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THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD.

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# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

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JANUARY, 1901.

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

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## AN ADDRESS TO OUR READERS.

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STANDING, as we now do, on the threshold of another year, we are again solemnly reminded that time flies apace, and we, the creatures of God's hand, are fast passing away with the years that are so rapidly rolling over our heads. In looking back upon the year now past, it seems but the other day that we were writing our last address to our numerous readers who are scattered far and wide upon the earth, yet we are assured by the breaking in of this first day of January upon us that another year has run its race, and now gone into oblivion, where others have gone before it, to be no more seen. But not only has another year passed away, but the century, of which it has formed a very conspicuous part, has passed away too. Thus we not only commence to-day a new year, when many warm salutations and friendly greetings reach our ears, but we, through the tender mercy of God bestowed upon us, are favoured to see the commencement of another century, and it will well become all of us who fear and love God to acknowledge his Fatherly hand toward us, and to bless him for his many mercies so richly bestowed upon us through the past year, to raise up an "Ebenezer" to his praise, thus showing our gratitude to the God of all grace, and that his many mercies bestowed upon us are not forgotten by us in unthankfulness, nor have we allowed them without praises to die.

But in looking back upon the century that has now closed upon us, we must acknowledge that it has been a most remarkable period of time in the world's history. It has unfolded and brought to the light many mysterious things in God's all-wise providence which had been hidden for ages past, but which have now been made a blessing to the toiling masses, and undoubtedly so to the Lord's poor and needy people who are compelled to earn their daily bread by the

sweat of their brow, desiring to do so without murmuring against the sovereign will of God. Take for instance the valuable discoveries that have been made since the commencement of the nineteenth century which, in the Lord's hands, have been made a great blessing to our beloved nation.

What numbers of the working classes have been raised in the social scale of life through the increase of trade, and from the rapid strides which art and science have made during the past century, and it is remarkable to notice how from time to time every branch of industry, as with leaps and bounds, has prospered in this our land. But whence has this prosperity arisen? and to whom shall we attribute England's greatness and her vast possessions? Does it arise from the ingenuity of man? or from the superior judgment of England's rulers? or from the wisdom, and skill, and thoughtfulness of any body of people that may have been born on British soil? We answer No! It has come from God, "Who hath made both heaven and earth." For, as we read in his word, "Every good thing, and every perfect thing, cometh down from the Father of lights," and here is the source from whence we receive our every blessing, both temporally and spiritually, whether it be a blessing for an individual or for the nation at large. And it is well for us ever to remember that God is the only Author of all that is good in this world and also in heaven above. Indeed, he is all goodness and mercy to those whom he hath chosen and ordained to eternal life. And O what a rich favour and blessing it is for us all that God was pleased to turn England's captivity, and "raise up the poor out of the dust, and the beggar from the dunghill," which he was graciously pleased to do before the middle of the last century! The toiling poor at that time were bowed down by the iron hand of poverty to such a degree that many of them knew not what to do, nor which way to flee to lessen their trials, and to obtain relief from their heavy burdens. The state of trade and of commerce must have been in a sad condition all over our land or such a man as the late Mr. W. Gadsby, of Manchester, would not have been moved to come to the help of the poor as he did, when he, and others with him, worked so hard both publicly and privately for the repealing of the Corn Laws, so that the poor in the land might be enabled to obtain at least the necessaries of life. But what a strong opposition was raised against them for even daring to stand by the poor to speak a kind word to them, and for them, at a time when the laws of the land, and the rulers thereof seemed to be crushing them lower and lower in their poverty.

Any one who has read the very gracious experiences of the late Mr. Warburton, of Trowbridge, and of Mr. Kershaw, of Rochdale, and of Mr. W. Gadsby in his early life, will be able to form some idea of what the early part of the last century was like. Those dear servants of God passed through heavy trials, and suffered many privations in their everyday life, and often had to cry unto the Lord for his kind hand to provide for their returning wants day by day, and for the needs of those that were dependent upon them. The providential trials, and the many hardships those blessed men had to endure, have in the Lord's hands been made a wonderful help and blessing to thousands of the Lord's tried and tempted people since their day; and those people have blessed God that ever such valuable books fell into their hands, for the reading of them has been so sanctified to their souls, that some have sung for joy of heart in knowing that others before them have been led into a like pathway, and have had to groan unto the Lord for him to deliver them out of similar trials.

Thus we see that the Lord's people in the past have had to suffer many hardships in providence in common with the masses of the people. To the poor of the nation it was indeed most trying to know how to get food and raiment, and to keep body and soul together. Oh! what cries, prayers, and tears went up to the Lord in those days from many an aching heart that he of his mercy would be pleased to make good his faithful word, and fulfil his holy promise wherein he says, "For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord; I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him" (Psalm xii. 5). To the poor and the needy of the Lord's people such a blessed portion of God's word was everything for them to build their hopes upon, and for their faith to centre in. But as time went on, and the century advanced, so the Lord proved himself to be a faithful God, and fulfilled his gracious promises on behalf of his poor people, and delivered them from the hand of the oppressor, often making a way for them where there appeared to be no way. Nor did the Lord forget the poor at large, for in the order of his providence trade and commerce began to revive, and the sun of prosperity was seen here and there breaking through the dark clouds that in all their gloom and sadness had gathered over "the cottage homes of England."

And in due time there was more work and a higher wage for the industrial classes throughout the land. God's providential goodness was wonderfully displayed, and by many

it was received with thankful hearts, while the faithful in Christ Jesus, who knew from whence "all blessings flow," could say to the Lord, "Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing." But the expression shows that his hand is sometimes shut, and the child of God knows it to be a truth to his sorrow! Thus we may truly say, "Bless the Lord O my soul!" that he ever raised up such valuable men who fought so nobly for the removal of those obstructions that were detrimental to the lasting good of England's sons. Their names have become familiar in the annals of history, and we trust they may never be obliterated therefrom. Who can look back upon such men who, in the hands of God, procured such great blessings for the toiling masses of our beloved country without feeling their hearts glow with love, and praise, and gratitude to God the Giver of all good?

But these great matters may be only small things in the estimation of some of our readers, but they were not so in the minds of all those that were at that time great sufferers; and, indeed, they were events of the greatest magnitude in the estimation of that blessed man of God, Mr. W. Gadsby, when speaking before a large audience in Manchester he put on his black cap on purpose to pass sentence of death upon the Corn Laws of England! Surely it must have been his Lord and Master that moved him to take such a step, and when we remember how graciously and conspicuously the Lord blessed his labours in that direction we cannot help saying that he was a public benefactor to his country, and many have risen up and called him blessed. Thus the Lord has been good to our land, and has prospered us as a nation beyond and above many other nations which we might mention. But no thanks to us for so doing; it is of his goodness and mercy alone that he has smiled upon us as a nation, and a people. Therefore we ought to say, "Unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercies, but unto us shame and confusion of faces."

The Lord has indeed been good to England providentially, and has raised up our nation for many years past to an exalted position among the nations of the earth, which we fear has at times occasioned considerable jealousy on their part. But where is there a nation *to-day* in the whole world more favoured than the English? Look at the wholesome laws by which we are governed, and all the blessings in connection with them which we are favoured to receive; and we believe that there is no greater blessing that calls aloud for gratitude from the Lord's chosen family than the liberty they

enjoy. O liberty! what a friend thou art to the saints on earth! Who can estimate thy real value? What a blessing it is to know its real worth, and not to abuse it!

Here, in this free country, which is called the "Land of Bibles," we are free to do many things which would be denied us in many other lands, and this liberty is firmly secured to us by these same excellent laws of which we have just spoken, and which are scarcely equalled, and certainly not surpassed, by the laws of any other people. It is a cause for most profound and heartfelt gratitude that all who fear God are enabled, without let or hindrance, to meet together, at any time, and in any convenient place, and worship the Lord according to the dictates of their consciences, or as the Holy Spirit has taught them so to do. This privilege has not been given to us so very many years, and we ought to highly prize it, and bless the Lord for it, for it is one of his good gifts bestowed upon his dear people.

In the early part of the century that has just passed away, we believe that the godly in Christ Jesus valued their religious privileges, and manifested great love to God, his people, and his house of prayer. It was no uncommon thing for those who feared the Lord to assemble together at an early hour on the Lord's day morning for reading and prayer, and those who lived at a long distance, as opportunity served, would meet with them. Thus, Mr. W. Gadsby, when he lived at Attleborough, would walk from that place to Coventry to the Lord's day prayer-meeting held at seven o'clock in the morning; and we have heard aged people say, who remembered those days, what very blessed times they were, and how the Lord was pleased to meet with them and revive their drooping spirits, which strengthened them in their hearts, and enabled them to go again and again. Those blessed times were golden opportunities to many that attended those early prayer-meetings, and it afforded them very great pleasure in their declining days to speak of them to their younger brethren in the Lord, as a reminder of that blessed command which Moses gave to the children of Israel when he came down from the Mount; "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." And do not the brethren in Christ Jesus need reminding now of the same command? Alas! we are apt to forget!

The spiritual state of God's Zion in the early part of the century has often been referred to by many of the Lord's people in later years. Some have said that the Lord was very mindful of, and very merciful to his chosen family, by raising up for them such highly favoured servants of Christ

and who were made through the Spirit such able ministers of the gospel. Those faithful ministers were (some of them) Huntington, Jenkins, Chamberlain, Brooks, Romaine, Toplady, Newton, and many others which we need not enumerate here, but who were equally favoured of God, and whose ministry was blessed to many souls. These Masters in Israel, and we might say, these valiant men of truth, were sent in various directions throughout the land; the Lord fixing the bounds of their habitations for them. But they were so dispersed abroad for the spiritual good of the Church of Christ in the wilderness, and for the Glory of a triune Jehovah; who had taught them by his Holy Spirit, upheld them by his power, and was guiding them by the skilfulness of his hand. And it is remarkable to notice how the Lord was pleased to stand by them, to support them in their arduous labours to which he had appointed them, and to bless the word of his grace to the hearts of his people, whom he had ordained to "show forth his praise." Thus we see what marked attention the God and Father of all mercies paid to his chosen family in those days, by providing for them the bounties of his providence, and by feeding them instrumentally through these gracious men of God with that spiritual bread which cometh down from heaven, which if a man eat thereof he shall live for ever. Therefore we see that the little flock of slaughter, a sect, we are told that is everywhere spoken against, did not in those days "live upon bread only," but upon every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God! Thus the Lord raised up these blessed men of truth to preach his gospel, and at the same time he raised up a godly people for them to preach to; and in this way the elect of God, which is the body of Christ, are nourished through the gospel and grow up into him in all things; while he (Christ) through his Spirit blessedly prepares them for those prepared mansions in glory which he has promised them when time shall be no more. As, then, time past away, so the Lord was pleased to gather these his saints into his heavenly garner, both ministers and hearers, whom he had raised up to call him blessed at the commencement of the century now passed away. But did he leave those few sheep in the wilderness entirely without an under-shepherd to go in and out before them? No! Because he hath said to them, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee!" Therefore he remembered his holy covenant, and was faithful to his word, and promise; and raised up many gracious men after his own heart, and to whom he had given grace, wisdom, and understanding, and after these precious gifts were received,

he commanded them to “Tarry in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high” (Luke xxiv. 49). (What a blessing it would be for the militant church of Christ, if ministers, professing to follow Christ would pay strict attention to that blessed command!) Thus the Lord knowing where these men were, when his set time arrived to favour Zion, he, according to his word, endued them with the gifts of his Holy Spirit, without which they could do nothing. These spiritually minded men who were dwelling in the city of the spiritual Jerusalem, were Messrs. Philpot, Warburton, Tiptaft, McKenzie, Kershaw, Smart, Godwin, Collinge, Taylor, Brown, and a number of others who were raised up, and sent forth by the Holy Spirit to labour in word, and in doctrine, in the Lord’s vineyard, and they were scattered in various places about the country according to the Lord’s direction, and appointment. And oh! how the Lord worked with them, and bore testimony to the word of his grace as preached by them! Mr. Huntington, and Mr. W. Gadsby with others, were already labouring among the household of faith when the century began; so that it was a succession of faithful men of God in one unbroken line that were raised up to feed the flock of slaughter with spiritual bread from heaven, and by the Holy Spirit to lead them in their ministerial labours unto Christ the “Fountain of living waters.” And perhaps, we shall not be saying too much if, in giving our humble testimony of their worth as ministers of the gospel, we were to say that they were men sent of God into the city of Zion to proclaim salvation by grace to Zion’s citizens, which they did with great power, and many signs followed their faithful preaching, for their Lord and Master was with them. And it is worthy of observation, how the Lord according to his eternal mind placed them in different parts of the land, where he was pleased to gather a people round them that were raised up to call him blessed. Notice the godly Mr. Tiptaft, being led by the Spirit to build a chapel at Abingdon, Berks., where the Lord highly honoured him, by calling a people by his grace who flocked to hear him, and by whom his faithful preaching was received with power, and in the Holy Ghost. Also dear Mr. Philpot of blessed memory; how he was raised up especially to be a burning light in the city of Zion to God’s living family, and how the Lord by him raised up a people to call him blessed, at Allington, Stamford, and at Oakham, where the savour and power of his blessed preaching is not yet forgotten! Look again at that very godly minister, Mr. Covell, of Croydon, who was a marvel to many who knew him in his

early days. Surely the Lord was with him indeed and in truth; and stood by him throughout all his ministerial career, and made him an honoured minister of the gospel to many souls. And what numbers flocked to hear him, so that the Lord, by him, has raised up a cause of truth in the suburbs of the great Metropolis which is a living testimony that a prophet of the Lord has been among the people there. Long may that cause of truth stand as a faithful witness against all the erroneous doctrines that are promulgated in the land. Then there are those blessed men of God; Mr. Kershaw, of Rochdale, and Mr. Warburton, of Trowbridge, they were wonderful men as preachers of the gospel of Jesus Christ, which many now living can testify; but were we to speak of their worth as the servants of Christ, and the great blessing they were made to the church of God during their ministerial labours, we should fill the whole of this month's issue of the "G.S." It is then, with grateful minds that we turn our attention to these blessed men of God, who, with numbers of others, have been raised up, and placed in the Lord's vineyard to labour there among his children in word and in doctrine, for a considerable portion of the past century; and the spiritual amount of good they have done through grace, will never fully be known until the time arrives when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, and they that have done good will be received into eternal glory, but they that have done evil will receive the due reward for their sins.

It was during the century now gone, and in the midst of the spiritual labours of those esteemed servants of Christ we have just mentioned, that the "Gospel Standard," through the zeal of our late dear friend Mr. John Gadsby, and his honoured father, with Mr. M'Kenzie, was sent forth among the Lord's people, and, as far as we can gather from various sources from its first commencement it has been a welcome visitor among the Lord's dear people, and we have not the slightest hesitation in saying that it has carried great encouragements and many consolations to numbers of the Lord's tried family. We can look back to the time when it was first made spirit and life to our soul, and we prized its valuable reading above every earthly comfort. This testimony has been given by thousands of people in the past, and, if we are to believe the statements that are often sent us by many friends, it is a welcome visitor to-day in many a humble home. Looking back for more than half the century we can see that the good hand of God has been with it, and prospered it to a great extent; and if the Lord's hand is with it it is but of little moment whose hand is against it. Not only has the

“G.S.” been of great good spiritually to the Lord’s family, but ever since the late Mr. John Gadsby gave it to the “Aid, and Poor Relief Societies,” it has been the means of doing immense good to the Lord’s poor in many parts of the country. What rejoicings of heart there are with many of the poor saints when they get their quarterly payments, which in many instances suffices to pay the rent of their humble homes, thus producing much felt gratitude to God that he thus provides for them a home where they can rest, and to some extent feel that they can dwell there in peace.

Could not our friends make an effort to make it more widely known, and endeavour to circulate it, that it may become far more useful spiritually and temporally among the children of God? A kind friend said to us the other day, “My practice is to purchase several copies more than I want, so that I can give them away to those who cannot afford to buy for themselves.” May we affectionately suggest this good system to those of our friends who may be enabled to carry it out? We are glad to know that our friends in the Colonies, and in other countries are assisting the sale of the “G.S.” and have written us to say that they fully appreciate our feeble efforts in conducting the Magazine. We assure them, and our friends in the home country, that we strive to do our best, and hope to continue to do so, in keeping up the spiritual reputation of the “G.S.” and we trust the Lord the Spirit will guide and support us in our efforts. It has thus far been our aim and earnest desire to meet the wishes of our friends, but we find, after a long trial that this cannot be done; for some write and congratulate us upon doing certain things; while others write and condemn for having done them. However, in the Lord’s merciful goodness to us, many friends, by their kindly expressions of encouragement and goodwill towards us, have, in no small measure, enabled us to hold on our way. Looking, as we trust we always shall, to the Lord alone for the benign influence of his good Spirit to be shed abroad in our heart, and for his guiding hand to be with us day by day to keep us firm in the truth, steadfast in his fear, and ever earnestly to desire the best interests of all our readers; and above all that we may ever ascribe to him all the honour and the glory due to his name, we are, dear friends with much Christian esteem, and wishing all our readers every needful blessing.

