) be conformed to the image of Jesus, (Rom. viii. 29,) have the mind of Christ, (1 Cor. ii. 16,) drink of his cup, and be baptized with his baptism, (Matt. xx. 23,) or how can he, so to speak, see with God's eyes and feel with God's heart?

1. If he is to walk with God and be agreed with him, there must first be a union of *thought*. God has his "thoughts," though these are as high above our thoughts as heaven is higher than the earth; (Isa. lv. 9;) and we have our thoughts. But these thoughts of his and these thoughts of ours greatly differ till made to agree. His thoughts about the evil of sin, the worth of the soul, the beauty and blessedness of his dear Son, the efficacy of Jesus' blood and obedience, the honor due to his name, the manifestation of his own

glory, and the full supremacy of his sovereign will over all persons and all events—these thoughts of God are not in harmony with our thoughts, unless by divine grace we are made to think in union with him. And here is the astonishing wonder of sovereign grace, that it gives us new thoughts, new feelings, new views, new motives, new affections, new objects, and new ends—in a word, that “new heart” and that “new spirit” which God has promised to bestow upon his people. (Ezek. xxxvi. 26.)

2. There must also be an agreement in *will*. But how can that be, until our will is subdued into an acquiescence with “the good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God?” (Rom. xii. 2.) And this only can be as we are “transformed by the renewing of our mind,” and brought into that conformity to the mind, image, and example of Christ which enables the soul, in its measure, to breathe itself forth in his own blessed words uttered in the gloomy garden, “Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt.”

3. There must also be an agreement in *love and hatred*. What God hates we must learn to hate; what God loves we must be taught to love. Sin is the especial object of God’s hate; and it must be the special object of ours. Christ is the especial object of God’s love; and he must be the object of our heart’s warmest, tenderest affection. Pride, hypocrisy, presumption, self-righteousness, the lusts of the flesh, covetousness, oppression, and persecution—in a word, everything worldly and wicked, earthly, sensual, and devilish, is and ever must be hateful and abominable in the eyes of infinite Purity and Holiness. If not made hateful to us, where is the agreement, where the walking with God? Humility, brokenness, godly fear, tenderness of conscience, spirituality of mind, singleness of eye to God’s glory, separation from the world, faith, hope, love, submission, and resignation to the divine will, filial obedience, and heavenly fruitfulness in every good word and work—if these, and all other graces and gifts of the Holy Spirit, are pleasing and acceptable to God, must they not be also to us if we are to walk with him in holy agreement?

The work before us is a reprint of a very sweet and experimental treatise on this subject by Mrs. Anne Dutton, a highly favored saint of God who lived in the early part of the last century. It is prefaced by a very interesting Memoir, written in good part by herself, and gives a very feeling account of her last illness and death. She lived to be seventy years of age, and then—start not, reader—was starved to death; yes, literally and actually starved to death by a stoppage in her throat; dying of the disease medically called a stricture of the œsophagus. But though thus dying by inches, her soul never flagged, and almost to her latest breath she was engaged in prayer or praise, speaking of or to the Lord, and carrying on an active correspondence with her friends.* The following extract will, we believe, be read with interest:

* She was a great letter-writer, for besides many published volumes, several sacks full of letters were found at her death.

“Most surprising was it to all who now saw her, that she could either write or sit up; but her conversation was so cheerful, edifying, spiritual, and refreshing, as filled the hearts and eyes of many that visited her with wonder. Her case, expressed by herself in the following letter, which was written November the 8th, and the last she was able to write, will give some idea of the state of her body and mind.

“Honored and dear Madam,—I am extremely weak; but would fain, if I possibly can, once more write you a line, to thank you for all your great kindness, and for your last dear and tender letter. I have been so very bad, dear madam, this last week, that I could not write one line to any of my dear friends. My speech faltered two days ago, and I rattled in my throat as if dying, but the Lord gave a little reviving. Yesterday, my strength seemed quite exhausted, and I was parched up with the fever. It is very little I can swallow this day; that little the Lord gives me to receive; but my stomach now turns sick at everything. It is marvellous that my life should be preserved for so long a time, without anything of substance, and very little liquid to support the animal frame. My moisture seems dried up, and I am as if I had no blood in me; and my flesh is so wasted, that I am almost like a skeleton; and yet, glory to my good God, this has been, and is, a blessed affliction! I hope it has been attended with some fruit to the glory of his worthy name; and the Lord hereby has exercised my graces variously, and blessed me with Divine consolations abundantly, which shall turn to my salvation. I am enabled now at last to triumph in Christ, who makes me more than a conqueror over sin, death, and hell, and all spiritual enemies. Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death; I fear no evil, but am expectant of the greatest approaching good; because with me is the Lord of life; on his strong arm I lean; in his sweet bosom I rest; and thus cheerfully I come up from this grievous wilderness, to Immanuel's land of full joy and eternal bliss! And there, O how sweetly shall I drink, and bathe, and dive, in and into that pure river of water of life, which proceedeth out of the throne of God and of the Lamb! How delightfully will the Lamb in the midst of the throne feed me, and lead me to living fountains of waters, while God my Father wipes away all tears from my eyes! And this bliss, my dear sister in Christ, shall you and I together possess; after a few more troublous days in the wilderness. God grant you strong faith, that you may be confident of this very thing, that of the infinite love of the Lord your Saviour you shall never be forgotten nor forsaken. Then the feet of your faith being well fenced, and your shoes iron and brass, in roughest places, your strength shall be equal to your trying days, to God's praise and your bliss.

“I forget not you and yours before the Lord of all grace; pray for my salvation out of all distress. Now I leave you, the Lord will take you up, and nourish you as his own child for himself. To his love, care, and power; I commit my beloved sister; and in him, with the most tender love, and great esteem, bid you farewell for a little, very little time.

“After this she had no strength to hold her pen any longer; but for two or three mornings would arise as usual, though it was expected, by all who saw her, she would die every hour in her chair; but her consolations in Christ abounded. She spoke of her decease, and gave orders to a particular friend of the manner of the laying out and interment of her body, with the greatest cheerfulness, satisfaction, and pleasure. On the 12th of November she took to her bed, and then it was expected every hour would be the last. The Lord gave her in mercy to sleep pretty much; but, when awake, she would often say, ‘How my poor heart beats! But God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.’ Thus she continued till Lord's Day, the 16th of the same month, when many friends going in to see her, and every one expecting to see her last, she, with her finger pointing upwards, could only be heard to say, ‘Glory, glory!’ and then, laying her hand on her breast, would express the same with a smiling and cheerful countenance.

“A letter from a friend, who knew nothing of her dying condition, coming to hand Lord's Day evening, she signified her desire of a brother's sitting on the bed's side to read it; which he doing, and on reading the death of a well-known friend, and she taking no notice of it, he said, ‘Do you not hear, my

dear child? the Lord hath removed by death Mr. C—ll before you.' Upon her recollecting who the deceased was, she said, 'Ah, he has got the start of me. He is gone before, to welcome me home to glory!' About midnight she could speak no more; but her mouth, eyes, and hands loudly expressed the joys and consolations of her soul. The next day, about noon, a particular friend going to her bed-side, she, opening the corner of one eye, and perceiving who he was, put her hand out of bed to take hold of him; which he doing, and holding her hand in his, she lay till near nine in the evening, when the same friend being by her bed, and perceiving her soul to be quivering on her lips, put up with his whole heart the following ejaculation, 'Lord Jesus, receive thy handmaid's spirit!' and immediately her long-imprisoned spirit took wing, and made its joyful flight."

We cannot do better, we think, than now let this gracious and highly-favored woman speak for herself on the subject that she was so well and experimentally acquainted with:

"Were we to approach an absolute God, we should be but like dry stubble to consuming fire. (Job xiii. 25, Heb. xii. 29.) But O here it is we converse with Infinite Majesty dwelling in our clay, clothed with our flesh; and so the displays of his glory are delightful and not destructive to us. Thus John i. 14, 'The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.' It was his glory who was the brightness of his Father's, the express character of his person; (Heb. i. 3;) and the undivided glory of the essence being equally the same in all the Persons in God. Hence it is that our Lord says, 'He that hath seen me hath seen the Father; (John xiv. 9;) because in the person of Christ we behold the same essential glory that is in the person of the Father, and also in the person of the Holy Ghost, he being God equal with both; and we behold the personal glory of all the Three radiantly displayed in the face of Jesus. As 2 Cor. iv. 6, '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,' which is so far from destroying us, that it becomes the ministration of life; 'while we all with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory.' O, amazing! that the bush should be on fire, and yet not consumed; (Exod. iii. 2;) that the Godhead should dwell in the Man Christ, personally, in all its flaming glories, and yet the nature not be consumed, but preserved; and through him in all his, relatively. Well might Moses say, 'I will now turn aside and see this great sight.' Thus Christ is the way in his person, as Mediator—the great medium of converse between God and his creatures. But,

"Secondly. He is also the way, as our Kinsman-Redeemer, that has obtained eternal redemption for us; (Heb. ix. 12;) and as such he is the great medium of converse between God and sinners, in which is comprised both his suretyship undertakings in the everlasting covenant, and also his suretyship performances in the fulness of time. He not only voluntarily undertook to pay the vast sums we owed, from whence it became a righteous thing with God to demand satisfaction at his hands; but he also, in the fulness of time, assumed our nature, (Heb. ii. 16,) sustained our persons, (Col. i. 18,) fulfilled the law for us, bare our sins, (1 Pet. ii. 24,) was made a curse, (Gal. iii. 13,) conflicted with the powers of darkness, (Luke xxii. 53,) endured his Father's wrath, (Matt. xxvii. 46,) and at last died in our room, (Rom. v. 6,) descended into the grave, (Eph. iv. 9,) and rose again for our justification; (Rom. iv. 25;) and having finished his work below, he ascended to glory in the triumphs of his conquest, (Eph. iv. 10,) attended with the chariots of God, and the shout of thousands of angels, as, 'The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle;' (Psa. lxxviii. 17, 18, with xlvii. 5, and xxiv. 8;) and, as our great representing Head, he entered into the holiest of all, and sat down at the right hand of the Majesty on high. (Heb. ix. 24, i. 3.) And by this discharge of his suretyship engagements, he has answered all the law's demands, (Rom. x. 4,) satisfied Justice, (Isa. xlii. 21,) made an end of sin, (Dan. ix. 24,) spoiled

principalities and powers, (Col. ii. 15,) made reconciliation for iniquity, and brought in an everlasting righteousness; yea, has brought us in it, in his own person, into the presence of his and our Father, (John xx. 17,) presenting us 'in the body of his flesh, through death, holy and unblameable, and unreplicable in his sight.' (Col. i. 22.) Thus Christ is the way in what he is to us, and has done for us, in which God walks in his poor sinful children.

"Here all the Divine perfections harmonize. Mercy and truth meet together, righteousness and peace kiss each other. (Psa. lxxxv. 10.) Here it is that God can be just, and yet the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus; (Rom. iii. 26;) 'just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness;' (1 John i. 9;) just in abundant pardon, multiplying to pardon the multiplied sins of our daily provocations; (Isa. lv. 7;) and it was the glorious display of this grace that made the prophet break forth, as being filled with astonishing wonder, 'Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage? He retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy.' (Mic. vii. 18.)

"Here is room for God to walk with us in his everlasting kindness, (Isa. liv. 8,) covenant faithfulness, (Psa. lxxx. 33,) abundant goodness, (Jer. xxxi. 14,) infinite wisdom, ordering all things for our good, (Eph. i. 8,) and in his Almighty power sustaining us under our weakness, defending us from our enemies, by which we are kept as in a garrison through faith unto salvation. (1 Pet. i. 5.)

"Again: here is room also for us to walk with God in all relations, with suitable dispositions. With God as a Father; (Eph. v. 1;) Christ as a Husband, Brother, Friend; (Heb. ii. 11, John xv. 14;) with the Holy Ghost as an Indweller, Sanctifier, and Comforter, and who gives us boldness in the presence of God. (Heb. x. 19.) Christ's righteousness clothes us, (Isa. lxi. 10,) his fulness supplies us, (John i. 16,) his merits present us and all our services acceptable to God. (1 Pet. ii. 5.)"

One more extract will show how experimentally she handles this blessed subject of walking with God in holy and peaceable agreement:

"The soul under the attracting influence of God's first love, afresh loves him again. (1 John iv. 19.) And while, under the Holy Ghost's particular application, the name of the Lord is proclaimed, (Exod. xxxiv. 6, 7,) the soul, with Moses, bows down, and worships, (verse 8,) prostrating itself under the deepest sense of its own nothingness, adoring infinite wisdom and boundless grace, reigning to eternal life through the person and righteousness of Jesus Christ the Lord. (Isa. xl. 17, 2 Sam. vii. 18—22.) It looks afresh on him it has pierced, and mourns; (Zech. xii. 10;) and with bitterness bewails its own wretchedness, by reason of an indwelling body of sin and death; (Rom. vii. 24;) and all its unkindness and ingratitude to God as its Father, to Christ as its Husband, and to the Holy Ghost as its Comforter. And while it sees it has to do with a sin-pardoning God, that will lay none of its iniquities to its charge, O how its heart melts with love! And how hateful doth sin appear in its sight! And as with weeping, so with supplications also the Lord leads it. (Jer. xxxi. 9.) What unutterable groanings it sends forth into the bosom of its Father, after complete deliverance from the power and being as well as from the guilt and filth of sin! Lord, says the soul, whatever thou dost with me, never suffer me to sin against thy love. Keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me. (1 Chron. iv. 10.) And while the child bemoans itself, the Father hears it in infinite bowels. I have surely heard thee, says God, bemoaning thyself; and then breaks forth in fresh discoveries of his love.—'Is Ephraim my dear son? Is he a pleasant child?... I earnestly remember him still; my bowels are troubled for him; I will surely have mercy upon him.' (Jer. xxxi. 18, 20.) Lord, says the soul, what manner of love is thine! Is it me thou callest a dear son and a pleasant child, who am the very worst of all thy children, and no more worthy to be called thy son? (Luke xv. 19.) Aye, says the Lord, thou art my dear child, notwithstanding all thy unkindness; and 'my grace is sufficient for thee,' (2 Cor. xii. 9;)—sul-

ficient to pardon, pity, strengthen, and at last completely to deliver thee. And then what admirings of grace doth the soul break forth into! Grace! Grace! is its cry. (Zech. iv. 7.) How unspeakably doth it 'rejoice in hope of the glory of God!' (Rom. v. 2.) In believing views of that state, into which nothing that defileth can enter, (Rev. xxi. 27.) when mortality shall be swallowed up of life, (2 Cor. v. 4.)—Lord, says the soul, then I shall love thee and serve thee as I would, (Rev. xxii. 3,) then I will bless thy name for ever, for all thy lovingkindness, when my heart is wound up to the highest pitch of holiness. (Psa. cxlv. 1.) Meanwhile, pardon my shortness, pity my weakness, and help my infirmities. Though I think myself the most ungrateful of all thy children, thy kindness and my unkindness being set together, yet, Lord, since thy grace is sufficient for me, even for me, I will go on rejoicing and glorying in it, as distinguishing, free, full, and eternal; even while I loathe myself in my own sight for all my abominations. (Ezek. xx. 43.) This is a little of the talk God and his people have with each other, while walking together in Christ, and as they commune with each other in Christ the great Way."

P O E T R Y.

- Who brought me forth from nature's light,
 Endued with reason, sense, and sight,
 A conscience teaching wrong from right?
 My Father.
- Who kept me while in nature's course,
 And laid on me restraining force,
 When going on from bad to worse?
 My Father.
- Who sent conviction to my heart,
 Sharp, pointed, as a piercing dart,
 And made me for my sins to smart?
 My Father.
- Who made me sigh, and sob, and groan,
 To loathe myself, myself bemoan,
 And seek occasion to be alone?
 My Father.
- Who show'd me my desert was hell,
 As every day I lower fell,
 And could my state to no one tell?
 My Father.
- Who was it taught me then to pray,
 Supported midst the dreadful fray
 Of law and justice, dread array?
 My Father.
- Who then reveal'd his mighty power
 In that almost despairing hour,
 When hell was ready to devour?
 My Father.
- Who was it sent his healing word;
 Led me to Jesus Christ the Lord,
 Whom I had pierced with many a sword?
 My Father.
- Who caused my tears to freely flow,
 As sweet repentance laid me low—
 Angelsthemselvesrejoiced to know?
 My Father.
- Who sent his Spirit from above,
 And show'd me that his heart was love,
 And how my guilt he did remove?
 My Father.
- Who bade me still to Jesus look,
 And seek him in his precious book;
 Learn how my nature he partook?
 My Father.
- Who made its study my delight,
 And taught me how by faith to fight;
 Reveal'd to me his glorious light?
 My Father.
- Who freely, when I'd nought to pay,
 Accepted Christ, the living way,
 And bade me Abba, Father, say?
 My Father.
- Who was it show'd my sins forgiven,
 And purged my heart from legal leaven,
 Made me, in feeling, fit for heaven?
 My Father.

- Who was it gave sweet peace within,
And power to tread the neck of sin;
Eternal life and bliss to win?
My Father.
- Who made me as a prince to walk,
To sit with him, with him to talk,
Despise the world, my foes to baulk?
My Father.
- Who taught my willing feet to run
In his commands, and sin to shun,
And was to me a shield and sun?
My Father.
- Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some precious secret
tell,
And heal the place, and make it
well?
My Father.
- Who made the preached word most
blest,
The house of God a place of rest,
And brought experience to the test?
My Father.
- Who was it, when my heart, with
pride,
Ventured to leave his wounded side,
Left me to be sorely tried?
My Father.
- Who made me then my folly rue,
Bade me the path of truth pursue,
Himself to love, my sins eschew?
My Father.
- Who made me feel his chastening
rod;
In pain, cry out, Forgive, O God;
And leave the dangerous path I
trod?
My Father.
- Who put it in my heart to pray,
His Spirit he would not take away,
Nor leave me either night or day?
My Father.
- Who show'd again his smiling face,
That I his grace and truth might
trace,
And find in him a hiding-place?
My Father.
- Who favor'd me with that sweet
peace,
That I desired my soul's release,
That I from sin might ever cease?
My Father.
- Who keeps me to the present day,
And will not let me have *my* way,
Nor suffer me with sin to play?
My Father.
- Who is it is my help and guide,
And promises he will provide,
And that no evil shall betide?
My Father.
- Who makes me feel the strife with-
in—
The law of life, the law of sin—
Two armies war, incessant din?
My Father.
- Who shall make all my foes to fly;
And when I lay me down to die,
For ever lift me up on high?
My Father.
- Who worthy is of all my praise,
And will at last my body raise
To join to sing in endless lays?
My Father.
- Who reigns supreme all creatures
o'er;
Will reign when time shall be no
more;
Whom saints will bless, admire,
adore?
My Father.
- Who, seated on his glorious throne,
Will call his people all his own,
United in the great Three-One?
My Father.
- A CHILD.

No soul, that knows Christ's worth and loves his person, can ever speak lightly of him.—*Huntington.*

HAD you fifteen years added to your life, and a certainty of it; would you therefore forsake your food, and disuse the ordinary means of preserving life? The Jews had an absolute promise that God would save Jerusalem from the king of Assyria, who then besieged it; did they therefore set open their gates, and draw off their guards upon it?—*Elisha Coles.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

JUNE, 1857.

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

THE GRADUAL CONQUEST; OR, HEAVEN WON BY LITTLE AND LITTLE.

(Continued from page 141.)

IV. The *fourth* thing that I proposed was, to speak a little of the *Conqueror* of these nations; that is, "The King of glory; the Lord, strong and mighty; the Lord, mighty in battle." Indeed, they that have such mighty nations to fight and debate with have need of a mighty conqueror to subdue them; and he is here said to be "the Lord thy God;" where he is described: 1. By his name, *Jehovah*. 2. By his relation to them in Christ, **THY GOD**.

1. Israel's Captain, that fights their battles, is described by his great name **Jehovah**, the **LORD**, in capital letters, which is commonly used in all our English translations, to intimate that in the original it is **Jehovah**; and it is a name that points out the perfection of his nature. It is remarked, that all along the first chapter of Genesis, while God was yet upon his creating work, he is called **Elohim**, a *God of power*; but in the second chapter of Genesis, verse 4, God having completed his work, he is then called **Jehovah-Elohim**, a *God of power and perfection*. And as he here takes that name, when he perfects what he has begun, so we find him making himself known by this name, when he appears to perform what he had promised to Israel, Exodus vi. 3: "I appeared to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, by the name of God **Almighty**; but by my name **Jehovah** was I not made known to them." God would now be known by his name **Jehovah**, as being, 1. A God *performing* what he had promised, and so giving a being to his promises. 2. A God *perfecting* what he had begun, and finishing his own work. And now the subduing of the Canaanites before Israel was a work that God had promised, and a work that now he had begun; therefore, he makes himself known in this work by his name **Jehovah**, a *performing and perfecting* God. This is the powerful Conqueror that all the true Israel of God have to look unto, and depend upon, for destroying the nations of spiritual enemies for them. This name belongs to our *Lord Jesus Christ*, equally with the *Father* and the *eternal Spirit*. He led Israel out of Egypt by the hand of Moses, wrought wonders for them, and brought them to Canaan, and delivered their enemies into their hands; by all which was typified the greater salvation and deliverance that he was to work, in accomplishing the business of our redemption in our

nature. And by taking to himself the name JESUS, he hath not lost the name JEHOVAH. He could not destroy these nations I have named, the sum of which is *sin*; for to destroy sin is more than to make a world. Sin cannot be destroyed, without satisfying that infinite justice that sin had offended, and glorifying that infinite holiness that sin affronted, and fulfilling the law that sin had violated, and appeasing the wrath and vengeance that sin had kindled.

This great name JEHOVAH, (as those that investigate the Hebrew root observe) signifies *being, essence, simple existence, or self-subsistence*; and imports his most *simple, absolute, eternal, and independent being and existence*; having his being in, of, and from himself; and from whose *infinite* being all creatures have their *finite* being. This name JEHOVAH comprehends in itself the two Hebrew tenses; the *preterite*, signifying what is *now*; and the *future*, signifying the *time to come*; and imports that designation given to Christ (Rev. i. 4, 8): "Which is, and which was, and which is to come." Thus, he is the "I am that I am," as he is called, Exod. iii. 14. The ALPHA and OMEGA, the *first* and the *last*: the first without beginning, and the last without end. O, then, they who have such a glorious General to follow need not fear to take the field against the nations! He is JEHOVAH.

2. Israel's Captain-general is here described by his relation to them, *THY God; The Lord THY God*. This relation is stated upon the ground of a new covenant dispensation, even a covenant of promise in Christ Jesus. Of this covenant there was an Old Testament dispensation, under which this people of Israel were; and a New Testament dispensation, under which we are. The former was a darker, and this a clearer and brighter dispensation of the same new covenant. The old covenant of works being broken and violated by the sin of man, God could not, in honor, come under this relation again to sinners, but upon the ground of a new covenant established in *Christ*. This covenant of promise was first discovered to Adam in paradise, afterwards to Abraham, and others. The promise of that new covenant was sealed by the blood of Christ *typically*, under the Old Testament, by the sacrifices then offered; and *actually* at Jerusalem, when he *gave his life a ransom for many*. Upon the footing of this covenant, I say it is, that he asserts this relation, *The Lord THY God*.

This relative term is expressive of the *ancient* federal relation betwixt God and Israel of old, the church of the Jews under that dispensation. He became their God, and they were chosen of him to be his peculiar people, beyond all other people in the world; as you see, Deut. vii. 6: "For thou art a holy people to the Lord thy God; the Lord thy God hath chosen thee to be a special people to himself, above all people on the face of the earth." He made known his mind with respect to the way of salvation to them, and they to others: "He showed his word unto Jacob, and his statutes and judgments to Israel; he hath not dealt so with any nation." (Psalm cxlvii. 19, 20.) And having taken them visibly into a covenant relation, he establishes his covenant with them and their seed: "The Lord had a delight in thy fathers to love them, and he chose their seed after them." (Deut. x. 15.) And thus he said to Abraham, Gen. xvii. 7:

“I will establish my covenant between me and thee, and thy seed after thee, to be a God to thee and thy seed.” Hence, says God to them, “You only have I known of all the families of the earth.” All this is said of them, even with respect to their church state, abstract from the singular saving privileges of true believers among them, who, through grace, were enabled to realise these great advantages they enjoyed above other people. By virtue of this relation he stood in to them, he engaged, as the Lord their God, to put out the nations of the Canaanites before them *by little and little*.

You may view this relative designation, *Thy God*, as expressive of the *special* relation he stands in to the church invisible, militant here upon earth; I mean, to true believers, the living members of Christ, and true Israel of God, whom he makes so by becoming their God, in a way of sovereign free grace, in and through Jesus Christ, in whom they have a peculiar interest in God as their God, and a special title to all the promises of the new covenant as their charter; all the promises being *Yea* and *Amen* in Christ Jesus. Now, it is in this sense especially that I consider this designation, *The Lord thy God*; because it is the *spiritual* intent of the text that I treat, namely, as it does typify and represent the *spiritual deliverance* of the *true Israel* of God from their *spiritual enemies*, in order to the possession of the *heavenly Canaan*; yet not excluding the great appearances the Lord makes for his church visible on earth, collectively considered.

Again, you may view this designation, *Thy God*, as expressive of all the *blessings* that are imported to this *special* relation that he stands in to this true Israel, who are Jews *inwardly*, and the true *spiritual circumcision*. And, indeed, the privileges imported thus in the Bible, *Thy God*, are innumerable and unspeakable. His being their God implies that they have an interest in all that he is, and all that he hath, and all that he can do, and is wont to do for those whose God he is. Here is a field that would take a glorious eternity to travel through: “Happy is the people whose God is the Lord.” All happiness in time, and for ever, is implied in it. His being their God imports all the relations that he can be in to them, for making them holy and happy for ever in himself; that he is, and will be, their *Sun* to enlighten them; their *Portion*, to enrich them; their *Father*, to pity them; their *Righteousness*, to clothe them; their *Guide*, to conduct them; their *Glory*, to crown them; and their *ALL in all*. But the text confines me to these relations implied in this title, *Thy God*, which hath a respect to his destroying their enemies *before them by little and little*. I will only mention two of these: First. His being their God imports that he is their *Friend*, though their enemies be many. Second. His being their God implies that he is their *Shield*, though their enemies be mighty.

First. Amidst the multitude of enemies, their God is their *Friend*. And, indeed, no matter who be our enemies, if God be our friend. “If God be for us,” says the apostle, “who can be against us?” (Rom. viii. 31.) And he is a friend to all those to whom he is a God in a peculiar manner. And his being their friend imports that his anger is turned away, and reconciliation made up through Christ,

whatever was the former difference. It implies the acceptance of their persons into favor, and the obligation he lies under, as a friend, by virtue of the new covenant of grace and promise, to help them in every time of need; and to *do all their works in them, and for them*; as also to fight all their battles. Therefore,

Second. Though their enemies be mighty, his being their God implies that he is their *Shield*: "The Lord God is a sun and shield to them." (Psalm lxxxiv. 11.) The shields of the earth are his; and his being their shield, is to be understood both in a *defensive* and *offensive* way. He is the Lord their God and shield to *defend* them. "My defence is of God, who saveth the upright in heart." (Psalm vii. 10.) Hence called a *strong tower*, and *rock of defence*, a *hiding-place*, a *covert*, a *shadow*, to shelter them from the assaults and attacks of the nations of enemies that are within them, and round about them. "A man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind, a covert from the tempest; as rivers of waters in a dry place, and as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." (Isaiah xxxii. 2.) He is the Lord their God and shield, for *offending* all their enemies. Hence he is said to have a sword of power girded on his thigh, for executing judgment on their enemies. (Deut. xxxii. 41, 42.) "If I whet my glittering sword, and mine hand take hold of judgment, I will render vengeance to mine enemies, and a reward to them that hate me. I will make mine arrows drunk with blood." Read also ver. 43, and compare it with Isaiah lxiii. 1, 4: "The day of vengeance is in mine heart, for the year of my redeemed is come." O! it is a happy vengeance to the Israel of God, when he, as their mighty Conqueror, subdues the nations under them, and takes vengeance on all their powerful lusts and spiritual enemies. A day of vengeance to the enemy, is a day of redemption to his friends. But this leads me to

V. The fifth thing proposed, namely, to speak of the *manner* of the conquest. We have heard of the Conqueror, here designed *The Lord thy God*; and now the conquest is, "He will put out these nations before thee—by little and little." And here three things may be noticed with reference to the manner of the conquest: 1. It is obtained *powerfully* and *effectually*: "He will put out these nations." 2. *Visibly* and *remarkably*; "He will put them out before thee." 3. *Gradually* and *piece-meal*; by "little and little." To each of these I would speak a word.

1. The manner of the conquest; it is obtained *powerfully* and *effectually*: "The Lord thy God will put out these nations;" or, as it is rendered in the margin, he will "pluck off these nations." And so it is further explained, ver. 23 of this chapter: He will "deliver them unto thee, and shall destroy them with a mighty destruction, till they be destroyed utterly." "And he will deliver their kings into thine hand." (ver. 24.) And (Exod. xxiii. 30,) "By little and little I will drive them out." Now, thus, in the spiritual conquest, the nations must be put out. And the Lord's putting them out does imply that these nations of lusts, and spiritual enemies, have *strength* and *power* upon their side, so that it is no easy work to get them

driven out; yea, utterly impossible, unless the Lord our God undertake it. The strength of the nation of *sin* and of *lusts* lies in their root, viz., *the body of sin and death*. As the strength of a tree lies in the root, so that the axe must be laid to the root, if you would destroy the tree; and as the strength of the water is in the fountain, so that if you would destroy it, the fountain must be stopped up; so the strength of sin is in the root and fountain of sin that is within all men by nature, who are therefore *alienated from the life of God, through the ignorance that is in them*. They have actual possession of the *will* which is filled with *enmity against God*, and rises up in arms and opposition against him, and in favor of these lusts. Yea, they have possession of all the powers and faculties of the soul; they are deeply rooted in the heart of nature, as the Jebusites were in the land of Canaan; and there they strongly fortify and deeply entrench themselves, and have no will to go out, so out they will never go, till they be driven by a superior power, as Christ drove the buyers and sellers out of the temple, who turned the temple of God into a den of thieves. Therefore.

It implies, an *exerting of the divine power* in opposition to these nations, in order to their being put out and destroyed; and that is even the almighty power of God in Christ, by the Holy Ghost. “If ye, through the Spirit, mortify the deeds of the body, you shall live.” (Rom. viii. 13.) “It is not by (human) might, nor by (human) power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.” (Zech. iv. 6.) When the conquest is actually commenced in a soul, the Spirit of God comes and gives battle to the nations of the Canaanites, the lusts and old inhabitants of the heart, and takes possession. Thus this power is and shall be *effectual*; for it is declared, “He will put them out.” He will drive them out of their old quarters, and destroy them; he will drive them out of the heart, out of the house, out of the will, out of the affections, out of all the forts where they strengthened themselves, and at last out of the world, when he completes his work of sanctification; for, “He that hath begun the good work will perfect it.” (Phil. i. 6.) And surely there is no true-hearted Israelite here but will say, AMEN. But then,

2. The manner of the conquest here expressed is *visible and remarkable*. He will drive them out *before thee*. I think this word may imply the visible and remarkable manner of the conquest; and more particularly, that the Israel of God get a *sight* of their enemies. These nations are in their view, while the Lord their God is driving them out, and while they, through grace, are led to the field of battle against them. He will drive them out *before them*. They that never saw their own sinful nature, nor experienced the power of corruption in their hearts, are yet living at their ease, in the midst of these nations, and under the power thereof; they are “alive without the law.” (Rom. vii. 9.) The commandment hath not come, nor sin revived, to discover its strength to them. They are yet soldiers under the devil’s banner. But again,

His driving out the nations before them implies that, through grace, the Israel of God are made *active* herein. It is *before thee* they

shall be driven out. Being acted by his grace, they act; being armed by the Spirit, they fight; and, through the Spirit, *mortify the deeds of the body*. It is true, sometimes the Israel of God have nothing to do, but just to stand still, as it were, to see how the waters will divide to let them through, and how they will return to drown and overwhelm their enemies; but, commonly, their work is to wait upon God with a quiet and composed frame of spirit, and a believing expectation of salvation, and so *go forward*, in the name and strength of the Lord their God, and under the banner of Christ Jesus, the glorious Captain of salvation, "to fight the good fight of faith." Yea,

His driving out the nations before them implies that, even when they are called to act and fight, they shall have no *ground of boasting*, but rather of *blushing*, when they consider what part it is they act in this matter; for the Lord himself must be the agent: "The Lord thy God will put out the nations before thee." Israel's Captain goes before them, and leads the van; the Lion of the tribe of Judah must go before them, and tear their enemies to pieces. It is he that subdues the nations under them. He hath gone before them already, and had a bloody battle with all the nations of hell upon mount Calvary; there he fought, and "overcame principalities and powers;" there he "condemned sin in the flesh," and "destroyed the strength" of it, by "nailing the law to his cross." (Col. ii. 14.) And however the nations may rally their forces again, and seem formidable and dreadful, yet their strength being broken at this bloody engagement, the believer hath no more to do, in effect, but to hold up the red flag of the blood of Christ by faith, and then he "overcomes by the blood of the Lamb," (Rev. xii. 11;) therefore, the true Israel of God dare hardly call themselves warriors against their enemies, but rather *witnesses* to the battle of the Lord, when he fights for them, and makes them overcome, and then gives them the name of *conquerors*; yea, "more than conquerors, through him that loved them." He overcomes for them, and then crowns them as the overcomers, saying, "To him that overcometh will I give to sit with me on my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father on his throne." (Rev. iii. 21.) They are witnesses to his grand achievements and valiant exploits against their enemies; for, his ordinary time of fighting remarkably for them is, when "their strength is gone," and when he "sees their power is gone," and there is "none shut up or left," by reason of their enemies; (Deut. xxxii. 36;) then he steps in, and takes vengeance on their enemies. And, indeed, the day of power is a day remarkable for victory over sin, Satan, the world, and the lusts thereof. Do you remember the day, believer, when you thought there was a legion of devils, a nation of lusts, an army of corruptions, a regiment of hell within you? But, behold, you got a view of the Captain of salvation ready to put out these nations before you; and you were favored with grace to take hold of him, to believe in him, and so to "turn the armies of aliens to flight?" Are there not some remarkable times when you get your feet set upon the neck of your lust? "By thee I have run through a troop," said the Psalmist, "and by my God I have leaped over a wall."

(Psal. xviii. 29.) It is true, the conquest is not always remarkable; for sometimes the nations "compass them about like bees," and sting them, and torment them, and prevail against them. "Iniquities prevail against me," said David; yet they never prevail so far but that grace still renews the fight, and at last obtains the victory though yet through many ups and downs, fallings and risings, and vicissitudes and changes.

(To be continued in our next.)

A LETTER BY T. BOSTON, AUTHOR OF THE "FOUR-FOLD STATE,"

My very dear Sir,—It was on Friday, the 3rd inst., that yours of the 1st came to hand; that of the 18th and 24th of February coming on the Sabbath thereafter, being the 5th. I had withal, on the Tuesday before, an uncertain word of the ill-situation of your affairs, which, by reason of what you had told me before, seemed very probable. But while I was altogether uncertain of the state of your affairs, in my concern for you before the Lord, you still appeared to me as smiling.

It is ordinary with the Lord's people to fall into trouble, as it is with a person wading a deep cold water, who is, upon his first entering into it, struck, as it were, to the heart; but the first gliff, as we call it, is the worst. In this point the world's smiles and frowns do readily agree. Appearing at some distance, or in the first encounter, they look ordinarily greater than they are found afterwards really to be. Hence, our fears of the one, as well as our hopes from the other, are readily carried beyond the just bounds; and Satan presently falls a fishing in the muddy waters, and stirs them assiduously, to make them more muddy and awful-like. Many a time have I thought a great point gained when I have got a view of my naked cross and trial, for it is hard to get a sight of it without a ponderous cover over it, partly of our own, and partly of Satan's making; and therefore I am convinced there is a need of making use of Christ as a prophet under our trials, that, by his light shining into our souls, we may see what that cross or trouble is precisely that he has laid before us to take up and bear, that we may set ourselves to bear that and no more; and I am very sure that at this rate crosses and trials lose a great deal of their weight.

What but the art of hell, used in a disturbed mind, would bring in the wounding of the interests of religion, by the pass that your affairs were brought to, the opening of the mouths of the wicked, shaming the faces of the godly, &c.? Everybody knew you to be a sober man, and one of more than ordinary attachment to business. The occasion of the confusion of your affairs, arising from others at a distance from you, would not be hidden, and nobody is so ignorant of the state of human things as not to know that the most wealthy, fair, and diligent traders may be broken to pieces by providential incidents, or the treachery of false men with whom they may have

dealings. However, glad am I to find it has pleased the Lord to confound that temptation, and to satisfy you perfectly upon that head. But, my dear Sir, take heed and be on your guard against other devices of that kind, lest, if your feet become entangled therewith, it may not be so easy to be extricated therefrom; and therefore I cannot cease to put you in remembrance that as you employ the Lord Jesus Christ, in his priestly office, for the removal of guilt, and address him as your King for strength to bear your trial, so you are still to be eyeing Him, in his prophetic office, to give you just views of it.

I see our Lord, the great Prophet, has come to you already in your darkness. I perceive the Interpreter, one among a thousand, was with you in a particular manner on Monday, February 20th. He was, in these two hours, exercising his prophetic office in you. He was letting you see your trial in its true colors; not putting colors on it, for he is the "Amen," the faithful and true witness; and, therefore, though it do not always appear in these colors to you, that is the native hue of it, and the fault is in your eyes when it appears otherwise. He was taking you by the arms and teaching you to go, that you may employ him for his light as well as his strength in time to come; that, if he come not to you, you will go to him; and if a promise be not laid to your hand, you may go and fetch one in, and welcome.

The blessed Bible is a richly-laden tree of that kind of fruit. Sometimes the Lord's people have no more to do than take of the fruit falling into their lap; but that is a piece of indulgence that they only sometimes meet with. The ordinary way is to look up to the tree, and reach out the hand of faith, perhaps with no little difficulty, and pluck the fruit; and, O! a sharp trial makes the promise sweet! Witness your experience of the last two verses of Psalm cxxxiii. Sir, you are in a plunge, but I make no question that he that sits at the Father's right hand, having all judgment committed to him, will bring you out of it; and the day will come when you will say, from leisurely observation, "He hath done all things well." However, if you were through this trial, you would not be at the end of trials, lesser or greater, till you be in the better country, only, this is a deep step, a deep water; but the Lord Jesus is the lifter up of your head. You must say with David, as in Psalm iii., "Thou, O Lord, art a shield for me," &c. That Psalm has appeared of late to me to bear an instance of as strong a faith as readily appears in the whole book, considering its firmness and the circumstances there described; only it must be owned that the terror of God in David's soul, with which nothing is to be laid in the balance, was, indeed, wanting in it. But O, how piercing was that, that the common saying on that melancholy occasion was, "There is no help for him in God," who stole the ewe and killed the shepherd, (Bathsheba and Uriah,) the very thing God was pursuing him for.

I am, my very dear Sir, in the straitest Bonds,

Yours affectionately,

March 9th, 1732.

T. BOSTON.

AFFLICTION; AND CONSIDERING GOD'S INWARD OPERATIONS.

WHAT is a man without affliction? What is a man without observing God's operations in his soul? Worthless wretches that we are! We are only swallowed up in astonishment that God can stoop so low to have any thing to do with such insignificant creatures. We were like wild asses' colts, galloping through "the forest" of this world to endless woe, by nature.

Affliction, through grace, sobers us down to attend to the things spoken in God's word, and in our consciences. O the headstrong violence there is in us by nature! But affliction in body, or conscience, sobers us down through divine grace. Any one, afflicted through the Spirit of Christ in cutting bitterness, O what a mercy it is for him! For God shall bring everything into judgment whether it be good or whether it be evil. O what a mercy it is if that judgment is sitting in our conscience; if every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil, is there weighed up, sifted, and examined! Without a tender conscience there is no mark of a new birth. Deep in unfathomable mines, everything is more or less transacted between Christ and conscience. This is a secret religion. Here is the bitterness a stranger intermeddles not with; here is the sweetness none but elect souls know. The roaring tempests of sin; the accusations of the devil; the reproofs of the Spirit of God, are all heard in this court of conscience. From the faintest whisper of God's mind, to his loudest reproofs, all are heard in this court of conscience, while affliction softens it, and considering God's operations thus in us edifies us in repentance and faith. O happy soul, whose religion is more than notion in these things! O happy soul, with whom God, in these things, deals with a mighty hand and an outstretched arm! Herein is the difference felt by elect souls between them, and the shallow operations in stony-ground hearers, thorny-ground hearers, and foolish virgins, whose lamp goes out.

At one time lifted up, at another time cast down, though never altogether like a natural man any more. Like springs and a weather-glass, a godly person is always more or less on the move, or liable in a moment to move at any time. A person said the other day, a weather-glass went down fifteen degrees so very quick through the weather. So is it with the sons and daughters of affliction; so is it with those precious souls who observe and consider God's operations in their souls. The blessed God will not let his own children be deaf and blind. They are brought to tremble at God's word, having eyes to see, and ears to hear. O how they are exercised! Like as in the natural sky, you can see every cloud, even for a moment, bedimming the natural sun, so with the Sun of Righteousness, every thought, word, and deed is felt. Here is the difference between notional grace, and felt grace. Felt grace makes a man of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord. Notional grace leaves a man a poor wooden creature. You will find some of those wooden men of notional grace as dry and uninteresting as can be to a spiri-

tual mind; they have neither the sour nor the sweets that God's children have. It is affliction that warms God's children, that they dare not trifle. O the sinkings that they have! O the hair-breadth paths they have often to walk! How thankful, at times, they are that they have not been permitted to sin the unpardonable sin; such awful wretches they are in their own eyes! At one time they are thankful they have not been in hell years ago, and that they are still on the earth, not cut down as cumberers of the ground.

There are two sorts of professors of the truth, doctrinal grace and experimental grace. Affliction, and considering God's inward operations, inwardly in us, makes me discontented with doctrinal grace. I am glad to get away from doctrinal preachers and doctrinal professors of grace. O what is all religion without the flowing brooks and springing wells of sensible feelings between God and the soul felt! O the sensible feelings of the great God operating in the feelings, in repentance and faith, in bitters and sweets, in judgments and mercies, in awe and comfort, in despondency and joy, in cruel sorrow and inexpressible joy! The cruelty of the sufferings of Christ, and his inexpressible victories, both of them felt; the wounds of affliction, and the narrow observation of God's thoughts in us, in piercing us, and comforting us; these things take up the thoughts all the day long. Wonders in providence, wonders in grace! "He said in my hearing, O wheel!" The Spirit of the living creature was in the wheels. All our thoughts, words, and deeds illuminated by the living wheels in our souls, while affliction whets our appetites for spiritual food, and, considering God's inward operations, causes us to make straight paths for our feet. Guilt about a secret thought shows us that God will not wink at our thoughts. Pain about an idle word shows us that God takes the exactest knowledge of every word. All our behaviour is brought to the same severe standard. The Law tells men they are to be damned for their sins. And the Gospel tells saints, by fresh contracted guilt in a fellowship of the sufferings of Christ, what an amazing thing it is to fall into the hands of the living God, for our God is a consuming fire. A doctrinal God is not a consuming fire, but a notional paper God. The repentance of a doctrinal man is not saving, and the faith of a doctrinal man is not saving. A man of affliction and consideration of God's inward operations in him felt, is warm with divine life. Every breath of God that goes over him is felt, whether blighting or cherishing, whether wounding or healing. O the amazing field! Drenched with supernatural joys, in the bitters of repentance and the balmy joys of living faith. My soul is almost flooded away with divine bliss, and has been ever since I gave up being a Church Minister through the fear and love of God. I have seen the wonders of God in providence, and I have seen his wonders in grace. If I was dying, I could recommend religion to all young people; only I would say, "Be sure you have got it." Deep in the springs of God, lasting as the divine nature, is every one felt to be a mystical member in the mystical body of the Son of God. O sacred deep! O unspeakable sweets! O the near union and fellowship there is be-

tween such a soul and Jesus Christ! Does all the fulness of the Godhead shine in Jesus Christ? So does such a blessed soul as I have been endeavoring to describe, in affliction, and considering God's inward dealings in him, glow with divine life felt, beam with divine bliss felt, is on fire with divine repentance felt, and has, though with many imperfections and shortcomings, a divine Gospel obedience too, in all the preceptive parts of God's word; while a doctrinal man is a mere wooden man.

Abingdon.

J. K.

A TESTIMONY FOR TRUTH.

Dear Friend,—The last time I wrote, you complained of my being so short, but that is better than for you to complain of the protracted length of my scroll. However, there are a few remarks I am desirous of communicating, which your complaint seems to have drawn out.

Have you seen that interesting account in the "Gospel Standard" for December, relative to the Lord's hand being made known to his servant Mr. Gorton? Art thou oppressed? Commit thy way unto the Lord; he is a God hearing and answering prayer, and he has said, "For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise." The good man naturally thought, from the encouragement given him from above, that his deliverance would have been made manifest on the day of the trial; but the Lord waits that he may be gracious, as evidently appeared in this case. And see what infinite wisdom was manifested! His servant obtained a victory by which he overcame the worldly power that seemed ready to crush him. His faith was increased, by which his head was raised or covered in the day of battle with the hope or helmet of salvation; and having obtained a victory, he was desirous of honoring the Lord, in this respect, with his substance; and we may say, he followed the example of the Levites, of whom it is said, "Out of the spoils won in battles did they dedicate to maintain the house of the Lord." (1 Chron. xxvi. 27.)

There is another thing I felt concerned about, in reading the review of Mr. D.'s book in the "Gospel Standard" for October. My thoughts were occupied for days, and I felt satisfied that it would be well for the author of that book if his eyes were anointed to see more clearly, and his heart affected to feel more deeply, concerning the things he has written; then, I am sure, he would retract many of his assertions. When error is advanced, we know it often has the appearance of truth. If it is introduced by the ministers of Satan, we find they are transformed as angels of light; and if by those we hope better of, still it is covered up in such a way that many are entangled. I think John Bunyan sets something of this forth in his Pilgrim. When Christian and Hopeful had got to the Delectable Mountains, they were shown, among other things, the Mountain of Error; and at their departing from these mountains, one of the

shepherds gave them a note of the way, another bade them beware of the Flatterer, a third bade them take heed that they did not sleep on the Enchanted Ground, and a fourth bade them God-speed. Soon after this, they fell in with two characters, Conceit and Ignorance. Whether the pilgrims were injured by their conversation it is not said; but soon after this, a snare was laid for them, and poor Christian said to his fellow, "Now do I see myself in error; did not the shepherds bid us beware of the Flatterer?" This Flatterer is represented as a black man in a white robe; but I need not go into particulars, as you can read it in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

"Snares and dangers may beset,
For we are but travellers yet;
As the way indeed is hard,
Let us keep a constant guard."

The pilgrims were chastised and punished for their sins, as all God's children are; and many of them are afflicted in various ways; as it is written: "Fools, because of their transgression, and because of their iniquities, are afflicted;" and for these fools, the wise man says, there is a rod for their back, and living souls feel it. "Wherefore doth a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins?" The scripture and experience are clear on this point. So it is also clear that God sees sin in his people. He that is omnipresent, and sees all things, is also omniscient, and knows all things. David knew this when he said, "Against thee, thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight." So the prodigal, "I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight." But need I say more? Sufficient has been said by those of better abilities than mine, and by Bible witnesses, whose faith we are to follow. "He that planted the ear, shall he not hear? He that formed the eye, shall he not see? He that chastiseth the heathen, shall not be correct? He that teacheth man knowledge, shall not he know?" (Psalm xciv. 9, 10.)

May you and I never be left to get wise above what is written. It is said, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will show them his covenant." This covenant is shown more clearly to some than to others. Moses, though called to a great work, and taught of the Lord, as you may see in the 3rd chapter of Exodus, yet he understood very little of God's covenant at that time; but how different his language after many years' experience, towards the end of his days, as we have it recorded in the 90th Psalm. See how blessedly he opens the covenant, as it regards the eternal safety of all God's elect, in which he was well established; but did he believe God saw no sin in them? Hear what he says: "Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance." And we may safely conclude he was of clear understanding in the dealings of God with his people, which is a confirmation of what we are endeavoring to set forth. Anything that is calculated to make people think lightly of sin, or, as some good men term it, sin cheap, may safely be suspected as erroneous.

“Blush, Christian, blush; let shame abound;
 If sin affects thee not with woe;
 Whatever spirit be in thee found,
 The Spirit of Christ thou dost not know.”

I shall now leave these scraps for you to make what use of them you please. Requesting an answer to the former part at your earliest convenience,

I am, yours truly,

Deptford, Dec., 1856.

W. B.

THE LORD IS MY PORTION, SAITH MY SOUL;
 THEREFORE WILL I HOPE IN HIM.

My dear Friend,—Changes and war seem to be against me, yet the Lord tells us that those that have no changes fear not God. My soul desires to be led in the right way, but I live to prove by daily experience that the Lord's ways are not my ways, neither his thoughts my thoughts; for I am daily proving that the Lord's ways are in the deep, and past our poor finite minds to find them out. Every soul that learns them aright must go down into the deep to seek for them; and when we can trace out his footsteps, and feel we are walking in them, then we have firm footing upon an everlasting foundation, where the soul can feelingly trust and not be afraid. The man's strength and courage are kept up above all his doubts, fears, and misgivings, when the eye is single, the ear circumcised, the heart made soft, the spirit meekened down, and the mind fixed upon the blessed Jesus, who is all in all to such a soul. When I left S—, you wished me to write to you a few lines. You were then in the furnace, and I myself was not clearly brought out, because my bodily weakness was then greatly felt by me; but what should we be without troubles, trials, crosses, and afflictions? Why, like a feather in the air, carried wheresoever the wind would take us. The wind of temptation and the floods of persecution, with inward and outward crosses and disappointments, seem to fall to my lot as I pass through this wilderness; but sometimes I hope these winds, storms, and floods all combine together to drive me nearer the shore of this rough voyage. My soul never much feared that I should be shipwrecked in the late rough sea, since a full and free salvation was let down into my heart, and the glad tidings of great joy sprang up within me, like a springing well. Satan tried with all his might to drive my soul into despair, and to knock me off the Eternal Rock. It seemed one time as though my handhold would let go, and my foothold give way. This brought fearfulness and trembling upon me, and my little faith was put to the blush for a time. I was obliged to be at the bush, and run from post to pillar, and ransack every hole and corner to see if I could find my piece of silver which I had lost. The language of poor Jeremiah suits a soul well when in such a hole, pit, and prison, where he cries out, “Thou hast removed my soul far off from peace. I forget prosperity. I said, My strength and my hope are perished from the Lord.”

When the soul is removed far off from peace, when all former smiles, drops, crumbs, lifts, and deliverances are all out of sight, buried and hid from the eye of the mind, with the eye being dim by reason of sorrow, and nothing but fears and fightings, sinkings and gloominess, with so many mountains and hills thrown up before, and the devil ready to devour one, body and soul, questioning whether there is any God or hereafter, and Satan telling one to get out of bed and take the razor and cut one's throat; O, it makes me tremble to think about it. I was going to ask my daughter-in-law to take the razor out of the room many times, only I thought she would be afraid to come to me afterwards; so I bore with it, and was obliged to keep on crying for the Lord to keep me. Bless his dear name for ever and for ever, for his watchful care and keeping power. The Lord led me back to a few trying spots; and I trust the Holy Ghost led me to remember my spiritual affliction and my misery, the wormwood, and the gall. It all sprung up afresh, so that my soul had them still in remembrance and was humbled within me. Then I could feelingly say, "This I recall to mind, therefore have I hope." Then how sweet it was to say, "It is of the Lord's mercies I am not consumed, because his compassions fail not; they are new every morning; great is thy faithfulness." Then how sweet came in the following words: "The Lord is my portion, saith my soul, therefore will I hope in him." Now the anchor feels its hold, which is both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail. Here my soul could and did sing a sweet song of praise, and felt out of the reach of all my enemies and foes; a sweet spot, a safe place to be put into the cleft of the rock and covered there with God's dear hand. O that my soul could live more feelingly here, and look to the end of my race, for the prize of my high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

I hope you are by this time restored to your usual health and strength again. You are often in the furnace, a sure proof that there is some silver and gold in the vessel; but there will not be the least grain of it purged away. No, my brother; the trial of it is much more precious than gold that perisheth. Then what is the thing itself, if the trial of it is so precious?

That the Lord may cheer up your soul, encourage your hope, increase your faith, confirm your confidence, and feed you also and lift you up for ever, is the desire of,

Your unworthy Friend and Well-wisher in the blessed Jesus,

T. G.

JACOB wrestled, and this is called his strength. (Hos. xii.) It appeared there was much of God in him that he could take such hold of the Almighty as to keep it, though God seemed to shake him off. If thus thou art enabled, soul, to deal with the God of Heaven, no fear, no fear, but that thou shalt be much more able to deal with sin and Satan. If God hath given thee so much strength to wrestle with him above and against denials, thou hast prevailed with the stronger of the two. Overcome God, and he will overcome the other for thee.—*Gurnall*.

Obituary.

MRS. CLACK, LATE OF STAMFORD.

(Continued from our last.)

THERE are few situations, at least in the middle walks of life, more trying to a young and single female than that of a governess. She is neither a servant nor yet fully on a level with the rest of the family. Often treated coldly and superciliously by the heads of the family, little respected by the servants, disliked by her pupils, if strict, and mastered by them, if indulgent; constantly opposed by tender-hearted mammas who cannot bear to see their little girls, and especially their darling boys, under punishment, however deserved; without a friend or a companion, except perhaps some poor down-trodden sister governess, with whom at stolen moments she may condole their mutual hard lot, her position is one which demands sympathy from all, and yet meets with sympathy from none. The teaching of children, especially if stupid or obstinate, is to most minds so irksome a task, so heart and head-wearrying an employment, that intervals of rest are continually needed to refresh the jaded spirits. But the poor governess has few or none. A brief vacation once a year soon sends her back to her wearisome employ. In school, out of school, early in the morning, late at night, it is still the children, the children, the children. Were they her own, she could feel in the ever-gushing fountain of a mother's love a sweet pleasure in their company, and could patiently, if not cheerfully, endure their little trying ways; but bare duty and warm affection view whimpering girls and rough tearing boys with very different eyes; and the very prattling that delights the mother teases and worries the governess. Just at the very age when the affections are warmest, hers are repelled and chilled; for whatever fondness she may feel for her pupils it is rarely returned by them; or if she win their love, the mother's jealousy soon distils bitter drops into that cup, almost before she can press it to her lips.

Infinite wisdom and eternal love had, however, allotted this position to Caroline Tinsley (for such was her name at this period) for rather more than eleven years. As an orphan, indeed, and otherwise slenderly provided for, she had no other alternative; and so far from mourning over her lot, she rather viewed gratefully in it the kind providence of God thus giving her a home among strangers when her own was made desolate. Several very striking instances of the Lord's interposition in her behalf in providing her with situations, led her eyes away from the vexations inseparable from the position itself; and thus seeing his gracious hand in it, she cheerfully bore its trials and temptations, though, as is evident from various entries in her diary, she at times painfully felt them. But her soul was at this time much alive unto God; she was favored with a large measure of his grace; and many a sweet visit of his love has she recorded which filled the heart of the friendless governess with a peace and joy at times that carried her above all earthly things, lightening every cross, and making every bitter thing sweet.

What else indeed is needed to reconcile a child of God to every trying path? Submission to the Lord's will, true humility of mind, bowing the neck to the yoke, an earnest desire to glorify God in body and in spirit which are his, a springing up of godly fear to depart from every snare of death, and sips and tastes of the Lord's presence and love—let these fruits of the Spirit be found in the soul, let these beams of the Sun of Righteousness gild the path, what position is then trying, what task is then irksome? Indeed it is only our pride revolting from, and mortified by a position humbling to the flesh, or our self-indulgence always calling for the lap of ease, that makes any work a task, or any employment a burden. Done with an eye to God's glory, no labor is menial; cheered by his presence and smile, no situation is servile. Joseph in the dungeon was freer than Pharaoh on the throne; Paul and Silas in the stocks were happier than the magistrates who cast them into prison. Grace has its glories on earth as well as its glories in heaven, and there is a glorying in the cross as well as a glorying in the crown. Grace ennobles every occupation, dignifies every station, and turns the daily task and hourly employ into a spiritual sacrifice and an acceptable service.

But besides these supports flowing from grace, on merely natural grounds, Caroline Tinsley felt perhaps the position of governess less trying than is the case with most of her sister laborers in the same field as being more on an equality with her pupils and their parents than many of them are. The want of what is called "accomplishments" prevented her being engaged in families in the higher walks of life, and she was thus saved from many a cold look from "my lady" and many a toss of the head from "my lady's" maid. She was also naturally of a very quiet, almost timid, and submissive disposition, cheerful when not depressed with illness or trouble, and singularly patient and uncomplaining. By this natural disposition the trials of her position were much lightened; for, of a truth, the prouder the shoulders the heavier the cross, the greater the conceit the more bitter the mortification.

But if she escaped that frequent source of pain, her religion laid her open to another. We have already seen that her refusal to write out a bill on the Lord's Day cost her one situation. In another, opposition was overruled for her spiritual good; for not being permitted at Osbournby to attend the Methodist chapel, she was brought under the sound of truth in the church, and was in a short time led to embrace it, as commended to her conscience by the power of God.

We left her in our last number at Harpswell, where she continued till Midsummer, 1845, a space of about six years and a half. Though living so long in a carnal family, and rarely hearing the truth preached, yet, as is evident from many sweet and striking passages in her diary, the Lord kept alive his work upon her soul. She was indeed shut out from the usual means of grace, separated from her Christian friends, and doomed to hear a poor dead stick in the pulpit. But the Bible and the throne of grace were still open, and sometimes, by his word read in her ears, in the very church where his worthy

name was dishonored, the Lord in a marvellous way fed her with living bread. She thus records one instance :

1841. Sunday, February 21st.—The bright sun shone o'er the fields; the feathered songsters warbled forth the praises of Him who at first bade them exist; all nature seemed, this morning, to rejoice; but I, unthankful and sinful, felt sad, and dull, and discontented. Now, thought I, many are going up to the house of the Lord, to hear the Gospel's joyful sound; but I must sit and hear the words of holy writ sadly abused and misapplied. I must hear the Scripture which was "given by inspiration of God," spoken from by one who does not possess the sacred key, the Holy Spirit. Woe is me! because I dwell among a people who do not know the joyful sound. I went to church, and the dear Redeemer's fasting and temptation was the subject read for the lesson; and Oh! thought I, what did not Christ endure for poor, lost sinners! I was enabled, in some weak measure, to appreciate his wondrous love in leaving his Father's throne, and coming to live in this sinful world.

"O for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break!
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak."

O that I could cleave closer to Jesus, and firmly rely upon him, and live to his honor and glory! Lord help me, I pray thee, for Jesus' sake alone. Amen.

The following Lord's Day she thought she would go to the Methodist chapel. With what success the following extract will show :

1841. Sunday, February 28th.—Alas! this night I feel very sad and mournful. I this afternoon went to the Methodist chapel, where I heard the glorious doctrine of eternal election flatly denied and zealously exclaimed against, and the doctrines of universal redemption and sinless perfection vindicated by the preacher and responded to by the people. It cut me to the quick, and yet, amazing grace! this is the vile delusion the good Lord has delivered me from. Praise the Lord, O my soul.

As we have still much to record, our limits will not allow us to make more than the following extracts from her diary, which will be an index to the state of her mind at different times during this period. Two extracts will show that she was no stranger to darkness and distress of soul :

1844. Sunday, April 7th.—The anguish and distress of mind which I have experienced during the week, I cannot express. O what a faithless, sinful worm am I! Here, O Lord, behold the vilest wretch that ever bowed at thy feet; but still I would bow me there. No happiness is to be found but in thee. Of this I am quite sure; and yet, fool that I am, how I do wander from thee. Lord Jesus, draw me nearer to thee. Thou dear, dying, risen Lord, raise me from this death of sin to a life entirely new, a life of righteousness. Let not thy great name suffer reproach through my stumblings; but, Lord, hold thou me up, and I shall be safe. I thank thee for the means of grace this day bestowed upon me. O thou God of all means, have mercy upon me, and bless my soul, for Jesus Christ's sake alone. Amen.

Sunday, 10th.—I have this day carried about with me an aching heart O what a vile creature am I! so lifeless, so dull. I felt amazed at the mercy and goodness of God that he did not strike me dead while I knelt in the church. I thought my devout posture was verily hypocrisy. My heart is as hard as a stone. I cannot feel. Lord, soften it, I pray thee for Christ's sake. O wretched creature that I am! Lord, deliver me from the body of this death, and Oh! if it be thy will, make me glad with the light of thy countenance, for Jesus' sake, in whom alone I have any hope.

But darkness and distress were not always spread upon her path. Sweet manifestations of the Lord's love sometimes cheered her soul :

March 1st.—Have during the week been blest with a sweet sense of the presence and love of my dear Redeemer. I have several times felt that my secret chamber has been the house of God and the gate of heaven to my soul. I have found my mind this night raised to a grateful sense of the love of God to me by contemplating and pondering over all the way the Lord hath led me. Surely he hath performed all things *for me*. "He hath done all things well," and I do believe his mercies shall continue to be "new every morning," and that he will still do great and good things for me, which shall cause me to wonder and adore. Yea, verily, he will do for me the wonder of all wonders; he will bring me into his eternal presence, washed from every guilty stain in the blood of his Son, and clad in the perfect robe of his righteousness, without wrinkle. Even so, my Lord and my God.

During her residence at Harpswell, she records a visit which she was obliged to make to London, the account of which strikes us as much stamped with that simplicity and sincerity which were so characteristic of her both naturally and spiritually:

1842. November 4th.—I desire this night to set my humble testimony to the truth, love, and mercy of the Lord my God. Verily he is a prayer-hearing and answering God. Having a journey to London, upon business, in contemplation, and being an entire stranger there, and not personally knowing any one, I have felt it a great trial, and my poor weak mind shrank at the idea of it; but I called upon the Lord and spread before him my trouble, and prayed him, who has the hearts of all in his hands, that he would be pleased to incline the heart of some one to deal kindly with me. I felt sweetly enabled to cast all my concerns into his divine hands, and this noon he literally answered my petitions. I received a letter from a friend of my dear deceased aunt's, inviting me to her house, and offering to send a person to meet me in town. When I received it, I immediately discerned my Father's gracious hand in it! Indeed it was such a signal answer to my prayer, that for some time I was lost in wonder, love, and praise. O my God, what am I that thou shouldst thus notice and bless me! O accept my humble thanks, and give me a measure of thy grace, that I may never distrust thee more, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

London, 9th November.—Preserved through this dreaded journey, I desire to write the praise of my gracious and merciful Preserver. Verily he hath been better unto me than all my fears. This morning, on looking into my little book of "Daily Bread," I found the morsel appointed for the day to be, "Fear not, I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward." These precious words were powerfully applied to my soul, and were truly sweet to my taste, and I found them nourishing and comforting all the day. Oh, how full they are. They seemed to signify thus: "I am thy shield, to keep and protect thee from harm; to preserve thee from accident and death, if my wisdom sees fit; and if this be not for thy good, if, by a sudden stroke, thou become a lifeless corpse, still fear not, I am thy exceeding great reward." Let what will come, the Christian has no cause for fear. Life or death, time or eternity, are alike for his good, and for the glory of his Lord.

Wandsworth, November 11th.—I have this day visited the person at whose house my dear sister died, and am now at the house where my dear aunt died, and have beheld the spot where they are entombed in our grave. Oh! this has been a solemn, mournful day; but one thing, more than all besides, wounds my very heart. My poor dear aunt, who for years professed to love my Lord, from all that I can learn, died a dreadful death, impatient, un-resigned, blaspheming that holy name, whereby she had been called; refusing to be comforted by the good promises of his grace. My soul is filled with distressing fears, lest my last end should be like hers. O, my God, in mercy look on me. O, let me be a *real Christian*. Suffer me not to deceive myself with a false hope. If my hope is not well grounded, Lord, pull it down and root it up, and give me no rest, peace, nor joy until I have a well-grounded hope of eternal life through Jesus, thy beloved Son. Amen.

The wheels of time, however, were moving on, and bringing forward the gracious designs of the Lord in her behalf. An opening

was made for her, chiefly through her kind friends at Osbournby, to accept the situation of governess in a family residing at Ashwell, near Oakham, Rutland, the heads of which were members of the Particular Baptist Church meeting at Providence Chapel, in that town.

As this was made a means of bringing her under my ministry, and after a short period into the church under my pastoral care, I trust I shall be excused if I make more copious extracts from her diary at this period. The first gospel sermon that she heard at the chapel at Oakham was from Mr. Tiptaft, which she thus records, as well as her first meeting him at the house where she was residing :

August 3rd, 1845. Sunday.—I have, thank God, spent a delightful day at Oakham. Heard Mr. Tiptaft from the words, "Feed my lambs." The sermon was accompanied with much power to my poor, sinful soul; and, unworthy and vile as I am, I hope, trust, and humbly believe, I am amongst the dearly beloved lambs of the fold, whom the great and good Shepherd hath commanded his ministers to feed. In the afternoon, I witnessed the celebration of the Lord's supper, which I could not be allowed to join in; but, blessed be God, though I am indeed unworthy of the children's bread, yet did I feel Jesus did not reject me. Praise his name.

18th August.—Have this evening enjoyed very much the company of Mr. Tiptaft. The Lord Jesus and his great love in the redemption and salvation of his people, was the theme of his conversation, and apparently the joy of his heart. O Lord, bless this thy servant with more and more of thy Spirit.

The following extracts will show how she was led at this time :

1845. Sunday, September 21st.—Feel this night exercised in mind, having been present at the celebration of the Lord's supper, and could not join in the feast. Lord, direct me. I know I am not worthy of one crumb of thy children's bread; yet thou knowest there is a hungering and thirsting after righteousness in my soul; and hast thou not said such shall be filled? I pray thee to make my way plain before my face, and to enable me to walk in it, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

1845. Sunday, October 26th.—Blessed be God for the mercies and blessings bestowed upon me this day. I have, indeed, found it very good to wait upon him in the courts of his house. I felt my soul drawn out sweetly and strongly in prayer, and had access with confidence through the blood of sprinkling. Heard Mr. P. in the afternoon, from the words, "Thou hast delivered my soul from death; wilt thou not keep my feet from falling, that I may walk before God in the light of the living?" with great power. The word was indeed quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword. O Lord, I bless thee for the hope that thou hast delivered my soul from death. O, keep my feet from falling. Thou, and thou alone, knowest what a poor, vile, weak, worm I am. O, be my wisdom and my strength, for Jesus' sake.

After she had been at Ashwell about half a year, her mind became exercised about joining the church at Oakham. The following extracts will be read with interest, and may encourage others similarly exercised :

1846. February 1st.—I have of late had my mind tried very much respecting offering myself as a candidate for membership with the church. Have this day been to the deacon, and, blessed be God, felt much blessed, and had great liberty in telling him of the goodness of the Lord to me, and what I hope and trust he has wrought. His heart too, I have reason to believe, was opened and warmed towards me. O my God, if it be the good pleasure of thy grace, if it be for thy glory and my eternal good, suffer me to be joined to thy church militant here below, and with thee dwell throughout an eternal day. So be it, my Lord and my God!

February 28th. I have, during the month, had various feelings, and have sometimes been greatly harassed as to whether my experience be indeed that of the Holy Spirit's work. At other times have been fearing lest man's decision should be against me, and I should thus be forbidden the ordinances of the Lord's house. Went this afternoon to see Mr. P. in much fear and trembling. Did not feel much sweet liberty in speaking to him, but it pleased the Lord to incline his heart towards me, and he manifested a very kind, loving spirit. I am to come before the church, if the Lord enable, to-morrow fortnight. Lord, help and bless thy poor worm. So open my mouth that I may be enabled to show forth thy praise. Make thy strength perfect in my weakness, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

March 4th.—Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name. I have this day been favored with sweet meltings of heart and loving gratitude for all the goodness and mercy wherewith the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ has blessed me, and the fear of man has been so completely removed from me, that I feel now that if my coming before the church could be dispensed with and I might become a member without it, I should feel disappointed. O still continue to be gracious unto me, I beseech thee, O Lord; and, if consistent with thy will, let me feel thus when the time arrives. Lord, bless me with much love and union with thy people; yea, let us feel that we are knit together by the heart's blood of Immanuel!

1846. March 15th. Sunday.—Blessed be God for the mercies and blessings of this day. I have heard two refreshing sermons preached by dear Mr. P., to whom I feel great love and union, and have also been before the church, and have been enabled to relate a small portion of what He has, in love and mercy, done for my poor soul. It was, indeed, but a small portion; for, O! what tongue can tell all his mercy and grace! I went in great weakness, but the Lord was pleased to open the hearts of the people to receive my feeble testimony; and on this day month, if the Lord will, I am to be publicly admitted to the ordinance of baptism. O my God, baptize me afresh with thy Spirit. O, let it be a sweet and precious season to my soul, if it be thy holy will.

1846. April 10th.—I have, during the week, been very uncomfortable and unhappy, murmuring and repining. Everything has seemed wrong; but last night the Lord, in mercy, was pleased to shine into my soul, and to bless me, unworthy and sinful as I am. I felt rebellious and discontented, and Satan said, "See, you are to be admitted to a church of the living God, a thing which you have been desiring for years, and now your desire is about to be accomplished you are as far from content as ever." Oh! this caused me great sorrow of heart; but last night the Lord was pleased powerfully to apply this verse to my soul:

"Tis I appoint thy *daily* lot,
And I do all things well;
Thou soon shalt quit this *wretched* spot,
And rise *with me* to dwell."

Praised be the Lord! I cannot describe the peace, comfort, yea, even joy, which it brought into my soul. Bless the Lord, O my soul.