Your humble servant to serve in the gospel of Christ.

THE EDITOR.

## THE WAY AND THE FARE OF A WAYFARING MAN.

## IN TWO LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

By W. HUNTINGTON, S.S

Dear Brother and Sister in Christ Jesus—After several storms, contrary winds, boisterous waves, turbulent seas, dangerous shoals, encounters with formidable enemies of the ghostly kind, and many entanglements among the Caribbe Islands, I am once more come to an anchor at the Cape of Good Hope, the wind at south-west. The dog-star is now out of sight, and I am looking to “Him that maketh the seven stars and Orion, and turneth the shadow of death into morning.”

It has been a day of adversity with me, in which I have had many things to consider ; and now the day of prosperity is arrived, in which I hope to be joyful. I have of late had various temptations and trials to cope with ; and acted in my voyage as Paul did in his : I cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for day ; I tried to anchor in the Spirit's former work ; in former promises applied, in former evidences, and in former visits ; but, alas, alas ! the vessel drove ; I was obliged to cast anchor out of the fore-ship ; (our refuge is a hope set before us)—but still she drove ; until a little of that threefold cord that is not soon broken was let out ; then she came to her anchor, and rode sweetly.

I am now ashore ; and, having gained the summit of an adjacent rock, I have been, with the help of my glass, making what discoveries I could, while the eddy was visible : I left the group of Candour Islands about a league from the larboard side ; I fell on the quicksands on the coast of Universal Charity ; but the wind veered and brought her off ; nevertheless, some of the crew were infected from the shore, and we performed quarantine.

The old shattered weather-beaten vessel has sprung several leaks ; her timbers are impaired, her planking is much decayed, and ere long she will undoubtedly go to pieces ; but nothing will be lost but the mortal infection of the timbers and the lading ; for she will be weighed up again, refitted, and numbered among the first raters as soon as the Master Builder appears ; for he has sworn that no vessel of mercy shall suffer eternal wreck, or be deluged in wrath.

The storm is now forgot, this part of the voyage is to be performed no more ; the Captain is with me, the sun shines warm, and the good old wine is going about. O how sweet are the visits of Christ, after faith and patience have been tried ! He stands behind the wall in times of trouble ; shews himself through the lattice when the proud heart is humbled ; sits as a refiner by the side of the furnace, regulates the heat, and brings us out when self is denied ; affords supporting grace, stirs up and discovers the

base metal at the bottom, purges away the dross and tin, and makes the trial of faith more precious than gold, and the believer like the golden wedge of Ophir. Thus we go through fire and water, but he brings us out into a wealthy place: "the ransom of a man's life are his riches." Christ is our ransom, wealthy place, hiding place, resting place, and dwelling place.

Having enjoyed my Lord, soon after I made the land I went to survey the little hills, and attempted to water the ridges thereof, in hopes of the blessing of increase. We had some little appearance of the days of the Son of Man: the perfection of beauty shone forth; the fire was scattered from the altar; reviving sparks and living coals went forth at his feet; while his inflaming purifying influences warmed the heart, and brightened the countenance of those that are of the true circumcision.

With delight I looked upon Zion, the city of our solemnities; but with more delight to see the Master of Assemblies there. O to stand in Christ's strength, begirt with his truth, enrobed with his righteousness, cheered with his inward testimony, illuminated with the light of his countenance, free in his liberty, and wise in his wisdom! Then the eye of faith pursues his mysterious steps, which he makes glorious, while he displays his power and majesty as our King and our God in the sanctuary.

Upon the thirsty soul he comes down as rain upon the mown grass, and as showers that water the earth; which makes love, joy, peace, praise, and gratitude, to spring forth while himself delights in his own fruits. He unstops the ears of the deaf, opens them to pleasing discipline; causes a joyful sound to be heard behind, while the still voice informs the wondering listener, "This is the way, walk ye in it." With the hammer of his word he smites the inflexible heart of another; opens the everlasting doors, and makes the careless, senseless, stupid mortal attend to the voice, and reply, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." He takes the bane of guilt from the envenomed conscience of another, and sets the rescued sinner to banter the king of terrors, and the house appointed for all living: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" He coaches the eyes of the blind, draws the veil from the understanding, lets a healing beam into the heart; and makes him that sat in darkness and in the shadow of death show himself: the soul peeps out of obscurity and out of darkness, views his past life as a dream, supposes himself in a new world, and shines forth in the Sun that shall never go down. He takes another struggling in the horrible pit and in the miry clay, pulls him out of the deep waters, shews him the way of life and path of peace; fixes his wavering heart, puts a new song in his mouth, and ever after orders his goings. Takes another, that has been long struggling against sin in his own strength, by which he has only burdened his soul with additional fetters, and proclaims his enlargement; sets his soul at liberty, and tells him to run the race set before him, looking to his Great Deliverer; pours a little of the oil of myrrh on the handle of the unbeliever's lock, and

makes the bolt of infidelity fly back, while loving-kindness and tender mercy take possession and display their banner there ; thus turning the den of dragons into a silver palace, while all the powers of the soul proclaim their Sovereign come, kiss the Heir-apparent, acknowledge his hereditary right to government, and crown him King at large.—He lets the enthralled sinner, that has been long cooped up in the stronghold of flesh and blood, out of his cell ; unfolds the door of hope in the valley of Achor ; when slavish fear with her train of terrors and the discovered tormentor skulk off, while the happy soul feels its plumage, spreads its wings, and escapes like a bird from the hand of the fowler, where it hopes to hear no more of the stormy wind and tempest. He whispers peace to another : bids the waiting soul be patient and quietly hope. They shall not be ashamed that wait for Him : discovers and lays open the heart of the secure sinner, and spreads all his crimson crimes and carnal hopes before his face ; saying I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine : restores the wanderer, binds up the broken-hearted, informs the misled, fixes the wavering, relieves the distressed, succours the tempted, suckles the weakling, confirms the unstable, smites the froward, disappoints the self-willed, feeds the hungry, satiates the thirsty, replenishes the sorrowful, and settles the marriage-treaty with the suspicious soul, that burns in the raging flames of cruel jealousy ; and suffers himself to be held in the galleries.

Thus goes the King in the sanctuary, and spreads the savour of his name, and the bounties of his hand, until every broken heart be warm, every evidence bright, and the smiles of the face proclaim Him the health of their countenance, and their God. Surely these are some of his ways, but how little of him is understood ! John saw him walking among the golden candlesticks ; and no wonder, when it is the office of our High Priest to trim the lamps, supply the vessels, and keep the lights burning ; and who so fit as our Sanctifier, our Unction, and our True Light ? What a wonderful mystery is the soul-vanishing, soul-dignifying religion of Jesus Christ, when really felt and enjoyed in the divine power thereof !

These thoughts were hovering about my heart and head at the time you were in the north ; but my cruse began to fail, the tide ebbed, and my pen dragged heavily ; therefore (like the man that began to build) I left off not being able to finish. If any part appears too rapturous, let it be remembered they are some of the first springs that arose, after my recovery from a fit of the ague and fever, in which I left some dregs of the old cask behind ; and, as Job says, " My root was spread out by the water, and the dew lay all night upon my branch. My glory was fresh in me " (Job xxix. 19, 29).

At present the Lord has left communing with me in that comfortable familiar way ; and, like Abraham, I am returned to my place, where I hang in an even balance, poising betwixt self and Christ. I know he is gone up, but instead of going up after him, I am looking within, though I am certain I must look out before I can fetch him

in: the spouse acted a wiser part, she went out to seek him, and she found him, and held him fast, nor would she let him go until she brought him to her mother's house, and into the chamber of her that conceived her. However, bless his name! he is a constant visitor; he visits our sins with the rod, and our souls with salvation: the former is to make us appear less than nothing, and the latter, that himself may be all in all.

The old man must be put off, mortified, yea, crucified; but there is no putting the old man off but by putting the new man on; no mortifying of him but through the Spirit; no crucifying him but by fellowship with Christ in his sufferings, and a conformity to his death. The new man may be known by his penetrating eye, seeing things that are invisible to bodily eyesight; by his nice ear, which tries the word as the mouth tastes the meat;—by his delicate palate, "Thy words were found and I did eat them";—by his activity, "My spirit made diligent search";—by his affections, "I delight in the law of God, after the inward man";—by the image that he bears, "created in righteousness and true holiness";—by his delight in worship, "for a day in thy courts is better than a thousand";—by his heavenly mindedness, "they shall dwell on high, and see the king in his beauty";—by the things that he enjoys, life and peace;—by his tenderness and warm adherence to the cause of God, "and of the rest durst no man join himself to them";—by the company that he keeps, my delights are with the excellent of the earth;—by his divine origin, born of God;—by the matter of his conception, the incorruptible seed that lives and abides for ever;—by the relation that he claims to God, crying Abba, Father;—by his attachment to sovereign grace, "of his own will begat he us, by the word of truth";—by his superlative love to his father, "being born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God"; by his glorifying his Creator, "this people have I formed for myself, they shall shew forth my praise";—by the fortitude he is equipped with, "strengthened with might by his spirit in the inner man";—by his spiritual fruits, "created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them."

The old Adam, or old man, may be known by his evil motions, "in my flesh dwelleth no good thing";—by his attachment to the old cause, "get thee behind me, Satan; for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men";—by his cursed loyalty to the old usurper, adhering to the law in the members—by his infernal rebellion, the flesh lusting against the Spirit;—by his unjustifiable war, "abstain from fleshly lusts that war against the soul";—by his false candour and Antinomian principles, he would have us cleave to the letter of the law; but wars against the law in the mind, to bring us into captivity to the law of sin;—by his assiduity in mischief, "when I would do good evil is present with me";—by the assistance that he gets from the devil to oppose the Spirit, "the things that I would not that do I";—by his doing

despite to everything that is good, "and these are contrary the one to the other; so that ye cannot do the things that ye would";—by his delight in wickedness, "with my flesh I serve the law of sin";—by his vile affection for the reprobate, "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh";—by his desperate hatred to God, "the carnal mind is enmity against God";—by his incredulity, "what sign shewest thou?"—by his endeavouring to put us to shame in the Lord's work, "and I was with you in weakness and in fear, and in much trembling";—by his struggling to get from the cross, and his hatred to the mystery of it, by which he lost his life and power, as leader and ruler, "knowing this, that our old man is crucified with him";—by his incapability of enjoying any covenant blessings, "flesh and blood cannot enter the kingdom of God, neither doth corruption inherit incorruption"; by the image that he bears, a fallen countenance and a hatred to the light, "Adam where are thou?"—By his loving to make a covering of every web, as Adam did of leaves;—by his hypocrisy, "the old man is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts;" by his indefatigable labours in opposing the new man, "if any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me."

These things make the Shulamite appear as it were the company of two armies; black, but comely;—as the tents of Kedar;—as the curtains of Solomon;—as the earthen vessels with spiritual treasure; as broken pitchers with burning lamps;—as a flock of sheep spotted and spangled; as poor, yet having great riches; as foolish, and yet made wise;—as the offscouring of the earth, and yet the excellent of it; as base, and yet honourable;—as well known, and yet unknown;—as illiterate, yet taught of God;—as dying, and behold we live;—as persecuted, but not forsaken;—as having nothing, yet possessing all things;—as troublers of the people, yet the chariot and horsemen of the nations;—as turners of the world upside down, yet the pillars of it;—as pests to society, yet the salt of the earth. As troublesome inmates, and yet more excellent than their neighbours;—as lilies among thorns;—as lambs in the midst of wolves;—as a chaste spouse in a posse of concubines;—as shining lights in a crooked and perverse generation;—as pilgrims in a strange country;—as vessels of mercy in seas of affliction, blessed with grace, and burdened with corruption; endowed with faith, and plagued with unbelief;—with joyful hope, and slavish fear;—with love to God, and a lust to envy;—with patience and peevishness;—with submission and opposition;—resignation and strong rebellion;—meakness and hardness;—fortitude and cowardice;—a willing mind, and reluctant flesh;—real obedience, and strong resistance. Persons who answer this complex character must expect their path to be as great a paradox as their persons. The way lies through crooked places made straight;

—rough places made plain;—through darkness and through light;—through fire and water;—through tribulation and ways of pleasantness;—in deaths often, and alive always;—by evil report and by good report;—by the shadow of death and by the path of life;—through days of prosperity and days of adversity;—with much sweetness and a deal of bitterness;—heavy crosses and strong consolations;—flourishing like a branch, withering like a herb;—often refreshing and often parched;—boasting of fatness, complaining of leanness;—leaping for joy and sinking in grief;—triumphing of victory, complaining of captivity;—days of laughing and weeks of mourning;—by the valley of vision, and the valley of Baca;—by the mount of transfiguration, and by the mount of corruption;—with the wings of a dove, and the body of death.

Since I put my hand a second time to this work my pen has acted the part of a restive horse, which runs away with his rider; for I had no thoughts of making such an in and out round-about journey as this of it. But if it describes any part of the road you have come, or if it affords you any encouragement respecting the future part of your journey, or any direction concerning it, it is wholly owing to kind Providence that I met with you.

You have read, I find, the few scraps of poetry that are addressed to me; the one part of which is a refutation of the other; it verifies the saying of the wise man—the fool while he holdeth his peace is counted wise, but if he open his mouth he shall have destruction: because the lips of a fool swallow up himself (Ecl. x. 12).

I here present you with my skeleton of this learned and nerveless performance, and shall expect, according to the phrase of cantero, your candid judgment on my dissection:—

I just received two pennyworth in rhyme,  
And smiled to see the counsel of the chime;  
Self-contradiction through the whole abounds—  
A ring of changes, not a peal of rounds.

The judgment seat my pretty judge assumes,  
And to arraign the justified presumes;  
He gives the laws and tells me how to act,  
What to advance, and what I must reject.

He smites my pride, my wisdom, and my wit;  
Shews what will miss, and what is sure to hit;  
Arraigns my mystic thoughts and ready tongue,  
And feigns to set me right by counsel wrong.

He owns the Saviour raised me up on high;  
My call to preach the word he'll not deny;  
Yet hints my climbing, not my coming in,  
To make me out a minister of sin.

Of priestly pride he bids me to beware,  
And shews a danger that engenders fear;

Yet deigns to nurse the senior clergy's pride,  
Or stir them up that they may help deride.

My heart he searches, and each thought arraigns ;  
To find my motives he will try my veins :  
He bids me love, but tells me not to rail,  
And shews what God will own, and what must fail :

He bids me preach, but never mentions men,  
Lest truth disturb the cockatrice's den :  
At Antinomian errors I may bawl,  
But at free-will must let no sentence fall.

My learned tutor having set my task,  
And penetrated through my sable mask,  
His sire advised him to conceal his name,  
Lest Truth should put his crafty son to shame.

At old Socinus I may storm at large,  
At Arius the shaft of God discharge ;  
For these he owns would pull the Saviour down,  
And, if they could, would rob him of his crown.

On lies like these my tutor drops a curse,  
But spares Arminius, though by far the worse ;  
If they would fain see Jesus' kingdom fall,  
These steal the crown, the sceptre, sword, and all.

The stubborn will of man resists the Lord ;  
Self-will and Truth did never yet accord ;  
Remove the cause, its ill effects must fall—  
When man is nothing, revelation's all.

Behold how bless'd are preachers of the word,  
Idiots and knaves their kind advice afford !  
Lest from destruction's path our feet should stray,  
Both moles and bats will point us out the way.

He that judgeth us is the Lord ; " it is God that justifieth, who is he that condemneth ? " There are those that condemn the just and justify the wicked—this is their presumption ; " but we 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. But he that is spiritual judgeth all things, yet he himself is judged of no man " (1 Cor. ii. 14, 15.—His superiority of judgment in things spiritual is a privilege that results from sovereign grace. Judgment, according to truth or righteous judgment, is to be attended to ; what is commonly called a judgment of charity, or candid judgment—is too often seen to be nothing but hypocrisy, or false judgment, favouring the children of falsehood—and the cause of Satan.—I must, dear friends, conclude, wishing you and yours the comfortable possession of the upper and nether springs, while I remain, in the cause of our sovereign Lord, your ready and dutiful servant to command,

WM. HUNTINGTON,

Winchester Row.

SPIRITUAL BUILDING, OR A REFLECTION ON  
ROMANS XVI. 13.

By MR. HAZLERIGG.

THE Apostle was, as he says, a wise master builder. The grace of God had made him so. He therefore lay a foundation for his building. Had he not done this he would not have been wise. Moreover, he lays an adequate foundation, or here again he would have been deficient in wisdom. In Psalm 89 God says, "Mercy shall be built up for ever," the whole superstructure in the house, the Church of God, shall be of mercy. Not a part of it in which mercy shall not shine. The light of the divine city is like unto a stone most precious, every part of the city is radiant of mercy. Well then mercy must be laid as the foundation. Thus Jesus says, "I will have mercy, and not sacrifice." And one whole Psalm of David sings of nothing else, "for his mercy endureth for ever." In Romans xii. the Apostle aims at building up the saints of God on their most holy faith, in a way of Gospel exhortation. He therefore signifies to whom he is addressing himself, calling them brethren, the family of God, born again, and lays the foundation for his address to them in the mercy of God, which had visited them, and made them new creatures in Christ Jesus. He alludes in the word mercies to what he had previously written. In chapter xi. he points out how God had "concluded all in unbelief, that he might have mercy upon all." That mercy might start as it were afresh upon them, and be the reigning, only reigning, principle in their recovery. Choosing mercy, redeeming mercy, regenerating mercy, everlasting mercy, is only to reign here. Well then may the Apostle write to these vessels of mercy, so distinguished, so loved, "We beseech you therefore brethren by the mercies of God." He exhorts to various things in harmony with what God in Christ had done for and in them. The actions exhorted to are truly spiritual actions. They cannot be performed in any way but by the indwelling power of the Holy Spirit. They are far beyond the capability of nature. They are things of a new creation, not of the old. "By God actions are weighed." Unless the Lord himself is in these actions, even if in resemblance performed, they when weighed in the golden balances of the sanctuary, must be found wanting. But Paul writes to those who had the Holy Spirit in them, working in them to will and to do according to God's good pleasure. Paul begins, "I beseech you therefore brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." The reason why they are besought to present their bodies is because it is by means of our bodies that we are able to serve God outwardly, and to the benefit of others, in our day and generation. Inwardly, and in secret, the children of God hold blessed intercourse from time to time with their Father, who sees in secret. At times they retire from others into secret places, enter into

their closets, and shut the doors, and hold communion with God. But all this is to better qualify them for acting outwardly as the children of their Father which is in heaven. Thus the light is made brighter which is to so shine before men, that they may glorify the Lord himself, who has created it. But how can the light be displayed to men? How in this respect can men be profited, except through the instrumentality of the body? By the body men naturally do the devil's work, and injure others.

This Paul fully sets forth in Romans, chapters 1 and 3. By the body the saints do God's work upon earth. Look at the picture of men naturally as painted by God. Eyes full of adultery, adder's poison under their tongues, feet swift to shed blood; but mercy makes all the difference. Hence Paul says, "As ye have yielded your members servants to uncleanness, and to iniquity unto iniquity, even so now yield your members servants to righteousness, unto holiness." Mercy made the Psalmist desire that his tongue, his glory as a man, might sing praises unto God, and not keep silence. Again, he writes, "O God, thou hast taught me from my youth, and hitherto have I declared thy wondrous works," and he wants still to be at the same delightful employment. "Now also when I am old, and grey headed, O God, forsake me not, until I have showed thy strength," thy Christ, "to this generation, and thy power to every one that is to come." When Isaiah's lips were touched with a live coal from the altar he cries, "Here am I, send me." Thus he wanted to run upon Christ's errands, and declare his truth. We see then, why Paul says "present your bodies," for God to use them in his work, and for his glory, as redeemed, together with your souls, from the horrible servitude to sin, to the sweet service of God. This is a reasonable service to those who are by divine grace called to be saints, and redeemed by the death of Christ from that iron servitude to sin, which they were naturally under. It was a reasonable service in Adam to serve God as his creator in the Garden of Eden; it is a reasonable service in those who are created anew in Christ Jesus, and made accepted in the beloved, to glorify God with their bodies, and their spirits, which are his.

"And be not conformed to this world." We may be conformed to this world in our outward walk and course of life, as well as inwardly. He beseeches the people of God, by the mercies of God, not to be so conformed. We may act too much as the people of this world act. We may so conform ourselves to their ways either of pleasure, or business, that persons can see hardly any, or indeed, no difference between their course of life and ours. In respect of pleasures we may seem to be as eager after amusements as they are, and possibly even go to places of worldly resort, flower shows, and what not, pretty much as they do; whereas as a good man writes, there should be in Christians a certain amount of singularity. They are a peculiar people, zealous of good works. Of course, in things not expressly forbidden every man must judge for himself. The conscience of one man

is not the rule for another. The word of God is the only rule. Men's hearts and motives are seen alone by God; I dare not make that a sin, which God has not positively forbidden (1 Cor. vi. 12, and x. 27.) There is too much of this sort of work. "Touch not, taste not, handle not." "Forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats." Whereas the kingdom of God stands not in meats and drinks, but in righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

To drink to excess is sin, to use wine in moderation is not. It may be unadvisable, especially in some cases. I dare not call it sin. Excess in anything is sinful. This is to abuse, not lawfully use, the gifts of God. The gluttonous man and the wine bibber are bracketed together. The lawful moderate use of any of God's gifts I dare not stigmatise as sin. The passions even are to be regulated, not rooted out. Paul writes, all things are lawful to me, but all are not expedient." Of course, Paul does not write about things of an immoral nature, and positively contrary to the express will of God. These cannot be lawful. He writes about things, concerning which, the doing or not doing, the using or not using, is left to be decided upon by the individual Christian's conscience. Scripture only says, "Come out and be separate, as saith the Lord." The Holy Spirit is a separating Spirit. He separates the people of God from those round about them. The people shall dwell alone, and not be reckoned among the nations. We dare not forge from the Word of God harsh rules and bonds for the family of God. A quick understanding in the fear of the Lord, a scriptural spiritual taste, discerning between what is agreeable to the Gospel of Christ, and the mind of the Spirit, and what is out of harmony therewith, will be a better guide to keep them from improprieties, than any hard and fast rules which we should unwarrantably fashion for them. In business, too, we dare not lay down rigid rules. Of course, scripture enforces honesty and uprightness, and the grand rule of doing unto others as we would have them do unto us. Over-reaching, grasping, hard dealing with others, and withholding from those employed due and proper remuneration, and thus grinding the faces of the poor, all this is utterly foreign to the spirit of Christianity. These in fact are the very things which, as James says (chap. 5) will at length bring miseries upon those who indulge in them. Christians may, if left to themselves, be too conformable to the world in such things.

Then in speech. Instead of the tongue being used for God, how much of world conformity may attend it. The tongue can no man naturally tame. It is a world of unquity. And even in Christians may often be a fountain sending forth insipid or bitter waters. Christians necessarily are thrown into the company of the ungodly; what is their conversation in such cases? Is there any savour of grace about it? They meet together? Is their conversation such as tends to mutual edification, or does it degenerate into mere idle gossip, tittle tattle.

froth, and frivolity? I feel upbraided as I write. I need Paul's admonition to be graciously worked in me, "Be not conformed to this world."

But I see this will never be truly effected, unless the worldly conformity of my mind is rectified. Out of the heart are the issues of life, out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. Well, then, does Paul in his exhortation continue, "but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind," transformed as to your walk, and speech, by the transformation of your minds, transformed as to that which is without, by the transformation of that which is within. The mind is the heart as thinking, judging, affected by things. Men naturally think, judge, and are affected in a natural way. Their minds taken on a worldly pattern are affected in a natural way. Their mind is conformable to that of the world round about them. It must be so. Even if a force is put upon their bodies, it is like a straight waistcoat on the limbs of a maniac, and sooner or later the real character of the mind will display itself. Luther found this to be the case when a monk, Jerome, found it out in a wilderness. Here then is the grand secret of nonconformity to the world without, to be non-conformists to it within, by the renewing of our minds, whereby we are transformed. We must think, judge, be affected differently to what natural men are, or we shall never be truly and properly freed from conformity to them in life and conversation. By this change of mind, this renewing, the Christian is also made capable of proving, and approving, the good and acceptable and perfect will of God in Christ. The natural man, a man naturally, cannot discern the things of Christ, they are foolishness to him; but those renewed by the Holy Spirit in the spirit of their minds, can see what the will of God in Christ is both as to what they are to believe, and as to how they are to walk in conformity with that believing. They see the mercies of God, and they also see what their course of conduct should be in accordance with those mercies. This Paul indicates in his epistle to the Philippian. Only let your conversation—course of life—be as it becometh the gospel of Christ. This is looking into the perfect law of liberty, and continuing therein, not being forgetful hearers, but doers of the word.

Now the very first transformation is to be transformed into little children. Not only children, but little children. Children, who think of themselves as children, and who therefore have not a high opinion of their own wisdom, or knowledge, and capability. It is a great thing to take a true measure of ourselves, and not to fancy ourselves bigger than we are. Not in this sense to be righteous overmuch, or to make ourselves overwise. We may take a just, a proper, view and estimate of any gifts God has imparted to us for the benefit of others, that we may seek to diligently use them. But to over-rate ourselves is sadly injurious to ourselves, and the Church of God. "Yea, all of you

be subject one to another," says Peter, keep your own proper places, and be useful to one another therein. The poet says of those in heaven, "In shining ranks they move." Of course this is poetical. But it conveys the idea that all keep their proper places, there is no breaking of ranks in heaven, like there is upon earth through the pride of the human heart—the pride of the natural life, the life of the flesh.

Paul, himself experiencing the efficacy of divine grace in making him humble, and thus removing in some good degree the beam of self-esteem out of his own eye, says to every man at Rome, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think, but to think soberly, or in a sobering way, as God had dealt to every man the measure of faith. He addresses every believer at Rome. The most eminent and also the least, the elders as well as the younger, the most gifted as well as the least so. He knew from his own experience all were in danger of pride, and that divine grace alone could rectify it. All needed admonishing. The most eminent might swell out into self-importance, the least might want to swell out into being something more than God had made them. He wished them therefore to take a just measure of themselves, and not to be bloated with self-esteem. He did not wish even to disavow the gifts and abilities and positions God had given them in the Church of God. He did not want them, in a false humility, to hide their talents in the earth. The manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man, that he who has it may profit others by the use of it. Neither a false notion of Christ as an austere Saviour, or a false humility, should keep men from using such gifts as God has given them for the profit of the family of God. The house of Stephanus, having gifts of ministry, addicted themselves to the use of them. This is commended, not scorned, ridiculed, or reproved. Well, then, Paul would have the people of God take a just estimate of what God had qualified them for in the Church of God. Neither over-estimating, or underrating, but according as God had dealt to every man the measure of faith. He illustrates this by a comparison drawn from the human body. The body is one, but it has many members, and each member has its own work to perform for the advantage of the body. There is no independance of parts, all are mutually dependant. So believers, being many, are nevertheless one body in Christ, and members one of another. No believer is independent of other believers. Each one has his place, each one in that place is for the benefit of the whole body, and the whole body for him. Paul then proceeds to exhort, in harmony with these truths, those who, being the true and living people of God, constituted the various parts of this body, the real church of God.

He begins with those holding particular and public offices in the true church, and then in a more general strain exhorts all the various members.

These are what we may call general and universal duties, and

special duties to be performed by those holding particular offices. In verses 6-8 these special obligations are first noticed, and then a Christian conversation generally is set forth in a way of exhortation. I can merely glance at these things. First, then, a few words in reference to special offices in the church. "Whether prophecy, let us prophecy according to the proportion of faith." All preaching is in a sense prophesying, for in it we set forth the eternal judgment of God, and a day appointed in which he will judge the world in righteousness by Jesus Christ, whom he has raised from the dead. God will bring every work into judgment, and every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil. Some shall rise accordingly to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt. For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven, now, by what he has done in Christ, against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men. By his cross Christ condemned sin and the world that now is. Well, the rule in preaching is "according to the proportion of faith," that is, of the truth as it is in Jesus as set forth in the infallible word of God. For let him that speaketh, speak as the oracles of God. The table of shewbread must be four square, and its border four square likewise, in perfect harmony with the table. No indentedness, no bulging out, but exactly proportional (Rev. xxii. 18, 19), "or ministry, let us wait on our ministering," as Paul says in 1 Cor. xii. There are differences of administrations. One man may be qualified by the same Lord to minister to the wants of the true church in one way, another in another. For instance, Elisha, until Elijah was carried up into heaven ministered unto him. Timothy no doubt ministered to Paul. The women we read ministered to the Lord Jesus himself of their substance. So then ministers, who preach, are to have their proper wants supplied, and in a liberal spirit to be cared for, and attended to. It would seem that some were particularly designated to do this, and are exhorted to do it thoughtfully, carefully, and with diligence. To attend to, or wait upon, this matter entrusted to them. For the law says, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn." Ministers of the word should be treated with consideration and liberality.

Certainly this is not always the case. Sometimes just the reverse happens. Which plainly proves that the mercies of God are not much valued or enjoyed. These always enlarge the heart, and those who proclaim these mercies are prized and loved for their work's sake. Hearers of the gospel in some cases act very like the Jews in Haggai's days, they dwell in their ceiled houses, not much heeding if God's house lies waste. Malachi reproved the Jews for a similar selfish inconsideration, and says, "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in my house." God would have the priests and Levites in the old dispensation liberally supplied. Ministers in the new should be properly attended to and treated with due liberality.

It does not savour greatly of such liberality, when, after a minister has done his work in supplying the pulpit in some place, the paymaster appointed asks him what he charges. If he is of a diffident nature, he shrinks like a sensitive plant from such handling, and gives, the too often desired "*nothing*," as an answer. If he charges nothing, of course his actual expenses discharged, with half-a-crown or five shillings in his pocket, must fill him with gratitude, and a deep sense of the liberality of the church as displayed by the appointed exponent of it. But is this really the proper exhibition of a gospel liberality of spirit? When the poor man has to maintain, perhaps, at home a wife and children. A less sensitive man may reply by saying that his charge is so much, naming a fair and properly liberal sum, which the people he knows can well afford to give if they have hearts to do it. Then the probability is that he is held forth as covetous. Duly gibbeted for the admonition of others. Ministers of course may be affected with covetousness if left to their own spirits; but unquestionably the malady is not confined to the pulpits, it may invade the pews, and fall with deadening influence upon those whose office it may be to minister to the minister. Of course the only sure medicine, the true specific for this disease, whether in ministers or others, is that which Paul writes about—the mercies of God known and experienced.

This remedy did wisdom find  
 To heal diseases of the mind;  
 This sovereign balm whose virtues can  
 Make all our hearts enlarge this plan.

*(To be continued.)*

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#### AN EXTRACT FROM THE WRITINGS OF BISHOP HALL.

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"How often, Lord, have I wondered to see the strange carriage of thine administration of these earthly affairs; and therein to see thy marvellous wisdom, power, goodness, in fetching good out of evil!

Alas! we wretched men are apt enough to fetch the worst of evils out of the greatest good, 'turning the grace of thee our God into wantonness' (Jude 4). But, how have I seen thee, of lifeless stones to raise up children to Abraham, of sinners to make saints; out of a desperate confusion to fetch order; out of a bloody war, a happy peace; out of revolutions of revenge, love; out of the rock, waters; out of a persecutor, an apostle! How can I be discouraged with unlikelihoods, when I see thee work by contraries? It is not for me, O my God, to examine or prejudge thy counsels; take what ways thou wilt, so thou bring me to thine own end; all paths shall be direct, that lead me to blessedness."

## EXTRACT FROM HAWKER.

“If any man be in Christ he is a new creature. Old things are passed away, and behold all things are become new.”

WHILE this great truth is, and must be, most fully allowed by every regenerated child of God, it is not so well understood as the importance of the subject renders it necessary that this new creature is wholly in the spirit, and not in the body. It is our spiritual part which at regeneration is awakened and brought forth into life from the death of sin, and not our bodily part. The natural man, as Paul here calls our bodies, is not renewed, neither made capable of receiving the things of the Spirit of God more than before. This is a grand point to be well and thoroughly understood by the renewed man. And there is another like it, namely, that while the gracious act wrought by God the Holy Ghost, in regeneration, is confined wholly to the spiritual part of every child of God, and leaves the body, for the present life, in the same state as before, of an unrenewed nature, this one act of God the Spirit is a perfect and complete act, and makes the spirit of the happy receiver of this unspeakable mercy as holy as it ever will be in time or eternity.

When this blessed work of regeneration is wrought, it imparts all that is essential to life and holiness in Christ. The act is but once done, and it is completely done. There can be no defect in it, for it is the Spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing. All that are regenerated, are alike regenerated: similar to the analogy in nature. Infants when born in nature, and born perfect in all their parts, are born no more. And the child in grace hath no after addition to its being. The spiritual life into which it is brought can receive no after being or addition. Growth in grace there will be, as there is a growth in nature; but the life itself, the spiritual being, and the well-being, deriving as it doth its whole from such a source as God the Holy Ghost, is but once done, and done for ever.

Reader! Perhaps you may not have been accustomed to consider it in this light. Sure I am it is truly scriptural. And if you will grant me the moments patience and attention I shall hope, under the Lord's teaching, to prove it so. And perhaps you will be the more inclined to grant me this favour, when I add, that I am the more earnest to state it as it appears to me in this scriptural light, because I am inclined to think that it is to our ignorance in this matter, concerning the work of regeneration, on what part it is wrought, and from whence alone we look for the blessed effects of it, that so many errors abound in the church; and of consequence, so many of God's children go in leanness, and mourning of soul, all their days.