1846. April 12th. Sunday.—I have this day been buried with my Lord in baptism. A sweet peace and calm have filled my breast throughout the day, and a humble, firm reliance on the Lord of life and glory as "all my salvation and all my desire," has been my happy portion. All fear which hath torment was taken away, with all false shame, nervousness, and all fear of man. This has, indeed, been a great and a good day to my soul, a day, I trust, never to be forgotten. I also enjoyed the ordinance of the Lord's supper; the minister and people cordially and lovingly receiving me. My Father and my Lord, I thank thee for having opened their hearts, and for giving me a place among those who love thee. O keep me by thy almighty power, and help me to walk to the praise and glory of thy great and glorious name. O keep me for the dear Redeemer's sake. Amen.

She thus records hearing Mr. Warburton at Stamford, which will be read with peculiar interest now that the dear old man is gone to his heavenly home:

1846. June 20th. Sunday.—I have this day been to Stamford and heard dear old Mr. Warburton from the words, "The righteous shall never be moved." Blessed be God for this day. While his servant was endeavoring to describe the dear Lord Jesus as a sinner's righteousness before a holy God, my soul had such a sweet soul-cheering view of the King in his beauty as completely ravished my heart. Glory to his grace. He did indeed appear to my soul as altogether lovely; but the bright and glorious view, or rather the rapture, it occasioned in my soul was speedily damped by sad doubts and fears, lest I had no share in that blessed, spotless righteousness; yet I do hope I have, or why should I feel so ravished with his divine and heavenly charms? Praise his dear name, I still hope in him. This is a day which I trust will be long remembered, yea, never be forgotten. Lord, bless thy dear servant. Clothe thy word with thy mighty power, and seal it upon the hearts of thy people, for Jesus' sake.

Her diary, which for some time was loosely kept, abruptly terminates with the following entries, which we think will speak for themselves:

1846. October 26th.—Last week, my dear, kind, compassionate Father was pleased to say unto me, "I will bring the blind by a way that they know not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight, and rough places plain. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." O what comfort and peace did these words bring in. In these words, "I will not forsake them," lies the comfort, blessed be God. Yesterday I was melted and blessed under the morning sermon, from, "Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me, and I shall be saved, for thou art my praise." Found it a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

1847. March 30th.—Since I last wrote in this book, numberless have been the mercies received, the sins committed, and the changes felt. I have been the subject of much hardness and vileness, dreadful temptations and awful thoughts, while many fears of death and hell have harassed and troubled my soul; but, blessed be God, there have been moments when, I do hope and trust, the Lord has touched my heart, and I have been melted into sweet submission and love at his footstool, with a precious hope of his everlasting love to me. I do hope, at times, that my heart is more drawn from earth, and creature comforts and blessings. I do see the vanity of all things here below more than ever; but, alas! my poor foolish heart sometimes longs for a rest below the skies. Lord, keep me from finding it. Give me not up; leave me not alone; but do work in me mightily by thy Spirit. Help me to pray, wrestle, and groan at thy feet a little longer. And if the miracle of mercy should come to pass that I should be found among the happy number who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises, to thee, O Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, will I, with all the blood-washed throng, ascribe all the glory, honor, and praise, for ever and ever. Amen.

On Christmas day, 1847, she was united to a very worthy, and I trust gracious man, named Clack, who, in the providence of God, had come out of Wilts, and was residing at Oakham. The hope, however, of establishing himself in business, led him to remove to Stamford, where she passed the rest of her days, and whence her ransomed soul took its flight to eternal glory. Her path in providence became now somewhat different from any past experience. Hitherto all her temporal wants had been supplied without any care of hers whence came her daily bread, and the precept was easy for her to practise to take no thought for the morrow, for the morrow in her case easily took thought for itself. But now she had to be daily looking upward for the bread that perisheth, that it might come from the blessing of God on her husband's industry and exertions.

The cares too and anxieties of a little family were in due time added to her lot; and these, from natural weakness of constitution, demanding more than usual attention, if they brought with them a larger share of affection, required a larger measure of patience and exertion. But, blessed with a kind and affectionate husband, and favored at times with the smiles of the Lord, she cheerfully bore up in tribulations rugged path. I have frequently visited her both in health and sickness, and have always much admired her submission and resignation to the will of God, her great simplicity of character, her tenderness of conscience, her godly jealousy over herself, lest she should deceive or be deceived, and the evidences she gave of the fear of God being alive in her soul.

About three years ago she was seized with an attack of spitting of blood, which was the first manifest commencement of that disease which was sent to bring her mortal tabernacle into the dust.

But as the account of her last illness and death will occupy more room than we can give in our present limited space, we are reluctantly compelled to defer it to our next number.

(To be continued.)

It is sad and astonishing to observe the ingredients of that foundation on which self justiciaries build their hopes of heaven. First, there is a stratum of free-will; then of good dispositions; then of legal performances; next a layer of what they term divine aids and assistances, ratified and made effectual by human compliances; then a little of Christ's merits; then faithfulness to helps received; and, to finish the motley mixture, a perseverance of their own spinning. At so much pains is a pharisee in going about to establish his own righteousness, rather than embrace the Bible-way of salvation by submitting to the righteousness of God the Son.—*Toplady.*

BAPTISM.—When the believer comes to this ordinance in the name of and by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, the language he speaks, by submission to the ordinance, is, "In the presence of God and all who are here, I profess that I have no hope of immortal happiness but through the life, sufferings, death, and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ; and I submit to this ordinance as a sign that my whole trust and confidence are in my risen Saviour, and herein I answer a good conscience toward God by the resurrection of Jesus Christ. I do also in this solemn ordinance profess that through union to Christ I am dead to sin, the law, the world, the flesh, and the devil. I am therefore 'buried in baptism' to show, in a figure, that they are not, jointly or separately, to rule or reign over me, and that they have no just claims upon me, for by the body of Christ I am dead to and free from them. I hereby also profess not to be alone, but I rise from the water as a sign of the resurrection of my dear Lord and Master for my complete justification, and of my resurrection in him by virtue of my union to him; and through the power of the Holy Ghost I am risen to newness of life in Christ my Head; and I rejoice to acknowledge him my Lord and Lawgiver, and profess myself to be married to him who is raised from the dead, that I should bring forth fruit unto God. I do hereby also profess that as sure as this body is raised from the water, so sure I hope in the resurrection to rise from the dead in the likeness of Christ; for this vile body shall be changed and fashioned like unto the glorious body of my dear Lord and Saviour, with whom I shall live in immortal glory."—(Rom. vi. 5-6; Gal. iii. 27.)—*Gadsby's Works.*

INQUIRIES.

Sir,—Several friends of truth, who value you highly for your works' sake, have been grieved lately by witnessing the sale of pamphlets (*i.e.*, sermons, magazines, &c.,) within the doors of our chapel, on the morning and evening of the Lord's Day. The works there and then disposed of are perfectly in character with a place where free grace is preached. But the offer of them for money on such a day, in such a place, appears to us at variance with many scriptural commands concerning the Sabbath Day. We write not for controversy, but because our minds have been at times much exercised about the matter. And should you see fit to make a reply in the pages of the "Standard," it would assist in establishing a right view of the matter; and be received as a favor by,

Yours respectfully,

Bromley, Jan. 9th, 1857.

L. S.

ANSWER.

The subject has frequently come before us, and we feel it difficult to give a decided answer to the inquiry; but we will offer the thoughts that have occurred to our own mind upon it.

The public sale of sermons, magazines, &c., at the chapel doors on the Lord's Day is decidedly offensive to our eyes, and we think it should, if possible, not be allowed; but to exclude all sale of them whatsoever on a Lord's Day within the chapel would certainly, if carried out, cause much inconvenience. For, remember this, that if you begin to enforce this regulation, that to sell them at all is a breach of the Sabbath, you must carry out your principle, and must not suffer any money whatever to pass, by way of sale, on the Lord's Day. Now, in many places tea is provided for the people between services in the vestry. Carry out your principle, and not a penny must be taken for the tea so supplied. Again, many of the Lord's people live in country villages, and few of them are much acquainted with the way of getting books through booksellers. Besides which, a bookseller will not take the trouble of procuring a penny sermon, and there is a general dislike in the trade to works of truth, which are also rarely published in the Row, all which circumstances make it difficult to obtain them. Hymn books also are often kept by the deacons and pew-openers at the chapel, and as these are usually supplied at a cheaper rate than they can be bought at a bookseller's, it is a great advantage to a poor man to save a shilling this way, which will often decide whether he will have one or not. It is, therefore, a great convenience to poor persons to obtain their hymn books, "Standards," and penny sermons at the chapel; and as those who live at a distance cannot always nor often attend on the week-day, if you prohibit all sale on a Lord's Day, just see what you must come to. There must be no more tea to be had at the chapel, no hymn books, no "Standards," no penny sermons to be procured, unless you mean to *give* instead of selling all these; and then it will not only do away

with the objection of selling them on the Lord's Day, but will be a great boon to the poor, and will, besides, much enlarge your custom, as well as greatly oblige grocer, publisher, and bookseller, all of whom you will pay of course out of your own pocket every Monday morning.

But if you are not prepared for this liberal course of proceeding, you are necessarily brought to one of these two conclusions, either, 1. to submit to all the inconveniences named, and let no tea be made or drunk by the poor men and women who have walked their ten miles in heat and dust, or snow and frost; never let a hymn book, a "Standard," or a sermon be sold within the chapel, though often the only day when they can be got at all; or you must, 2. allow a sale, limited by certain restrictions.

After much thought on the subject, this is just the spot we have come to, to prohibit all sale of sermons, &c., at the doors, as offensive and unbecoming, but to allow those who cannot otherwise obtain them to pay for them in the vestry in the same way as they pay for their tea, the same person quietly selling both, but not hawking the one for sale more than the other.

Dear Sir,—Will you oblige me by answering the following question: Is Isaac a type of Christ, or a type of the Church only?

Yours respectfully,

W. S.

ANSWER.

Isaac was clearly a type of Christ, but we cannot see how he was a type of the church. He was a type of Christ in these particulars: 1. as the promised seed; 2. as born by a miracle wrought on Sarah's womb, as Christ by a miracle in the womb of the virgin; 3. as mocked by Ishmael, the seed of Hagar, as Christ was by the Jews, the children of the bondwoman; 4. as carrying the wood, as Christ carried the cross; and laid as a sacrifice on the altar, as Christ was offered on the altar of his divine nature, which bore up the human nature and gave value and validity to the sacrifice; 5. as received by his father from the dead in a figure, (Heb. xi. 19,) having lain as it were dead three days in his father's mind and purpose; 6. as marrying Rebekah, who was a type of the church, as, 1. being of the same kindred; 2. as leaving all to become his spouse; 3. as decked in jewels of his giving, and brought to him by his servant; 4. as lighting off the camel and putting on her veil when she met him in the field, implying thereby subjection and submission to him, as the church is subject to Christ.

Will the Editor of the "Standard" favor us with his opinion upon the present agitation for abolition of capital punishment? If so, it will oblige a few of his readers as well as myself.

ANSWER.

The Scripture seems to us plain on this point both in the Old and New Testament. "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his

blood be shed; for in the image of God made he him." (Gen. ix. 6.) "For he beareth not the sword in vain, for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil." (Rom. xiii. 4.)

The temporal ruler is expressly spoken of in this last passage as "the minister" (or servant) "of God;" and he is declared "not to bear the sword in vain," which clearly implies that God has commissioned him to use the sword; in other words, to inflict capital punishment. We are, therefore, clearly of opinion that capital punishment for murder is sanctioned by the word of God, and ought to be retained on the statute book for that crime.

Dear Sir,—Will you oblige me by a reply to the following query? Should I be justified in voting for a person to become a settled pastor if his ministry did not commend itself to my conscience as a living ministry, either by reproof, comfort, consolation, or instruction, although there be nothing in that ministry (to the best of my judgment) at variance with the letter of truth, and some considerable degree of talent displayed in its setting forth?

A CONSTANT READER.

ANSWER.

By no means vote for him to become a settled pastor if his ministry is never commended to your conscience as a living testimony for God in any one way that you mention. If you believe him to be a good man, and made useful to others, but not to you, do not oppose him, but be neutral; but if you believe him only to be in the letter of truth, never mind his ability, talent, &c., but vote against him, unless you mean to help to saddle the church and congregation, as well as yourself, with a dead minister, who may turn out to be a wolf in sheep's clothing.

ZEUXIS, the celebrated Grecian painter, used towards the latter part of his life to give away his pictures, without deigning to accept of any pecuniary recompense. Being asked the reason, his answer was, "I make presents of my pictures because they are too valuable to be purchased. They are above all price." And does not God freely give us a part in the book of life, an interest in his Son, and a title to his kingdom; nay, does he not make us a present of himself in Christ, because these blessings are, literally, above all price? Too great, too high, too glorious, to be purchased by the works of man, because we cannot merit them, God graciously pleased freely to bestow them.—*Toplady*.

SOULS at ease put far away the evil day, while souls in trouble consider their latter end. Hence Wisdom tells us that days of mourning are better than days of feasting, for "by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better." And I am sure of this, the more they suffer in the way, the less in the end.—*Huntington*.

WHAT can be of a more sad consideration than that we should carry about us constantly that which is enmity against God; and that not in this or that particular, but in all that he is, and in all wherein he hath revealed himself. I cannot say it is well with them that find it not. It is well with them indeed in whom the power of it is abated. But yet for them who say it is not in them, "they do but deceive themselves, and there is no truth in them."—*Owen*.

REVIEW.

“A Testimony to the Loving Kindness and Faithfulness of a Covenant God, as displayed in the last Illness and blessed Death of the late John Warburton, Minister of the Gospel, and for 42 years Pastor of the Church of Christ assembling at Zion Chapel, Trowbridge.”
London: Published for the Widow and Family, by John Gadsby, George Yard, Bouverie Street. Price Fourpence.

WHO that knows anything of the wondrous doings and dealings of the Lord in providence and grace can say that miracles have ceased? It is true that the croaking raven no longer brings bread and flesh morning and evening to an Elijah by the brook Cherith; nor does the palsied leave his bed, or the dead come out of his grave, as in the days when Jesus walked here below; but wonders as great, though less visible to the eye of sense, are daily and hourly wrought by the same Jesus, now sitting at the right hand of God.

The life and death of our dear and esteemed friend, the late Mr. Warburton, proclaim this truth as with trumpet tongue to those who have ears to hear, and write it up, as with a ray of light, to those who have eyes to see how great are the signs of the Lord, and how mighty his wonders to those who fear and love his great name among the children of men. He was, indeed, a special instance of those miracles of providence and grace which testify to the power and presence, the mercy and love of a Covenant Jehovah. But most Christians have a history of their own, a wondrous tale to tell of the providence of God, as displayed in their past life; dull, indeed, and trivial to carnal men, unimportant and uninteresting, if not a scoff and a jest, to such as would push God out of the government of his own world, but precious beyond all price to themselves, as affording them, through its intimate connection with the work of grace, blessed evidences of their present sonship and future inheritance. When faith is in living exercise, and can roll out and read the long, and, it may be, intricate scroll of by-gone years, sweet is it to see the providence of God in well nigh every line. However long may be the chain, it is all linked together from beginning to end; nor can one link be severed without breaking asunder the connection of the whole.

Why born of such and such parents; why so, in earliest infancy, brought up; why so circumstanced in childhood; why so situated in this or that locality; why exposed, at this or that period, to such trials and difficulties; why directed to such a spot as years grew on; why, in tender youth, cast into this or that deep trouble and heart-breaking sorrow; why these fair prospects blighted, these warm affections withered, these airy castles shattered, when least expecting, and least able to bear the shock; why this sudden and unexpected turn of events, bringing on the hour when grace first visited their souls; all who have any living experience of the path of the just have their individual life-history in which they can at times trace

the wonder-working hand of God, holding the marvellous chain, and winding out link by link all these varied circumstances.

All, it is true, cannot tell the moving history recorded in the "Mercies of a Covenant God." They have had neither the deep troubles nor the blessed deliverances of the Lancashire weaver. Their goods have not been marked for rent, nor they and their children trundled off to the workhouse. They have not had the heavy trials in their families, in their churches, or in their own souls, which Infinite Wisdom had assigned to our departed friend. Still less have they had his great blessings and powerful manifestations of the love and goodness of God in providence and grace; nor has their tongue, if ministers, been clothed with that rich savour and divine unction which so marked his words in the pulpit, and in the parlor.

God designed him for a great work in the church of Christ, and therefore abundantly and eminently qualified him for it. However at the time hidden from his eyes, his heavy trials in providence; his deep and long poverty; the sinkings of his own desponding mind; the continual embarrassments into which he was plunged; his dismal and gloomy forebodings of a still worse future; his fears of bringing a reproach on the cause of God; the temptations of Satan with which he was assailed; the hidings of the Lord's face; his quakings and tremblings lest he had run unsest, and the whole series of anxiety and distress through which he was called to pass; all, connected as they were with the manifestations of God's love and mercy to his soul, were mysteriously tending to make him what he eventually was, a minister to the suffering church of Christ, a feeder of the flock of slaughter, a feeling experimental man of God to the mourners in Zion, the broken in heart, and the contrite in spirit. As in Paul he chose an instrument wherein "to show forth all long suffering for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on him to everlasting life," so in John Warburton the Lord chose a vessel of mercy to show the power of his grace above all the wisdom of the creature.

But it has been well and wisely said that though God saves by "the foolishness of preaching," he does not send fools to preach. This is eminently true in the instance before us. Mr. Warburton was not a man of learning, or even much education; but he was naturally possessed of a sound, vigorous understanding, without which original gift mere school-cram is nearly useless. Great mistakes prevail on this head. Education is one of the grand idols of the present day, and is continually spoken of and cried up as the one thing needful, not only to root out of the land all immorality and vice, but to convert the rising generation into a race of philosophers, lawyers, statesmen, and divines. It is quietly assumed almost as a first principle, a mere matter of course, that the mind of man is naturally like a peach tree or a vine, which was only to be trained in a certain way and laid in to a certain length, and it is then sure to produce unceasing crops of fruit; or that it resembles a bale of Sea Island cotton, which may be scutched and carded, doubled and drawn, twisted and spun, woven and printed into any length, shape, size,

and pattern that the manufacturer chooses. Just as if the original force and feebleness of the mind, its natural quality and staple, were of no account; and just as if education could convert a weak intellect into a strong one, and schools and colleges turn out Miltons and Bacons by contract, at so much a gross. When the plane and French polish can make a mahogany table out of a deal board, and the willy and the spinning-jenny tear and twist London shoddy into Australian wool, then will the school and the academy turn a noodle into a Newton, and educate a blockhead into a genius. We do not deny that education will, according to the literal meaning of the word, *draw* out what is in the mind—but it must be *in* first. You may draw and draw, but your thread will never have any strength or length, unless there be at the bottom the needful staple and the requisite supply.

What Mr. Warburton might have been had his naturally strong and vigorous intellect been cultivated by a sound education in early boyhood and youth, cannot now be said. But most probably, we might rather say most certainly, it would have spoilt him. We might have had Warburton the acute lawyer, or Warburton the learned divine; but we should not have had Warburton the preacher, Warburton the feeling and experimental minister, the tried and exercised man of God. That he might not be thus spoiled, God himself took charge of his education, by placing him in early youth, not in an academy for young gentlemen, nor in a classical and commercial establishment, but in the school of Christ. Moses was made his schoolmaster, and first caught hold of him in Bolton Church, where, instead of charming his ears with the tones of the new organ, he sounded in them such a terrible peal of death, hell, and judgment to come, that his pupil dropped down half dead at his feet. Here he learnt his A B C in experimental religion; here Moses shook over him for the first time the rod; here the first lesson set him, amidst many sighs and tears, was to learn to spell the first letter of that dreadful sentence, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them." What school or college could have experimentally taught him what he first learned in Bolton church—that he was a sinner, under the curse of God's righteous law? What labored course of lectures, free library, or mechanics' institute could have made him cry out, "God be merciful to me a sinner," all the way home, till his breast bone was sore?

Education is admirable in its way, excellent for a time state; but no education, classical, theological, moral, or religious, could have made, though it might have marred a John Warburton, either as a Christian or a minister, or brought him with sighs and groans to the Redeemer's feet. And when peace and pardon first reached his heart, when rich, free, sovereign, and superabounding grace poured salvation into his soul, as he sat in Mr. Roby's chapel, he learned more in one moment what the love of God was, whence it came, and whither it led, what it could do, and what bliss and blessedness it could create, than all the doctors and proctors, pastors and masters,

schoolmasters or scholars, lecturers or libraries, teachers or tutors, could have taught him in half a century. When fierce temptations assailed his soul, when hell rose up in arms, and Satan, enraged to see so apt a tool lost to his service and enlisted in God's, hurled his fiery darts thick and fast against him, he was still at school, still learning better and wiser lessons than the Academy or the University could have taught him.

When dark clouds rested upon him in providence, when poverty and want knocked hard at his door, when little work and scanty wages, hard times and an increasing family plunged him into a sea of embarrassment and distress, he was still learning deep and blessed lessons, never taught at Cheshunt or learnt at Bradford. When the clouds of darkness broke in showers upon his head, when the Sun of Righteousness gleamed upon his path in providence and grace, when he could set up an Ebenezer here and a hill Mizar there; when he could "look from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lion's dens, from the mountains of the leopards," and see the valley beneath all flowing with milk and wine, what books or book-makers could have taught him there was such a God in Israel, or have raised up in his heart such faith, hope, and love towards him? So with all his long experience of the ups and downs, ins and outs, joys and sorrows, risings and sinkings, feastings and fastings, smiles and tears, songs and sighs, mercies and miseries, heavens and hells of a living experience, what substitute could be found in human genius, or human learning, for this course of heavenly instruction?

We are not setting up Mr. Warburton, but the grace of God in him. We are not daubing his memory with fulsome eulogy, extolling and idolising a worm of earth, or dressing out his poor cold remains with carnal flattery and empty praise. Could he speak out of the grave-yard, he would bid us be silent with that voice which has struck awe into whole congregations, and would admonish us in tones that would make us tremble, to ascribe the glory first and last to God. By the grace of God alone he was what he was. Grace began, grace carried on, and grace completed the whole work, from first to last, upon his soul. Great, especially in his early days, were his afflictions, and proportionably great were his consolations. But the Lord was with him in all his troubles and sorrows, temporal and spiritual, and brought him triumphant through them all. His debts, which had lain so heavy a burden upon him for many years, he was enabled honourably and fully to discharge, mainly through the blessing of the Lord resting on his little work, "The Mercies of a Covenant God." Thus his very providential trials proved providential blessings, and his debts were paid by his experience of their burden. Yet many were his mercies, if many his miseries. He was blessed with a large measure of health and strength for many years; was favored with an affectionate wife and family, some of whom he had the happiness of seeing called by grace; was much loved and esteemed by the church of Christ, to which he was made so signal a blessing; was spared to a good old age, without many of its usual infirmities; was sweetly supported on his bed of sickness and lan-

guishing by the presence and love of his dear Lord; and, after many longings to be gone, yielded up his spirit into his bosom with "Hallelujah" upon his lips.

He was not, indeed, without his faults and failings; but these much sprang from, and were closely connected with, the warmth of his natural feelings. If at times he was irritable, it arose, not from moroseness and sullenness of temper, but from that same warmth and depth of feeling which, flowing in another channel, made him so fond of his wife, children, and grandchildren, and so opened his heart to sympathise with their afflictions and trials, and take such a lively interest in all their concerns. He was also often considered arbitrary with his church and congregation; but Scripture and experience alike show that in a church, as in every other body, there must be order and government. If then the pastor do not exercise his legitimate influence and authority, there are those in every church who will rule the rest if they can; and as the other members will not quietly submit to this, the necessary consequence is strife and confusion. If Mr. Warburton held the reins with a firm hand, and sometimes sharply lashed the unruly, it was, in most cases, for the general good of the whole. He viewed himself as the father of the church and congregation, as indeed he was, for the former was chiefly made up of his spiritual children, and the latter was gathered and kept together by his gifts and grace. If then, as a father, he fed them, as a father he thought it right to govern them. His post was to lead, not to follow; to rule and govern, not to yield and obey. If sometimes he stretched his power beyond the usual limits of a pastor, and used the rod as well as the crook in ruling the church and congregation committed to his charge, it was not to exalt himself, make divisions, or introduce error, but for the good of the cause and the glory of God. He was naturally gifted with much sound good sense, knew the weakness and wickedness of the human heart, and seeing how soon divisions arise in a church, and what havoc they make of its prosperity and peace, he at once, with his broad weighty foot, trampled upon the rising flame which other ministers, of weaker and less determined minds, would let smoulder on, lest, in putting it out, they should burn their own fingers. Want of order and discipline is a prevailing evil in our churches; and when a pastor uses the authority which the Lord has given him to rule as well as feed the church, a cry is soon raised by those who are opposed to all order and discipline that he is tyrannical and arbitrary. He might sometimes, when thwarted and opposed, speak sharply, and look angry; and there was something in his fine, portly person, commanding look, and loud voice, that struck terror into the timid and silenced the talkative, but a tenderer heart never beat before the throne of grace and at the footstool of mercy. There indeed he was a little child, a babe, a humble, broken-hearted sinner. Much has been said of his temper and obstinacy, especially of late years, when painful divisions broke out in his church. But we challenge all his opponents and detractors to name a minister more broken and humble than he was before God. We have known many ministers,

many good and gracious servants of God, but we never knew a man more tender in real soul feeling, more broken, and simple, and child-like, when the hand of God was upon him. His temper was naturally stubborn and obstinate, but this made the contrast all the greater to what he was by grace. Thousands can testify to what he was in the pulpit. No one who knows what spiritual tenderness, divine sensations, and heavenly blessings are, could hear him pray or preach, when the Lord was with him, without feeling there was a peculiar savor and power in his words. This dew and unction, with which he was favored above any living minister, made him so acceptable to the tried and experienced family of God. It was not his gifts of eloquence, or powers of thought and expression; it was not the beauty of his language, or the force of his arguments, for in these external things he did not shine, that drew such crowds to hear him in London and the country, but the peculiar savor and sweetness that dropped from his lips. He was truly and peculiarly an experimental minister of God's truth. He preached what he knew in his own soul by the power of God; what he had tasted, felt, and handled of the word of life for himself; what had been wrought in his heart and conscience by the operations and influences of the Holy Ghost. For him it was eminently true, that "the heart of the wise teacheth his mouth and addeth learning to his lips." (Prov. xvi. 23.) He was, therefore, "a minister of the spirit, not of the letter," "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." He honored God, and God honored him.

No minister in these last fifty years, excepting Mr. Huntington and Mr. Gadsby, has been so blessed to the church of God, or had so many seals to his ministry. Let those men or ministers who, for years, have been snarling at him and secretly whispering their slanders, produce as many witnesses on their behalf. Let them search and see whether God has blessed them as he blessed him. Can they preach with his savor and power? Can they describe the trials and afflictions of the people of God as he could? or the feelings of the soul under his smiles, as he was enabled to do?

If anything could shame and silence his enemies, it would be this last testimony of the love and mercy of God to his soul, which we hope all our readers will see for themselves. This will most abundantly show how he was favored and blessed on his death bed. Gladly indeed would we have seen the whole of it in our pages; but as it is published for the benefit of the bereaved widow and family, we are happy to think that to those whom he loved so much upon earth he extends his hands, as it were, for their help beyond the grave. Surely no one who loves and reveres his memory will grudge the trifle that will enable him to possess himself of this testimony to the power of God in blessing his dying son and servant. It is very nicely and soberly put together, in a simple, unassuming manner, without any flattery of the deceased, or any attempt to exaggerate or set off his expressions, but leaving the dear old man to speak just as the words dropped from his lips. It is therefore quite commended to our conscience as a faithful record of his dying experience, and in

this lies its value and blessedness. We shall only give the closing scene, which we must say is commended to us as one of the most blessed departures that we ever heard or read of. We seem to see in his last word the dear man's soul passing at once from earth to heaven, ravished with its opening glory, and swallowed up in its bliss the moment before he entered eternally into it. Dry must be that eye which drops no tear over such a death, and hard that heart which does not inwardly sigh, "Let my last end be like his!"

Thursday, April 2nd.—All his children that resided in town, were summoned to his bedside. One of his daughters said to him, "Father, you feel Christ precious, and want to praise him in glory?" He lifted up both hands, pointing with one finger, and with fixed eyes as if gazing on some delightful object, exclaiming with peculiar emphasis and perfectly distinctly, "I haven't room, I haven't room." Between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, it became difficult to understand what he said. To all around he appeared full of raptures, his lips continually moving as if talking to himself, and lifting up both hands continually as if enjoying the sweetest communion with his God.

Not long before he died, he appeared anxious to say something. On one of his daughters putting her ear close to his mouth, she heard him say, "Pen, ink." On which she replied, "Do you want to write, father?" He said, "Yes." Pen, ink, and paper were brought to him. He took hold of the pen, and held it in such a way as to cause surprise to all his children present. He tried to make a mark, but could not. He looked very earnestly at his daughter, and said, "You can write." She inquired, "Father, what must I write?" He said something; but none could understand what he said. On which his daughter said, "Is it anything about the church you want us to know?" He shook his head, and firmly said, "No." Another of his daughters said, "Is it anything respecting the family?" As before, he replied, "No." "Is it to tell us how good the Lord is to you in your last moments?" He lifted up both hands, and waving them with peculiar delight, said, "Yes, yes." He still continued to appear as if those around him did not sufficiently understand him. With great exertion, he lifted up both hands, pointing with his finger, and laboring to articulate something. At last he said, "Hal— Hal—;" then followed with a firm voice, without a waver, "Hallelujah!" and he immediately breathed out his soul, at a quarter past seven, p.m.

P O E T R Y.

"The Lord gave the word."—Ps. lxxviii. 11.

HE gave his precious word to me;
 Publish, my soul, the same;
 The Lord hath sent his servant forth,
 To tell his wondrous fame.

The Spirit condescends to take
 The precious word and show,
 To every quickened needy soul,
 What Jesus can bestow.

Arise, my soul, and bless his name
 Who did salvation bring;
 Publish, ye heralds of his grace,
 His glorious praises sing.

IT continues an infallible rule, that he who does not yet abhor all sin, and who is not in earnest to renounce every sin, does not possess true faith.—*Herman Franks.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

JULY, 1857.

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

THE GRADUAL CONQUEST; OR, HEAVEN WON BY LITTLE AND LITTLE.

(Continued from page 171.)

3. The manner of the conquest here expressed is *gradual*, by little and little. As to the import of this phrase, it implies that the people of God are not to expect that their spiritual enemies will be all vanquished at the first onset. Though the victory is begun, when the soul is united to Christ by faith, and under his colors, who is the Captain of salvation, yet the commencement of the spiritual war is not the completion thereof; nay, there may be many a battle before the war be at a close and the victory complete; for, though the enemy hath got a deadly stroke, and though the nations of lusts, like the beast mentioned in Dan. vii. 12, "have their dominion taken away, yet their lives are prolonged for a season;" which occasions the war to be prolonged. Also it implies, that the visible advantages over the nations of spiritual enemies may be very small. Israel may be at a time but holpen with a little help, (Dan. xi. 34,) and get a little reviving in their bondage, (Ezra ix. 8,) a little victory at a time, a small advantage against the enemy; but though it be small, yet the day of small things is not to be despised. Therefore, O believer, be thankful if, by little and little, the Lord is putting them out, and gradually diminishing their forces, which he will continue to do until the day of death, when the warfare will be concluded. But this leads to another question, viz.,

How does the Lord their God bring them forth to the field of battle against the nations? I do not limit the Lord to this or to that way, he is Sovereign; but I will speak of the ordinary steps and degrees, by which he brings poor sinners that were under the power of sin and Satan, mixed with and under the power of the nations of hell, by which, I say, he brings them to the field. There are several fields that the Captain of salvation leads them through before they enter on the field of battle, where the nations are put out before them.

First. He leads them to the field of *consideration*, and makes them there bethink themselves what a sad state and condition they are in, while waging war against heaven, under the devil's banner. What am I doing? and where am I going? and what will be the end of these things, and of living in the service of these nations of lusts? And O! where will be my landing place to eternity, if this be my

course? Many never go so far towards the heavenly Canaan, as to step into this field of consideration. But, when the Lord begins a good work in his people, he brings them first to consider their ways: "I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto thy testimonies." (Ps. cxix. 59.) It may be, he brings them to consider by some rousing providence, whereby he stops their career in wickedness, and hedges up their way with thorns, as he stopped Manasseh, and held him in the thorns of Babylon, till he began to consider and know that the Lord is God, and that he was fighting against the Almighty.

Second. Another little advance is, his bringing them next to the field of *concern*. This naturally follows upon due consideration. The sinner is brought to see the hazard and danger he is compassed with, and to be afraid of the issue. Some may take a step into the field of consideration a little, but they presently step back again, without going forward to the field of concern; but, when the Lord is pleased to bring on forward to the camp for war, he brings them into the field of great concern, where they are filled with a greater concern about salvation than ever they had about anything in the world, saying with the jailor, "O! what shall I do to be saved?" and with Peter's hearers, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Is there any salvation for me, that have been fighting against God all my days?

Third. Another little advance is, his bringing them from the field of concern to the field of *restlessness*, even to a restless endeavor to come out of the devil's camp, and out of that sad condition they see and feel themselves in; for this concern about salvation, and fear of everlasting damnation, makes them to fall about the means of relief; and so they read, and pray, and hear, and meditate, and mourn, and weep, and reform; and you would think they are by this time beginning to fight against the nations of their lusts; but, however these means are good in themselves, and a restlessness in the use of them may be wrought under the awakening influence of the Spirit of God; yet there is some other field the man must be taken through, before he be capable to lift arms against his lusts in an evangelical and acceptable manner; for, as yet, his legal heart leads him to nothing but a legal warfare, under which his spiritual lusts remain still in their strength and dominion. The man is yet under the law, and so under the dominion of sin. (Rom. vi. 14.) And hence, while he is yet in this field, he is ready to be filled with vain imaginations, and legal dreams, like the young man in the gospel, that it is by doing some good thing or other he is to have eternal life. In this case, he may be doing a great deal of duties, and doing what he can with the greatest natural seriousness, and yet to no purpose; because he is doing upon the principle of the old covenant of works, "Do and live." Therefore,

Fourth. The Lord brings them from that field of restlessness to the field of *despair*, so as to despair of help in themselves and in their endeavors; to despair of ever getting victory by their legal diligence; to despair of life by the law, and their own obedience

thereto. When the soul is upon this field, it meets with the law, and sees the extent and spirituality of it, as exacting no less than perfection; internal perfection in heart and nature; external perfection in lip and life; eternal perfection in point of continuance and duration; for, "Cursed is every one that continues not in all things written in the book of the law to do them." And so all this perfection it requires upon pain of eternal death and damnation. Now the commandment comes; (Rom. vii. 9;) and though the man was alive without the law, and reckoned he was right enough, and fairly bound for the heavenly Canaan, as well as his neighbors; yet the commandment thus coming, sin revives, and he dies. His hope and expectation by the law, or by his legal endeavors, give up the ghost. Now, till a man be brought to this field of despair, he is not brought half-way to the field of battle against the nations of enemies in his way to the heavenly Canaan; but when the Lord brings a man to this despair in himself, and to despair of relief from creatures and means, then there begins to be some hope in Israel concerning him; for he is now laid low in the dust, and made vile in his own eyes, by Christ discovering him to himself, as he did to Job. (See xlii. 6.) Therefore,

Fifth. Another little advance, while the Lord is bringing the man by little and little to the gospel-camp, is this: He brings him from the field of despair to the field of *hope*; I mean to a distant sight of the cape of good hope, in hearing of the good news of the gospel, concerning the Captain of salvation, in whom alone poor enslaved sinners may be made more than conquerors over sin, Satan, and the world; as also over death and hell, and all their spiritual enemies. The soul hears of this mighty Captain, that he is able to save to the uttermost, and so conceives hope, that perhaps he will show mercy, and deliver a poor captive. I do not speak here of the new and lively hope, that is the fruit and effect of faith; for, on this field of hope that I speak of, the man is yet between hope and despair, as it were. This hope cannot be a helmet to him, while he yet wants the shield of faith; yet it is such a hope, wrought by the objective revelation of the gospel, as keeps him from sinking into utter discouragement; and excites, enables, and encourages him to go forward, because he sees a door of hope open, in the call of the gospel, wherein he hears Christ calling him to come and take the water of life freely. "O! There is the door of a new covenant open," says the man within himself. "I see it is open for the like of me, and I am particularly called to come in at this open door;" and now, when the man is brought to this, he is truly not far from the kingdom of heaven; not far from the field of battle; he needs but be helped with a little help further, and then this course is complete. Therefore,

Sixth. Another little advance is, after the soul is brought over all these fields, by the good hand of God upon him, he is brought to the field of *saving faith*, getting such a discovery of Jesus Christ, the Captain of salvation, by the Spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of him, as powerfully determines him to follow Christ, as a volunteer, being made willing in the day of his power; and

being charmed with the glory of his person, the freedom of his grace, the holiness of the standard, and ruddy ensign dyed with his own blood. Here the man sees him girding his sword upon his thigh, even his glory and majesty. By this sword of glorious grace, the sinner is made a willing subject, a willing soldier, to follow the glorious Captain, and employ him to fight all his battles, and drive out all the nations of his lusts before him. And now the man is a believer, and is come, indeed, to the field of battle, being joined to the Lord Jesus, and disjoined from his old general. Now he is, by virtue of union to Christ, entitled to a complete victory over all the nations of enemies in his way, and entitled to all those new recruits and reinforcements from heaven, that are necessary for the gradual subduing of the nations before him, till he

"Win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way."

Thus you see how, by little and little, the Lord brings them forth to the field of battle; and by what various degrees they are brought from being slaves to the devil and their lusts, to be soldiers of Christ Jesus. But now, as by little and little he brings them to the field of battle against the nations in a day of power; so,

By little and little, he carries on the conquest, till the day of death, when the warfare is accomplished. Yes, it is Christ alone, and his Spirit, that can destroy the nations before them. But now, the gradual conquest, till the day of death, speaks out these two things: First. That the Israel of God hath many *sad experiences* all their days, that their enemies are not utterly destroyed; but are living and lively, strong and prevalent many times. Second. That they have also many *sweet experiences*, all their days, of some little aid and auxiliaries from heaven, whereby the enemy is driven out, and destroyed, by little and little, from time to time.

First. I say that notwithstanding their being got fairly under the colors of their glorious Captain, yet they will find, all their days, that their enemies are living and lively, strong and prevalent; for, their destruction being but by little and little, the conquest may be many times undiscernible, while the power of the enemy appears great and formidable, notwithstanding any little advantage gained at a time, and while they find many dreadful sallies and successful excursions that the enemy makes upon them. Do you not find, by sad experience, that there is a law in your members, warring against the law of your mind, and bringing you into captivity to the law of sin, that is in your members? and that you wrestle not against flesh and blood only, but against principalities and powers? (Rom. vii. 23; Eph. vi. 12.) Does not sad experience witness that it is within you that troubles assault you most; that your greatest adversaries are the men of your own house; and that, in the worst of times, there is always more cause to complain of an evil heart than an evil world; and that it is this carnal heart especially that clogs and impedes your progress and motion towards God, and many times makes your choicest duties to be like a grievous task? Does not sad experience witness, even since you were brought to the field

of battle against your spiritual enemies, that there is more wickedness in your heart, siding with the enemy, than you could have believed, though it had been told you? When, at any time, you got your feet upon the necks of your enemies, you could never have thought they would ever so fearfully prevail again; or, if you had thought it, would it not have been a terror to you? Does not sad experience witness such a power of corruption, that no sooner did you ever begin to parley with a temptation at a distance, and adventure to sport therewith, but it quickly hath turned to earnest, and carried all before it? So much fuel and gunpowder for the enemy do you carry about with you, that you take fire upon the smallest touch, and are ready to be blown up with the flame? Does not sad experience witness, how soon the strongest resolution, even under the sweetest gales, will vanish; that you are not oft in the evening what you were in the morning, nor for many hours do you keep the ground you had attained; and how quickly you destroy that which grace hath built, insomuch, that if grace were not stronger to save and preserve than you are to mar and destroy, you would be undone for ever? Is it not past reckoning, how oft your heart hath thus deceived you? And is it not plain that the word of God knows your heart better than you do, declaring it to be deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked? Does not sad experience show you, that the DEVIL, who heads and leads the nations of lusts and corruptions, hath the advantage of the ground? and knows how to correspond with your corruption, and suits his temptation to your natural temper, to your calling and company, and predominant inclination, and even to your retirement and solitude; and that he can even then most dangerously tempt, when the temptation is least seen and discovered; and that, by his temptations he not only aims at bringing sin to the thoughts, but to the act, too, putting some blot upon your conduct and conversation? Does not sad experience show you, that it is hard, difficult, and dangerous, to dance about the fire, and not be burnt; and that the temptation which, at a distance, seemed small, upon a nearer approach you have found had more bands on your heart than you could have dreamed it would have had, and how impossible it is, many times, to stop the current to which, through unwatchfulness, you have given a vent? Does not sad experience witness, how the power and prevalency of corruption hath consumed the vitals of your spiritual life, and tumbled you down headlong into confusion; especially when you have given conscience a ramp, by doing violence to light, in siding with the enemies, and adventuring on the occasions of a temptation? When you have gone, like Peter, to the high priest's hall, without a warrant or a call, hath it not cost you dear, insomuch that you have found bold sinning hath made faint believing, and turned all your comfort to the door, leaving nothing behind but bitterness and death? Do you not find your sins have a weakening, captivating, vexing, and tormenting power? But many sad experiences of this sort, and thousands of them during the days of their pilgrimage, may even the true Israel of God have, whereby they find, to their sad cost,

that the nations of corruptions are alive and powerful, as this gradual conquest, by little and little, declares.

Second. It shows also, that they have many *sweet experiences*, on the other hand, of some little succours and auxiliaries, some small aids and supplies from heaven, whereby the enemy is driven out and destroyed from time to time; and this all the days of their life also, till the warfare be accomplished at death. I am speaking of these that have been brought to the field of battle, as I showed before; and how the Lord, by little and little, makes the nations of lusts sometimes to flee before them. But by how many littles, in the believer's life-time, this warfare is carried on, who can tell? And how many little recoveries, little revivings, little supplies, little supports, little strengthening meals, little sin-killing antidotes, little soul-reviving cordials; how many of these little sweet things the Lord their God allows them from time to time, that by little and little they may win the day, is not possible to tell, they are so many. The poor fighting believer may get a thousand of them in a year, and ten thousands of them in his life-time; and, perhaps, more than half a score of them at one communion. Sometimes he gets a little new discovery of the glorious Captain after he hath been long out of sight; and a new sight of the glory of the Lord fills the Israelite's heart with new life and courage, and hope of prevailing; for then he sees Christ to be a full magazine of all military provision, and an open magazine to give out armour for the war; and so, by receiving out of his fulness, he becomes strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Indeed, so many little glances of the glory of Christ that the believer gets, so many little victories does he gain over the enemy. Again. Sometimes he gets a little out-pouring of the Spirit of prayer, and of the Spirit of adoption, crying, Abba, Father. "O Father," may he say, "pity a poor child, harassed with the devil, and captivated by the power of indwelling corruptions." O! but this gives the believer a little ease and relief, when he can get his heart poured out into the bosom of his best and most glorious Friend, complaining of the tyranny of the tempter, and the prevailing of the nations. Here is a little victory gained, when he gets a little grace to put the enemies of his soul into the hands of his Captain, saying, Vengeance, Lord; vengeance be executed upon these enemies that dishonor thy name, and disturb the peace of my soul. Again. Sometimes he gets a little discovery of the enemy's power and policy, and strongest holds; so as, knowing the depths of Satan, and not being ignorant of his devices, the believer is thereby put more upon his guard; and especially he is led to see and observe the old man of sin, that deadly cut-throat, that lies within his bosom; and while he is bemoaning himself, with Ephraim, and crying out, with St. Paul, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from this body of death?" the enemy is losing ground. Again. Sometimes he gets a little communication of life, after a deadness of spirit that seized him; and a little recovery after a fit of the falling sickness and backsliding; and the new communication of life and health to the soul, makes him start up on his feet again, renew the assault, and

pursue the enemy with more vigor and resolution than ever he did. Again. Sometimes he gets a little grasp of a promise, such as that, "I will subdue thine iniquity; sin shall not have dominion over thee; fear not, for I am with thee; the God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly;" and having these promises, he is encouraged to the holy war, namely, to cleanse himself "from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." And if the promises are not speedily accomplished, he is encouraged to wait upon the Lord until he bring forth judgment unto victory; and the Lord is a God of judgment; blessed are all they that wait for him. He that believeth shall not make haste; knowing the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; and hence the believer will find that his strength is to sit still, and quietly to wait for the salvation of the Lord. Again. Sometimes he gets a little godly sorrow that works repentance unto life; gospel-repentance, issuing from a sight of the crucified Christ, bring along with it a train of artillery for subduing the enemy. "What carefulness does it work," says the apostle; "yea, what clearing of yourselves; yea, what indignation; yea, what fear; yea, what vehement desire; yea, what zeal; yea, what revenge?" When the heart is melting before the Lord in godly sorrow, O what revenge is it meditating against the nations of corruptions! O how glad would the believer be then to wash his hands in the blood of all his spiritual enemies! For, at the same time, he gets a little resentment of his own ingratitude, saying, "O! do I thus requite the Lord, O foolish and unwise?" A little holy shame and blushing before the Lord at the thoughts of his own brutishness, saying, "*Behold I am vile,*" and a little soul abasement, casting indignity upon himself, and giving glory to the Lord, saying, "Truth, Lord, I am a dog, I am a beast, I am a devil; but yet I come to thee to cast out the devil, and get glory to thy name." Further. Sometimes he gets a little intimation of peace and pardon, a little sprinkling of the blood of Christ upon the conscience, to purge it from dead works, and a little application of that blood by the hand of the Spirit, showing him that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. Sometimes they get a little opening of the heart, like Lydia, at the hearing of the gospel preached, and the more the heart opens to let in the King of glory, the more is the enemy shut out. Sometimes they get a little freedom and boldness at the throne of grace, when they come thither to obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need; and when there, they get a little strength to wrestle with the Lord for a blessing, saying, "Lord, I will not let thee go till thou bless me;" they get even power with God himself, as it is said of Jacob, "He had power over the angel, and prevailed." And when a man is an overcomer in this sense, to have power with God, much more will he have power over the nations of enemies. Sometimes they are favored with a little shower of the sanctifying and comforting influences of the Spirit of Christ for watering their graces, and drowning their corruptions. Sometimes they get a little look and glance of the kind and compassionate eye of Christ, even after a denial, as he gave to Peter; and when

they find him thus graciously looking to them, and kindly rebuking them, they go out and weep bitterly; and while they are shedding the tears of faith, they are shedding the blood of their enemies. Sometimes they get a little back-look upon an old promise that the Lord gave them with power; and when they are helped to plead it, saying, "Lord, remember the word on which thou hast caused me to hope," the enemy gets a new dash. Sometimes they get a little opening of the door of hope in the valley of Achor, the lively hope of the heavenly Canaan through the resurrection of Christ; and this hope is the sinews of the holy war; for as "hope makes not ashamed, so he that hath this hope purifieth himself;" and, according to the measure of this hope, is the measure of victory. Sometimes they get the love of God shed abroad upon their heart, and then the love of Christ constrains them; the love of the Captain draws them to the field, where love is the signal for war; Christ's love, I mean. "His banner over me was love," says the church. His love both leads the van and fences the rear, and so the banner of love beats down the nations. Again. Sometimes they get a little sight of God in Christ, and then they can endure hardship as good soldiers of Jesus Christ; thus they "endure, as seeing him that is invisible, counting the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the treasures of Egypt." Sometimes they get a little touch of the hem of Christ's garment by faith; a little touch of his name, his offices, his blood, his righteousness, or whatever hem it be. Virtue comes from him to stop the bloody issue, and stop the enemy's motion. Sometimes they get a little taste that the Lord is gracious; and it is like the taste of Jonathan's honey-comb; the more they taste of the honey of free grace, the greater is the slaughter they make among the Philistines. Sometimes they get a little smell of the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley, and it revives their fainting soul. All Christ's garments are said to smell of aloes, myrrh, and cassia; and the believer may be said to get a smell of the raiment, a smell of the rose, when Christ is precious to him above all things. And when all these spiritual senses are exercised, then they may be said to be exercising their arms, making havoc among their enemies, and successfully gaining ground upon them. In a word, he gives them sometimes a little breathing in the air of spiritual meditation: "My meditation of him shall be sweet;" (Ps. civ. 34;) and when Christ is sweet, sin is bitter, and the battle against it a bitter battle. He gives them here a little and there a little comfort and encouragement, and by little and little puts out the nations before them.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE way for us not to lose our way, is to receive nothing from man but what bears the stamp of Scripture; to beg of God that he would shine upon the dial, that we may consult it profitably, and know whereabouts we are; *i.e.*, that he would make us understand the Scriptures by the saving light of his blessed Spirit; and then to look upon no influence, impulse, suggestion, or direction as the voice of God in the soul, except it harmonise and coincide with that sacred Scripture which himself inspired.—*Toplady.*

A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. BROADBRIDGE.

My dear Friend,—I have once more taken up my pen to write a few lines to you, hoping they will find you in health of body as well as of soul, as I am at present; and that your soul is at times feeding on that rich pasture of which the prophet Isaiah speaks in xxv. 6: "And in this mountain (Zion, the church of the living God) shall the Lord of Hosts make unto all people a feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined," or well purified; yes, for he trod the wine-press alone, and there was none with him. This is good fare indeed for poor hungry and thirsty souls, yet they cannot enjoy it unless the Master of the Feast is pleased to supply them with that bread of everlasting life, and the water from that well of which our blessed Jesus spoke to the woman of Samaria. She knew not then who that glorious person was that was then veiled in our human flesh. O, how great was that condescension for the Lord of Life and Glory to stoop so low as to take our nature upon him, and to pass by the nature of angels, to suffer as he did for his church and people. Here truly was love indeed beyond degree; wonderful and free. Little did the woman think of meeting such a guest at the well. That chapter has been a great comfort to me at times, and my poor needy soul has been drawn out in love to Jesus for his condescension to such a worthless worm, as I often feel myself to be. "Jesus answered and said unto her, Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again. But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him it shall be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life." And after a little further close conversation, she felt somewhat of this springing well; for she left her waterpot and went into the city, and saith to the men, "Come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did; is not this the Christ? Then they went out of the city, and came unto him." So her heart was opened to receive his answers, and his words dropped from his blessed lips therein, so that she turned preacher to her neighbors and friends. Truly indeed here was a needs be for his going through Samaria, that he might seek out some of the lost sheep of the house of Israel. What a mercy it is to have but one crumb or but one sip of this bread and water of everlasting life. It only creates a further longing and thirsting for more. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

While the light of his countenance shines upon our souls, and we are enabled to feed and feast on him by faith, then it is sweet indeed. But O how short these visits are! When I awoke this morning I felt so cold and lifeless about the best of things, I seemed not to have any marks or evidences of belonging to the Lord's family; yet I could not help feeling thankful to the Lord that I was spared to see the light of another day, and was not cut off, and sent where hope could never come. I did try to get some feeling in my breathings out to him, to revive me, and to restore again unto me the joys of his salvation; and that he would be with me through this day, and

bleſs me with ſome token for good. But no; it was not to be ſo then. His ears ſeemed ſhut up againſt me, and my heart felt hard, ſo that I found that I could not do anything of myſelf, and that it muſt all come from him alone. But before I came out of my room, I took my Bible, and it opened on Iſaiah xxv. I read it, and when I came down to the fourth verſe, my hard heart was made ſoft (Job xxiii. 16,) and I felt ſuch a humbling and crumbling down, that I could not keep the tear from running down my face, to think that he ſhould ſhow mercy to one ſo vile and unworthy of the leaſt of his mercies. I really felt myſelf to be one of the poor and the needy there ſpoken of, to whom Chriſt is the only ſafe and ſure refuge from the ſtorm, and a ſhadow from the heat, of the enemy of our ſouls, who is continually trying to diſturb our peace. What a mercy it is that he cannot deſtroy, but only worry and perplex the Lord's tried family. O that I may be found at laſt amongſt that number, when he counteth up his jewels!

I have many fears at times, but I do hope and truſt that the Lord will be better to me than all my fears, as he hath been up to the preſent moment.

Can you give us an evening next week? or, if not then, when will it ſuit you? And have you come to any concluſion about Chriſtmas day? I ſhall be glad to receive you at any time. Remember me kindly to all inquiring friends, alſo to Mrs. G. The friends unite with me in love to her and yourſelf, and believe me, your well-wiſher in the truth,

Standard Road, Faversham, Dec. 8, 1846. G. BROADBRIDGE.

THEY SHALL COME AND SHALL DECLARE HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS UNTO A PEOPLE THAT SHALL BE BORN, THAT HE HATH DONE THIS.

I remember to have had natural convictions when very young, and was what is called very piously inclined; for, as I grew older, I frequently attended a prayer-meeting at ſeven o'clock, and three ſermons on the Lord's Day. Before I was ſeventeen I joined the General Baptist Church my parents belonged to, but I knew not the Lord's way of ſaving a ſinner; I was rather looking to myſelf than to the Lord. I now ſee I was then nothing but a Pharisee. I do not think I had ever heard a goſpel ſermon. I was told of a Mr. Bailey in Alie Street. I wiſhed to hear him, as I thought he held election, a doctrine I could not like, and I felt determined to pull to pieces all he ſaid about it. How plain I now ſee my Phariſaical pride at that time! As ſoon as I got into the chapel I ſaw a moſt majestic perſon, with a drawn ſword ſtretched acroſs the heavens, and he pronounced with a voice of majesty, that entered the inmoſt recesses of my heart, his eyes all the time being fixed on me, which pierced me through and through, "For the word of God is quick and powerful, ſharper than any two-edged ſword, piercing even to the dividing aſunder of ſoul and ſpirit, and of the joints and marrow,

and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." I thought the Almighty had come near to judgment, and that I should be immediately cut off, and sent to hell; and I thought I saw the boards part under my feet, and devils trying to pull me in. The horror and terror that came over me is better felt than described. When I came out of the chapel I could not look at any one, but went home, inwardly groaning, "O that I had never been born! O that I had never made a profession of religion! Oh what a weight of sin and misery hangs over my head." The Arminian minister sent me word the deacons should visit me, but they never came, which I was very thankful for, as I was in such a trembling state of feeling I knew not how to speak to them, although all they could have said would not have had the weight of a feather on my mind, as the Lord kept following me up with these words, "Come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you." I kept constantly attending the place where I had felt the power, although I had nothing but reproof and condemnation, which occasioned floods of tears. A friend took me to hear Mr. Huntington, at Providence Chapel, who took his text out of Rev. ii. : "I will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving him that receiveth it." I saw this secret was with the righteous, and that it was a knowledge of pardon and absolution, and known only by those who received it. O how did my soul go out to the Lord for the manifestation of this rich blessing! The doctrine of election began to open to my astonished view. I saw a glory and beauty in it, that had I possessed a world I would have given it for a hope that I was amongst the happy number of God's elect. Some time afterwards I heard Mr. H. from these words (Isa. xxv.): "A strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress." He described my poverty of soul, the deep sense of need I felt, and my great distress; and the Lord raised me to such a hope in his mercy, I shall never forget. But it did not last. I soon began to call it all in question, and I sank very low in the horrible pit. Indeed I had many fears that I had sinned the unpardonable sin. Added to this, I felt such reluctance to calling on the Lord, and in going to hear the word preached. I said, "It is of no use, I shall certainly be lost." I had now been about four years and a-half in bondage.

One Sunday in April, 1815, I was taken by a friend to hear a Mr. S., St. George's Road, who took his text from Rom. xi. The words were, "Towards thee, goodness;" the sermon was quite lost, as I was wholly taken up with those words, "Towards thee, goodness." They flowed into my soul with a power and sweetness never before felt. I was swallowed up in the ocean of electing love. Jesus, whom before I looked at as a terrible judge, now appeared my most loving friend. I thought Jesus and the holy angels were rejoicing over me. Many months was I favored to walk in this sweet enjoyment, holding daily converse with him, and having sweet familiarity and nearness to him, but a cloud gradually came over my mind. The Lord withheld the communication of his grace; I could not see

my signs and tokens for good ; I began to call all his work in question ; I sought the Lord, but could not find him ; called him, but he gave me no answer. The means of grace were dry breasts, and a throne of grace inaccessible ; for when he hideth himself, who then can behold him ? In this troubled state of mind, I may say distressed state ; I thought it was impossible I could live and bear it ; I went to hear Mr. Gadsby, at Conway Street. He took his text from 2 Cor. i. 9. : "We had the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God who raiseth from the dead." As he was reading his text, the Lord broke in upon my soul with such light and power I am not able to describe.

Here I must leave off, though I have travelled forty years in the wilderness since, and the Lord has never failed nor forsaken me to the present moment.

A PILGRIM PAST SEVENTY.

AN ORIGINAL LETTER FROM DR. CONYERS TO MR. ROMAINE.

Well, my dear Sir,—“Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth to life,” saith the Lord ; and I am enabled to set to my seal that it is true. How far I may be mistaken in the way, and make difficulties to myself where God makes none, I know not ; but this I know, that I am at times so hard put to it, that I make a full stop ; and, for a moment, feel a wish in my heart to be either safely through or safely back again. No outward difficulties cause these unbelieving fears ; they arise not from opposition, nor from the fierceness and wrath of an angry, persecuting world. I have not at present much of these to fight with ; and when I have, though no man feels them more sensibly than I do, yet, indeed and in truth, I find them profitable. I enjoy many a sweet moment when under their pressure, and see much of the power and faithfulness of a promise-keeping God, when I occupy my business in these deep waters. Neither am I dejected with the view which God has given me (and a clear view he has given me) of my unworthiness, ignorance, helplessness, and sinfulness, and of the total blindness of my nature. It is not, I say, a sight or feeling of these things that makes my chariot wheels drag heavily in the way to the kingdom ; these are indeed humbling, and leave me not a word to say in my own behalf. I stand before God in myself, poor, and naked, and wretched, and miserable ; but this makes mercy the sweeter. The more we know of our ruin, and the mystery of iniquity that is in us, the greater value we necessarily set on our Saviour and his salvation. I am in Christ superior to all that is in me ; there is more in him to deliver me than there can be in myself to condemn me. But here the matter lies, Sir, when I look at the word of God, and see thereunto what I am called ; when I see my privilege as a child of God, and what arises from such an endearing relation ; when I see that I am called to a fellowship with the Father and the Son, to a peace

with God that passeth all understanding, to a love that casteth out fear, to a life of faith in the Son of God, yea, to joy in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, through whom we have received the atonement; when I see that I am called to be a temple of God, through his Spirit dwelling in me; to be a worshipper in his spiritual house; an inhabitant of his spiritual Zion, that city of the Living God; a subject of his spiritual kingdom; to a hope full of immortality; to be an heir of God himself and a joint heir with his beloved Son; when I consider these things, Sir, I can hardly believe for joy and wonder. I look at myself and smile to see such an insignificant worm so exalted. I look on things around, the world and all its vanities, and can count them all but dung and dross, in comparison of the excellency of the knowledge of God through Christ Jesus the Lord. But, Oh! Sir! this is not always the case; nay, it is very often otherwise. This is the battle, this is my struggle, this is the reason of my complaint; now you see what I am, and what I am fighting for; now you see the very cause of my heartaches, my fears and distresses, my palpitations, &c. It is not steel-water, bark, nor the cordials of the apothecary, but the precious balm of Gilead, and the Great Physician there, that can alone give ease and quiet to my troubled breast. I want to live always like a man who is sensible that all the blessings of the everlasting covenant are his own. I would walk, and talk, and feel my hopes, and fears, and joys, like a creature that knows and believes that all things are his, for he is Christ's, and Christ is God's; but my weakness! my weakness! Woe unto me! my eyes and my ears are soon caught and turned unto vanity! My corruptions and sins (the guilt of which the blood of the Son of God hath done away) are yet as thorns in my side, and pricks in my eyes; nay, the very blessings are a snare to me, and frequently steal away my heart from him. My house is a snare; my children are a snare; my garden is a snare; my very dress is a snare; and such is my weakness, that my dear friend is a snare also. My comfort is in fellowship with God; his favor is better than life itself; and if I suffer my blessings to come in between him and me, it loses its name and is made a curse unto me.

Thus far my present experience.

Yours, &c.

R. CONYERS.

WHEN you shall see what contrivances have been against you; what art, subtlety, malice, and power, they were agitated with; how unable you were, of yourselves, to foresee, prevent, avoid, or repel them; and how all the attributes of God and his providences, each one in its time and place, (which is most seasonable,) came in to your rescue, retorting on your adversaries, and safeguarding you; yea, how that which was death in itself was made to work life in you, how amiable and admirable will the story of it be! that when your faith was weak, the Lord did not withdraw from you; that when it was at its height and strength, he then did for you above all you could believe or think, and through an unspeakable press of difficulties and contradictions, he carried on his work in you; even bearing you on eagles' wings, until he brought you to himself; how will you magnify his work, and admire it then!—*Coles.*

LETTER FROM MR. ROMAINE TO MR. T—, OF S—.

My good Friend,—I have read in a certain book, “As cold water is to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country.” You know this is the Gospel. Many (thank God, very many) times has it been good news to you and me; and while the blessed sound is joyful in our hearts, it makes all other good news better. So it improved your letter. I received it as one of my covenant blessings. You have your thanks, and God has had his. I am certain you will not be offended that he had the first and the best. The contents of the letter were also, every one of them, cordials as a cup of cold water to a thirsty soul. What struck me first was your noble collection; indeed it was great, in itself valuable; but more so from the motive. I believe Mr. K. gives, and teaches to give, from faith; Christian charity springs from Christ received, and works grace. Christ’s grace expects acceptance through Christ’s intercession, and done ever so much, or ever so well, refers all to Christ’s glory. So again I come to my point; the good minister and the good congregation have my warmest thanks; but to the Lord Christ be all the praise. Please to communicate this to Mr. K., and further inform him how much he and his congregation are laid on my heart, since I have fully discovered the present state of S. O what deplorable blindness is there in ministers and people! what a fearful opposition are they carrying on against the Lord and his Christ! What have I told them? what had Mr. C. to tell them, but of the almighty power, of the infinite wisdom as influenced by the sovereign love of God,—Jesus,—to save all that come to him; to save them from all their sins, and from all their miseries, and also to give them all possible good in earth and in heaven? This is the kindest message of the Gospel, and it is sweetly recommended by putting the sinner into the present enjoyment of salvation, as the sure earnest of eternal enjoyment. Mr. — says, “This shall not be preached in my pulpit, because my congregation are offended at it.” Lord God, open their eyes! In this view, Mr. T. sees the important stand which your brother ought to make. The good news shall not be suffered to be proclaimed in —, not even by Mr. C. among his friends and relations. In such circumstances, much, very much, depends upon Mr. K.; how earnest should he be in his work! how faithful in preaching! how careful in his walk! how fervent in closet-prayer! how constantly dependent on Christ for the success of his ministry. May the Spirit of the living God keep him, in his eye single, his heart chaste, his whole soul engaged in magnifying the person and the work of God our Saviour. I shall be often remembering him and you when I am at court. The King of kings is extremely gracious to me, and admits me into his gracious presence, sometimes into his cabinet. Whenever he vouchsafes such a favorable audience, I will not fail to present a petition for poor S. Let me recommend it to you to do the same in your prayer meetings. God bless them, and be much with you in that hour. May your pleadings for your igno-

rant neighbors bring down, both on them and you, showers of blessings! Your letter also was like one of the aforesaid cordials, because it brought a welcome account of your family. We had often been saying, "I wonder we don't hear from S. What can be the matter? I am afraid they are not well." At last comes good news of your family and friends; for which I am very thankful. My blessed Master is very kind in taking care of you. He has followed you with loving-kindness all your days, and I pray him, I doubt not, but he will keep you to the end.

When you have read thus far, you will begin to think I write in good spirits; and yet I am under the rod, and it is a sharp one. Mrs. T. called on Tuesday, but my wife could not see her, indeed, she has seen nobody since we heard the melancholy news of my son's death; it has been to us both a very heavy affliction. I am not a stone; but grace has got the better of nature. God supports. God comforts. I have a will of my own, and by it would have kept my son, for he was a sweet youth; but I can from my heart say, "Not my will, but thine be done," whereby I have the advantage of finding that my faith, being put into the furnace, is true gold; it is (glory be to grace) proved, and improved. When I first saw the letter which brought us the account, I knew the General's seal to it; and fearing the contents, I looked up for the presence and the support of my Great Master, and he answered me in the words of a great believer: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away." He has a right to do what he will with his own. Then he enabled me to reply, "Blessed be the name of the Lord." And I do praise him for giving me some of Job's resignation, that I could use his words with the same spirit. My poor wife has exquisite feelings on this occasion; she wishes not to murmur, nor to displease our good Lord by any hard thoughts of him; but the tenderness of the parent, and to a child who never offended her in his life, occasions risings of grief; the spirit is willing to kiss the rod, but the flesh is weak. In the main, she behaves as I could wish; her faith is supported; her mind grows quiet and calm; and I doubt not but God will soon bring in his comforts as well as supports. Pray for us, that we may both profit by our loss.

At dinner I was reminded of another subject of thanks; I tasted your kindness in my pickles; at breakfast I remember and pray for you over my cracknels; at dinner over my samphire. My very grateful acknowledgments to your mother; I hope for an interest in her prayers at this time of need; she always has in mine. Mrs. T. lies near to my heart, and is never forgotteu. My love to Mr. K. and family. My blessing on all your children. Again, and again, I beseech you to pray for

W. ROMAINE.

I SEE that mortification, and to be crucified to the world, is not so highly accounted of by us as it should be. Oh, how heavenly a thing it is to be dead, and dumb, and deaf, to this world's sweet music!
—*Rutherford.*

A LETTER BY THE LATE R. THOMPSON.

My dear Brethren in the best Bonds of Love,—I received a very comfortable letter from you, for which I desire to be thankful unto you and to the God of all grace and the God of all our mercies. I began to think I had given some offence by your long delay; but after reading your letter was happy to find I had not. I have many times thought it was wrong of me to ask for your assistance in the cause in which I have engaged at B—, and had I thought upon the matter before, as I have done at times since, I should never have taken the liberty; but I felt at the time a great zeal for the cause, and I bless the Lord I feel the same zeal and love for it to this day.

My dear friend, if you find the least inconvenience in sparing your bounty, I hope you will not attempt to send it; for I would not be the means of depriving you of your property on any account whatever. I consider that we can do very well. The Lord has raised us up many kind friends, and the friends here have entered into a subscription club, at a penny a week, to which I think about fifty belong; which is a great help indeed; yet I should be sorry to give you the least unpleasant feeling, so that you should think your bounty is not acceptable, for every little is a great help. However, I shall not send for it until I hear from you again.

I am sorry to say the friends have not made the chapel large enough, and, consequently, we are about enlarging it, which will increase the expenses very much. We formed a church about six months ago. There were eight of us when we formed it, and now we have increased to twenty-six. There were six baptized about a month back, and there are several more who we expect will come forward after a while. I hope they will be led by the Spirit of God, and prove to be his children in spirit and in truth. The friends very much pressed me to take the pastoral charge over them, which request I could not conscientiously refuse, especially as the Lord had made me such a blessing to their souls' interest; and has united our hearts together as the heart of one man in the best bonds of love in Jesus. I think I should not have taken this office, only I knew the circumstances of the people, that they could not afford to keep a minister, nor yet to hire one, as they are generally poor; therefore I serve them freely, looking only to the Lord for my wages.

I bless God I do feel a desire to spend and be spent in his blessed cause; and I bless him also that he has delivered me from a covetous heart, so that I feel "it is more blessed to give than to receive." O how many covetous ministers there are in the world, that seek not the good of the souls of their people, but to enrich themselves with that which will finally condemn them. What an awful denunciation that minister will hear, who has served the church to answer his own purpose! The Lord keep me from it, that I may not be a hireling. But the sheep find out the hirelings; they know not their voice; they will not follow them; they find no pasture, no comfort for their souls; and so it was with the dear people amongst whom I labor.

They were driven from home, and scattered upon us; but now he has brought them some one way and some another, and that for years. They had double nothing in their own parish but husks, such as the swine do eat, which they could not eat them. They wanted some of the good old corn of the land; and if ever that passage, 1 Sam. xxii. 2, was fulfilled, since the days of David, it was fulfilled when I first came to B—; for all the scattered sheep returned, and folded together. The Lord has given them one heart to walk together, and to love his truth. Now those who were driven away for years are united together, walking about Zion, counting the towers thereof, marking well her bulwarks, and all desiring the truth as it is in Jesus.

We have many elderly people amongst us, who had been starving for years, because they could not fetch food from far, or could not travel after it. They are now with us; they are blessing and praising God for sending his truth among them; and they freely join in the Lord's ordinances, looking as happy and cheerful as the spring after a long winter. It has indeed been a long winter with many, for I heard an old gentleman say, the Gospel had not been in that place for forty years (that is to continue). It is wonderful how the Lord blessed his word in the old barn. Many who have now joined us confess that the word first came with power to their souls in that place, where I first preached. When I hear this, it fills my soul with such gratitude and love, that it quite melts me down, to think that the Lord should bless such a weak and feeble instrument as I am, in such a manner, I, who am in every way so unfit for the office. But the Lord is not confined to means. He will bless whom he will, and raise up a people by the most unlikely means. Sometimes, when I look at the people and then at myself, I can hardly believe it; but I pray the Lord will keep me from dishonoring his holy name with vile unbelief.

I have often said to myself, "You have got through this Sabbath, but what will you do for the next?" but when the next comes, I am supplied out of Christ's inexhaustible fulness. I know if the Lord were to leave me, I should not know what to do; but Paul says, "Out of his fulness have we all received, and grace for grace;" therefore we need not fear if we are enabled to rely upon the Lord.

I am sure the Lord will only bless in truth that which he gives; and in this respect I am sure my soul ought to magnify the Lord, and my spirit to rejoice in God my Saviour, for what he hath done for me.

I have been very ill indeed since I last wrote to you. My life was almost despaired of. My illness lay in my head, and all over my body. I had six leeches put upon my temples. I was in bed about a month, and was very much reduced, having little left but skin and bone. It made my dear friends at B— very anxious; but the Lord was pleased to spare my life, and raise me up again, and now I am better in my health than I was before I was taken ill.