Let me begin first by stating what the Holy Scripture sets forth of the blessed work of God the Spirit in regeneration. And this, I venture to believe, is uniformly said to be wholly

wrought upon by the spirit. When our Lord described the gracious act of the new birth, in his conversation with Nicodemus, the Jew, the Lord Jesus clearly defined that it was wholly spiritual when he said: "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit" (John iii. 6). And, agreeably to the same distinction of properties, the new birth is said by the Holy Ghost to be witnessed to the *Spirit*, not to the *body*. *The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God* (Rom. viii. 16; 2 Cor. i. 22; Gal. iv. 6). And we are repeatedly told that the *carnal mind*, and the *natural man*, and the *body of flesh*, and the like, are not subject to the law of God; neither indeed can be (Rom. viii. 5), &c.

I am well aware it hath been supposed by some, yea, perhaps by far the greater part of commentators, that when the Holy Ghost, by the apostle, is thus speaking of the inability of the natural man to receive the things of God, and that the carnal mind is enmity with God, the Lord is supposed to allude to his church and people during the time of their unregeneracy. But here is the mistake. The natural man, the body of sin and death, is and must be unavoidably the same in nature, after a work of grace hath passed upon the soul, as before. It is wholly nature, wholly the same mass of flesh and blood. If the body was made holy as the soul is, by regeneration, it would be no longer liable to corruption. Whereas, the hourly tendencies of the body, by reason of sin, is to its original dust. Hence in distinction to this, when the Apostle Peter is relating to the church the blessedness of their being born again, not of corruptible seed but of incorruptible, he adds, *which liveth and abideth for ever* (2 Peter i. 22). Had the apostle considered the *body* of believers included in this new birth of the soul, the body no more than the soul would any longer be the subject of corruption. And Paul, in confirmation of the same, more than twenty years after his regeneration, speaking of himself and the body of sin and death, which he carried about with him, and in which he said dwelt no good thing, declared that he was carnal *and sold under sin* (Rom. vii. 14). I venture to conclude in what I am sure every child of God in their experience, as well as Paul, cannot but join issue: that in the blessed act of regeneration it is the spiritual part that is renewed and not the carnal. While God the Holy Ghost quickens the *soul*, which was before dead in trespasses and sins, the *body* still remains in the unrenewed state of fallen nature. Grace works not upon the old man, while the new man after God *is created in righteousness and true holiness*. Not an atom of the body is sanctified, not an atom of the soul left unholy. Blessed be God, the hour is hastening when this man of sin and corruption, which now interrupts the soul, will interrupt her no more. To the grave it is daily going. And there (saith the soul in her best house) let it go. From thence it will arise, by the power of the Lord Jesus, to whom, notwith-

standing all its unworthiness, it is united, a glorified body, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing; but that it should be holy, and without blemish (Ephes. v. 27; Phil. iii. 21).

But, with respect to the *spiritual* part of a child of God, when, by the act of regeneration, God the Holy Ghost quickens it into life, here the gracious act is perfect, complete, performed but once, and that once for ever. Very blessedly hath the Holy Ghost taught the church, by his servants the apostles, the foundation on which this doctrine rests, namely, in that, by this quickening of the soul into spiritual life, by his sovereign power, the soul is made a partaker of the divine nature, and can die no more. And you (saith Paul), being dead in your sins, and the uncircumcision of your flesh, hath he *quickened together with him* (Coloss. ii. 13). Mark the expression: *quickened together with him*. And Peter in like terms, "According as his divine power hath given unto us all things that pertain to life and godliness, through the knowledge of him that hath called us to glory and virtue: Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises: that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust" (2 Peter i. 3, 4). These are most unanswerable and decided proofs in point. The soul, by the gracious act of regeneration, is declared "to be quickened together with him," namely, *Christ*; consequently hath spiritual life in Christ, and can die no more; for Jesus hath said: *because I live ye shall live also* (John xiv. 9; Col. iii. 3, 4). And this divine power, hath given all things that pertain to life and godliness. Consequently, spiritual life and eternal life, with all their preliminaries, grace here and glory for ever. And, being made partakers of the divine nature, the soul can no longer be liable to any future death, being by this one act quickened, which before was dead, in trespasses and sins, and the nature which communicates this life being divine. Hence this blessed act of regeneration brings with it eternal life, holiness, and glory. It contains the whole work of God the Holy Ghost upon the soul. And all the after acts in which God the Spirit draws forth the soul into sweet fellowship and communion with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ, are but the blessed *effects* of this first *cause*, when bringing the soul from death to life, and from the power of sin and Satan unto the living God.

And, reader! do but add this one thought to the subject, and see what a beautiful harmony, and consistency, there is in this one act of God the Holy Ghost by regeneration, to the one act of God the Father in election, and the one act of God the Son in union and redemption. Are we not taught to look up with equal reverence, obedience, love, and adoration and praise to the HOLY THREE-IN-ONE, which bear record in heaven as the united source and joint cause of all our being, and well-being, and blessedness? Doth not this homage become suitable and proper in us, not only on account of their perfect equality in all their

nature and essence as JEHOVAH, but also as manifesting their covenant characters and offices towards us as the church in Christ? Say, then, is it not blessed, yea, very blessed, to contemplate God our Father manifesting his love in electing, choosing, and naming the church in every individual instance of the church; accepting, blessing, and making the whole everlastingly happy in Christ; and this act but once done, for it is eternally done, when done by an unchanging God, and must remain for ever (Ephes. i. 4). And in like manner is it not equally blessed, yea, very blessed, to contemplate God the Son, manifesting his love also, in betrothing his church to him for ever. And as this union could be but one act, and when wrought never to be undone, so in redeeming his church from the fall, in this time-state of her existence, "by that one offering of himself once offered, he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified?" (Hosea ii. 19, 20; Isa. liv. 5). And if these sovereign acts in God the Father, and God the Son, were but once wrought, wherefore should it be thought less powerful, less important, or less gracious, that God the Holy Ghost, in regeneration, should do the same? Why should he not, by one act, communicate all that pertaineth to life and godliness, in making as holy, and as everlastingly happy, as can be, in time or in eternity, the spirits of those whom God the Father hath once given, and God the Son hath once betrothed to himself, and redeemed once for all by his blood?

I have been the more particular in stating, according to my views of the subject, the true spiritual sense of it, because for the want of a right apprehension therein, I am persuaded (as I said before) many there are of God's dear children who go in leanness of soul and mourning all their days. And while they are on the look out for greater holiness in themselves, it is impossible to be otherwise. They are prompted to this expectation, partly by the remains of unhumiliated pride in themselves, and partly from the mistaken views of others, who teach (what they themselves, if they knew better the plague of their own hearts, would confess they never found) a progressive holiness in the divine life. Whereas the great act of faith, and the going forth of the soul, when regenerated by the Holy Ghost, is upon the Person, and blood, and righteousness of Christ. The child of God finds his joy in Christ, not in himself, or his sweetest enjoyments. He doth not live upon his attainments, but upon Christ's complete justifying salvation; not upon what he feels, but upon what Christ is: not from a work done *in* him, but upon the work of Christ done *for* him. He doth not, like the spider, spin a web out of his own bowels to hang upon; but hangs all the glory upon the Lord Jesus Christ. He enters upon a full apprehension of that sweet and precious Scripture that Christ is made of God unto him wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption, that all his glorying may be in the Lord. It will be a subject of much thanksgiving to the

Lord if these views be sanctified to any of the Lord's little ones, so as to endear Christ and comfort his people, that all those blessed effects may follow which the apostle so fully opened in this chapter (1 Cor. ii.), and which arise from divine teaching, when we can say as he did: *but we have the mind of Christ.*

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### ON PRAYER.

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**“An Invaluable Blessing, and the Highest Privilege, of every Real Christian.”** By the late Mr. John Rusk.

“Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.”—HEB. iv. 16.

(Continued from page 486, 1900.)

Fourthly.—“The commandment of the Lord is pure enlightening the eyes.” Now the moral law is called by the name commandment, and is pure also; yet, it does not enlighten the eyes,—hence, Paul, says, “When Moses (or the law of Moses) is read the vail is upon the heart,” and again he says that we are not come to blackness and darkness but the commandment really is life; and so Christ says, “My Father gave me a commandment what I should say and what I should do; and I know that his commandment is life everlasting.” Now, David was instructed by the good Spirit in those things, and therefore he says, “Thou hast given a commandment to save me.” Now, whenever this commandment of life comes home to a sinner's heart it brings purity. (i.) By pardon, God purifies the heart by faith, and where faith is there is purity also, and this comes from the commandment, for “He that believeth hath everlasting life,” and life, we have seen, is the commandment. So, then, if I have faith in Christ Jesus I may say, “The commandment of the Lord is pure.” But why? because as this commandment is life, faith laying fast hold of it brings this life into the heart, and this is drinking Christ's blood by faith, and such have everlasting life. But to the unbelieving there is nothing clean, mind and conscience are both defiled. Then how can they say “The commandment of the Lord is pure”? They may, indeed, say the words, but David speaks from experience, “Blessed are the undefiled in the way, that walk in the law of the Lord,” to be undefiled is to be pardoned. “Now ye are clean through the word I have spoken unto you,” and to be “in the way” is to be quickened. The way of life is above to the wise, and to walk in this way is by faith, for “we walk by faith, not by sight.”

But as this commandment of life is pure, so also it enlightens the eyes, and therefore it is called the “light of life.” (ii.) “Eyes” I take to mean understanding. “By faith,” we read, “Moses saw him that is invisible,” but, as we have before observed, “the law is not of faith,” but life is, for he that believeth “hath everlasting life.” Now, as David says, “Thou hast given

commandment to save me," so Christ says, "He that believeth shall be saved," and we know that the end of faith is the salvation of the soul. Therefore, we may say, that understanding is another eye: "The eyes of your understanding being enlightened," says Paul; but they that desire to be teachers of the law know not what they say. Then they have no understanding, because the veil and darkness attend the killing commandment, but this understanding, or enlightening, comes from the commandment of life, for "the commandment of the Lord is pure enlightening the eyes."

Fifthly.—"The fear of the Lord is clean enduring for ever." By "fear," I understand worship is meant, as fear often goes by the name of worship, and worship by the name of fear. When Abraham denied his wife, he tells us the reason: "Because I knew that the fear of God was not in this place," that is, the worship of God was not there. This fear is clean, because they who have it "worship God in Spirit and in truth." This will endure for ever, for we shall worship God to all eternity. Again, we may take it to mean the grace of fear, and this is clean, for "the fear of the Lord is to depart from evil;" and do we not read of "the Spirit of the fear of the Lord"? But all who serve or pretend to worship God under the law—this is called "service in the letter," and is not clean worship—have not this spirit, it never comes by the works of the law; neither have they a filial fear of the goodness of the Lord, but rather a slavish fear of his wrath, for fearfulness surprises the hypocrites, fearing wrath and destruction. "The fear of the Lord is clean enduring for ever."

Lastly.—The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether." Judgment in Scripture has various meanings. I will mention a few of the ways in which it is employed. Upon all who live and die in their sins the judgments of God will come, however they may choose to defy omnipotence, in time. Jude calls this "exacting judgment on the ungodly." Then again, however, the people of God may be oppressed and their adversaries triumph, so that, with Habakkuk, they may complain of wrong judgment yet "judgment shall return to righteousness," and all the upright in heart are to follow it. Judgment also signifies redemption from sin, Satan, this world, and death, as, "Zion shall be redeemed with judgment," &c. And lastly, judgment will terminate in justification: "He will not break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax till he bring forth judgment unto victory." Now, these various meanings attached to the word judgment are according to the word of Truth, which says, "My sword shall be bathed in heaven, and come down upon Idumea the people of my curse and judgment." Thus the judgments of the wicked are true and righteous. Then, God has declared that he will feed all who oppress his people with their own flesh and put the cup of trembling into their hand. Again, as Zion is redeemed Christ paid the

ransom price. In him judgment was laid to the line, and righteousness to the plummet." Justification is according to direct justice, for "he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." But when we have said all we must conclude, with the Apostle Paul, "How unsearchable are his judgments and his ways past finding out;" verily, "the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether." Thus to repeat: First, the law of the Lord, I believe, is the love of Christ. Secondly, the testimony is the Holy Ghost. Thirdly, the statutes are pardon and liberty. Fourthly, the commandment is life for it is pure, and this John in the Revelation confirms: "And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb." Fifthly, the fear of God is worshipping him in Spirit and in truth, which none can do but they who are partakers of the grace of the Holy Ghost, for "where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty," and so also is it where there is truth. David says, "Uphold me with thy free Spirit;" and Christ says, "The truth shall make you free:" and lastly, I have hinted at the judgments. Now, the psalmist, setting his heart upon these things, says they were the desire of his soul; "More are they to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold, sweeter than the honey or the honeycomb."

*(To be continued.)*

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"HE IS THE CHIEFEST AMONG TEN THOUSAND,  
AND THE ALTOGETHER LOVELY."

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Dear Friend,—I have felt a springing up of love to you sometimes during this day, and felt a desire created in my soul to give vent to my feelings in any way that might cause a stronger yearning after, and cleaving to, the God I love. Oh! do I love him? is the earnest enquiry of my soul—to be decided about it. Is there any object so attractive, so lovely, so costly, and so much needed? Surely my soul must say he is "the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely;" for what friend, or all the world put together, could content my heart and set it on fire with unspeakable love to God—panting after holiness, and death in feeling to the world, hatred to sin, and a willing mind to forsake every false way?

"Not all things else are half so dear,  
As his delightful presence here."

What must it be in heaven? Oh, if the Lord smiles, all is well. 'Tis he can satisfy our hungry, sin-bitten souls. No matter if all the world smiles on us, if God frowns we may safely say, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death"—death in the world, death in self, and all around us. No life but in God; no safety but in him; no rest but there; no real joy, and no salvation but in the Lamb that was slain for such vile, base, and ungodly sinners as you and me by

nature and practice. "Where sin abounded grace did much more abound." O the condescension of our dear Saviour to love us as his portion from eternity—"not for price or reward"—but for his own Name and mercy's sake. "And his delight is with the sons of men." Who can tell how greatly he delights in his treasure! Oh! how much it cost him—how great the agonies, how many floods of tears our dear Saviour shed, and at last his own heart's blood. He gave his all—all from love. Oh that we might be blessed with faith to look on him whom we have pierced, that our hard hearts might melt and crumble to pieces in viewing our dying, suffering Saviour! No wonder John should break out in holy ecstasy, lost in wonder: "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed on us that we should be called the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." A glimpse of him here is of such worth to me that it eclipses all other objects, and causes such a fear in my soul of even the appearance of any evil that would draw my mind and affections off from the one thing needful.

May the dear Lord bless you with such a sense of his goodness to one like you, that your heart may be like the chariots of Amminadib—lively with a desire to be more and more conformed to the image of his Son. May the Lord bless your dear wife with grace to seek earnestly for the salvation of her never-dying soul—and none shall seek in vain; and may she be a partaker, with you, before she goes hence to be no more, in the refreshings and revivals of hope and faith in the Lord God of Israel, and look towards the end of her journey as the sweetest part of her life. But oh! how heart-rending to the fearing and doubting one that has no well grounded hope of eternal life to think on death and judgment to come; but the Lord waiteth to be gracious to such as seek him earnestly. The living soul would freely lose every other prize to gain a heavenly prize. Who can tell the worth of a hope in the mercy of God, that will land him safe on Canaan's shore, where the lamb shall be in the midst, and feed his blood-bought train with never-ending pleasures.

Please give my love to Mrs. Dann, she has my best wishes that she may live close to her God and Father, and find him really to be a Father to the fatherless and a husband to the widow. Nothing will be wanting when by faith she can say, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

I know not what you will think of my confused scribble, but this I can say, as I feel so I write. May the Lord forgive all that is wrong, and make it to you that which is good in his sight.

The Lord bless you. Amen.

September 7th, 1865.

CHARLES WATERS.

[The above letter was written to Mr. Harris, of St. Leonard's-on-Sea, more than thirty years ago, and the writer, a godly man, as the letter testifies fell asleep in Jesus in September, 1869, at the early age of 31 years.—ED.]

## A FEW PARTICULARS OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE MRS.

GRAY, widow of the late Mr. Joseph Gray, sometime deacon at Gower Street Chapel, London, and secretary to the "Gospel Standard" Aid, and Poor Relief Societies.

"O Lord God of my salvation! I do desire with deep heart-felt gratitude and love to record a little of thy loving-kindness, pity and compassion to unworthy me. Dear Lord; be thou my kind remembrancer and help me to glorify thy blessed name! Surely thy glory is great in my salvation!"

I was born on February 18th, 1827, in a small village called Doveridge, on the banks of the River Dove. I was favoured to have a godly mother, and have heard her speak of her call by grace a few years after her marriage. As for my poor father, I do not know if he ever was called by grace.

My dear mother tried to train up her children in the way they should go. One of the little books she got for us was Dr. Watt's "Divine and Moral Songs." One of the hymns made an impression upon my young mind; it was this:

"Almighty God whose piercing eye,  
Strikes through the shades of night;  
And our most secret actions lie,

All open to thy sight."

Sometimes I had distressing feelings respecting the day of judgment, and the world being on fire; and while these feelings were upon me I tried to be a better girl, but I could not make myself better, not even for one day, however much I tried to do so, I failed before night!