Now, beloved, there was no wrath in this affliction, but it was a visitation that was needful, and was all in love. What a mercy it is that the Lord chastiseth whom he loveth, nor does he grieve his chil-

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a reason, but in the very extremity makes manifest
 this is the blessed effect it had upon my poor soul. I
 saw it was necessary for the Lord to come this way. The
 Lord says to his people, "From all your idols I will cleanse you,
 and a new heart will I give you." It is very often that we trifle
 with that which would prove our ruin; but the Lord will not allow
 it. In all my experience I think I never before had such sweet
 manifestations of the love of God to my soul. I felt as though it
 would be better for me to depart and be with Jesus. O how sweet
 was this passage to me, "Although my house be not so with God,
 yet he hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all
 things, and sure." (2 Sam. xxiii. 5.) Another passage came power-
 fully to my mind with great sweetness, and kept close to me through-
 out my illness: "Nevertheless, the foundation of God standeth sure,
 having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his." I was sure
 that the foundation was right for the Lord's family; I did not once
 doubt it; but the next question was, had I the seal? "Well," I said,
 "if loving the Lord and his family is a seal, I am sure I have it;" and
 that blessed passage came to my mind, "By this shall all men know
 that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." I was sure
 I did love the Lord's people and would do anything to serve them.
 The purpose of my affliction appeared to be this, that I should know
 that the Lord loved me; for the children of God sometimes feel very
 desirous to love the Lord, and they think, or are fearful, the Lord
 does not love them; but this is a great mistake, and a great tempta-
 tion of Satan's; for every man and woman, in his or her natural
 state, hates God, and his people too. It cannot be otherwise, for
 the "carnal mind is enmity against God;" and by this brotherly love,
 beloved, shall you know that you are of God.

I felt very glad indeed to hear that you all continued in the good
 ways of the Lord, and that you all hang together in union and love,
 in one heart and in one mind. I also feel happy that you have a
 little reviving in your bondage, and a little sweetness of Jesus's pre-
 cious love in your souls. "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt
 thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." The Lord hath
 done great things for you already, in giving you a good hope through
 grace, and putting an aching void into your souls, that none but
 himself can fill; and I am glad to find that you do get a little help
 by the way.

I often think of you all, and it would indeed be a great treat to
 see you once more, though I am fearful it will not be so. The Lord
 knows best. You see, beloved, that I am not my own master, but
 get my bread by the sweat of my brow; and I feel happy that I am
 enabled to do so with the Lord's blessing. It was a great providence
 that placed me in so kind a family, where I can enjoy all the means
 of grace, and be respected. O what a different master I have now
 to what that wicked old carnal man was. Glory be to God for it,
 and for all his mercies towards me. Poor John B. knows well how I
 was treated; but I believe the Lord had a hand in it all, for I always
 call that my humbling place, where the Lord flogged me, and tried

me very much, both in temporal and in spiritual things; but now he has brought me out into a large place, and has rendered double unto me.

May the Lord overrule and sanctify every affliction and trial for your present and eternal good, and give strength equal to your day. May the Lord meet with you when you meet together in his name. May he say, "Peace be unto you," and fill your souls with his presence.

You will write to me again, I hope, the first opportunity. Do not wait so long, for it always does me good to hear from you, my dear friends.

And now "I commend you to God and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance amongst them that are sanctified, through faith in Christ Jesus."

Your loving Brother,

R. THOMPSON.

THE friend thou art looking for may be in thine house, and thou not know it. Is not this thy case, poor soul? Thou hast been praying for strength against such a lust, and now thou wouldst have God presently put forth his power to knock it on the head and lay it for dead, that it should never stir more in thy bosom. Is not this the door thou hast stood looking for God to come in at, and no sight or news of thy God is coming that way? Thy corruption yet stirs; it may be is more troublesome than before; now thou askest where is the strength promised for thy relief? Let me entreat thee, before thou layest down that sad conclusion against thy God or self, see whether he hath not conveyed in some strength by another door. Perhaps thou hast not strength to conquer it so soon as thou desirest; but hath he not given further praying strength against it? Thou prayedst before, but now more earnestly; all the powers of thy soul are up to plead with God. Before thou wast more favorable and moderate in thy request; now thou hast a zeal, thou canst take no denial; yea, welcome anything in the room of thy corruption. Would God but take thy sin and send a cross, thou wouldst bless him. Now, poor soul, is this nothing, no strength? Had not God reinforced thee, thy sin would have weakened the spirit of thy prayer, and not increased it.—*Gurnall*.

It is with indwelling sin as with a river; while the springs and fountains of it are open, and waters are continually supplied unto its streams, set a dam before it, and it causeth it to rise and swell, until it bear down all, or overthrow the banks about it. Let these waters be abated, dried up, in some good measure, in the springs of them, and the remainder may be checked and restrained. But still, as long as there is any running water, it will constantly press upon what stands before it, according to its weight and strength, because it is its nature so to do. And if by any means it make a passage, it will proceed. So it is with indwelling sin; while the springs and fountains of it are open, in vain is it for men to set a dam before it, by their convictions, resolutions, vows, and promises. They may check it for awhile, but it will increase, rise high, and rage at one time or another, until it bears down all those convictions and resolutions, or makes itself an under-ground passage by some secret lust that shall give a full vent unto it.—*Owen*.

Obituary.

MRS. CLACK, LATE OF STAMFORD.

(Concluded from page 186.)

SICKNESS and death are the allotted heritage of fallen man—the fulfilment of the sentence pronounced upon him by his justly offended Creator on the day of his disobedience in the garden of Eden. Sooner or later the mandate goes forth against every child of Adam: “Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.” But the decree being the same, how different in mode and execution! how rapid and sudden to some, how slow and lingering to others! Over each, over all of us the same sentence hangs, but the time when, the manner how, are wisely and mercifully hidden from our eyes. The disease that shall lay *our* head low, we may perhaps dimly descry in the dark distance; its seeds may already be manifesting themselves in our constitution, or be hereditary in the family; but to Infinite Wisdom alone, is it fully and clearly known. But whether in apprehension or in reality far off or near, unless the soul be supported by the Lord’s presence and power, all sickness, and especially the last, is sorrow and weariness, and unless blessed by the light of his countenance and the manifestations of his love, all death a terror. Through the weakness of the flesh, few perhaps of the Lord’s family can look, without some measure of gloom upon their spirit, to the days of their last illness and death. Whatever sweet assurance they may have of their safe landing on the happy shore where tears are wiped from off all faces, there is still the passage across the river. Their vile bodies they may at times feel willing to lay for ever aside, so plagued are they with their foul and incurable corruptions; but *how* they shall part with them; how they shall bear the pain and languishing that may gradually make them droop; how they shall take the last look of husband, wife, or child; how they shall endure the last death struggle which may, in their fears, be such a wrenching of soul and body asunder as shall be full of anguish, or of that gasping for breath and life, which is worse than the worst of mere bodily pain, these are the things which make the heart of many sink in anticipation of the last struggle. But if sickness and death have, through the infirmity of the flesh, their alarms even for those whose faith is strong, evidences bright, assurance clear, and hope firm within the veil, how much more to the doubting and fearing of the Lord’s living family, will the last scenes from time to time present themselves to the imagination, as surrounded with dark clouds and dismal forebodings. The daring and the presumptuous, who “are not in trouble as other (living) men, nor plagued as other (spiritual) men,” and who therefore have “no bands in their death, but their strength is firm,” may ridicule and deride the fears of the tender in heart and broken in spirit; but a dying sinner may well tremble before a holy Jehovah, unless he has the witness of the Spirit within, that the God before whom he is about to appear is his loving Father and eternal friend.

Many, very many of the dear saints of God, are all their lifetime, through fear of death, subject to bondage. A guilty conscience, guilty either from never having been effectually purged by the blood of sprinkling, or from the recollection of grievous wanderings and backslidings since deliverance, presses them sore, and fills them with apprehensions how matters will be with them as they pass through the dark valley.

But how groundless are their fears often, we may say usually proved to be! Sickness, and that perhaps long and lingering, falls upon their tabernacle; but with the languishing body and decaying frame, comes a support that bears body and soul alike up. The sick chamber is not so dull or miserable a place as the strong and healthy imagine it to be. Its calm quiet, its seclusion from a brawling, bustling world, its dim subdued light, its still solitude, all suit a sinking frame that noise would but weary and distract. It has, too, its sacred pleasures, its calm and holy enjoyments, when pain is a little alleviated, and the Lord draws near in his power and presence. Sustained and sanctified by his Spirit and grace, the pale invalid reads the scriptures with a divine light and life, and in a spirit of faith and prayer that makes them full of sweetness and blessedness; comforting and encouraging promises are from time to time dropped in; evidences are cleared up and brightened; the suitability of the Lord Jesus, his infinite compassion and mercy, the efficacy of his blood and righteousness, the depths of his dying love, the exceeding riches of his grace, the glory of his divine Person, the consolations of his Spirit and presence, and what he is and has, as the great High Priest over the house of God to those who believe in his name, all these divine and blessed realities become more plainly and fully made known to the soul; and as the Blessed Spirit bears his witness to their truth and power, and to his personal interest in them, the languishing invalid feels with dying Top-lady, that "sickness is no disease, pain no affliction, and death no dissolution."

But the same grace which deprives the sick chamber of its pains, robs death of its terrors. Death, viewed as the last stroke that severs all earthly ties, is not necessarily or even frequently, a painful or agonizing separation of body and soul. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." "He knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust." Gently therefore, very gently, tenderly, very tenderly, as a fond mother with a sickly babe, or a kind nurse with a wounded and mangled patient, does the Lord often undress his saints for the grave, and lays them down in their last bed with a kiss. "The sting of death is sin;" but if the sting be removed by atoning blood, if all fear which hath torment be cast out by the manifestation of pardoning love, the mere act of dying is but little; and in innumerable cases, so gently and calmly has the soul breathed itself forth from its tenement of clay, that it has been but as the falling asleep of a weary child on its mother's lap.

With these passing reflections, suggested by the circumstances that we have now to detail, we come to the closing scenes of Caroline

Clack's life, and shall find in them that, in spite of her doubts and fears, the Lord down to the gates of death, still manifested his faithfulness and love, and fulfilled to the uttermost his gracious promise, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

She was blessed for the most part with a strong faith in the providence of God. As cast upon him from early youth, and having seen much of his providential mercies and deliverances, she was accustomed to watch his hand in the supply of her temporal wants more than many christians are wont to do. But this faith had its trials as well as its deliverances. I had it from her own lips, though not till after deliverance had come, that at the time of her first attack of spitting of blood, some providential crooks needed straightening. Nothing could exceed her husband's industry and carefulness, and their mutual desire to provide things honest in the sight of all men, but, as all know that are in business, fluctuations will occur which no exertions can provide against. She took a share in her husband's employment, and her weakly frame, now suddenly attacked by so alarming a symptom, necessarily made her fear, not only whether these temporal trials might be removed, which pressed for the present, but how far she might be able to assist for the future, in helping to earn the bread that perisheth.

This promise was, however, mercifully applied to her soul. "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin." Supported and comforted by these words, she said to her partner, "if the Lord take away my health and strength, I believe he will supply all my need." Deliverance soon after came. A kind and attached friend, an esteemed and beloved sister in the Lord; whom she had known for many years, invited her to her house for change of air, at some distance from Stamford, and not far from the place where the Lord first opened up to her his precious truth. There she not only much rallied and recovered her lost strength, but found the hearts and hands of friends so opened to her, as well as elsewhere; that a way was made for the effectual straightening of the crooks in providence which have been alluded to. Thus the lily of the field; and a lily indeed she was in body and soul—pale and drooping, but fragrant with humility, without toiling or spinning, had that supplied by the good hand of God, which delivered her from her temporal trial. A more contented and grateful person I never knew, and I well remember her expressive look of gratitude when she told me how the Lord had appeared in his kind providence, adding, that she could now see his gracious hand in the affliction, and why he had lain his hand upon her tabernacle. Nor was this passage of Scripture merely of use and comfort then; but as fresh trials arose and fresh hindrances appeared, still she would say again and again to her partner, "Consider the lilies of the field," &c.

Many were her fluctuations of mind and body during the last three years of her life. When I have called upon her, I generally found her lamenting and mourning her barrenness, or expressing her fears lest she should be deceived, but still hoping in the Lord, often cast down and discouraged, but not giving up, or giving way to

rebellion or fretfulness under her trials. For a time her health seemed much improved, but her relief, as is so usually the case in that subtle disease, which was manifesting itself in her constitution, was but temporary and deceptive. Though from time to time apparently relieved by medical treatment, yet it was evident the disease (consumption) was gradually making progress, and striking its roots more and more deeply into her frame. To add to her weight of trials, about sixteen months prior to her decease, she became the mother of a little babe, which, as might be expected, was but a delicate plant, inheriting disease and decay from its afflicted parent, and born but to droop and die, yet living long enough to make its life a misery and its death a mercy, both to itself and to the authors of its being. Some time in November last she took a violent cold, which fell on her bowels, and from this she never rallied, but gradually declined more and more till she sank into the arms of death. During the few last months of her earthly pilgrimage her cup of trial was filled to the brim. A constant and harassing cough, flying, and sometimes acute pains, debilitating night-sweats, with exceeding languor and weakness of body, were fast bringing down her tabernacle into the dust; and towards the close, the more than usually painful accompaniments of the last stages of consumption, such as internal ulceration and dysentery, made her temporal trials exceedingly heavy.

During this period the Lord mercifully led her to look back on the past manifestations of his love and mercy to her soul, which, through the power of unbelief, had been much buried and obscured. Still she had many fluctuations, sometimes sweetly rejoicing, then sunk as low; sometimes greatly blessed, and then doubting the reality of the whole. But her tabernacle was evidently fast falling into dust, and her illness now became heavier and heavier, till at last she was compelled to take to her bed. And now the Lord began more clearly to appear to his poor afflicted, sorrowing child, and brought to her soul with divine power, 1 Pet. i. 3-5. Whilst under the influence of the passage, she said to her husband, "What a sweet contemplation I have had from the words, 'an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away.' O! how different from everything here." When favored of the Lord, she was fond of meditating, as we see from her diary, on his goodness and mercy, and doubtless as she lay on her bed of languishing, she had some sweet views and meditations from this passage, on that blessed inheritance which lay before her—"incorruptible" from age or decay, sin or sorrow, "undefiled" by the miserable pollutions of a depraved nature and an ungodly world, and "that passeth not away," as all earthly joys and pleasures, but enduring with unchanging blessedness through a glorious eternity. The Lord too at this time was especially gracious in setting a hedge round about her, against the temptations of the Wicked One. Her husband asked her one day if she was much tempted. She replied, "no; the Lord knows how much I can bear; my pain is so great."

From severe illness which confined me to the house, I was not able myself to call upon her, though she much wished to see me;

but several of the friends to whom she was much attached, visited her continually, and their prayers and conversation were much blessed to encourage and strengthen her soul. Mr. Brown, of Godmanchester, who was then supplying at Stamford, called four times, and his visits were much blessed to her.

With each successive visit the mist of darkness which had gathered over her seemed more and more dispersing. The last time he called she felt much comforted, and spoke afterwards of the great union she felt towards him. Hymn 96 (Gadsby's) was much blessed to her just before his last visit, and she mentioned to him what sweetness and comfort she had found from it. Still, though strengthened and encouraged, and at times much favored and blessed, all fear which hath torment was not removed. She was jealous over herself with a godly jealousy, and nothing but a full manifestation of the Lord's love could satisfy her, and enable her to lay down her head in peace. As is so often felt by the Lord's people, her case seemed to herself peculiar, a mystery she could not fully fathom. Under this feeling one day she said, "I don't feel that any one who comes to see me, nor yet all the hymn writers exactly enter into my case." How true! how all human help, all preachers, friends, books, and comforters come short of reaching the exact place where the disease lies, of penetrating down into the precise spot where the pain is felt; how also such relief is but temporary, and how none but the Lord himself, by the word of his grace and the whispers of his love, can remove every fear, and fill the soul with joy unspeakable and full of glory. But though still tried and exercised, she was not suffered to cast away her hope. One morning she said, "I saw death and Satan both dancing before me last night, but I said they are conquered enemies." One day after she had been in some measure favored with the Lord's presence, Satan was permitted to assail her soul with that awful temptation—perhaps the most fiery dart of his infernal quiver—to curse the Lord. "No," she cried out with vehemence, "no, Satan you will never get me to curse him. I have known too much of his love years ago to do that. I will sink with him, and I will swim with him." When this temptation was passed away, the Lord seemed to strengthen her faith and confidence.

Just before the Lord more fully manifested himself, these words were applied to her with power, "Though thou hast lain among the pots, yet shalt thou be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold." She had indeed, like most of us, lain among the pots, crouching amidst the broken potsherds of a diseased body, a corrupt nature, and a thousand idols all shattered in heaps. Dust and rubbish had covered her past experience of the loving kindness of the Lord, and many a reptile doubt and fear had trailed its slime over her soul; but soon she was to rise and soar out of and above them all, up to heaven's gate, as a dove all spangled with silver white, as washed in the blood, and her feathers all gleaming with yellow gold, as clothed in the righteousness and conformed unto the glorious image of the Lord Jesus. This passage was also brought with power to her soul, "I have loved thee with an ever-

lasting love, therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee." At another time when her husband went into her room, she said to him, "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; I have a goodly heritage." She then repeated the following lines:

"As sure as God is God,
And Abraham heard his voice,
He'll love his saints unto the end;
Then let them all rejoice."

On Lord's day morning, Feb. 22nd, the nurse perceived a change, and intimated to her that she thought her time would be short. She replied, "I shall behold his face in righteousness." In the afternoon of the same day, a friend coming in, asked her if she was happy, "Yes," she answered, "I feel that I can trust him." Her husband said to her, "The Lord has guided you with his counsel, has he not?" "Yes," she said, "and he will afterwards receive me to glory."

Being now much reduced in body, and scarcely able to bear the least noise or exertion, she had in the same evening all her children brought into the room, kissed them one by one, blessed them in the name of the Lord, and bade them good-bye, with as much calmness and composure as if she were merely going for a while from home. But the Lord had greater things to do for and in her, before he took her to be for ever with himself.

During the night season, early on the Monday, and the day before she died, he broke in upon her soul with a most blessed manifestation of his love. Her husband thus speaks of it in some notes with which he has favored us. "On Monday morning, Feb. 23rd, when I went into her room, she began to bless and praise the Lord in such a strain as I had never seen her before. Her countenance beamed with joy, though the sweat of death stood upon it, and she repeated,—

'My Jesus has loved me; I cannot tell why,
But one thing I find that we are so joined,
He can't be in glory and leave me behind.'

'He said he would never leave me; no never; he must save me; he is willing to have me, he will come at the right time.'

'My name from the palms of his hands,
Eternity cannot erase,' &c.

And again:—

'Jesus can make a dying bed
As soft as downy pillows are.'

She then exclaimed, 'Trust in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength,' remarking with peculiar emphasis, 'it is everlasting strength.' She now prayed most earnestly for her partner in life, all the Lord's people, and his ministers."

This blessed visit from the Lord revived those manifestations of his love in former days, which had been much buried and questioned, for she was one of those heavenly pilgrims

"Who find their latter stages worse,
And travel much by night."

But this manifestation of the Lord's love to her soul renewed her strength like the eagle's, and she returned to the days of her youth, when the candle of the Lord shined upon her head, and by his light she walked through darkness. As the morning, however, passed over, her joys declined, and she said, "O that I could bless the Lord as I did this morning. But it is passed. I long for immortality. We cannot know what it is here." She then added,

"And triumph o'er the monster death,
With all his frightful powers."

The Lord having for a short time withdrawn his presence, Satan was allowed to tempt her soul. But she cried out, "No, Satan, though he slay me, yet will I trust in him. If he send me to the pit of hell, I will love him." Having resisted the devil, he fled from her, and the Lord returning to her soul she said, "Tell the church and all of them, how the Lord has blessed me; give my dying love to them, and tell them I am full of the love of God."

On the Tuesday she was evidently sinking. Indeed, for several days, she was to all appearance dying, yet not only retained full consciousness but spoke in a clear articulate voice, such as the nurse declared she had scarce ever known in a person brought so low. The nurse washed her face, and as she was doing so, said, "I think I am washing your face for the last time." She replied, "Do you think so? Yes," she went on, as if in holy triumph, "I feel the sweat of death on my forehead, but I am washed in the blood and clothed in the righteousness of Christ." Soon afterwards she said, "Do you think I shall be long? I am so anxious to be gone—to see him as he is, without a cloud between. I would praise him all day long if I could; but I cannot." She then added, "I would not say one word more than I feel, for that would be hypocrisy, and it is no use dying with a lie in my right hand. I know there will be a great many saying, 'Lord, Lord,' to whom he will say, 'I never knew you.' I hope he will bring me through; I trust he will." Towards noon she was sinking, but repeated, "The Lord God, merciful and gracious, slow to anger," here she laid strong emphasis, "and abundant in goodness and truth." She seemed now to be going, and looking up, cried, "Lord Jesus, come quickly;" but she revived again, and said, "I am no better than Mary Magdalene or the dying thief, but O the atoning blood of Christ! Won't the angels be astonished? A poor wretch like me lying here, and presently I shall be with them, and I shall have a harp." She now asked for a drop of wine, saying at the same time, "I hope it is not wrong my taking so much." She was enabled to take the glass and drink it, without any help. When she had taken it she said, "There; my next will be the wine of the kingdom;" and she never had a drop more wine here below. She next said, "Get the Bible." Her husband asked where he should read. She answered, "A psalm," for she had been remarkably fond of them during her illness. Psalm lvii. was read. She listened very attentively, but made no remark. Her husband said, "As Mr. Tiptaft says, 'If you had a thousand tongues they should all praise him, and a thousand crowns, you would put

them all on his head.'” She replied, “Yes; he is worthy. Do you think I shall be long?” The nurse said, “No.” “If I could get a little sleep,” she answered, “it would tell the time on a little.” The nurse said, “You will soon be asleep in Jesus.” “That will be nice,” was her answer. Nearly her last words were, “Everlasting arms underneath.” She soon became unconscious, and in less than an hour her ransomed spirit fled to the realms of eternal day, about two o'clock in the afternoon of Tuesday, Feb. 24th, 1857, in the forty-first year of her age.

I was unable myself, from illness, to pay the last tribute of respect and affection to her memory; but on Friday the 27th, Mr. Godwin committed her earthly remains to the dust, in the Stamford Cemetery, four members of the church bearing her body to its last resting place, where she lies waiting the great resurrection morn.

The Lord, of his infinite mercy and grace, raise up many to follow her as she followed Christ, adorning the doctrine by a godly life, and sealing its truth and power by a blessed death. So prays her attached pastor and affectionate friend,

Stamford, June 15th, 1857.

J. C. P.

INQUIRIES.

Mr. Editor,—Will you favor me and my fellow readers of the “Gospel Standard” with your thoughts upon Ephesians i. 12, and explain of whom the Apostle is there speaking, when he says, “Who first trusted in Christ?”

W. T.

ANSWER.

The persons who “*first trusted in Christ*” are the “*we*” spoken of in the first part of the verse. This is fixed beyond all doubt or controversy by the express language of the original Greek, where the word *we* is in what is called the accusative case, and the words *first trusted* a past participle in the same case, and in what is termed grammatical concord with it. We cannot explain this to persons unacquainted with the laws of the Greek language. We can merely assure them that it is so, and that there is no more doubt that “*we*” are the persons “*who first trusted in Christ*” than that the sun shines at noonday.* We mention this, because some preachers and writers make the Father and the Holy Ghost to be those “*who first trusted in Christ*,” as if they depended on his covenant engagements before he came into the world, and thus trusted in him so as to bless and save the Old Testament saints beforehand, in confidence that he would perform the work which he had undertaken. This may look, at first sight, very pretty and original, and what some call *deep*, but we believe it to be at best but very shallow, if not unsound, divinity,

* We much like the rendering of the passage in the Geneva Bible: “That we who first trusted in Christ should be to the praise of his glory.”

and quite derogatory to God, besides being a false interpretation of the passage. Trust implies faith; and is, in fact, but another word to express the confidence of faith. God does not *believe* or *trust*. He *knows* and *is*. Those who talk of God's trusting will soon talk of God's hoping; and as they begin by making out a trusting, hoping God, will end by degrading the Omniscient Jehovah into a dependent creature, who has to look to and hang upon a higher and greater Being. Terry (Huntington's "Onesimus") contended that the saints in everlasting glory had both faith and hope. This was bad enough; but he never said that God believed and hoped before Christ came into the world. We reject, therefore, this view of the passage as a false interpretation, and, what is worse, as false doctrine; we say worse, for a man may mistake the meaning of a text, and not teach or preach falsehood, but to set up an error is a mistake indeed.

Besides which, the word in the original means, as it is translated in the margin, "who first *hoped* in Christ." We have had enough of God's trusting, let us hope we shall not next have anything about God's hoping. Men seek to be deep who had better seek to be clear and try to bring forth out of a passage something to astonish instead of bringing forth something to edify.

The expression, "first trusting or hoping in Christ," merely means that those who under the first preaching of the gospel were brought to believe or hope in the Lord, were but the first fruits of the Gentile harvest, into which the Lord was just putting his sickle.

Dear Sir,—Considerable strife and contention have arisen from your answer to J. S.'s question in the "Gospel Standard," No. 245, (May 1856) in choosing deacons.

Some understand your reply to mean, that the pastor and existing deacons are neither to nominate nor recommend suitable persons for the church to elect from. Allowing that as your mind, suppose a church does abuse that right, and chooses from ignorance or other causes a deacon, in opposition to the minister and those already in office, what then must be done? Where the members of a church are all walking in love, and striving together for the faith once delivered to the saints, there would be no danger; but such, alas, is too frequently not the case.

Perhaps you would allow me to ask further, whether you have proved by experience the propriety of leaving a church to take such an important step without guidance or direction? And is it not a fact, that when deacons are elected in that manner, the votes are often so scattered, that a small compact section elect their favorite?

I am, Yours sincerely,

AMICUS.

ANSWER.

It is scarcely possible for us, especially in our limited space, to give an answer to a question so as to meet all the difficulties and objections that may surround it, and to be adapted to all the varied circumstances of the case.

When we contended, as we still contend, that the right to choose the deacons rested wholly and solely with the church, we did not mean to exclude thereby all Christian advice, or all friendly recommendation on the part of the pastor and deacons. Right is one thing, the way in which that right is exercised is another; and it is a sad thing with a church when the spirit of love and affection has become so decayed that pastor, deacon, or members are standing up for their several rights one against the other. The same holy Scripture which gives the church its right to choose its deacons, inculcates on it the great law of love. Now if the members of the church exercise their undoubted right, not in a spirit of love, but in a spirit of opposition, and nominate for a deacon a member unfriendly to the minister and the already existing deacons, and in other respects quite unsuitable to the office; if they contemptuously or obstinately reject all friendly counsel or recommendation, standing firmly and rigidly on their right, what are we to say but that they are not only violating the great commandment love, but doing what they can to pull the church down instead of building it up?

“The church edifies (that is, builds up) itself in love.” (Eph. iv. 16.) Ministers, deacons, members are but instruments in the hands of God to build up the church on her most holy faith. To this end all should work together as one man, walking by the same rule, minding the same thing, standing fast in one spirit, with one mind striving together for the faith of the gospel. Where this love is wanting, where a spirit of union and affection does not influence the members of a church, there is no use laying down rules how to choose deacons and ministers. To lay down rules in this case is something like a man’s going to a chronometer-maker’s shop in Cornhill, and setting his watch by the regulator, when, from some fault in the spring or works, it loses an hour a day. Here are the Scriptures, a perfect rule of faith and practice,—a divine regulator. How shall we choose the deacons? Shall the church have an unbiassed right of choice? Certainly. Look at the regulator! It points to the exact hour and minute. Set the hands of the watch right. Ah, but the mainspring is broken, or too weak. There is no love or union in the church; the wheels are clogged with pride and prejudice; or there is one pinion which has two or three broken cogs; or another always pulling, but pulling the wrong way; the works want cleaning and oiling; or an old wheel should be taken out, which makes the rest all go wrong. We give you scriptural rules. We point to the regulator; but we cannot give you a new watch, or clean and oil the old one. This comes from him who has promised to give the new heart and new spirit.

But, dropping the figure, we do feel that nomination is one thing and recommendation another. Minister and deacons are not to form an arbitrary, exclusive, self-elected committee, filling up vacancies as the old rotten borough corporations filled up gaps in their body. But to exclude all friendly influence, all Christian and affectionate counsel, and all disinterested recommendations whatever from the pastor and deacons, who, from their very position, ought to have

both discernment and weight in so important a matter, and for the members of the church to say, "We shall not heed or listen to anything that may be said in favor of this or that person, but shall put into the office the man of our choice, however unsuitable for it, or distasteful to the minister and deacons," is surely as great an evil on the other side. The grand point which all to whom the glory of God and the good of the church are dear should alike consider is this. Is another deacon wanted or desirable, from say, the growth of the church, or the advancing age or death of the other deacons? Now look round you in a spirit of love and affection. Who in the church, from a clear and gracious experience, discernment of the work of grace in others, spirit of love and affection, walk and conversation, calmness and evenness of temper, humility and simplicity, gifts of utterance, depth and power of grace, and general acceptance with the members, seems most suited to the office? Is he attached to the minister? Is he in union with the deacons? Has he a quiet, peaceable spirit? Will he be a comfort and an ornament to the church? Will the congregation respect him as a man that fears God and adorns the doctrine? Is his character good in the town and neighborhood, and has he a good report from those that are without? Is he likely to care for the comfort and well-being of the church, not a party man, but the friend and servant of all? Then he is your man. But if, instead of this gospel spirit ruling and pervading the whole body, the deacons want this man chosen because he will side with them against this or that obnoxious member, or if a knot of three or four leading members are plotting and contriving to choose this man, to be a thorn in the side of the pastor, or to thwart and break up the influence of the present deacons, then we say it is bad altogether. Where such envying and strife are there is confusion and every evil work.

But assume that the matter cannot be settled in this Christian way. Might not a solution of the difficulty be thus accomplished? Let the minister and deacons, or the deacons alone if there be no minister, name five or six or more of the male members, who in the general judgment seem qualified for the office, for there are those whom none would think fit. Then let the church choose out of them the additional deacon or deacons that might be required.

Amicus has appealed to our experience of the matter. Through mercy, a spirit of love so far rules among us as a church that these painful divisions are not at present known, and the question has not as yet come practically before us in that precise shape; but we candidly say that we should think it quite right to name to the church those members who appeared to us fit for the office, leaving it with them to choose the exact persons; and that when the church began to slight and reject all such influence, it will be an evil day both for them and us.

It is easy to get Godwards, and a comfortable message from our Lord, even from such rough serpents as divers temptations.—*Rutherford.*

P O E T R Y.

THE WIND OF HEAVEN.

“The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit.”—John iii. 8.

With furious rage the north wind 'wakes,
Obedient to Heaven's high command;
Convulsed with fear, all nature shakes,
And ruin spreads throughout the land.

The stately oak, the flow'ring thorn,
And herbs that yield a sweet perfume,
Now writhing, twisting, rent, and torn,
Bespeak the day of general doom.

The mansion shakes, the cottage rocks;
In fitful starts the traveller goes;
Confusion marks the peaceful flocks,
For where it listeth there it blows.

How flies the chaff before its face!
Dark clouds are hurling through the sky;
The sound is heard, but who can trace
Its origin or destiny?

Behold the seaman, stout and brave,
Toss'd on the gaping, yawning deep;
Couching beneath the pond'rous wave,
Then riding on the dangerous steep.

He sees his shrouds to atoms rent,
And hears with dread the splint'ring mast;
All hope is gone; his strength is spent;
Each moment now appears his last.

Forlorn he stands upon the deck,
And rends the air with piteous cry;
Then on the bosom of the wreck
He broken-hearted kneels to die.

But hark! The voice that rules the waves
Speaks peace, and calms his troubled breast.
The madd'ned sea no longer raves;
The angry winds retire to rest;

The pilot runs with sails spread wide,
(She braved the storm in days of yore)
He hails with joy, and leaps her side,
And safe she lands him on the shore.

So when the offended breath of Heaven
Awakes, and on the sinner blows,
With fear his guilty soul is riven;
Destruction lowers where'er he goes.

Fast flies each false delusive charm;
The earthbound spell asunder breaks;
In wild dismay, and dread alarm
The heedless sleeper now awakes.

Toss'd by the fury of the breeze,
 He feels the power, not knowing why,
 As through the gloomy mist he sees
 A woeful, dark eternity.

Launch'd on the restless sea of time,
 Toiling in vain to reach the shore,
 Fain would he sail to some fair clime,
 But louder still the billows roar.

Stern justice, mix'd with wrath divine,
 In fierce devouring torrents roll;
 The thunders roll, the lightnings shine;
 Deep waters overwhelm his soul.

Hell opens wide, and justice stands
 Ready to strike with fearful might.
 Trembling he waits heaven's just commands.
 He sees his doom, and knows 'tis right;

But who in endless flames can dwell,
 And feel the worm that never dies?
 An earnest of the damned in hell
 He feels; and loud for mercy cries.

At last the bleeding Lamb appears,
 And saves the wretch condemned to die;
 Reveals his glorious wounds and scars,
 And sweetly whispers, "Peace, 'tis I."

Amazed he views that form sublime
 With welcome arms extended wide.
 He feels new life in every limb,
 And leaps into his wounded side.

O blissful state! O safe retreat!
 Whose sure foundation nought can move;
 The howling winds and tempests beat;
 He dwells secure in boundless love.

Finch Green, Feb., 1857.

G. B.

BUT what I hope the spiritual church of Christ will, above every other consideration, take with them, while contemplating this boundless subject, (the humiliation and exaltation of Christ, and his everlasting dominion and authority,) is the assurance that for the participation in those unsearchable riches of Christ, all the persons in the Godhead concur to the spiritual realization of them in every heart. If you or I are led to the spiritual knowledge of the person, and to the enjoyment of the riches of Christ, it is God the Father, who hath manifested his grace in those divine acts for that purpose. Jesus himself hath said, "No man knoweth who the Son is but the Father;" and that the very "coming to Christ" can only be "by the drawing of the Father." (Luke x. 22; John vi. 44.) And no less is the hand of Christ in this great work, for as the knowledge of the Son is by the Father's teaching, so the knowledge of the Father is by the Son; and "to whomsoever the Son will reveal him." And from the same authority we learn that it is among the gracious acts of God the Holy Ghost that the church in all her numerous members and diversified circumstances, is made blessed and happy in the possession of Christ himself and his unsearchable riches, when that Almighty God "takes of Christ, and shows unto his people."—*Hawker*.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

AUGUST, 1857.

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

THE GRADUAL CONQUEST; OR, HEAVEN WON
BY LITTLE AND LITTLE.

(Concluded from page 204.)

VI. The sixth thing proposed was, to give the *reasons* of the doctrine. It might here be asked, why the Lord their God does put out the nations before them? The reason is, because he alone can do it, for he is the Lord; they would never be put out if he did not do it; and he will perform it, because he is *their God*, and thus stands engaged by promise and covenant so to do: "The Lord thy God will put out these nations before thee." But, why will he do it so gradually, by "little and little?" Why does he let enemies without and within live to vex and perplex his people, seeing it is easy for him to destroy them instantly? To which I reply, there is much of infinite wisdom in this conduct, and therefore I would offer some particulars for representing the beauty of this method.

First. It is by "little and little" he puts them out, without destroying them at once, that by them he may *prove his people*, Judges ii. 22. Some Canaanites were still left remaining, to prove whether they would keep the way of the Lord. These Canaanites were enemies to their peace, enemies to their profession, that sought their bodies' overthrow and their souls' ruin; and they were left to prove whether they would cleave still to God's command, or whether they would follow the abominations of the wicked. Observe it then, sirs, we must expect to find enemies; outward enemies to the peace of the church, and to the truth of the gospel; inward enemies to the graces and comforts of the soul: and this combat, thus continued in Israel, serves to prove whether our graces be counterfeit or not; for they only are true Israelites, that are still taking up arms against the devil, the world, and the flesh, and all the nations of the Canaanites. By this, then, it is evidenced who are true christians, and who are not.

Second. It is by "little and little" that he will put out the nations before Israel, that thus they may be still learning to exercise their arms; I mean, that their graces may be exercised, and particularly their militant graces. There are some graces would be for little or no use, if no Canaanites and corruptions were left: the special use of *faith*, *hope*, and *patience* is, for helping the believer to surmount the difficulties that are now in his way. Many other graces there are that there would be no use for if all our enemies and corruptions were destroyed at once; triumphant grace,

such as *love* and *joy* in their perfection, would make a perfect paradise. But there are militant graces that must be exercised also while we are on earth, and which there are no use for in heaven; for example, if all wants were supplied fully, there would be no need of poverty of spirit; if all sins were wholly destroyed, there would be no need of godly sorrow; if death were already swallowed up in victory, there would be no need of the desire of death, nor longing for heaven; if vision were already come, there would be no need of *faith*, as it is a militant grace, fighting its way many times through doubts and fears, and want of sight and sense; if fruition were come, there would be no need of *hope*; if all trouble were at an end, there would be no need of *patience*. Again,

Third. It is by "little and little" they are put out for the advantage of the militant saints in many respects, as it is fit they should fight before they triumph, and that they war as soldiers on earth before they reign as kings in heaven; since "no man is crowned except he strive lawfully," 2 Tim. ii. 5. So it tends to enhance heaven, and make them prize and value it more, when it is attained through many difficulties, troubles, and oppositions; and by this means they come to have sweet conformity to their blessed Captain of Salvation, who was made perfect through sufferings; and it is their honour to tread in his steps, who endured the contradiction of sinners against himself, and fought his way, Heb. ii. 10, and xii. 2, 3. This contributes also to the believer's comfort at the issue of every conflict, as a safe haven is very comfortable to a mariner that has been tost at sea. The Captain of Salvation shews the glory of his power in keeping us, notwithstanding the great danger we are continually in, while the enemy is alive within us, without us, and round about us. How greatly does his power appear in preserving the tossed ark amidst all the waves and billows of adversity that dash against it, and in keeping the burning bush from being consumed! He shows the glory of his triumphant arms like some famous conquerors in battle, who, though they may, yet will not put all their enemies to the edge of the sword, but will take some captive. When Joshua had discomfited those five kings that fought against Gibeon, he would not slay them instantly, but shut them up in a cave closely, intending, when the battle was fully ended, to put them to death openly, see Josh. x.; so our great General and Captain, the Lord Jesus Christ, He strikes through kings in the day of his wrath; he leads captivity captive; he shuts up some of the kings and commanders of the hellish nations into the cave of the heart, where they may rage, yet they cannot rule any more; and at last crowns the solemnity of his triumph, by making a show of them openly, and destroying them utterly.

Fourth. He destroys them by "little and little" that he may counterplot the enemies in their own plot, and fight them with their own weapons. It is the plot of hell, by "little and little" to destroy sinners; yea, and to "wear out the saints of the Most High," (Dan. vii. 25), by one temptation on the back of another; therefore, by "little and little," the Lord will defeat the design of the

devil, and take the wise in their own craftiness. The wisdom of heaven can easily counterplot the policy of hell. The tempter comes sometimes, and bruises the believer's heel, as he did Christ's; upon which the believer is stirred up to look again to Him that was bruised for his iniquity, and then the devil is sure to get as good as he gave; for the bruised heel, he gets a broken head. Perhaps some temptation give the believer a trip, and down he falls; but the wise Captain makes use of that very fall for giving the devil and his hosts a greater foil than ever; for, after that fall, the christian goes alone, like Peter, and weeps it out, and watches, and prays, and fights better than he did before.

Fifth. It is by "little and little" that the Lord conquers the nations of enemies in the way to the heavenly Canaan, because, by "little and little" his people must be made ready for it; "By little and little I will drive them out from before me, until thou be increased, and inherit the land," Exod. xxiii. 30. As the Canaanites had kept possession till Israel was grown into a people, so there were to be some remains of them till Israel should grow so numerous as to replenish the whole. The land of Canaan had room enough to receive Israel, but Israel was not yet numerous enough to possess Canaan; even so here, the true Israel of God must be made ready for the heavenly Canaan before they come there. They are not always in actual readiness, therefore there is some service they have to do for their Captain, some battle they have to fight with the enemy; they must have some more experience, and learn some more lessons; therefore their possession of heaven is delayed till they be ready for it.

Sixth. It is by "little and little" that the Lord drives out the nations before them, lest the beasts of the field increase upon them; to allude to that word which immediately follows the text, which we have also, Exod. xxiii. 9, "I will not drive them out before thee in one year, lest the land become desolate, and the beasts of the field multiply against thee." And thus it is with the children of God; if they had not enemies without and within, and oppositions in their way, there are some dangerous beasts that would be ready to increase upon them: For instance, there is a beast called *pride*, that might grow upon you if you had no enemies to fight with, and while yet you are not ready for heaven, and sanctification is incomplete. Hence a thorn in the flesh was given to Paul, that he might not be exalted above measure. Is not the thorn in the flesh well ordered, that prevents confidence in the flesh? Peter was permitted to fall into a threefold pit, among his enemies' hands, for curing his self-confidence. Thus our Lord hath sometimes very fearful ways of correcting and curing the souls of his own people. There is a beast called *security* might grow upon you; but now enemies are on all hands of you, to prevent you falling asleep, and to keep you both watching and waking, and constantly on your guard. There is a beast called *presumption* that might grow upon you, and make you think you were able to go forward to heaven in your own strength, if you found no such enemy in your way.

There is another beast called *worldly-mindedness* that might grow upon you, if you had no adversaries and adversities to vex you, and wean you from the world; you would be in danger of saying, "It is good to be here;" but now the wars and battles, in your way to heaven, make you say from your heart, O, it is better to be there. There is a beast called *sensuality* that might grow upon you, believer, that might make you lukewarm and formal in all your duties, as well as carnal, and light, and vain in the intervals of duties; but the sight of your spiritual enemies on the field will make you see a need to be spiritual, zealous, earnest, and fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. There is also a filthy, dumb beast called *forgetfulness*, that would certainly grow upon you, and be very dangerous to your soul and spiritual welfare, if your enemies were all destroyed; therefore thus saith the Lord, "Slay them not, lest my people forget," Psal. lix. 11. If the execution were quick and hasty, the impression of it would not be deep and durable. Swift destructions startle men for the present, but they are soon forgotten; therefore, when we think that God's judgments upon the nations of our spiritual enemies come on but very slowly, we must conclude that God hath wise and holy ends in that gradual procedure: "Slay them not, lest my people forget." They would forget to pray, if they had not enemies to pray against; they would forget to praise, if they had not still new deliverances to praise him for; they would forget to pity those that are afflicted and tossed with tempests like themselves; they would forget their Captain, and their duty of living by faith and dependance on him; they would forget to mourn for sin, and repent; they would forget their own weakness, and their deliverer's power, and, like Jeshurun, in prosperity, would wax fat, and forget God that made them, and lightly esteem the rock of their salvation; they would forget to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb at the side of the Red Sea of the Lamb's blood, where their enemies are always drowned; even to sing, saying, "The Lord hath triumphed gloriously, the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea; the Lord is a man of war, the Lord is his name," Exod. xv. 1, 2, 3, &c.; they would forget to speak of the wonders of his mercy from time to time, and to give him the glory due unto his name; they would forget to call upon their Captain on every new attack of the enemy, saying, "Lord, thou hast delivered, and in thee we trust that thou wilt deliver." Yet Christ may let *carnality* live in a believer sometimes to kill his pride; much ignorance remain to kill his self-wisdom; much wandering in and indisposition for duty to kill his self-righteousness.

Now, as it is with believers in particular, so with the church in general; why does God suffer tyrants, and atheists, and hypocrites, and heretics to live among them, and vex them, but for reaching many, if not all, of these ends that I have been naming? When the church was in adversity under the primitive ten persecutions, then religion flourished; the life of the tyrants tended to the life of religion in the persecuted church; but when the Roman emperors

became christians, and friendly to the church, then pride and security crept in with their prosperous state; the beasts of the field increased so much, that, by degrees, a blasphemous beast assumed the very name and office of being the head of the church, even a beast with seven heads and ten horns, mentioned, Rev. xiii. 1; I mean the Roman Antichrist. And then, why hath a nation of heretics, with erroneous principles and doctrines, been spared and continued in the church from time to time, but that the friends of truth might have occasion to clear and vindicate it, and to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints? "There must be heresies," says St. Paul, "that they who are approved may be made manifest;" there must be errors, that truth may be more clearly discovered and maintained. Some precious truths had never been set into such a clear light, if opposite errors had not been vented for darkening the same. Thus there is an ungodly nation left alive, that the godly may be distinguished from them, and exercised the more unto godliness; and a hypocritical nation, that true Israelites, that are so indeed, may try themselves, and become the more sincere and upright.

VII. It now remains to make some improvement of the subject. Is it so, that as the true Israel of God have nations in their way to the possession of the heavenly Canaan, so the Lord their God will conquer these nations by "little and little?" Yet, beware of thinking that you may safely neglect the means, because this work of putting out the nations belongs wholly to the Lord. This were a lazy, antinomian conclusion, drawn from such promises, as rather bear the greatest encouragement in the world to make diligent use of the means. If it be a good reason of working out our salvation with fear and trembling, that the Lord works in us both to will and to do, which is the apostle's argument, Phil. ii. 12, 13; then it is as good a reason for warring, and using all the means necessary for accomplishing this spiritual warfare, that it is the Lord our God that conquers the enemy for us by "little and little." Yea, this is such a necessary consideration, that take away this argument and there remains no encouragement to use the means at all; and hence it is only believers that are capable of this spiritual warfare; and only believers in Christ that are capable of the right and diligent use of the means that relate thereunto: for they cannot be used duly, but in the faith of this encouragement, The Lord thy God will go before thee to conquer the nations of enemies in your way. Unbelievers, indeed, ought to use the means, because the Lord commands the use thereof; and therefore, for the Lord's sake, neglect no commanded duty and ordinance wherein the Lord uses to be found. But yet, I say again, never will any soul use the means aright, and acceptably, till something of the real true faith of this encouragement excite him; therefore, O believer, neglect not to read, and hear, and pray, and meditate, and use all commanded means and ordinances, for there you must expect to meet your Captain, that hath engaged to put out the nations before thee.

Again, beware of thinking that the strength of the warfare lies

upon you, because you are obliged to use the means, and that it is your using the means that will do the business. As the former is a lazy, so this is a legal thought, and as pernicious and destructive as the other; for, if you lean upon the means, and think that your reading, hearing, and the like, will drive out the nations, bring down the body of death, or conquer one corruption, that were like beating your enemies with a sword of straw; such a fleshly weapon will never draw blood from your spiritual enemies, and, instead of getting victory over your sins by such legal weapons, you are brought under greater bondage; for as many as are of the works of the law, are under the curse; and to be under the law is to be under the dominion of sin; for, the strength of sin is the law. This legal method then were to be opening a front door to let out the enemy, and, at the same time, opening a back door to let them in, and that with more advantage against you than ever. As it is a dangerous extreme to neglect means, upon a pretence that Christ must do all, since his doing all is the greatest encouragement thereunto; so it is as dangerous on the other hand to use means upon a notion that you must do all, or that the weight of the warfare depends upon you and your duties; for your entertaining that notion is the greatest discouragement in the world to the use of the means, and gives your enemies the greatest advantage against you, even in that wherein you think to defeat them; therefore wait upon the Lord, for he giveth power to the faint, and to him that hath no might he increaseth strength, from time to time, till in death he end the warfare, by driving out all the nations, so as never to be seen again.

Hence we may see, the special and peculiar privilege of the people of God. May it not be said of them, as it is, Deut. xxxiii. 29, "Happy art thou, O Israel; who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord, who is the shield of thy help, and the sword of thine excellency?" And verse 27, "The eternal God is thy refuge, underneath are his everlasting arms; he shall thrust out the enemy before thee, and shall say, Destroy them." What though all the nations of the world were against them, outward and inward, the nations of earth and hell both? Yet he, who is the King of nations, is for them; and if God be for them, who can be against them? He can destroy nations for their sake; "I gave Egypt for thy ransom, Ethiopia and Sheba for thee." The nations may fight, but cannot prevail; nay, the gates of hell can never prevail against them. Why? they have the Lord for their God, and their God is their guard. And he being their God in Christ by a spiritual, indissoluble union, entitles them to all spiritual blessings and deliverances. However difficult and dangerous their way to the heavenly Canaan is, by reason of the numerous opposing nations, which they can never destroy of themselves; yet their God and Captain leads the van, and drives out the nations before them.

See here the miserable case of the nations who know not God, and are enemies to the people of God. Why? like the cursed Canaanites, they are devoted to destruction, they vex themselves in

vain when they fight against the Lord and his anointed. The Lord God of Israel is to drive them out; yea, he will drive them to hell that continue in their enmity against God and his people: "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God," Psal. ix. 17. Yea, the greatest misery of all the wicked, that remain in an ungodly state, lies in this, though they do not see it to be their misery, namely, that they are under the power of all the nations of hell, under the power of the devil and their lusts, and in league with the nations that oppose the true Israel of God in their passage to the heavenly Canaan.

Hence we may see the reason of the multiplied experiences of the believer, both sad and sweet, because the nations are cast out before him by "little and little," and not utterly destroyed until death. Hence many sad tales he hath to tell of the nations compassing him about; iniquities prevailing against him, and lusts again and again, and a thousand times stirring, and working, and warring, and overthrowing him, and treading upon him. And, on the other hand, notwithstanding all this, he hath many sweet tidings to relate of the Lord's humbling and healing, convincing and converting him; many convictions, many conversions does he get from time to time; and the next conviction more deep than the former, and the next conversion more sweet than the former; and one conversion on the back of another, because of one defection on the back of another, through the power of the nations of hell within and without him. As a dying saint that was asked when he was converted, said he had been converted a hundred times; so, in this sense, it is possible some believers of long standing may be converted a hundred times, and a hundred too. That saints may need conversion is plain from what Christ said to Peter, who was a saint, "When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren" (Luke xxii. 32). Yea, every new conversion of the believer may be more remarkable than another, while the Lord is thus, by "little and little," destroying the enemy; because every touch of the nations' power and policy in drawing him aside from the Lord, and the recurring power of corruption, is so horrible and monstrous to him, that he thinks with himself, Oh! will ever the Lord return again to the like of me? And when the Lord returns, he wonders more than ever; and this begets in the soul an antipathy against all sins and lusts, purifying the heart by faith, and setting it directly against sin. Tell a carnal heart, sin lies at the door; Why, let it come in, it is a friend of mine: but acquaint a believer exercising faith, that there is sin in such a thing; Oh! it is an abomination. Faith discovers the danger the soul is in by the nations of lusts that encompass it, and excites all the faculties of the soul to rise up against it, saying, Rise, Samson, for the Philistines are upon thee; canst thou sleep in the midst of troops of lusts and devils? And this rouses the soul to sigh, and groan, and pant, and pray, and cry unto the glorious Captain of Salvation, that he would avenge it of these Philistines; as in the parable of the unjust judge, Luke xviii. 1—8. The parable was put forth for this end, that men ought always to pray and not to faint.

The judge there mentioned was one that feared not God nor regarded man: a widow came unto him saying, "Avenge me of mine adversary;" and through her importunity she prevailed with him: and shall not God avenge his own elect that cry day and night unto him, though he bear long? yea, he will avenge them speedily. Therefore go to a God in Christ and cry, Lord, avenge me of my lusts, avenge me of my pride, avenge me of my unbelief, avenge me of my carnality, avenge me of mine enemies. Yet,

In order to pursue the nations to death, pursue the claim you have to the victory over them, in the use of all appointed means, with an entire dependence upon the Lord Jesus Christ; not depending upon means; nay, nor yet depending upon sensible manifestations, nor relying even upon the graces of the Spirit, but upon the God of all grace, pleading your right and title by virtue of the divine promise, 'Lord, hast thou not interposed thy faithfulness, thy word, thy oath, and is not thy promise sealed—sealed by the blood of Christ—sealed in the sacrament of the supper? Hast thou not said, Solomon shall reign, though now, behold Adonijah usurps the throne? Hast thou not said, Grace shall reign, and sin shall not have the dominion? Behold how it usurps!' Well, put him to his word, and pursue your claim. Surely the Lord will not deny himself! nay, Jehovah-Jireh, in the mount of the Lord it shall be seen. Though you have no strength, no might against this multitude, yet let your eyes be towards Him, who is mightier than the noise of many waters, and who hath blended your interest with his own glory, his own faithfulness, and truth. Let your difficulties be never so great, your enemies never so many, and their power never so invincible, it is not you they have to do with, but Christ; and can anything be too hard for him? Wait on thy God continually, who hath here promised to accomplish the warfare gradually; the Lord thy God will put out these nations before thee by "little and little."

THERE is in us all, by nature, the legal leaven of a self-righteous spirit, which leads us into a dry, stiff, dead formality in prayer; and into peevishness and fretfulness if we cannot perform our task. But God requires not such long prayer, nor are we heard for our much speaking. The bible is the best prayer-book. God tells us to call upon him in the time of trouble, and that he will deliver us, and we shall glorify him. A few minutes in prayer, frequently put up, as our troubles abound, are best. To pray God to keep us from the evils we fear, to pardon us for the sake and satisfaction of Christ; to give us submission to his will, and strength and patience equal to the day; to teach and instruct us that we may know his mind and will concerning ourselves; that he would keep us from failing of the grace of God, or from coming short of the promised rest; that he would reveal his dear Son in us; that he would lead us into his own ways, and keep us by his power. We should likewise plead the promises, and encouragements that he holds forth in Christ to sensible sinners, and above all, the appointment and great undertakings of Christ.—*Huntington.*

I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE NOR FORSAKE THEE.

Hope anchoring in the promise, thankfulness for mercies bestowed, watching the operations of the blessed Spirit, and seeking from felt necessity the continued favors of Israel's God, is the path, my very dear brother, that the poor worm is now treading, who, through the good hand of the Lord upon him, is inclined, with warmth of heart, to write a line, in answer to your kind, christian inquiry to know how it fares with us. We are neither forsaken nor forgotten; no, the Most High that made heaven and earth, careth for us, and visits us, and makes us sing with the poet:

Surrounded with sorrows, temptation, and cares,
This truth with delight we survey;
And sing, as we pass through this valley of tears,
The righteous shall hold on his way.

Yes, he holdeth our soul in life, and keeps us alive in famine, gives us power when we faint, and a good word to lift us up when through heaviness of heart, we stoop under the inward plague, and outward cross.

One night, while at W., my soul was melted with a blessed feeling that there was no hell for poor, feelingly-lost, panting-for-Christ sinners. I felt the adorable Redeemer would not, could not, be without any that would not do without him.

'Twill Jesus and the chosen race,
Subsists a bond of sovereign grace,
That hell, with its infernal train,
Shall ne'er dissolve, nor rend in twain.

The Omniscient Jehovah could see the end from the beginning, consequently not a fiery lust, wretched, wandering, base imagination, trap, pit, or snare, that ever besets our souls, and sinks us in wretchedness and woe, but the Lord hath in love provided for our escape; as saith the poet:

Though thousand snares enclose his feet,
Not one shall hold him fast;
Whatever dangers he may meet,
He shall get safe at last.

Every tear, sigh, cry, groan, struggle, and lamentation, over and against our sins, and imploring a covenant God, for Christ's sake, to have compassion on us, pardon us, keep us, save us, and bless us, is from life; yea, from the life of God in us; and, "though damped, it never dies." Though my beloved brother touched a mournful string in his loving epistle, 'twas as much the fruit and effect of life as the highest point of soul-humbling consolation.

'Tis well, when on the mount,
They feast on dying love;
And 'tis as well in God's account,
When they the furnace prove.

No ashes, no beauty; no mourning, no oil of joy; no heaviness, no

garment of praise. "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

We cannot miscarry, our aid is divine.

Who then can harm us if we are followers of good? To confess sin is good; to cry for pardon is good; to read the word, longing for its application to our souls, is good; to meet with the Lord's people, hoping to find the Lord with us, is good; to write to each other the Lord's dealings with us is good; and, bless our God, these good things are in us, and I pray God that in them we may abound more and more.

I shall now relate a little of the Lord's kindness to us in providence. It was his holy will to withhold from us our rent at Christmas; we were obliged, for the first time, to let it run on, and as the half-year drew on, fears and cries increased. The last time I left W—, I was wanted to do some work here, which, though there were two in the way, I obtained; and by working early and late, it enabled us to pay our rent. But whilst I was labouring at home, one of the two obtained my place at W—, since which I have hitherto had enough to do at home; and though fear still haunts me, I humbly trust the Lord will provide. The limits of a letter will not allow me to enter into the many fears, cries, hopes, sinkings, struggles, shuttings up, and openings which I pass through and experience; suffice it to say, here we are, not one good thing hath failed us. The Lord's faithfulness to his promises we have realised, which props us up, and encourages us still to look up.

I love to hear, to read, and, above all, to prove for myself the goodness of the Lord. I feel to be a poor, empty, destitute thing, and so fearful at times, it makes me afraid to speak or write of the things of God, lest there should be no dew, savor, life, or power. Oh, how my soul sickens at the thought of prayer, lest it should be lifeless! What is it, beloved, without life? I want life in writing, in reading, in hearing, in praying, in conversing; life moving my soul, tongue, pen, and heart, so that I may sensibly feel the springs rise, fears sink, wants fly, miseries abate, devils silenced, enemies conquered, sin subdued, mountains levelled, the inward beasts go into their den, and crouch beneath the love, mercy, smile, presence, and blessing of the Lord of Hosts, the Mighty God of Jacob, whose dear embrace, dissolving love, tender words, and heart-breaking visits, my never-dying soul craves more than thousands of gold or silver. The Lord knoweth that I lie not.

Yours in truth,

R. D.

I HAVE had many and sharp conflicts with the enemy of late; and every member and feature of the old man have been discovered in the furnace. But before enlargement we are straitened; before fresh discoveries and bright views, we are in darkness; cold, dry, barren, and stiff frames, go before fresh anointings; bitterness promotes appetite, and precedes the banquet; and cold neglect goes before the sweetest kisses.—*Huntington.*

COUNSEL IN PERPLEXITY.—A LETTER OF JAMES BOURNE, IN HIS LATTER YEARS MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL AT MANEY CHAPEL, SUTTON-COLDFIELD.

My dear Friend,—I cannot but feel for you under all your perplexities, both in providence and grace, knowing that, if they work aright, they bring us into great dismay; and we, being covered with much darkness and uncertainty under the distressing circumstances, cry to the Lord, but do not all at once get his ear, nor understand his voice. But that his voice is in these dispensations there is no doubt. Yet the flesh and human prudence pull one way, and the Lord checks and leads another way. In rightly steering our course between these contending parties, lie all our perplexing difficulties. For Human Reason is a special pleader, and far beyond the common run of counsel, and argues so well as often to set the Lord at a distance. Yet not so as finally to defeat his purposes. For the Lord will come in another way, and show us something of his terrible Majesty, and the danger of leaning to our own understanding. This is a rock on which we all are ready to split. But when our wisdom, conceit, foolishness, and confusion all are brought with us to the bar of God, all this comeliness is turned into corruption, and there will be nothing left but “God be merciful to me a sinner.”

If human prudence asks, “Where am I to live?” the answer will be, when we are at God’s bar, “God be merciful to me a sinner.” “What shall I do with my children?”—“God be merciful to me a sinner.”—“But the time is come in which I must act.” Still, “God be merciful to me a sinner.” Why so? Because this is the first grand object of our being, and if we attain to this mercy the Lord has promised to add the rest. Let not our first and most earnest cries be about the transitory things of this life, however needful, “for after these things the Gentiles, or the world at large, seek.” Make the Lord your friend by communion with him, and you will find, like Esther, the sceptre held out to your encouragement. Remember, she first got into the presence of the king, and then laid before him her troubles. This is to show to you and me that it is our sweet privilege then to ask counsel in all our matters: “Shall I pursue?” “Shall I overtake?” “Yes, and doubtless recover all.” So that it seems we have in all cases this one rule: “Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all else shall be added,” in due order, “with afflictions.” But alas! there is an ear given to this and that friend’s wise, fleshly counsel; and because it is fleshly God blows upon it, as in the case of Ahithophel. He is a jealous God, and will not give his glory to graven images.

The Lord says thou shalt say, from a feeling sense of the truth, “I was a Syrian ready to perish,” and the Lord brought us up out of Egypt with a mighty hand, with signs and wonders, and brought us into a land that floweth with milk and honey, the blessed gospel. Where then are the first fruits of the land the Lord hath given us? These ought to be set before the Lord. I am ashamed while I write, feeling how deficient I am here. Yet in this very

sense of shame we have reason to hope the Lord has not forgotten us, but that we are much in earnest, with many fears pleading that he would not enter into judgment, but remember mercy. How often have I found in this place a healing of all my diseases and a light upon my path discovering the way I should go, and my strength again renewed to walk in his way, and not in a way of my own devising. How happy should I be to see you steady. Nothing can give sobriety, uniformity, and certainty to our movements but being daily more or less in communion with God. "In his light we see light." Unbelief puts this light out: carnal reason and carnal counsel are the extinguishers made use of for this purpose, and are too effectual. May the Lord be pleased to pay you a visit, and comfort your anxious, troubled mind, for he alone is the rest of his people; anything else will prove a bed too short. This is the desire and prayer of your very sincere friend in the Lord,

Feb. 25, 1836.

JAMES BOURNE.

A FEEBLE TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION AND SYMPATHY.*

Dear Friend,—I desire to sympathise with your widowed mother, your sisters, yourself, and, I may add, the living church of God, in the bereavement which you have sustained in the departure of your beloved and esteemed father. At the same time we must acknowledge the goodness of the Lord in sparing him for so many years to the church, and to his family, and honouring him so highly in life and death. We cannot therefore but mingle our praises with our sighs, and feeling what a blessed change it is for him, cannot, dare not, wish him back in this vale of tears.

I have known him personally about twenty-three or twenty-four years, having met him first at our friend, Mr. Tiptaft's, Abingdon, when I was in the Church of England, and I believe we felt from the first a mutual union, which was never weakened or interrupted. We have often preached together at Calne, and every time I saw him, the more was I led to love and esteem him for the grace that he manifested, and the power and savor which rested on him.

It is a rich and unspeakable mercy that the Lord was so much with him in his last illness. It put such a seal upon him and his labours, and is sufficient, one would think, to cover his enemies with shame and confusion. Many before the Throne, and many still in the body, have had reason to bless God for ever having raised him up to preach the Gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven. For nearly sixty years did he contend for the power of truth as made known to the soul by the Holy Ghost, and this from an experience in his own soul of the bitter and the sweet, of sorrow and of joy.

A more affectionate father and husband never lived, as you can all bear witness; you especially, dear friend, have reason to say so,

* The following letter would not have been inserted but by the particular request of the friend to whom it was sent.

for if ever a father bore a son on his heart, he bore you, and next to the salvation of your own soul, you have reason to bless God for such a father, who travailed for you in spiritual birth, and rejoiced over you, when called by grace, with a love and affection both natural and spiritual that is rarely witnessed. The Lord enable you to follow him as he followed Christ, and bless you with a large measure of his grace and power.

My love to your mother and sisters. I shall think of you on Friday, when I understand the mortal remains of your beloved father will be committed to the earth until the great resurrection morn.

Yours affectionately,

Stamford, April 7th, 1857.

J. C. P.

THOU SHALT WORSHIP THE LORD, AND HIM ONLY SHALT THOU SERVE.

Beloved in the sacred fellowship of the everlasting covenant of life and peace, confirmed of God in Christ, and made sure in the eternal love of Jehovah, Israel's covenant God and portion,—I have heard of your trial, and write a line to assure you of my deep and entire sympathy with you in the same; also to exhort and testify to you that this is the true grace of God, wherein we stand. We must pass through tribulations, rugged and thorny mazes, knowing that we are called thereto, in order to take away our sins of self-complacency, earthly-mindedness, and creature-worship (see Isaiah xxvii. 7—11), where you will perceive that he does not smite us, as he smites them who smote him (his enemies), but in measure it shooteth forth from the treasures of loving wisdom, weighed out as an apothecary does the various ingredients of his medicine. Moreover, he stays his rough wind in the day of his east wind, *i. e.*, he stays the devil and persecutors, though he himself blows an east wind upon us, and withers us up; but we debate with it, kick at it, reason over it, and ask the cause of it, until we are searched out, and our hidden thoughts and principles laid bare. Then we hear the rod and the voice of him that appointed it, and our soul is humbled in us, conscience awakes, and flies back on the wings of memory through the past, takes us to the pure precepts of the gospel, and leads us to look at eternal things; places us upon the very brink and boundary of time, shews us the worth and excellency of things eternal; convinces us of sins of omission and commission, opens up to our enlightened mind and tender conscience all our wickedness and backslidings in heart; and thus he works in us true repentance, which essentially consists in sorrowing, after a godly sort, which worketh us in carefulness, clearing ourselves (in humble confession), (see Psalm xxxii.) indignation, fear, vehement desire, zeal, revenge, so that we pass again under the rod of him that telleth and numbereth us. Thus having afflictions laid upon our loins, we ultimately pass—even through fire and through water—out into a wealthy place, even the full, sweet, clear, and manifest enjoyment of all things in Christ, and Christ in all things. Thus he breaks down

our altars, cuts down our groves, and makes all the stones of our altars as chalkstones, so that the groves and the images cannot stand up; for the lofty looks of man shall be brought low, and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day. Thus we are taught to cease from man, and trust in and bow down to the Lord alone. And what a mercy it is that our God is a jealous God, and will not suffer his children to set any other god on his throne; either to love idols more devotedly, or serve them more diligently than they do him. He hath said: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart," &c. ; and, "Thou shalt worship the Lord, and him only shalt thou serve." In this love and worship consists the principle, the practice, and privilege of all real christians; to be thus spiritually-minded is life and peace, when to be carnally-minded is death; and they who thus sow to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting, while they who sow to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption. Remember, beloved, the intimate union—yea, the inseparable connection between the precept and promise, and that all God's words are pure words; "more to be desired than gold, yea, than fine gold; sweeter also than honey, or the honeycomb."

Yours,

J. F.

THE FOUNTAIN OPENED.

My dear Friend,—It is of very little consequence where I am, or among what people; if the Lord hide his face, I am sure to drop into misery, for all my comfort is in him, and without him I can do nothing but evil, and am nothing but evil. I not only get no better as I advance in years, but I am more stupid and weak now than ever I was; and if this is growing in grace, I seem to be growing apace. I never was anything, but I feel to be a far more nothing now than ever; I once thought, although I was nothing at that time, I should be something by and by. Alas! what a fool I was! Yes, and that is not the worst, but fool I still remain; yea, greater than ever. Well then, what is to be done with such a lump of ignorance and corruption? Nothing—absolutely nothing can be done with me to any good purpose, but to roll me, or drop me into the sea of the Lord's love and blood. Here I try and try again to come, and call and cry to be put in, and yet I can't get there; but, since it is prepared for sin and uncleanness, and I am that, and nothing else, surely my turn will come at length to have a plunge therein; his very own hand must do it, or it cannot be done. But, my dear brother, I once was in it, or all my hope is false; I had not then a particle of guilt or fear left. May I have it certified to my heart, again and again, for I cannot believe without that certifying power over and over again. I would as soon come to your house, and see you and your dear wife, as to any house I have any knowledge of, but you are so out of my track at C—.

Yours in the truth,

London.

J. S.

Obituary.

MR. J. G. SMITH, late of Princes Street, Bedford Row, died on Saturday, September 20th, 1856, aged eighty-one years. He left a widow and one daughter, ten years old, quite destitute. His widow also died on September 27th, 1856, (just one week after her husband) aged 45, leaving the poor orphan quite unprotected and unprovided for, having no relations, nor any means of subsistence. The widow was buried on Tuesday, September 30th, in the same grave with her husband. But the Lord who dwelleth on high, and who humbleth himself to behold the things that are in heaven and in the earth (Ps. cxiii.), has condescended to move the hearts of several Christian friends, who have kindly contributed to the expences of the funeral, and to the support of the orphan.

Mr. Smith* was for many years writer at the Exchequer Court, London, and many years a hearer of Mr. Huntington, and subsequently a member of the church at Staining Lane, London, under the ministry of Mr. Hobbs. He died in the Lord, full of joy and peace in believing. Almost his last audible words were to this effect: "I long to be gone, to be with him, and to see him as he is! My Lord Jesus is most precious to me; a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation; 'he that believeth shall never be confounded.'" He afterwards requested John xvii. to be read to him, and shortly after fell asleep in Jesus. He had committed his wife and child into the hands of the Lord, in faith and prayer, assuredly believing all needful provision would be made for both, saying, when speaking of them, "The Lord will provide." And thus far has his faith been abundantly honored, for it hath pleased the Lord to provide for the poor afflicted widow by taking her to himself, and to raise up friends who are willing to clothe, educate, and provide for the orphan as if she were their own child. It may be truly said, "What hath God wrought!"

A few days before his death a friend (Mr. Thaine) calling on him, he asked him if he knew him? He said "No, but if you love the Lord Jesus I am happy to see you." On Mr. T. mentioning his name, he said, "Ah, my dear friend, I am bappy to see you; I long to be gone," &c., as stated before. "I hope soon to be with him." Mr. T., with a view to draw out the state of his mind more fully, asked him what was the foundation of his hope? In an animated manner he said "The foundation of my hope? Why the foundation God has laid in Zion; a sure foundation, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone," &c. "He that believeth on him shall never be confounded. The Lord Jesus is most precious to me; I long to be with him, to see him as he is." On being asked about his future dependence, he said the Lord who had kept him alive above sixty years would not forsake him now.

Mr. T. afterwards asked his wife, (who through a series of accidents was a cripple,) having injured the spine of her back, broken

* Mr. Smith was the author of the piece, which appeared in the May number, entitled, "A Bethel Visit."

her collar bone, and afterwards her arm, through three successive falls, about five years back, each succeeding the comparative recovery from the other,) what prospect she had if her husband were taken away? She replied she had no other prospect than going to the union, and said, "I have no objection to going there, if the Lord will go with me, which I believe he will." "And what will become of the poor child?" "Don't call her poor, sir," was the reply; "she is the daughter of a good man, the child of many prayers, and God is faithful; I believe the Lord will raise up friends to take care of her." On the day of the funeral this somewhat singular woman said, as the coffin of her husband was being removed out of the room, "There goes my dear husband, John George Smith. I cannot wish you back, I cannot grieve for you, I cannot weep; I know you are happy with him whom your soul so long desired to be with, and I believe I shall soon be with you."