I well remember my dear mother being very ill, and some one in the family said she would not live long except there was a change for the better very soon. My childish heart was full of grief. I cried bitterly, and with tears rolling down my face, I knelt down and said, "O Lord, make my dear mother better; and do not let her die!" I went into the house and watched, and listened, to find out, if I could, if my mother were better. Some time after I heard someone say that she was a little improved. I did not say a word about this to anyone until I was grown up and married. Then I told my mother of it. "Yes," she said, "I was very ill then, I had brain fever, and it was thought by some that I could not recover; but you were very young then, and only about four years old!" O how great was the goodness of God to me then, a helpless child! Who can have taught my infant heart to go to him for help but his blessed Self? Blessed be his holy name for such condescending goodness shown me. Before we are called by grace we are his, and his blessed word declares that. "In all their afflictions, he was afflicted."

In our village there was only the parish church, and the Wesleyan Chapel. We were brought up to attend the church, and the school, where we were taught many portions of God's word, which have been a comfort to me in later years. In course of

time my parents removed from our little village to Derby; there we attended church, and often while there I had convictions of sin, and thoughts of death and eternity. But I loved the world, and often strove to suppress these dismal thoughts and feelings, and said in my heart that I would repent and become religious later on. As I grew up these impressions began to decline; and the love of the world, and its vanities were the bent of my mind; and I was determined to find pleasure and satisfaction therein; but I never was able to obtain it.

In 1851 I went to London to a house of business in Edward Street, Baker Street, as a dressmaker; but oh, what snares beset my path! and having a love for the vain, sinful pleasures of this world they entangled me, and I was left for a time to follow the desires of my wicked heart, and I even left off going to church on the Sunday that I might seek pleasure elsewhere. But even now when I reflect upon such wicked practices I am filled with grief and shame; and stand amazed at the long-suffering mercy and kind forbearance of God towards me, a sinful worm. The Hymn 732 (Gadsby's) suits me well:

“Preserved in Jesus when

My feet made haste to hell;  
And there should I have gone,  
But thou doest all things well;  
Thy love was great, thy mercy free,  
Which from the pit delivered me.”

But blessed be God,

“The appointed time roll'd on apace,  
Not to *propose*, but call by grace;  
To change the heart, renew the will, \*  
And turn the feet to Zion's hill.”

In the spring of the year 1852 I was laid on a bed of affliction, and was very ill in body, but was much worse in my soul. I had scarcely any sleep for nearly three weeks; my sins stared me in the face, and it appeared as though the sword of divine justice were already lifted against me, to cut me off as a cumberer of the ground. The anguish of my soul at that time cannot be described. The fifty-first Psalm became my daily prayer: especially the first verse: “Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.” It was a real cry from my heart to God. After a while the terrors of the Almighty within me somewhat abated, and I got better in body; but something often kept sounding within my heart, and it seemed like the word “Eternity, Eternity”; my sins, too, like mountains, seemed to reach the skies; sometimes a little hope sprang up to enable me to endure. But here I must digress a little, to show the goodness of God to me in providence.

About that time a very steady young man in the country (who had been some time ago paying his addresses to me, but whom I had given up for several reasons), came to London, and dili-

gently sought me out, and found me, the friendship was renewed, and in due time we were married at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, London. He was a godly young man, and a seeker after divine things; and a great help to me, both in providence and grace, and proved to be a most kind and affectionate husband. We lived together very happily; and as "fellow heirs of the grace of life," a little over thirty years. I have blessed the Lord many times for giving me such a good husband. How immensely great is the goodness and mercy of God to his people, "but his ways are past finding out." . . . But to return.—I could not get rid of my burden; although I watched my words and actions closely; and went to church three times on the Lord's day, and tried to be very good: but it was all in vain; for my burden was still a painful load upon my mind.

One Lord's day morning, when in church, we were reading the sixty-eighth Psalm, when the thirteenth verse seemed to lay hold of me, "Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold." I said to myself, "I have indeed lain among the pots; but O, if I am to be like the dove; that will be well!" This raised a little hope within me, and I felt somewhat encouraged.

Another Scripture has often helped me when tired and weary:—"Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord: his going forth is prepared as the morning; and he shall come unto us as the rain, as the latter and former rain unto the earth" (Hosea, vi. 3). One day, when anxious about temporal things, these words came with some power into my heart: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God; and a'l these things shall be added unto you." O, how faithful the dear Lord has been in fulfilling his own word!

I became acquainted with a good woman, a Strict Baptist, and a member at Gower Street Chapel, I do not remember ever speaking to such a person before: she sometimes conversed with me on the things of God. I thought her views were very peculiar. She said, "she could see where I was looking for life," but said "that I should not find it in that way." She also spoke to me about the doctrines of grace; and God's eternal election, which I did not then understand. The latter I did not like at all; and it troubled me much: I thought it could not be right, because it did not give every one a chance to be saved. I felt that I would keep away from this woman's company and not learn such things; but I found I could not do so long together; for there was something about her that my soul loved. I felt sure she had got the true religion, which was what I longed to obtain myself. My burden was very heavy, and I often felt desperate. I said in my heart, "I have not broken *all* the commandments of God"; when this scripture was spoken into my heart with power.—"He that offendeth in one point is guilty of all." And "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the

book of the law to do them." Here I found the Lord had set my sins in battle array against me, even "in the light of his countenance." I felt myself lost, and ready to perish, and could see no way whatever of being saved. Something seemed to say to me, "You will be sure to go to hell"; and I verily thought so too! Oh! how I begged for mercy, and that I might know my sins were all forgiven! But I had to wait the Lord's time for that great blessing.

My dear husband, with myself, became very dissatisfied with the preaching we heard in the Established Church where we attended. We could not get any spiritual food for our souls. We therefore wandered about from place to place on the Lord's days, and were very unsettled for some time. One Lord's day afternoon my dear husband saw on the door of a public building in Stanhope Street, Hampstead Road, this notice, "Strict Baptist Chapel"; he went inside, and heard a minister preach, and he much liked what he said, and thought that I should like to hear him myself; so we both went in the evening, and heard him preach from these words: "And 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), and if I am not solemnly deceived, I heard him well, and I heard him again from these words: "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise" (Ps. li. 17). The while he was preaching I felt that I had a broken and a contrite heart; and my hope seemed strengthened for a time, and I humbly believed that the Lord would pardon my sins, and tell me that Christ died for me. I heard the minister again; or rather the voice of the Lord through him, from these words: "For God maketh my heart soft, and the Almighty troubleth me (Job xxiii. 16). The place was well attended. This was the first Nonconformist place of worship we ever went into, as regular attendants. There were three going to be baptised; and the minister (Mr. Aldis) very much wished us to join them; but we could not give him an answer to his question, as it was (to us) a very weighty matter, and we considered it a solemn step to take. But the subject of baptism caused me to search my Bible, and the more I did so, so much the more did I see that to be baptised aright, I must believe in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ; and to obey his gracious commands I must feel a love to him in my heart.

Well, I could say that I wanted to love him with all my heart and soul; and I hope I did love him a little, but I wanted to love him more, and to serve him better. I had been encouraged from these words: "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). But this was not a full deliverance; I had not as yet received a full pardon for all my sins; nor had I felt my eternal interest in the dear Lord Jesus Christ, but hoped that I should know and feel it not far hence. I was enabled to keep on pray-

ing, watching, and waiting, with a desire to be guided aright in this solemn matter of following the Lord Jesus in his holy command given in his word; and in course of time, my husband and myself were helped to go forward, I humbly hope by the direction of the Holy Spirit, and we were baptised at Mr. Pell's Chapel, Soho, by Mr. Aldis. In the early part of the day on which we were baptised, such fear and trembling came over me, that for a time I felt I could not go forward to the ordinance, when these precious words were spoken into my heart with power: "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" (Isa. xli. 10). This blessed help took away all my fears, and I was helped to go forward and attend to this blessed ordinance in the fear of the Lord. One of the number, who were baptised with us (an elderly gentleman) deeply regretted he had lived so long, and had neglected to obey the Lord's gracious command, and as he was leaving his home to go to chapel he was taken in a fit, and expired in a few days. How very solemn we felt this *almost* sudden departure! It might have been my dear husband, or myself. Oh! the mercy and long-suffering of God to us vile, and unworthy creatures of his hand!

We continued to worship with these people for some months; but when we began to know them more personally, we found that practical godliness was greatly wanting, both in the pulpit and in the pew; which greatly surprised and troubled us. It was most awful to my feelings to think that a man should dare to handle the word of God and not live a life becoming the Gospel of Christ! We with some others, who I hope feared the Lord, had to ~~come~~ come out from amongst them; which was a great trial to us, as we were much afraid we had been deceived altogether, and I am sure if my religion had been of the flesh, or stood in the wisdom of man, it would have left me altogether in that trial; for sin, Satan, and unbelief made sad work within me.

Having to leave that place and people, we turned our steps to Gower Street Chapel, and heard the various supplies there, and I hope I can say very profitably to my soul's feelings. Those ministers were led to trace out the exercises of my heart as I had never felt it before! Mr. A. B. Taylor, of Manchester, I heard with great power from these words: "And a man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land" (Isa. xxxii. 2). O how suitable the above text was to me. It was spoken to my soul in the early morning of *that* Lord's day; and I was much cast down; being weary with sin and Satan. During the service this hymn was sung:

"Great Rock, for weary sinners made,  
When storms of sin distress the soul,  
Here let me rest my weary head,  
When lightnings blaze and thunders roll,"

When Mr. Taylor preached from the above text, I thought it wonderful that he should describe so accurately the exercises of my soul. At another time, when hearing in a similar way again, these words came with force to my mind, "It is the same Spirit," and I felt, and saw that it was the same Spirit in the preacher that was in me; and if it is the Holy Spirit, how very highly favoured we are! But, notwithstanding all these blessed helps which I trust the Lord had given me, my sins were still as a heavy burden upon my soul, and I longed to realise the blessed forgiveness of them, and that Christ Jesus died to redeem me from all iniquity; but I could not rest long together day nor night, and felt that my spirit must have sunk had not the dear Lord appeared for my help and refuge in this time of need.

*(To be continued.)*

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**"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED."**

FATHER, let me dedicate  
 All this year to thee,  
 In whatever worldly state  
 Thou wilt have me be :  
 Not from sorrow, pain, or care  
 Freedom dare I claim;  
 This alone shall be my prayer,  
 Glorify thy name.

Can a child presume to choose  
 Where or how to live?  
 Can a Father's love refuse  
 All the best to give?  
 More thou givest every day  
 Than the best can claim,  
 Nor withholdest ought that may  
 Glorify thy name.

If in mercy thou wilt spare  
 Joys that yet are mine;  
 If on life, serene and fair,  
 Brighter rays may shine;  
 Let my glad heart, while it sings,  
 Thee in all proclaim,  
 And, whate'er the future brings,  
 Glorify thy name.

If thou callest to the cross,  
 And its shadow come,  
 Turning all my gain to loss,  
 Shrouding heart and home;  
 Let me think how thy dear Son  
 To his glory came,  
 And in deepest woe pray on,  
 "Glorify thy name."

L. T.

## Obituary.

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MR. CHARLES MOUNTFORD, of Walsall, Staffordshire.—On August 11th, 1900, aged 50 years, Charles Mountford (son of the late Mr. Mountford, minister of the gospel, who was well known to many of the Strict Baptist Churches, and very highly esteemed by those of the Lord's people who knew him as a faithful servant of Christ).

About six or seven years before his death, he became very weak in body through illness; and eternal realities were laid upon his mind with great power. His words to me were: "I thought I should die and go to hell"; he was much broken down as he repeated these words to me, and he further told me how he had been trying to ask the Lord to have mercy upon him, a guilty sinner, as he felt himself to be in his sight. As he told me this much of his feelings, it moved my heart towards him, and I felt persuaded in my mind that the dear Lord had gracious purposes of mercy and love towards him, so that I felt I could pray for him day and night, that the Lord would in his own time and way make himself known to him as his Lord and Saviour, and reveal it to him that he was an elect vessel of mercy, afore ordained unto eternal glory. This he blessedly fulfilled, as will hereafter be seen, and for which I can never sufficiently thank and praise him.

Some little time after this he had a desire to go over to Birmingham to hear Mr. Dennett preach, and to my great joy and surprise he met me at the Railway Station one Lord's day morning and we went together to Frederick Street Chapel (where I had had many favoured seasons before, while listening to that faithful and honoured servant of Jesus Christ), and where I felt sure he would find what his needy soul longed for, which was the gospel set forth in its fulness, freeness, purity, and power; and to the glory of God be it said, he was not disappointed, for it was often made spirit and life to his soul, so that he was able to feel and say that it was worth going twice the distance for. No matter what the weather was, when he was well enough to go his place was not vacant, and he felt such love to the people and their dear minister, that he would often say after the service, "How searching Mr. Dennett was, but I love it, and feel that it cannot be too searching for me. He would often say, "I want such a religion that my father had, and I feel sure it was the same that Mr. Dennett possesses."

Whenever he was in London, he would attend Gower Street Chapel, and he has often spoken of having some good times there when hearing some of the Lord's sent servants. He had a great dread of being deceived, or of anything approaching hypocrisy, and this made him very careful how he spoke of himself; and I believe he often felt much more than he expressed on that account.

Many times he has spoken of the Lord's goodness to him in a

providential way as regarded his business matters, and he could not but feel that the Lord's hand had been towards him in a remarkable manner, and he has said that he believed that he had a thankful heart for all the mercies he had received, and he added, how justly the Lord might withhold such mercies from him; but he would say, "I believe these blessings come to me in answer to my dear father and mother's prayers, which they offered up to the Lord on my behalf. He was very liberal in disposition, and this was frequently taken advantage of by the unscrupulous, as his tender loving spirit was ever ready to help those that were in need; especially the Lord's poor and needy people.

He once said to me, "I wish I knew what was just and right to give, in justice to my own family." He said, "Mr. Burns, once said of our dear father, Your father was generous to a fault, and I want to do as he did as far as I possibly can." A few months before his last illness and death, he was greatly tried and harassed in his business, and this, with the exercises of his mind, and his distress of soul, caused many persons to notice, and make remarks on his altered appearance. He so longed for the Lord to appear and give him a true token that he was one of his elect people, and that his name was written in the Lamb's book of life. He had had many little helps from time to time, but his anxious soul wanted something special from the Lord's own mouth; as he felt he could not rest on the opinions of others.

When unable to get to the house of God, he would read dear Mr. Philpot's sermons, and would often remark how he had enjoyed reading them, and what love he felt to Mr. Philpot. He also said that his excellent letters were made very precious to him in his last illness, which commenced about the month of March last, with what he thought was acute indigestion, but we thought more seriously of it, and much wished him to have medical advice, which he eventually did, and our worst fears were realized. Both physicians that attended him pronounced it to be a disease of that nature that they were unable to give any hope of his eventual recovery. His sufferings at times were very great, but through all not a murmur was once heard from him. He said, if only the Lord would have mercy upon him, and bless his soul with a felt interest in Christ Jesus it mattered not for his body. The distress of his mind was painful to witness during one whole night, and he seemed worn out with pain of body and anguish of soul. The next morning he opened his hymn-book, and the 838th hymn attracted his heart's attention; he said that it was very applicable to him, and felt that he could have shouted aloud the last verse of the hymn, which runs thus:

"Or if I never more must rise,  
But death's cold hand must close my eyes,  
Pardon my sins, and take me home,  
O come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!"

Ho wept much when he told me, but said that he had no

wish to live, if it was the Lord's will to prepare him for death, and take him to himself; but if he should get better, he then could tell all the physicians, and the world too, that it was prayer that had done it. I told him that I felt sure the Lord would have mercy upon him, for I felt such an earnest pleading for him before the Lord, and such love to the Lord, and submission to his will whatever it might be. He received two good letters from a friend in Birmingham, and said how he felt to love those people, and wondered how they could think anything of him.

On July 23rd, 1900, he said, "I have thought of these words.

'Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done,'

and there was a beautiful smile on his face as he repeated them to me. Also hymn 776 was very precious to him, the last verse being especially so. He said that he felt such unutterable love to that sweet babe which Mr. Hart sings so sweetly of. At another time he said that he felt he could kiss the Saviour's feet, and wash them with his tears.

July 30th he said that he had been begging of the Lord to give him patience, and grant him another clear evidence of his eternal interest in Christ Jesus before his departure from this world, and before his soul quitted this mortal body. He had rather a bad night, but some blessed portions from the word came and helped him a little: He desired to feel quite passive in the Lord's hands, and to quietly wait his time, which was the best time. He said to those sitting in the room with him, "If I could get up from this bed quite well, and live fifty years longer, and have all earthly pleasures that could be offered, I could, and would say too, 'all that is nothing to me now'"; then he quoted with much feeling,

"Sorrow and joy I shall exchange,  
For ever freed from pain;  
And o'er the plains of Canaan range;  
For me to die is gain."

He then said, "I can leave all, I have not a wish but to lie passive in the Lord's hands; and know no will but his."