Two days after she was found dead in her bed.

He was turned out of doors by his parents, and constrained to seek for a livelihood in some other occupation, unattended with guilt of conscience, which his profession as a dancing-master brought upon him. While walking up and down the Strand, in London, for that purpose, the Lord applied these words to his soul with power: "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof." He saw by this that he was not warranted in seeking great things for himself temporally, but to be content with any situation that presented itself, and accordingly he took a menial situation as porter or messenger in a lawyer's office; but after being there for some considerable time, they found that he possessed abilities and education that fitted him for better employment in their office, attended also with that integrity that made his abilities of more value. Accordingly he was promoted to fill a higher and more important station, in which he remained for years, gradually progressing and prospering. Eventually he married a gracious woman, who was a widow carrying on business on her own account, and by his continuing in his lucrative situation, in addition to her business, they were permitted to amass wealth to a sufficient degree that warranted their expectation of being able in another year or two to retire from business, and live on their fortune. But the Lord so ordered his affairs that, by the nefarious transaction of a wicked man, he became suddenly dispossessed of the whole, and was reduced to poverty once more, when the words were again applied with power, "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof," and with them so blessed his soul with a divine sense of the Lord Jesus being his portion for time and eternity, that reconciled him to the otherwise distressing dispensation and afflicting Providence. To this was added the loss of his wife, and, having no family, the bereavement placed him again as a forlorn individual once more in poverty. After a lapse of time he became acquainted with the person named below, with whom a strong spiritual union was formed, on both sides equally firm, which ripened into a strong natural affection for each other,

the grounds of which you will find stated in the second and third extracts from his letters, and which ended in a marriage union. He promised himself much comfort in this union; as his wife was much younger, he considered that as he increased in years he should much need a partner in life with spiritual and natural affection sufficient to become his nurse, as he should most probably stand in need of her in that capacity.

As far as such happiness goes as arises from a spiritual and natural union, in the sweet communion produced by it, which they were abundantly blessed with, he was much favored. But it pleased the Lord to mar it, by sending a most painful cross, in permitting her to have three successive falls, under most peculiar and painful circumstances, which rendered her a cripple for life. He was thus under the necessity of becoming nurse to her, instead of having her to nurse him as anticipated; and again the words were spoken with power to his soul, "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof," under which this time he felt guilty in his conscience, as having so done in providing, as he thought, for his future comfort, that being partly the motive he had in marrying, but in which he failed. Thus as a son was he chastened for his folly.

There was found among Mr. Smith's papers an account of his early and first experience of the Lord's mercy. It was contained in letters addressed to his second wife before their marriage. Also there are some extracts from other letters, addressed to the same person. It may not be altogether unprofitable to those who love the truth to read them, as they breathe a tender spirit of caution, and of the fear of the Lord on that most important point.

The early and first experience:—

11, Greville Street, Sept., 1842.

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

I was about twenty years of age, and being an apprentice to a dancing-master in the country, it was whilst engaged in that frivolity in the service of Satan, that the Almighty was condescendingly pleased to impress my mind with such a sense and concern of an hereafter, and of an account to be rendered of the deeds done in the body, that neither fiddling nor dancing, nor the company of ladies with all their fascination, could ever alleviate or disperse the gloom and terror that accompanied it. I therefore became religious,—went to church and said my prayers night and morning, was careful of my thoughts, and at last became so holy in my own eyes as to despise my master, mistress, and every one with whom I came in contact; the language of my heart being, "Stand by thyself, for I am holier than thou." Whilst this Babel building was going on and had arrived at such a height, I was standing in the kitchen one Monday morning, waiting to accompany my master in the chaise, when all of a sudden a light shone into my heart: it was like a flash of lightning within me, and I saw at once that all my righteousness indeed was but as "filthy rags," and my heart a cage of every "unclean bird." I marvelled at the instantaneous and wondrous change, and could not make it out. I therefore turned my feet to his testimonies, and made haste to keep his commandments, but I found as the light increased in my understanding that I sinned in thought, word, and deed,—that "by the works of the law no flesh living could be justified in his

sight." The holy law of God acted as a mirror to me, reflecting and discovering my vileness before the eyes of infinite Purity; here all my hope died of obtaining salvation by the law, and I sunk in my feelings fathoms in the horrible pit and miry clay of my corruptions. The dreadful forebodings of the wrath to come, and the dreadful overwhelming fears of my awful state, drank up my animal spirits to that degree that rendered me unfit for the company of any.

Here I was dwelling in the regions of the Shadow of Death, being bound in "affliction and iron," as the Psalmist expresses it. In this state I found no prayers in the prayer-book descriptive of my case, nor any power or capability to utter my complaints at the footstool of mercy, being condemned by the holy law of God and condemned by the gospel as an unbeliever. I had no hope in the Saviour, for he was not yet revealed to me, but I believed my doom was irrevocably fixed, for I felt myself utterly lost, and had no hope in his mercy, that being cut off, but went groaning for days and weeks, never expecting but that my wretched existence would be worn out by the intense anguish of my spirit. And in all this furnace-work, M., did the Lord cut up my natural religion, and made me a terror to myself, so that all pretensions to the favor of the Most High by fleshly performances in alms, deeds, prayers, fastings, and good works, so called, were all swept away, agreeably to what is written in Isa. xxviii. 17, "Judgment will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet, and the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding-place." And now, lest I should weary my friend, I will continue my tale at another opportunity, and, if the Lord permit, and if agreeable, shall usher in a relation of the marriage-day between the Saviour of poor perishing sinners and such a rebel-wretch as I feel myself to be.

11, Greville Street, Oct., 1842.

The Almighty having cut up by the roots all my natural religion that I was rooted in, I endeavored to keep the holy law of Moses, and to square my life, walk, and conversation by that as far as my natural ability would enable me; but the light within my understanding still increasing, my corruptions raging with awful fury, and the Almighty himself being a swift witness against me, as he says in Mal. iii. 5; and being arraigned at his bar with my mouth stopped, I had no plea to urge why judgment should not be executed upon me. But one day being in the coach-house, waiting to accompany my master in the chaise, being dreadfully depressed and sunk in all my natural powers, expecting to be cut down as a cumberer of the earth, these words were spoken within me, (there was no audible voice or articulate sound,) "I will be gracious to whom I will be gracious; and I will show mercy unto whom I will show mercy." (Exod. xxxiii. 19.) Strength was communicated to me with these words, to bear up under the dreadful load of guilt, misery, and condemnation that I felt.

One morning, while riding with my master through Cheshunt Fields, Herts, tears gushed from my eyes like a flood from the oppressive load within, when these words were spoken upon my heart, accompanied by his power, (no voice to be heard by the outward ear,) "A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench; he shall bring forth judgment unto truth." (Isa. xlii. 3.) This sweetly operated as a cordial and propped up my sinking heart with a witness in these my desperate fainting and dying circumstances; accompanied with a dawn of hope amounting to "Who can tell, but I may find mercy at his hands;" but before the close of the day the sweet edge of comfort was blunted, and I felt if possible lower in my feelings than ever of guilt, misery, and distress. I believe I never ceased crying for mercy all the day long, and I believe and know that it arose from that principle of life within communicated to me at first (mentioned in the last letter). I was always afraid, when going to bed, to go to sleep, expecting that I should awake in hell, so awful was my state according to my feelings, till at last the "kingdom of heaven suffered violence, and the violent took it by force." (Matt. xi. 12.) These exercises lasted some months, but as I kept no diary I cannot recollect to state correctly the time; but one night when I bowed my knees to groan out my heart at his footstool, the Lord was mercifully pleased to pour into my heart the Spirit of grace and supplications, and to enable me by opening my

mouth to pour out the same in his own consecrated language, and his most Holy Spirit helped my infirmities indeed, so that I arose from my knees with something of an expectation that he would appear for me and deliver me from the dreadful state I was in.

I went to bed and slept a comfortable night; which I had not done for some time before, by reason of my appalling fears, and in the morning, directly I opened my eyes, these words were spoken upon my heart, attended with such a power that resounded through all my mental powers and faculties, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." (Rom. viii. 1.) The love of God flowed in like a mighty river, and sweeping all before it of guilt, misery, and condemnation, filling every faculty of my soul, I broke out with tears of joy, love, and praise, and was carried out of myself. My heart was wrapped up in his everlasting love, and I was enabled to claim him as my own in the language of the church, (Cant. ii. 16,) "My beloved is mine and I am his." I never was so certain of anything in all my life as I was then, and am now, of my Lord Jesus being the portion of my soul, and the lot of my inheritance. He is a heaven of inexpressible sweets and delights indeed. I neither expect nor wish for any other heaven than to be dissolved in him.

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

The following extracts from various letters written to his wife before their marriage will be read with interest:

11, Greville Street, Sept. 26, 1842.

Well, M., how is it with you? Is your mind unshackled, unfettered, free as the air, so that the thoughts like a swarm of bees have no objects to settle upon, no cross to take up, no self-denial in exercise, but everything falling out and turning up as M. could wish? Or is she under instruction now, learning that all persons and circumstances are under the management, control, and disposal of him who works all things after the counsel of his own will, and by whom the bounds of our habitation are fixed, so that no alteration can take place till the heavens move the change? Is M. on the humble knee of prayer able to beg submission to his will, and to wait on him continually? for the word says, "Delight thyself in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart." (Ps. xxxvii. 4.) But then there can be no delighting ourselves in an object *we do not know*. The Lord declares, "I will give them a *heart to know me*, that I am the Lord." (Jer. xxiv. 7.) May the good Lord incline M.'s heart to inquire after this, and perhaps she will kindly answer these particulars to one who feels interested in her.

11, Greville Street, Oct., 1842.

Time shall correct my dear friend in those particulars that distinguish between a staid and durable affection, and a mere transient flame that appears but for a moment to deceive and lead astray, and when most needed is found to be extinct. Now the former of these is a chaste and delicate passion of the human mind; will wade through a sea of trouble and afflictions, and abide firm to the close of life. The other is known by the name of lust, and gives birth to all the awful evils that exist in the millions round, and which I would fervently supplicate the Lord to preserve myself and my friend from falling victims to. You must not be an idol in my heart, lest it incur the resentment of him who reigns and rules in my affections, the best of lovers, and the best of friends; for in that case he would turn your heart to hate me, (if brought together,) and make you a bitter scourge to me the remainder of my days. Let my dear friend ponder well, weigh, and consider it, and turn away her eyes before any knitting or entanglement of affection takes place which no circumstances or events can alter. I know the Lord has not tied up his children from marriage, but then it must be "in the Lord," being moved by his holy fear in-

planted in the heart, a walking in his ways, observing the operation of his hands both in us and around us, and acknowledging him in all our ways; for he hath promised to direct all our paths, yea to instruct us and teach us in the way that we should go, and to guide us with his eye, and to direct us with the skillfulness of his hands.

11, Greville Street, Oct., 1842.

Upon my parting from you I suddenly fell into affliction, and partook largely of your feelings on the occasion. I bitterly reproached myself with being the cause of afflicting you, entreating the Lord all the way that he would save me from myself, and from taking any step or act contrary to his holy will, or making crooked paths for my feet, for he hath declared that they shall not know peace who walk therein, and that he would grant that circumstances in his providence might arise to prevent us if it be not in accordance with his holy will.

I cannot help writing in this strain, whether you deem me a maniac, fanatic, or enthusiast. I know whose I am, and whom I serve; with my spirit I therefore desire to act with all circumspection in this manner. I roam over all the circumstances that have occurred and brought me acquainted with you, and often wonder what the issue of it will be. I charge you by the affection you possess for me, and by the estimate you put upon your own happiness and peace in this life that you join with me night and morning and all the day long in supplicating the Almighty that he would conform us to his will and grant us submission to the same, yea, that he would remember us with the favor that he bears to his own children, and visit us with his salvation; that we walk (if brought together) as fellow-heirs of the grace of life, and adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things. Oh, M., my mouth is opened unto you, my heart is enlarged in writing thus to you. Remember this is not to amuse you, but I would have your mind duly impressed with its importance; it is too momentous to pass over superficially. But here I must pull in, for I feel my mind solemnly affected whilst writing. Do read the seventh chapter of the First Corinthians, and the sixth of the Second, beginning at the fourteenth verse, and entreat the Lord to open the eyes of your understanding, and to shine upon the word, that you may comprehend the important precept there laid down.

T. G. SMITH.

Mrs. Smith was a very afflicted woman in body, having been the subject of a spinal complaint the last seven years of her life, which brought on a complication of disorders. Her patience and submission under her manifold afflictions were remarkable, having never been heard by those round her to murmur at the dispensation, but she viewed the hand of God in it all; and she had also (as her husband had done) committed her child into the hands of the Lord in prayer and in faith, and when questioned after the death of her husband on the subject, replied to this effect: "I have been very much troubled about my child in times that are past, but the Lord has removed all my fears on that point now. She is the child of many prayers, and God is the Father of the fatherless; he has promised to care for such. I have no fears for her; God will raise up friends who will do better for her than I could; I am so helpless."

She expressed her thankfulness that the Lord should have removed her husband from this life before herself, saying, "I have always been afraid I should be taken first, but I am so thankful that I have been spared to see the last of him. We have been happy and united in ourselves; but we have both been long weary of this life, and desiring to enter that rest the Lord has prepared for believers."

Mrs. Smith had a talent for writing poetry, and the following lines by her express a oneness of spirit with her husband (in those things

which made for his everlasting peace) that may not be altogether unprofitable to consider.

To J. G. Smith, from his loving wife, M. Smith.

She stood before the altar, but no bridal pomp was there;
 No waving plumes of snowy white, no jewel-braided hair.
 Those living bands of loveliness, that crown the bridal day,
 With all the pride and pomp of wealth, oh these were far away.
 I saw one humble figure bend, where grandeur claimed no part,
 And as she knelt she smiled upon the chosen of her heart.
 Oh, what were glittering gems to her, the sceptre, or the throne?
 It was enough that she could call her wedded lord her own.

With looks of joy and confidence she gazes on that face;
 To her 'tis fraught with every charm of beauty and of grace;
 She looks with more than woman's pride—she loves as daughters do—
 He was her guardian and her guide, her friend and father too.

And when on earth their plighted hands, their plighted hearts are given,
 Full well they know each holy vow is register'd in heaven;
 For they have sought the path of truth, as found in holiest page;
 The God whom they have lov'd in youth will not forsake their age.

Though they must share with pilgrims here their trials and distress,
 The God of comfort will not leave his children comfortless.
 That loss to hear, that cross to share, is still their glorious aim;
 Through evil and through good report to follow still the Lamb.

This earth is not their rest, they seek a city yet to come;
 A house on high not made with hands is their eternal home.
 They have an anchor sure and fast, all lies within the veil;
 Nor while the earth's foundations last will that sure refuge fail.

Full well they know that they must bow to death's decisive dart;
 In earth to sleep, in heaven to meet, where spirits cannot part.
 But they can lay their slumbering clay where once their Saviour slept;
 With him can trust their sleeping dust who once o'er Lazarus wept.

April, 1843.

They hear that risen Lord exclaim,
 "Lift up, ye saints, the expiring head,
 The everlasting God I am;
 The hope of those long counted dead
 The Alpha and Omega still,
 I am the First, the Last, to thee;
 The Resurrection and the Life
 Of all who dying die in me."

This God is ours; our guide till death,
 And thou and I in him are one;
 For ever one my earthly tie,—
 Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone.
 The hills may move, the world dissolve,
 The rocks may rend, the mountains par
 Still, still, the bond of heavenly love
 Shall twine the closer round my heart.

All hail the hour, the glorious hour,
 When flesh and sense no more rebel
 When we, far, far beyond their power,
 Shall with the pure in spirit dwell.
 Shall know Him e'en as we are known
 As we are seen our Lord shall see;
 And cast before the eternal throne
 Our crowns and palms of victory.

INQUIRIES.

Dear Sir,—Having had my mind much exercised of late respecting two passages of Scripture, I have thought I should like to hear what you might be led to say of them, so that if you deem it advisable and feel at liberty to write a few lines on them, I shall be gratified to read it in the "Gospel Standard;" one is in Matt. vii. 1., "Judge not that ye be not judged;" the other 1 John iv. 1 "Try the spirits." They do not appear to harmonise. May the Lord give you understanding in all things, and enable us to ascribe all glory to him.

A CONSTANT READER.

ANSWER.

We do not ourselves see any particular difficulty in harmonising the two passages quoted by our correspondent; but shall be pleased if the following thoughts may serve to reconcile a seeming contradiction, and to relieve him, or any of our readers similarly perplexed, from any difficulty on the subject.

When the Lord bids us not "to judge that we be not judged," he would thereby restrain us from harsh, one-sided, uncharitable decisions, either in our hearts or by our lips, upon the words or conduct of christian brethren. He does not forbid us calmly weighing matters in our own minds, but from pronouncing hasty and harsh decisions upon the cases and characters of God's people, when we have not sufficient means of coming to a right conclusion. To "try" and to "judge" are certainly distinct things. In earthly courts a cause may be tried, and yet not judged, or decided upon, for want of sufficient evidence, or because probabilities may weigh as much on one side as on the other. Paul bids us "prove all things," and "to separate ourselves from all that walk disorderly." We are thus bidden to examine both men and things; and not only examine, but to act upon that examination, as we are told to "hold fast that which is good." But the same apostle reprehends harsh or faulty judgments; for he says: "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth." James also shows us in what sense we are to understand the Lord's words: "Judge not, that ye be not judged." "Speak not evil one of another, brethren. He that speaketh evil of his brother, and judgeth his brother, speaketh evil of the law, and judgeth the law: but if thou judge the law, thou art not a doer of the law, but a judge. There is one lawgiver, who is able to save and to destroy: who art thou that judgest another?" (James iv. 11, 12.)

But though the Lord most wisely and blessedly forbids those harsh, severe, and uncharitable judgments, which have done so much to wound and distress the saints of God, have caused so much division between brethren, and sown so much disunion in churches, he does not tie us up from exercising a sound, righteous, and spiritual judgment in divine matters. He therefore bids us by the pen of holy John "try the spirits whether they be of God." He

does not bid us judge men's words or decide hastily on men's actions, but to try, spiritually and experimentally the spirits true or false, good or evil, from heaven or from beneath, which come abroad in the world, and blow either upon our own minds or upon the churches. These "spirits" we are to try by the word of God, by our own experience, by the influence that they communicate, by the spirit which they breathe, by the good or evil which they convey, and by the general effect which they produce on our own mind or the minds of others.

Now, surely these are two very distinct things, and may be easily reconciled without the least jar or contradiction. It is clearly one thing to be preserved from forming or expressing harsh or hasty judgments upon the actions of christian friends, (assuming that they are such as may bear a christian interpretation) and trying humbly and prayerfully any spirit that comes abroad, and seeks to bring our own minds or the minds of others under its influence.

The former may be done under the influence of a legal spirit, be tainted with prejudice, or be pronounced with undue haste, and thus be contrary to the first elements, not only of christian, but even of common equity. The latter is absolutely necessary to a christian walk, and to a preservation from a thousand errors, delusions, and evils. The first is, or may be, altogether contrary to the precepts and spirit of the Gospel; the other is in full accordance with both. The first is a work of the flesh, and the fruit of a self-righteous, unhumiliated, undiscerning, unexercised, and ignorant heart. The other is a fruit of the Gospel, springs from the teaching of the Spirit, and is essential to all comfortable and christian walking. The first often, if not usually, springs from prejudice and enmity; the other flows from a spirit of love to the Lord, his word, and people.

Much more might be said to point out the clear distinction between these two things, but we trust we have said enough to show that the two passages, so far from contradicting each other, are in full accordance, not only with the letter, but the spirit of the Gospel.

Mr. Editor,—A controversy having arisen between minister and people on the one hand, and deacons and people on the other, respecting whether a woman has or has not a right, as a member of the church, to a voice—that is, an elective voice—in church matters, we have come to the conclusion to beg of you to decide the matter for us in your next number of the "Standard," and you will greatly oblige the deacons and friends of the above church.

Yours obediently,

F. F.

ANSWER.

We are surprised that any doubt should exist as to the right of female members having a voice in church matters. It is true that the Scripture does not lay it down in so many express terms, but the general analogy of faith strongly demands it.

A gospel church is spoken of as being the body of Christ (1 Cor. xii. 27); and therefore all the members, as in the human body, pos-

ness a like interest in the general welfare of the whole. To deny, therefore, the female members of the church the exercise of so important a right as a voice in the affairs of the church, would be equivalent to striking with paralysis perhaps more than half the members of the body. We are expressly assured that "in Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female," which implies that such natural distinctions as sex, age, or rank, find no place in the church of God. Have not the female members souls to be blessed and fed, as well as saved and sanctified? Have they not often a better experience and a clearer discernment in things of God than the men? Do they not usually form the larger portion of a church, as well as often being its most honorable and consistent members? Are they not as good judges of what is right or wrong; and would it be consistent with the liberty and equality that should pervade a church of God, that they should have no more voice in the most important matters that can come before it, than the seats on which they sit? For wise purposes, and as most becoming the modesty of the sex, women are forbidden to speak in the churches (1 Cor. xiv. 34); for every right-minded person can see it would be unbecoming the reserve of the sex to stand forth and make an oration before the men; but to vote and to speak are two very different things. To hold up the hand, or quietly express by voice a vote in favor of or against any measure that may affect the general welfare of the whole body, and get up and make a speech, are two quite distinct things. The latter would violate those first principles of decorum, which both nature and grace require and support; but the former is the exercise of an important privilege, to deprive the woman of which would be to rob the female members of their undoubted scriptural right and clear privilege.

AND sometimes I have thought, and I still think,—and more than think, I *believe*,—that the methods God takes in the dispensations of grace are such, that he will put it out of the power of the devil to be able to say, that there is any circumstance whatever, that is a match for grace. If the whole church of God were to be taken to heaven, like the dying thief and some others, as soon as God is pleased to quicken their dead souls, the enemy might have it to say—"Ah! the Lord knows very well, that if they were to live long, I should get them, after all; I should upset their confidence, and bring them back into my power; and, therefore, he is obliged to take them to heaven." Now the Lord says—"No, Satan; they shall go through a variety of toils and troubles and distresses; and as it was in the case of Job, so shall it be with numbers of my people; the devil shall have fair play to do all the devil can do, and yet I will save them, and let the power of my omnipotent grace be known." But then he might say, that the Lord is obliged to take such lingering steps, or he could not accomplish the work. "No," says the Lord; "you shall not have that to say; I will let you know, that my grace is such, that it can cut the work short in righteousness;" and there shall be no case or circumstance out of the reach of the power and efficacy of my grace." Thus grace shall "reign through righteousness unto eternal life," and the whole church shall be brought to triumph in the mysteries of his love."—*Gadsby*.

REVIEW.

“Memoir of the Tried Life and Happy Death of Richard Dove, a London Mechanic.” By the Rev. Bernard Gilpin, Minister of Port Vale Chapel, Hertford. London: James Nisbet and Co., Berners Street. Hertford: Stephen Austin, Fore Street.

THOMAS HARDY, in one of his excellent letters, makes the following remark, “The best Christians I meet with are generally Huntingtonians.” This witness is true. There is, or as we must now say there was, for so few of them are left, a depth and clearness of experience, a savor and a sweetness, a rich, tender, feeling, unctuous utterance, a discrimination between law and gospel, letter and spirit, form and power, a separation from a lifeless profession, whether presumptuous or pharisaical, which distinguished them, in a most marked and decisive manner, as a peculiar and separate people.* They had their failings and infirmities, as their justly admired and esteemed pastor and teacher had before them; and there were those, doubtless, in their ranks who had caught his faults without catching his grace, who were followers of his doctrine, but not followers of his Lord. Seeing all delusion but their own, taking hold of their teacher’s skirt, as if he could thereby pull them into heaven, idolising and extolling him, as if thereby a part of his grace were reflected upon themselves, and clinging to him as a servant of God, as if that were the sum and substance of Christian experience; if there were such amongst his hearers, it was only what he himself declared and denounced, and is but another proof of the desperate wickedness and deceitfulness of the heart of man. His eminent gifts and grace, his great abilities as a preacher and writer, his separating, discriminating ministry, and the power of God so evidently resting upon him, not only gathered together a large congregation, but wherever there was a saint of God of any deep experience of the law in other congregations seeking rest and finding none under a letter ministry, he as it were instinctively crept in to hear the man who could and did describe the feelings of his heart. And when from the same lips the gospel was preached, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, and pardon and peace reached his conscience, the wanderer settled under his ministry, as fraught with a divine blessing, and loved and revered him as the mouth of God to his soul. When he went into different parts of the country it was still the same. In Kent and Sussex, in the Isle of Ely, in Lincolnshire at Grantham, in Nottinghamshire at Newark and Nottingham, wherever he went, his Master went with him, and accompanied the word with signs following. His ministry was especially blessed to the gathering

* Our Obituary this month affords a marked instance in proof of this assertion.

together of the outcasts of Israel, those peculiar characters whom Hart so well describes:

“The poor dependents on his grace,
Whom men disturbers call;
By sinners and by saints withstood,
For these too bad, for those too good,
Condemn'd or shunn'd by all.”

Like Simon Peter, he was made a fisher of men. He could throw the hook into deep waters, where his brethren of the rod and line knew not where or how to angle. His own deep experience of the law, of divers temptations, of soul distress, of spiritual jealousy, of the hidings of God's face, enabled him to drop his line into the dark waters and gloomy sunken holes, where some spiritual fish hide and bury themselves out of sight and light; and his clear and blessed deliverance qualified him to angle also for those which leap and bask in the bright beams of the noon-day sun.

By his writings, occasional visits, and constant correspondence, he kept up the tie which knit him to his country friends. His liberal hospitality opened his house to them when they came to London, where he fed body and soul, entertaining them with his lively, witty, cheerful, yet spiritual conversation, reading at a glance their foibles and failings, and entering into their varied experience of sorrow and joy, with all the freedom and familiarity of an intimate friend, and all the authority of a revered and beloved teacher.

Amongst his town hearers and warmly attached friends and followers, was Richard Dore, the subject of the memoir before us. He was one of that class of hearers of whom John Rusk, Thomas Keyt, and, perhaps, Christopher Goulding, were types; men of naturally sound, vigorous understanding, with that sharpened activity and acuteness of mind, that peculiar readiness and intelligence, which characterise the London tradesman and mechanic. Mr. Huntington knew and highly esteemed him; and, as he was entangled in an unhappy marriage with a professing woman, who sat under the same ministry, is supposed to have had him in his eye in the “History of Little Faith.” For forty years this wretched woman was the plague of his life; for Mr. Dore did not die young, as “Little Faith” is represented, but lived to a very advanced age (nearly eighty-eight years,) retaining full possession of his mental faculties, but afflicted for many years with almost total deafness. He seems to have resided at Hertford during the latter period of his life, and to have attended the chapel where Mr. Gilpin preaches. He was thus brought under the special notice of Mr. Gilpin, who, possessing a very happy faculty of remembering and recording spiritual conversation, collected, at different periods, the experience of Richard Dore. Though published six or seven years ago, it only very recently fell into our hands, and we must say that a more interesting, spiritual, and edifying book we have not for a long while seen. It is thoroughly commended to our conscience, as a blessed testimony of the power of vital godliness and the real experience of a living soul; and as such, we have felt a desire to bring it before

our readers. Mr. Gilpin, we may observe by the way, was formerly a clergyman in the Establishment, but now ministers at Port Vale Chapel, Hertford, and though not much known to the church of God, evidently from this and some other memoirs which we have seen, knows and loves the truth from a personal gracious experience of its power.

The memoir thus opens :

Those who knew Mr. Dore during the latter years of his life, cannot fail to reverence his memory for the truth's sake; and to desire that some memorial may be made of him, as eminently one of those, who though "poor in this world, are chosen of God to be rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which God hath promised to them that love him." (James ii. 5.)

He was a person naturally of great firmness both of mind and body, large and athletic in frame, blunt and uncultivated in manner, but capable of tender affection, and his thoughts and expressions full of energy. He commanded the esteem of his acquaintance, as a man of strict integrity in word and deed, abhorring deceit in everything, most of all in religion.

For many of his latter years he labored under the great disadvantage of a deafness almost total. The only method of conversing with him was by his visitors writing down their questions or remarks on a slate, always kept by him for that purpose, which he would read and reply to. It pleased God to give him vigor of mind and strength of faith, to sustain this infirmity, though at times it weighed heavily upon him. He became increasingly fond of reading and meditation, and the result of both he would joyfully impart to others, with much freedom, and often to their spiritual edification. His constant companion was the Bible; and in the renewed diligence of his spirit in searching for its hidden treasures the word was truly fulfilled, "My son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother. Bind them continually upon thy heart, and tie them about thy neck. When thou goest it shall lead thee, when thou sleepest it shall keep thee, and when thou awakest it shall talk with thee. For the commandment is a lamp, and the law is light, and reproofs of instruction are the way of life." (Proverbs vi. 20-23.) It was the continual hunger and thirst of his soul, that led him to this unwearied diligence in searching the word; in which employment he found a never failing relief in all those inward conflicts and temptations which abounded in him as his consolations abounded.

It would appear that he was for many years, it cannot be said a hearer of Mr. Gilpin's, but an attendant at his chapel :

Notwithstanding his deafness, he persevered, while his bodily strength allowed, to attend public worship with the congregation to which he had long been united. For nearly fifteen years, being unable to hear a word, a quiet place was appointed for him, where he continued reading and praying throughout the service; and being directed by some friend to the text, he would sometimes, if asked afterwards, enlarge so freely upon the same subject, that one might have imagined he had heard the whole sermon. At other times his infirmity tried him severely; as he once expressed to a friend thus, "I know nothing now of what goes on in the world. I say, 'O Lord, thy people are comforted with one another's conversation, and I don't wish them to be as I am; but, when I was able to hear, the word from the preacher's mouth would enter my heart, and fill it with the love of God; now I often go and return again with a hard heart, being put to shifts, and I beg of the Lord to keep me. For,' say I, 'I cannot rejoice in what I do not hear; therefore, O Lord, unless Thou hold me up, it is impossible for me to go on.' And I am obliged to pray heartily."

As we have already alluded to his unhappy marriage, it would be perhaps as well to show how he was betrayed into a step which entailed upon him a cross which lasted forty years.

The next particular worthy of notice in Mr. Dore's life was his marriage,

which took place about the year 1790. Nearly forty years afterwards he became a widower, and from that period his daughter Rebecca lived with him to the close of his protracted life.

Before his acquaintance with the person whom he afterwards married, and at the very time he was under the strong hand of God in the beginning of his religious life, he had purposed to unite himself to one, who (to use his own words) "was to all appearance a quiet, innocent creature," but who was in truth a deeply designing hypocrite, and proved herself so by the profane ways she adopted in order to make him think her religious. Of these he was informed by some one who had detected them; yet his affections were so deeply entangled that he felt a sort of desperate determination to marry her, let the consequences be whatever they might, and began to make preparations accordingly. Just at that crisis he was reading in the book of Proverbs, and these words struck to his heart as a message sent for his warning from God. "He goeth after her straightway, as an ox goeth to the slaughter, or a fool to the correction of the stocks; till a dart strike through his liver, as a bird hasteth to the snare; and knoweth not that it is for his life." (Prov. vii. 22, 23.) "These words (I quote his own expression) struck me into a shivering at once. I was so terrified that I could not speak; and when a friend came in to see me, I could tell him nothing about it. However I was effectually cured, and never wished to marry that wicked woman afterwards."

After this providential escape, he began to feel himself too secure; "For," adds he, "I was so ignorant and careless that I never thought about asking the Lord how I should go on, and so after all I got a hypocrite for my wife. I became acquainted with another woman, and married her at once. I remember feeling afraid to pray about it, lest I should be hindered. She was a member of Mr. Huntington's church, and I thought that was enough. 'For the minister,' said I, 'has such good eyes that nothing can deceive him.' I supposed he could see through people all at once. I was no sooner married, and he heard of it, than I found out he knew I had been deceived in her; for he said to me of her, 'There is no Christ there.' This cut me like a dagger, but proved true indeed; for in about three weeks the war began, which went on till her death, nearly forty years afterwards.

"As long as ever she lived I had nothing but a continual dreadful trial with her. It is impossible to tell of the things I went through. Yet sometimes I got comfort in a strange way. She used to be worse than usual on the Sunday, so that many times to be quiet I have stayed out walking all the time between morning and evening service, with a dry crust for my dinner rather than be in the house with her."

What made this dreadful violence the more distressing to her poor husband, was her apparent softness and hypocritical religion shown to strangers. Her words were so plausible as to deceive many for a time, and she invented all sorts of calumny against her husband, thus trying to bring him into trouble. But the more he was known the less her reports were believed. His integrity stood the test; and parties who had only him to look to, to defray out of the hire of his labor the debts she had recklessly incurred, treated him with the most lenient forbearance, from the respect they bore to the probity of his character. One more quotation from his own words will suffice on this subject. "My wife teased me till I was obliged to let her sell the lease of our house and our furniture for nine hundred guineas, and I never had a farthing of the money. She spent it all in drink, and wasted it. I don't think I could bear it now so well as I bore it then, for I was simple, and afraid of doing wrong, and so I got imposed on. I did strike her once, being greatly provoked, and she had me up before the magistrates. But when they heard the provocation, they said, 'We can't blame you.'—And now these troubles are as if they had never been."

The remarks of Mr. Gilpin on this subject are much to the point:

This distressing dispensation of his unhappy marriage is calculated to enforce upon us terrible but most useful lessons. It seems as if the Lord, by suffering it, may have designed to treat with holy severity this good man's treacherous departure from a beginning which was right. He had just been

providentially delivered from a similar snare, when instead of the exhortation finding place in his heart, "Thou that thinkest thou standest, take heed lest thou fall," we find him immediately forsaking the Lord as his Counsellor, and blindly relying upon the judgment of man. Now if after beginning in the Spirit we thus end in the flesh, see what a terrible end it makes.

At the same time let us remember that a good man is not one who commits no faults and makes no mistakes; but one whose faults and mistakes are all overruled for good, and who in the end, "through the fear of God, comes forth of them all." As Mr. Dore afterwards said, "The Lord has mercifully brought me through all my trials, especially that one I had for so many years with my wife. I remember Mr. Huntington preaching once from this text, 'He that feareth God shall come forth of them all.' He was a man that could branch out many things in his sermons, and I used to sit and try how far I could find the evidences in myself, which he set forth as belonging to the people of God. I said of that sermon, 'It is all true, every word;' and so it has been to this day; here I am, and have 'come forth of them all!'"

The commencement of the work of grace upon his soul was faint; but, as is usually the case in those whom the Lord takes in hand, went on increasing in depth and power, till he was effectually killed to all legal hope. His experience, as given in the Memoir before us, was written from his own lips at various times by his friends taking notes of his conversation, and these were subsequently arranged in a continuous form. The first movement upon his conscience is thus recorded:

The first time I took notice of anything peculiar from God was when I was about seventeen years of age. I had burnt myself with gunpowder, and kept my bed senseless for a time, and unable to see because of the swelling. I lay in a little room, opposite a narrow window looking to the east. As the swelling went down, one morning the rising sun darted a ray into the room. The moment this ray of light entered my eyes, the Lord sent a ray of his wrath and judgment into my soul, which shewed me I was lost by nature and utterly undone. I burst into tears, and said, "I must be lost!" My mother heard me, and wanted me to see her Arminian ministers, but I would have none of them come near me. I prayed God to raise me up, and promised I would no more go on in my wickedness. He answered my prayer and raised me up, but I turned out worse and worse. I was quite ashamed at times of my evil ways; but that fear I had felt in my illness never left me. I used to be terrified at thunder, lest God should send me to hell at once for my wickedness. Once, at Birmingham, I was in a room with several people, and a storm came on. I was so frightened that I went down on my knees before them all, and began to pray the Lord's Prayer."

Soon after this he went to London, where he went through many alternations of feeling; sometimes sunk in fears of death and hell, and trying to reform, but ignorant of the way of salvation. The first gleam of hope he thus records:

"I walked about twenty yards from the door, along Oxford Street, and could almost show to this day the very stone I was standing on. It was a bright, cold night in March, the stars shone with uncommon lustre. I looked up, and 'Dear me,' I said, 'the stars are brighter than ever I knew them in my life before.' Just then a ray of light came directly down into my soul. Oh, it was a marvellous thing! It came as it were from the east into my heart. 'Lord,' I said, 'there is a Man in the heavens whom I love, and I know he loves me by what I feel.' I had never heard of such a thing as a man in the heavens. I had heard of angels and seraphim there, never of a man. I was never so surprised in my life. I put up my two hands, a little way apart, and said, 'I wish the elements would open, just so wide, that I might see him.' It filled my heart with praise. I ran on, blessing God for the preaching I had that day heard, though I had not understood it. I was before so afraid of the

devil that I dared not look behind me, now I thought I feared him no more than some straws which I remember seeing in my way. A sweet peace followed me till I reached my own door, and then left me. Yet the power of it has never left me to this day; I can never forget it. It was the very same joy I feel now. I thought next morning I would tell the man of it, who had first brought me to hear Mr. Huntington; but, as soon as he began to speak, I saw at once, though I was but just born, that he knew nothing. From that time it has been like fire and tow in my heart, a continual conflict; yet this ray of light has been never taken away and never shall."

But he had to sink into deeper waters, that he might prove the power of him who alone could deliver. The dealings of God were singular with him, and so was his deliverance.

"The last Sabbath spent in this trouble, I remember walking through every room in my house, and seeing my face in the glass, I thought my countenance had changed, and that madness was coming on. However, it was not to be so, but it was fearful work. I went to chapel, and the text was, 'I will put a bridle in the jaws of the people, causing them to err.'" (Isa. xxx. 28.) It was as if the whole discourse was to me alone, and had nothing to do with any one else. Going down Oxford Street, there was represented to my mind a number of people, and amongst them some religious professors whom I knew. I said to myself, 'You know your religion is better than theirs; if you can't stand, how can they stand?' 'Not at all,' I replied. I saw a line in my mind dividing the people into two parts, those on the right to be saved, those on the left to be lost. I saw that nothing could alter it. This shook me greatly. I looked up, and felt such infernal malice go up from my heart as never before nor since. It was truly the spirit of the devil himself. I said, with my teeth clenched, 'Oh, I wish there was no God!' Yet still there was a sort of crying or looking to God through all. In about four hours, I thought I could perceive in my mind that there was pity in God the Father towards me. It was as if he said in my heart, 'If you can prevail with my Christ, I will not stand in your way.' I caught it directly, for it showed me I had been praying to God without Christ. I remember the day well. I had envied the vilest reptile; my heart was shown to be full of such venom and spite as I am sure is in every soul; and if my power had been equal to my will, I should have pulled God from his throne, and trampled him under foot! There was a state to look to be saved in! Yet he looked down as if he had compassion upon me, and made me to understand I should find mercy if I could prevail on his Son, Christ.

"This did not at first deliver me from my trouble, but it kept me for two or three days doing nothing but crying to Jesus Christ to have mercy upon me. It was just like the breath coming and going, 'Lord Jesus, have mercy on me!' I prayed nothing else; and the next Tuesday night, about ten o'clock, going into the little back parlor of my house in Poland-street, I was so oppressed that I could not speak; but my heart was still crying, 'Lord Jesus, have mercy on me!' I fell on my knees, with my face looking downwards, and that same Lord Jesus, if ever he appeared to any man, appeared to me. I saw him standing at my left hand, and passing slowly towards my right. Just as he passed, he stooped down and looked up in my face; and the moment his eye glanced at mine, such a power proceeded from it into my heart as I can never describe. It wrought a revolution in my very soul. I can never tell all I saw. My sins were all laid upon him, and not mine only. He so innocent—I so guilty! I quite forgot my own misery, and thought only of him. I was grieved for him, and quite ashamed of myself. I loathed and abhorred myself worse than the vilest creature. The feeling in my body was as though my heart swelled, and I should be choked and die. But just then I burst into a flood of tears, which relieved me, and swept away all my hardness. I kept crying a long time, but it was not all sorrow. It was sorrow and joy, it was bitter and sweet, it was an ointment altogether. He appeared to pass on till he came to my right hand, and there stood still as plainly as man ever did. I remember his look exactly; I should know him again if I saw him. He was like a poor, care-worn young man, weighed down with sorrow and grief, heavily burdened with my sin and the sin of all that are to be saved. Just as it is

written of him, 'He hath no form nor comeliness, and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him. Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows.' How he went away I cannot tell; for I did not see him go away; but after he was gone, 'I said as surely as ever Simeon said it, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.' It made me to understand these words, 'He shall stand at the right hand of the poor, to save him from those that condemn his soul.' (Psalm cix. 31.) Oh, how this satisfied me, it was so very healing! My conscience was healed by the blood of the Lamb. I saw now no blood, but I felt the effects of it. I rejoiced as much as I was before sorrowful, 'with joy unspeakable and full of glory;' for the Lord had turned out the devil, and taken his place in my heart. 'Then was my mouth filled with laughter, and my tongue with singing.' It made me laugh for joy even as I went along the streets. The very next day I was laughing while at my work, and did not know that others observed me, and they said, 'See how Dore is laughing;' for I did not use to laugh while in that misery. The Song of Solomon used to come to my mind, 'He is the chiefest among ten thousand. His mouth is most sweet; yea, he is altogether lovely. This is my beloved, and this is my friend.' But what words can make this peace to be understood as I then felt it in my soul! Oh, I bless and thank his holy name!"

The extracts that we have made from the book will show that it is no common Memoir, and that Mr. Dore was a man of no common experience. He had a religion wrought by the power of God in his soul; and that which the Lord began, the Lord carried on. The life of God was kept alive in his soul up to the latest hour of his life. In his youth he had been led to offer up many fervent prayers, that the Lord would not suffer his religion to wither in his old age. Those prayers were abundantly answered, and though for many years, during the last stages of his earthly pilgrimage, he was cut off, by almost total deafness, from hearing the preached word, yet, as will be observed from our first extract, the word of God was his constant companion; and to these holy fountains of inspired truth, he continually came, and was often permitted and enabled to drink blessed draughts of love and mercy, that flow so richly and freely in and through them.

Being a man of great natural vigour of mind, being blessed with a deep and clear experience, and being well instructed in the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, his conversation was singularly original, spiritual, and experimental. Mr. Gilpin, possessing great facility in taking down the exact words of those with whom he converses, has, with great wisdom and honesty of purpose, given them, in all their unvarnished simplicity, to the church of God, and has appended to the Memoir some extracts of Mr. Dore's conversations. We should be pleased to give some of these more fully, but our limits, especially considering the copious extracts that we have already given, will only permit us to lay before our readers the following paragraphs:

"If you cannot feel as you wish, God says, 'Ask, and ye shall receive.' Come unto me, and tell me your griefs, 'for every one that asketh, receiveth.' 'I am the Lord, and I change not.' It is impossible that you can ask and not receive; if you do not ask, it is because you do not want. Tell him your wants simply. If you get into the way of conversing with the Lord Jesus, you do not know how it will grow; you will in the end tell him every secret which you can tell no one else. You can go and say, 'I should like to confess my sin and forsake it; but I cannot, it holds me so fast. Do help me.'

“It is the want of a clear view that his sins are forgiven, which makes a man afraid of death. Nothing but love removes this tormenting fear. You have not this love at all times; but at times it slips into your heart and makes you say, ‘I love the Lord, because he has forgiven my sins.’ And it is only by love that you know that your sins are forgiven. If you ever had this love you will not finally lose it. Those three verses, Rom. viii., 28, 29, 30, must make a man know his state, if he is made honest. He must know whether there has been a call at some time or other, in some way or other, in some place or other. He must know if he was ever stopped in his mad career. Now if you are ‘called,’ it is because you are ‘predestinated’ to have your sins pardoned; and if so you shall be ‘glorified;’ and if you have these things, what shall ‘separate you from the love of God?’ I would pray, if I were you, day and night until I obtained it. I did so, but I never expected to be answered so full as I was. Yet I continued praying on, for the Lord kept me at it.”

OUR God and bridegroom is a jealous God, jealous of his people’s love; and those that love him are jealous of his love: and where there are two real lovers, both tinctured with jealousy, there will be quibbles, disputes, surmisings, and suspicions. They will harrow up old grievances, sifting things to the bottom; provocations, reasonings, arguments; kissing and making up, then breaking out again; scuffling, striving, assuming airs of consequence and deep compunction for it; disdainful looks and silent tears; bitter words and loving hearts; perverse lips and pious grief; contending, and yet fearing; murmuring, and trembling at it; running away, and looking back; longing to chide, but fearing to speak; wishing to claim, but afraid to presume. I am for a wedding, but he is forbidding. I have been at this till my carcase has been nothing but a bag of bones; envying all, yet best off myself. But now I know that he is faithful, and loves for ever.—*Huntington.*

THE Assyrians, who had captured the ten tribes, and been victorious a little against the Jews, might think that the God of Israel had been conquered by their gods, as well as the people professing him had been subdued by their arms; that God had lost all his power: and the Jews might argue from God’s patience to his enemies, against the credit of the prophet’s denouncing revenge. The prophet answers to the terror of the one and the comfort of the other, that this indulgence to his enemies—and not accounting with them for their crimes—proceeded from the greatness of his patience, and not from any debility in his power. As it refers to the Assyrian, it may be rendered thus: You Ninevites, upon your repentance after Jonah’s thundering of judgments, are witnesses of the slowness of God to anger, and had your punishments deferred; but, falling to your old sins, you shall find a real punishment, and that he hath as much power to execute his ancient threatenings, as he had then compassion to recall them. His patience to you then was not from want of power to ruin you, but was the effect of his goodness toward you. As it refers to the Jews, it may be thus paraphrased: Do not despise this threatening against your enemies because of the greatness of their might, the seeming stability of their empire, and the terror they possess all the nations with round about them. It may be long before it comes, but assure yourselves the threatening I denounce shall certainly be executed, though he hath patience to endure them a hundred and thirty-five years (for so long it was before Nineveh was destroyed after this threatening, as Ribera computes from the years of the reign of the kings of Judah); yet he hath also power to verify his word, and accomplish his will: assure yourselves he will not at all acquit the wicked.—*Charnock.*

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

SEPTEMBER, 1857.

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

THE EFFICACY OF THE WORD.

“As the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater, so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it. For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace.”—Isa. lv. 10-12.

WHEN God had made this wonderful world in which we live, a council was held by the three divine persons of the Godhead, on the subject of man's creation, as the chief and masterpiece of the whole work. And in this the wisdom and goodness of God appeared, that man should not be formed till the sixth and last day of the creation, that all the accommodations might be ready provided for him when made; the earth for his habitation, and all creatures for his special use; the fruits of the earth for his profit and pleasure, and light, and heat, and air for his delight, comfort, and refreshment; and, in short, all things that could be wished for and desired to make his life happy. “And God said, let *Us* make man in our image after our likeness.” (Gen. i. 26.) God the Father here speaks to the other two divine Persons of the Trinity, as co-workers with him in creation; and it was no sooner said than done. For in the next verse it is written: “So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him.” Man was created different from all other creatures; he was created in that form which it was settled in eternity, should, “in the fulness of time,” be assumed by the Son of God, and which he speaks of as *prepared* for him. (Heb. x. 5.) He was not made in the likeness of any of the creatures already made, but as near as could be in the likeness and image of God; in the immortality of his soul; in his intellectual powers; in that purity, innocence, and righteousness in which he was created; and in his dominion, power, and authority over the creatures; in which he was God's vicegerent, and resembled him. God placed Adam in a garden abounding with all that the heart of man could wish for food; and he was allowed to eat of the fruit of all the trees, excepting one, called “the tree of knowledge of good and evil.” And God said to him, “In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.” (Gen. ii. 17.) Adam's life on earth, then, with all the various blessings he enjoyed, was made dependent on his obedience to a divine command. There was a

covenant engagement between God and Adam, which we call the covenant of works; and in this covenant it was settled, that if Adam did what God had commanded, and abstained from eating of the forbidden tree, he would enjoy an endless life of happiness upon earth, but that if he disobeyed God, and ate of the forbidden tree, he should die, and return to the dust from which he was made. (Gen. iii. 19.)

But Adam soon broke this covenant. Though made in the image and likeness of God, he soon sinned against him, by eating of the forbidden tree; and “thus Adam broke both the tables, and all the commandments.” 1st. He chose him another God whom he followed—the devil. 2nd. He idolised and deified his own belly, as the apostle’s phrase is—his belly he made his god. 3rd. He took the name of God in vain, when he believed him not. 4th. He kept not the rest and estate wherein God had set him. 5th. He dishonored his Father which was in heaven, wherefore his days were not long in that land which the Lord his God had given him. 6th. He massacred himself and all his posterity. 7th. In eyes and mind he committed spiritual fornication. 8th. He stole that (like Achan) which God had set aside not to be meddled with; and his stealth is that which troubles all Israel—the whole world. 9th. He bore witness against God when he believed the witness of the devil above him. 10th. He coveted an evil covetousness, which cost him his life and all his progeny.

And in the day that Adam broke the covenant, he became obnoxious to the curse of the law, which is *death*, a corporeal, spiritual, and eternal death. He was at once stripped of the immortality of his body, which God had bestowed on it, and became mortal, subject to diseases and a corporeal death; and so all his posterity, for “in Adam all die.” (1 Cor. xv. 22.) Immediately a spiritual or moral death seized on all the powers and faculties of his soul; his understanding became darkened; his mind and conscience defiled; his affections inordinate; his will biassed to that which is evil, and to every good work lifeless and reprobate, until restored by the grace of God; as every man is dead in trespasses and sins until quickened. And Adam became obnoxious to eternal death, which God had decreed should be the just wages of sin, which is no other than the wrath of God revealed against all unrighteousness, and which comes upon the children of disobedience; and there are none of his sons but are such. This is the grand curse, the flying roll in Zachariah’s vision, that goes over the face of the whole earth, and cuts off the sinner on this and the other side, and which the wicked will hear at the last great day, in those awful words, “Go, ye cursed, into everlasting fire.” But the righteous will be saved from it, because Christ has redeemed them from the curse of the law, and delivered them from the wrath to come. When Adam sinned, he sinned not as a private person, but as the head of the whole human race; and they became sinners in him and exposed to the curse of God. “By one man,” says the apostle, “sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed

upon all men, for that (or in whom) all have sinned." "By the offence of one, judgment came upon all men to condemnation." (Rom. v. 12, 18.) *All* Adam's posterity come into the world sinners, by his sin which cleaves to them, and is imputed to them; and this is true of children who die before they can commit actual sins. And they are not only accounted sinners by his transgression, but inherit from him a corrupt nature, which soon leads them to commit actual sins, and to show by their wicked works that they no longer bear the image and likeness of God, in which Adam was created, but are enemies to him. This corruption of nature is universal in every age and period of time; whenever God took a survey of the state and condition of mankind, this was the sum of the account: "They are *all* gone aside, they are altogether become filthy; there is none that doeth good, no not one." (Psa. xiv. 3.) And this corruption of nature extends to all the powers and faculties of the soul, and to the members of the body. The heart is described as "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." (Jer. xvii. 9.) "The inward parts very wickedness." (Psal. v. 9.) "The thoughts of the heart evil continually." (Gen. vi. 5.) "The mind and conscience defiled." "The understanding darkened through the ignorance that is in it." (Eph. iv. 18.) "The will averse to that which is good, and not subject to the law of God." (Rom. viii. 7.) The affections of men are all described as inordinate, as all running in a wrong channel, and fixed on wrong objects; and that they hate what they should love, and love what they should hate. They hate the good, and love the evil; and they are lovers of sinful lusts and pleasures, rather than lovers of God, of good men, and good things. In short, there is no place clean, and no part free from the pollution and influence of sin. If it should be asked, *when* this corruption of nature takes place in man, the Scriptures tell us that "the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth." (Gen. viii. 21.) That "the wicked are estranged from the womb," (Psal. lviii. 3;) that is, alienated from God; being under the power of a moral death, or being "dead in trespasses and sins." Nay, David carries the pollution of his nature still higher, for he says: "Behold I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me." (Psal. li. 5.) And if David, so famous for godliness and religion, "a man after God's own heart," whom he raised up to fulfil his will; if he was tainted with sin in his original formation, then surely the same must be true of all other men.

And now, let us turn from this sad account of Adam's fall, and the effects of it on his posterity, to a more pleasing theme, even the love and mercy of God displayed in the salvation of his elect people by Jesus Christ. Here, then, I must remind you, that as things future are the same with God as things present, and "one day is with him as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day," (2 Pet. iii. 8,) so in eternity, God foreknew the fall of the first man, and that he and his descendants would become sinners, and would therefore be exposed to the curse and condemnation of his law. Nay, God determined to permit the fall; and that it was

by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God is certain from this, that the sufferings and death of Christ, by which is the redemption of men from that sin, and all others, were ordained before the foundation of the world, which must have been precarious and uncertain, if Adam's fall was not by a like decree. (Acts ii. 22.) God was not taken by surprise when Adam fell, for he had made preparation for it in eternity, and was not an idle spectator of the event when it came to pass. No doubt he could have restrained Adam from sinning, as he withheld Abimelech from sinning against him, and Balaam from cursing the people of Israel. He could have done the one as well as the other; but it was not his *will*: and as he foreknew, so he suffered that event to come to pass, and no doubt did so that it might be for his own glory; that his justice and holiness might be glorified in the destruction of his enemies, and his love, grace, and mercy be glorified in the salvation of his elect.

But though the fall of Adam was according to the foreknowledge and decree of God, yet it was not the will of God that all his descendants should perish by reason of that fall. In eternity, God set his love upon a portion of mankind, whom he did foreknow, and had their names all written in heaven (Luke x. 26), in the Book of Life, (Phil. iv. 3;) and thus early determined that they should have a better life than what they would lose by Adam's transgression; not that endless life on earth which he promised to Adam, on his obedience, but an endless life of glory with himself in heaven. And he made early provision for their safety, for he set up his own dear co-equal and co-eternal Son to be their Saviour, before he made the world; as he himself says: "I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was; rejoicing in the habitable part of his earth, and my delights were with the sons of men." (Prov. viii. 23—31.) Yea, before all time, or before the earth or anything was created, Christ was set up, or fore-ordained to be the Saviour of a portion of mankind, who were the objects of his own and of his Father's love; and he rejoiced at the work he was set up to do for them. His delights were with them according to the fore-view he had of them in his divine mind, as beheld in the glass of his Father's decrees; as "chosen in him before the foundation of the world," (Eph. i. 4,) and given him by his Father as his children, and spouse, and bride. He united them all to himself, and they became "his body the Church," (Col. i. 18;) of which he is the head, and they are the members; and by virtue of this union they shall live with him in glory: for it is no more possible that the members should perish, than that the head should; "Because I live," says he, "ye shall live also," (John xiv. 19.) And for the temporal, spiritual, and eternal good of these persons, the Father entered into covenant with the Son; and in this covenant, called "the covenant of grace," because proceeding from the free grace and love of God to them, it was agreed upon, that as they would be partakers of flesh and blood, Christ also should take part of the same. (Heb. ii. 14.) It was settled

in covenant that he should assume their nature, in order that he might obey for them the whole law and will of God; for, as God he could not obey; it was necessary that he should become man. And it was settled that he should shed his blood as an atonement for their sins, for it was the will of God that "without shedding of blood there should be no remission." (Heb. ix, 22) In short, it was agreed upon, that Christ in human nature should do that for the chosen ones, which, by reason of their fall in Adam, they would be too weak to do for themselves, even to satisfy the holiness of God's law, by a perfect obedience to it in all its spiritual requirements; and then to satisfy the justice of God by shedding his blood, the greatest atonement that could be made for their sins, and by suffering the penalty of death, as their Surety, and in their stead. And as the Son cheerfully and willingly consented to do all that was required of him in this covenant transaction, for the chosen ones, and to remove all impediments that lay in the way of their salvation, the Father promised, among many other blessings, eternal life for as many as he had given him. And as this is the great comprehensive promise of the covenant, the apostle John speaks of it as if it were the only one: "This is *the* promise," says he, "that he hath promised us, even eternal life." (1 John ii. 25.) "This is *the* record," says he, "that God hath given us eternal life, and this life is in his Son." (1 John v. 11.) The Father put into the hands of the Son eternal life, for all that he had given him, and it is in him, and at his disposal. Eternal life, or a life of happiness and glory hereafter, is in the present state unseen, but will in the world to come be a life of vision, free from all the sorrows and imperfections of this; and will be of the utmost perfection and pleasure, and for ever. It is a pure free grace gift of God the Father, proceeding from his sovereign good will and pleasure, which he gives to all his chosen ones, for they are "ordained to eternal life," (Acts xiii. 48;) to as many as he has given to his Son, (John xvii. 2;) to all that are redeemed by his blood, and are brought to believe in him: to these he gave it in his Son before the world began; and to the same in time he gives the right unto it, the meetness for it, and the pledge and earnest of it: and will hereafter give them the thing itself, the whole of it, to be possessed and enjoyed by them in person to all eternity. And this life is in his Son, not only the purpose and promise of it, but the thing itself; Christ asked it of his Father in the covenant of peace, (Psal. xxi. 4;) and he gave it to him, that he might have it in himself for all his people. Here then it is safe and secure; it is "hid with Christ in God," (Col. iii. 3;) it is "bound up in the bundle of life" with him, (1 Sam. xxv. 29;) and because he lives, this life shall never be lost, nor shall they come short of it. Yea, as Christ, "in the fulness of time," came into this world, and performed all the stipulated conditions of the covenant, in order "that they might have life," and a more abundant one (John x. 10) than what they lost by Adam's fall; he will see to it that they are put in possession of it, and he has proclaimed it, as it were, in a tone of authority, as his will and his right. "Father,

I will," said he, "that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory," (John xvii. 24;) and at the last great day he will present them before the Father with exceeding joy, saying: "Behold I and the children which God hath given me." (Heb. ii. 13.) "I came down from heaven," said he, "not to do my own will, but the will of him that sent me; and this is the Father's will which hath sent me, that of all which he hath given me, I should lose nothing, but raise it up again at the last day. (John vi. 38, 39.) Now as these persons, few in number indeed when compared to the great mass of mankind, and whom Paul speaks of as a "remnant according to the election of grace," (Rom. xi. 5,) inherit from Adam, in common with the rest of mankind, a corrupt nature; for if the fountain has become impure, the streams must be so, and come into this world not only guilty, but filthy, and are therefore, while in their natural state, not only unfit for the pure and spiritual enjoyments of that inheritance reserved for them in heaven, but unfit for communion with God on earth, or to live to his praise; it is his will that they should be regenerated, or "born again" by the power of his grace and Spirit, and become "new creatures." And as "the potter hath power over the clay of the same lump to make one vessel unto honor and another to dishonor," (Rom. ix. 21,) so God, in his own good time, makes his people "vessels unto honor, sanctified and meet for the Master's use." (2 Tim. ii. 21). And this he promised in covenant, and the promise runs thus: "From all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you; a new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh; and I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments and do them; and ye shall be my people, and I will be your God: and I will save you from all your uncleannesses." (Ezek. xxxvi. 25-29.) Yea, God in his own time singles out of the filthy crowd of mankind, "one of a city, and two of a family," (Jer. iii. 14,) according to the good pleasure of his will, and plants new and holy principles of grace in them: principles of light and life, and love and grace, and holiness and joy, and peace and comfort; and makes them meet for communion with him here, and for that pure, holy, and undefiled inheritance in store for them hereafter. "This people have I formed (or new formed), for myself," says he; "they shall shew forth my praise. (Isa. xliii. 21.)*"

(To be continued in our next.)

* The writer of the above piece who has now been dead a few years, formerly lived at Bedford, and has left behind him a considerable number of manuscripts on religious subjects. He was gifted with clear, sound views of divine truth, and a neat, plain, unassuming style to set them forth. It will be seen that there is nothing very deep or experimental, or very sweet or savoury in his writings; but as a sound and scriptural exposition of truth, we have felt disposed to give the above a place in our pages.

THE SIEGE OF JERICHO.

Dear Friend,—In travelling through a large field, in the Holy Land, I suddenly alighted on a small spot of ground which heretofore was called Jericho, but which in these latter days has another name, which my brother knows well. Here I stopped, and pondering and inquiring a little while, I found it formerly was a strong-walled, rebellious city, which was besieged, taken, and destroyed by Joshua and the children of Israel. Now, many things respecting this city, with the taking of it, particularly struck my mind, and I cannot help submitting them to my brother's judgment. First, its being in the Holy Land while in rebellion, to me represents a sinner in God's covenant, while in a state of nature; its strong walls, the enmity of the carnal mind; its king with his mighty men of valor, the strong man armed that keeps the palace, by ignorance, enmity, pride, and hardness of heart, which keep the soul in a false peace. It being given to Joshua, or Jesus, by the Lord, before he took one step against it, sets forth the elect being given to Christ long before he came to destroy him that had the power of death, and to set these captives free. "Thine they were, and thou gavest them me." Thus having marked out my ground, I shall begin to file my men for the siege.

And the first thing that Joshua did, he sent spies into the city. These spies I consider to be the all-seeing eye of God which spies the elect, continually working reflections and convictions, which at last terminate in a close shutting up under the law. Now as soon as these spies entered the city, the king was moved with a determination to put them to death; thus it is with the sinner. No sooner do reflections and convictions begin to work, but Satan, with all his art and malice, endeavors to stifle them; but as it was with Jericho, so it is with the sinner; these terrors will work a Rahab, or faith, that will take them in; and this makes the battle more severe. The city becomes divided against itself; the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh, and a man's enemies are those of his own house. The flesh wants to be gratified; the Spirit denies, rebukes, reproves, with threatenings of eternal punishment. Now to heighten this distress, armed men are ordered by Joshua to march round the city six times a day. These armed men I conceive to be the terrors of death, which in Scripture is called the king of terrors; and one in these circumstances cried out and said, "The arrows of the Almighty are within me; the terrors of God do set themselves in array against me, and pursue my soul as the wind." The next thing that was to follow these armed men, were seven priests, with seven trumpets of rams' horns. The ram's horn is the law of God, the priests are the ministers that sound it, and a strange sound it makes when it enters a sinner's conscience; there is nothing but cursing and condemning all the day long, with threatenings of wrath continually. "Thy wrath," says one, "lieth hard upon me." "I am consumed because of thy wrath." "O that I had wings like a dove! I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest." The next thing that

struck me was, these armed men were to go round the city six days, which, I think, represents the same as the six days' work of the Lord, which the Apostle Paul declares to point out the law-work on a sinner's conscience, before the Lord Christ is savingly revealed: "He that is entered into rest, he hath also ceased from his own works, as God did from his." The next thing was to follow the ark of God's covenant, in which is displayed the love, favor, and mercy of God, shining in the face of our spiritual ark, the Lord Jesus Christ. This may show us that all true convictions are attended with discoveries of mercy, as well as justice and wrath; the one breaks in pieces, the other softens and melts; one wounds, the other heals; one kills, the other makes alive; one drinks up the spirits, the other revives them; and thus at once may be seen the goodness and severity of the Lord.

What I shall next notice is the dawning of the seventh day. You know how, under the law, a leper was to be shut up seven days, and on the seventh day the priest was to look upon him, which look is no more, I think, than the Sun of Righteousness arising on the soul with healing in his wings; as saith Peter, "Take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place," the heart, "until the day dawn and the day-star arise in your hearts." And when the day began to break they went round the city seven times; and at the seventh time they gave a shout, at which the walls fell down. In this is represented the Lord Jesus Christ. When he had finished the work on earth, he went up with a shout, leading captivity captive; and when he subdueth a sinner's heart, there is a shout, at which carnal enmity gives way, and love succeeds. All are put to the sword but Rahab and her family, faith with its different graces; and a curse is pronounced on this city, and him that builds its walls; in his first-born son he shall lay the foundation, not when he is born again.

It was not my intention to have sent this, but to have enlarged, as this is only the outlines; but though there seemed plenty of materials, there seemed a want of time, and, thinking there might be both in London, I have left my brother to enlarge as much as he please. Fare you well.

P. BRICE.

LET nothing carry thee away, my dear brother; let God every morning have the first minutes of the day, and the first thoughts of the morning. Let him be thy first counsellor, and let him have the casting voice in all thy consultations. "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy steps; commit thy ways unto him, and thy thoughts shall be established." When God has been pleased to indulge us with nearness of access to him, and freedom and enlargement before him; with humility and self-abhorrence attended with love and gratitude to him; with hope in him, and peace with him, how composed and becalmed is the mind! How tranquil and serene is the soul! And with what fortitude and satisfaction do we go forth to meet the toils and troubles of the day, conscious that there is nothing standing between us and our God, through the great undertaking and full satisfaction made by the surety of the better testament.—*Huntington.*

WHOM THE LORD LOVETH HE CHASTENETH.

My dear Friend,—In obedience to the impression on my mind, I would act in accordance with the apostolic injunction, to “remember them that are in bonds, as being bound with them, and them that suffer adversity, as being myself also in the body,” and not only liable to, but in reality having lately suffered both in mind and body, from bonds and afflictions, according to the promise and purpose of him who hath said, “In the world ye shall have tribulation.” The Lord “worketh all things after the counsel of his own will,” and does not afflict willingly or wantonly, to grieve his dear people; for whom he loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. So to be, my dear friend, without this fatherly chastisement, and friendly visitation, would be solemn marks against our childship; for then we might fear we were “bastards, and not sons:” “for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not?” And though “no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous, nevertheless, afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them that are exercised thereby.” For chastening to the Lord’s own people frequently produces much and painful exercise, both of body and mind; under which afflictive visitation there is much exercise from different objects, and on different subjects. For instance, the poor body, through affliction, under this chastening power, becomes weak, pained, enfeebled, emaciated, and worn; in conjunction with which, the mind is low, heavy, fearful, and desponding. In connection with this also, the precious soul, and its eternal interests, become beclouded, becalmed, dark, gloomy, and sad; former experience seems to be lost, and present feelings seem to indicate no religion at all. In and under this the Lord is pleased to allow the great enemy of souls—as in the case of Job, though in a less degree—to try us, and tempt us, from morning till night, and from night till morning, not only to the more common, but frequently to the most uncommon temptations, that even make us shudder, and respecting which we dare tell none but the Lord. Thus then, under these chastenings of the Lord’s hand, there is a weak and afflicted body, a dark and cheerless mind, a feelingly barren, empty, and benighted soul, either as to present enjoyment, or future security and blessedness; and a tempting, roaring, lion-like enemy, all meeting. Is not this calculated to produce deep and painful exercise of mind and soul? Indeed it is, and it does to those who have ever been quickened and made alive by the Almighty Quickener, the Lord the Holy Spirit. And again, as the Lord is pleased to suffer the enemy to try them, so does he try them himself; as it is written, “The Lord trieth the righteous;” and, “When he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold,” which trial, though seemingly severe, is “more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire;” “for the fire shall try every man’s work, of what sort it is;” and this, by the Lord, was never intended to destroy the gold, but the dross; not the wheat, but the chaff and stubble; not the silver, but the wood. From which it is

evident, that the great end the Lord has in view in trying his people by his chastening visitations, is not to destroy his grace in them but to try it; not to stifle it, but to draw it into use and exercise. Many graces of the blessed Spirit would have but little room for active scope or exercise but for the trials, temptations, tribulations, and afflictions arising out of, and consequent on, divine chastisements. For instance, if all our religion consisted in sense and feeling, we should not want faith, which has most to do with things hoped for, and is "the evidence of things not seen," and without which it is impossible to please God. If all were light, we should not need to be exhorted to trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his word in the dark. If we had always the Lord's comforting and manifested presence, there would be no sorrow or sadness at his departure, or watching, waiting, and longing for his return. Were he always to answer us immediately, there would be no room for patience to have her perfect work. In a word, no tribulation, no feeling need; and if no necessity, no message to the throne of grace; if no message, no prayer; and if no prayer, no answer; and if no answer, no praise and thanksgiving for mercies thus vouchsafed. Thus you see, my dear friend, that the Lord trieth the righteous, under which they are exercised, and sometimes most deeply and solemnly, too, that the whole of their religion is not only called into question, but seems to have no real vital existence; so that while thus under the sore and chastening visitation, the soul is indeed "exercised thereby." "Nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby," not before, but after; the root before the fruit, the seed time before the harvest; as it is written, "He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again bringing his sheaves with him; and he that soweth in tears shall reap in joy." The storm and then the calm; the exercise and then the peace; "for in the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me peace; therefore be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." Therefore, as fatherly chastisements, sanctified by the blessed Spirit, are exercising things, so afterwards fruitful, in yielding the peaceful fruits of righteousness unto them that are exercised thereby." For in the salvation of the Church, and in all the Lord's dealings with that Church, in every member of the same, from the womb to the tomb, every species of righteousness is included. Instance, the righteousness of the law and the gospel, of man and of God, all meeting and centring in our Lord Jesus Christ, and revealed in the gospel, and "all working for good to them that love God, and are the called according to his purpose;" which sanctified chastening serves as a cloud to cover the hand that holds the rod, and brings peace and quietness; as the way the God of peace taketh to bring the peaceable fruits of righteousness into the troubled breast. For be assured that our joys can never spring from the painful root of our sorrow, or our peace from our trouble, abstractedly considered; but from "the God of peace," who so sanctified both our trouble and sorrow, that out of the eater shall come

forth food, and out of the strong sweetness, and from the dunghill a prince shall rise, and take his seat among his fellows. Hence it is I trust I have been led so to write; and unto my suffering friend I would say, the Lord cheer and support you under your affliction, and his fatherly chastisement. The rod may be feared, and seem severe, but it hath a voice; but it is in thy Father's hand, which dear hand I pray thou mayest see, and kiss with the kiss of suffering affection. Though your affliction be severe, may the Lord support you under it; and though your poor mind may be much tossed respecting it, the Lord, who is, I trust, your Lord, "knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation," either by taking them home to himself, or removing it from them while here.

May the Lord bless you and keep you, cause his face to shine upon you, and give you peace by all means, for the dear Redeemer's sake. Amen.

Gloucestershire.

R.

MR. HUNTINGTON TO A LADY.

Well, Sister Ann, and how do you do? What dost thou think concerning Jesus of Nazareth, a man mighty in word and deed, before God and all the people, who loved poor sinners with a love stronger than death, and who for our sakes became poor that we, by his poverty, might be made rich? Dost thou see any form or comeliness in him whereby he should be desired? Do thy thoughts go out after him, and hover like a swarm of bees over and about him? Is there any desire in thy soul after him? Hast thou got any wounds that want healing, any appetite that wants filling, and blindness that wants moving; any hardness that wants melting, any grief that wants soothing, any debts that want discharging, any filth that wants purging, any spot that wants washing, any knots that want untying, any bands that want loosing, and burdens that want bearing; any yoke that wants breaking, any broken bones that want binding up, any faintness that wants strength, any weak hands or feeble knees; in short, art thou full of wants, and wanting all in all? If so, give me thine hand, and come up into the chariot, and see my zeal for God. I am servant to the Great Physician; I visit my master's patients, enquire after their health, and lay their various cases before him, and carry out medicine; and am an eye, and ear, and living witness of an innumerable number of famous and wonderful cures, even the leprosy, the plague of the heart, and the plague in the head. I attend consumption, soul labour, and soul travail. I have been at the birth of the new man, and at the death of the old man. I have been a wet nurse and a dry nurse. I have attended miscarrying wombs, and seen untimely fruit like a snail that has never seen light. I have made caudle for others when I have wanted it myself. I have given suck to strangers, and at times have envied them every drop they have swallowed down. I have been permitted to carry leaves from the tree of life, and gathered fruit from the same every month, week, day, and hour,

and sometimes all day long. I have been permitted to carry my master's balm from place to place among the sick; and as many as have touched it have been made perfectly whole. And now, as I have shewed you my country and occupation, from whence I came, and what people I am of, and my present calling, is there anything wanting in our way?

What sayest thou of thyself? Consider these things, weigh them well, and seek relief while it may be had, if thou art sensible of thy need, and learn for the future to show a little more lenity becoming thy high station; severity seldom succeeds, nor does it spread the fame abroad to the honor of the higher powers.

Sister M., farewell, be of good cheer, be of good comfort; seek the best Treasurer, the best Way, and the best End; while I remain, with all due respect, distance, and submission, your greatness's most obedient and devoted servant, for His sake,

WM. HUNTINGTON.*

THROUGH FIRE AND WATER INTO A WEALTHY PLACE.

Dear Friend and Beloved in the Lord,—I received yours, and was glad to find you are kept alive to your poverty in self and creatures, and that your sole wealth is in Jesus Christ, in whom we possess unsearchable riches. To grope within for that which only can be found in Christ, is a part of our folly, which is daily manifested by us; and to look only unto Jesus for all good, is the work of the Holy Spirit within us, which is given us by the Father, to wean us from self and creatures and to trust in Christ alone. We come through fire and water into this wealthy place. There are a fiery law, fiery temptations, fiery trials, from sinner and from saint; and the water of the Divine Spirit is poured upon and into our hearts through the gospel doctrines, precepts, and promises, in streams of light, life, love, help, consolation, and comfort. This was and is a thorny path to flesh and blood, sense, and reason; yet he is a rich merchant who has bought eyesalve and gold tried in the fire, and white raiment without money and without price.

“To trust in Christ alone,
By thousand dangers scared,
And righteousness have none,
Is something very hard.
Whate'er men say, the needy know
It must be so; it is the way.”

The first time I met with Satan after my pardon was sealed, he told me I was a first-rate saint, and proved to me from the word of God, that I was as safe as if I was then in heaven. I knew him not

* The above admirable and most characteristic letter by the immortal coal-heaver has been given to us as an original and unpublished letter. We have not thought it worth while to verify this by searching among his works, feeling that, whether published or not, it will be as fresh and as full of life, power, and savour to those who love the truth as it was when the ink was first wet from his pen.

in this dress and manner, and he did me an injury I am smarting under to this day, and the effects of which I shall, I fear, carry to the grave with me.

“An open foe may prove a curse,
But a pretended friend is worse.”

The desperate depravity of our nature is the thicket where this lion lurks, and through which he pounces upon his prey; but the Shepherd of Israel will never suffer him to destroy one lamb of the flock, although he occasionally is permitted only to leave us half alive, nay almost without a sign of life. Yes, it is indwelling sin, and carnal reason, unbelief and sense, that give us the keenest wounds, and make us go mourning all the day long.

Notwithstanding all the violent wrenchings of our hearts from creature love and creature dependence, and the painful feeling as a consequence; yet, fool-like, if Joseph is taken, we cleave to Benjamin; if Joseph, Simeon, and Benjamin are taken, we must die, and the bowels of self move so feelingly that we are oft carried away by force, until the dear Lord appears, dispels the illusion, and shows himself our Omnipotent, Immutable, and Ever-loving Friend; and the Holy Spirit shows us Jesus, the Lamb of God, and gives us fellowship with him in his sufferings, and the power of his resurrection. This brings faith forth and the new man into operation. Every traitor within is condemned, and their death decreed and earnestly desired, until the visit ends, and then, alas! alas! we are poor, foolish, stupid, vile, and helpless creatures again, and full of doubts and fears.

Yours in the Lord,

T. C.

THE PATH OF LIFE.

Dear Friend in the Lord,—I thank you for your kind remembrances of me by letter. Your first communication not requiring an immediate answer, time passed on, and about the time I thought of answering it a second communication informs me that you wish me to come and preach one Lord's day. The way of man is not in himself. I can promise you the third Lord's day in June, if that will do, God willing. I am a dependant upon the God of Israel in every sense; all is his gift from the first breath to the last of my existence. He is the fountain of life, natural, spiritual, eternal. The measures and manifestations of life in us is a secret which we can only understand by the Holy Ghost. “The wind bloweth where it listeth, and we hear the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit.” Changes, war, tumult, and strife, mark our daily experience more or less. Many afflictions, much tribulation marks the path of life; there is no entering the kingdom in any other way; but a sight of Jesus now and then cheers our hearts, and we press on. I am glad that Jesus and his truth is precious to your souls. All is blank with us, and no prize, if we have not the Christ of the Father; all is death and barrenness without the Spirit. Life in our

souls, and unction and power in our assemblies, is what we want; "God in the midst of us." This world is a wilderness, a desert land; here is neither food, rest, nor shelter without Christ. When we lose him what a loss apparently we feel, but we gain something. Deep things are discovered out of darkness; the land of the shadow of death tells us somewhat of an eternal midnight, of an outer darkness that awaits lost souls, and we fear the pit and the snare of the fowler; we fear an empty profession; we want the reality—Christ in us sensibly known and felt. Here we learn our weakness, our depraved heart, the devices of Satan; how he tries to sap the foundation of our hope, by endeavouring to undermine the Gospel, or by assailing us about our calling by grace, and our interest in the atonement. Still the bruised reed is not broken; the tempted soul is kept by a secret, mighty, mysterious power; the smoking flax, the feeble inward desire is maintained, never quenched. It is an immortal spark, and burns secretly; and the smoke, the desire, goes out in groans and sighs; the uplifted eye, the falling tear tells us, "Behold, he prayeth."

Accept this scrap in love; it is poor, like the writer. If the time I have promised will not suit, let me know; if it will, no further communication will be necessary.

King's Cliffe, May 2, 1856.

R. H. I.

ARE those that are justified by the blood of Christ such as, after that, have need of being saved by Christ's intercession? Then hence I infer again that God has a great dislike to the sins of his own people, and would fall upon them in judgment and anger much more severely than he doth, were it not for Christ's intercession. The gospel is not, as some think, a loose and licentious doctrine, nor God's discipline of his church a negligent and careless discipline; for, though those that believe already, have also an intercessor, yet God, to shew his detestation against sin, doth often make them feel to purpose the weight of his fingers. The sincere, who would fain walk with God, have felt what I say, and that to the breaking of their bones full often. The loose ones, and those that God loses not, may be utter strangers as to this; but those that God loves do indeed know it is otherwise. "You have I known above all others (says God,) therefore will I punish you for your iniquities." God keeps a very strict house among his children. David found it so; Heman found it so; Job found it so; and the church of God found it so; and I know not that his mind is ever the less against sin, notwithstanding we have an intercessor. It is true that our intercessor saves us from both damning evils and judgments; but he neither doth nor will secure us from temporal punishment, unless we watch, deny ourselves, and walk in his fear. I would to God that those who are otherwise minded did but feel, for three or four months, something of what I have felt for several years together, for base, sinful thoughts. I wish it, I say, if it might be for their good, and for the better regulating of their understanding. But, whether they obtain my wish or no, sure I am that God is no countenancer of sin; no, not in his own people; nay, he will bear it least of all from them. And, as for others, however, he may for a while have patience towards them, if, perhaps, his goodness may lead them to repentance, yet the day is coming when he will punish the carnal and the hypocrites with devouring fire for their offences.—

Bunyan.

Obituary.

HENRY BIRCH, A.M., LATE PASTOR OF THE CHURCH MEETING AT DANE HOUSE, CRANBROOK, KENT.

MR. BIRCH was the last surviving son of the Rev. Thomas Birch, of Thoresby, Lincolnshire. When at Magdalen College, Oxford, the Lord was pleased to convince him of sin, and he became greatly alarmed concerning his eternal state. The thoughts of eternity would intrude when pursuing his studies so as to unfit him for his ordinary duties, and the only books from which he found comfort and spiritual instruction at that time (from the best information we can get) were "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress" and Luther's "Commentary on the 51st Psalm." But the Lord having effectually begun the great work of calling a sinner out of darkness into his marvellous light, he fell yet into deeper soul trouble, and his downcast countenance manifested so legibly his inward grief that some of his friends became greatly concerned on his account, as they could not understand the handwriting. However, at length he left Oxford, and filled several curacies; first for his father; then at Luton, in Bedfordshire; also at St. John's, Bedford Row, with Mr. Cecil; and the last was at St. Paul's Cray, with Mr. Symons. The Lord continuing his powerful work in his conscience by the application of his holy law, and finding nothing but condemnation in what he was engaged, some other books falling into his hands, from which he gained a little comfort, and a slight difference having arisen between himself and his rector, Mr. Birch determined to leave the ministry of the Church of England, and became acquainted with William Huntington, to whose person and ministry he was ardently attached. That ministry was to him, he said, like a blaze of light on weak eyes, and to part with church preferment and emoluments for such a ministry, was to him like parting with a straw for a guinea. After Mr. Huntington's death, Mr. Birch continued meeting with that congregation until he came to Cranbrook, by the wish of Mr. Isaac Beeman (with whom he was on friendly terms); but previous to coming there he sought the Lord's will concerning it, and was told to go into the street called Straight (as he afterwards found it,) and there it should be told him what to do. After Mr. Beeman's death he led the congregation by reading and prayer until a difference arose between them and Mr. Birch, on account of their neglect of the ordinances of the Lord's house (for which Mr. Birch was a great advocate); in consequence of this he left them, when several persons followed him, who wished him to speak to them at his own house. Mr. Birch had previously been exercised about his neglect to preach the word; and he sought the Lord's will and mind on the matter, when, in answer, he had these words: "But afterwards he repented, and went and did the will of his father," which he took as a reproof from the Lord. Therefore he consented to speak to a few persons at his own house, until they took the Dane House for him, in or about November, 1839, where he formed a church on the same prin-

ciples as his revered friend, Mr. Huntington, and administered the ordinances of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, and preached the word of life freely to the people, without fee or reward, and declared at times the satisfaction he felt in so doing.

Mr. Birch, as a minister, was close and heart-searching, very experimental, had a profundity of scriptural knowledge, and was most encouraging to the coming sinner, entering deeply at times into the trial and triumph of faith.

Mr. Birch preached twice and administered the ordinance of the Lord's Supper on Lord's day, 3rd May. On Wednesday, the 6th, he went to Sevenoaks, and preached a sermon, in which he was occupied two hours, from Job xxviii. 20, 21. A friend states in a letter to the writer: "His last visit to us was a peculiar one; he was very happy with us, and I believe left a blessing behind him." Mr. M. expressing his fears lest Mr. B. should feel fatigued by so long a sermon, he replied, "I am not; I feel happy. Blessed be his dear name, he strengthened my soul and my body. He is my portion, and I love him." He then quoted those favorite lines:

"The despised Nazarene,
He is high in my esteem;
Other lovers I despise;
Mine is gone beyond the skies."

Next Lord's Day (10th) he preached twice from Ecclesiastes vii. 13. He complained then of being very feeble, and the difficulty he experienced to get about. The following extracts from a letter to Mr. White will explain the commencement of his last illness:

Dear White—I am not fit for the field of action. On the evening and night of the 10th I had most excruciating pains all over. On Monday, the 11th, I lay like a log on a sofa, speaking to none and keeping as quiet as possible; but on Tuesday I found this would not succeed. I sent for Mr. Dunhill, the surgeon, who immediately ordered me to go to bed and continue there. On Wednesday I was very ill. Yesterday (Thursday) I fancied for the first time as if I should recover; I have had great depression of spirits. To-day (Friday) I have no power for the work, and I must give up all thoughts of meeting my people on the 17th. Do come early, and I will find you something to read. I find faith in Christ's precious blood—his alone gift—will alone save me and defeat the accuser. He who rebuked the fever in Peter's wife's mother still lives. Yours, as a servant for truth's sake,

HENRY BIRCH.

The foregoing, especially the latter part, was written in a very tremulous hand, as was also a short letter written to Mr. Milsted, of Balham Hill; and as it shows his great tenderness, integrity, and faith in Christ, I will transcribe it:

Waterloo Place, Cranbrook, May 14th.

I will not go out of the world in debt to so honest, kind, and upright a man as Mr. John Milsted. Accept this (a post-office order for £1); do not send it back. Death has lost his terror in me. I owe this to the only lover I ever had, or shall have—who knew me before I knew him.

HENRY BIRCH.

Mr. Milsted, in reply, said in a letter:

My dear Friend,—What could induce you to send me this, when I consider I am your debtor? I shall hold myself so at some future time, should the Lord spare you and me to meet again.

But this was denied ; Mr. White being from home when the above letter from Mr. Birch, written to him on the 15th, came to hand, he did not see him until the next Sabbath (24th), when, on entering the room, he took Mr. White by the hand, with all the affection of a tender father in Christ, expressing the greatest confidence as to his safety. He also read exultingly the three last stanzas of Mr. Hart's 88th hymn, on saving faith, which he now felt assured he possessed, giving a charge to remember the poor, and said he would make some provision for that purpose, and would acquaint his sister with the same. He then directed that a portion of Dr. Owen's works, and the account of the last hours of the immortal Toplady should be read that day at the chapel, stating he should die ; and he thought on that day, and said he wished to die on the Lord's day, which wish was at length gratified. To those in attendance at his bed-side he stated that death had lost its sting, and said, "I am full of sweet peace ; the time has been when I feared he would not notice me, but not so now ; he has dispersed all my fears, and he is all my happiness. Get him, and you get all ; lose him, and you lose all." The medical man had forbidden conversation that might excite him ; but to one of his church, who sat up with him, he said, "I cannot refrain, for those that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard, and said that they should be his when he made up his jewels." It was very evident to those about him that his end was fast approaching, and it was their great joy that his faith was strong, and his confidence unshaken. Some few sentences are recollected by one who sat up with him one night towards his end (18th). Speaking of his Saviour, he said : "Of deaths most accursed, at a time most solemn, at a place most infamous, with company most wretched, Jesus Christ died, but the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Soon see his glory, his utmost glory. Oh, to have faith and a good conscience ! Jesus thus for sinners smitten. Thou hast brought me into the dust of death. How beautiful upon the mountains ! He feedeth among the lilies. He walketh upon the wings of the wind. We are not to say, let him hasten his work, that we may see it ; be patient. Born in the year 1780 in the month of June (19), into a world of sorrow. Oh, how painful 'tis to die ! I think I hear the sound of his feet—lingering, lingering—body and soul going to part. The righteous shall end in peace. Bands in my death,—and wait till my dismission come. Then what shouts will rend the sky ! God puts his mark of approbation on his servants. They are the seed which the Lord has blessed. He came walking on the sea. Tell Mrs. E. I have some hope of her ; she always loved me, poor soul. What will become of the people here ? I cannot tell. They are under a good shepherd ; he won't leave them. I know the Holy One of Israel. The Lord make you a daughter of peace."

One of Mr. Birch's friends, who saw him frequently, had observed for many months past that temporal things, and his own declining health, seemed a burden to him ; but his love to Christ and his people was his chief delight ; and he would frequently say, "I am

never so well (mentally) as when engaged in my blessed Master's work." To the same friend, who visited him on Friday, 29th, he remarked: "The doctors tell me I must go to sleep, and keep quiet, but I have had the best of company; I have been lying down in green pastures;" and his countenance bespoke it. Only three days before he died he sent the following lines (which will form part of his epitaph), in a letter to one of his oldest friends, Mrs. Lightfoot:

" Oh, my Emmanuel, thou hast loved me,
A vile lost sinner, wholly saved by thee."

About two hours before he died he said to his youngest servant, who was attending on him, "God Almighty bless you; may your end be peace. You cannot tell the many earnest prayers I have put up on your behalf, since I have been on this bed of sickness. I never felt any restraint when petitioning for you, and I cannot help thinking the Lord will do something for you." It being chapel time he hastened her away to attend, saying he did not like persons to be late at a place of worship. His elder servant then continued with him, assisting him with his books, which he had in great profusion on his bed. He read Mr. Hart's 14th hymn, repeating with emphasis, "In the highest heights, and then—" Also looked over some letters of his late friend, Mr. Matthews, read a little out of the "Gleanings of the Vintage," and was putting some marks in a book containing letters of Oliver Cromwell, when suddenly he fell back, about fifteen minutes past twelve on the Lord's day (agreeable to his wish), 31st May, 1857, and died in sweet peace, falling as in a sleep into the arms of his much-loved Saviour, who, as he had said to those around him, "Could not love him more, nor could he love the Saviour less than he did."

On Friday, June 5, 1857, his remains were interred in the churchyard at Cranbrook, in sure and certain hope of his resurrection to eternal life, followed by his three nephews, and some of his sorrowing church members and friends.*

By no other means, my dear brother, will you grow, but by being emptied from vessel to vessel; by ups and downs; by the horrible pit and the joyful mount; by clouds of darkness and rays of light; by the deepest sorrows and sweetest drops; by flames of jealousy and soul-dissolving love; by sad desertions and transient visits; by bitter sighs and sweet support; by hard thoughts of the best of friends, and self-abhorrence for them; by blasphemous temptations and wonderful preservations; by slavish fears and melting joys; by desponding thoughts and budding hopes; by quitting the field, and renewing the fight; by fainting away and pursuing the end; by sinking in hell and soaring aloft; by starving, for want of eating one's fill; by dying for love and kissing to death; by boldness in prayer and shame to look up; by urging our claim and doubting the same; by calling him ours and confessing it is wrong.—*Huntington.*

* We have omitted in the above interesting Obituary two or three remarks in favor of infant baptism, of which Mr. Birch was a decided advocate. We may love a good man, and rejoice in his finishing his course with joy; but this we can do without loving what we consider his errors.

INQUIRIES.

My dear Sir,—We are not amongst those who would trouble you with all kinds of foolish and vain questions, of which you have before now complained as the Editor of the Gospel Standard; but if you will answer the following, you will confer a great favor on a few of your constant and anxious readers: Was Judas, who betrayed Jesus, a disciple, and did he partake of the Lord's supper? We ask this for the following reasons: It is affirmed that he did, and it is quoted in defence of a believer sitting down with a church where there is a member who is believed by nearly all not to be alive from the dead. Would a person be doing right in joining such a church, and are the present members doing right by partaking of the Lord's supper with such an one? What kind of charity is it which admits such into a church? Yours affectionately,

W. Q.

ANSWER.

We certainly have to complain that many "Inquiries" are sent us, some of which we do not care to answer, as foolish and frivolous; others as partial and one-sided statements, seeking to entangle our feet, and intended to draw from us replies hostile, not only to friends, but to friends of truth and uprightness; others mere catch questions, such as Arminian books are full of, and aimed against the grand truths of the gospel; others upon dark and difficult passages, of which no satisfactory solution can be given. We have among our "Standard" papers quite a large roll of such "Inquiries," which we have neither time nor space, wisdom or patience to answer. Where the Lord has given us any wisdom or understanding, there we are willing to do what we can to relieve any anxious inquirer; but to assume that we are able to answer any and every question that may be sent us, must show as much ignorance in the inquirer, as it would evince pride and presumption in the answerer.

But to the question now before us, or rather series of questions.

1. Judas was most certainly "a disciple" of the Lord Jesus, if by that term he meant, as is usually understood, the twelve whom he chose to be constantly with him. This is most plain from Matt. x. 1 and Luke vi. 13, ix. 1; from which places it is undeniable that Judas was not only a disciple, but an apostle, and was sent by the Lord himself to cast out devils, cure diseases, and preach the gospel. We well know that he was not a "disciple indeed" (John viii. 31); but as regards his outward mission he was as much a disciple as John, and as much an apostle as Peter.

2. But there is no reason to believe that Judas was present at the Lord's supper. He was present at the eating of the Passover, and it was most probably in the sauce eaten with the paschal lamb, which was made thick, as an emblem of the clay of Egypt, of which the bricks were made, that the Lord dipped the sop which he gave to Judas. Directly he had taken the sop, Judas went out

(John xiii. 30); and then it was, immediately after his departure, that the Lord instituted the Lord's supper, by blessing and breaking the bread, and afterwards blessing and distributing the wine.

When we can get a little leisure, we may perhaps, in a future number, attempt to harmonise the statements of the four Evangelists, and show the order of events to bear out our assertion that Judas was not present at the Lord's supper.

3. But the main object of the inquiry is, whether, if there be a member of the church, who, it is feared, is not alive from the dead, it is right to join that church, and sit down with that dead man.

Now, is there anything inconsistent or unbecoming in that man's conduct? Does he hold any error, or is he one of those covetous or contentious characters against whom the Scripture so strongly warns us? If not, and he be a quiet, peaceable man, who, if he give no evidence of regenerating grace, gives at least no decided evidence to the contrary, is the church to be virtually broken up, and the ordinances of the Lord's house thrown aside, because one individual member is a doubtful character? Where are churches to be found of which every member is, beyond all doubt, a clear and decided partaker of grace? And till we are sure of that, must there be no Lord's supper and no baptism? For of course if it be wrong for you to join such a church, and to sit down with this suspected member, it is equally wrong for other believers; and therefore there must never be another baptizing, nor must the Lord's supper ever be administered until this unhappy individual is removed by death, or is separated, or taken himself away; none of which events may take place for many years.

We have again and again insisted on the necessity of exercising the greatest care and caution about taking in members; but when once taken in by a majority of the church, they should be treated as brothers and sisters, and no difference be made between them and the most highly-favored members. There can be neither peace nor prosperity unless this be the case; and it is often found that those members "who are least esteemed in the church" (1 Cor. vi. 4) become useful and acceptable; "and upon those members of the body whom we think to be less honorable, we are afterwards compelled to bestow more abundant honor. (1 Cor. xii. 23.)

4. It is one thing to admit members loosely and laxly into a church; it is another to bear with them when admitted. The first is a false charity, and the true charity is to keep out all doubtful or deceitful characters; but the second is not a false charity, but one quite indispensable to the prosperity and well-being of the church.

Dear Sir,—The following has come under my immediate knowledge, and if the Lord would dispose you to give your mind thereon in the "Standard," I for one should feel thankful: A member of a Baptist church has a partner who has been called by grace, and been led to see and embrace with all her heart the ordinance of believer's baptism; but she is laboring under a chronic disease, by which she cannot attend to that ordinance. She is, however, desirous

of meeting with the Lord's people, and feels that she cannot unite herself except with those who maintain strict communion. Under such circumstances, would it be any infringement upon gospel order, (not allowing the same as a precedent,) to receive her into church fellowship, seeing that disease and physical debility render it impracticable for her (though she much desires to do so), to attend to the ordinance of Baptism?

Yours respectfully,
A CONSTANT READER.

ANSWER.

This is just the way in which error and evil creep into churches, and gradually under mine the truth and gospel order. The change from immersion into first affusion, *i. e.*, pouring water on the head or face, and then sprinkling, both of which forms virtually deny and overthrow the ordinance of baptism, arose from just such pleas and excuses as the above. It became customary at a very early period in the church to defer baptism from a superstitious idea of its efficacy to wash away sins. The consequence was that it was often put off so late that the dying man could not be immersed. Must he then die without baptism, and so without pardon? For the more that baptism was elevated into a saving ordinance, the stronger was the necessity for its administration. The difficulty was thus solved. The learned doctors of the church decided that to pour water on the face was as good as to dip the whole body; so the dying man got pardoned without his life being endangered.

The next step was very easy, for it is in error as in sin, one leads to another. If it be allowable to pour water out of a basin and still preserve the ordinance, you may next sprinkle a little water out of the basin; for having once changed the scriptural form, and got from the river, or the baptistery, to the basin, it cannot much matter whether you have all the basin or part of it. In this gradual manner, when once a breach was made in the mode appointed by the Lord, and practised by his apostles, error crept in, and became established, and then the transition was easy from the baptizing of adult believers to the indiscriminate sprinkling of infants.

God is jealous of his own order. A new cart might seem a more suitable and convenient conveyance for the ark than to carry it up upon men's shoulders. But God did not think so, and therefore showed his displeasure by a solemn judgment-stroke, and "made a breach upon them, for that they sought him not after the due order." (1 Chron. xv. 13.) A thing may appear very right to us, and such or such a step may seem allowable under such and such circumstances. The flesh pleads hard for indulgence; the plan to be pursued seems commendable and reasonable, and the scriptural way difficult or impracticable. All this time the veil of unbelief is over the eyes, and the glory of God not laid to heart. It was in this way, from consulting the convenience, and listening to the pleas of the flesh, that open communion crept into the churches.

Our correspondent talks of this as a peculiar and solitary case, and not to be made a precedent; but we know how one example almost

invariably leads to another, and what a deal of water may escape through a very small breach in a mill-dam. Satan and the flesh have made the water quite a terror to some minds, but a very delicate state of health for many years in our own case has rarely interfered with an abundant daily use of cold water. We believe there are few, very few, cases where baptism by immersion can be dangerous. But if the present be one of these rare cases, the order of God must not be broken for the sake of an individual. If her complaint will not allow her to be baptized, the Lord, who is not a hard task-master, but an indulgent Father, will accept the will for the deed; and if she has been baptized by the Holy Ghost and has fed by faith on the flesh and blood of the Son of God, she has already had that of which baptism and the Lord's Supper are but the outward visible emblems, and mere shadowy representations.

I NOW see that the conflicts of my soul are the life of the flock and though I am at this time under the continual attacks of Satan, yet I am looking out for better days, and for glorious accounts of some poor souls in future, proportionate to the soul travail that I have waded through. Pray, but never faint.—*Huntington.*

THE greatest boon conferred on the sacred literature of the country during this period, was the preparation of the *authorised version of the Holy Scriptures*. It originated in a suggestion of Dr. Reynolds, at the Hampton Court conference. He complained that there were many inaccuracies in the existing versions, and proposed that there should be an authoritative revision. Notwithstanding a demurrer from Bishop Bancroft, the proposal was caught up by the king. He was much displeased with some anti-monarchical notes, which he had detected in the Genevan version; and the only substantial result of that famous conference—but it goes far to compensate for the want of more—was the appointment of the new translators. Of these, forty-seven entered on the actual work, dividing themselves into six companies, to each of which a several portion was allotted. Infinite pains were taken, not only by the members of each company, in perfecting their own quota, but by all the companies in revising the labours of their brethren; and, when in 1611, and after seven years of affectionate industry, King James's bible appeared, it was probably the ripest result of sanctified learning ever given to the world. There was a remarkable providence in the timing of this translation. Had it been delayed a few years longer, it must have emanated from a sect, and must have borne the impress of religious controversy. But at the outset of the seventeenth century, there was no open schism in English Protestantism. Reynolds and Chaderton, the Puritans, sat in the same committee with Abbott, Andrewes, Overall, and Sanderson, men who wore, or were destined to wear, the mitre; and such were the acknowledged ability and conscientiousness of the divines and scholars to whom the sacred task was entrusted, that their work scarcely drew forth a single cavil at the time, and, before half a century elapsed, it had superseded every rival. The Pilgrim Fathers took it in the "Mayflower" to New England in 1620; and, instead of remaining a mere British bible, it is now the bible of the fifty millions of the English-speaking world, the standard of our language, and the storehouse of those glorious truths and spirit-stirring watchwords which bind the scattered members of the Anglo-Saxon family to one another.—*Christian Classics*, pp. 155, 156.

REVIEW.

Memoir of the Life of Hannah Judd. By the Rev. Bernard Gilpin, Minister of Port Vale Chapel, Hertford. London: James Nisbet and Co., Berners Street. Hertford: Stephen Austin, For. Street.

IN this world of ours, just now so bright and beautiful, as the golden grain falls under the reaper's sickle, the Lord himself giving us a fruitful season to fill our hearts with joy and gladness, nothing meets the eye but what is of time and sense. Wherever our lot be cast, or whatever be the place of our temporary sojourn; whether the crowded streets of the huge metropolis, or the busy northern towns, where the untiring giant of steam ever vomits forth his pitchy clouds and whirls unceasingly round and round his million spindles; or the lonely sea-shore, where no sound meets the ear but the murmur of the waves against the shingly beach; or the quiet, secluded country village, where, lost amid shady lanes, we may roam and meditate, as if we were alone in the midst of creation; wherever our foot treads, or our eye rests, the world, and nothing but the world, meets our view. The men and women that we meet on every hand, whether fluttering in the gay robes of wealth and fashion, or the sons and daughters of toil, with poverty and care written on every feature of their face, and stamped on every thread of their dress, all, as they come trooping onward, however they vary in their million points of difference, resemble each other in this, that they live as much for time, sense, and self, as the ox that grazes in the field, or the bird that makes its nest in the bush. As far as we can judge from their words and actions, God is no more in all their thoughts, is no more looked up to, feared, loved, or adored by them, than he is by the swallow that chases the gnats in the evening breeze, or the butterfly that poises its wings over a flower in the noon-day sun. Nay, worse than this, "all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field, the fowl of the air, and the fish of the seas," all these, though by first creation put under man's feet, continue to glorify God, by still showing forth the wonders of his creative hand. "They continue this day according to his ordinances, for all are his servants." (Psal. cxix. 91.) But man, their original master, man their primitive head, has debased and degraded his nature far below theirs, for he has defiled it to the lowest depths of infamy and shame, and sunk himself and it into a loathsome abyss of pollution and crime, to which the brute creation present no parallel. Listen to that thrush on the topmost bough of yon quivering aspen tree, hailing the morning sun with his tuneful throat. He knows neither sin nor shame; he glorifies the great Author of his being, and is even now singing a morning anthem to his praise. But that miserable creature of a man, who, all bloated with gin and begrimed with filth, is staggering out of the ale-house, who cannot speak but with a voice hoarse with oaths and strong drink; or that wretch of a woman who, alike polluting and polluted, infests the public street,—do we say that the thrush is a nobler creature

than these sons and daughters of crime? Why, the very toad that lurks under the box edging in the garden, is not only a nobler being, but more glorifies God than this miserable drunkard, and that wretched prostitute. The bird of the air and the reptile of the ground are what God has made them; in them there is no sin, for them there is no hell. No blasphemy has defiled their mouth; no crime has sullied their feet. The eye of God does not hate them; the hand of God will not smite them. When they have lived their little day they will pass away, and be no more; but the wicked will be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God.

Yet under this seething world of sin and crime, hidden by the veil which time and sense cast over all external objects, there are transactions going forward, which are divine and heavenly, daily plucking out of this sea of confusion predestinated individuals, elect men and women, delivering them from the power of darkness, and translating them into the kingdom of God's dear Son. The Son of God has a kingdom given to him by his Father before the foundation of the world, and of which he took possession when he rose from the dead, ascended up to heaven, and sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high. Of this present evil world Satan is the god and king, for the whole "course of this world" is "according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience." But Jesus, King Jesus, is meanwhile administering his own kingdom of grace here below, and as such, is continually plucking out of Satan's domain the members of his mystical body, the objects of his eternal love, the sheep of his pasture, and the purchase of his blood. But this kingdom "cometh not with observation," or "outward show." (Luke xvii. 20.) It is a secret kingdom, a treasure hid in a field; and the favored subjects of this kingdom, the partakers of its grace, and the heirs of its glory, are, like their once suffering but now glorified Lord, despised by a world of which they are the salt, hated by a world which is not worthy of their sojourning feet.

This train of thought has occurred to our mind from perusing the Memoir now lying before us. Whilst the busy world were buying and selling and getting gain, eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, a poor woman, named Hannah Judd, was being trained up amidst affliction and sorrow, for the enjoyment of an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for her, as kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation. The incidents of her life are soon told, and are summed up by Mr. Gilpin in a few concise paragraphs:

Hannah Judd, whose family name was Shephard, was born in the village of Little Hadham, Herts, in November, 1758. Her father was in a small way of business, and her mother's family were farmers. In the twenty-second year of her age, she married Mr. Judd, a farmer, in the same county, and they had twelve children, every one of whom the mother survived, though ten grew up. She became a widow about the year 1812; but continued to carry on a farm at Barley, in Herts, till the year 1827, before which time she had become entirely blind; and in this state she went, with her only surviving daughter Sarah, and her youngest son Benjamin, to reside with another son, William, at a farm

called Claypits, in Black-fan wood, Bayford, about three miles from Hereford. Here, first Benjamin and then Sarah died, and their mother was left in a state of considerable destitution with her son William only; who, not finding the farm to answer, became too poor to keep even a female servant. In the year 1839, they retired together to a little cottage near Wormley, in the same neighborhood, where William's health began to decline, and he died in the year 1842, his blind and helpless parent having been for nearly two years confined to her bed through weakness, though not from disease. A relation by marriage (widow of one of the sons) had come to wait upon William at the last, and remained after his death to nurse her mother-in-law; who after a lingering and painful decline, died on the 24th of July, 1843, in the eighty-fifth year of her age.

What read we here? A farmer's daughter marries in early youth a farmer, with whom she toils and labors thirty-two years; has by him twelve children; is left a widow at 54 years of age; between 60 and 70 falls entirely blind; loses one by one all her children; sinks into deep poverty, and finally dies, after a lingering and painful decline, in the 85th year of her age. What is there in such a life as this—the life of hundreds—worth recording? Why should this poor blind, helpless old woman, this care-worn widow have a Memoir published of her sayings and doings? Why, but because this poor old creature, this forlorn, poverty-stricken widow was a jewel of Immanuel's crown, a member of his body, a partaker of his grace, an heir of his glory. The Holy Ghost had made the body of this poor blind woman his own temple; Jesus himself communed with her from off the mercy-seat, revealed and manifested himself to her, and after conforming her to his suffering image here below, has taken her to himself that she may see him as he is face to face, behold his glory, and be for ever ravished with his love.

We have before remarked the happy facility that Mr. Gilpin possesses of taking down the exact words of those heirs of the kingdom, whose conversation he records. It is with him not merely a case of conscientious, scrupulous accuracy, but a labour of love. If thoughts be worth recording, if observations and speeches be worth preserving, let us, by all means, have them exactly as they were uttered. No one can describe a feeling so accurately and truthfully, or relate an experience so vividly and feelingly as the person who has passed through it. There is a freshness, a reality, a life, a power, an originality in his words and expressions which almost wholly vanish, when you translate it into another person's language. And if this be the case in ordinary instances, how much more so is it, when, as with Richard Dore and Hannah Judd, there is a remarkable natural vigour of mind and strength, as well as originality of expression, combined with an experience of the things of God, singularly deep and varied.

The work of grace upon Mrs. Judd's soul commenced soon after her marriage, and seems to have begun in a way of sovereign mercy without any of those means that the Lord often employs to bring sinners to himself.

Mr. Gilpin thus records it from her own lips:

"I married when about twenty-one years of age; and soon afterwards fell into very deep concern in my soul; but I did not understand my own case—

everything was a mystery to me. I remember this passage of Scripture was very powerfully brought to my mind, 'Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and other things shall be added.' I said, 'Lord, what is this seeking? How shall I seek?' and I longed to know, but I could not. At times I was in a very dull state, and seemed without any life in my soul. I could not tell anybody what I felt. I do not know that there were any of my relations who had the true fear of God, excepting only my husband's grandmother. I thought then, and I think yet, that she was a child of God. I could speak to her, and she used to like talking to me; for she saw the Lord had begun a work upon my soul. One day I very earnestly said to her, 'There is one thing I long to know—oh, how I do long to know it!—I seek—I try—I study, but I cannot find it out.' 'Well, child,' she answered, 'what is it?' Said I, 'It is what the new birth means;—what it means, that we 'must be born again?'' She smiled, and said, 'Child, you *shall* know; for the word says, 'Then shall ye know, if ye follow on to know the Lord.' That was her answer; and I could not get more from her at that time. In those days, I would take the Bible, and go into a spare room, away from all the din of the family, and search, and search, and search, that I might know this great thing. And to this day I feel satisfied that it is this seeking which must continue and abide with us."

Though seeking so diligently, she still continued in a confused state for some time, and her first comfort was from the words, "The Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save." But this did not last long, and she seems to have been in much darkness and confusion for several years. But we will now let her speak again for herself:

"When I was thirty years old, I began to grow worse. My distress and horror were heavy at times. I knew I was a sinner, and yet did not feel the weight of my sins; I saw I was not able to repent. I heard a sermon at Buntingford from these words, 'Turn thou me and I shall be turned. . . Surely after that I was turned, I repented.' Jer. xxxi. 18, 19. It confirmed me to know that repentance is the Lord's work. I longed for it—asked for it—but did not think I was either longing or asking, not so as to satisfy myself. My husband could pray night and morning, but I did not think I was praying at all. It used to comfort me that my husband prayed for me, for I supposed he was an experienced Christian, regular in attending his stated place of worship, had no darkness of soul, and no misgivings; he was always comfortable, but I grew worse.

"All this brought on by degrees impatience and fretting; and my fretting provoked the Lord. For I used to be saying, 'It is better for me to die than to live.' And I thought the Lord would have taken me at my word. For one day while yet in this bad state, my mind was impressed suddenly that in three days I should die indeed. This brought a change, it fell on me like a judgment. 'Die! (I said) I'm not fit to die;' and I prayed that I might live. 'O, Lord, (I said) lengthen my days, and enable me to repent,' for I thought I should go to destruction, it seemed clear to me. However, it was wonderful what that impression meant, not that I should die in body, but that on that day I should begin to die to sin and to live to God. For on the third day a change came. His Spirit struck in with the word, and brought this text to my heart, 'Thy Maker is thy husband.' (Isaiah liv. 5.) It followed, 'Fear not, I have redeemed thee—I have called thee—I will uphold thee by the right hand of my righteousness, for I have redeemed thee, saith the Lord.' These words altered my state; they made me understand the grace of God, and I was satisfied that I had never understood things rightly before. I had light now from the Lord, and seemed to be in a new world, all things were new to me. I tried to explain my happiness, but I found that those around me did not like it, and could not conceive what I meant; so I was obliged to keep my feelings to myself."

And now what comfort and encouragement did she get from her pious husband, who was so regular at chapel, who had no darkness

of soul, and no misgivings, who was always so happy and so comfortable, the type of hundreds who know neither God nor themselves, ignorant alike of sin and salvation, and who know nothing of doubt or fear, because they know nothing of either heaven or hell?

"Now it was that my husband quite disappointed me. For as long as I had continued in my bad state, he would frequently put such questions to me as these, 'How do you go on?' 'Does the Lord hear your prayers?' So I thought he would be very glad to hear that my prayers had been heard indeed. But when I gave him the account, he did not understand it at all. He said, 'You are mistaken.' 'No, indeed, (I would say) I am not,' for I was quite sure I was not, but I never could make him see it; so that instead of being able to speak with him more and more, I was obliged to speak less and less, and at last I could say nothing at all. For I began by degrees to find out that he had never known a change, never known the Lord's dealings, though he was so steady in his profession. This was a heavy thing."

But this poor woman had something more trying than a professing husband. She left her first love, and had to be brought back by terrible things in righteousness:

"Well, I hoped I had almost done with sin, but sin began to return more and more. I seemed to myself worse than before. I began to be like the children of Israel, who turned back. For a long time after that light sprang in, I had felt it like death to have a worldly spirit, but by degrees I began to cleave more and more to the world again. I became vain in my dress, and very proud, thinking I had been shewn great things by the Lord; and so dead I was in my soul, that though I went to public worship, I hardly knew what for, but kept swinging to and fro, like a door on its hinges. Only at times I felt many secret rebukes, and was quite sure that the Lord would punish my sins. All my comfort left me, and I began again to feel great horror and lowness of mind."

The first stroke of the Lord's chastening hand was the death of a beloved daughter, aged seventeen, which she deeply laid to heart, though not without hope for her soul. Her trouble and her remarkable deliverance are thus recorded in her own simple, sweet, and expressive language:

"My affliction brought me back to seek the Lord more, and he had never left me utterly without hope, though for a long time I had mostly felt things all very dismal. I went on in a low state, but still seeking, for nearly two years. It began to be a great burden to me again to enter much into worldly business. By degrees the great weight of my sins began to oppress me most heavily. I could see no escape, no way open. I cannot tell you of this time of trouble, as I even now feel it to have been. I do not think that this dreadful lowness arose so much from the fear of destruction, as from the Lord's enabling me to feel the real guilt and evil of my sins. I remember I used to have hope at times. Sometimes many promises came into my heart, but I was such a wretch that I could receive none of them. I kept putting them away, saying, 'These are not for me.' Once the Lord said, 'Behold, thou art made whole, sin no more.' But I could not conceive how this could be. However, the blood of Jesus, as shed for me, seemed precious at times, but the lowness swallowed up the hopes again. Thus the Lord kept teaching me deeper and deeper by littles.

"It seemed a long time before the Lord was pleased to return; but oh! when he did manifest himself it was in a beautiful manner! I can tell no one all that I felt at that time! It was on a day when I had for a while felt very unhappy, and had a great longing to pray; but it did not seem as if I could pray. I went into a little spare room in our house at Barley, and there I read the Bible by myself. Having finished reading, I was going out of the room, but I was as it were turned back again, that I might see the great sight. I

have often wondered since that I did not fall to the ground; and I am quite sure I could not have kept standing, had not the Lord strengthened me. The Lord drew nigh in great glory, and he sent into my heart these words, "Return, O backsliding daughter, for I am married unto thee." (Jer. iii. 14.) That was the word, 'I AM MARRIED UNTO THEE.' At the very same time He was pleased to let me know what it meant, in a beautiful way and manner never to be forgotten. It was marvellous, very marvellous,—I could tell no one,—it was too great. I feared I should be doing wrong to speak of it, remembering that the Lord said after his transfiguration, 'Tell no man.' So I can say, 'Come hither, all ye that fear God, I will tell you what he hath done for my soul; for He hath done great and marvellous things; but I cannot speak of all that the Lord shewed me on that day—only that the thing was so. If ever I knew what it was to look to an arm of flesh in my husband, I knew then and there what it is to be married, and to be one, with that great Saviour. As soon as ever the Lord had spoken these words, and made me to know, them I was like Jacob. I said, 'Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not!' and I was afraid, and said, 'How dreadful is this place! This is none other than the house of God; that is the gate of heaven!' (Gen. xxviii. 16, 17.) At the moment it seemed almost all delight, yet there was a fear and a dread; but these were swallowed up. I did not see my sins then; no, not one of them; they were all hid out of sight, and taken away and gone. I felt the love then, not the sin. Yet I had a fear, and the fear abode too; so that I never went into that room afterwards, as long as ever I lived there, without being struck with something like a shadow of what I had once seen there. Wherever I went in there, I feared. For indeed, if you love, you must fear; for there is reason to fear as well as to love, He is so great a God. The Lord says, 'Oh that there were such a heart in them always to fear me.' So it is; there is fear as well as love; and whenever I went into that room where I saw the great sight I shuddered. I said that what I had enjoyed in those few minutes was worth striving a whole life for. I said, Who can tell the folly of living to the world, and not seeking to know the Lord?"

Trouble after trouble, chiefly in the loss of one beloved child after another, poverty, and blindness befell this afflicted widow; and to these outward trials were added sorrows of a keener, because of a more inward and spiritual nature. But in all these things she was instructed, and through them was led more and more deeply into the mystery of vital godliness. She thus speaks of the benefit of her trials :

"One good has been this, that the Lord has shewn me a great deal more of the evil of sin, and also of the application of Christ's blood; and I know, and am quite sure, that He died for my sins indeed. I don't mean that inwardly, any more than outwardly, it has been all sunshine. Oh! the plague that my heart has occasioned me, joined at times with the devil and all his troop. But the Lord will never forsake the work of his own hands; die when I may, I know I am the Lord's; what a wonderful mercy! I can say with all my heart that I am not worthy of the least of all his mercies, nay, that I am truly and indeed deserving of hell; but I know and am certain sure that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. Also, I wish to encourage others to seek the Lord, for He teaches us these things by very slow degrees, and He has much to teach us; but He is always faithful, and everything which he says He will fulfil. He will never leave his work unfinished."

How well, how wisely this poor woman speaks! What life and power, what reality and truth are stamped upon her words, especially where she describes what she saw, heard, and felt when the Lord drew nigh in his glory and love.

Where there is true religion, there is a power, a depth, a reality, as different from the cut and dry Calvinistic profession of the day, as light from darkness, or life from death. Read too our next extract,

and then compare it with the dry, doctrinal assurance, the ease in Zion, the settling on the lees, the "always happy" state of the great bulk of modern professors. Why, one half-hour of this poor old widow's experience would dash their dead assurance to a thousand shivers. She had an assurance, too, good old creature; she knew in whom she believed, and that her sins were washed away in atoning blood; but her assurance did not rest on a doctrine in the letter of the word, but on the sweet manifestations of the Lord to her soul, and the inward whispers of his eternal love:

"Since Sarah died, I have been mostly quite alone; William out in the fields all day, and no soul in the house to look after me. But by all these things I know and feel that the Lord teaches me deeper and deeper. I can compare my case to that of children, whom we put from one school to another school, that they may be deeper and deeper educated. About the beginning of last winter the Lord taught me in a wonderful way. I was left to feel my abject weakness to the uttermost; I was ill in my body, and I believed that death might ensue; and I felt at that time an exceeding great dread and fear of death. I had sunk upon the floor in my bed-room and was insensible for some time. It was the day before my daughter-in-law from Chishill returned home. She came up to say that two ladies wished to see me. I just had strength to go down, but I could hardly speak to them, and they soon left. At this time I felt no fury from the enemy, and no help from God; but a sinking lower and lower, even to hell, and neither foot-hold nor hand-hold to keep me up. Surely it was a horror of great darkness which fell upon me. At day-break my daughter-in-law took her leave; and being quite helpless and forlorn, my inward trouble and my outward trouble together seemed too great for me. I thought it was needful that I should try to get through a little household work. I went out to wash some pails; and as I was feeling along by the bushes into the garden, I was so overwhelmed and pressed down, that I stood still, and said, 'My burden is too great for me!' Then were these words spoken to me with such light and power, it was as if I heard the Lord speaking them from heaven, it was as when I saw his glory in the heavens, 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee!' This took away all my trouble. It was as if I looked about for my trouble, but could not find it. I said, 'I don't want my daughter-in-law nor anyone else, to make me comfortable, since God loves me with an everlasting love, and will certainly save me to the end.' I felt the sureness of his love, and that not one thing he has promised me could fail for evermore."

Our great desire for ourselves in personal experience and in all that we bring before our readers, either as written by our own pen or that of others, is a faith which stands not in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God. We dearly love vital religion; we embrace, with all the affections of our heart, the power of God, as put forth in a sinner's soul; we see more and more the deceitfulness and hypocrisy of a religion in the letter and in the flesh, and we see more and more the beauty and blessedness, the grace and glory of a revealed Christ, and of his divine kingdom set up in the heart. Husks and shells are all that the letter gives. Marrow, fatness, honey, milk, wine, yea, more, the very flesh and blood of the Lamb—this heavenly food in the eating and drinking of which is eternal life, the Holy Ghost gives to the hungry and thirsty saints of God, when he applies the living word with a divine power to their hearts. Get, dear friends, a taste of the sweetness and blessedness of a divine religion, and it will kill you to all other. It will be a light in your understanding, to see the miserable end of a

graceless profession; a life in your soul, to stir you up to seek more and more of the inward kingdom of God; a power in your affections, to fix them more on things above; and a feeling in your conscience, to depart more and more from evil.

If then we have drawn somewhat too largely on the memoir of Mrs. Judd, it has been from the desire to bring before our readers what we hope may be for their spiritual profit. Many an eye rests on our pages to find therein some heavenly food. When we cease to bear this in mind, it will be better for them and ourselves to lay down our pen.

Among the friends of Mrs. Judd was the late Mr. James Bourne, a man of deep and tried experience, and a minister of the gospel, if we mistake not, at Sutton Coldfield, of whom Mr. Gilpin has published also a memoir. Several of his letters to Mrs. Judd are inserted in her memoir, and we cannot forbear closing our review with one which we consider particularly sweet and experimental:

From Mr. Bourne to Mrs. Judd, Nov. 25, 1835.

Dear Friend and Companion in tribulation.—I have often thought of you since I paid you a visit, and have pondered the wisdom and righteousness of God in his judgments upon the children of men. Perhaps I differ a little from some, when I speak of his judgments upon his own children; but having been myself made to feel that he is terrible in his doings, I am constrained to stand in awe, and acknowledge that my sin has many times brought on his severity. For (see Psalm xcix.) though the Lord pardons Moses, Aaron, and Samuel, yet "he takes vengeance of their inventions." How often have I been brought down to the gates of death, and almost to despair here, and yet his faithfulness has never failed. When the furnace has humbled me and broken the iron sinew of my neck of pride, then in his compassion he has poured in the oil and the wine, and as the tribulation has abounded, so also has the consolation.

The Lord does nothing in vain. It was not in vain that he should give you a large family and take them away again. It was not in vain that he should take away your eyesight. Flesh and blood cannot account for these things; but the teaching of God's Spirit enables us, in them all, to acknowledge his wisdom, to be silent from complaining, to confess that our sin procures them, and his love, mercy, and pity, sanctify them; and that these all are among the "all things" which are to "work together for good." (Rom. viii. 28.)

The Lord watches over us. He knows our feeble frames, and was himself, in all points, tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Once, when I was almost upset in despair, and as David says, "I roared for the very disquietude of my heart," the Saviour drew near, and said in the sweetest, tenderest manner possible, "I am touched with the feeling of all your infirmities." This love, pity, and compassion, broke my heart all to pieces, and I said, "Lord, I am ashamed to make one complaint, I am a grievous sinner, and thou art infinitely kind and tender!"

This is what reconciles us to the cross, and will work patience and submission.

Oh, may the Lord abundantly satisfy your soul with some such sweet refreshing from his presence, and then you can and will say, "He hath done all things well." This will also be your token, that though you are now naturally blind, you shall one day see "the King in his beauty, and the land that is very far off!" Remember me, when it is well with you!

I am, dear friend, yours in the Lord,
JAMES BOURNE.

Love is the root; the green blade is life in the soul, aspiring after God; and the choicest grains in the full ear are faith, hope, humility, poverty of spirit, and resignation to the will of God.—*Huntington.*

P O E T R Y.

LINES COMPOSED IN AFFLICTION.

DEAR Saviour, I pour out my soul unto thee,
 My deepest afflictions I know thou can'st see;
 'Tis by thy good pleasure I'm now laid aside;
 Oh, make me like gold seven times purified.
 Oh would that I could on thy promise relying,
 Resign myself wholly for living or dying;
 But ah, the last conflict, I shrink from its power;
 Jehovah, sustain me in that dreadful hour!
 But am I not thine, thou unchangeable Friend?
 How is it I cannot entirely depend
 On Him who has called me from darkness to light,
 And told me my "life was most dear in his sight?"
 But the changing of worlds! How it frightens and shakes me!
 Oh, what shall I do, if Jehovah forsakes me?
 Do come to my rescue, dear Jesus, I pray;
 On thee my poor soul would most solemnly stay.
 I linger not here, except till thou shalt come,
 This world I can't deem it one moment my home;
 Its harassing cares I so deeply have known,
 They have wrung from my bosom full many a groan.
 Afflictions of body I've had from a child;
 Blest chastisements they! that I should not be spoiled.
 Dear parents have anxiously watched o'er my bed,
 Expecting each hour I should rank with the dead.
 But, no—my poor life was immortal till Thou
 Thy grace didst impart and thy mercy didst show.
 Then too, sharp affliction upon me was laid,
 And the terrors of God made me sorely afraid;
 My sins came against me in dreadful array,
 And death and destruction I looked for each day.
 Again I was raised from the brink of the grave,
 With some little hope that my soul he would save.
 I hated the things I had practised before,
 But still rested short of Christ Jesus the door.
 Then God laid his line to the plummet again,
 And all my false hopes were effectually slain;
 Through seasons of conflict and sorrow I passed,
 But, bless his dear name, he appeared at the last.
 Yes, Lord, I remember that jubilee day,
 When bondage and fear from my soul fled away;
 When first, precious Lord, I could say, "Thou art mine,"
 And I trust I was sealed everlastingly thine.
 And many a jubilee day I have had,
 When the sound of the gospel has made my heart glad,
 Uplifted my feet from the mire and the clay,
 Deliver'd my soul, and established my way.
 Yes, a true gospel ministry's dear to my heart,
 And from it I've never been left to depart;
 Thy blest habitation, O Lord, I have loved,
 And the place of thine honor my soul hath approved.
 Midst trials, temptations, distresses, and woes,
 There my soul hath rejoiced, in spite of my foes;
 And the more tribulations did with me abound,

The more I have long'd in thy courts to be found,
 Yet often my spirit has sunk in dismay,
 Through various trials attending my way;
 Poor Zion, thy troubles have caused me to weep,
 And many a night have deprived me of sleep,
 To see thy fair sons, once compared to fine gold,
 So dim and beclouded, so sad to behold.
 But worse than all these, I with penitent grief
 Confess my own sins, of all burdens the chief.
 Close conflicts I've had with the old man of sin,
 And sometimes have grievously fallen therein;
 My wicked, deceitful, and treacherous heart
 Has sided with Satan, and taken his part.
 Then sorrow and anguish, confusion and woe,
 Have made my heart bleed, and my eyes overflow.
 Yet, though sunk in distress, by my foes overcome,
 Poor destitute prodigal, far from my home,
 Bemoaning my vileness, almost in despair,
 What sweet words of mercy saluted my ear!
 "Thou art a base sinner, I know thee full well,
 Thy dreadful backslidings have merited hell;
 But though thine affections from me have run wild,
 I still am *thy Father*, and thou art *my child*."
 "What *me*, Lord! the rebel, the traitor so base?"
 "Yes, and thy returning is all of my grace;
 I see thy condition all tatter'd and torn,
 And with my best garment I will thee adorn;
 The ring of my love on thy finger I'll place,
 And shoes thou shalt wear to the end of thy race.
 For thee, my poor child, was the fatted calf slain,
 And now thou shalt eat and be merry again."
 O'ercome by such goodness, I wept at his feet,
 Though I never could render the praise that was meet.

Thus I look through the distance of twenty-eight years
 Of mercies, and comforts, temptations and fears;
 But although he has graciously helped me till now,
 Yet the gate to his glory I fear to pass through.
 Lord, thine in all ages have trusted in thee,
 And long'd for the hour that should set their souls free;
 But I to the walls of my prison still cling,
 And can't over death the *full victory* sing.
 Oh, come, blessed Lord, and deliver my soul,
 Before the rough billows shall over me roll;
 The blissful assurance, oh, give to my heart,
 That thou wilt be with me whene'er I depart;
 Then joyfully I can go down to the grave,
 While leaning on Thee who art "mighty to save."

1855.

S.

BELIEVERS are of a nobler extract than to love God the less because he loves them so much; and it is no trivial slander to insinuate that believers, especially such as have assurance, are most exposed and given to backsliding; which is an unnatural consequent of their being "sealed to the day of redemption."—*Elisha Coles*.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

OCTOBER, 1857.

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

THE EFFICACY OF THE WORD.

(Concluded from page 265.)

This great change, which it is the will of God should take place in all his chosen ones before they quit this world, is described by our Lord in his memorable conversation with Nicodemus, and recorded by John, as a *new birth*; and this supposes a prior or first birth, to which regeneration is the second; and it may be well to consider for a moment the contrast between the two births, as they are quite the reverse of each other. The *first* birth is of sinful parents, and in their image; the *second* birth is of God, and in his image; (John i. 13;) the first birth is of corruptible, the second birth of incorruptible seed. (1 Pet. i. 23.) The first birth is in sin, the second birth is in holiness and righteousness; by the first birth men are polluted and unclean, by the second birth they become holy and commence as saints; the first birth is of the flesh, and is carnal, the second birth is of the Spirit, and is spiritual, and makes men spiritual men; by the first birth men are foolish and unwise, being born like a wild ass's colt, by the second birth they become knowing and wise unto salvation; by the first they are slaves to sin and the lusts of the flesh, by the second birth they become Christ's free men; from their first birth they are transgressors, and go on in a course of sinning, until stopped by grace, in the second birth they cease to go on in a course of sinning, but live a life of holiness; by the first birth men are children of wrath, and are under tokens of divine displeasure; by the second birth they appear to be the objects of the love of God, regeneration being the fruit and effect of it, and that which gives the evidence of it. And now, the instrumental cause of regeneration, if it may be so called, is usually the word of God, preached by the ministers of it. Hence regenerate persons are said to be "born again by the word of God which liveth and abideth for ever;" (1 Pet. i. 23;) and James says, "Of his own will begat he us with the word of truth," (James i. 18.) And ministers of the gospel are not only represented as ministers and instruments by whom others believe, but as spiritual fathers. "Though ye have ten thousand instructors in Christ," says Paul to the Corinthians, "yet have ye not many fathers, for in Christ Jesus I have begotten you through the Gospel." (1 Cor. iv. 15.) Yea, God puts great honor upon his word faithfully preached by his ministers, for "faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word

of God;" (Rom. x. 17;) and it is as the channel by which the Spirit of God conveys himself and his grace into the hearts of men; and this is done when the word comes, as it did to the Thessalonians, "not in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance." (1 Thess. i. 5.) But if ministers expect this great blessing of regeneration to be the effect of the preached word, let them see to it that it is preached faithfully, and not those *dreams* which in these days are pushed upon the world as the word of God. "The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream; and he that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully; for what is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord." (Jer. xxiii. 28.)

Let those ministers who have the word of God, preach it to others; the word of the Gospel, the word of peace and reconciliation, of righteousness, life, and salvation; the evangelical part of the word, though not to the exclusion of all the rest, but this chiefly. They who have it, not only in their hands to read, not merely in their head, so as to have speculative notions of it, but have it in their hearts, where it has come with power, and has become "the engrafted word," and who have an experimental knowledge of it, (and such only are fit to be ministers of the word,) let such see to it that they speak or preach the word faithfully, without any mixture of man's word. Let them not keep back or conceal any part of it from fear of man, but speak it out boldly, with a single eye to God's glory, and the good of souls; for there is no more comparison between the word of God and the word of man, however adorned it may be with eloquence, than between chaff and wheat. The word of man can no more feed the soul than chaff can feed the body; whereas, the word of God is to the soul what wheat is to the body—pure, solid, substantial, nourishing, strengthening food; food to be rejoiced in. "Thy words," says the prophet, "were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart." (Jer. xv. 16.) And God's blessing, in his own good time, shall attend his word, faithfully preached; it shall be a blessing to his people, as surely as the rain he sends is a blessing to the earth. And so he hath promised in those words, which stand as a motto to this piece: "As the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may bring forth, or give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater, so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please; and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." The gospel, which is the word of God, like the rain, comes from heaven; and as the rain is a blessing to the earth, so is the gospel to the souls of men; and it falls, like rain, according to divine direction, here and there, and carries not for the expectations or deserts of men. It has fallen in this highly-favored land, while a great portion of the globe remains as "a barren land where no water is," or like the mountains of Gilboa, where there was no dew and no rain. (2 Sam. i. 21.) It is the means of softening the hard hearts of men, and of reviving

drooping, disconsolate, and weary souls. It is the means of the first buddings of grace in the Lord's people, and of all their after fruitfulness in good works. It is productive of seed to Christ, the sower, and of fruit to his ministers, who labor under him; and of bread to the eater, the believer, to whom Christ is the bread of life, upon whom he feeds by faith. Yea, as the rain does that for which God sends it down upon the earth, so shall his word do that for which he sends it forth; it shall not return to him void, but shall be "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." (Rom. i. 16.) It shall accomplish that which he pleases; it shall not be left to the preacher, whether slow of speech, like Moses, (Gen. iv. 10,) or persuasive and consoling like Barnabas, or powerful like Boanerges, or eloquent like Apollos, (Acts xviii. 24,) or firm as a stone, like Cephas, (John i. 42,) "or in speech contemptible, like Paul," (2 Cor. x. 10,) though "set to be a light to the Gentiles, and for salvation to the ends of the earth." (Acts xiii. 46.) Neither shall it be left to the free will of the hearer; but it shall do that for which God sends it; it shall be for the conversion of sinners, and for the comfort of saints; it shall prosper in the thing whereto God sends it; it shall not be a negative thing, or a mere dead letter, which may or may not produce effects; it shall prosper, whether it be "the savor of death unto death, or the savor of life unto life." (2 Cor. ii. 16.) It shall prosper; it shall quicken some, even all those that are "ordained to eternal life," (Acts xiii. 48;) and it shall harden others, and leave them without excuse to perish in their sins. God's word shall prosper for the conversion and comfort of his people, because it comes from him, and contains his will, and is preached by his order, and attended by his power; it is divinely breathed by him; he speaks in it by his ministers, and he is heard of it by his people, who, in due time, hear it both externally and internally, and receive it into their understandings, so as to know it spiritually and experimentally, and to believe in Christ revealed in it, and receive it into their affections, in the love of it, and with joy in the Holy Ghost.

God's word, wherever it may be sent, and by whatever minister it may be faithfully preached, however weak, and feeble, and inefficient he may seem to be in the eyes of the world, shall prosper and accomplish that whereunto he sends it; and the promise he makes to the people in the text is free and sovereign, not depending upon the exertion of their free will, or fettered by any conditions imposed upon them. "Ye shall go forth with joy, and be led forth with peace." Ye (little word of large and sweet import!) ye, my people; ye whom "I have loved with an everlasting love," (Jer. xxxi. 3,) not only of old, or a good while ago, but from all eternity, with a love which will always last, notwithstanding dark and afflictive providences; ye, my people, whom I have blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, and chosen in him before the foundation of the world, that ye should be holy and without blame before him in love, having predestinated you to the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to myself, according to the

good pleasure of my will, to the praise of the glory of my grace. (Eph. i. 3-6;) ye, my people, for whom I set up my co-equal and co-eternal Son in eternity to be your mediator, putting you all into his hands, consigning you to his care, that you might be preserved in him, notwithstanding your fall in Adam; entering into covenant with him as your head, representative, and surety, and storing up in him your temporal, spiritual, and eternal blessings; and "in the fulness of time," sending him forth into the world in your nature, that you might have a better and more abundant life than that which you have lost by Adam's fall, even a spiritual life here, and a life of glory hereafter; ye, my people, whom, lest I should forget, "I have graven on the palms of my hand," (Isa. xlix. 16,) and "set apart for myself;" (Psal. iv. 3;) and who, notwithstanding all your sinfulness and unworthiness, and the enmity of your heart, are as delightful and refreshing to me as grapes in the wilderness to a thirsty traveller; (Hos. ix. 10;) ye, my people, round whom I am as a wall of fire, and my glory in the midst, (Zech. v. 6,) and with whom I have promised to be when you pass through the waters, and through the rivers, and through the fire; (Isa. xliii. ii;) ye, my people, who constitute the "general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, (Heb. xii. 23,) and who have been redeemed to me by the blood of Christ, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation," (Rev. v. 9,) redeemed, not merely by power, but by price, from your state of slavery and bondage to sin, Satan, and the law; "ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace." Yea, when the gospel, which is the word of God, the word of peace and reconciliation, of righteousness, life, and salvation; when the gospel comes to the hearts of God's people, and he opens their hearts to attend to it, as he opened the heart of Lydia to attend to it, when spoken by Paul; (Acts xvi. 14;) when he makes them "willing in the day of his power" (Psal. cx. 3) to receive it, and it becomes the "engrafted word," (Jas. i. 21,) which takes deep root in them, and brings forth much fruit; to receive it, "not as the word of men, but, as it is in truth, the word of God, which worketh effectually in them them that believe;" (1 Thess. ii. 13;) when it comes down to them, "not with the enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and power, that their faith may not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God;" (1 Cor. ii. 4;) when it comes to them as it did to the three thousand when preached by Peter, to the jailer when preached by Paul, to the eunuch when preached by Philip, and to Levi, Zaccheus, and the woman of Samaria, when preached by Christ; in that day fixed in the divine mind in eternity, for the conversion of each individual of God's elect people; in that day, when the deaf shall hear the words of the book, and the eyes of the blind shall see out of obscurity, and out of darkness, when they that erred in spirit shall come to understanding, and they that murmured shall learn doctrine; (Isa. xxix. 18-24;) then "they shall go out with joy;" they shall go out of a state of bondage to sin, and Satan, and the

law, with the joy of prisoners let loose from prison. They shall go out of the darkness, and ignorance, and blindness of their natural state into the "marvellous light" of the gospel, with the joy of men removed from a dark dungeon into the bright cheering rays of a summer's sun. They shall go out of the "horrible pit and the miry clay" (Psa. xl. 3) of nature's misery, out of "the hole of the pit," (Isa. li. 1,) the lowest possible state of darkness, and wretchedness, and filth, with the joy of poor beggars raised out of the dust, or lifted off of the dunghill to be set among princes. (Psal. cxiii. 7, 8; 1 Sam. ii. 8.) They shall go out of themselves and their own righteousness, having "no confidence in the flesh," to "be found in Christ," (Phil. iii. 3-9,) and be "clothed in the robe of his righteousness," with the joy of men who cast off their filthy rags," (Isa. lxiv. 6,) to be clothed with "clothing of wrought gold, and raiment of needlework." (Psa. xlv.) They shall go out of their own sinful ways, ways of destruction and misery, (Rom. iii. 16,) "pernicious ways," (2 Pet. ii. 2,) "crooked ways," (Psa. cxxv. 5,) to follow Christ in his "garden enclosed," (Song iv. 12,) whose ways are "ways of pleasantness, and whose paths are peace. (Prov. iii. 17.) Yea, and when they have come to him to walk in his ways, and "all that the Father giveth him shall come to him," (John vi. 37,) he will see to it that they do not go back into their own evil ways; for, speaking to his church, by his prophet, he says, "Behold, I will hedge up thy way with thorns, and make a wall that she shall not find her paths; and she shall follow after her lovers, but she shall not overtake them; and she shall seek them, but shall not find them; then shall she say, I will go and return to my first husband, for then was it better with me than now." (Hos. ii. 6, 7.) "They shall go out from among the men of the world, and their companions in sin, with whom they walk in the broad way that leadeth to destruction." (Matt. vii. 13.) Yea, the men of the world shall separate them from their company; for, as the world loves its own, it hates those that are chosen out of it;" (John xv. 19;) and the separation shall be a source of joy to them. "Blessed are ye," said Christ, "when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of Man's sake. Rejoice in that day, and leap for joy, for, behold, your reward is great in heaven." (Luke vi. 22.)

And not only shall the Lord's people "go out with joy," when he sends forth his word to them, and opens their hearts to receive it, making them "willing in the day of his power," but "they shall be led forth with peace;" and this not by force, but by love. He will draw them with "bands of love" (Hos. xi. 4) in a gracious and gentle way, even as he drew Israel on in the wilderness, till they were brought to Canaan's land, by bestowing kind favors upon them, and making precious promises to them. So the Lord deals with his spiritual Israel; he draws them out of their present state and circumstances, in which they are by nature, to himself, and to his Son, to follow after him, and run in the way of his commandments; and this not by compulsion against their renewed wills, but by the

power of his grace, secretly working upon them and attracting them, by revealing Christ in them, in the glories of his person and the riches of his grace, and by letting in his love into their hearts ; by kind invitations, by precious promises, by divine teaching, attended with his powerful and efficacious grace. "They shall be led forth," by the Spirit, who shall take them by the hand, as it were, and "bring the blind by a way they know not, and lead them in paths they have not known ; and make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight." (Isa. xlii. 16.) He shall lead them to Christ, to his person, fulness, blood, and righteousness ; to the house of God and to the ordinances of it, which are "the green pastures and the still waters;" (Psa. xxiii. 2;) and from one degree of grace to another, till he bring them safe to glory. "They shall be led forth with peace." They shall have peace with God, flowing from a sense of reconciliation to him, that great blessing, which is of more worth than all this world can give ; that blessing which the world cannot give or take away, and which quite "passeth the understanding" of the men of the world, who are like "the troubled sea, which cannot rest, and whose waters cast up mire and dirt, and to whom there is no peace;" (Isa. lvii. 20;) and they shall have peace among themselves. The Lord "shall hide them in the secret of his presence from the pride of man, and keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues;" (Psa. xxxi. 20;) and they shall "keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace." (Eph. iv. 3.) Yea, God will extend peace to them like a river; (Isa. lxvi. 12;) peace, like a large, spreading, overflowing, abundant river, which brings blessings with it wherever it comes ; a sweet, calm, unruffled peace, which even the world's tribulations cannot disturb, which persecutions cannot hinder, and which men and devils cannot destroy.

May the Lord bless this portion of his word, and cause it to prosper among those to whom it is sent ; may it be like "bread cast upon the waters," (Eccl. xi. 1,) which shall be found after many days. May it be blessed for the conversion of those that are out of the way, and for the comfort of those who have been already gathered into the fold of Christ. Amen and amen.

ETERNITY and time differ as the sea and rivers ; the sea never changes place, and is always one water, but the rivers glide along, and are swallowed up in the sea. So is time by eternity.—*Charnock*.