He awoke on Lord's day morning in a beautiful frame of mind, begging of the Lord to be with his saints everywhere, and to bless them, and he begged him to keep his mind stayed on him, and taken from all earthly things. He asked me to read to him that most beautiful hymn of dear Toplady's:

"Rock of Ages, shelter me;  
Let me hide myself in thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy wounded side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r."

He said that although he had felt low in the night, still he had some sweet helps; and such beautiful portions of Scripture came

into his mind; such as, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee," etc. He then went on to distinctly describe what he saw, in vision, as written on a white street in most beautiful letters ("*Elect according to the foreknowledge of God*"). He assured me that it was no fancy, and those words were spoken over again, and they were beautiful.

August 3rd he said: "I am waiting and longing to go to my heavenly home when the Lord is pleased to take me." He said, "*Once more give my love to the friends at Birmingham.*" Just about this time I received a kind, good letter from Mr. Feazey, which I read to him. He said, "I hope Mr. Feazey is not deceived in me!" He feared at times, through the great weakness of body, his mind might give way. He lifted up his hands, and exclaimed with much feeling, "Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name," and went on with the following verses. I said to him, "I have been thinking over many things you have told me." He replied, "I have not told you half, I *cannot*," but he continued, "I can only *feel it*. I want to be swallowed up in love, I want him to kill me with love." On August 6th he was much weaker, and had become considerably wasted in flesh. He looked earnestly at me and said, "It cannot be long now!" I said, "There is only One that can do you good now, and that is the good Physician!" He replied, "He was very near to me in the night." (August 9th.) When I went into his room he said, "Oh! I have had a dreadful night! *forsaken*, and I can't pray." I said, "No, no.

'He'll never leave thee, doubt it not;

In pain, in sickness, or in death.'

"It's Satan that tells you you are forsaken." I reminded him of much that he had received before from the Lord, and quoted to him many of the sweet words that had been blessed to his soul, and in doing so my heart went up to the Lord in silent prayer on his behalf. I quoted this verse to him:

"He knows how weak and faint thou art,

And must appear at length;

A look from Him will cheer thy heart,

And bring renewed strength."

After a time he became quiet and calm, when he looked at me so earnestly and said, "*Thank you.*"

On August 10th he was not able to talk, but put forth his hand and held mine. I said, "The Lord will be with you!" and he moved his head, and still held my hand, as if to say good bye; he lingered until the next day, and in the afternoon he asked to be lifted up, and he then prayed very earnestly to the Lord, that if it was his will he had suffered enough, to take him. He was heard to say, "Weary of earth." Then these words very slowly followed, "Dear—Jesus—peace." And he very quietly passed away into that eternal rest for which he had been longing and waiting, where there is no more sorrow or pain. I can truly say. my last end be like his.

R. M.

MRS. SARAH POTTEN.—Sarah Potten, the beloved wife of William Potten, of Cranbrook, Kent. She was born at Mayfield, Sussex, on July 13th, 1818, and died at Cranbrook on October 9th, 1900. She was a kind and affectionate wife and mother, and is greatly missed by her sorrowing husband and children.

When she was quite young she attended the late Mr. Abbott's ministry at Mayfield. She was a tried and exercised woman, who loved a free grace Gospel, and was greatly attached to the ministry of the late Mr. Smart, and also to that of Mr. Prince, and to others that supplied at Providence Chapel, Cranbrook.

When Mr. Smart was laid aside from preaching she and her husband opened their house to receive the ministers, until prevented doing so through affliction in their family. She was not a great talker, but a humble walker, and always attended the means of grace when her health and strength permitted. At times she has gone to hear the word greatly cast down in her soul's feeling, and has returned home, helped and encouraged under the word.

Now, to come to the last few weeks of her life. She had been failing for several months, and was not able to attend the chapel after the first Lord's day in July. She was taken worse on August 13th, when she felt that her time here would be but short, which much distressed her mind at times, and she begged earnestly for another token for good, if the Lord would but grant it. He very graciously appeared for her help on the night of August 18th, when to all appearance we thought she was dying. She looked up, and said, "All is for the best, asleep or awake." On the morning of the 19th she revived again, and asked for that verse to be read:

"Why was I made to hear thy voice,  
And enter while there's room;  
When thousands make a wretched choice,  
And rather starve than come?"

Afterwards the enemy was permitted to distress her very much; so that she felt her religion would come to nothing; but the Lord very mercifully appeared for her again, to the reviving of her hope, when she quoted many portions of hymns, and some passages of Scripture. The 121st Psalm, particularly the two last verses, were very sweet to her. Also the hymn which contains this beautiful verse:—

"Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;  
Still support and comfort me."—(303, Gadsby's.

On October 6th she was very ill, and felt that she was drawing near her end. She looked up and said, "Father, I think I shall get to heaven now, and I should like for Mr. Prince to bury me." On the morning she died she quoted that verse:

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

And this passage yielded her sweet comfort: "For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, that hath mercy on thee" (Isa. liv. 10). She then said, "I feel to want—'To fall into His arms outright, And lose myself in Jesus quite.'" After saying "Dying strength in a dying hour," she gradually sank and died.

[I knew the above Mrs. Sarah Potten for twenty years, and always felt that she had a religion of the right kind. I committed her mortal remains to the earth in Cranbrook churchyard in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection to eternal life.]

GEORGE PRINCE.

Mr. JESSE WARREN.—The time when the Lord began a work of grace in our departed friend's soul is not known. He was labouring under the burden of sin, an angry God, and a broken law for three years. He was brought up in the Church (not the church of God), but he visited other places of worship (so called) to find peace and comfort to his condemned soul. But like the dove when sent out by Noah from the Ark, he found no resting place, the waters still covering the earth, and all nearly gone.

About this time he heard a Mr. Shepherd, of London, preach from 1 Cor. vi., 19, 20, from which discourse he was a little comforted, yet the distress of soul remained, and he very much feared that God had no mercy for him. But was not this little help received something like the day-dawn, and the day star rising in his heart? On the following day (Monday) when passing through a tunnel with his train as guard, the Lord the Spirit brought the same portion of divine truth to his mind again, with power, so that "the blessed sun of righteousness now arose with healing in his wings." His soul was now filled with love to his dear Lord, who *had* loved him, and raised him from the pit of corruption, and that love flowed back to the same source whence it came. His heart was so full of love that he felt he must go and tell the engine-driver that God loved him, and that he loved God.

Reconciliation and peace was now made manifest between a Holy God and a guilty sinner, through the atoning blood, and righteousness of a precious Christ. What a sweet rich grace is pardon to a sensible sinner, and a guilty wretch.

All this he was left to call in question. On another occasion, when listening to the Mr. Shepherd alluded to, he (Mr. S.) appeared to look him straight in the face, when he said, "Poor sinner, the Lord will never allow a child of his to sin his soul into hell, but he can permit a hell to get into your soul! This remark was a great help to him, and quite revived his drooping spirits.

He was baptised at Reading, but how he was led to see the ordinance of believers' baptism we cannot say. He died of a malignant disease, and his sufferings at times were very great.

Here the dear Lord led him more into the depravity of his fallen nature, and brought him more to prize and value the unspeakable Remedy found alone in a crucified, risen and exalted Saviour. As he, and his dear wife felt the need of patience, how earnestly did he cry to the Lord to give it to them! He felt a great union to the little church to which he was united, and often said how he tried to pray for the friends, and they felt the same towards him. The Lord blessed him with much patience and resignation to his holy will, in his heavy trial. He possessed in his dear partner, a godly wife, and a most suitable and devoted nurse, who he said the Lord gave him in answer to prayer. She is a daughter of the late Mr. Varder, of Yeovil. In the early part of his affliction he was very much favoured, but not so much in the latter part. But having lived the life of the righteous, he also died the death of the righteous. He was well established in the doctrines of Grace, and loved to feel the power of them in his own soul.

J. W.

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MRS. ELIZA LESTER.—Formerly a member of Providence Chapel, Southwick, but joined the Church of God at Zion Chapel, Trowbridge, May, 1884. She had been ailing for some years past, and often feared that she had some inward serious trouble coming on. In the spring of this year she went into the Hospital at Bath, where after careful examination the doctors said her only hope was in an operation; and they were not at all hopeful that she would live through it. Her husband brought her home, and for a time she appeared to be a little better. She spoke of the great peace of soul that she had experienced when in the hospital, and said, "I was like a little child in the Lord's hands; and felt willing for him to do just what he thought best for me." At the end of June she told a friend of the great desire she had to sit down once more at the Lord's Table. She said, "I cannot understand people when in trouble keeping away from the house of God: I have often gone with my soul bowed down within me, and have found help there."

On the first Lord's day in July the Lord gave her just strength enough to attend the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, and referring to it afterwards she said, "I did feel his presence then!" At another time she said, "If not deceived, the Lord has spoken many times to my soul; I can do nothing, not even think one good thought, nor utter one prayer aright; but O I am thankful I have nothing to do! Jesus did it all!"

Two years ago when death was feared to be near, her soul was greatly blessed by the following lines, being applied to her with some sweetness and power:—

"If my hope on Christ is stayed,  
 Let him come when he thinks best;  
 O my soul, be not dismayed,  
 Lean upon his loving breast;

He will cheer thee  
With the smilings of his face."

She said, "I have no other hope but in Him."

The day before she died she was kept very calm and peaceful. Several times she quoted these words, "Yes, I shall soon be landed," also, "Rock of Ages, shelter me"; and her prayer was, "Come, Lord Jesus, O come quickly." I buried her in Southwick Chapel burying ground, and addressed the numerous friends in the chapel from the words:—"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

A. PEET.

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ESTHER E. ROLFE.—Our late dear friend was a simple-minded gracious person, formerly a member of the Strict Baptist Church at Gower Street, and feared the Lord from her youth. A succession of illnesses so weakened her frame and affected her limbs that she had to give up her situation a number of years ago and go to live with her friends, near Chelmsford. Her sister, Mrs. Ward, writes that the disease which finally brought her to the house appointed for all living was first observed in December, 1899. She was then able to get to the Lord's house, and, until the April following, in which month a sister-in-law died from the same disease. Esther then became rapidly worse, and earnestly longed to "go home." She asked her minister, Mr. Boulton, to sing a piece she had much enjoyed, and had tried to sing it herself: "The Lamb is the light; and there is *no night there*." She also desired he would bury her among the chapel friends in Chelmsford Cemetery. Through the Lord's mercy and goodness, and the kindness of friends she wanted for nothing. On Saturday, September 30th, she had moaned in spirit a great deal, and spoken of being "so tired," and pleaded in her oft-repeated words, "Do grant, Lord, that thou wilt soon come and take me to thyself"; which were her last audible words, when about ten o'clock on Lord's day evening she fell into a quiet sleep, and just after midnight she gently passed away. By her desire Mr. Boulton, the next Lord's day, spoke from the words, "He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied" (Isa. liii. 11). Our hearts were so grieved to witness her sufferings that we could not but unite in her daily prayer that the Lord would be pleased to take her out of them. We felt, perhaps it was the Lord's will to raise her up again, although she had been once more brought to the brink of the grave. But she always begged her Christian friends not to pray for her recovery, as she never did; nor did the doctor give any hope of it. On July 12th we read Dr. Hawker's morning portion, and then the fifth of Mark's Gospel, from which Hawker's subject was taken; when she quite commented upon the case of the poor woman who touched the hem of Christ's garment, seeking a cure; and when her kind pastor called upon her she told him how much she had been thinking about the case, for she had suffered twelve years, whereas her sufferings had not been twelve months; she

also said many things relative to the Lord's goodness and the "Good Physician;" and seemed enabled to leave all with him; though greatly desiring to go. Mrs. Ward further adds that on January 1st, 1900, their brother, Robert Rolfe, a member of Mr. Coughtrey's chapel at Nottingham, was taken to his eternal home. We know that it is well with both of them, as their only hope and refuge was in the same complete Atonement for sin, and in the alone merits and blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ.

C. J.

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*" I AM THE LORD THAT HEALETH THEE."*

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THE waves and billows must submit,  
 When Jesus speaks the word;  
 No arrow can with poison hit,  
 And harmless is the sword.  
 "I will." O, what a word was this,  
 Amazed! the lepers clean.  
 And poor Bartemus did not miss,  
 That living healing stream.  
 How often has that dear "I will,"  
 Soothed my poor aching heart;  
 Bade all my anxious fears be still,  
 And made my foe depart.  
 What tender love and power shines,  
 In our Immanuel;  
 Believer's trace the heavenly lines,  
 And strive his worth to tell.  
 And yet that tender heart was torn,  
 By wounds of friends and foes;  
 But he must combat every storm,  
 And then his life must lose.  
 Yes, lose to gain, and sink to save,  
 What loving mysteries here;  
 He conquered death, destroyed the grave,  
 Those mansions to prepare.  
 'Twas that same voice on Moses fell,  
 When he cast in the tree;  
 The great "I am" Immanuel,  
 "The Lord that healeth thee."  
 That same blest voice in human breath,  
 Lets wretched sinners free;  
 The Lord of hosts now saves from death,  
 "The Lord that healeth thee."  
 Then may this friend be daily mine,  
 Thus with my soul abide;  
 Upon his arm I would recline,  
 And in his bosom hide.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

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FEBRUARY, 1901.

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

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## THE FAITHFULNESS OF JESUS.

BEING THE SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON PREACHED AT THE ODD FELLOWS' TEMPLE, ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY, N. S. WALES, BY MR. FREMLIN, MINISTER OF THE STRICT BAPTIST CHURCH, WORSHIPPING THERE ON LORD'S DAY MORNING, MAY 27TH, 1900.

"For there stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve, saying, Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Cæsar; and, lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee. Wherefore, sirs, be of good cheer; for I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me."—Acts xxvii. 23, 24, 25.

This portion of God's word refers to one of those remarkable incidents in the life of the beloved Apostle Paul, so many of which fell to his lot during his wonderful labours for Jesus. In the 22nd and 23rd chapters of this book you will find that for boldly proclaiming to the people in Jerusalem what the Lord had done for him when he was struck down near the gates of Damascus, these Jews would have torn him to pieces, only God was watching over him, and he was rescued by a Roman Captain of the Guard and taken into a place of safety. The following night the Lord stood by him and said, "Be of good cheer, Paul, for as thou hast testified of me in Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome." Forty wicked men had bound themselves by an oath to neither eat nor drink till they had slain him. If this pledge were kept, then, certainly, they must have died of starvation. For he that sitteth in the heavens laughs at the devices of the wicked against his servants, whether by forty or thousands. He frustrates their plans and maketh devisers mad. He must be a daring sinner to touch the apple of his eye. Many have tried it, and they have discovered it to be "a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." The blows aimed at God's servants return to their own pates. This old malice is

often practised with the same result, known to some, even to-day, in the secret of their own souls, though pride prevents either confession or repentance. Abithophel went to the house of the Lord with David, no doubt flattered him, perhaps gushed over him, but in the depths of his soul malice and envy reigned, and when his plots failed he went and hanged himself. Herod, a more open and bloody persecutor, was eaten up of worms. What apparent cross-handed methods God has of bringing his purposes to pass! His ways are past finding out, seldom anything comes according to our expectations; but it is a blessed thing for us in examining the history of the dealings with his people to know every promise to them was most faithfully fulfilled, and though clouds and darkness surround him, yet righteousness and judgment are the foundations of his throne. "The angel of God stood by me." In his trouble the Lord stood by him. Who is this blessed glorious angel? Turn to the 23rd Exodus, from 22nd verse; "Behold, I send an angel before thee, to keep thee in the way, and to bring thee to the place which I have prepared." The angel of the everlasting covenant. In the next verse God declares, "My name is in him." And what is a part of that precious agreement with his people, but that he will never leave them nor forsake them, repeated by himself when on earth in other words, "For, lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world!" After 1500 years or more this precious angel finds his servant Paul in great distress, and there he was according to his word by his side to comfort him in his sore captivity. Have we never found him true to his covenant, and in our greatest trials, when all was dark and dismal, has he never come to us to cheer us with a look or a word of heavenly sustaining power or delivering mercy? It is a sweet exercise to trace the many appearances of this angel in God's word. I would refer you to the 19th verse of the 14th Exodus. "And the angel of God which went before the camp of Israel, removed and went behind them!" Poor frightened creatures, they needed their rear protected! Yes, he leads and he guides. He stands between us and our foes, or by our side to cheer and bless. This angel of God is his Father's messenger; and ministers of the Gospel are styled angels, There were the seven angels of the churches in Asia, the chief angel commanded John to write those marvellous epistles in Revelation. I, if a called messenger, am an angel also. I hear you say, a strange-looking sort of angel. Ah, my friends, if you only knew how severely I am tried in this matter, you would think it no easy thing to stand up as an ambassador for

Christ, and if the Lord had not stood by me the last six years I should not be here this morning. I once felt these words with some degree of power when in great trouble and almost giving the services in the Temple up,

“ I'll strengthen thee, help thee,

And cause thee to stand,

Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.”