THE doctrine of ineffectual grace is a doctrine which represents Omnipotence itself as wishing, and trying, and striving to no purpose. According to this tenet, God, in endeavoring (for it seems only endeavor) to convert sinners, may by sinners be foiled, defeated, and disappointed. He may lay close and long siege to a soul, and that soul can, from the citadel of impregnable free-will, hang out a flag of defiance to God himself, and, by continual obstinacy of defence, and a few vigorous sallies of free agency, compel him to raise the siege. In a word, the Holy-Spirit, after having for years, perhaps, danced attendance on the will of man, may at last, like a discomfited general, or an unsuccessful petitioner, be either put to an ignominious flight or contemptuously dismissed, *re infectâ*, without accomplishing the end for which he was sent.—*Toplady*.

CHARACTERISTICS OF A BELIEVING CHRISTIAN, IN PARADOXES AND SEEMING CONTRADICTIONS.

BY FRANCIS BACON,

BARON OF VERULAM, VISCOUNT OF ST ALBANS, AND LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND.*

1. A Christian is one who believes such things as his reason cannot comprehend; hopes for things he never saw, and labors for what he knows he shall not obtain; yet in the issue his belief appears not to be false; his hope makes him not ashamed; his labor is not in vain.

2. He believes Three to be One, and One to be Three; a Father not to be older than his Son, a Son to be equal with his Father, and One proceeding from both, to be equal with both; as believing Three Persons in one nature and two natures in one Person.

3. He believes a virgin to be the mother of a Son, and that very Son of hers to be her Maker. He believes Him to have been shut up in a narrow cell, whom heaven and earth could not contain. He believes Him to have been born in time who was and is from everlasting. He believes Him to have been a weak child, and carried in arms, who is the Almighty; and Him once to have died, who alone has life and immortality in himself.

4. He believes the God of all grace to have been angry with one that never offended him; and God, who hates sin, to be reconciled to himself, though a sinner continually, and never making or being able to make him satisfaction. He believes a most just God to have punished a most just person, and to have justified the Christian, though a most ungodly sinner. He believes himself freely pardoned, and yet a sufficient satisfaction was made for him.

5. He believes himself to be precious in God's sight, and yet loathes himself in his own. He dares not justify himself, even in those things wherein he can find no fault with himself, and yet believes God accepts him in those services wherein himself is able to find many faults.

6. He praises God for his justice, yet fears him for his mercy. He is so ashamed that he dares not open his mouth before God; and yet he comes with boldness to God, and asks him anything he needs. He is so humble as to acknowledge himself to deserve nothing but evil, yet he believes that God means him all good. He fears always, yet is as bold as a lion. He is often sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; many times complaining, yet always giving of thanks. He is the most lowly minded, yet the greatest aspirer; most contented, yet ever craving.

7. He bears a lofty spirit in a mean condition. When he is ablest he thinks meanest of himself. He is rich in poverty, and poor in the midst of riches. He believes all the world to be his, yet takes nothing without special leave from God. He covenants with God

* Whether Lord Bacon wrote the above paradoxes or not they are blessed Gospel truths.—ED.

for nothing, yet looks for a great reward. He loses his life, and gains by it; and whilst he loses it, he saves it.

8. He lives not to himself, yet of all others he is most wise for himself. He denies himself often, yet no man loves himself better. He is most reproached, yet most honored. He has most afflictions, and most comforts.

9. The more injuries his enemies do him, the more advantages he gains by them; the more he forsakes worldly things, the more he enjoys them.

10. He is the most temperate of all men, yet fares most deliciously. He lends and gives most freely, yet he is the greatest usurer. He is meek towards all men, yet inexorable by men. He is the best child, husband, brother, friend, yet hates father and mother, brother, and sister.

11. He desires to have more grace than any man in the world, yet is truly sorrowful when he sees any man have less than himself. He knows no man after the flesh, yet he gives all men their due respects. He knows if he please man he cannot be the servant of Christ, yet for Christ's sake he pleases all men in all things. He is a peacemaker, yet is a continual fighter and an irreconcilable enemy.

12. He believes him to be worse than an infidel that provides not for his family, yet himself lives and dies without care. He reverences all his superiors, yet stands stiffly upon authority. He is severe to his children, because he loves them; and by being favorable to his enemies, he revenges himself upon them.

13. He believes the angels to be more excellent creatures than himself, yet counts them his servants. He believes that he receives many good things by their means, and yet he never prays to them for assistance, nor offers them thanks, which he does not disdain to the meanest Christian.

14. He believes himself a king, how mean soever he be, and yet, how great soever he is, he thinks himself not too good to serve the meanest saint.

15. He is often in prison, yet always at liberty, a freeman, though a servant. He loves not honor amongst men, yet highly prizes a good name.

16. He believes that God hath bid every man who does him good to do it, yet of any man he is the most thankful to those that do for him. He would lay down his life to save the soul of his enemy, yet will he not venture upon one sin to save the life of him who saved his.

17. He believes Christ to have no need of anything he does, yet reckons he relieves Christ in all his acts of charity. He knows he can do nothing of himself, yet he labors to work out his own salvation. He professes he can do nothing, yet as truly professes he can do all things. He knows that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, yet believes he shall go to heaven both body and soul.

18. He trembles at God's word, yet counts it sweeter to him than honey and the honey-comb, and dearer than thousands of gold and silver.

19. He believes that God will never damn him, and yet fears God for being able to cast him into hell. He knows he shall not be saved by or for his good works, yet does all the good works he can.

20. He knows God's Providence is in all things, yet is as diligent in all his calling and business as if he were to work out his own happiness. He believes that God before-hand has purposed what he shall be, and that nothing can make him alter his purpose, yet prays and endeavors as if he would *force* God to save him for ever.

21. He prays and labors for what he is confident God means to give him, and the more assured he is, the more earnestly he prays. He prays for what he knows he shall never obtain, and yet gives not over. He prays and labors for what he knows he shall be no less happy without. He prays with all his heart not to be led into temptation, yet rejoices when he has fallen into it. He believes his prayers are heard, even when they are denied, and gives thanks for that which he prays against.

22. He hath within him both flesh and spirit, and yet is not a double-minded man. He is often led captive by the law of sin, yet it never gets dominion over him. He cannot sin, yet he can do nothing without sin. He does nothing against his will, yet maintains he does what he would not. He wavers, and doubts, yet still obtains.

23. He is often tossed and shaken, yet is as Mount Sion. He is a serpent and a dove, a lamb and a lion, a reed and a cedar. He is sometimes so troubled that he thinks nothing true in religion, yet if he did think so, he could not be troubled at all. He sometimes thinks that God has no mercy for him, yet resolves to die in the pursuit of it. He believes, like Abraham, against hope, and though he cannot answer God's logic, yet with the woman of Canaan he hopes to prevail with the rhetoric of importunity.

24. He wrestles and yet prevails; and though feeling himself unworthy of the least blessing he enjoys, yet, Jacob like, he will not let go without a new blessing. He sometimes thinks himself to have no grace at all, and yet how poor and afflicted soever he is besides, he would not change conditions with the most prosperous man under heaven who is a manifest worldling.

25. He sometimes thinks that the ordinances of God do him no good, yet he would rather part with his life than be deprived of them.

26. He was born dead, yet so that it would have been murder for any one to have taken his life away; and after he began to live he was ever dying.

27. And though he has an eternal life begun in him, yet he accounts that he has a death to pass through.

28. He counts self-murder a heinous sin, yet is ever busied in crucifying the flesh, and in putting to death his earthly members, not doubting but there will come a time of glory, when he shall be esteemed precious in the sight of the great God of heaven and earth, appearing with boldness at his throne, and asking anything he needs; being endued with humility, by acknowledging his great crimes and offences, and owning that he deserves nothing but severe punishment.

29. He lives invisible to those that see him, and those that know

him best do but guess at him, yet those many times judge more truly of him than he does of himself.

30. The world will sometimes count him a saint, when God accounts him a hypocrite; and afterwards when the world brands him for a hypocrite, God owns him for a saint.

31. His death makes not an end of him. His soul, which was put into his body, is not to be perfected without his body; yet his soul is more happy, when it is separated from his body than when it was joined to it; and his body, though torn in pieces, burnt to ashes, ground to powder, or trod to rottenness, shall be no loser.

32. His Advocate, his Surety, shall be his Judge; his mortal part shall become immortal; and what was sown in corruption and defilement shall be raised in incorruption and glory; and a finite creature shall possess an infinite happiness.

A LETTER OF SYMPATHY TO MR. NEWTON, OF LAKENHEATH, BY THE LATE MR. BIRCH, OF CRANBROOK.

My dear Friend in Jesus Christ,—I cannot forbear writing to you, since I have read the account of your dear son's joyful and happy end. Blessed be the name of the Lord, who has not left off his kindness to the living and to the dead, but who shows that he ever liveth by his shedding forth his Holy Spirit on your dear son, which you saw, heard, and are a witness of. Cannot you bless your merciful and covenant God for the birth and death of such a son? Does not all your labor and trouble seem light to you when you consider what a blessed harvest you have reaped in his being gathered to the people of the God of Abraham? I am sure I rejoice, and so do as many as have heard of what God has wrought at Lakenheath. He is still working salvation in the midst of the earth, even in as many as he has purposed to call; and whether they have shepherds that can understand or not, it matters not; he will both search his sheep and seek them, for he telleth the number of them, and calleth them all by their names, being written one by one in the Lamb's Book of Life. But you will say, how does he call them, that I also may know that my name is in his book? He says, "I will make a man to know what are his thoughts;" and I know that he has made you to know them. Yes, say you, he certainly has, and bad enough they are. Then to such, and only such, he says, "Let the unrighteous forsake his thoughts;" and have you forsaken them? I know you have by your hating those vain thoughts, which still lodge within you, such as false thoughts of God, that his mercy is clean gone for ever, which is a thought quite contrary to his thoughts towards you. Now, how come you and I to know that our thoughts please him? Let us ask when did we feel the sensible approbation of God towards us? When we thought him inexorable, or when we thought him full of grace and truth? Did he not gladden our heart when we were enabled to believe him all love, pity, and compassion to us? Did not the Rock, Christ Jesus,

pour us out at such times rivers of oil? Did he ever reprove us for giving credit to his word? He never did reprove me for it. He has often reprov'd me for stubborn unbelief; and so he has you. I found this out many years ago; for it was customary with me to be attacked with a violent temptation that I was a hypocrite, about once a month, after I was in bed, and generally after I had been hearing on the Lord's Day. To this I could make no reply; the charges seem'd so just; and attended with such apparent evidence that I gave up all, and felt as Nabal did when his heart became dead as a stone. On the next day I found myself unable to pray; but as I gathered strength, and renewed my confidence I found that God smiled upon me, and I therefore concluded that I did not displease him by my confidence. Nay, my dear friend, why should I say not displease him, when he himself has told me that without faith it is impossible to please God? therefore by faith it is possible for both you and me to please him; and, to tell you the truth, nothing else pleases him; and the more my eyes are turned to that blessed object of faith, our dear Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the more does the Father shine upon me. I am learning this slowly; but being put to his school by his own unmerited free choice, and kept there at his sole expense, I learn it surely. When I would go from him he brings me back, and shows me that if I forsake him I forsake my own mercies. Our dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Parr, too, rejoiced in your dear son's joy. I thought of these words: "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." This was spoken by the lip of truth; therefore why should not we on earth follow their good example? and thus his will is done on earth as it is in heaven. You will say I make very free with you, but I cannot help it, for from the first day I knew you I loved you for Christ's sake, and ever since I have had you in my heart, and often mention you in my prayers as one for whom Christ died, and as bound up in the bundle of life with him, the Lord our God.

I hope, my dear friend, that we are both making nearer approaches to the Son of God. He is indeed our life and the length of our days, and all our happiness lies in him. Out of him is nothing but condemnation and misery. God has so ordered it that we shall find no rest or peace but where he rests. "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased;" and then he adds, "Hear ye him." "He that hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely, (that is confidently,) and shall be quiet from fear of evil." There is and can be no fear of evil where he is known, for he bare all the evil and took it away; he finished transgression, and made an end of sin. Blessed day in which he removed the transgression of his purchased possession; and blessed day when we, like your dear son, come into possession of it by faith, as he did. "For they gat not possession of the land through their own arm, neither did their own arm save them; but thy right hand, and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance, because thou hadst a favor unto them." I doubt not you sorrow at the loss of an affectionate and good son, and so must Mrs. Newton.

to whom I desire to be remembered. You have also the burden of caring for your family cast upon you; and may your gracious Lord enable you to cast it upon him. "Leave thy fatherless children; I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me." This he alone can enable her and you to do, who has all power to give what he commands. How quickly was the work performed on your dear son's soul. You, perhaps, knew very little what was going on within him; but how did the work show itself at last? What encouragement to you, that what a gracious God has wrought in you he will perfect.

"These feeble desires, these wishes so weak,
'Tis Jesus inspires and bids you still seek;
His Spirit will cherish the life he first gave,
You never shall perish if Jesus can save.
"Blest soul that can say, Christ only I seek;
Wait for him alway, be constant, tho' weak."

Mrs. Parr is feeble in health, yet far better than ever we expected. She is a good friend, because a sincere lover of the Lord Jesus. I suppose we must not expect to see you now, which I am sorry for; but wherever we are, brotherly love can reach one another. It is of God, and, like its author, eternal; it rejoices in the truth of God's salvation, as we do now with you in your joy. The Holy Spirit has gathered us to Christ, the meeting place, and to one another; we are no longer strangers and foreigners either to God or to one another, as we once were, but known to each other by a new nature imparted. We are taught the same truths, and speak the same language; we see eye to eye, and see and acknowledge that the glory of God is to be known only in the face or person of Jesus Christ.

Remember me kindly to Mr. Cooke and Mr. Francis Smith, whom I once saw at Mr. Parr's. Mr. Gardner is well in health; God remarkably visited him last year in his soul, after his severe illness. He was very happy indeed. He told me yesterday that he had within the last three days had as powerful communications of love as ever he had in his life. Mr. Lock informs us that God has visited two or three persons in your neighborhood with happy discoveries of his mercy. I should be glad to hear any account of them from you, if you feel inclined to write, but do not force yourself to write. I write upon occasion of this happy end of your dear son. Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints; for it is the harvest of his labors upon them. He had bestowed much labor upon them, had ploughed up the fallow ground of their heart, sown the good seed, waited for its springing up, given it the rain, looked for fruit, which is from himself, and now is come the harvest, which is what the husbandman intended should take place. I am at this time somewhat straitened in my spirit. My old nature is ever at war with all that is good, and if I try to oppose it in my own strength, I find that it has chariots of iron. I must, therefore, put myself under the care of him who is my shield, the Captain of the Lord's host. O, Mr. Newton, I am a paradox indeed; at war in

my flesh with God, and yet at peace in my mind; reconciled, yet a rebel. From such a one what must you expect but contradictions?

Your sincere friend,

HENRY BIRCH.

30, Park Street, Camden Town, London, Oct. 31st, 1832.

P.S.—My dear wife sends her Christian love to you. I have seen Mr. Lock; he is much better for his visit. Send me an account of the others who died happy.

A LETTER FROM A PRIVATE SOLDIER IN INDIA.*

My dear Brother in Christ Jesus, the only Hope of life eternal,—Grace, mercy, and peace be unto you from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ. After a long silence I will again attempt to add a few words, by God's mercy, in answer to your most precious presents. I have had the happiness of receiving five sermons while my regiment was in Persia, and also one when we arrived at Chinsurah. These to me were all welcome guests, for they are full of truth, good for the experienced child. This is that which adds strength to poor Zion's sons and daughters, as they sojourn in this tomb of sin and death. This is what the world appears to me. Oh, the unspeakable goodness and mercy of God to us poor polluted worms of sin! for even while we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly. This is where the Lord remembered us; and in his own good time he hath made manifest to us our sonship by revealing Christ in us as the only hope of life. So, my dear brother, by the grace of an internal experience, we can say with Paul, "Salvation is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy." My dear brother, I am happy to see that you are one that has got a sight of Christ by faith, which is a precious grace; for without this grace we cannot please God, nor worship him; for God is a Spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth, dear brother. When this truth is revealed to us by the Holy Spirit, it also enables us to see what poor, empty, broken pitchers we are. We are lost and ruined by the fall, and it is only of God's gracious mercy we are saved at all. Dear brother, you wished to know if the sermons were made a blessing to any poor soul? Bless the Lord, I hope I may say of a truth, the good of them was most precious to my soul and to the rest of them. I called my brethren to the feast; and I hope I may say the Lord was with us in our midst to bless his truth. I am led to hope it was the blessed Lord, who saw the state we were in, for not a spark of life

* The above letter was written by a soldier in India from Benares, a celebrated city in the North Western provinces, and about half-way between Calcutta and Delhi, where the mutinous rebels, after committing horrible atrocities, are now besieged by the British troops. The latest accounts speak of risings at Benares also; we should otherwise have conjectured that the writer, if spared, is now before Delhi. As such, besides its own intrinsic value, it will be read with interest. It was written to a gracious young man, whom we know, who had sent the writer some of the Penny Pulpit Sermons.

was in the whole camp at M—. Dear brother, I hope the Lord has raised you up again, as I was led to see in the last you sent me you were poorly. Fear not, my dear brother. I hope we can say with David of old, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." "For this light affliction, which is but a moment, worketh out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Dear brother, these mud walls have to come down, and our heavenly Father has wisely ordered all things for our good; so when his tender, afflicting hand is upon us, it is for our good; yet Joseph, like me, would say, "Not so, my father." This is nature, which is sure to err. But, my dear brother, God grant us the grace of patience; and remember he is God eternal, and he is our refuge, and underneath us are his everlasting arms. His most precious blood has delivered us from going down into the pit; his immutable power has engaged to save the weakest of his sheep. (John vi. 37.) Dear brother, I hope you feel the preciousness of Christ, who was for our sakes afflicted beyond measure. Oh, may this ever be our cry at sweet mercy's door!

"Jesus, thou art the sinner's friend,
As such I look to thee;
Now in the bowels of thy love,
Dear Lord, remember me."

Dear brother, what a mercy we are taught by experience this is not our rest. No; we have no abiding city here. This same spirit is clear to be existing, has existed, and does exist in the quickened family of God. David of old cried thus, "Up to thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul." Christ, our exalted Head, after he finished the work of his Father upon earth, longed for the glory he had with his Father before the world was. Paul, when writing to the church at Corinth, said, "For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened." Now what is this that becomes a burden to the quickened groaning sinner? Experience teaches us that we have a body of sin and death, which, when its evil indwelling propensities lift up their angry heads, is a burden to the new man. Thus we do groan and long for this mortality to be swallowed up of life. Dear brother, I am happy to believe you have both tasted, handled, and felt the truth of these precious words; and as my paper is near done, I will decline to add any more at this time. I hope God's blessing will accompany these feeble remarks, and to God be all the praise.

Dear brother, you doubtless will have thought me unkind for not writing to you before this, but I have to tell you that since I wrote, my regiment has been sent to Persia, and we have had two general engagements. Bless the Lord, neither my brethren nor myself were touched, nor yet your brother G. He was well when I left Mohammerah. I called upon him, and a fine, big man he is. I doubt not but he will have informed you of the war in Persia. On our arrival at Bombay we were ordered off to Calcutta, the capital of Bengal, for the native army had desperately mutinied. In my next (D. V.) I will tell you more of the state of the country.

Now, dear brother, I will close with my love in Jesus to you and the dear little band of God's chosen with you. May truth and

and peace dwell with you all. Accept of the love of my brethren in Jesus. My dear brother, I do feel a desire to again thank you for your kind presents; for I have the happiness to tell you they were blessed to another poor soul, whose heart the Lord has opened. He was a sailor on board the ship I came down in from Persia. He rejoiced to feed his hungry soul. He never saw the like before. He had a bundle of those dead letter tracts, but they went into the sea. I hope you will be able to send more of the sermons, for they are surely of the finest of wheat. I have read of the now glorified saint, the late **R. W. G.** I must close.

Believe me to be,

Yours truly and affectionately in Christ Jesus,

Camp Benares, June 26th, 1857.

A. BAKER.

P. S.—I hope to hear from you soon. The above sermons were preached by Mr. Tiptaft, Mr. Philpot, and Mr. Gadsby. Address, 2356, A. Baker, 78th Highlanders, Calcutta, Bengal, India.

AMIABLE LOVE.

Seeing the account of the death of the late Mr. Husband, of Hartley Row, in the "Gospel Standard," I do not think it unbecoming in me to mention the following to his honor, as he gloried in the blessed Jesus. I have a letter by me, written by him to me in the summer of 1835, in which he says it was as if the Lord laid it on his mind and on the mind of his first wife to allow me so much money a year out of their income, till it might please Providence to provide for me. He was pleased to say it was laid on their minds, feeling that I was a good man. As a cup of cold water given out of heart-felt love to Christ and his seed is in no case gospelly to lose its reward, I think it is not unbecoming in me thus to consecrate his memory in this unsought-for and honorable Christian action. He was as good as his word; and from 1835 to 1848, when I got property left of my own, he always punctually paid me so much a year. Peace to his memory! O may I be enabled to copy his honorable footsteps, and to follow him as he followed Christ. "The memory of the just is blessed," and after they are turned to dust the memory of their actions shall smell sweet. May affection pardon the tribute of a tear, which I thus affectionately shed to his memory.

I may add, Mr. Husband was brought up at Magdalene College, Cambridge, gave up being a clergyman in the Established Church (as my unworthy self did) through scriptural conscientious objections to the Prayer Book, and for a period of nearly 25 years afterwards glorified God in his body and spirit, respected by all who knew him, and a pattern to all that knew him of self-denial and every Christian grace.

I may add when, in 1848, I offered him all the money back again, he declined to take it, and I heard him once say he did not wish to lose his reward (of grace).

O may I ever be enabled to copy so bright an example of Christian kindness and disinterestedness. Few persons with Mr. Hus-

band's property would have lived in the self-denial that he did. Now that he is dead and gone, I know his benevolent kindness in money matters was most extensive. Instead of spending his money in pride and show, he helped the poor and necessitous, and his actions bless him in the gates. And when many a high and towering man of knowledge in Christian matters shall be put out in obscure darkness, Mr. Husband, whose bowels moved with loving-kindness and tender mercies, shall be crowned with the diadem of undeserved grace.

I once heard a person say of him and of another esteemed friend, "You never hear of their most extensive deeds of love." No, like their divine Master, their "voice was not heard in the street," and "their right hand did not know what their left hand did." Surely such men are the excellent of the earth; their memory and example smell most sweet and blossom in the dust.

O may I be ever enabled to copy the bright examples of those who have got into Paradise before me, and be this the warmest grief I can ever feel that in so many things I unwillingly come short.

I may add also that as in 1834 I gave up being a clergyman through long-felt objections to the Prayer Book, without a sixpence to depend on, and broken health too, I humbly hope it was the Spirit of God, in his undeserved mercy, who thus (unsought for by me) laid it on Mr. and Mrs. Husband's kindness to be friends to me. The mighty hand and outstretched arm of God even in providence consecrates everything to his people's good and happiness; and many a time have sobs and tears, and prayers of gratitude come from me to the Author of every good, and that he puts it into the hearts of his people to do good; as it says of Barnabas, "He was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost and faith," of which honorable character all the elect more or less partake.

"The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance," and their memory is consecrated both with God and man.

Abingdon.

J. K.

A BLESSED SOUL IN AN AFFLICTED BODY.

My dear Friend,—I promised when I left you to write and tell you how I found things on my return. Through the mercy of the Lord, all was peaceable and quiet. I went out to see the fields next morning, and on my way found myself seized with a sudden pain in the bowels, followed with a remarkable perspiration, which I could not account for. I soon found it necessary to return home. The pain increasing, it became very violent, which soon caused alarm among some neighbors, who came to see if they could render any assistance. It was cholera. I found a solemn impression come over me, and said to a friend, if the cause is not soon removed, I shall be in another world in a few hours; my pains are so great. Immediately I found the Sun of Righteousness begin to rise on my soul, and I asked the Lord to give me strength to bear the pain. I was passive in his hands. The beams of heaven's glory blessed

shone on my soul. Vomiting came on, most distressing to the body, but my soul was blessed, and cried out in the midst of it, "I do not want to get better;" and said to them around me, "May the Lord give you to know what it is to be at peace with God on a dying bed;" for it seemed to all appearance I was on my dying bed; and though in great torture of body, I had peace in my soul. A soul sensibly feeling the peace of God can bear a tortured body better than a healthy body can endure a tortured soul. During the agony, I seemed for a moment to have a sight of the sea of torture the adorable Redeemer underwent. My own seemed lost.

I will be as short as the case will allow; but I felt I must tell you a little about it, hoping it may kindle a little love in your hearts to the Lord, who is so full of mercy to poor undone sinners. After about two hours the pains abated so far that I could lie and deliberately consider the matter over; and to my soul it was that the adorable Sun of Righteousness shone, so clear, in a spiritual sense. It was like a morning without a cloud. I looked within, and found all the adversaries of my soul were gone. I do not know that I was ever more free in my life. I found infidelity, which for a long time had haunted me, was gone, and those strong reasoners, who would undermine the foundation of my hope concerning the Lord Jesus in a way I should hardly dare to name. Many can daringly speak of it to turn Christianity into ridicule. I had found they had lodged within me, but they were all gone, and all they who had said unto my soul, "There is no help for him in God;" were all gone; all that made death appear terrific was gone, and my poor nervous mind felt so free on account of it, that altogether it was the most comfortable day I have had for many years. I had been frequently finding the words of the poet crossing my mind, and from similar words at different times, and what followed them, I was at times inclined to think something was coming. The words were, "I will sanctify to thee thy deepest distress." I thought if they were to be understood as applying to me, I did not know what I should do, for I am such a poor weak creature. It did not seem as if I had any one particular trouble, out of an ordinary way; and if I saw or heard of friends in affliction, I used to think with myself, I do not know how I should endure it if it were my case; and I thought I would rather do without the blessing than have to go through the trouble to get at it; as the poet says:

"Fain would I find my God, but fear
The means, perhaps, may prove severe."

I frequently think what a barren state of mind I was in, and call to mind that it was a number of years since I had full and free communion with the Lord, as I formerly had had, though I did not despair of my interest, nor was I without divine renewings; but I did not feel that comfortable assurance to say in the blessedness of it, "My God is mine," nor to see in the brightness of God's countenance that my Redeemer lived, though I could not wholly doubt it, but had not the joy of it. I often, when alone, would be pondering it over, and felt sad about my dying day, which I knew

must come, and knew not how soon. Sometimes terror would lay hold of me, and a thousand fears in different shapes lodged around and came out when it was dark to fright my soul; and it would seem I was not quite sure. And as the tempter's work is always made up of truth and lies together, it is sure to throw a poor soul into confusion; and through so many things, I was afraid sometimes to ask for great blessings, for I thought the trouble would be so heavy; but how easily the good and merciful Lord can bring it about. He can make a poor weak worm like me bear the heaviest pain with the greatest pleasure.

May the blessing of the Lord be with you all. If we should live to meet again, I hope he will do for us as he has done. With love to all friends,

South Moreton, July 27th, 1857.

Yours,

W. DOE.

SITTING AT JESUS' FEET.

Dear Friend,—Having an opportunity of sending you a line without expense, I thought it might not be amiss to do so, just to say once more that I shall (God willing) be with you on Monday, the 10th instant, and the ten following days; and from past experience, and the unconditional promise, I have a hope that I shall come in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ, that yourself and the brethren with you may be refreshed and built up in your most holy faith.

Dear Friend, I am often with you in the spirit, and often think of writing, but being so sluggish (as you can witness), I neglect it until I feel ashamed. I have much on my mind, and much to communicate, but the time will not for the present admit of my doing so.

The state of my mind this morning is humble, meek, contrite, and heavenly. Christ is precious, self abhorred, Satan conquered, sin subdued, the old man crucified, the new man revived, the world cast out, and the kingdom of God come in.

Oh, how sweet to sit at Jesus' blessed feet! How sweet must it be with him to fill the throne! What a pleasure to be his servant, to wait upon his saints! What a privilege to be a child, and to draw nigh under a persuasion of the soul-endearing relationship!

James, look to him who is Head, Husband, Father, Saviour, Brother, Friend, Neighbour, and Constant Guide. Study much his name, perfections, works, words, and blessed ways. Open your mouth for wisdom, and ask the Almighty for understanding; for happy is the man that findeth and retaineth her.

My good wishes and Christian love to yourself and wife, with all others who partake of the true faith of the everlasting God. Amen.

Wadhurst, Nov. 5, 1828.

W. C.

OH, say you, I cannot pray. I answer, Honest sighing is faith breathing and whispering in the ear. The life is not out of faith where there is sighing; looking up with the eyes, and breathing toward God. "Hide not thine ear at my breathing." (Lam. iii. 56.)—*Rutherford*.

A LETTER BY JOHN BERRIDGE.

Dear Sir,—Your letter of 21st of July came duly to hand, but has waited a wearisome while for an answer. Indeed, I have been much, yet not too much afflicted, for some months, with my old disorder, a nervous fever. We have been housekeepers every summer these forty years, and this fever-friend has kept me in this summer twelve weeks at home, and forbidden me literary correspondence. I do not love this fever-friend, yet he is the best earthly companion I have. No lasting gain I get, but in a furnace. Comforts of every kind, in the issue, make me either light or lofty, swell me, though imperceptibly, with self-sufficiency. Indeed, so much dross, natural and acquired, is found in my heart, that I have constant need of a furnace, and Jesus Christ has selected a suitable furnace for me; not a hot and hasty one, which might harden and consume me, but one with a gentle, lingering heat, which melts my heart gradually, and lets out some of its dross. Though I cannot love a furnace, nor bask in it like a salamander, yet the longer I live the more I see of its need and its use. A believer seldom walks steadily and ornamentally unless he is well furnaced. Without this his zeal is often scalding hot, his boldness attended with rashness, and his confidence at times more the result of animal spirits than the fruit of the Spirit; but a furnace consumes these excrescences, and when sweetly blown by grace, will make a Christian humble, and watchful, and mellow, very conscious of himself, and full of compassion for others. May your congregation keep increasing in numbers, and the power of the Lord be present to wound and to heal, to quicken and comfort; but, let me add, the growth of the children will greatly depend on your conduct, for a congregation quickly drinks into the spirit of the preacher. Much reading and tinking make popular ministers, but much secret prayer must make a powerful preacher. If you commune much with God on the mount, as Moses did, and the old puritans did, your hearers will perceive a gospel lustre on your countenance, and, what is best of all, you will not be sensible of it yourself. Much secret prayer will solemnize your heart, and make your visits savory as well as your sermons. The old puritans visited their flocks by house-row; the visits were short. They talked a little for God, and then concluded with prayer to God—an excellent rule, which prevented tittle tattle, and made visits profitable. May God bless you and water your flock.

Yours affectionately,

JOHN BERRIDGE.

Everton, Oct. 18th, 1788.

As a mother doth by her child that is learning to go, she sets it down, and stands some distance from it, and bids it come to her; the child feels its legs weak, and cries for the mother's help, but the mother steps back on purpose that the child should put forth all its little strength in making after her. When a poor soul comes and prays against such a sin, God seems to step back and stand at a distance; the temptation increaseth, and no visible succour appears, on purpose that the Christian, though weak, should exercise that strength he hath.—*Gurnall*.

Obituary.

MRS. COSTER, LATE OF BERRICK.

She had for many years been a professor of the Gospel, and in her youth she joined the General Baptist Church at Coat, near Bampton, and although there was reason to believe she possessed life in her soul, yet she evidently appeared, for many years, as one never made very deeply acquainted with the mystery of iniquity within her own heart, or to feel very deeply her lost condition, so as to manifest that deep, deep concern which is peculiar to those thus led.

For many years she appeared as one sunk into a cold or lukewarm state; every spiritual grace seemed hidden, and she seemed as one almost buried in the cares of this life, so that it became a matter of doubt as to whether she possessed the life of God in her soul or not, for the effects of that life could not be clearly traced by those who were in possession of it until within the last few years of her life.

In June, 1856, my dear mother became deeply affected with violent sickness and pain, so much so, that it evidently appeared to us that her life was drawing to a close. I visited her at the commencement of her illness, and on asking her the state of her mind, she told me how deeply she had been tried for many months. My sister also, who lived with her, bore witness to the same. She had often heard her moans and lamentations over herself and sin, and her earnest cries to be washed in that fountain opened for sin and uncleanness. This was generally in the silent watches of the night, when she thought all to be asleep. She told me how she had been made to possess the iniquities of her youth, and one night in particular she said she had been in great distress of mind, when those words were brought home with sweet power, "The needy shall not always be forgotten, the expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever." Also what comfort the words were to her, and that she believed the Lord would fulfil them in her experience; and at the time she said, "I called upon my soul and all that was within me to bless his holy name."

On hearing this account from my dear mother, I felt much pleased and encouraged, as she had been laid much on my mind a week previous especially. I had felt enabled to entreat the Lord on her behalf. I begged of the Lord that if my mother really belonged to him, he would condescend to make it really manifest to me by granting her such tokens of his favor as he bestowed upon his own dear people. After this those words were much on my mind, "At eventide it shall be light." I could not but hope that they had reference to her end; and so it proved, through mercy; and I desire to bless his holy name for his boundless mercy and goodness manifested towards her, and for so abundantly answering my petitions on her behalf.

I visited my dear mother again the week following, and found her so very ill that I determined on remaining with her. She wept on seeing me, and said, "Oh, Patty, I have this afternoon wetted my pillow with my tears; but they were not tears of sorrow but of joy, for the Lord has been with me, and I have had such sweet communion with him." She afterwards told me of what soul-trouble she had passed through for many months, and me asked to read the 77th Psalm, as what it contained had been her experience for many months past. She observed, "I have travelled it out."

After this she sank into deep waters; her distress of soul was great. "Oh," she said, "I fear I am deceived, that all is a delusion; oh, if I should sink into hell after all!" She would cry out at times, "Lord, help thy poor dust!" She would sometimes cry, "Lord, search my heart to the very bottom; let me not be deceived; oh, lead me in the way everlasting."

Those fears kept her crying for fresh tokens of the Lord's favor. Again she said, "He has told me he will never leave me nor forsake me, but I want to feel that underneath me are the everlasting arms." Often when in extreme agony she would say, "Oh, how gently the Lord deals with me; how kind and good to a worthless worm!"

Another time, after being absent from my dear mother some time, she told me how the Lord had again blessed her soul, and how the word of God had been opened up and applied to her, and what power she felt from those words, "Thy Maker is thy husband, the Lord of Hosts is his name." Again she lost her comfort and peace for a time, and complained of darkness, and of being without power even to think a good thought. Often did she bemoan herself on account of sin, feeling herself so vile.

At another time, on visiting her, I found her very comfortable in mind. She said, "Oh, he is my rock, my refuge, my high tower, and my hiding-place; what have I to fear, or of whom shall I be afraid?"

After this time, to the astonishment of all, she began to mend. Her sickness left her, and after a little time she was able to come down stairs; but this respite was but of short duration, for her sickness returned with greater violence. I had left home, and was on a visit to Brighton for my health, as it had been much impaired, owing to anxiety and painful watchings by the sick bed of my dear mother. I returned as soon as possible after the tidings reached me of my mother's relapse. I found that during my absence her mind had been much supported, and her soul at times greatly blessed; and her hope and confidence seemed well grounded, as all who knew her could testify; I mean those who know the Lord.

October 19th.—I visited my dear mother, and found that the day previous her soul had been so greatly blessed, that she lay blessing and praising the Lord the greater part of the day. Her affliction rapidly increased, so that after this she became too weak to say much. During the night she was thought by all present to be dying. I was not present at that time. I went over in the morning, and she was very near her end. She appeared in a stupor,

owing to the medicine given to compose her. After a while she awoke, and recognised me; she appeared affected. I asked her how she felt. She appeared too weak to answer me, but presently lifted up her poor arm, and observed, "Here is just life." I felt much tried in mind through her not being able to tell me the state of her mind, especially as her end seemed so near. Some time after, on my husband asking her how she felt in her mind, she answered, "She could not tell." Presently afterwards she broke out, and said, "Good hope, good hope! Salvation, oh, the joyful sound."

She was now evidently passing through the dark valley of death, but to her it was not dark, for the Lord graciously fulfilled the promise he gave her in the first part of her illness, namely, "that he would be with her, and lead her through." Her bodily sufferings were indeed great, but her mind calm and serene; not a wave of trouble rolled across her peaceful breast. "Oh," she said, "how I long to be gone! O Lord, help me through my last conflict!" On being asked to take something to moisten her poor mouth, she said, "Let me be happy." Articulation now failed; in a whisper she said, "Glory, glory, glory! Salvation, salvation! Jesus, precious!" Similar expressions hung upon her dying lips as long as able to whisper, and afterwards her lips moved, but we were unable to distinguish what she said.

With a look so blessed, so placid, and serene, she raised her eyes towards heaven, and lifted up her dying hands, as though the glories of that blessed place she was entering were full in view, as much as to say, "I am coming." Soon afterwards, without a struggle or a groan, her immortal spirit took its flight; to dwell for ever with the Lord.

She departed this life October 29th, 1856, aged 83 years.

WHEN we are dead to God, and alive to self and the world, sin is dead and we are securely dreaming of a God all mercy, and of meriting his favor, the great reward, by dead works; for our works can rise no higher than the workfolks. We are dead, and our works are dead also.—*Huntington.*

As he that cometh to God by Christ is no fool, so he is no little spirited fellow. There are a generation of men in this world that count themselves men of the largest capacities, when yet the greatness of their desire lifts them no higher than to things below. If they can with their net of craft and policy encompass a bulky lump of earth, O what a treasure have they engrossed to themselves! Meanwhile the man in the text has laid siege to heaven, has found the way to get into the city, and is resolved, in and by God's help, to make that his own. Earth is a drossy thing in this man's account; earthly greatness and splendor are but like vanishing bubbles in this man's esteem; none but God as the end of his desires, none but Christ as the means to accomplish this his end, are the things counted great by this man. No company now is acceptable to this man but the Spirit of God, Christ, and angels and saints, as fellow-heirs with himself; all other men and things he deals with as strangers and pilgrims were wont to do. This man's mind soars higher than the eagle or stork of the heavens; he is for musing about things that are above, and their glory, and for thinking what shall come to pass hereafter.—*Bunyan.*

REVIEW.

Hymns on Sacred Subjects, wherein the Fundamental Doctrines of Christianity, with many other interesting points, are occasionally introduced. By the late Rev. A. M. Toplady. Written between fifteen and eighteen years of age. London: W. H. Collingridge, 1, Long Lane.

THE God of all grace raised up, equipped, and sent forth many eminent ambassadors of the Gospel, in the middle of the last century, whose names are still embalmed in the hearts of his living family; for among the innumerable glories and excellencies of heavenly grace, this is not the least of its beauty and blessedness, that wherever vitally manifested, it lives and flourishes in death, through death, and beyond death. Like, indeed, its divine Author and sovereign Giver, its beauty and glory are hidden from the eyes of a profane and professing generation, that can no more love and admire grace than Herod and Pontius Pilate or the Scribes and Pharisees loved and admired Jesus Christ; but as in the days of his flesh, there were those favored ones who "beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth," so are there those now who still behold his glory, as made known to their souls in the grace of the gospel. All that savors of his power and presence, of his Spirit and love, is dear and estimable in their eyes. They love his servants, because, as anointed by his Spirit, they testify of Him; and they love what is uttered by their lips, or is traced by their pen, because, through their word and witness, heavenly blessings are communicated to their souls. Nor does death break the bond of union which makes them and the church one in love. Their writings live when the hand that penned them is mouldered into dust; the power and savor that rested upon them in life still anoints the records of their experience; and the same Jesus at the right hand of the Father now bears testimony to them, as they once bore testimony to him. Their persecutors have perished from the earth; their very names are forgotten, or, if remembered, are only so by virtue of their connection with the men whom they hated, as Alexander, the coppersmith, is preserved from oblivion by his persecution of Paul. So true is it, that "the name of the wicked shall rot," but "the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance." And why? But because as the Lord said to his disciples, "It is not they that speak, but the Spirit of their Father which speaketh in them;" and what he speaks is like him of whom he testifies, "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." As, then, righteous Abel, by that faith of which he was made a partaker, "being dead yet speaketh," so out of their tombs, or rather from their heavenly mansions, up to which faith follows them, do many departed servants of God still speak by their writings, or by such fragments of their living experience as are left on record. And in some sense they are more honored and esteemed now than when they lived and walked upon earth.

A great writer has said,

“The evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is oft interred with their bones.”

This witness is true as regards the children of men, whose evil is so great and good so little ; but is not true as regards the servants of God. Their frailties and infirmities, however treasured up by a sneering world, are forgotten by the Church of God, and what they were by the grace of God is alone remembered. All in them that was mortal sank into the same grave with their tabernacles of clay, and what was immortal still survives untainted by death or corruption. So far as they were impregnated with life from the Fountain of Life, their words still live, and the same grace that breathed and spoke in them when their lips moved on earth, still speaks in their writings now that their souls have passed into glory. But whilst we love the men, we do not idolise their names or canonise their writings. They are not Jesus, nor are their books the Bible. We love them because they loved Jesus, and we love their writings because they testify of him to us. What he made them they only then were, and what he makes them to us they only now are.

Among the eminent saints and servants of God, who lived in the last century, few have exercised a greater influence in the church of Christ than Toplady. He was raised up at a peculiar juncture, just when John Wesley was sowing his tares in the gospel field, and fighting with all the desperate enmity of his crafty mind against the sovereignty of God. Wesley was no common antagonist ; and it needed a man of great natural powers of mind, acuteness, and force of intellect, undaunted fearlessness, readiness of pen, and above all, a deep experimental acquaintance with the truth, to meet and overthrow him in the field of conflict. Wesley had on his side nearly everything that could set off and recommend his flesh-pleasing doctrines. He had naturally great clearness of mind and precision of thought, and a very simple, lucid style of preaching and writing. These were backed by amazing zeal and earnestness, most unwearied labors, great self-denial, a look and manner almost apostolic, a large amount of outward holiness, and a singular power of influencing and governing the minds of men. In his preaching and writing there was so much scripture, torn and riven from its connection and plausibly introduced, as to gild over his errors ; and, as he dwelt much upon the terrors of the law, and, to use the expression of his followers, “shook his hearers over hell,” he alarmed the conscience of many with legal convictions, which he set himself to heal by preaching up fleshly holiness and perfection in the flesh. Against the sovereignty of grace, the glorious truths of personal election, particular redemption, imputed righteousness, a finished work, and the certain perseverance of the saints of Christ, he fought with all the subtlety, ingenuity, and violence that could be displayed by the most daring rebel against God and godliness for more than sixty years, getting worse the older he grew. As the acknowledged leader of multitudes, he, by oceans of sermons, books, and tracts, filled

hundreds and thousands of his followers with as much enmity as himself against the blessed plan of salvation by grace; and, determined to make a compact with error, and shore it up with all the beams and buttresses of human policy, he spared no labor, and shrank from no exertion to accomplish his end.

But just in the height of his war against the truths of the gospel, a champion stepped forth from the ranks of the despised Calvinists, who met him at the sword's point, beat his weapons out of his hand, and laid his pride and self-righteousness in the dust. This champion was the immortal Toplady.

A short sketch of this eminent saint and servant of God may, perhaps, not unsuitably, serve as a preface to our Review of his hymns, which have been issued under the superintendence of Mr. Doudney, from the Bonmahon Industrial Printing School.

He was born at Farnham, Surrey, on the 4th of November, 1740, his father, who was a major in the army, dying at the siege of Carthage, soon after the birth of his son. He was partly educated at Westminster school, that celebrated seminary where so many great men, and among them, neither least nor last, the poet Cowper, have received that training which fitted them to occupy the most eminent positions in the State. But he was removed thence at an early period of his age by the circumstance of his widowed mother going to Ireland to obtain a family estate, so that he continued and finished his education at Trinity College, Dublin. It was there chiefly that, by dint of hard and unwearied study, he obtained that proficiency in the learned languages and that great knowledge of divinity and church history which appear so conspicuous in his controversial writings. He certainly was possessed of very shining abilities, of great penetration and acuteness of mind, of a peculiar fluency of language, and at times of great elevation and even eloquence of expression. To these great natural abilities was added an unwearied perseverance, which made him study night and day. All this he might have had independent of and distinct from divine grace, and have lived and died an enemy to God and godliness. But the Lord had designed him for great and eminent services in his vineyard, and therefore, in his own time and way, called him by his grace. We do not know the exact means the Lord employed to awaken him from his sleep of death, but his mother was a gracious woman, and he sat under the sound of the gospel before he went to Ireland. He has himself told us that "he was awakened in August, 1756," but we know not how deeply he suffered under the condemnation of a broken law and the guilty alarms of a conscience made tender in the fear of God. The time and manner of his deliverance is much better known, and was very marked and conspicuous. About a year after his first awakening, when but sixteen years of age, he one evening went into a barn at a place called Codymain, in Ireland, where a man named Morris was preaching to a handful of people. There the Lord blessed and delivered his soul from the bondage and curse of the law, and brought him nigh unto himself by the blood of sprinkling.

He thus speaks in his diary of that memorable evening :

Feb. 20th, 1768.—At night, after my return from Exeter, my desires were strongly drawn up to God. I could indeed say that I groaned with groans of love, joy, and peace; but it was even with comfortable groans which cannot be uttered. That sweet text, Eph. ii. 3: "Ye who were sometimes afar off are made nigh by the blood of Christ," was particularly delightful and refreshing to my soul; and the more so as it reminded me of the days and months that are past, even the days of my sensible espousals to the bridegroom of the elect. It was from that passage that Mr. Morris preached on the memorable evening of my effectual call by the grace of God. Under the ministry of that dear messenger, and by that sermon, I was, I trust, brought nigh by the blood of Christ, in August, 1756.

But though thus sensibly brought nigh by the blood of the Lamb, much darkness rested on his mind respecting those heavenly truths, which are usually called the doctrines of grace. For about two years was he searching and inquiring into the truth, till the reading of Dr. Manton's sermons on John xvii. was blessed to his soul to lead him into, and establish him upon the grand discriminating truths of sovereign grace. About four years after this establishment of his soul in the truth of God, and six years from the time of his deliverance in the barn, he was ordained a minister of the Church of England.

Though unable ourselves to continue in that system, we are not so bigoted as to deny that the Lord has had dear saints and eminent servants of his, who lived and died in communion with it. Romaine, Berridge, Toplady, and Dr. Hawker, where can we find four men or ministers more blessed of God in their own souls, or in their ministry to others? In the Church of England they were born and brought up; in it they preached and labored, and God owned and blessed their labors; and in it they died in peace and joy, and the full assurance of faith.

The objections, the well-grounded objections which have compelled so many good men to leave her walls, were not laid upon their consciences. The providence of God seemed to favor their continuance where they were; and as the Lord overruled this circumstance to the effectual calling and blessing of many under their ministry, what can we say? Who that fears God and loves his truth would have lifted up his finger to prevent Romaine preaching at St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, or St. Ann's, Blackfriars, to crowds of listening hearers? Who would not be glad were there such a preacher in London now, whether he preached in Westminster Abbey or St. Pancras Church? Who that loves the truth would wish to nail the pulpit-door against Dr. Hawker, as he walked up the aisle of Charles Church, Plymouth? Had these great and good men felt as Mr. Brook and Mr. Birch felt, they would have acted as Mr. Brook and Mr. Birch acted, and cast gown and cassock, prayer-book and surplice to the moles and the bats. But the errors and corruptions of the Church of England which have forced so many good men out of her pale, were not laid with weight and power on their conscience. They saw that she held truth, blessed truth, for the most part in her articles, and there being an open door in her communion to preach the gospel without let or hindrance, and being much blessed in their

ownsouls, and in the ministry, they continued to preach peace by Jesus Christ without being disturbed in their consciences by what has been an intolerable burden to other men of perhaps less grace than themselves, but more exercised on these particular grounds. But evil always produces evil, and the consequence of these good men remaining in and sanctioning by their example a corrupt system, has been to embolden others who have neither their grace nor their gifts to stand out against all convictions themselves and to condemn those who desire to act in the fear of God in this important matter.

Toplady evidently was greatly blessed in his own soul both in private and in public, when a minister at Fen Ottery, and Harford, Somerset, and afterwards at Broad Hembury, Devon. No one that knows and loves the truth can read his diary, never meant to be perused by mortal eye, without seeing how, at times, his soul was blessed and favored. How full of sweetness and savor are the following extracts from it!

Wednesday, March 2nd.—In secret prayer this morning before I left my chamber, the fire of divine love kindled, and the Lord sensibly shone upon my soul. I could not forbear saying, "O why art Thou so kind to the chief of sinners?" I was so taken up and, as it were circumfused, with the love of God, and the perception of my union with him, that I could hardly ask for pardon. Thus I walked in the light of His countenance for, I suppose, two or three minutes; when, alas! evil wanderings intervened, my warmth of joy suddenly subsided, and I was in a great measure brought down from the Mount. Yet the sweetness and peace of this heavenly visit remained after the blessed Visitant had withdrawn. Though the Sun itself retired from view, ye (if I may so express it) I enjoyed the refraction of His beams. He did not disappear without leaving a blessing behind him; sufficient, I trust, for faith to live upon until I see him again.

Friday, 25th.—This afternoon and evening, but especially at night, the Lord has been very gracious to my soul. I could see myself loved with an everlasting love, and clothed with Christ's everlasting righteousness. My peace flowed as a river, and I found the comforts of the Holy Spirit to be neither few nor small. My sense of justification was unclouded, as when the clear shining of the sun giveth light. "My beloved is mine and I am his." Under these sweet unutterable manifestations I have scarce anything to pray for; supplication is swallowed up in wonder, love, and praise; Jesus smiles, and more than a ray of heaven is shed upon my soul. "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord; my soul shall be joyful in my God, for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels." My harp is taken down from the willows, and I can sing the Lord's song in a strange land.

Saturday, 9th.—The merciful and gracious Lord was sensibly with me the latter part of to-day. "Awake and sing," and presently after, "Arise and shine" were spoken to my soul from above with great power and sweetness.

Late at night God was again pleased to give me the knowledge of a Sabbath day's blessing to-morrow. Such comfortable and peremptory convictions of God's future presence and blessing on a succeeding Sunday (with which I have been so often favored beforehand) I intend henceforth, as often as God is pleased to grant them, to distinguish by the name of Saturday assurances. Assurances they are indeed, so clear, positive, and satisfactory; I never knew them once fail or deceive my trust. I have often been dejected and fearful at the approach of a Sabbath on which I was to minister publicly; and God has frequently, not to say generally, been better to me than my unbelieving fears; but on those happy days (and blessed be his name, they have of late especially been very many) when previous assurances have been given me of his help and presence, on the Sunday following the assurance has always been

made good. The Lord has often disappointed my doubts and the evil surmises of unbelief, but he never once disappointed my hope when he has said previously to my soul, "I will be with thee."

Saturday, 27th.—In secret prayer to-night, God gave me a Saturday-assurance of a blessing to-morrow; and I was enabled to believe that it would be unto me even as the Lord had said.

Sunday, 28th.—Read prayers and preached, both parts of the day, with uncommon strength of body, and with vast enlargement of soul. Between morning and afternoon service, being in my study, and comfortably engaged in secret prayer, the Lord visited me with a refreshing shower of divine love, so that my soul was like a watered garden. I never felt so intense a desire to be useful to the souls of my people; my heart was expanded, and burnt with zeal for the glory of God, and for the spiritual welfare of my flock. I wished to spend and be spent in the ministry of the word, and had some gracious assurances from on high that God would make use of me to diffuse his gospel, and call in some of his chosen who are yet unconverted. In the afternoon the congregation was exceeding great indeed. I was all on fire for God, and the fire, I verily believe, caught from heart to heart. I am astonished when I review the blessings of this Lord's Day that a sinner so vile, so feeble, so ill, and so hell-deserving, should be thus powerfully carried beyond himself, and be enabled to preach with such demonstration of the Spirit. Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ. Lord, let thy word run and be glorified! Out of weakness, I am made strong; to thy name alone be the entire praise! And go on, O go on, to own the counsel of thy unworthiest messenger, and to make the feet of him that sent me sound behind me! Thy mercies to me, both as a man, as a believer, and as a minister, have already been so wonderful, that there is hardly anything too great for me to hope for at thy hands.

Who can read these extracts from his diary, and not see how favored and blessed this saint and servant of God was? And what a blessed death he died! We cannot forbear for the sake of those readers who may have never seen the account of it, to make a few extracts of his dying experience of the goodness and love of God, as manifested to his soul.

The more his bodily strength was impaired, the more vigorous, lively, and rejoicing his mind seemed to be. From the whole tenor of our conversation during our interviews, he appeared not merely placid and serene, but evidently possessed the fullest assurance of the most triumphant faith. He repeatedly told me that he had not had the least shadow of a doubt respecting his eternal salvation for near two years past. It is no wonder, therefore, that he so earnestly longed to be dissolved and to be with Christ. His soul seemed to be constantly panting heaven-ward, and his desires increased the nearer his dissolution approached. A short time before his death, at his request, I felt his pulse, and he desired to know what I thought of it. I told him that his heart and arteries evidently beat (almost every day) weaker and weaker. He replied immediately, with the sweetest smile upon his countenance, "Why, that is a good sign that my death is fast approaching; and blessed be God, I can add that my heart beats every day stronger and stronger for glory."

A few days preceding his dissolution, I found him sitting up in his arm-chair, and scarce able to move or speak. I addressed him very softly, and asked if his consolations continued to abound as they had hitherto done. He quickly replied, "O, my dear Sir, it is impossible to describe how good God is to me. Since I have been sitting in this chair this afternoon (glory be to his name!) I have enjoyed such a season, such sweet communion with God, and such delightful manifestations of his presence with, and love to my soul, that it is impossible for words or any language to express them. I have had peace and joy unutterable, and I fear not but that God's consolations and support will continue." But he immediately recollected himself, and added, "What have I said? God may, to be sure, as a sovereign, hide his face and his smiles

from me; however, I believe he will not; and if he should, yet still will I trust in him. I know I am safe and secure; for his love and his covenant are everlasting."

The same friend calling upon him a day or two before his death, he said, with hands clasped, and his eyes lifted up and starting with tears of the most evident joy, "Oh my dear Sir, I cannot tell you the comforts I feel in my soul; they are past expression. The consolations of God to such an unworthy wretch are so abundant, that he leaves me nothing to pray for but a continuance of them. I enjoy a heaven already in my soul. My prayers are all converted into praise. Nevertheless, I do not forget that I am still in the body, and liable to all those distressing fears which are incident to human nature, when under temptation, and without any sensible divine support. But so long as the presence of God continues with me in the degree I now enjoy it, I cannot but think that such a desponding frame is impossible." All this he spoke with an emphasis the most ardent that can be conceived.

Speaking to another particular friend on the subject of his "dying avowal," he expressed himself thus: "My dear friend, those great and glorious truths which the Lord, in rich mercy, has given me to believe, and which he has enabled me (though very feebly) to stand forth in the defence of, are not (as those who believe not or oppose them, say) dry doctrines or mere speculative points. No. But, being brought into practical and heartfelt experience, they are the very joy and support of my soul; and the consolations flowing from them carry me far above the things of time and sense." Soon afterwards he added, "So far as I know my own heart, I have no desire but to be entirely passive; to live, to die, to be, to do, to suffer, whatever is God's blessed will concerning me; being perfectly satisfied that as he ever has so he ever will do that which is best concerning me; and that he deals out in number, weight, and measure, whatever will conduce most to his own glory, and to the good of his people."

Another of his friends mentioning likewise the report that was spread abroad of his recanting his former principles, he said, with some vehemence and emotion, "I recant my former principles! God forbid that I should be so vile an apostate!" To which he presently ad'd, with great apparent humility, "And yet that apostate I should soon be if I were left to myself."

To the same friend, conversing upon the subject of his sickness, he said, "Sickness is no affliction; pain no curse; death itself no dissolution."

All his conversations, as he approached nearer and nearer to his decease, seemed more and more happy and heavenly. He frequently called himself "the happiest man in the world." "Oh!" he says he, "how this soul of mine, longs to be gone! Like a bird imprisoned in a cage, it longs to take its flight. Oh that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away to the realms of bliss and be at rest for ever." Being asked by a friend if he always enjoyed such manifestations, he answered, "I cannot say there are no intermissions; for if there were not, my consolations would be more and greater than I could possibly bear; but when they abate they leave such an abiding sense of God's goodness, and of the certainty of my being fixed upon the eternal Rock, Christ Jesus, that my soul is filled with peace and joy!"

At another time, and indeed for many days together, he cried out, "O what a day of sunshine has this been to me! I have not words to express it. It is unutterable. O, my friends, how good is God! Almost without interruption his presence has been with me." And then repeating several passages of Scripture, he added, "What a great thing it is to rejoice in death! Speaking of Christ, he said, "His love is unutterable!" He was happy in declaring that the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, from the 33rd to the end of the six following verses, was the joy and comfort of his soul. Upon that portion of scripture he often descanted with great delight, and would be frequently ejaculating, Lord Jesus, why tarriest thou so long? He sometimes said, "I find as the bottles of heaven empty they are filled again;" meaning, probably, the continual comforts of grace which he abundantly enjoyed.

When he drew near his end he said, awaking from a slumber. "O what delights! Who can fathom the joys of the third heaven?" And a little before his departure he was blessing and praising God for continuing to him his

understanding in clearness; "but (added he in a rapture) for what is most of all. His abiding presence, and the shining of His love upon my soul. The sky (said he) is clear; there is no cloud. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

Within the hour of his death he called his friends and his servant, and asked them if they could give him up. Upon their answering, since it pleased the Lord to be so gracious to him, he replied, "O what a blessing it is you are made willing to give me up into the hands of my dear Redeemer, and to part with me, for no mortal can live (bursting while he said it into tears of joy) after the glories which God has manifested to my soul." Soon after this he closed his eyes, and found, as Milton finely expresses it—

—————"A death like sleep,
A gentle wafting to immortal life,"

On Tuesday, August 11th, 1778, in the 38th year of his age.

After this wonderful display of the love of God to his dying servant, it seems scarcely credible, though the fact is indisputable, that John Wesley actually gave out that "he died in black despair, uttering the most horrible blasphemies." Sir Richard Hill wrote a letter to John Wesley, which he published in the magazines of the day, mentioning the names of the parties to whom Wesley had used the words, and called upon him to affirm or deny what he had so said. But to his lasting disgrace, J. Wesley answered not a word, and had not the common honesty to acknowledge or to deny the truth of the report. But no; to acknowledge the blessedness of Toplady's death would be to acknowledge the blessedness of the doctrines that Toplady lived upon and preached, and to do so would shake the very foundation of the system that John had so laboriously built up.

In addition to his other mental gifts Toplady possessed that highest and most elevated, if not the greatest of all natural endowments, a poetical genius. To write verses is easy enough. Any one can tag a few rhymes together and call it poetry. Cowper has well described such poetry as that:

"When Labor and when Dulness club in hand,
Like the two figures at St. Dunstan's stand;
Beating alternately in measured time,
The clockwork tintinnabulum of rhyme;
Exact and regular the sounds will be;
But such mere quarter-strokes are not for me."

But Toplady had a real poetical gift, and when the Lord sanctified this endowment to his own glory, sweet were the strains that he poured forth.

How a youth of eighteen could pour out such simple, easy, thoroughly original, and yet at times sublime verses, so pure in thought and language, so rich in experience, and so imbued with the unction and savor of the Holy Ghost, is indeed marvellous. Some of his compositions will live as long as there is a people of God on earth, such as "Rock of Ages," &c., "Happiness, thou lovely name," "Christ, whose glory fills the skies," "A debtor to mercy alone."

We wish our limits would allow us to give that sublime one, entitled "A Contemplation suggested by Rev. vii. 1-17," and commencing:

"I saw, and lo, a countless throng."

There is to our mind a grandeur in that piece of poetry, an easy flow of language, a harmony of rhythm, and purity of rhyme, and all gushing spontaneously out of his heart, like a bright mountain stream, that speaks at once the poet and the saint. As he strikes his harp it is with the hand of a master, but holy fingers touch the strings. We have no doubt they were written when his soul was in the sweet enjoyment of the Lord's presence, and flowed forth without toil or labor, being the utterance of his heart, gushing out in modulated verse, as the most suitable vehicle to express the blessed feelings of his soul. We cannot forbear giving one verse of this sublime "Contemplation," where he addresses the saints gone before him, whom he had personally known on earth :

"Lov'd, while on earth; nor less belov'd tho' gone;

Think not I envy you your crown;

No; if I could, I would not call you down.

Tho' slower is my pace,

To you I'll follow on,

Leaning on Jesus all the way.

Who, now and then, lets fall a ray

Of comfort from his throne.

The shinings of his grace

Softens my passage thro' the wilderness,

And vines, nectareous, spring where briers grew.

The sweet unveilings of his face

Make me, at times, near half as blest as you.

O might his beauty feast my ravish'd eyes,

His gladd'ning presence ever stay,

And cheer me all my journey thro'.

But soon the clouds return; my triumph dies;

Damp vapours from the valley rise,

And hide the hill of Sion from my view.

Spirit of light, thrice holy Dove,

Brighten my sense of int'rest in that love

Which knew no birth, and never shall expire!

Electing goodness, firm and free,

My whole salvation hangs on thee,

Eldest and fairest daughter of eternity.

Redemption, grace, and glory too,

Our bliss above, and hopes below,

From her, their parent fountain flow!

Ah, tell me, Lord, that thou hast chosen me!

Thou, who hast kindled my intense desire,

Fulfil the wish thy influence did inspire,

And let me my election know!

Then, when thy summons bids me come up higher,

Well pleased I shall from life retire,

And join the burning hosts, beheld at distance now."

As might be expected in compositions written by a youth between sixteen and eighteen years of age, there is a disparity; and some, it must be confessed, are rather flat compared with the higher poetry, but all breathe the pure language of Canaan, and are more or less savory and experimental.

Mr. Doudney deserves credit for this neat little volume, which we may well recommend as a good railway companion, being not too large for the side pocket, nor the print too small for the shaking of the train.

We find that we were under a mistake in saying that Richard Dore was a member of Mr. Gilpin's congregation. He lived in London, and continued to sit under Mr. Burrell up to the time of his decease.

P O E T R Y.

P R O V I D E N C E.

MARK the fair flowers that fill the vales,
 Ye weak ones, whom vain fear assails;
 Whene'er ye doubt Jehovah's care,
 Behold the birds that skim the air.
 Oh, who can see and not admire
 The lily's pure and bright attire?
 Can all the pomp of regal dress
 Equal her simple loveliness?
 And yet no art laborious weaves
 The silken texture of her leaves.
 He who hath so the mead array'd,
 With flowers to-day that bloom and fade,
 And yet are decked so richly—He
 Will ne'er unmindful be of thee.
 No want the little warblers dread,
 For whom God's hands a table spread;
 Their food he gives them day by day;
 Nor barns nor storehouses have they.
 That Lord who guides each insect's ways,
 And sap to every leaf conveys;
 The blades of grass who numbereth o'er,
 And grains of sand upon the shore,
 With those that 'neath the ocean sweep,
 And pave the caverns of the deep;
 Who hears his creatures when they call,
 And guardeth every sparrow's fall,
 Will listen to thy earnest prayers,
 And bear the burden of thy cares.
 To Him more precious and more dear
 Than many sparrows ye appear.
 Upon thy cheek, say, could thy power
 The bloom of youth retain one hour?
 Or would the bolt in death's stern hand
 One moment sleep at thy command?
 How then will all thy anxious thought,
 Without God's help avail thee aught?
 Though in His presence, angels bright
 From that unutterable light
 Of majesty, their faces veil,
 And Him, All-wise, thrice holy hail;
 Yet lo, he condescends to see
 All things in heaven and earth that be.

A. C. M. J.

THE world hath a beginning of being; it was not from eternity; it was once nothing. Had it been of a very long duration, some records would have remained of some honorable actions done of a longer date than any extant.—*Charnock*.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

NOVEMBER, 1857.

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

AN OUTLINE OF A DISCOURSE, PREACHED BY
THE LATE MR. WARBURTON, ON SUNDAY, OCTOBER, 1839,
AT GOWER STREET CHAPEL, LONDON.

“Be strong and of a good courage; fear not, nor be afraid of them; for the Lord thy God, he it is that doth go with thee; he will not fail thee nor forsake thee.”—Deuteronomy xxxi. 6.

We find in these words that Moses was encouraging the children of Israel to trust in their God. “All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.” Therefore I consider that our text this morning is applicable to God’s spiritual Israel, who are sometimes subject to slavish fears. There is no ground whatever for God’s church to be afraid of his faithfulness or power, for he will take them home to glory.

Joshua saw the Lord’s wonders. What a grand destiny was his! What a delivering hand Joshua saw! He was but a man, yet what courage he appears to have had. “And it came to pass when Joshua was by Jericho, that he lifted up his eyes and looked, and, behold, there stood a man over against him with his sword drawn in his hand; and Joshua went unto him boldly, and said unto him ‘Art thou for us, or for our adversaries?’” (Josh. v. 13.) Yet when Israel fled from before their enemies at the little city of Ai, see how fear began to work in Joshua, slavish fear. Some may say, “Why did not Joshua look unto the Lord, and not give way to such unbelief?” I tell you what, my friends, as soon as God leaves the greatest champions, they become poor, timid, fearful, weak worms, not a bit stronger than either you or I.

There may be a few crumbs picked up here and there by the children of God, and they are very thankful for even crumbs; but they want slices at times. They are afraid sometimes that all their cries are but the tears of an hypocrite, and from the flesh; but by and by they are led out of these slavish fears. They are something like a man who has a long and a short leg, first up and then down. Their cry is, “Oh, if I should prove one of the number!” What are we to do with these poor little children? Knock them about? The Lord did not knock them about, poor things; he said unto Peter. “Feed my lambs.” He will feed his flock like a good shepherd;

he carries them in his bosom, and gently leads them that are with young.

“Buts, ifs, and bows are hurled,
To sink us with the gloom;
Of all that's dismal in this world,
Or in the world to come.”

Poor worm, dost thou want Christ? Dost thou want communion with him? Does thy soul come sometimes with this blessed cry, “We would see Jesus?” Will no other refuge do for thy soul? Then thou wilt never be damned. Lift up thy head. The dear Saviour says he will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax; yea, he says, “Blessed are the poor in spirit.”

Some people tell us that this is all foolish preaching. Did you ever hear of any one in the world that was starved with only a little hunger? No, says the man, cut me a good slice. It is not crumbs that will satisfy a man. It is not common sense. Nothing will do until Jesus comes into my heart and tells me he is mine. The apostle John says, “We know we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.” Come, poor soul, dost thou find any love to the people of God in thy heart sometimes? Canst thou not at all times say that thou lovest them because they are God's dear children? Say you, “I think I did love them at one time.” Well, never mind being plagued by the devil about it. God's children love a holy communion with God; they want to have more of the sweetness of God's love shed abroad in their hearts. Sometimes they feel nothing but enmity working up in their hearts, and then there is a sinking, my friends. I have many times been struck with what the apostle Peter says unto the brethren: “Wherefore, laying aside all malice, and all guile, and hypocrisies, and envies, and all evil speakings.” And this is to prove that the dear brethren have nothing good in their hearts by nature.

Poor child of God, dost thou fear that thou art nothing but a hypocrite? What a sinking does this bring to a poor child of God! “Out of the heart proceed all manner of evil thoughts, thefts, murders, and adulteries;” and we find that “the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.” Some people tell us we are fools for looking here; and so we are. But I should like those gentlemen to tell me how I am to get out of it. I would not give them a farthing for their confidence. David cried when he was sinking in this corruption, “Let not the pit shut its mouth upon me.” God brought his feet out of the miry clay, and put a new song into his mouth, even praise to our God. David could not have had this confidence till God put it into his heart. “Woe unto me,” says the prophet Isaiah, “for I am undone.” And the apostle Paul says in this state, “I find another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity unto the law of sin, which is in my members.” Paul saw the wretchedness of the human heart. He says, “That which I would not, that do I.” The poor child of God, when he sinks, cries, “O, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?”

Perhaps there may be a poor child of God come up here this morning, saying, "Can ever God dwell in such a heart as mine?" Perhaps you may be thinking that you are nothing but an apostate, nothing but a hypocrite. I feel sometimes such ungodliness working in my heart, that I think it cannot be possible that ever a single grain of grace can ever be there.

There is really no cause for the children of God to give way to their fears, no cause for doubts in God's children, for the Lord has engaged to stand by them; and yet they are constantly at it. If the enemy is sinking a poor sinner ever so low, he can never sink him below the covenant love of God the Father. Thou, poor child of God, art for giving it all up, but thy covenant God and Father rests in his love; therefore there is no just cause to fear that thou wilt not hold on thy way. The promises are not to people full of joy, but to the weak and helpless; to those poor souls who are afraid they shall not hold on their way. God says, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." He also says, "They shall be my people, and I will be their God." So you see, poor weaklings of God's people, that God will be with you, and bring you through. David, instead of having faith enough to believe in his God, cries, "Is his mercy clean gone for ever?" As if there was not a crumb of mercy that he could pick up. What a glory it brings to the soul, when God reveals his covenant to any of his children. The poor, doubting, fearing soul shall never be overcome or forsaken, but God will bring them all to glory. The Father of all mercies has laid all the sins of his people on his Son. What cause, then, is there to fear that thou wilt be overcome?"

Says some poor child of God, "It is sweet to enjoy the Lord's favor, but I have it so seldom." Hast thou ever had a taste of it? If thy name was never in the covenant of God's grace, God would never have brought thee to Christ; never would have emptied thee, stripped thee, nor healed thee. All thy damnable abominations were laid upon Christ. None but God's covenant children are ever brought to Jesus. They are always sorrowing over their own wretchedness and misery. Instead of this being a token of thy being a hypocrite, it is a token of thy being a child of God. "Ah," says one, "I want the comfort full in my heart." This proves that thou art one of the number. God has caused mansions of eternal rest to be prepared for thee. There is a home for thee to go to which the devil can never overthrow. Bless his dear name, hear what Christ says, "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." The "fear not" implies that these poor souls are afraid that they will never enter into the kingdom of glory. They say, "Can it be possible that such a backsliding wretch as I can ever enter into the kingdom of glory?" He thinks it impossible. But Christ says, "In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. I will come again and receive you unto myself; that

where I am there ye may be also." And shall you ever get past this? Shall anything that ever takes place break his wills and shalls?

What a blessed declaration was that which Peter made, when he said, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you." Where, then, is damnation to the children of God? God has bound them up so fast that neither the devil nor hell shall ever rob them of their inheritance which is left. "For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God; and when Christ who is your life shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory." Come, poor dear child of God, lift up thy head; God has bound thee up in his covenant love, and will take care of thee.

There is not one affliction or burden that shall come on any of the Lord's dear children, but the Saviour had to bear the same. He has satisfied justice in the room of his dear people, my friends. He is the head, and they are the members; he is the head, and they are the body; and thus there is one perfect man; and all their peevishness, all their sins, past, present, and to come, there is not one sin or transgression which was not atoned for on the cross. Some people do not like this sort of preaching; and I have been called a horrid Antimonian for these forty years. Professors cannot bear it; but what of that? I know in my soul it is the truth. "By one offering Christ hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified;" and neither the law, guilt, or sin can ever damn them, or send them to hell, for Christ has satisfied justice, and brought in an everlasting righteousness.

Some people say, "You need not be afraid of sin." The poor child of God is at times no more afraid of sin than it will damn him, than he is afraid of going to bed; yet he would not commit a sin for a thousand worlds.

God has sweetly opened a way by which the poor sinner can go to heaven. May God give thee a sight of this. I want no one to tell me that the elect are all tied up in the covenant. "But," say you, "have you not had a sight of it?" Yes, I have, but I want it again and again.

"The Saviour stood the fiery test,
And we shall stand through him."

The devil is chained up, but the poor child of God cannot always see the chain. Whatever temptations thy soul may have, the devil shall never overthrow thee. Christ has conquered every fiery dart. "In all their afflictions he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them. In his love and in his pity he redeemed them; and he bare them, and carried them all the days of old." So that it is impossible for thee to be overcome.

Poor dear soul, afraid of death! Why, death is the greatest friend the child of God has in this world. Says some one, "It shakes me." And so it does me. I have felt sometimes it will take

me in a moment. Says some one, "You are a very weak man." Yes, I am a very weak man. Another says, "I think you are very nervous." Why, yes, I am, but God can cure me in a moment. Bless his dear name.

A LETTER FROM THE LATE THOMAS BOORNE, OF DEPTFORD.

Grace and peace be with my dear friend, and with all that love our Lord Jesus Christ at C. Amen.

A savory experimental knowledge of the ever-blessed Trinity is an unspeakable blessing, because eternal life is included in it, and so saith Truth itself, "This is life eternal, to know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." The first branch of this knowledge appears to me to lie in this text, "Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest him out of thy law." Under this teaching my soul lay for some years; at first the wound seemed but slight, and almost imperceptible. I wondered what was the matter with me; my heart was full of youthful lusts and vanity, and I longed to gratify these things; but every now and then I felt rebuke and remorse in my conscience, which was a check at times to these bitter weeds, but the root of all still remained. Sometimes I looked at my companions, and felt envy at them and rebellion against God, because I could not sin with that pleasure which they seemed to do; "So foolish was I, and ignorant; I was as a beast before God." But God kept this wound open, and by degrees pierced it deeper and deeper, till he made me sensible of the reality of eternal things, the certainty of the day of death, and of the day of judgment; of the eternal happiness of the righteous, and the eternal misery of the wicked. He also made me sensible of his omniscience. I believed that he took notice of my thoughts, words, and actions: "Thou hast set our sins (or iniquities) before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance." But perhaps you will say, What do we learn of God under all this teaching? In the first place we learn something of that woful state in which we and all mankind are as children of Adam: "Far from God by wicked works." In the next place we are taught the impossibility of being justified by the deeds of the law, and thirdly we learn something of the justice and holiness of God. For my own part, while I lay here, the best idea I had of God was as follows: God the Father was the object that was constantly before me; I viewed him as angry with me as a sinner, but as for the Saviour and the good pleasure of the Father in him, I knew nothing at all about him, nor yet of the ever-blessed Spirit; these blessings were reserved till the time appointed of the Father: and so saith the apostle, "Now I say, that the heir, so long as he is a child, differeth nothing from a servant, though he be lord of all, but is under tutors and governors until the time appointed of the Father." Again it is written in the prophets, "They shall be all taught of the Lord;" and the Saviour

saith, "Every man, therefore, that hath heard and learned of the Father cometh unto me." And here, my friend, I feel it difficult to describe the first drawing of the Father; one reason is this, I sat under a dead ministry, where I heard duties and precepts set forth, but not the work of God the Spirit on the heart. This fed the legal pride of my heart: I strove, I resolved, and vowed, but alas! I failed in all these things; the corruptions of my heart and of the world were too powerful for me. This puzzled me much, for I never met with any that seemed to be like myself. Sometimes I went in secret, and bowed my knees; at other times, I thought it presumption for such a vile wretch to approach the Most High; and then again I have envied those that were carnally secure, thinking, "they were not in trouble as other men, neither were they plagued like other men; but all the day long have I been plagued, and chastened every morning." But the good Lord caused a gleam of hope at times to arise in my heart that I should see better days, and granted me some encouragement in secret prayer; this set my soul longing and thirsting for his mercy. But as soon as this sweet influence was gone, Satan, and the world, and my corruptions, seemed to get the mastery over me, and down I sunk again; and these things distressed and puzzled me much, so that I could form no judgment of my state, for I could not believe that any that feared God ever felt such things as I did. Thus, "the law entered that the offence might abound," and it is thus that the Almighty makes us feel our own weakness, as well as our own vileness, that we may highly prize his dear Son: "For the whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." However, after I had experienced some years of this discipline, the good providence of God removed me about fifty miles off, and, during my stay in that place, He was pleased to send these words home to my heart with light, comfort, and power: "Cast out the bondwoman with her son, for the son of the bondwoman shall not be heir with the son of the free." And first he shewed me the two covenants, the covenant of works and the covenant of grace, and that all under the first he dealt with as servants, but all under the second he dealt with as sons. These things surprised me much. Thought I, what a blind, ignorant creature have I been all my days; I have read the scriptures, and heard men preach from them, but I never saw these things before. Then I understood the meaning of this text, "Destruction and misery are in all their ways, and the way of peace have they not known," &c. But he further instructed, and led my soul to behold God the Father and his dear Son by the eye of faith, as clearly as ever I saw the natural sun with my bodily eyes, and to my sensations it appeared as if God the Father addressed me in the following manner: "Poor soul, I have been chastening and teaching thee out of my law, and thou hast been fearing and apprehending my wrath, thinking I intended to deal with thee after thy sins, and so to destroy thee; I will now show thee my kind intention by all these things; that I gave my dear Son to die, the just for the unjust, that poor sinners like you might be brought nigh; that though thou art a

sinner, this is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him." These things filled my soul with peace and comfort; I felt something like the church; "when the Lord turned our captivity we were like them that dream;" "old things were passed away, and all things became new." I seemed to have new eyes and a new understanding; I looked back on all the way the Lord had led me, and felt sweet gratitude in my heart, believing it was a right way. It seemed as straight as a line, and my will, which heretofore stood opposed to God's salvation, was now bowed in submission to the sovereign will of God. Oh, what dreadful heart risings had I felt heretofore against God's election! I have looked at my carnal relations, and felt strong natural affections for them; then I have considered God's election, and compared these things together in my feelings, and have thought, Surely I can never be reconciled to this? But, blessed be God, it was not so now, for my will, which before was crooked, he made to lie straight with his, and now in my heart and affections, I cordially received and embraced this blessed doctrine, and have sucked sweetness out of it sometimes in such a text as this, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you." Again, "I am sought of them that asked not after me; I am found of them that sought me not." "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works towards the children of men."

But this day of prosperity was succeeded by a day of adversity, temptation, and sorrow; for being sent home to Deptford, I went as usual among the congregation of the dead (fool-like for want of understanding). So saith the wise man: "Get wisdom, and with all thy getting get understanding." But for this I had sore travail and exercise of soul; in this sense we must "buy the truth, but sell it not." However, God in tender mercy brought me out of the congregation of the dead with a high hand, and I have never had one desire to return back again, nor do I believe I ever shall. But the way and manner was as follows: I came under the ministry I had formerly sat under, but it distressed and wounded my soul beyond measure, and what to do I knew not, but the Lord inclined me to go to Ebenezer Chapel, New Town. This I did as secretly as possible, knowing what opprobrious names the people assembling there were called by, and the fear of man greatly ensnared me. But God was pleased to own and bless the ministry of Mr. Burgess to my poor distressed soul. This encouraged me amidst the opposition I met with, for Satan lay hard at me in this way, "Do you suppose that only these few people are right and all the rest are wrong? Is it likely such numbers should be deceived, and only a few bigoted people know the right way?" Here he confused, baffled, and bewildered my poor soul till I hardly knew where I was, what I was about, or what I believed. These things, together with the opposition I met with from professors, whose congregation and company I had left, brought me into the experience of some of old. "If it had not been the Lord who was on our side when men rose up against us, then they had swallowed us up quick; then the

waters had overwhelmed us, the stream had gone over our soul." "Ah!" said Satan, "where is now thy God? You see the deliverance you thought you had is now nothing but darkness and confusion; you can make no judgment of anything; you can find no access to God, and how do you know that there is any God at all?" Thus my soul fell into Satan's sieve; but these trials were a means in God's hand of bringing me out from the congregation of the dead, and quickly snapt all those ties I had heretofore felt to them, and moreover these exercises made me highly prize the ministry of Mr. Burgess. Many a sweet morsel did my poor soul find when God led him to describe my feelings, cast up the way, and take out the stumblingblocks. Oh what a blessing is a clear Gospel ministry attended with the power of God! "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of them that publish peace, that say to Zion, thy God reigneth!" But another temptation I fell into, which was this: Satan set before me the humanity of Christ Jesus. "Now," says he, "if you pray to Christ as God, you commit blasphemy." Here my soul fell into sore trouble and amazement; fain would I have cast my care upon him, but alas! instead of this I felt many doubts respecting his eternal power and Godhead. This seemed to sap at the very foundation; thought I, if I fail here I am undone for ever; and this trial my soul laboured under for a long while, but at last the good Lord, in tender mercy, delivered me as follows: I was one morning bemoaning my sad condition in secret before God, when he mercifully dropped these words with power into my heart, "Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you." I felt faith spring up in my heart immediately, and believed his care and kindness toward me, and then away went my care and trouble on him, and my soul rejoiced in him, and that without reserve; and I worshipped him, even God, in man's nature, without any distraction, confusion, or disorder, and many sweet moments of meditation was my soul favored with on his Person, and on his work. He took our nature that we might partake of his Spirit. "He became poor that we, through his poverty, might be made rich." "He suffered, being tempted, that he might, as a merciful and faithful High Priest, be able to succour us in temptations." "He became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross," that he might deliver us from eternal death, and make us, who were enemies, nigh to God by his precious blood; in short, "He rose from the dead," "led captivity captive," "entered into heaven itself," sent down the Holy Spirit, first upon his apostles, and since that upon us poor Gentiles, who have believed on him through their word, that so our faith, hope, and affections might follow him even to the right hand of God. Thus "the love of Christ constraineth us, because we thus judge, if one died for all, then were all dead, and that he died for all that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but to him that died for them and rose again." Satan has striven to dispute me out of this sweet deliverance, and unbelief has taken his part; for you know unbelief is a friend to him, though a sore enemy to us, and will be to the end of

the chapter. But through the tender mercy of God I have never sunk so low under that temptation as before. Blessed be God for evermore for an experience of the truth, and so he promises, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." All the books, however sound, nor all the hearing, could ever settle or establish our souls in one fundamental truth. God has reserved this honor to himself; hence we read, "Behold God exalteth by his power; who teacheth like him?" None. As we have borne the image of the earthly Adam, so we must bear the image of the heavenly. He was meek and lowly in heart, and we must learn of him if we find rest to our souls. But knowledge puffeth up, which is evident in the author of your book; he seems wise above what is written, for in page 89, speaking of the humanity of Christ, he says, "The Holy Ghost justified it at his resurrection." But he that was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners, and offered himself without spot to God, and, though he tasted death for every man, yet he saw no corruption—"I say, this Blessed Person needed no justification either in body or soul; had there been the least imperfection in either soul or body, it would have marred his work, and then woe be to us! But, blessed be his name, "by one offering he hath perfected for ever all them that are sanctified;" whereof the Holy Ghost is a witness to us, and this witness is repeated in our souls every time we find access to him and his Father by him. God give us to press after these things, even a knowledge of him, "and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death." It is true the apostle says, "He was justified in the Spirit," which appears to me to lie in this: The Holy Ghost with which he was anointed above his fellows bore a continual witness with his spirit both to his Sonship, and to the purity and innocency of his character; and when this ever-blessed Spirit comes into our hearts we believe the record God hath given of him. Thus, "Wisdom is justified of her children." The kingdom of God standeth not in word but in power; after this power may our souls press, "looking to Jesus the author and the finisher of our faith, who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despised the shame, and is now set down at the right hand of God."

My wife and family, through mercy, are tolerably well, but myself often poorly. Our kind love to all who partake of that call which comes from above.

Peace be with thine house, not forgetting your spouse, and the best of all gifts, which is love. I remain, your affectionate friend,

Deptford, November 24th, 1820.

THOS. BOORNE.

THE highway of holiness is infested with robbers. Though the celestial road is enclosed from the common, and made a distinct way of itself, yet it lies through an enemy's country, and the Canaanite is still in the land. Satan will study to annoy those whom he cannot devour.—*Toplady.*

A TESTIMONY TO THE POWER OF VITAL GODLINESS.*

Dear Sir,—With great pleasure I commence my promised information to you respecting a subject which never fails to refresh my heart, when the Lord in any measure leads my mind back to trace up his gracious dealings with my then perishing soul; when he was graciously pleased to rend the heavens and come down, and the mountains of sin and wrath, of guilt and condemnation, of unbelief and Satan, all fled and flowed down at his presence. On the brink of eternal destruction, in my own apprehension, with a poor weak body bowed down with the weight of a broken spirit, I thought my mortal career would soon close, and shut the door of hope eternally upon me. Daily tempted to suicide, and feeling I had no power to stand against the temptation, my very life was wretched to me, and death more terrible in this dreadful condition. What amazed me most was how I was preserved; and I often stood astonished that I found the temptation sensibly depressed on the back of my ejaculations to the Lord to keep me; which I proved frequently in answer to these words, put up and repeated for twenty times or more, successively, at my very wits' end, through the power of the temptation, "Dear Lord, do keep me!" But here I proved that the Lord regardeth the prayer of the destitute, and does not despise their prayer; And finding I was thus preserved, it encouraged me at times to hope in the Lord; but this was very transitory. I felt daily to be drawing towards the brink of despair. I thought I was of the race of Cain, as the Lord had rejected my offerings, and that I should soon be driven from amongst men, because I had restrained prayer in the form for above twelve months, through these words darting suddenly into me while in the act of praying, "The prayers of the wicked are an abomination to the Lord;" and I dared not go again. In these circumstances I entered my bedroom, when, in a moment of time, I appeared to be arrested for eternity. A heavy burden of my guilt, and the sensible vindictive wrath of the Almighty closed upon my conscience. In this extremity I stood, expecting to be cut off, when a strong compulsory power prompted me to cry for mercy. I sank on my knees from real necessity, when I verily thought the floor yielded, and I felt myself sinking to rise no more. Then I groaned out these words to the Lord, "O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul." "God be merciful to me, a sinner." These words came to my heart in a moment of time; and the blessed Spirit who brought them made also intercession for my soul with "groans that could not be uttered;" and thus the kingdom of heaven suffered violence, and the violent took it by force. I felt sensibly as though there were two opposite powers struggling for the prey within me; but bless his dear name, the Lord cast the strong man out, and spoiled him of his armor, and sweet peace flowed into my heart and conscience.

* The above truly spiritual, and experimental letter was written by the first wife of Mr. Grace, of Brighton.

At this period it was that I heard you at Mayfield, on December 3rd, 1818, from these words, "I will bless thee." (Exod. xx. 24.) Before you commenced your discourse, you made some observations to this effect. You said these were not the words you had intended to speak from, but those you had had for that purpose in meditation were all taken from you, and nothing offered to you but the above text. You also remarked that they were the first words you heard Mr. Huntington from after you were brought into the liberty of the Gospel. You said you had yourself spoken from the same words previously to this more than once, and that they had been made a special blessing to one or more of the hearers present. You also hoped and desired they might be blessed that night to some poor sinner present; and concluded by remarking, "But that remains to be proved." Your prayer before your sermon was greatly blessed to me. I was astonished to hear you repeat the substance of my prayers, for many months the language of my heart; and I felt much of the goodness of God enlarged upon my soul therein. I thought you prayed for me alone, and most particularly for my preservation and perseverance, and that God would lead me and establish me into more enlarged views and feelings of himself, as the God of my salvation. I remember I sat down, and, looking on you, I mentally said, "Thou art one after my own heart; with thee I could live and die." In opening your discourse as an introduction, you commented on the office of Christ and his ministerial mission, and repeated Isa. lxi. 1-9: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, &c.;" which was so exactly suited to the experience of my soul, and what he had proved to my own heart, that I sat and adored his name, and gratitude and praise were the incense-offering of my soul.

In prosecuting your discourse, you showed what constituted the characters whom the Lord had promised to bless here. You here opened up the preparative work of the law upon a sinner's conscience. I sat greatly amazed as you told me all my sorrows, fears, and sinkings, even from a child to my deliverance; and when you spoke of what it was to be blessed according to the promise, and proved it to be a deliverance from sin and death, bondage and misery; and how this was done; its fruits and effects, what it led from, and led to; and spoke of its purifying efficacy; I could travel step by step with you experimentally. You even used the very language of my heart, in my soul's travail for mercy. I could truly say I was come to feed upon the fatted calf and to drink abundantly of the old wine of the kingdom. My soul was full of the goodness of the Lord as it could possibly be. At this time I had not opened my mouth to any person of what I had been brought through to know for myself. This was my first hearing after my deliverance and my first appearance amongst his people by a happy and blessed choice. I had now found some of the excellent of the earth; and the union of soul I felt to you I cannot describe. I made an attempt to come and speak to you, but I had not sufficient courage. It appeared to me so discriminating that you should tell me of all my feelings from my youth up to the blessed period I then enjoyed, and not to know

anything of me; and I was certain you could not have heard of my path, as I had not told any one of it. I was sure the same that taught you, taught me, and that we were bound up in the bundle of life together. All that I knew experimentally you strengthened and confirmed in me, and so bound up my confidence, that I verily thought I never should be moved.

I had three miles to walk alone in a dark December night, very lonely and dirty, with a poor, weak body, shaken to pieces by previous conflicts, and not having tasted any food for nearly twelve hours; yet such was the gracious communication of the dear Lord by the way, that I felt no weakness nor fears; no hunger nor cold. I prayed as I went that the Lord would cast my lot in providence amongst his people while I dwelt below, and that I might be brought to sit at your feet, if it were his will. I heard you three times, and every time with great soul satisfaction, from these words, "A time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up." (Ecces. iii. 3.) And at another time from these words, "Who loved me, and gave himself for me." You were perfectly made manifest at this time in my heart's conscience, as a minister of Christ, in comforting, confirming, and establishing my soul. You spoke there once a month; until in January Mr. Abbott came there on trial. In February you left; and I also the March following.

It is now necessary I should relate another point of my experience, to show you in what circumstances your ministry was profitable to me.

After I had stood some time in liberty, and enjoyed a great deal, it was much impressed on my mind that my way to the kingdom would prove a very trying and thorny path; but still I trusted in the faithfulness of my covenant God, and felt assured he would bring me through all for my own good and his glory. Many of the promises were very sweet and encouraging to my soul to this purpose; such as these, "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy day thy strength shall be." "All things shall work together for good to them that love God, and are the called according to his purpose." I could then prove my calling, and testify to him with a good conscience that he knew that I loved him; for the language of my heart was, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth I desire beside thee." On the back of this I was led into a great feeling sense of the dangers, snares, and temptations that lay in my path, which would lead me away from the simplicity of the truth, if the Lord did not prevent; but nothing seemed so prejudicial and formidable as my own wicked and deceitful heart; and such a deep sense had I of the depths of its deception, that I felt an exceeding godly jealousy of it, fearing that I might be deceived by it after all, and be settled in a false confidence. This led me to cry to the Lord, and with great earnest desires, that he would search me and try me, &c., choosing to suffer anything he saw needful, rather than rest in anything short of himself; and I had a strong desire to be brought to the light, that my deeds might be made manifest they were wrought in God.

Time passed on, during which I was constrained to leave my natural friends and family for conscience sake. I must either give up my profession or them. My heart was fixed in its choice, as it had been severed from all inordinate objects and affections. The Lord brought me to trust his gracious promise, to lean on him, to pray, and wait, and watch his opening providence for this purpose, believing he would make a way; and, bless his dear name, so he did; he gave me a sure persuasion to arise and depart; and that he would go before me and prepare the way. Therefore I arose and came forth, not knowing whither I went, for I had nothing visible to look to or hang upon, but I rested feelingly on his word of promise; and he did make a way accordingly, in his providence, casting my lot amongst his people, and again at your feet for nearly twelve months after my deliverance. This was nine months after my deliverance; and here again you cleared up my pathway, and proved to me that the Lord had called me forth as he did Abraham of old, to forget my own people and my father's house; to leave my all, temporally, and come and trust under the shadow of his wings, and rest in the God of my salvation. Whenever you speak of Abraham coming forth, and the faith he had in exercise, I can go step by step with what you say; and, glory be to his great name, like Israel's God of old, I have proved him as faithful too. But there was, at this time of my being brought to hear you, a method of hearing which I had never proved before; and it greatly puzzled me for many weeks together to make a judgment of the path I was in; nor did the Lord clear it up to me, till after I had stood the trial of it; and though at times I felt many fears as to the result, yet ultimately it greatly confirmed the safety of my state, and that he had brought me by a way that no hypocrite, deluded or deceived, ever passes through. I expected to hear you as I formerly had done, with much comfort and consolation; but when I got under the word, I found your ministry searched me to the very core, and entered my soul as a two-edged sword, dissecting my heart and laying it open to my investigation, dividing between flesh and spirit; and drew the line so closely as to how far a hypocrite and deceived character may go, and yet be nothing, that I sat and trembled on my seat lest I should be found wanting. But when you turned the subject, and showed the difference of those who were led by the Spirit of God, you picked me up, and built me up as firm as a rock. I felt so rooted and confirmed in this ministry, though so trying, that I was confident I had passed from death unto life, and should never more come into condemnation. And though through the week I had many fears that you would prove my soul wanting, yet how I longed for the returning time of hearing, that I might come to the light, that my state might be made manifest as wrought of God, or otherwise to know the worst; for I dreaded to be set down in a false hope and a vain confidence. And here I prayed earnestly that if the Lord had not begun his work on my heart, that he would now begin; and if he had renewed me he would bring me to walk in a plain path, and clear the way before and

behind me; and, bless his name, so he did, though your ministry was very trying to me; yet I felt my spiritual regard greatly increased towards you, and never felt a greater spiritual affection for you than at that period. After hearing, I used to wish and think I must go and speak to you, but still had not sufficient confidence; but when the Lord had thus tried my state and judgment, and accomplished his purpose therein, he brought to my mind the many petitions I had formerly put up that he would search me and try me, &c., and showed me that this was but the return of my prayers; that he had accomplished his promise to me by you when he says, "I will search Jerusalem with candles, and make my ministers as a flame of fire." And I can truly say he gave me eyes to discern my teachers. They have not been hid in a corner to me since; and the soul profit of this ministry by you has brought me to desire to sit under a faithful, heart-searching, practical ministry ever since; nor do I profit without it, and therefore cannot be satisfied short of it. Through rich mercy the dear Lord has made my heart honest, and makes me willing to hold my conscience to the light of his truth continually.

MARY.

LETTER FROM T. W. TO NATHANIEL MARINER.

Dearly Beloved,—According to your request in your letter to friend W., I send you these few lines. Now, I know not what to write so as to have that testimony in my conscience that on the one hand it is not the risings of pride, and on the other that it is not the effect of daring presumption. As to fretfulness, I have plenty of that, and where is the soul that has not, which is made daily to feel the infinite distance there is by nature between a holy God and a poor sinful soul like yours or mine, and also made sensibly to feel that if one good thought would save us from eternal ruin, we must sink for ever for want of it? I can only say this, Nathaniel, that the older I grow, the greater fool I am in respect of finding out the wonderful dealings of the Lord with his redeemed children, only as I am taught directly and altogether by the Spirit of truth; and, so far as I am taught in truth, and not from damnable pride and self, I know that there can be no getting into the bosom of a Divine Redeemer, but we shall find the way through deep waters. But I find very few indeed who know anything of this way, and sure I am that this is the way of holiness, and no other; for, wherever there is a door of hope opened in this dark valley of dry bones, O, how sweet, and how indescribable is that overflowing fountain of God's eternal love sweetly unfolding itself in the life and death of his beloved Son! But these visits are very rare, and when they are experienced they never can be described in a letter or by words. I never can feel, neither do I believe that there can be any union to, or communion with, the head or members, without daily experiencing that we are awfully and eternally undone, and now and then, more or less, to feel in reality, that we are eternally saved in a dear Redeemer. My path at present, my dear brother, is simply this, as

far as I can word it—I am daily ashamed of my hardness, stupidity, and barrenness of soul, and at the same time feeling that lightness and levity of spirit, which sometimes almost causes desperation; but God breaks in now and then when I least expect him, and so astonishes my poor sinking soul, that with the Psalmist, my soul with trembling seems to say, “Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name.” This has been made useful and a prop to my soul when I am led by the blessed Spirit to look back on my past backslidings of heart and life, and how much hypocrisy and deception has been felt, and yet the Lord has never suffered me to let go his truth, but it was just the same in the midst of all, and I believe it would have remained so to all eternity, had I been damned; for it really seems that what the Spirit witnesses to in the soul can never be finally erased by sin, the world, or hell, but remains in it a well of water, springing up into eterna life.

Send me a few lines when you are able, and keep back nothing; and, so far as I know myself, I am thine without dissimulation.

L. B., 1829.

T. W.

A MAN is not the same at night that he was in the morning; something is expired, and something is added; every day there is a change in his age, a change in his substance, a change in his accidents. But God hath his whole being in one and the same point, or moment of eternity. He receives nothing as an addition to what he was before; he loseth nothing of what he was before; he is always the same excellency and perfection, in the same infiniteness as ever. His years do not fail; (Heb. i. 12;) his years do not come and go as others do; there is not this day, to-morrow, or yesterday with him.—*Charnock*.

WHAT profit was there in circumcision, and advantage hath the Jew? Many advantages, indeed, were connected with it. But what was the chief advantage? Regeneration? Remission of sins? The Holy Spirit? Life everlasting? No, no; not any one of these: but chiefly to them were committed the oracles of God. The Gentiles have now these oracles without faith, without circumcision, without baptism. This, indeed, makes faith, regeneration, spiritual and eternal salvation possible; and this, indeed, is a great blessing. So, then, the matter of circumcision, as to its advantages, is settled by high authority. It gave the oracles of God in keeping to the Jewish nation. This was its highest approach to spiritual blessings. But circumcision became a type. Of what? The circumcision of the heart. The manna became a type. The sabbath became a type. The smitten rock became a type. Jordan became a type. And why should not circumcision become a type? We believing Gentiles are now the circumcision, because (not in the flesh, but) in the spirit we worship God, rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh, neither in cutting, nor washing, nor cleansing the flesh. This once was outward circumcision in the flesh; but neither baptism nor any other ordinance came in room of it. Such talk is a scandal to the age. The circumcision of the heart by the Holy Spirit came in room of the circumcision of the flesh by the knife of a Jewish father, or a mother, a master or a mistress. Circumcision is now that of the heart, and not of the law in the flesh, but in the Spirit, whose praise (because the operation is invisible), is not of man, but of God.—*A. Campbell's "Christian Baptism."*

Obituary.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE EXPERIENCE AND DEATH OF PHEBE SAINT, LATE OF SOMERSHAM, HUNTINGDONSHIRE, WHO DIED FEB. 20, 1857, AGED 39.

DURING her childhood and youth, Mrs. S. remained in total ignorance of her state as a lost and ruined sinner, and was very unwilling to listen to anyone who spoke to her about her soul. But she had a sister who manifested great anxiety and concern for her spiritual welfare. This sister would talk to her on the subject, when she would answer that she had no time to think about religion; but that when she was married and settled in life she should then have nothing else to do, and she would then think about it. When she was married, however, she found the convenient season as far off as ever, and had no more heart or inclination to seek the Lord than before. Thus she went on for some years, when all at once she remembered what she had said to her sister, that when she was married she would attend to better things, and she had not done so; and this brought condemnation to her soul. This appears to have been the first arrow of conviction that entered into her conscience, and she began to think now she would go to some place of worship.

The Wesleyan Methodists were the first people she met with, and she attended with them for two years, but found nothing in their preaching to give her troubled mind ease or rest. Her wretchedness increased, until she became truly miserable, and knew not what to do. The things of the world afforded her no pleasure as formerly; and no comfort could she obtain for her soul. It was during this period she went with her husband to Godmanchester fair; but she felt so miserable that she told him she would never go again. Nobody, she thought, was like her, she felt so continually plagued and harassed with herself. The sins she had committed, even when a child, were laid upon her as a heavy burden, and she was sorely tempted to think God cruel and unjust. "O that I had no soul!" was now her feeling and her cry. "O that I were a beast, or anything, so that I had no soul!"

Another year passed away, and Godmanchester fair came round again; but this time she felt she could not go, and her husband left her at home alone. Up to this time she had not dared to attempt to pray, these words being so continually on her mind, "The sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord." But on this very night the Spirit of grace and supplication was poured out upon her, and she could not refrain from begging the Lord to have mercy upon her. Now she felt and acknowledged God to be a holy and just God; and that if she were sent to hell, God would be just in her damnation, and she would say so even if she was in hell.

From this time she was led to look to the Lord for mercy and forgiveness, that he would show her which was the right way, for she felt convinced that the preaching she heard among the Methodists was wrong. Shortly afterwards she was led in the providence

of God to go to the little chapel at Woodhurst, with her brother-in-law, and there she heard the Gospel, in its fulness and pureness, for the first time. While she was in the place, and eagerly listening to the word of salvation, these words came forcibly to her mind, "This is the way, walk ye in it." From that moment her mind was made up, for she felt assured, and inwardly exclaimed, "This is the way, and these are the people of God." She now manifested a great desire to hear the Gospel, as one who did indeed hunger and thirst after righteousness. Although Godmanchester was many miles distant, she began to attend there; and nothing, if she could prevent it, was allowed to interfere with what she now esteemed to be her greatest privilege. The Lord was evidently teaching her, though it was by slow degrees, here a little and there a little, opening her understanding, leading her into the truth, and causing her to see and feel more and more her own helplessness, and the preciousness and suitability of Christ to a poor and perishing sinner. But she still groaned under the burden of her sins, and was greatly harassed and perplexed. A gleam of hope and comfort would at times revive her; but for the most part she was bowed down.

One evening, after she had been hearing the Gospel, with longing desires that she might realise its blessings, these words dropped upon her mind, "Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." This promise came to her with such sweetness and power that she could not but believe it would be fulfilled in her case. She was greatly supported by this word, and never entirely lost the comfort of it, but clung to it even in those seasons of darkness when her soul seemed on the very borders of despair. For fourteen years was her soul in these deep waters; at times fearing she never should find peace, and at times enabled to believe that the Lord would, in his own time, reveal himself to her soul. Time after time, as she went to hear the Gospel preached, she would think and say to herself, "Perhaps this will be the favored hour; perhaps the Lord will reveal himself to me, and give me the blessing this time.

About twelve months before her death, her health began to decline, and soon afterwards symptoms of consumption appeared. Those friends who were acquainted with her, and who knew the distress her soul had so long been laboring under, felt great sympathy for her in this time of deep affliction. Her illness increased so that she was unable to come to Godmanchester on a Lord's Day. As Woodhurst was much nearer, Mrs. S. hoped to be able to get there when there was preaching, and longed for the day to arrive. Every time there was preaching, she hoped might be the time of love to her. She looked forward particularly to last Christmas Day, when there was to be preaching there twice, as usual, thinking the Lord would perhaps appear for her, and give the blessing then. But the Lord's ways are not our ways. He blesses whom, and when he will, and by what means; oftener I believe in the private chamber than in the public assembly of the people. And so it was with our dear friend. By about the middle of December, her health had so far given way that she was obliged to resign her place down stairs, and

submit to be laid wholly aside. As her illness increased, so did the anxiety and distress of her soul. She knew she was fast sinking, and felt she had no solid ground to rest her hope upon. But, as the hymn expresses it:

“Wait for his seasonable aid,
And tho’ it tarry, wait;
The promise may be long delayed,
But cannot come too late.”

And again:

“Just in the last distressing hour
The Lord displays delivering power.”

So it was in this instance. The day of her espousals had come. She took her hymn-book, and opened it upon the hymn,

“Lord, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.”

This was the very language of her own feelings; faith was given her, and she was melted down at the Saviour’s feet. All her bonds were loosed, and she felt herself to be a pardoned sinner. Her mouth was opened for the first time in blessing and praising the Lord for what he had done for her. From this time she had no wish to live here; but her desire was rather to depart and to be with Christ.

The following particulars, which record the experience of her last days, were furnished by her nurse, a God-fearing woman, and by a dear friend who lived near, and who constantly visited her. Mrs. Saint said that after her soul was set at liberty, she felt so happy that she could not ask the Lord for anything. She said, “I want to praise him. I hope the time is near when I shall go to him. I feel he is close to me. I long to go. I feel he has broken every natural tie. I never felt like this before. The dear Lord is just as if he was talking to me. O what a rock is Christ to build upon!” The hymn,

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

was very sweet to her. Also the scripture, “All things are yours, and ye are Christ’s, and Christ is God’s.” At one time she said, “How good the Lord is! He gives me all I need, and himself besides. I have lost all my burdens, and the Lord has pardoned all my sins, I feel sure.”

This happy season of sweet and blessed enjoyment lasted four days. When her comforts began to decline, she said, “I fear the Lord is leaving me; but I have some sweet words, ‘I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice.’ ‘He rests in his love.’ I know he will come again. I can rest upon his own word.” After this she sank in her feelings, and often said, “O, I want my Jesus to come, then all would be right. I know he will come, and I hope it will not be long.”

On the 1st of January she said, “O what a beautiful night I have had! I have not slept much, but I have had sweet communion with my dear Lord. How sweet those words have been:

‘Though painful at present, ’twill cease before long;
And then, O how pleasant, the conqueror’s song.’”

At times she was much tried again with the thought of death ; but though thus harassed, she was not left long exposed to the assaults of the adversary. These words were sweetly applied to her :

“Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, thy Father calls thee home.”

“I know now,” said she, “that
‘Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are.’

It appears as if all my weakness is gone when Jesus visits my soul. I can now look back and see all the way the Lord has led me. I can see there is no *small* mercy; all that come from God are *big* mercies.”

At another time she said, “I cannot lose the sweet feeling I had when the Lord first pardoned my sins. I never before dared say my sins were pardoned. O what a mercy to feel that I have an interest in the blood and righteousness of Christ! All things are mine, and I am Christ’s and Christ is God’s.”

On the 10th of February, ten days before her death, I visited our dear friend, and found her in a truly blessed frame of soul. What most of all struck me was the heavenly expression of her countenance. I never witnessed a more peaceful death-bed scene. I felt as though I were myself breathing another atmosphere, while I beheld her as in the land of Beulah, so beautifully described by John Bunyan. The Lord had assured her that all her sins were pardoned through atoning blood; the Spirit bare witness to this, and all she was then waiting for was to depart, and be with Christ for evermore. To me it was indeed a solemn and blessed season; there was such a reality in all she said. She could not, however, speak much, as her cough and difficulty of breathing prevented her from saying all she wished.

After this, Mrs. Saint was again greatly tossed about in her feelings. One day in particular she was sorely harassed and tried, feeling great darkness of soul. She wrestled with the Lord the whole of this day, until 5 o’clock in the afternoon, sometimes saying she was sure she should not die yet, that she could not die without the Lord, and pleading that he had said that he would come again. Then she would say, “Surely I am not deceived after all!” It was about 5 o’clock when the Lord again appeared for her with sensible comfort and enjoyment in her soul. She broke out in the words of the Psalmist, “Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name,” and continued blessing and praising the Lord until her strength appeared to be quite gone. She then said, “O, dear Lord, don’t leave me any more. O that I might go now.” She said in the night several times, “He has seen me again, according to his word. He said he would; he does rest in his love. O what a faithful, unchanging, God.” About this time she said to a friend who called to see her that she was reading in Solomon’s Song, although she had not the Bible before her at the time, but explaining herself she said what she meant was this: She was looking for her Beloved in Solomon’s Song; she was reading in her heart.

At another time, when the friend who constantly visited her entered the room, he found her apparently asleep, and on asking the nurse in an under tone if she were still comfortable in her mind, or if she were harassed with doubts and fears, to his surprise he was instantly answered by Mrs. Saint herself, who had evidently caught the last words. She exclaimed, "No, friend, not a doubt."

About three quarters of an hour before she died, she said she was on the borders of Canaan's land, and that she was going to heaven through the blood of the Lamb. Her nurse now thought she would speak no more, but after a little while, during which she remained perfectly tranquil, she was heard to whisper, "He is with me through the valley," and in two or three minutes afterwards her happy spirit took its flight.

Godmanchester.

W. B.

I BELIEVE that my continual conflicts bring much life to the people. Death works in me, but life in them; and my subjects have nothing of sameness in them, but great variety of matter comes out of the furnace.—*Huntington*.

WHAT a deplorable condition has our sin put us into, that there must be all this ado to save us! Oh, how hardly is sin got out of the soul when once it is in! Blood takes away the guilt; inherent grace keeps down the filth; but the grave is the place at the mouth of which sin, as to the being of sin, and the saved must have a final parting. Not that the grace of itself is of a sin purging quality, but God will follow Satan home to his own door; for the grave is the door or gate of hell, and will there, where the devil thought to have swallowed us up, even there, by the power of God's mercy, make us (at our coming thence) shine like the sun, and look like angels.—*Bunyan*.

THE Turks speak of a paradise in another life, the Jews of going to their father Abraham, the old heathens boasted of walking in Elysian fields after death; but it was only dreams of things of which they had no certainty; they died and did not know whither they were going. So if we have not the foretaste of the power of the world to come here, if we have not the kingdom of heaven within us, and the earnest of our everlasting inheritance, we are also in the dark and in uncertainty, and are in no better state than those who never heard Christ named; for at last, all the real hope we have must be, because we have lived soberly or righteously, or been obedient, &c.; and our boast of trusting in Jesus and his blood and merits, will prove to have been only in words.—*Cennick*.

As the church was in Christ, and personated by Christ before the world, so grace was given to the church in Christ before all worlds; and all the ordinances of Jehovah concerning the church in the time state of her being, were, in effect, formed before "according (as the apostle states it) to the eternal purpose which he purposed in Christ Jesus our Lord." (Eph. iii. 11.) Our redemption in Christ, with all the other events included in that high administration of grace manifested to the church by the Holy Three in One since creation, and the fall in Adam, were, to all intents and purposes, done in the divine mind before. Nothing can be new to him whose eternity of being constitutes one eternal *now*. All his ordinations are like the Almighty Author himself. "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."—*Hawker*.

INQUIRIES.

Dear Sir,—May I ask the following question? When a minister of the gospel has drawn the features of a quickened soul, and shown by scripture and experience the work of the Spirit in stripping and clothing, wounding and healing a vessel of mercy, might he not, in something like the following language, address his congregation: “Do you know anything of this experience? Have you ever been made to cry, “God be merciful to me a sinner?” “Lord, save, I perish,” or the like? “If not, so living and so dying, where God is you will never come.” Is it not hateful to hear a hard, heady preacher telling his hearers that he is only to preach to the elect, without showing what the feelings of a regenerate soul are? Is he not to warn the sinner as well as comfort the saint? He can do neither, only as in the hands of the Spirit. He is not to offer but preach the gospel to every creature, and leave it in the hands of him who will use it for his own glory.

AN INQUIRER.

ANSWER.

THERE can be no doubt that every true servant of God, every one who is divinely commissioned and enabled to preach the Gospel, will, with Paul, “by manifestation of the truth, commend himself to every man’s conscience in the sight of God,” (2Cor. iv. 2,) that is, to that of sinner as well as saint. This he does mainly by showing from Scripture and experience man’s thoroughly lost and ruined condition by nature and practice, by original and actual transgression, describing how the Holy Spirit works in and upon an elect sinner’s heart in convincing him of sin and of the demands of a holy and righteous law; and how, in due time, he manifests mercy to his soul through the Saviour’s blood and obedience. The more experimentally and feelingly that a minister can do this, and the more that unction, dew, savor, weight, and power clothe the words of his lips, the more will he commend himself to the conscience of both saint and sinner. The saint will, with the blessing of God, receive, under such a ministry, instruction, encouragement, and consolation; and the sinner, even if not quickened into spiritual life, will often be convinced that such and such only is the way he must walk in if his soul is to be saved. By this discriminating, separating, and heart-searching ministry, a close line, a line impassable to the flesh, will be drawn between the living and the dead; and this being a ministry which exalts Christ, and especially glorifies the Holy Ghost, it will be, more or less, owned of God, and his blessing will visibly rest upon it. It is perfectly true that a servant of God preaches only to the elect; for they alone have ears to hear. But how is their election made known? By the Gospel “coming unto them not in word only” (as under letter preachers) but “also in power and in the Holy Ghost and in much assurance,” as it does from the true ambassadors of Christ. (1 Thess. i. 4, 5.) Nothing is so discriminating as this power; nothing so separates the living from the

dead; and nothing so lays open the secrets of the heart to a man's own conscience.

There is a very great difference between calling upon the dead to live or what is termed offering the Gospel to anybody's and everybody's acceptance, almost pushing it upon men, as if they had perfect liberty and power to receive or reject it; there is surely a vast difference between this Yea and Nay Gospel, and plainly and solemnly warning those who at present seem destitute of divine life, and yet, in the purposes of God, may be vessels of mercy. By putting themselves, in most cases by a voluntary act, under a man's ministry, they come to be taught and instructed by him; and as such, he, as their minister, cannot be faithful to them if he does not warn them; nor faithful to his own conscience, nor faithful to his divine Master, whose word he preaches. Besides which, there are often in a congregation those of whom we can hardly say whether there be divine life in their souls or not. Appeals to the conscience are frequently blessed to such characters; and they often trace the beginning of any deep or anxious concern to these appeals.

But in this, as well as in the work of the ministry generally, though we see what is right and wrong, and feel what is becoming a man of God; yet it is impossible to lay down strict rules. The Lord alone, whose servant he is, can rightly and effectually guide him. But we are convinced that there will be a holy tenderness, as well as an affectionate faithfulness in the ministry of a servant of Christ, when his soul is bedewed with the blessing of God on his heart and lips, which will effectually preserve him from that miserably hard, dry, and daring preaching to which our correspondent alludes, and which only serves to build up presumptuous professors in notions and opinions that, however sound in themselves, are not wrought in their consciences by the power of God.

As in everything else connected with the things of God and the ministry of the Gospel, it is a very straight and narrow line, and one in which no man or minister can walk but by the teaching of the Holy Ghost. Yet there is in every servant of God, who lives and moves in godly fear, a spiritual light, life, and feeling, by which he is, as it were, instinctively guided, and is mercifully preserved, in great measure, from turning aside to the right hand or to the left. And without this guiding light from above, and the perpetual communication of heavenly life, to keep the conscience tender, and make the heart fruitful in holy wisdom and gracious feeling, mere rules and directions to do this, or avoid that, will be as useless as instructions how to preach fall upon the students from the lips of a professor of divinity in a learned university, or a theological tutor in a dissenting academy.

Dear Sir,—In the first verse of hymn 588, Gadsby's selection, are the following words: "In Satan's image born." Now, although one often feels as base as he, yet is it scriptural for us to say we are born in the image of Satan? Should you consider the

question worthy of an answer, please give it in the "Gospel Standard," and it will be received with thankfulness by

A POOR MAN.

ANSWER.

THE expression above quoted, like many others of our dear departed friend, Mr. Gadsby, is no doubt strong, but we think not at all stronger than Scripture and experience fully warrant. The whole hymn, in our judgment, is one of the sweetest and most experimental that Mr. Gadsby ever penned, and has been long one of our especial favorites. Nor can we find any fault with the expression as descriptive of the case and character of fallen man. Mr. Gadsby was a man who knew much of his own heart, and wrote as he felt and found it, without caring to avoid expressions that might displease Pharisees. But let us examine the expression more closely. "In Satan's image born." What is Satan's image? Is it not sin? And in what image are we born, but in that of sin? So far then, we are certainly born in Satan's image; for his features are, so to speak, reflected by nature in us. "Ye are of your father the devil," said Christ to the unbelieving Jews; (John viii. 44;) and whose image does the son bear but his father's? "Thou child of the devil," said Paul to Elymas. (Acts xiii. 10.) "This wisdom," that is, mere human wisdom, James declares, "is earthly, sensual, devilish. (James iii. 15.) "He that committeth sin is of the devil," says holy John (1 John iii. 8.) And what has Mr. Gadsby said more than these Scriptural testimonies warrant, in the line quoted by "A Poor Man," a line sung by thousands? It is true that Satan's fall was lower than ours; for he fell to the lowest depth of angelic nature, which, being in itself a higher nature than ours, the fall was proportionably greater and deeper; and, as the angelic nature is naturally more capacious than ours, it holds, so to speak, a greater amount of wickedness, and wickedness of a more desperate, subtle, and penetrating character, as well as more intensified, unmitigated, unceasing, and unrelenting. There are in man some relics of what he was before the fall, morally as well as intellectually. There are feelings of love, natural affection, pity, kindness, and benevolence, of which a fallen angel is not capable; for his whole nature being in itself of a more subtle character, it is more thoroughly penetrated with that original sin which changed, as by an electric stroke, bright and holy angels, noble and glorious beings, into lying, murderous fiends.

To a certain extent, for the purposes of society, and the preservation and well-being of an elect seed upon earth, human nature is at present held in, as it were, by the hands of a restraining, overruling Providence; and this prevents human nature displaying what it really is, and what it is capable of being as well as doing. We no more see what human nature is when fully developed than we can see the full grown oak in the acorn on the bough, or could measure the strength of Samson by what he was when he sat as a child on Manoah's knees.

But, what human nature really is capable of doing when a little let loose, we may see in those horrible atrocities in India which have

clothed so many English families in the deepest mourning. Who that has read or heard of the fearful cruelties and horrible crimes which have been committed by those incarnate fiends will scruple to give his full assent to Mr. Gadsby's striking words that man is "in Satan's image born;" for what but the very image of Satan in lies, treachery, and revenge, in cruelty and murder, is stamped upon all these wretches, thereby plainly showing that it is only the outbreak of human nature. In fact, these vile creatures have been worse than Satan in having not only murdered with the most fiendish cruelty defenceless women and children, but manifested a hideous display of crime which only human beings can perpetrate.

SOME receive the rain of God, and the droppings of his clouds because they continually sit under the means of his grace. But, alas! they receive it as stones receive showers, or as dunghills receive the rain; they either abide as hard stones still, or else return nothing to heaven for his mercy, but as the dunghills do, a company of stinking fumes. These are they that drink in the rain that comes often upon them, and who, instead of bringing forth herbs meet for the dresser, bring forth briars and thorns; (Heb. vi. 7, 8;) and these are they who are nigh unto cursing, whose end is to be burned.—*Bunyan*.

WE can no more live by grace already received, than a man can live upon his food the day after he hath eaten it. Therefore we must have the mouth of our souls never divided from the fountain, even God himself; for we live our life, our spiritual life, under the flower of free grace only. And that the Spirit of God would have us see what we are, even without strength, that God's mercy might appear the more abundant, and the Gospel be glorified in his power; that so a poor Christian may be necessitated to believe in and on Jesus Christ, forced into this religious sanctuary, made to cling on the horns of the altar, and fly to this city of refuge, as his Zoar of safety.—*Dorney*.

COMPARATIVELY considered, it may be said that all the church hath or can have in time or eternity; all that her everlasting circumstances required before all worlds, of eternal life treasured up in Christ for her; all that she can possibly stand in need of during the whole of the present state; and all that she will need to all eternity when there are no worlds; every portion is in Christ, and not a portion out of Christ. For such is not only the infinite fulness of Christ, but the infinite suitability of Christ, that in all spirituals, temporals, and eternal, he is the church's treasury, "the fulness that filleth all in all;" so that no case, no state, no circumstance, no want, can be known or conceived, for which the unsearchable riches of Christ are not provided.—*Hooker*.

IF God can consistently with his acknowledged attributes, and his declarations, save guilty, obnoxious creatures, without their bringing such a complete righteousness as the law demands; it will necessarily follow, that God, when his hand is in, may save sinners without any righteousness at all, since the same flexibility which (as the Arminians suppose) induces God to dispense with part of his law; may go a step farther, and induce him to set aside the whole. Moreover, if our persons may be justified, without a legal (*i. e.*, a perfect) righteousness; it will follow on the same principle, that our sins may be pardoned without an atonement; and then, farewell to the whole scheme of Christianity at once.—*Toplady*.

R E V I E W.

Tropologia.—*A Key to open Scripture Metaphors.* By Benjamin Keach. Printed at Bonmahon Industrial School . W. H. Collingridge, City Press, 1, Long Lane, London.

It is, at first sight, perhaps, somewhat remarkable how little use God has made of argument, that is, direct logical argument, in the Scriptures of truth. To say that he never employs positive, direct argument, would be incorrect, as Paul, in his epistles to the Romans and to the Hebrews, has brought forward argument after argument to prove the grand truths which he there so clearly and powerfully lays down. It is true that his arguments are so clothed with divine life and power, and so imbued with the rich stream of vital experience which flow from his heart and pen, that their strict, logical reasoning is not immediately seen, and by most readers is almost wholly unobserved; but if grace and experience give flesh and form, solid argument gives bone and sinew to his weighty periods.

But as a general rule, God does not argue in the Scriptures. To do so, would be unbecoming the exalted majesty and dignity of so great and glorious a Sovereign. He did not argue light into being, nor was the sun fixed in the sky by any reasoning process as to its nature or necessity. He spoke but the word, "Let there be light," and light burst forth at his Almighty fiat. He willed there should be a sun to rule the day, and that glorious orb stood at once in the firmament of heaven. So in the Scriptures, which are a pure revelation of his mind and will, and more especially of his grace, mercy, and truth in the person and work of the Lord Jesus Christ, God does not argue or prove, but speaks. Being a divine revelation, a spiritual unfolding of salvation by the atoning blood and meritorious obedience of the Son of God in flesh, the Gospel, though not against reason, is above it. It is altogether divine and supernatural, and as such is above the province and out of the scope and reach of logical argument. The Gospel of the grace of God is not a thing to be proved, but a truth to be believed; it is not submitted to our reasoning powers as a subject for critical examination, but is a message from God addressed to our conscience, feelings, and affections. For this reason, among others, men, fond of argument and proving everything by strict logical deduction, generally make very poor preachers. They argue and argue, and prove and prove this and that doctrine, or this and that point, delightfully to their own satisfaction, but for the most part to empty seats and yawning hearers; and while a preacher like Whitefield will, with a striking figure, or a warm appeal to the conscience, make a thrill run through thousands, a Cambridge senior wrangler will have scarce anybody but himself to appreciate his sound convincing argument that certainly there is a God, and that there is a strong probability that the Scriptures were written by divine inspiration.

When the Lord condescends to reason with man, it is on another footing, and with a different language. "Come now, and let us rea-

son together," are his own tender words. But in so speaking, he does not present any logical argument to our mental faculties, but at once addresses the conscience, and the conscience loaded with sin and guilt: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." And this just meets our case; for it is not by any reasoning process that we come to know that our sins are as scarlet; nor is it by any exercise of our mental powers upon the truth of God that we come to know that, washed in the blood of the Lamb, they are as white as snow. When Christ reveals himself to our soul, then only do we see him and know him; and when he hides himself, we cannot behold him, however sound our judgment, correct our creed, or clear our experience.

And yet, though it is not by reasoning or argument, that we are either convinced of sin, or blessed with peace, yet our enlightened understanding, as the Lord the Spirit shines upon the word, and through the word into our heart, sees admirable beauty and glory in the way of salvation by Jesus Christ, and in all the grand leading truths of the Gospel. If salvation through the incarnation, sufferings, bloodshedding, and death of his own co-equal and co-eternal Son be, as the Scriptures declare, the greatest depth and height of the wisdom of God, (Rom. xi. 33, Eph. iii. 9-11, Col. i. 26, 27,) we must, if we have "the mind of Christ," and are taught of God, see and admire the wisdom thus displayed. But this we see by "the eyes of our understanding being enlightened," (Eph. i. 18,) to which divinely illuminated understanding the mystery of the cross becomes "the wisdom of God." (1 Cor. i. 24.) We are not fools and dolts; we do not believe wild visionary dreams and fancies; we do not credit tales, legends, and lying miracles; nor are we led blindfolded by priests or monks, or juggled and deluded by that strange mixture of superstition, servile fear, formality, and enthusiasm by which Satan has climbed into the high places of the earth, and by a false religion, with a million diversities to suit his many-hued worshippers, has barred out Christ and his Gospel. The truth of God, which shines, as with a ray of divine light, in the Scriptures, has been brought with a divine power into our conscience, or, to speak more scripturally, "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." It is in grace as in nature. Why does a man believe there is a sun? Because he sees it up, up there above, shining gloriously in the mid-day sky. He wants no logical argument, no reasoning process to convince him of the existence of the sun, when he sees the light and feels the heat of his glorious beams. And how does he know there is a glorious Christ at the right hand of the Father, a blessed Sun of righteousness in the spiritual firmament? Because he has beheld him by the eye of faith as revealed to his soul by the power of God; because he has seen light, and felt warmed, cheered, and blessed by his soul-dissolving beams.

But as the Lord necessarily makes use of human language in the Scriptures, and all human language is of necessity based on the very constitution of the mind of man, it almost inevitably follows that the Lord, in speaking to us as men, addresses himself to the different faculties of our mind. Without professing to lay down a strict and accurate analysis of the human mind, we may say at least thus much, that men can trace in themselves four apparently distinct faculties—reasoning, imagination, conscience, and affections. We can all, in some measure, reason, fancy, feel, and love. To these four different faculties of our mind is all language addressed; and so it is in the language of God to man, as he speaks in the Scripture. To speak generally, argument is for reason, figures for imagination, admonitions for conscience, and a precious Christ and his glorious gospel for the affections.

Now, perhaps, we can see a little of the way before us, and how far the foregoing thoughts are connected with the subject of our Review.

A thick book lies upon our table printed at the Bonmahon Industrial School, and on its broad back the binder has stamped these words, "A KEY TO OPEN SCRIPTURE METAPHORS. BENJAMIN KEACH." This Mr. Keach has taken the Bible into his hands, and looked at and examined every figure, comparison, and metaphor that occurs in the sacred page; and in this thick, but not cumbersome volume, this worthy man, this laborious divine, has sought to explain the spiritual meaning of all the figures, that are so largely made use of in the sacred scriptures. But perhaps before we say anything more about good Mr. Keach and his big book, it may not be unacceptable if we drop a few remarks on the subject of figures generally.

We just now said that figures are addressed to the imagination, as distinct from the reasoning faculty; but only so that the words of truth may reach our conscience and affections. Let us see this by an example or two. God says to his people, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." He here uses a figure comparing our sins to scarlet. Now by what faculty of our spiritual mind do we realise the striking comparison of our sins to scarlet? The idea of scarlet comes before us as of blood-red dye. We have seen blood; we have seen scarlet; and at once our sins are represented to our view as of a blood-red hue, as deserving death, of which blood is a standing emblem. But it does not rest here. It comes, through this representation, to our conscience, which feels and owns the sentence true; and then the promise comes: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; that is, all their bloody stain shall be washed away, and the soul made as white as the purest snow that stands untrodden by the foot of man upon the mountain top. The conscience being thus purged from guilt, the affections flow out to a sin-pardoning God.

Again, when Jesus says, "I am the vine, ye are the branches," we do not apprehend the meaning of his words by any process of reasoning; but we picture to ourselves a vine such as we have often

seen against the walls of a house. Our imagination gives a substance to this figure, as representing the union of Christ and his members. We do not want to see a vine actually with our bodily eyes, when we read John xv. The vine has been engraved previously on our mind, through the medium of our eye; and the impression having been once made there, our imagination at once, as if instinctively, recalls the picture thus already made, and gives it a present reality and force. But it does not rest here. As applied by the Spirit, it passes on to the conscience, and, through the conscience, reaches the affections, which, embracing the truth thus revealed, give it a firm dwelling-place in the heart.

This is all that we mean when we speak of figures being addressed to the imagination. We do not mean thereby a wild, visionary, roving, unhallowed fancy, such as poets and artists indulge in, or anything resembling what that great master of language has described, where he speaks of,

“The poet’s eye in a fine frenzy rolling
Glances from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven.”

We mean no such carnal fancy or poetical imagination as that; but we are speaking of that sanctified faculty of the mind which, under the influences and teaching of the Holy Spirit, receives the vivid, living impression made upon the heart and conscience by Scriptural figures.

If you doubt or deny our explanation, will you tell us *how you* are made to feel the power and truth of such a figure as, “I am the good Shepherd.” You say, “I know nothing about your imagination and all that; I receive it by faith.” Of course you do, or you do not receive it at all. But it is faith acting through what is vividly and powerfully impressed on your imagination. Put it in this light. You feel sin, or you feel pardon and peace. How do you feel the guilt and burden of sin? And how do you feel the sweetness and blessedness of peace through the blood of Jesus? “By faith,” you answer. Yes, but by faith acting through the conscience; for it is in the conscience that guilt is felt; and it is in the conscience that peace is enjoyed. So with the affections. You love Jesus and his truth. How came you to love him? By faith; because “to you that believe he is precious.” But where do you love him? In your heart of hearts, your warm, living, heavenly affections. Here, then, is faith working by love, and purifying the heart; that is, as it here means, the conscience. Now, if faith work by the spiritual understanding in receiving and acknowledging the truth; if it work by the conscience in feeling guilt and pardon; if it work by the affections when it makes Christ precious, may it not work by the imagination, that is, a pure, holy, and sanctified faculty, for which we lack the appropriate word, but which is engaged in receiving the truth, through a scriptural figure. How much the “Pilgrim’s Progress” has been owned and blessed! And what is it all addressed to but our imagination? How do we realise the Slough of Despond, and the Wicket-gate, and Giant Despair, and the dark river with the pilgrims passing through, and the glorious city opening its gates to receive them, but by our imagination acting upon these striking

figures, and thus giving them a substance and a power to our hearts? If, then, a man say, "Imagination has nothing to do with religion," we answer, "My good friend, you are confusing yourself with words without understanding their meaning. Put your 'Pilgrim's Progress' on the fire-back, and the 'Holy War,' and the 'History of Little Faith,' 'Quarles's Emblems,' and many other precious books of a similar stamp; for if you discard the faculty of picturing objects as these spiritual writers have represented them, you need not keep these works as useless lumber on your shelves."

We have entered into this perhaps somewhat dry and uninteresting explanation, because it may seem, at first sight, rather startling to say that there was such a thing as imagination in a Christian heart. But as the Lord has given us imagination, as well as reasoning, conscience, affections, &c., in the work of grace and the teaching of the Spirit, he illuminates, sanctifies, and employs this faculty, to apprehend his mode of instruction by type and figure.

Whether our explanation be correct or not, this one thing is certain, that there is something in figures eminently adapted to convey instruction, and to present truth with peculiar power and force to the mind. For one person who can comprehend an argument, there are hundreds who can understand an illustration; and a figure will be stamped on the memory for life, when a proof will be forgotten in ten minutes after it has been clearly laid down. We need not wonder, therefore, that the Lord the Spirit has so filled the Holy Scriptures with figure and illustration; and that the Blessed Lord himself, who spake as never man spake, so opened his mouth in parables, which are, in fact, but extended figures.

"I have used similitudes," says the Lord, "by the ministry of the prophets;" (Hosea xii. 10;) and we need hardly say how striking and appropriate these similitudes are. Look, for instance, at the Song of Solomon. Bridegroom and bride seem to vie with each other in running through all the range of natural objects conspicuous for beauty and loveliness, to celebrate each other's beauty, and to mingle their mutual loves. Gold, silver, ivory, jewels, beryls, and sapphires as articles of cost and beauty; spikenard, calamus, cinnamou, frankincense, myrrh, and aloes as the chief spices; the rose, the lily, the pomegranate, as the sweetest and purest of scents; the palm, the cedar, the vine, the fig, the apple tree as the choicest of trees; the horse, the roe, the young hart, or fawn, as the most beautiful of animals; the dove, and especially the turtle dove, as the most fond and affectionate of birds; honey, wine, milk, as the sweetest of food; purple and scarlet as the most resplendent of colors—how the Holy Ghost glances, as it were, through all creation, from the sun walking in his brightness to the dove cooing in the shade, to set forth the beauty and glory, the love and loveliness of Christ and the Church. Whence this rich and bounteous profusion, his almost lavish prodigality of figure, as if the Holy Spirit, in writing this book by the pen of Solomon, strewed, as it were, beauty in every verse from his finger tips, unless figure and emblem were

the choicest and most suitable means of conveying a sense of Christ's beauty and blessedness, as seen by the eye of faith in union with his bride? Strip the Song of Solomon of its figures and comparisons, and you make it a mere dead and dry disquisition on the love of Christ and his Church, as much like the exquisite and beautiful Song of Songs as a dead hedge or a gate-post resembles a palm or a cedar. And not only would the Song of Solomon bleed at every pore were its figures stripped away, but the Bible generally, the blessed Bible, on which the Holy Ghost,² by figure and comparison, has shed his richest unction, his sweetest and softest dew, would be almost as dead and dry as an Act of Parliament. Where would be Isaiah's glowing imagery, the beautiful figures and comparisons through which the Lord has comforted thousands of sorrowful hearts? Where Jeremiah's terrible denunciations and withering rebukes? Where Ezekiel's emblematic representations—his barber's razor, his meat by weight and water by measure, his digging through the wall, his pot with the seething bones and filthy scum? In a word, not only where would all the life and power of the Bible, but where would the Bible itself be, were the figures gone? In fact, the Bible would not be the Bible were the figures removed or tamed down to dry declarations.

God knew best how to write his own book; and he has filled it with comparisons. Look at the figures which he uses to mark out and distinguish his own chosen people. They are his sheep; his wheat, his jewels, his vessels of mercy and honor, his trees of righteousness, his virgin bride, his house and dwelling-place, his kings and priests, the lot of his inheritance, the members of his body, flesh, and bones; the crown of his head, and the spouse of his heart. The wicked in the same manner are stamped and branded by emblem and figure. They are designated as goats, chaff, tares, vessels of wrath, reprobate silver, dross, swine, wolves, a stench in God's nostrils, a generation of vipers, hatching cockatrice' eggs; and weaving the spider's web; trees twice dead, clouds without water, wandering stars to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever.

Take the figures on both sides as descriptive of the righteous and the wicked, of which we have given but a faint specimen, and then ask yourself if it be in the power of human language or human thought, except by emblem and figure, to give such force and weight to describe the friends and foes of God. Certainly not. It is God's own language, therefore the fittest, weightiest, truest, best.

When figures are scattered in such rich profusion in the sacred pages, and where a man undertakes to explain all of them in a spiritual and experimental manner, we may well conclude that it is no common or easy undertaking, and that to have the mind of the Spirit in all his exposition, needs no ordinary spiritual man. A great depth of vital experience and a clear insight into the meaning of the Holy Ghost must be given to a man from above who undertakes to lay open figure after figure, and metaphor after metaphor; and

not only so, but a great and unusual sobriety of judgment, and a conscience made and kept very tender in the fear of God, to preserve him from running wild amidst Scripture imagery. How many light and trifling men have disgusted the saints of God by desecrating the holy figures of the Scripture by their carnal explanations and bold presumptuous intrusion into sacred mysteries, the power of which they had never known or felt; and even good men have sometimes made themselves ridiculous by attempting to open a figure, and have done it so awkwardly and confusedly as not only to destroy the meaning of the figure itself, but to make one part of their explanation contradict the other, or, what is worse, some grand Bible truth.

This great undertaking good Mr. Keach has attempted, and doubtless has done it as well as any one could have done it in his day, and better than anyone could do it in our day.

We first saw the book at a minister's house, we shall not tell how many years ago; and we hardly like to say what struck our mind at once as we glanced over the pages: "Why, here is what schoolboys call a crib," that is, an English translation of their Latin Virgil or Horace which they use on the sly, instead of working out the meaning slowly word by word by the dictionary.

Keach will give a dishonest minister almost as many sermons as there are Bible figures—all drawn out into regular heads, and the various meanings and applications laid down with much soundness and clearness. This is no objection to the book itself, but it is a great objection to the thieves that plunder it, and steal wholesale from it their texts, ideas, and sermons. When you hear a very dry methodical, doctrinal sermon, which evidently does not come from the man's heart, and is not his own by life and feeling, you probably would not greatly err if you traced it back to Dr. Gill's Commentary or Benjamin Keach's Key to open Scripture Metaphors.

This is of course the abuse, not the use of Gill and Keach, for which neither they nor Mr. Doudney, who has republished their works, are fairly responsible.

As far as any one man has grace and gifts, understanding and ability to explain the figures, Keach probably has done it as well as could be expected, but we fairly confess that we would sooner have one figure opened up by the Holy Spirit to our heart, and one soft whisper of the Lord himself to our soul than without it all the explanations which worthy Mr. Keach has given.

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; for 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. There is nothing that so abides with us as what we receive from God; and the reason why Christians at this day are at such a loss as to some things is, because they are content with what comes from men's mouths, without searching and kneeling before God, to know of him the truth of things.—*Bunyan.*

P O E T R Y.

*THE SAINTS' GRIEFS BETTER THAN THE WORLD'S JOYS.**

WHY fret, ye saints? Why feel forlorn
Or yield to sore dismay,
When evil doers lift their horn,
And prosper in their way?

Though in the morning they may be
Most strangely green and gay,
The evening comes when you shall see
Their verdure fade away.

Tho' thorns and briars spread *your* way,
While *theirs* is strewed with flowers;
And yours a dark and cloudy day,
While theirs are golden hours;

The glittering flash which makes their day,
Shall die in endless night;
When your black clouds are chased away
By everlasting light.

The thick impenetrable veil
Which for awhile may hide
The kind designs of Jesus' love
Will soon be drawn aside.

He smites to heal, to cure he wounds;
And hides but to reveal
With clearer light, that love abounds,
While you his chastening feel.

Then rest, ye saints, upon the Lord,
And patiently still wait,
Because 'tis written in his word
You're blest in every state.

What in the tearful vale below
You cannot understand,
Shall be unfolded when you go
Up to Immanuel's land.

A. STURTON.

IT is not in the power of all the men on earth to make one man come to God by Christ, because it is not in their power to make men see their state by nature. And what should a man come to God for that can live in the world without him? Reason says so, experience says so, and the scriptures bear witness that so it is of a truth. It is a sight of what I am that must unroost me, that must shake my soul, and make me leave my present rest. No man comes to God by Christ but he who knows himself, and what sin hath done to him; which are the first to be known.—*Bunyan*.

* The above lines were written by the late Mrs. Sturton, who died a little time ago, at a very advanced age.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

DECEMBER, 1857.

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

IS ANYTHING TOO HARD FOR THE LORD?

I feel my mind much impressed to write concerning my own interest in the things of God; and, therefore, as far as I can trace a few years back, I have gathered a little of the dealings of God with my soul. Many convictions of sin I have had even from a child, and felt the necessity of a reformation in my life and conduct, and many resolutions I made; but as soon as my convictions wore off my resolutions were like the early cloud and the morning dew which pass away. When I arrived at the 20th year of my age, my mind was much impressed with these words: "The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." (2 Thess. i. 7, 8.) My mind was so perplexed with this subject, that I thought this was my case, and that God would display his vengeance on me in particular; that I had merited his displeasure more than any other man. I had been instructed better in my childhood by my parents, but as soon as I had got the reins of government in my own hands, as going where I liked, and spending my time and money as I chose, great were the lengths of iniquity I ran into; but was never satisfied, nor had my heart's content. I wanted more money than I could procure, although I then had good employment and wages; yet I was so ungrateful and wicked that I have sworn at and cursed that God who, in his distinguishing mercy, had preserved me.

From the sin of drunkenness to that of Sabbath breaking, I added drunkenness to thirst; rebelling against God because I could not have my fill of sin. I was at times reprovèd for my conduct, but that only made me more obstinate. Still I had convictions, and my conscience often reprovèd me in the words of wisdom, (Eccl. xi. 9, 10,) "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." The thought of being brought to judgment seemed still to harden my heart against God, thinking it hard that man was to be damned for enjoying himself on the Sabbath, after working hard all the week; for of all my sins, Sabbath-breaking lay the heaviest to my charge; for I knew God had said, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." This spoiled my pleasures, which I could fain have delighted in;

and something must be done to ease my conscience. Accordingly I attended a place of worship once on a Sunday, for I thought that might be sufficient, and that I might visit the alc-house in the evening; but no; for this I must be brought to judgment; and I knew that everlasting destruction would be the punishment of all those who know not God. I still attended the place of worship; and as I had in my childhood often heard mention made of the fear of God, I thought it consisted in attending on the means of grace, in reforming from vice, in leaving bad company, and in fearing to take the name of God in vain. This seemed a better performance than I ever before conceived of. Accordingly I attended three times on a Lord's Day upon the means of grace; and soon my old companions began to mock and jeer me. I now took to reading the Bible, especially the law of Moses, wishing to know the requirements of God therein, vainly thinking I could perform them. I also attempted to pray, but seemed to have such a sense of the purity of God, when on my knees, that I could not utter a sentence nor a word. Sometimes, under the ministry of the word, I was led to view the spirituality of the law, as the Saviour explains it, saying, "Whosoever looketh upon a woman to lust after her, committeth adultery with her in his heart; and he that is angry with his brother without a cause is a murderer." Here my supposed goodness vanished; for adulterers God will judge, and murder deserves the punishment of hell. Besides all this, when I was in a place of worship, I often detected my eyes noticing the apparel of various persons present; and this the law of God condemned; so that with all my chapel-going I was still a Sabbath-breaker; and as I felt myself under the wrath of God, and knowing no way of escape, I thought endless perdition would be my lot; and the thought of eternity, never, never to have an end, made it appear truly awful.