The enemy is getting weary, watching for my halting, because the angel of God, whose I hope I am, and whom I try to serve, has been at my right hand to help me from him that puffeth at me. Then there are those bright and pure beings before the throne of God waiting to do his commands, continually sent out as ministers of fire to stand by those who shall be heirs of salvation. And yet, my fellow sinner—being justified by faith in Christ Jesus and clothed with the robe of his righteousness—you occupy with all your felt degradation, a more exalted position than the angels in heaven; they are your loving servants, you are an heir of God, and joint-heir with Christ Jesus. These are glorious truths which we would not dare utter unless revealed by the Spirit; but sometimes we get a glimpse of what awaits the redeemed. Now a poor beggar on a dunghill of corruption, then by a manifestation of everlasting love, exalted to sit among princes who have been made kings and priests unto God. Made how? By being created anew in Christ Jesus. “Stood by me.” How differently the Lord behaves to his afflicted and persecuted ones to what man does. After Paul got to Rome, and was arraigned before Cæsar to bear witness for Jesus, what does he say? “At my first answer no man stood with me, but all men forsook me. I pray God that it may not be laid to their charge. Notwithstanding the Lord stood with me and strengthened me.” Here is a fresh display of the faithfulness of the angel of God, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever. Not a sunshine friend, though he makes sunshine when he comes. The same to Abraham, Joseph and David yesterday, the same to his servants to-day, and it will be till the last sinner is made a saint, the same for ever and ever. If he were not the same, if he changed to us as we change to Him, where would we be, or where should we go? The poor prisoner Paul was suffering in like manner as his Master.—He trod the winepress alone—and of the people there were none with him. They all forsook him and fled—slept when they ought to have watched—and I think one of the grandest displays of the lovingkindness of Jesus to his weak disciples was the very gentle rebuke administered to them after his agony: “Could ye not watch with me one hour? The spirit

indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." Yes, he knoweth our frame, he remembereth we are dust.

It is supposed that Paul was saved the first time at his defence, through the influence of Poppea, a Jewess, the concubine of Nero ; this was, perhaps, how he was rescued then from the mouth of the lion, but before he appeared the next time this wicked Emperor had ill-treated her and killed her, and now the time had come for him to be offered up. He stood there in bonds before a king of earthly kings and he nobly testified his allegiance to the King of kings and Lord of hosts, he had fought a good fight and was ready for the crown of glory prepared for him and for all those who love his appearing. Do you love his appearing? is his countenance comely? is his voice sweet? are his commandments no longer grievous? Paul says these blessings belong to you as well as to him. This love of Christ and *to* Christ is different to all other loves; we want the whole family to have it too, "Whose I am and whom I serve." This is a time of confident speaking by the apostle. The Lord had appeared to him, had spoken a "fear not" to his soul, and now he had a fresh assurance of an eternal interest in the Saviour's love. We find that at other times it was not so with him; the consolations of God were lessened, if not absent, "Without were fightings, within were fears." How like the Lord's people now; if it please the Lord to speak one of his "fear nots," how strong and confident we are; though often only for a small moment our spiritual strength is renewed and we can run for a little while, but too frequently it is a poor hobbling gait on the road. Without him we can do nothing, and yet we can do all things if he only strengthens us. Oh, Jesus, stand by us when we are in trouble and deliver us when we are bound, turn our captivity and allay our many fears, "Whose I am and whom I serve." Let us get away from the modern idea of servitude, it was a boast among the early Christians that they were Christ's slaves. I think on some of the epitaphs in the catacombs this thought is expressed. Paul had been bought with a price, he was not his own. Christ had seen him in the mart of Vanity fair, a slave led captive by the devil at his will, Satan had got him in his hands, Jesus passed by and paid the ransomed price for Paul and every elect vessel of mercy, "He gave himself for me." Modern servants give and take very short notice, and modern religionists are servants to-day and out of service to-morrow. Jesus chooses those he buys for a life-long claim here and eternity of joy beyond—glorious wages and certain pay. Ah, you say, but Paul was

a chosen vessel ! Certainly he was a special vessel fitted for his Master's use. Are all apostles ? Are all preachers ? Remember this my brother, my sister, if Jesus had blessed you with faith in him, then he has loved you with the same love, though he has not called you to the same work. How did Paul serve ? read the 9th verse, 1st chapter, Romans : " For God is my witness, whom I serve with my spirit in the gospel of his Son, that without ceasing I make mention of you always in my prayers." This is the kind of service Jesus asks, to serve him in spirit and in truth. Not in the oldness of the letter, but in the newness of the Spirit. And God's people know by experience that this spiritual service is the only way that satisfies their souls. But you reply : " I feel I cannot serve him as I desire in the gospel"—if you have learned of him you must serve—you serve him when you pray for your minister, you serve him when you pray for your family, or for the welfare of Zion, you serve him if you can hymn praises to his name, you serve him in showing forth his Spirit in the world, in your business, in your homes. Men must take knowledge of you if you have been with Jesus. Can you practise sacrifice ? then you serve him ; can you with freedom offer sacrifice ? then you serve him ; and this freeness comes of being set free, Christ's slave ; and—glorious paradox—Christ's free man.

Be sure in all sincere service, whatever be your difficulties, the angel of God will stand by you to help you. Don't expect such revelations as Paul had. We walk by faith. Be also sure of this, Satan will stand by you to resist you, he hates those who serve Christ. Read the first portion of the 3rd Zechariah, " And he showed me Joshua the high priest standing before the Lord, and Satan standing at his right hand to resist him." Perhaps, you ask, how does Satan resist ? Let me tell you a little about a minister being resisted when he goes before his people in the Lord's sanctuary. Satan knows the text, and also knows what the poor servant will try and get out of it, and he will fill the poor minister's soul and mind with such evil thoughts and vile suggestions, that he dreads the pulpit, and goes up with the burden of the Lord, and the burden of his own sin, till he feels as unclean as a Jewish leper, and as heavy-laden as a groaning overweighted camel. Satan will resist you when you go before the Lord in prayer ; he will disturb you by having someone at hand to knock at the door or call out that you are wanted ; he will resist you by filling your mind with some family annoyance, but most by calling to your memory something you have done or said. He will tell you that you are

only a miserable filthy hypocrite, and Jesus will not hear you, and God will reject all your petitions. Jesus has told us Satan's name, he is called the "accuser of the brethren," bringing all sorts of charges against them day and night. Well, let him mock on, tell him it is all true, and not the half hath been told you.

"I hear the accuser roar  
The ills that I have done,  
I know them well and thousands more,  
Jehovah findeth none."

Joshua stood before the Lord in filthy garments. Satan would like you to come with some sense of fitness, he don't wish it to be known that all our righteousness is filthy rags. Now, if Joshua stood there thus clothed it was before the Lord, therefore, Jesus stood there by him, and by the cleansing operation of the divine word all his unclean garments were removed and he stood perfectly clean and fair in a glorious robe, and Satan had to sneak away rebuked once more by one mightier than he, and mighty to save, who plucks brands from the fire by his own loving hands. Poor Job knew what a bitter thing this terrible resistance of Satan was, but the Lord stood by him through it all and brought him safely through. Oh, how delightful it is to read how they that served the Lord were saved by the Lord. When Daniel was cast into the lion's den for his faithful service, both to an earthly monarch and his Heavenly King, hear what the poor deceived and entrapped Darius said, when he cried out in a lamentable voice, "Oh, Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God whom thou servest continually, able to deliver thee from the lions?" And then Daniel's answer, "My God hath sent his angel and hath shut the lions' mouths." Ah, the Lord is not unmindful of his servants, and though often we forget him he never forgets us. Then just another illustration of the Lord standing by his dear ones, no longer servants but friends, how the three young men answered the king of Babylon, "If it be so our God whom we *serve* is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver us from thine hand, O king; but if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not *serve* thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up." We know that into the seven times heated furnace they went, and we also know the Son of God stood by them there and no harm befel them.

"Fear not, Paul." Please notice the Lord addresses him by name. He once said to Moses, "I know thee by name, and thou hast found grace in my sight." He was not called bishop, or canon, or reverend, or pastor Paul. I don't

recollect this pastor applied to Baptist ministers when I was a boy. I sometimes get documents by post with the superscription of "Rev." or "Pastor," and I don't like titles. I pray God give me grace, and power, and love, to act as a pastor, but I want no modern handle to my name. These "fear nots," so many hundred times used in the word, are for the sustaining and comfort of the Lord's flock, like sheep, naturally, the most timid things on earth. I have seen a whole flock terrified at the snapping of a small bough in the bush; and if a harmless opossum disturbs their camp at night they are desperately alarmed. So the Lord's sheep are fitly named by the Holy Ghost—they can't defend themselves, so must look to the Great Shepherd to screen them from their enemies, especially "the devil, who goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." They are ever full of fears; they fear the storm and dread the calm; they fear temptations and are always in awe of the whip, for they know how richly they deserve chastisement. A "fear not" spoken to a sheep of his, now soothes and calms the trembling soul. But Jesus is the same to Paul as he was to Jacob. "Fear not for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine. When thou passeth through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flames kindle upon thee." Here then is the time for Paul to learn Christ's faithfulness. According to all human appearances the ship and the 276 souls must be engulfed. But, no! Paul *must* appear before Cæsar, and if the ship be lost Paul must be saved, and for Paul's sake all those who sailed with him.

Does not this perilous voyage bring to your mind that time when the poor fearful disciples were overtaken more than once in a great storm on the sea of Galilee. But Jesus was watching over them, and at the right moment appeared for their deliverance. The same Jesus said, "It is I, be not afraid." It is he who at times in our greatest troubles, when there seemed no prospect of salvation, has once more shown himself on our behalf. When human help fails and self efforts are exhausted he comes, and it is in this way he gets all the glory. Now God in his mercy not only promises rescue to Paul, but to all who sail with him. Yes, for his servant's sake he extends mercy to those who are in the same peril. That is providential mercy. Wherever God's saints are, whether in the home, village, city or nation, a blessing comes. They are the salt of the earth, the pillars of the world, the spiritual preserving brine, and so to the end when

no more salt is left, then this sinful earth on which we now live will be ripe for destruction. The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, let the heavens and the earth rejoice! How often in scriptural history has the Lord honoured his servants and saved and blessed others for their sakes? The angels could not execute God's vengeance on the cities of the plain till Lot was clear of the danger. And then little Zoar, equally guilty, was allowed to escape the fire and brimstone for Lot's sake. Potiphar's prosperity was for Joseph's sake. Pharaoh's preservation and his people with him was also for Joseph's sake. The increase of Laban's flocks was for Jacob's sake, and what has made Great Britain such an exalted nation in the earth but the company of his saints that dwell there. May we not indulge a hope that in the saving of these poor heathens from being drowned for Paul's sake, that the Lord may have had some of his chosen ones among them, and this visible display of his power and mercy may have led them to enquire more about this wonderful God of Paul's.

My dear friends, we are sailing over life's tempestuous sea together, if we are in the ark we shall cross it with safety. The waters may rise till every earthly prospect is covered, but we are safe because the Lord has shut us in. Some may cry out in their souls, "Can such a foul sinner as I feel myself to be, have any just cause to hope I am in the ark?" Remember, there were unclean animals in Peter's sheet, and they came down from heaven and were drawn up again into heaven, and if God has cleansed you by faith in Christ, no man dare call you common or unclean. Did not Jesus say to his chosen ones, "Now ye are clean through the word that I have spoken unto you." And the Lord's dear ones know when he speaks the word, for again they feel clean. Now suppose the Lord should say to me, "Fremlin, I have given thee all these that sail with thee." O what joy to my soul! He has given me a good few, and I have good hope of more yet.

Well, there is nothing too hard for the Lord, if he says the word it shall be done, "Wherefore, sirs, be of good cheer, for I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me." You see he uses to his fellow-sufferers the cheery language that the Lord spoke to him when in the castle, and he was thus manifesting his perfect confidence in the truth of the promise given him. Abraham believed God and it was counted unto him for righteousness. They that trust in the Lord shall never be confounded. God honours the faith he gives, we honour him by acting that faith on him. Ah, we find it often hard to believe, may we be helped to cry out in

earnest supplication, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief."

My desire this morning has been to exalt the faithfulness of our God and his Christ. All fell out as predicted and promised, all got safe to land, some by swimming and some on broken pieces of the vessel. Can we do better than conclude with the words of Joshua to his countrymen before he was parted from them, "And ye know in all your hearts and in all your souls, that not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you; all are come to pass unto you, and not one thing hath failed thereof." May God give us grace to trust him and be found among those who continually hope in his mercy and bring glory to his name.—AMEN.

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THE WAY AND THE FARE OF A WAYFARING MAN.  
IN TWO LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

BY W. HUNTINGTON, S.S.

(Continued from page 20.)

Letter II.—To Mrs. K., Red Hill, Kingsbury.

Dear Madam,—I received your kind invitation, and if God permit, and the weather be fine, I will dine with you under the tree in the little field next Thursday. I am to come, as Sheba did to Solomon, I find, bringing a very great train, but not to prove you with hard questions, knowing you are, through grace, an admirer of the wisdom of God in the mystery of the cross. O, the manifold wisdom of God wrapt up in his secret purpose from all eternity! One fold opened at the creation of the world; another at the revelation of grace in a promise to Adam; another when Israel forsook Egypt; another when salvation was finished on the cross; another when it was proclaimed to the Gentiles; another at the conversion of the Jews; another at the close of the world; another in the fruition of God. When Zion shall appear on his most holy hill, then shall be known in heavenly places, by the church, the manifold wisdom of God: and it is most certain that we shall be among them; we have the oath of God, the promise of God, the covenant, the bond of the covenant, the blood of the covenant, the immutability of the Most High, the witness and seal of the Spirit, and the testimony of a whole cloud of witnesses to dash our unbelief out of countenance, and assure our faith of our safe arrival there. These bases, madam, are laid to form a strong consolation to them that have fled for refuge to lay hold of the hope set before them. We are got the greatest part of our way; it is but a few steps more that remains; God has borne us from the time we first

drew breath, and has promised to be the same to old age, and even to hoary hairs he will carry us.

Meanwhile, let us daily entreat him to teach us the heavenly art of living by the faith of his dear Son, who loved us, and gave himself for us. Then we shall live a life of communion with him by his Spirit, converse with him in the word of his grace, view his supporting and protecting hand, pursue the footsteps of his Providence, view ourselves as in his immediate presence, depend on his friendly aid and direction, fetch in our comforts from the higher world, know his goodwill towards us, and rejoice in the thoughts of his heart, which stand fast to a thousand generations. To understand, submit to, believe in, make choice of, and love, his decrees and counsels, purposes and promises, as revealed in Christ Jesus to us—is real obedience to the gospel. To believe in Jesus for pardon, peace, reconciliation, justification, sanctification, and redemption; to trust in him for the accomplishment of his purposes; and to hope in him to make them all good with respect to our preservation and glorification—is dwelling in Christ Jesus. To enjoy a heavenly mind that dwells and meditates on heavenly things, attended with a comfortable persuasion of Christ's love to us, which kindles a love to him, brings life and peace—such have the mind of Christ.

Our unbelief shall not make the promise of God without effect; "if we believe not yet he abideth faithful; he cannot deny himself." The weakest believer is as dear to Christ as the strongest; neither of them have anything but what they have received, even as it hath pleased God to deal the measure of faith. It is true, strong faith brings the most glory to God; and it is as true, that strong faith brings most trials to men. The great Shepherd is dotingly fond of, and tender to, the weaklings of the flock; he carries them in his bosom, bids such weak ones say, I am strong, and pronounces a woe to the world if they offend the least of them.

I hope thou wilt not encumber thyself with much serving, nor in this thing copy after Martha, but Sarah, who made three measures of meal into cakes, and baked them, at Abraham's command, on the hearth, while he prepared the calf, the butter, and the milk. As we are to dine under the tree, let it be one of Abraham's entertainments, who entertained him that has so often entertained us.

#### THE HISTORY AND MYSTERY OF ABRAHAM'S ENTERTAINMENTS.

In days of old there liv'd a rev'rend sage,  
Whose life of faith is call'd a pilgrimage;  
Ordain'd to rove, of fix'd abode debarr'd,  
To teach his faith to seek the great reward.

This prince and princess, bless'd where'er they went,  
Enjoy'd in mutual faith their homely tent;

No bolts nor bars the palace to secure,  
No shield but God to make their dwelling sure.

From plain to plain the roving household past,  
He led the way through kingdoms wide and vast;  
Reproved kings, and gave their courts alarm—  
“Touch not my prince, nor do my prophet harm.”

Thus travers'd they throughout the promis'd land,  
Committing all to great Jehovah's hand.  
The land their own, yet no possession call;  
A burying-place they gain'd, and that was all.

Their mystic seed, who tread their pilgrim path,  
Who mark their steps and learn to walk by faith,  
Must share their fate; for, whether rich or poor,  
May find a grave, but God allows no more.

The Holy Land, which was by promise given,  
Their faith construed to be the type of heaven;  
They ey'd their home, and walk'd with God their friend;  
Who was in life their shield, in death their end.

O, happy pair! with peace and plenty blest;  
Nor God refused to be their constant guest:  
Throughout their course he lent his friendly aid,  
And day by day his constant visits paid.