When speaking of these things to my new companions, they exhorted me to look to Jesus Christ for salvation, as I could not do anything of myself; to believe in Christ, and come and be baptized, I suppose. At this time the name of Jesus was a strange name upon my lips. I knew him not. Many invitations did they hold out to me from the word of God; but the very invitations they were holding out I felt the greatest hatred to, such as these: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart." "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." It appeared to me that in coming to Christ there is a preparatory work, which I knew nothing about; and on hearing a sermon from, "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness mighty to save," (Isa. lxiii. 1.) the way of salvation was set forth, and the greatest encouragement held out to Jerusalem sinners; Saul, Manasseh, and others. This encouraged me a little, since they obtained mercy; but another obstacle was now in my way, viz., those persons were elect. I might not be elected, and if I were not, these blessings were not for me. I

also thought this passage against me, "The election hath obtained it," therefore they are brought to the light, "and the rest are blinded." I thought, surely I must be a reprobate, as I am both blind, deaf, and dumb. My prayer in secret was, "O Lord, I beseech thee, open my blind eyes, unstop my deaf ears, lead me in thy paths, teach me thy statutes." I had heard of the Triune Jehovah, (which is to me a great mystery still,) but how to comprehend these things seemed impossible; yet the belief of it was essential to salvation. I had heard of God the Father's love, and of his Son Jesus Christ dying for sin, but of the person and work of the Holy Ghost, I had heard nothing; only I had observed that the Church of England, in its Prayer-book, mentioned all the three Persons, and that these three are one.

It was now my lot to be removed to another part of the country, where I wrote a letter to a friend. (This was Whit-Sunday, 1811.) My friend answered my letter; and these were his concluding words, "O may the Holy Spirit lead thee; and as it is his office to take of the things of Christ, and reveal them to the soul, may he lead thee into the truth as it is in Jesus." This part of his letter engaged my attention for nearly five weeks, after which I went and heard his minister from John xvi. 14: "He shall glorify me, for he shall take of mine, and show it unto you." This was the first time I ever heard the work of the Spirit set forth. It seemed cheering to my spirit, although I had no knowledge of interest in it. Eternity was still open to my view, and I could see those were the elect to whom the Spirit made known the things of Christ; but I was under the dreadful apprehensions of eternal misery. And of this text; "You shall see them come from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, and sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of God, and you yourselves shut out." And this: "I have called, but ye refused, therefore I will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh." Now I could use the following lines, which I had often read when a child:

"Where shall I go? What shall I do?
Who will relieve my troubles, who?
If Jesus do not heal my wound,
My place in hell will soon be found."

But when my mind was thus overwhelmed in distress, these words of Jesus sounded in my ears, "I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance." I was struck with astonishment, and said, "One so vile as I?" The words again, full of power, reached my heart, saying, "This man receiveth sinners." "His name shall be called Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." Sweetly then came these lines of Hart:

"He is able, he is willing, doubt no more.
All the fitness he requireth is to feel your need of him.
This he gives you, 'tis the Spirit's rising beam.
Not the righteous, sinners Jesus came to call."

With what delight could I now behold the love of God to me, sinful me. How could I see the tragic scene on Mount Calvary, and reflect on my sins, which had been the cause of that torture being

inflicted on the holy Son of God, and see the utter impossibility of knowing anything of this nature, without the work of the Holy Spirit revealing these things to the soul. For man had never conveyed such things to me. But one thing still gave me some grief, viz., I could not believe but that these blessings were too great for me who am so vile; yet I could use the words of one of old, and say, "Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief." The Scriptures, which before appeared sealed, were now opened, and I beheld the electing love of God from all eternity, and my interest in it. The invitations of Christ were now full of love and power. When he said, "Come unto me," my heart's reply was, "Teach me thy way, lead me in the way everlasting." I could use the words of David, and say, "My meditations of him were sweet; yea, better than thousands of gold and silver." I found that all the promises are yea and amen in him; and, as the apostle says, "He that establisheth us with you in Christ, and hath anointed us, is God; who hath also sealed us and given us the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts." (2 Cor. i. 21, 22.) And through the redemption of Christ, I had access to God the Father as one of his family, was blessed with Abraham, and partook of the joys in part which he was in possession of. The world now was nothing to me; and I was persuaded that tribulation or distress, persecution or famine, nakedness or peril, or sword, &c., could never separate me from the love of God in Christ Jesus. Jesus had given himself for me, and what could he give more? He became my Saviour from the curse of the law, and my Redeemer from the lowest pit of hell; and it appeared to me that if I had not been snatched away that very moment, endless misery must have been my doom; therefore I must say, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" Christ became my physician; he healed my wounded spirit; yea, he shed his love abroad in my heart, and pardoned my sins. I was once blind, but now I saw; once deaf, but now I heard. I was come, and my delights were in the ways of God. I loved the things I once hated, and the company I once despised I clave unto. And the apostle declares that "by this we know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." And it is said, "Love is the fulfilling of the law." Christ's love was manifested in his laying down his life for us, and we ought to love one another. "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him;" and our bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost, that dwelleth in us. It was the work of the Spirit to convince me of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment.

St. Mary's Cray, Kent, July 1st, 1821.

J. B.

THOUGH man be changeable, yet God stands to his purpose and promise; appearing righteous in his works, either in conquering a sinner by his justice, or overcoming and removing of his sin, through grace by faith; and so saving the sinner; ordering the very sin of the elect to exalt his mercy; though sin is not in its own nature, but by divine wisdom the cause of glorifying God's grace. And so most justly he punisheth the sinful world for their own sins, and the sins of the elect in their Mediator.—*Dorsey.*

GOOD NEWS FROM A FAR COUNTRY.

I ALWAYS feel a great unwillingness to obtrude myself on public notice more than absolute necessity may require, and have therefore considerable hesitation in bringing the following letters before the readers of the "Gospel Standard;" but, as most of my friends who have read them have felt much interest in their perusal, and have rejoiced with me in the glad tidings communicated, I have been induced to comply with their expressed wishes to make them more widely known; and I hope, in doing so, I desire to seek the glory of God. Apart from all personal considerations, it may rejoice our hearts to see that the Lord has a people in other countries as well as our own. Of course, where self is in question, it is extremely difficult to judge righteous judgment; but, as I had not the least hand in the matter, and well know that the truths which I endeavor to set forth are only acceptable to the poor and needy children of God, I may well hope that the translation into Dutch of my sermons and their great circulation in Holland, afford some evidence that the Lord has a people there who love and fear his name. A few words, however, of explanation may be necessary to give a clearer understanding of the circumstances under which the first of the following letters was written.

I received some time ago a very kind and friendly letter from a minister in London, mentioning that he had, in the providence of God, a short time before, visited Holland, and that at Rotterdam he had met with a Dutch gentleman who asked him if he knew me, and could furnish him with my address. On his answering in the affirmative, the gentleman showed him several volumes of my sermons which had been translated into Dutch, and which, he said, were much read and valued by the children of God in Holland. In my answer to his letter, as he had mentioned he was likely soon again to visit Rotterdam, I begged him to mention to his Dutch friend that I should be happy to receive a letter from him. The first letter, which I have translated from the Dutch as faithfully as the two languages, so different in idiom, admit, it will be seen was sent to me in consequence of this reply.

The second, which was written in English, was sent to me by one of the publishers of my sermons in the same country, and has no connection whatever with the first letter.

I cannot but say that I felt both humbled and softened in my soul at the receipt of these glad tidings, and was enabled to bless and praise the Lord's gracious name for his kind condescension in making any use of one so unworthy to take even his name into his polluted lips. Though my prayers and supplications have been up to the Lord that he would bless me to the souls of his saints, yet I never sought even here, still less in a foreign land, to spread anything that fell from my lips or pen, knowing well how much the pride of the flesh and self-exaltation mingle with such matters, and being perfectly conscious that it is with the Lord alone to bless whom and what he will bless. My feeling has ever been this—if any

thing spoken or written in the Lord's name be worth living, he will make it live; if worth spreading, he will make it spread; if not, let it all die and come to nought.

I felt also as an additional reason for bringing forward the first letter that it would be read with interest as unfolding a little of the present religious condition of Holland, and though a dark cloud of unbelief and infidelity broods over that land, yet there evidently are bright gleams that break through.

Stamford, Nov. 18th, 1857.

J. C. PHILPOT.

Respected Sir,—It is now about three years since the glad news became generally spread among the people of God, that your sermons had been translated into Dutch, purchased by many persons, and read and re-read by not a few with an insatiable pleasure; and this in consequence of the hunger, which, by God's grace, is still felt by many in Holland; a hunger not after natural bread, and a thirst not after the water of the river Maas that flows by Rotterdam. Many a soul amongst that people, which, in self, is ever poor and wretched, has been revived and refreshed by the precious grain strewed by your hands; and the indispensable growth of that grain, which alone proceeds from God the Holy Ghost, is, to the praise of free grace, both here and elsewhere not been withheld.

To me also was the privilege given to purchase one of your sermons, to read aloud to my wife and friends; and, in truth, as a blessing attended it, this sermon to use an expression of an excellent but departed friend, "created a taste for more."* In consequence I kept buying and reading one sermon after another, until I have now in my possession all your sermons, (about fifty-four in number,) which have been translated into Dutch,† besides your answer to the question, "What is it that saves a Soul?"

But just in proportion as I found and received more and more food for my soul from your sermons, (and I must confess that in these things I live, and in them is the life of my spirit,) there arose a strong involuntary desire in my heart to learn to know more about you. And every now and then among the people was the question asked, "Who is this J. C. Philpot, a man so taught by the Holy Spirit? Where and when did he live? Is he still in this wilderness, or has he already entered into the heavenly Canaan?" These and several other questions about you were not seldom asked of me, and exchanged amongst us. But my inquiries continued fruitless; my questions remained unanswered; no one knew these particulars about you more than myself; and so my hope vanished like smoke to become ever better acquainted with you.

But wonderful even in this case have been the ways of God, as I have frequently found before by experience. When we give up all heart, when our counsel is all come to an end, that is often the Lord's time to appear. Just see it in this case. Some weeks ago, the Lord

* The Dutch is very expressive, "Het smaakte naar meer," literally, "It smacked after more."

+ I understand that another volume has been published.

sent me a person, whom you know, Mr. —, from London. He happened to come to the counting-house of Messrs. —, where I am chief manager. When I learnt that he was a preacher in London, I at once asked him if he were acquainted with you. "Yes," was his answer, "I know Mr. P. very well; and he is yet alive; but he does not live in London." Upon this I related to him how your sermons had been translated into Dutch, and also what a great desire there was to buy and read them. I also told him how closely I felt knit to you in spirit; and I begged him, if possible, to favor me with your address and residence. "That I certainly will do," was his answer. And now all that he promised is fulfilled; for through the free goodness of the Lord, and his providential disposing, I have now your address and place of abode in your own handwriting, for which I return you my friendly thanks.

And now let me address myself more particularly to you.

Forgive, respected Sir, the liberty taken by a stranger, unknown to you even by sight, and separated from you by the sea, but one who feels, in and through the Spirit, that you, in a spiritual sense, are one of the same family. Forgive, and count it not amiss that I take the liberty of writing to you these few lines; and, in my opinion, I think I have a ready inducement so to do, since you, in your letter to Mr. —, which I have read, use these striking words: "*There were formerly in Holland many distinguished Christians; but I understand that vital godliness, for the most part, has sunk there to a very low ebb.*"

As you will remark, I have underlined your words, and feel willing to communicate to you something (for *all* is impossible) of our present state. But do you see with me in this point? And in the first place, may I ask do you mean preachers and people, as well as the professors in the universities? Alas! your supposition is too true, and is not a mere fancy.* It is so. "The peculiar people," are not now so numerous as they were formerly; and the doctrine of the Bible, and that of our fathers, which was founded upon the word of God, and compared with which they held life and goods cheap, is, sad to say, by their cowardly descendants, not only dragged in the mud, but trodden under foot. A pestilential teaching has thoroughly penetrated through all the higher and lower schools in Holland, so that even the precious word of God is banished from the greater part of the schools; and through the venom so strewed, thousands are poisoned; and alas! through that circumstance, my beloved country, where God has wrought so many wonders, has thereby declared that it has no longer need of the God of its fathers. If Satan have thus mounted the throne, and if he rule as supreme amongst us, (through the Lord's permission,) and if God do not preserve us, we are all undone. If you would wish to read some account of the erroneous and lying spirit which is openly proclaimed in Holland, as from the house-tops, I will, with your permission, buy you a work of Mr. Is. Da Costa, entitled, "What is Taught and Delivered, by the Theological Faculty at Leyden. A Voice of Woe and Lamentation." By this you will perfectly

* Literally, "grasped out of the air."

understand the present religious condition of Holland, and will indeed see that there are not now so many Christians as formerly. But, through mercy, there are still a few men who blow the Gospel trumpet. There are still those who will not keep silence, but lift up their voice loudly in defence of the truth against these lies. There are still on Zion's walls watchmen who pray earnestly for the peace of Jerusalem.

You speak, in the second place, of the spiritual condition of Holland, and say that "vital godliness is here at a low ebb." If I do not mistake, I understand you to mean by the expression, "vital godliness," the inward spiritual life of the children of God. And alas! on this point generally one must speak with the mourning prophet, "O that my head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep over the condition of Zion here." "Ah! how is the gold become dim!" Much more is heard spoken about points of disunion and disagreement than on points of agreement and union. These things should not so be. One says I am of Paul, another I of Apollos, and I of Cephas, and I of Christ. And I ask sometimes with Paul, "Is Christ divided?" Alas! this is the greatest of all our condemnation that because the tongues are so confounded, the children of God do not understand each other now as once they did. But the Lord, the faithful Three-in-One covenant God, will himself again once more arise to heal what is now so lamentably broken, and to gather together what is now so widely scattered. When? In his own time. "Watchman, what of the night? The morning is come and yet it is night."* Come, Lord, heal the breaches of thy people. O, Lord Jesus, come quickly, redeem Israel from all her distresses. But God be thanked, for Jesus Christ's sake, his only and eternal Son, through the Holy Ghost, there are here, as in the days of the man of God, thousands who have not bowed their knee to Baal. There are both preachers and people who contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints.

And—but what more shall I add? Already I have perhaps put your patience too much to the proof, for this letter is already much longer than I intended when I began to write. Yet a few words more. Though we and our fathers have grievously sinned and *our* sin and guilt, together with the guilt of the land and the church, press us sore, yet, through the light which God the Holy Ghost, for Christ's sake, sheds abroad, we are at various moments deeply humbled, confess our guilt, and fall down into the dust; we mourn sore like doves, with this cry gushing out of the depth of the soul, "Pity, us, O Lord, pity, and show mercy. To us belong shame and confusion of face, but righteousness belongeth unto thee. We have sinned; do to us that which is good in thine eyes; only deliver us in our time, O Lord." Surely the Lord does not deal with us after our sins, nor reward us according to our iniquities. He is the Lord, merciful and gracious, long suffering and abundant in goodness and truth even to this day. Peace alone through the blood of the cross.

* This is the translation of Isaiah xxi. 12 in the Dutch version of the Scriptures.

Will you be so good, dear Sir, if the Lord will, and give you time and inclination, as to send me a reply to my letter as early as possible. And may the Lord give you an understanding illuminated with divine light that you may write such things as shall be suited to our necessities, and for the building up of our mourning Zion here upon her most holy faith. Tell me if a spiritual union has been formed betwixt you and me; and do you feel disposed now and then, if the Lord will, to allow me the liberty of corresponding with you?

I have procured, according to your request, some of your works which have been translated into Dutch, which I send to you through your friend.

Send me word if they all are translated correctly and genuinely, and how you like the prefaces in Dutch which have been prefixed to some of your sermons; also if you are acquainted with the translators, and knew that so many had been translated.

And now I have taken the liberty which you gave me in your letter to Mr. — to write to you in Dutch, as I find that you are acquainted with that language, and I can express myself more readily in my mother tongue. If possible, write to me back in the same language, but if not, write to me in English.

Yours in the Lord,

Rotterdam, Sep. 30th, 1857.

G. T.

Dear Sir,—Having long ago intended to write to you, I take the liberty to do so now.

I have become acquainted with your name by reading one of your sermons on Psa. xliii. 3: "Send forth thy light and thy truth."

This sermon I have translated into Dutch; and because I found so much excellent and precious truth in it, I have published it at a very low price, as I thought that in our country just such sermons were wanted. Not that we have not even here in Holland faithful watchmen. O yes! thanks be to God, who continues to supply us with some,—I say some in comparison to the many who ought to be shepherds of the flock of Christ; and, it is sad to say, they are wolves, trying to disperse the flock; and they do not practise the word of the prophet Isaiah, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God." Since then I have also published a few more of your sermons, and I must tell you, Sir, that the people of God find food convenient for them therein. They say, "O give, give; supply us with the sermons of J. C. Philpot."

And now those sermons are among the most celebrated and extensively read in our country.

I should feel infinitely obliged to you, Sir, if I might have all your sermons and other writings. And my request is that you will go on publishing sermons. May the Lord, who gives so great a blessing on these sermons, continue to make them serviceable to the extension of his kingdom; and that his poor people may long be fed with them, is my sincere wish.

The Lord, who has got his children everywhere, and makes the one a means of comfort to another, move your heart to send me a

reply; for, besides myself, there are a great many friends who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, who would feel honored to receive an answer to these lines.

Trusting to your kindness for sending me an answer very soon,
 I remain, with many prayers for you, Dear Sir,
 Your humble Servant and Brother in Christ Jesus,
 Heeg, Province of Friesland, Oct. 16th, 1857. H. B.

A PRECIOUS FAITH IS A TRIED FAITH.

Dear Brother in the Lord,—I received yours on the 18th of January, and was sorry to hear you were so bad in your head. I hope, if the Lord will, it will soon be better; and may the Holy Ghost work in you all that you may grow in grace and in knowledge of the Father as your Father, of Jesus as your Saviour and Redeemer, and of the Holy Ghost as your Guide and Sanctifier, witnessing with your spirits that you are the chosen of God the Father's love, the purchase of God the Son's blood, and God the Holy Ghost's conquest. O, my dear brother, how rich the blessing, how great the mercy to be conquered by grace! to have subduing grace, reigning grace; so that as sin has reigned in us unto death, so might grace reign in us unto eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord; for I do feel and believe that if we are Christians, it was because we could not help it. Mark! I do not mean to say God saves against the will; O no; but he makes us willing in the day of his power, or none would be saved in God's way; for every one is turned to his own way, none to God's way; and I live to prove every day that nature and grace are two opposites, and never will be otherwise in this time state.

Dear brother, I am almost like a sparrow alone upon the housetop; but, bless the Lord, I am not alone. "Woe be to him that is alone when he falleth." And the apostle saith some have the form of godliness, but deny the power thereof; from such turn away. But I have no trouble; if I hold forth the power, (that, as Paul saith, it is by the exceeding greatness of God's power that any of us believe,) they soon turn away from me. Others say they want no work within; it's all in Christ the Head. I believe all such faith to be a dead faith, only an historical faith; for I prove a living faith is, and must, and will be, a tried faith. "O! you have no business to have any doubts or fears now you believe." So they soar far above my head; they seem all in heaven, or all sure of heaven at all times, when I find myself the subject of doubts and fears; so I have fightings without and fears within; and I do not see the need of faith but for unbelief; and a precious faith is a tried faith. One that is forced to look to the Lord for food and clothing, both for soul and body, will find his soul a sink of sin and unbelief at times, until faith relies, the Spirit testifies, unbelief is subdued, the soul comforted, Christ glorified, and the poor sinner satisfied. Christ is glorified by giving out of his fulness, and the poor and needy are satisfied by

receiving out of this, fulness, which is only suitable for empty sinners.

Dear brother, I feel it would be a solemn mockery to ask God for what I have in abundance already. Jesus has promised to be a present help in all times of need; so there is a need felt, yea, and deeply felt too often. Christ has in himself a fulness of grace, so that he has a grace to bestow suitable to our several needs; for it pleased the Lord that in him a fulness should dwell, so that his poor and needy ones might come boldly to a throne of grace, to obtain mercy, and find grace to help them in all times of need.

You said in yours, dear brother, that obeying is better than sacrifice. In this I agree with you; and hearkening better than the fat of rams. And when I am clothed, and in my right mind, sitting at the feet of Jesus, having a feeling sense of God's goodness, mercy, and love towards me, through the dear Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, O then I feel ashamed that I should so doubt his word and promises any more; and well am I brought to know and feel that the rebellious dwell in a dry land. But if any friend of the Lord, or a brother of mine in the path of tribulation, could tell me how I am to stop that evil current within, I would gladly hear them, or any of those that can boast of living above all doubts and fears; for I can assure you, I fall very short of so high a standing. Christ said, "Ye are they that have continued with me in my temptations, and I appoint unto you a kingdom as my Father hath appointed me, and you shall eat and drink with me at my table." Now, my dear brother, I do not feel that I disobey the Lord by meeting with those poor, tempted, and tried ones, who appear to be the only family he has been pleased to spread his table for; only these poor and needy ones, who have continued with him partaking of the same kind of trials and troubles as his were from the cradle to the cross. I believe this is what is meant by the temptations in that text, and that text cuts off nine-tenths of those that attempt to sit around his table in our day. O, how I do desire to love him! And his poor and needy, and tried and tempted ones, I esteem as the excellent of the earth.

I hope you will feel that I read yours in a good spirit, and wrote this in the same, as an answer to yours, to show you that I have no wish to disobey the Lord, but desire to love him more, and serve him better.

Yours in the best of bonds,

W. P.

WHEN the dying love of Christ comes into the heart, and there opposes and counteracts the workings of obdurate hardness, infidelity, and black despair, what strange emotions, what pleasing sensations, what self-abasement, what unutterable love and gratitude doth this draw forth to the sinner's best Friend! O that you may enjoy much of this better part which crucifies us to this world, and this world to us; and then we shall take a part of our inheritance with us to sweeten the bitter cups that may fall to our lot in this waste and dreary wilderness, where there are so many briers and thorns, which often tease and torment this body of flesh and blood.—*Huntington.*

A LETTER FROM A SOLDIER IN THE INDIAN ARMY.

The following letter will, we believe, be read with interest, and, we hope, it may stir up a spirit of prayer for the brethren who are in the midst of all these horrid scenes in India. Poonah, whence the letter is dated, is in the Bombay Presidency, and therefore removed from the scene of conflict now going on in the north-western provinces; but the Bombay native army is in a very disordered condition, and nothing but the severest measures have prevented the Sepoy regiments there from breaking out into open mutiny. Baker, whose letter was inserted in our October No., has been hitherto providentially spared, though the regiment to which he belongs has been in nine engagements, and has done great service in putting down the rebellion. In one action, the whole regiment must have been cut to pieces if the enemy had not taken their aim too high. The grape shot just passed over their heads, and they rushed on and captured the guns. There are nine who have been united together in church fellowship, but are now scattered in the different presidencies. These particulars have been communicated to us by the friend who has kindly favored us with the following letter.—ED.

My dear Brother in the everlasting Covenant of Truth,—May grace and peace be multiplied unto you from God our Father through our Lord Jesus Christ, whom to know is life eternal. This is a mystery to the world, how we are in Christ and Christ in us; to see the greatest sinners stopped in their wild career, and a new life led by them. And though he, poor sinner, will be sure to set to work to establish his own righteousness, by pinning some fig-leaves together, little thinking that God sees through them all, yet when the Lord is pleased to reveal himself more fully to him, he sees that all his works are filthy rags. Nothing but the righteousness of Jesus will then do for him.

My dear brother, this is not the work of a day; but, in his own time, he that began the good work will never leave nor forsake it; for he is bound to bring you home. His word is, "It is finished." Then why those doubts and fears? Why those groans? Because of the evil of our wicked hearts. Who can know it? None but those poor sinners who are brought to see their lost state by the light of the holy and blessed Spirit. They only can tell of the deceitful heart of man. But when they are brought to see they are lost, by the same light are they in due time brought to see their safety, and that they are founded on a Rock. This, my brother, is the evidence of the life within our poor souls; yet how much a mere profession is taken and painted up for life by thousands who are dead in sin and iniquity. Yet for all this we should not look for anything else, for we are sure that these are the last times, and that our blessed Redeemer will soon come to claim his own reward, for which he suffered so much, and take to himself his Eve, his darling, for whom he died and for whom he now stands at the right hand of power to plead, while she sojourns in this time state.

O, dear brother, I have no doubt but you will be surprised to hear of our little church being scattered all over this country. I am like the sparrow on the house-top; another poor brother at Sattara; two more at Mhow; three at Aurungabad. But what shall we say to these things but that the Lord's will be done in all things? But depend upon it that flesh and blood will stand for what it calls its right; and O the dreadful state that we are in! To the natural man it looks horrid; but we know that

"Not a single shot can hit,
Till the Lord of Love sees fit."

Yet it is a most shocking thing. We do not know one hour from another that all the natives will not rise against us. There are nearly twenty to one, as there are not more than two or three regiments of British. It would surprise you were you to hear the tenth of all the affairs, and the dreadful way in which they have treated the poor women and children. But what shall we say to it all? You know it is not for us to say; but flesh will be flesh; and only in his own time will the Lord bring it down.

So, my dear brother, I hope that your brother is alive and well. His troop is at Kurrachee; and there is nothing going on there of any moment. They are taking away the arms of one Sepoy regiment. They have blown several men from the mouth of the guns, which I have no doubt your brother will send and tell you of. But where it will all end I cannot say at present; but I hope that I shall write to you in the course of next month, when I hope that the Master will give a little bit that may prove savory to your soul; but you know that it is not of him that willeth nor of him that runneth, but of the Lord that showeth mercy.

I have sent your letter to brother Badcock, so he will send it on to the other brethren. As for poor brother Baker, he has left the Bombay Presidency. He has been all through the hottest of the fight in Bengal, and up to the early part of this month he speaks of all the brethren enjoying good health, and none of them have lost their lives at present; and I hope that the Lord will keep them from all danger.

This is all I can say at present; but I hope that the Lord may keep you in the knowledge of himself. This is the prayer of your unworthy brother. Pray for us.

Poonah, September 28, 1857.

S. SHELLY.

WHAT shall we think of those called Christians who never visit Pagan shores but with a view to plunder the inhabitants? What must the old Indian inhabitants of Mexico and Peru think of the religion of the Spaniards? What must the inhabitants of Hindostan think of the Christianity of the English? Must not the conduct of the Company's servants in the East Indies fix in the breasts of the unhappy natives an indelible disgust against the name of Christ, as the patron of ruffians? I fear it, and I think upon solid and scriptural grounds that the time is coming when a just God will revenge the tyranny of that infamous Company, and plead the cause of the unhappy Pagans with the whole British nation; and who shall be able to stand when an avenging God shall stir up himself as a man of war against us?—*Macgowan*.

THE EXPERIENCE OF THE LATE MRS. HOOPER.

Dear Brother in Christ,—You have my sincere thanks for your favor; I read it with peculiar pleasure, and the smell of it I found to be as the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed.

I could have wished you had not confined yourself to a sheet of paper, and, instead of a mere sketch of your travels, you had given me a map of your journey. Your path I well know from first to last; and I believe the Lord has given us one heart and one way. I can freely communicate to you what God has done for my soul; I would wish you to come and see me. I can assure you that my house and my heart are open to receive you.

I know you to be a man of understanding, and what God has showed to me you are willing to draw from me; but there are many things I should not wish to commit to paper, which, at the same time, I could freely communicate to you. However, in compliance with your request, I will give you a few of the outlines of what God has taught me by his Law and Gospel, with a view that you may be led to admire the grace of God manifested to such a rebel.

I will begin where the Lord, through Mr. Jenkins's ministry, first began with me. When I first heard Mr. J., I was in possession of as much false faith, false hope, and false joy, as I think it is possible for a mortal to attain to by the letter of the Gospel; and I said that Mr. J. could not touch the work on my soul. I heard him occasionally for some time, and wondered much at his condemning spirit; but when the message came to me, as Nathan's did to David, "Thou art the man!" then, and not till then, did it shake my Babel building, though I knew that if he were right, my religion was naught. This, however, I could not admit; for I was quite secure in my nest. However, after hearing him some time, my false faith began to give way, and I saw it was nothing but presumption. Next, my hope was removed as a tree, and my joy was withered, though before I was mounted up to the third heavens, and I was left without help and without hope. This made dreadful work within. The Law entered, and the commandment came with its condemning power. I found that the carnal mind was enmity against God, and I do believe no rebel ever found more of it against God than myself. Intolerable hardness of heart did I feel! Fain would I have fled from under the hand of God! but O I could not! Faith I had in the justice of God; but that was all. I knew that he was immutable, and that not one jot or tittle of his word should fail. I knew he was sovereign in the dispensations of his favors, and that He would have mercy on whom he would have mercy, and that I had procured my own damnation. Prayer, which used to be my delightful exercise, I could not be found in; and these words used to cut me to the heart, "The sacrifices of the wicked are an abomination to the Lord." If I attempted to go to God, ten thousand worldly concerns would crowd into my mind at the time. I at times forgot what I came to God for, and I thought that by attempting it I in-

creased my own condemnation, while Satan set in with some dreadful temptations, too horrid to name.

My troubles I kept much to myself the first twelve months, as I thought my case was singular; but when I came under the ministry of the word, I found my case described, and would sometimes feel hope dawn when I could see anything of the footsteps of the flock in my experience. But Mr. J. would always cut me off in the matter of faith, in this manner. After he had been led to describe my very feelings, he never left the subject till he had asserted that in such a soul there was true faith; though convinced of that, during the three years I sat under his ministry, I heard only one sermon but what condemned me; and that was about a year and a half after I first heard him. Under that sermon I had a glimpse of the person of Christ, which drew out all my heart and affections after him. I rejoiced in this, and nursed this frame, as it was attended with some joy, till I lost it, and down I went again into the depths; and deeper did I go than I had gone before! Thus did it continue till the time of my deliverance.

During this year and a half, I was expecting every day to be quite deprived of my rationality; and for aught I could see, the mad-house was to be the place of my residence in this world, and eternal damnation my portion in the next!

O my dear brother, you know what these depths are, because you have been there. Surely I may say, "It is of the Lord's mercy I was not consumed." However, I was at last brought to see that it all depended on one act of God's sovereign will whether to save or damn me; but whether that act would be put forth in a way of wrath or mercy I knew not. Here was the death of legal hopes; but when my strength was all gone, then did the Lord appear for me, brought about my deliverance, and set me in safety from the enemy that had long puffed at me. This was in February, 1797, under a sermon preached by Mr. J. from these words: "I have chastened thee sore, but have not given thee over unto death." Then was the banner of everlasting love displayed, a day much to be remembered. The Lord gave me faith to lay hold on the hem of his garment, which I found was sufficient to answer all the demands of law and justice. I then indeed drank so as to forget my poverty and to remember my misery no more; and for fifteen months was I led in a sweet path, enjoying as much of heaven as mortality could bear up under. The banqueting house afforded sweet refreshment; the path of tribulation, which leads to the kingdom, was kept out of sight; and I hoped never to have been brought from the visions of the mount; but to have been taken from this mount to my eternal inheritance. But since then I have been brought to experience something of what Paul experienced when he said "he was pressed above measure, so that he despaired even of life;" and I have gone mourning because of the oppression of the enemy.

Though I believe that vindictive wrath and unatoned guilt I shall never experience more, yet I know my old man will procure me a large share of fatherly chastisement; but though he has pro-

mised to visit my transgressions with rods and my iniquity with stripes, yet at the same time he has promised he will not utterly take away his loving kindness nor suffer his faithfulness to fail."

Thus far, my dear brother, have I complied with your request, and shall expect to hear from you again, and likewise to see you.

May the best blessings rest upon you, and may you never be left to hide your talent in a napkin. I believe the Lord intends to make you useful in your day and generation. I shall always be glad to see the productions of your pen; and I would advise you to stir up the gift that God has given you for the good of others. May we bear each other on our minds at the throne of grace.

That the Lord may send you help from the sanctuary, and strengthen you, is the prayer of, Your sister in the Lord,

Old House, July 15th, 1798.

MARY HOOPER.

NEVER did man yet catch harm by the enjoyment and fullness of the grace of God. There is no fear of excess, or of surfeiting here. Grace makes no man proud, no man wanton, no man haughty, no man careless or negligent as to his duty that is incumbent upon him, either from God or man. No. Grace keeps a man low in his own eyes, humble, self-denying, penitent, watchful, savory in good things, charitable; and makes him kindly affectionate to the brethren, pitiful and courteous to all men.—*Bunyan*.

As for me, I labor under the scourge of many tongues; I shall be everything that is bad while alive, and everything that is good when dead. "But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I can but finish my course with joy, and the ministry that I have received, to testify the gospel of the grace of God." I know in whom I have believed, whom I love, and whom I serve with a pure conscience. My reward is before me, and my work is with my God. He alone called and commissioned me; he sent me and blessed me, and he will keep, save, own, and acknowledge me, and receive me to himself when the building of mercy is completed, and the top-stone brought forth with the double shout of "Grace, grace, unto it!"—*Huntington*.

WE do not wonder to see a man of strong constitution, that eats his bread heartily and sleeps soundly, live; but for a crazy body, full of pains and infirmities, to be so patched and shored up by the physician's art that he stands to old age, this begets some wonder in the beholders. It may be thou art a poor trembling soul, thy faith is weak, and thy assaults from Satan strong; thy corruptions stirring and active, and thy mortifying strength little; so that, in thy opinion, they rather gain ground on thy grace than give ground for it. Ever and anon thou art ready to think thou shalt be cast a wreck on the devil's shore; and yet to this day thy grace lives, though full of leaks. Now, is it not worth the stepping aside to see this strange sight? A broken ship, with masts and hull rent and torn, thus towed along by Almighty power through an angry sea and armadoes of sins and devils, safely into his harbor? To see a poor taper or rush candle in the face of the boisterous wind, and not blown out? In a word, to see a weak stripling of grace held up in God's arms till he defeats the devil? This God is doing in upholding thee; thou art one of those babes out of whose mouth God is perfecting his praise, by ordaining such strength for thee, that thou, a babe in grace, shalt yet foil a giant in wrath and power.—*Gurnall*.

INQUIRIES.

Dear Sir,—You would much oblige a few inquiring friends by an exposition of 2 Cor. ii. 16: “To the one we are a savor of death unto death, and to the other a savor of life unto life.” Does it mean that the Gospel has two powers, one of supplying spiritual life, the other of condemning those who are spiritually dead? Can the same Gospel possess a life-giving principle and a death-dealing power? An answer will greatly oblige,

Yours in the truth,

B. T.

ANSWER.

It does not at all follow because the same thing produces two different effects that it necessarily possesses two distinct principles. The same sun which warms the earth in spring, and makes the grass to grow and the corn to sprout, hatches also maggots in a dunghill; and the same summer rays which give health and strength to the pale invalid, draw up fever and ague from the stagnant marsh. But this does not prove the existence of two distinct principles of warmth in the sun itself. To use a more scriptural figure, the pillar of the cloud which gave light by night to the camp of Israel was a cloud and darkness to the camp of the Egyptians. (Ex. xiv. 20.) But the pillar of the cloud was one and the same. So, because the servants of God are unto him “a sweet savor of Christ, in them that are saved, and in them that perish,” being “to the one the savor of death unto death, and to the other the savor of life unto life,” it proves neither that they preach two gospels, nor that the gospel which they preach possesses two distinct principles.

The expression of being “a sweet savor unto God,” is a figure taken from the burnt sacrifices of the Old Testament. Thus we read that when Noah burnt offerings on the altar, after the flood, “The Lord smelled a sweet savor;” in other words, that the sacrifice was pleasing and acceptable in his sight. So we read, “I will accept you with your sweet savor when I bring you out from the people.” (Ezek. xx. 41.) And the apostle tells the Philippian believers that the things which were sent from them to him were “an odour of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well-pleasing to God.” In this sense, the Gospel, and those who preach it under the teaching and unction of the Holy Ghost, are a sweet savor unto God, for he is glorified both by them and their message. It is easy to see how, in the case of those to whom the Gospel is “the savor of life unto life,” that it is a sweet savor, or acceptable to God. The difficulty is how it is a sweet savor also “in them that perish.” But, as in the first case, the mercy of God is glorified, so, in the other, is his tremendous justice. And let us never forget that one attribute of God is as precious to him as another; and that his glory is, and ever must be so supremely dear to his adorable Majesty, as to be with him beyond every other object or consideration.

Two things, however, must be taken into consideration before we can rightly understand the apostle's meaning in this place.

1. What the Gospel itself is as a sweet savor unto God.

2. What the ministers of the Gospel are as a sweet savor unto him.

1. First *as to the Gospel itself*, as the ministration of life and righteousness, and God's own testimony to the work, love, and grace of his dear Son, how is the Gospel a sweet savor unto God in Christ, both in them that are saved, and in them that perish? To those, then, who are saved, the Gospel is "the savor of life unto life." They live in it and by it a present life of faith, and are saved through it unto a future life of bliss and glory. The Gospel that thus becomes "the power of God unto their salvation," is to him in Christ a sweet and acceptable savor. But when men disbelieve, hate, and oppose the Gospel, as there is no other way of life or of salvation, they seal their own death and damnation thereby. There is no other sacrifice for sin, and no other way of eternal life; and therefore by hating and opposing the Gospel, which testifies of both, they seal their own present death in sin, and bring down upon their own heads certain destruction. But this does not, in the sight of God, in the least degree mar the beauty and glory of the Gospel itself; nor does it cause it to give an ill savor in his holy nostrils. It still is what it is, the richest display of his wisdom and grace; it still testifies to him of Jesus his beloved Son; and that name being ever "as the ointment poured forth," yields a fragrant and acceptable savor to his adorable Majesty.

2. But besides what the Gospel is in itself, we must remember that God is not a passive or indifferent spectator of the labors of *his faithful servants*, for it is they of whom the apostle is chiefly speaking in the text quoted by our correspondent. Whether men believe or disbelieve, he still "causeth his servants to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savor of his knowledge by them in every place" where they preach his truth; and so far as they preach the Gospel under the unction of his grace, both they and the doctrine they preach are unto him a sweet savor of Christ, both in them that are saved and in them that perish. They ministerially exalt his dear Son; they have a single eye to his glory; they preach the words which he puts by his Spirit into their hearts and lips; they are his ambassadors, his servants, and his stewards. Their faithfulness, uprightness, and honesty, their labors and sufferings for his name's sake and the gospel's, are well pleasing in his sight, and send forth up to heaven's gate the fragrance of him whom they preach. As regards those amongst whom they labor, it is with them as with the gospel they preach. To those who are saved, they are "a savor of life unto life," that is, of spiritual unto eternal life, because their testimony, being accompanied with life and power, works life in their hearts, which life, being spiritual is also eternal, and therefore is of life present unto life future; of life by faith on earth to life of light and bliss in heaven. But to "those that perish," they are "the savor of death unto death," because their testimony of Christ,

and their experimental ministry, manifest and seal the present spiritual death of those who disbelieve the one and are ignorant of the other; and this spiritual death being the forerunner of the second death, which is the blackness of darkness for ever, they are the savor to them of death present unto death future.

The servants of God are in Scripture called "ambassadors for Christ." (2 Cor. v. 20.) As then a king who sends an ambassador to declare peace to one nation and war to another, is equally pleased with his faithful discharge of both messages, so the faithfulness of a servant of God, whether his message carry life to the saved or death to the lost, is equally acceptable to God, whether he bring consolation to the righteous or condemnation to the wicked.

Dear Sir,—I have often wondered how a gracious person can live in the army, and, along with wicked soldiers, enter into severe engagements with the enemy. Is he not a murderer according to Gal. v. 21? Does he not deliberately act contrary to the Saviour's instructions as recorded in Matt. v. 44? Is it right or scriptural for a gracious person to take up arms at all against his fellow creatures? A gracious soldier, in time of war and in engagements with the enemy, must be in a very deplorable situation. An answer will oblige

Yours,

J. H.

ANSWER.

Beyond all question, war, viewed in itself, is inconsistent with the gospel of peace and righteousness, and there is necessarily in the very profession of a soldier that which must shock every truly Christian heart. So far we are fully agreed with our correspondent; but he seems to have confused two things, which we cannot but consider very different. It surely is one thing, being a Christian, to *go into* the army, and another, being a Christian, to *continue* in the army. We can hardly think that any man possessed of a tender conscience and the life of God in his soul would deliberately enlist as a private soldier, or purchase a commission as an officer. But take the first case, with which we seem more immediately concerned, that of a soldier in the ranks. A wild, reckless youth, in a moment of excitement, perhaps half drunk, or driven to it by poverty and destitution, enlists into a marching regiment. After he has been some time in the ranks, the Lord is pleased to quicken his soul into spiritual life; and to doubt this is ever the case is to doubt the sovereignty of grace, and to deny positive facts. Besides the burden of a guilty conscience, our poor unhappy youth has now to endure all the misery and wretchedness, the filth and wickedness, and probably the persecution of a barrack life, which has been called by those who know it, "A hell upon earth." But what is the poor man to do? He is like a mouse in a trap; he is in, but how is he to get out? There are but two ways out; one he must not take, and the other he most probably cannot. These two ways are desertion or discharge. Surely J. H. would not recommend the former—at best a most terrible and perilous experiment, and subjecting a man to the disgrace and pun-

ishment of a felon. This way, then, being thoroughly blocked out, can he avail himself of the second? His discharge will cost him at least £40; and if he be a thoroughly good soldier, the probability is that the colonel will not part with him at any price. It is calculated that every soldier landed in India is worth to Government £100, and has probably cost twice that sum. How will the commanding officer let that man purchase his discharge for £40? But suppose the colonel were willing to let him go, can he always or often raise the sum required for his discharge? Then what alternative has he but to stay in his regiment?

Now, suppose the regiment is ordered off to India, and suppose it is sent on to Delhi or Lucknow, and suppose, as is most probable, it has to go into action against the sepoy, what is our Christian soldier to do? Is he to refuse to march in the ranks, or not fire his Enfield rifle when the word is given to fire, or lie down on the ground when his fellow soldiers are rushing on to the charge? It is fearful to think that he has to shed blood, but he has no alternative; and apart from his general duty as a soldier, if his comrade is about to be cut down by a sepoy, is he not to protect him, though in doing so he take the life of the enemy?

But examine the matter upon scriptural grounds. Have we no instances of godly soldiers in the New Testament? What was the centurion, (Matt. viii.,) of whom the Lord himself testified that "he had not found so great faith, no, not in Israel," but a soldier, or rather what we should call a captain, in the Roman army, then occupying Judæa, as our troops are stationed in India? And that this centurion was a saved man is evident from what the Lord added: "And I say unto you, that many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven." He had come from the west to sit first at the Redeemer's feet, and will sit down hereafter to the marriage supper of the Lamb. And who was the first Gentile to whose house salvation came after the Lord had risen from the dead but Cornelius, "a centurion of the band called the Italian band?"—just as we might say, however odd it may sound to the ear, "A Captain in the Scotch Greys," or "A Lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards." On this Roman captain, whom J. H. would almost call "a murderer," and if so he could not have "eternal life abiding in him," (1 John iii. 15,) the Holy Ghost fell, and he was baptized in the name of the Lord, being the first Gentile Baptist. It appears also that he was not alone in the Italian band, for "a devout soldier waited on him continually," being what we should now call "the orderly" of this gracious, God-fearing captain. Now, suppose that this godly captain had lived for about thirty years after his baptism, which might easily have been the case, it would have found him in the very heat of that tremendous war which ended in the destruction of Jerusalem by the Roman army under Titus; and suppose he was at the siege of that city, as Baker might have been at the siege of Delhi; now, if there had been what is called a "sortie," that is, a rush from the city of the besieged Jews, and our godly captain had

been at the head of his troop, must he have fought or fled? And if the devout soldier who waited on him, his "orderly," had been at his side, and seen a Jewish desperado aiming a blow at his captain's head, might he save his life, even though he had to kill the Jewish soldier? And would, in this case, this devout soldier have been "a murderer," and so been cut off from eternal life?*

Nor do we want modern instances. Colonel Gardner, a man favored with one of the most remarkable experiences on record, continued in the army after his call by grace, and, in fact, died with his sword in his hand, for he was cut down at the battle of Preston Pans by the scythe of a Highlander, when fighting bravely in defence of his king, his country, and, we may add, his religion; for Pope and Pretender had conspired to rob England both of liberty and religion.

Was Colonel Gardener "a murderer," and is he now in hell? If so, he was awfully deceived; for, if we remember right, he had a most blessed visit from his dear Lord a night or two before the battle, and a sweet assurance from his own lips that he should shortly be with him.

Though we have thus written, let it not be supposed that we are vindicating war, or justifying a godly man for going into the army. We are merely taking up the question, whether it be possible for a man to be in such a position, and yet be a partaker of grace.

At the present moment, the question assumes to us a greater degree of interest, as, from the letter which we inserted in the October No., from a soldier in India, and another to be found in our present pages, we have every reason to believe there are a few who fear God in our Indian army.

* That there were many Christian soldiers at a later period in the Roman army is evident from an anecdote mentioned by Neander and other Church historians. "During the war with the Marcommani and Quadi, A.D. 174, the Emperor Marcus Aurelius with his army, was thrown into a situation of great peril. The burning sun shone full in the faces of his soldiers, who were suffering under the torture of intolerable thirst; and under these unfavorable circumstances threatened with an attack of the enemy. In this extremity the twelfth legion, composed entirely of Christians, fell upon their knees. Their prayer was followed by a shower of rain, which allayed the thirst of the Roman soldiers, and by a storm, which frightened the barbarians. The Roman army obtained the victory, and the emperor, in commemoration of the event gave those Christian soldiers the name of the "Thundering Legion."—*Neander*.

God's converting call is such as produces obedience to it; *i.e.*, it is triumphantly efficacious, and rendered successful, not by the will and towardness of the person called, but by the power and grace of him that calleth.—*Toplady*.

O MY soul! it is but a little while, and there will be an eternal end of all thy sorrows, fears, trials, and disappointments; yet a little while and he that shall come, will come, and will not tarry; that heavenly Bridegroom who has, by his Spirit, betrothed thee to himself, will, ere long invite thee into his eternal kingdom, where thou wilt forget the storm and tempests, clouds and darkness, in thy passage through this wilderness world; and all shall be joy and peace, love and praise.—*Berridge*.

REVIEW.

An Account of the Last Sickness and Death of James Bourne, in his Last Years Minister of the Gospel at Maney, Sutton Coldfield.—London: Kirby and Son, 190, Oxford Street; Winnall, (late Wood,) High Street, Birmingham.

RELIGION in our day is not very unlike the description which the sacred historian has given of the crowded meeting at Ephesus: "Some therefore cried one thing, and some another; for the assembly was confused; and the more part knew not wherefore they were come together." (Acts xix. 32.)

Ask most persons who are usually considered by themselves and others as exceedingly religious this simple question, "What is religion?" some will cry one thing, and some another, for the whole assembly of them is confused; and the more part know not wherefore they are come together, except that "there is no small stir about that way."

Twenty-four thousand people went down on the Fast Day to the Crystal Palace, professedly and on purpose to humble themselves before God in that Temple of Art on account of our Indian troubles. Now, we do not say a word against a day being set apart by authority for public confession, humiliation, and prayer. God accepted the repentance of Ahab and the fasting of Nineveh; and a day set apart by Government for the purpose of humiliation is so far a public recognition that we have not, as a nation, yet cast off the Lord as our Ruler; and it also gives an opportunity to the praying people of God to meet together and seek his face, as Joel exhorts, (Joel iii. 17,) and as Daniel did. (Dan. ix. 3.) But viewing the whole matter with a spiritual eye, independent of, and distinct from, that public occasion, may we not fairly ask, How many of that vast multitude knew, in the things of God, their right hands from their left? Let not our meaning be misunderstood. We view that vast assemblage as a kind of huge mirror in which we may see reflected the present state of religious profession in the great metropolis. The Crystal Palace, that unrivalled triumph of science and art, the pride of London, the prized resort of every class of society for recreation and amusement, that light and airy, yet noble and commanding structure, which standing on a lofty height gleams beauty for miles around—that this, of all places, should be turned into a dissenting chapel, that a Baptist pulpit should be erected in its very heart and centre, that the gay and giddy crowd, with all the lovers of music and mediæval courts, should be driven from their feast-day that the lovers of preaching and religious oratory might have it all to themselves for a fast-day! none can deny that this is a significant fact, let them seek to explain it how they may. Many will view in it the triumph of religion over the prejudices which have so long assailed it; others will see in it almost a Pentecostal effusion of the Holy Spirit for the conversion of innumerable sinners and the edification of innumerable saints; and others, who cannot take

so sanguine a view, or raise up their faith so high, will hail it as a pledge that the Lord is now doing, or is about to do amongst us a mighty work, such as he wrought by Whitefield a hundred years ago. Our faith may be very weak in this matter, and we may be sadly bigoted, narrow-minded, and prejudiced; but we cannot help, if we advert to the subject at all, freely expressing what we see and feel. We hope that we have not now for the first time to learn what is true religion and the power of vital godliness; nor have we here to confess to God and man that we have hitherto understood nothing of what the Bible teaches, and the Holy Ghost makes known in the hearts of the saints of God. Weighed then in the balances of the sanctuary, though we would ever desire to hold them, if with a faithful yet with trembling hand, we feel that Crystal Palace religion is light indeed. There may be those who would compare such preaching as was heard that day with that of Whitefield.* Do such persons know anything of the religion which Whitefield possessed and preached? Are they at all acquainted with his experience, life, and labors? Whitefield preached the new birth with tears of heavenly life, liberty, and love streaming down his cheeks; did not open his lips before the Lord had put him into a vital possession of a deep and blessed experience, which, in his public ministry, gushed as a living spring from his heart and mouth; was weighted down with a heavy load of inward and outward trial; lived a life of faith and prayer, of union and communion with the Lord Jesus Christ; and was sometimes so blessed in his soul as to dwell on the very confines of heaven. Whitefield was persecuted and pelted by the rude mob; was hated and abhorred by the higher classes of society; was generally disliked and suspected by the lukewarm professors of his day; and was loved and esteemed by none but the afflicted people of God. Whitefield's eloquence was one of feeling, not of words,—of heart and soul, not of mere lips and tongue; and if he had great natural gifts, such as a most exquisite voice and a most expressive counte-

* We had the curiosity to buy and read the sermon preached by Mr. Spurgeon at the Crystal Palace. It was indeed a most trying occasion for any preacher to stand up before such a multitude, and all, without doubt, anticipating, from the season and the man, a feat of unrivalled pulpit oratory. We of course cannot tell how it sounded when heard, and as aided by voice and gesture; but as read, it seems to us more like a speech, half political and half moral, and neither of them possessing a high order either of thought or expression, rather than an appeal to the consciences of perishing sinners met to bewail their own sins, and those of the Church and of the land. We could find in it neither Law nor Gospel; and were struck with astonishment when we read what is called "The Invocation," by which the Service was opened; for it is a certain fact that in this opening prayer, God is addressed as "the Supreme Being," but his dear Son, the only Mediator between God and men, is not so much as named. It may be pleaded that it was an accidental omission, and that the prayer afterwards does name the name of Jesus. But to omit Jesus in any approach to the Majesty on High; to open a service of humiliation and prayer, in which that all-prevailing name was not so much as breathed; and that the representative of 24,000 mourning sinners never even mentioned that name which is above every name, that name which is as the ointment poured forth—how can we think the blessing of God could rest upon a Service, the very opening of which dishonored him, because it dishonored his beloved Son? Would Whitefield have opened the service so?

nance, they were all subordinate to the grace of God and the gifts of the Holy Spirit, and were wielded by him almost as if he were unconscious that he possessed them. Besides which, there is another striking feature which seems much overlooked by those who are rejoicing in the return of the days of Whitefield. His preaching was but a part, and indeed but a small part of that gracious revival with which the Lord favored and blessed his church in this country during the latter half of the last century, and was but one shower of the copious effusion of the Holy Spirit in that day. His gallant ship might have been the first to heave anchor, and leaving the dull and stagnant harbor, been the foremost to breast the winds and waves of the open sea; but Toplady, Berridge, Newton, Romaine, and above all the immortal Coalheaver followed hard in his wake. So that it was not the pulpit eloquence of one man, or a mere gathering together of people to one place, all which, like Jonah's gourd, may perish in a night; but the Spirit of God in the hearts and lips of many choice and eminent saints and servants, men of faith and prayer, sound in the truth, and specially taught of God; men, whose name and memory still live in the affections of his people; and who, in life and death, in preaching and practice, in walk, conduct, and conversation, gave every evidence that they were sent, furnished, and commissioned by the Holy Ghost to hold forth the word of life. And as the ministers, such were the hearers; at least, that portion of them who were called and blessed under their ministry; for "like people like priest" will ever hold for good and evil. They were not a Crystal Palace assemblage, but such saints of God as Tanner, Serle, and Mason, in the days of Whitefield and Romaine; and such tried and experienced men as Key, Rusk, and Dore, in those of Huntington. What God may be now secretly doing, or what he may mean to do by all that is now going on we cannot say, for his way is in the sea, his path in the great waters, and his footsteps are not known; and good may arise from men being led to read the Bible and think about religion. But we feel ourselves placed just in this position—willing to hope, and ready to accept any true marks of the work of God, but not willing "to put darkness for light and light for darkness; bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter;" nor desirous to say, A confederacy, to all who say, A confederacy. We do not speak with the least unkind or prejudiced feeling against any man or any people; but what we feel in the still, calm depths of our own mind, as desirous to view the whole subject with spiritual eyes, and to handle it with cautious and trembling hands. But we must say for ourselves that the more our own soul is led into the sacred power and holy unction of the life of God, the less do we see of the stamp of the Holy Ghost upon the matter. We have read many of the sermons that have been published, and though, as is to be expected in every man, they are very unequal in ability, we cannot but admire many striking things that may be found in them, and freely acknowledge the vein of faithfulness and honesty that runs generally through them; but however we may admire them as human compositions, and even as such they are often coarse and defective, both in

thought and expression, yet we look in vain for the life and power, the unction and savor of the Holy Spirit in them. There is that in them which is eminently adapted to touch the springs of natural feeling, and to gratify those who admire originality and strength of expression, and a line of vigorous and sometimes humorous thought that strikes hard and indiscriminately, but who are utter strangers to the operations of divine grace. But what impression do they leave upon the soul that is feeling after, and looking up for the power of God to melt and soften, comfort and bless? Should we make them our bosom companions on a bed of sickness and death, or in moments of deep trial and affliction? The secret and sacred power that communicates pardon and peace, the oil of joy, the unction from the Holy One, the rain that drops, and the dew that distils the gracious touch from the Lord's own hand, the word of life from his own lips, is what the child of God is looking for under the ministry; and if he cannot obtain this, or any measure of it, in hearing or reading a sermon, be the preacher who he may, he loses that for the loss of which nothing else can make up. Can we find this in the New Park Street sermons? We have not found it. We ask our gracious readers who know for themselves what this divine power is, if they have felt or found it? If not, let us not be led by others. We must hear for ourselves, as well as be saved for ourselves. The grievous point in the whole matter is to see so many persons, and among them old and experimental professors, deceiving themselves in these deeply important matters, and mistaking the mere workings of natural feeling, and the excitement of pulpit eloquence for a religion that will take their souls to heaven. It is a vital, saving religion that we desire to possess and contend for; for if we have not *that*, we had better be in the world altogether. And we must say that the more we breathe toward the pure, vital breath of God; the more that we stretch eyes, ears, heart, and hands to see, hear, feel, and handle the Word of life; the more that we desire to live under the power and influence of divine blessings; and the more that we seek to realise union and communion with the Lord Jesus, the less we turn to, and the more we turn from, Crystal Palace religion. We call it by this name, because we view it just now as a standing type of the religious profession of the day in general, and of London profession in particular; and we so name it not with a view to wound or injure preacher or people, or distress any tender, feeling child of God, who, in the simplicity of his heart, went down that day with a desire to serve the Lord, but as generally expressive of our views and feelings upon a subject that engrosses so much attention both in the Church and in the world.

But this is not the only channel in which profession runs. In the days of our fathers it was a river deep and strong, yet hemmed in by high banks from the world at large; but now it is a laud-flood that is spread far and wide, and alike shallow and stagnant.

We know not how others may feel, but we can say for ourselves, there are few things more sickening to us than this wide-spread profession of religion, without the vital power; and the nearer it ap-

proaches the truth, the worse it is, because more deceptive, as well as more obtrusive and presumptuous. Profanity is bad. It is grievous to see the sin that runs down our streets like water. The scenes which meet the eye, especially in London, are grievous; but they carry with them their own condemnation, and do not intrude into the sacred precincts of truth and godliness. But a loud, noisy profession, with just enough truth in the letter to salve over the convictions of the natural conscience, but not enough of life or power either to save or sanctify, to deliver from the dominion of sin or separate from the world, like the salt that has lost its savor, is good for nothing but to be cast out and to be trodden under foot of men.

How refreshing to the spirit that is wearied with all this light and empty profession, to turn to something real, solid, and divine; to a religion on which the Lord sets his own seal as his own gift and work! Such a religion as this now lies before us, in the little work the title of which we have given above; and we have to express our regret that, after repeated attempts in London to procure another copy, our efforts are completely unsuccessful. But we will do what we can by our extracts to show what a blessed testimony Mr. Bourne has left to the reality and power of a divine work upon the soul.

If then it be said of or to us, "You poor, narrow-minded, bigoted creature! Can nothing satisfy you? Must you ever be calling in question this and that person's religion, and throw your pen, for want of a sharper and a heavier weapon, against so great a work as is now going on?" Well, we must answer, if you will call us all this, we shall try and bear it. None will rejoice more than we to find that it is a real work of God. But whilst waiting for this, we can show you something that is his work beyond all doubt and question; and you may compare the one with the other. It is true we cannot give you eyes, but we can and do hold up before you what our heart and conscience tell us is true religion; and we can assure you that it differs as much from the general religion of the day as grace differs from nature, spirit from flesh, and the power of God from the wisdom of man. "Where, where," you ask, "is this wonderful religion of yours?" Why, if you cannot find it in any measure in your own heart, you certainly will not find it any where else; but we hope it is to be found, even in our dark and gloomy day, in the hearts of many, for the Lord has still a people whom he has formed for himself, and who even now show forth his praise. But in this little work before us such a religion is to be found—a religion on which the Lord set his own special stamp up to the very close.

How beautiful it is, how edifying to see, as in Mr. Bourne's case, a life of faith crowned by a blessed death, to hear from the bed of languishing and pain, not the murmurs of unbelief, not the cries of guilt and despair, but the words of faith, hope, and love; the voice of thanksgiving and praise. When nature sinks under a load of pain and suffering, when the things of time and sense drop away like the leaf from the autumn bough, when death draws near and eternity opens to view, when heart and flesh alike fail, then to have

the Lord near, whispering consolation and peace, and find him the strength of his heart and his portion for ever, surely this direct and immediate testimony from heaven stamps a man's religion as truly divine. Such was the religion of Mr. Bourne.

O how much of what is called religion bears no such divine stamp upon it, no divine stamp on the beginning, and no divine stamp on the end! But let men take up what religion they please, and be as religious as they may, the Lord will own no work but his own, and smile upon no soul which he has not regenerated by his grace.

We have been much impressed with the little work before us. There is a life, a reality, a power in this account of Mr. Bourne's last sickness and death which came home with solemn weight to our conscience. Such a deathbed is rarely witnessed. No raptures, no ecstasies, no excitement, no rant or noise; all calm, still, quiet; yet oh! how deep, weighty, and solemn! What life, feeling, and power!

We are not at all acquainted with Mr. Bourne's history beyond what we gather from this simple record. In the title page, he is said to have been, in his latter years, minister of the Gospel at Maney, near Sutton Coldfield; and he was much advanced in years, as he died in the eighty-second year of his age. He had also evidently passed through much affliction and trouble, for he said on his dying bed,

"Not one good word has failed; all those sweet promises I have had in my deep troubles, they all come now to comfort me."

Mr. Bourne, it would appear, though advanced in years, was in the enjoyment of a fair share of health and strength, being able to preach up to his last illness. This came on very gradually about the end of March, 1854, with a slight cold, and at first no apprehensions were entertained by his friends of a fatal result; but it soon turned to a severe attack of jaundice, which so reduced him that he afterwards sank from debility.

"The following sentences," (we here use the words of the little Memoir,) "written by himself, show the feelings of his mind during the former part of his illness, in which he was, for the most part, in a low and tried state, earnestly waiting for the Lord under darkness."

"My cold leaves me very weak, and makes me feel my end is fast approaching. Last night I fell down very low, and could not find the Lord. I thought I was given up as one too bad to be saved. I could not pray with any feeling, and could not call it praying at all. I could justify God. I knew he was righteous in his dispensations to me; but I was a grievous sinner. I acknowledged and confessed, but all was nothing, hardness, darkness. I greatly lamented secretly that my religion in my old age was come to this; but I felt I had no power to alter it. I feared I was walking in something that would prove the root of the matter was wanting. I was ashamed to own this. I could not lie down in my bed; I had no rest. I dressed in the morning, but seemed very poorly in body, and worse in soul; but it being the day appointed to prepare for Wednesday, while looking for something for the people, these words were put before me, 'Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love.' Here I found relief. His love, I felt, was all I wanted; and when I read what you wrote, 'Edom, and Moab, and Ammon had no such hope, why should Israel hope?' Christ was there, (and where he is there must be a good hope,) and in him they had a secret principle of life which should *never fail*,' the last two words

made me again to believe the Lord's love was everlasting. Like the tree whose substance is in it when it casts its leaves, so I found it; the returning mercy of the Lord in my heart is a substance when all outward things fail."

"On Lord's day, May, 14, he preached for the last time, speaking in the morning for about twenty minutes, upon the words, 'Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness;' (Ps. xl. 1;) and described six sorts of mercy which had followed him all his days: preventing mercy, protecting mercy, redeeming mercy, pardoning mercy, renewing mercy, and crowning tender mercy. In the evening, he was only able to speak for about ten minutes, and was supported from the pulpit into his house by two of his hearers."

But the Lord was very gracious to him; and before he once more visited his soul with the returning light of his gracious countenance, in answer to his entreaties for mercy, gave him some whispers of his love in these words, "There be some standing here which shall not taste of death until they see the Son of Man coming in his kingdom;" and these, "It was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost that he should not see death before he had seen the Lord's Christ." (Matt. xvi. 28; Luke ii. 26.)

But the time was now come for the Lord more fully to manifest himself, and bear his own sealing testimony to the truth and reality of his own gracious work upon his heart.

On Thursday, May 18th, his fears and darkness were quite removed, with a powerful sense of the Lord's presence and everlasting love. He said, "I have much awe upon my spirit and encouragement. I have not served the Lord for nought. He is my strong refuge in the storm. 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' It is a heavenly support. Oh, the love, and mercy, and faithfulness of my God! How sweetly he sustains me! Mrs. C., may you find the same sweet support when you come to the same place. O the mercies of my God! It breaks my heart all to pieces. O Lord, make me thankful for all thy tender care of me, but above all for thy mercy. I know all those six sorts of mercy spoken of. The Lord is my friend."

The following extract will be read with interest, as giving a slight sketch of his early experience:

To one of his daughters he dictated a short account of the beginning of the work of God upon his heart, as follows:

"I want to tell you of my beginning while I am able. I was in deep soul-trouble two years. I went on a journey into Wales. In the place where I slept for the night, I was awoke towards morning with a something, saying, 'You had better get up.' O the love, mercy, pardon, and forgiveness that flowed into my heart! and this lasted two years. Soon afterwards, when rather losing sight of it, this came with such sweetness and power, 'What woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it?' *Seek diligently*, that was the word. Lord, I said, give me that diligence; and he did restore to me the light of his countenance fourfold. I was told it could not be right, because I had no bondage. I did not know bondage then, but by and by I lost my love and found trembling, darkness, and sore conflict; and had to fight the fight of faith. Then the same persons told me I was not rightly delivered, or I should not have that. I was called an apostate and denied their pew; but here lies the apostate with his heart as full of love as it can hold. But their words then had some weight, and nearly sank me into despair, so that I thought all was lost for ever, until these words were repeated many times with great power, and brought me up again, 'Thou shalt return in the power of the Spirit.'"

The above was spoken with great difficulty, and in broken sentences.

One thing in the above extract much struck our mind; his being called an apostate, and denied a seat in their pew, because his deliverance did not exactly tally with what his former friends considered to be God's only mode of delivering a soul. How much of this miserable, and we may say, unchristian spirit, has ever prevailed, and, we fear, still prevails, amongst persons who take a high standing in divine matters. Few, perhaps, go to such an extreme length as to call a man an apostate, and deny him a seat in their pew because they doubt the reality of the work of God upon his soul; but many a child of God has had to suffer from cruel suspicions which the event has proved were founded neither on truth nor righteousness. How often in such cases does the Lord make good his own gracious promise, "Your brethren that hated you, that cast you out for my name's sake, said, Let the Lord be glorified; but he shall appear to your joy, and they shall be ashamed." (Isa. lxvi. 5.) Even the painful exercises that these suspicions produce in a tender conscience often blessedly work for good; for, through God's grace, they mightily stir up a cry in the soul for clearer and clearer, more full and powerful manifestations of the Lord's love, with many an appeal to the great Searcher of hearts, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wickedness in me; and lead me in the way everlasting."

Another thing has much struck our mind in reading this simple memorial of the dying saint. The earnest and affectionate way in which, from his own experience, he contended for the substance and power of a heart-felt religion as a divine reality. There is something very affecting and yet very sweet in the following extract:

May 23rd.—On seeing his two sons-in-law he could not at first speak for weeping; but one being about to withdraw, he called him back, saying, "Come, don't go away; I want to tell you both. These are not tears of sorrow, but of joy. It is a broken heart. The Lord breaks my heart all to pieces with his goodness and mercy. It is no fable, but a reality; a substance. 'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee.' Why? Because 'I have redeemed thee, thou art mine.' O those words, 'This is as the waters of Noah unto me.' As I have sworn they shall no more go over the earth, so have I sworn I will not be wroth with thee; no nor rebuke thee. No wrath, no rebuke; and for the Lord to swear! How astonishing! But it is no fable; it is a truth, a reality, a substance. Not one word has failed me." The beginning of the Lord's prayer being referred to, he answered, "Yes, He will let me call him my Father, my God, and the Rock of my Salvation. He won't deny this, which Thomas said, 'My Lord and my God.'" One said "How often you have feared this time!" He answered, "Yes, I never expected it would be thus. No wrath, no rebuke, and for the Lord to swear! but the reason is 'I have redeemed thee.' Redeemed, redeemed thee! With what? With the precious blood of Christ. O that precious blood!" One said, "You find an abundant entrance." He replied, "More than abundant; it breaks my heart." One reminded him how he used to speak of that word, "Wait on the Lord, and he shall strengthen thy heart." He answered, "Yes, he shall strengthen. There is the Lord's will in that. I could have no power now to seek for it. I am so weak, I cannot pray, but only just now and then lift up my heart to him, and he is so very gracious and helps me. Not one good word has failed; all has come to pass. Ah, W—, I never thought it would come to this in the end. Never."

We have only space for the closing scene, the solemnity and sweetness of which is such as is rarely witnessed:

In the night his cough became exceedingly bad, and he said much that was indistinctly uttered; but very plainly articulated many times, "He's nigh, he's nigh." About twelve o'clock he sank apparently unconscious, breathing very hard, until about two o'clock in the morning (June 10th), when he distinctly said, "Let me drink, let me drink." When water was offered to him he put it away with his hand, and, after a great effort, said "No, no; I want to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem." "Come, come!—Let me dwell on high." "Come, come now," "Make haste," "Come, come"—many times repeated, which were the last words he could distinctly utter.

He continued breathing with difficulty, every now and then clasping his hands and lifting them up as if in meditation or prayer, and often pressing them on his head as if he felt something there, until half-past seven o'clock in the evening of Sunday, the 11th of June, when his nurse, who, with his eldest daughter, was sitting by him, suddenly exclaimed, "Look, how he smiles!" and while they both looked, being much struck with the peculiar expression of welcome in his countenance, he ceased to breathe, gently expiring without any struggle in the eighty-second year of his age.

When we proposed to ourselves to bring this blessed memorial before our readers, we were not aware of the difficulty of procuring a copy; and perhaps had we known that circumstance would scarcely have deemed it right to tantalise them by giving them a sip and a taste of such blessed food without their being able to procure for themselves the remainder of such truly savory provision.

If we are not mistaken, we owe to Mr. Gilpin the preservation of these fragments of a departed believer; and as the work seems now to be out of print, we should feel glad if the notice we have here taken of it should induce him to present the church of God with a second edition. It is in such testimonies that the life and power of godliness are chiefly seen; and few things come more home to the heart and conscience of those that fear God than to see a dying bed so illuminated with the opening glories of heaven. We have reason to believe that the memoirs of Richard Dore and Mrs. Judd have been much blessed to our readers; and though the memoir before us is not of the same varied character, yet we almost think in power and savor it fully equals, if not excels, them both. Its unpretending simplicity is the least of its many recommendations; its faithfulness and genuineness speak for themselves; and though no words can convey what is actually felt in a dying room, by witnessing the speaking eye and the expressive countenance of a saint, departing under the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, yet so far as words can do it we seem transported to the very spot, where, when heart and flesh fail, the Lord in an especial manner manifests himself as the strength of the dying believer's heart and his portion for ever.

THINK it not strange concerning the fiery trial. They that have no changes fear not God; they that have no chastisements are bastards, and not sons; and those that escape the furnace are not the chosen of God. Convictions plough up the fallow ground; faith, working by love, receives the good seed; reproofs break the clods, and afflictions harrow the seed in, and give it deepness of earth; while transient visits from the Lord, and self-abhorrence under them, give the word, and work a good rooting; and righteousness, peace, praise, and thanksgiving are the fruits that occasionally spring up afterwards, and are more precious to God than all the blood of beasts, or the treasures of Egypt.—*Huntington.*

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