On Mamre's plains, that sacred spot of ground,  
The tents were spread, the herds were feeding round,  
The royal master seated at the door,  
To see the bleating flocks that grazed before;

The pensive sire lifts up his rev'rent eyes,  
And sees three men appear in such disguise:  
Up starts the prince, and runs the guests to meet,  
And drops his grave devotions at his feet.

“My Lord,” he cries, “if favour found with thee  
Will gain attention to thy servant's plea,  
Pass not from hence till I may entertain  
My Lord, and his attendants, on the plain.

A little water shall be quickly brought—  
With rich supplies my homely tents are fraught;  
And rest yourselves beneath this spreading tree,  
While I, thy host, will gladly wait on thee.

I'll from the tent a morsel fetch of bread,  
While you shall rest beneath the rural shade;  
And after this you shall in peace pass on,  
For therefore are ye to your servant come.”

To Abraham's request he condescends—  
He ne'er refus'd the banquet of his friends;  
“Perform as thou hast said,” replied the Guest;  
And Abraham obeys the high behest.

He to the royal tent did now repair,  
And to the princess gave the bill of fare;—  
“Make ready, quick, of meal three measures fine,  
For I have three in number come to dine.

“Knead well the dough, make cakes upon the hearth,  
And I'll command a youth to dress the calf:  
Too much for thee to bear the toil and heat;  
Bake thou the bread, and we'll prepare the meat.”

He leaves his orders at the matron's tent,  
And to the grazing herd in haste he went,  
And brings a calf that's tender, young and good,  
And bids the servant haste to dress the food.

The whole serv'd up; the butter, milk, and veal,  
With all the cakes that Sarah made of meal;  
Beneath the tree he spreads the sumptuous feast;  
And then by waiting serves the heavenly Guest.

The Lord partakes, (the rev'rent saint attends,)  
And soon begins to talk of some amends;  
The heart or hand that Jesus entertains  
Can ne'er go unrewarded for their pains.

“Where now is Sarah? She doth not appear;  
Where is thy wife; why not her presence here?”  
She waits on me;—no scorn or slight is meant;  
“Behold thy handmaid's standing in the tent.”

The Lord replied, “I'll certainly return,  
And barren nature shall with vigour burn;  
The time decreed shall first its circuit run,  
And, lo, thy wife shall bear a promis'd son!”

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#### THE MYSTERY OF THE ENTERTAINMENT.—THE CALF.

The Lord renews the ancient promise made;  
To Abra'm's faith reveals the woman's seed,  
In whose embrace the weary soul shall rest;  
The seed in which the nations shall be blest.

This promis'd Son, this better fatted calf,  
Once offer'd up on rebel man's behalf,  
Our only hope, the long-expected seed,  
Whose flesh is meat, whose blood is drink indeed.

'Tis this shall be Jehovah's mystic feast,  
To which from age to age he bids his guest;  
Thus Abra'm's dish, so tender, young, and good,  
Points faith divine to rich and heavenly food.

In future days the trumpet shall be blown,  
To sound alarm to nations yet unknown;  
Awaken'd minds shall fly the fearful doom,  
And perish'd rebels hear, believe and come.

He to his Son's impulse divine shall send,  
To bring them to their Father, God, and Friend;  
With hearts contrite, and cheeks bedew'd with tears,  
Shall feel the cancel of their vast arrears.

Poor prodigals, self-lost, distress'd, forlorn,  
Their crying crimes and wretched state bemoan;  
By hunger drove, by consolations led,  
Shall seek, shall crave, and find the living bread.

Heathen, elect, return from banishment,  
 The angels triumph as the slaves repent ;  
 Enrob'd, adorn'd, and cheer'd with comforts sweet,  
 With kind embrace the sire and sons shall meet.

The ransom'd race shall hear the joyful sound,  
 And sinners lost shall both be sought and found ;  
 Their souls renew'd, and fed with heavenly bread,  
 By faith shall live as risen from the dead.

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#### THE MYSTERY OF THE MEAL AND THE CAKES.

The bread prefigur'd Abra'm's blessed race,  
 The bread of faces, in the secret place ;  
 Abram, Isaac, Jacob, chosen men,  
 Were typify'd by Sarah's measures then.

Three strikes were bak'd and placed beneath the tree  
 To represent the former chosen three.  
 These sires and promis'd seed he will restore ;  
 He calls himself their God for evermore.

But when the tribes to numbers great increased,  
 And from the yoke of Egypt were released,  
 The Lord appeared to own his rescued guest,  
 And pitched his sanctum in the wilderness.

Twelve cakes were ordered weekly to be made,  
 And placed upon the golden table spread ;  
 Each Sabbath-day this bread must be removed,  
 And placed (like Sarah's cakes) before the Lord.

Each Sabbath-day this bread must be removed,  
 To show that stale devotions not approved ;  
 The loveless heart, that ne'er to Jesus burned,  
 Is but, like Ephraim, called a cake not turned.

The bread remov'd the death of saints might show,  
 How they by death must leave the courts below ;  
 The stale shew-bread none but the priest must have ;  
 The food of him that lov'd and died to save.

Fresh bread was plac'd in order once a week ;  
 And fresh devotees God will daily seek.  
 This shews succession of the chosen race,  
 From age to age to stand before his face.

The blessed Saviour entertained his guest  
 By metaphoric ta'en from Sarah's feast ;  
 Compares his kingdom, which he would reveal,  
 To leaven hid in Sarah's strikes of meal.

By leaven here the grace of God is meant,  
 That runs, and works, and spreads its sweet ferment ;  
 Till all the ransomed close with Christ their head,  
 And Jew and Gentile both become one bread.

The Lord compares his own reviving word  
 To verdant fields with richest pasture stored ;  
 By God enclosed in this eternal mead,  
 In which the pastors and the flocks shall feed.

Food brought from hence, digested and prepared,  
 Gives satisfaction when by faith 'tis heard;  
 From hence the brook to Zion's household flows,  
 Like milk and butter, drawn from grass by cows.

This unction moves the scales from off the sight,  
 And brings the plan of sovereign grace to light;  
 A precious balm, an unctuous oil of joy,  
 With which the saints of God can never cloy.

With milk and butter Jacob's seed were fed;  
 Of brooks of this in pious Job are read;  
 It makes the bolt of unbelief to yield,  
 While faith applies the truths that Christ revealed.

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### THE MYSTERY OF THE TREE.

The Tree with its extended branches grown,  
 Might represent the plant of great renown;  
 The righteous Branch, the Olive Tree divine,  
 Beneath whose shade the saints of God recline.

This highest branch from David's cedar lop'd,  
 This tender slip from off his twigs was crop'd,  
 And set by God on favoured Zion's hill,  
 Beneath whose boughs believing tribes shall dwell:

That all the trees that shade the fields may know  
 He'll raise the meek and bring the lofty low;  
 Dry up the fruitless; with his verdant screen  
 Revive the dry, and make the barren green.

This Branch divine on Zion's eminence.  
 Our only shelter is, our sure defence;  
 Beneath whose shade the saints of God unite,  
 Whose fruit and shadow give them such delight.

This Tree of Life its monthly fruit shall yield,  
 And leaves, by which the nations blessed are healed;  
 Whose verdant shade makes an eternal spring,  
 And screens the fowls of ev'ry plume and wing.

Since I began to puzzle my head, with these few verses of rugged rhyme, by which I intend to puzzle your head as well as my own, I have heard of you being taken ill, which I am sorry for, knowing that no affliction is joyous but grievous. Your gout, madam, and my ague, will remind us of mortality as long as we live; they are constitutional, like Timothy's bad stomach, or Elisha's sickness, which is called his sickness, whereof he died (2 Kings xiii. 14). They will prey upon every pin and cord of these earthly tabernacles until the main standards give way; but, blessed be God, they are consecrated; the Lord hath visited and inhabited them, and has given a pledge to assure us they shall be raised again, as tabernacles that shall never more be taken down; nor shall one cord be loosed. The Saviour was partaker of flesh and blood

with the predestinated children; he lived and dwelt in our nature, and offered himself up as a sacrifice by death for us; and as his Deity raised up his body, so he is the resurrection of ours; and now appears in heaven for us, as the first fruits of all that sleep in him. He is the saviour of the body as well as the soul; even our flesh shall rest in hope, our end will be peace; the Lord is the strength of our heart, and our portion for ever, therefore be of good cheer. Remember, madam, God does not afflict his saints willingly, nor grieve them without cause; it is sin that he visits with the rod, and iniquities with scourges. We have a body of sin that must be mortified, besides the many things that we all offend in, and these call for stripes; but, do we not procure these things to ourselves? Let not living souls complain then, seeing they are thus visited for the punishment of their sin. It is good for the believer to bear the yoke in his youth; frequent affliction gradually produce resignation to the divine will, which affords a sweetness mingled with stripes, and makes the yoke sit easy and the burden appear light: these bring us to kiss the rod, and submit to the hand that appointed it; and we learn some comfortable lessons from it, as well as get purged from those evils that were the cause of it. One who has been inured to the cross by a constant train of lingering afflictions does not find half that resistance, reluctance, perverseness, that many do, who, unexperienced in afflictions, are seized in the midst of health and strength; these often start, or fly back like a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke, and require some violent strokes to ply the iron sinew of the neck; until which is done there is little compliance to the will of God; we go like "an ox to the slaughter, or as a fool to the correction of the stocks," not considering that "all things work together for good to them that love God, and are so called according to his purpose." I have observed some who have long been bowed down under the fear of death, till they have been ready to conclude themselves sick and almost at death's door; such have gone through the whole imagined scene with as much distress as if it had been real; and when they have come to the trial, the whole sea of suffering has been waded through before hand; and the soul having obtained deliverance and strength, has sustained the infirmities of the body; insomuch, that the formidable king of terrors has appeared a mere shadow; afflictions having bowed them to the sickle before, they have gone to the grave as a shock of corn fully ripe, coming in its season; or as a lily gradually blown, and gathered in bloom.

*(To be continued.)*

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"O FOUNTAIN of life, and vein of living waters, when shall I leave this forsaken, and dry earth, and taste the waters of thy sweetness, that I may behold thy glory, and slake my thirst with the streams of thy mercy! Lord, I thirst, thou art the spring of life, satisfy me: I thirst, Lord, I thirst after thee, the living God!"—*Quarles' Emblems.*

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE LORD'S DEALINGS  
WITH THE LATE MR. TRAYTON FUNNELL, in  
an Epistle to a Friend.

My beloved husband, Trayton Funnell, was born of God-fearing parents at Easterfield Farm, Chiddingly, Sussex, on May 3rd, 1821, and was called by grace when he was about seventeen years of age, and was baptized by Mr. Cowper, at Zoar Chapel, the Dicker, on July 26th, 1842, and has been a member of that place ever since. The following letter written by him will shew the illness to which he refers was a long and severe one, but he was at times favoured with many sweet helps, and the words "Blessed are the poor in spirit," was especially blessed to him. Also the hymn commencing :

"How willing was Jesus to die,  
That we fellow-sinners might live !  
The life they could not take away,  
How ready was Jesus to give !  
They pierced his hands and his feet ;  
His hands and his feet he resign'd ;  
The pangs of his body were great,  
But greater the pangs of his mind.—(Gadsby's 159.)

I think I shall never forget, when on one occasion he was apparently in the arms of death ! He seemed full of the blessing of the Lord, and in reviving a little he attempted to sing in broken accents : "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

The Lord in much mercy was pleased to restore and spare him to me for a few years longer ; but his death at last was sudden, being as well as usual until Tuesday, December 19th, 1899, when in the night he was taken ill. All means were used to assist him, but he gradually sank, until about ten o'clock on Lord's-day morning, December 24th, when he very peacefully passed away.

E. FUNNELL.

[The following letter written by him, and sent to a friend, will give some account of the Lord's dealings with him.]

Brick and Tile Works,  
Staplehurst, Kent, January, 1897.

My dear friend,—I will now try to answer your very kind letter to me ; I am pleased to hear from you, but I know not how to answer you. I feel that you are so much further advanced in divine things than I am, although I have professed to be called by grace for more than fifty years, and ought to be a father in Israel, as taught by the Holy Spirit ; but, to my shame, I feel to be more like a babe than a father in spiritual things ; yet if the Lord assures me that I am a *real* child I can rejoice with joy unspeakable, believing that that portion of God's word belongs to me which says, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. xviii. 3). O what a sweeping text is this ! And how few there

are that will be able to stand! And although I would be as big as others, I am daily brought down like the poor woman in the gospel, who was bowed down for eighteen years, and could by no means lift up herself! And nothing but the power of God can raise me up; but, oh how mortifying it is to my pride! Yet I am compelled to say the Lord is just and upright in all his ways. Thus I have to travel in much darkness at times, and when I do so, this portion meets my case: "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God" (Isa. l. 10). The words have often encouraged me, but they give me no real deliverance; and my fears often say: "you will never find in death's awful day true peace in your mind." But I will not say too much for Satan and my unbelief, as I have some hope and confidence in what I have already passed through; that I cannot part with, or be separated from it. And this portion helps me at times to hope on. "For we are made partakers of Christ, if we hold the beginning of our confidence stedfast unto the end" (Heb. iii. 14). Now this confidence is the work of the Holy Spirit in regeneration, and this, I hope, I received little by little, and found that I was a breaker of God's holy and righteous laws; and discovered that God himself was just and holy in all his ways, and would by no means clear the guilty! I had thought for some years previously that I would repent later on in life and become a Christian; and now conscience became so alarmed that I could not put it off any longer; but I went to work in real earnest, breaking off my sins, and tried hard to work out a righteousness in which I could appear before a holy God, that I might please him. This was the only way I then knew of, but as often as I vowed and promised to do better, I broke my vows and fell deeper and deeper into the mire. I was compelled to come out from all my companions, but my heart began to boil against God, because I saw clearly that I could not be saved in any way by works of righteousness that I had done, or intended to do; and I discovered that "It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy" (Rom. ix. 16).

And he had made choice of a people, and elected them, and *no more*, for Christ has said, "I lay down my life for my sheep; and they shall never perish, nor shall any pluck them out of my hand." Now I was filled with rebellion against God because of the doctrine of election, and I sank under it, and rebelled against it until I solemnly feared that I should sink into the pit of despair. O how great were my sins fighting against God! Here I learnt that no man can save himself, however much he may try to do so; and I also saw that God would be just if he doomed all the world to hell; as by nature I saw that all the world to a man are enemies to God by wicked works. But I could not help begging for mercy in my poor way, and going to hear the gospel

preached ; and one Lord's-day the minister took up my case when he preached from these words : "Ye believe in God, believe also in me" (John xiv. 1). He showed me that I did believe in God as an angry judge, and Christ stands forth and says to the condemned sinner, "Believe also in me," as a Saviour and a law-fulfiller. This rested on my mind with some degree of hope and encouragement, by which I was helped to seek after him who "Is able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them" (Heb. vii. 25). And he saith, "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). Here I was brought to see that God had a family whom he had made choice of, and had given them to his Son to redeem and save with an everlasting salvation. Mr. Hart says :

"Fly, then, awakened sinner, fly!  
Thy case admits no stay ;"

This I was feelingly compelled to do, and in seeking mercy and forgiveness through the blood of the Lamb, it was like fleeing for my life to escape the jaws of death.

One night when on my knees the dear Lord seemed to show himself to me as hanging upon the cross for such poor sinners as I felt myself to be in his sight. This raised up in me a little hope and thankfulness, and I felt a spirit of prayer come over me, by which means I began, though very dimly, to see and feel, as I thought, something of the plan of salvation, and I began to feel that it was a blessed plan, and the more it was opened up to my mind so I discovered that the doctrine of election was a wholesome doctrine, and as time went on that doctrine was made very plain to my mind, and I loved it, and believed it to be the only channel through which any man can be saved. And here I was led to understand something of the meaning of those wonderful lines :

" Ah ! but for free and sovereign grace,  
I still had lived estranged from God,  
Till hell had proved the destined place,  
Of my deserved but dread abode."

But as I only intended writing a letter to you, I must pass over fifty years, which brought me down very low in body, and I was obliged to take every possible care of myself, as every little change in the weather affected me greatly, and I got so weak in body and mind that I suffered much from nervousness, and was frightened in the night time through strange dreams and visionary matters. One night I thought my bedroom was full of evil spirits partly concealed.....[Here the good man turns aside to describe many of his peculiar feelings when in this highly nervous state which we do not think will be spiritually profitable to our readers.] He then goes on to say : I told the dear Lord that it would be well with me, and I felt willing *at that time* to live or

die, and my fears were somewhat removed which was not often the case ; for most of my time was spent in sighs and groans, and earnest cries to the Lord that he would sustain my hope, and help me to sing of his goodness and mercy which has followed me all the days of my life ; and although he has chastened me sorely many times, yet, blessed be his name, he has not condemned me with the world. But, the old enemy of my soul has disputed with me every step of the way, and had it not been that I humbly hope my religion had a good beginning, I fear he would have overcome me long since. But we read that the angels in heaven rejoice over one sinner that repenteth, but Satan has so tormented me upon this important matter that I did not know what I said or did when his dreadful temptations were upon me ; and my affliction was so painful that I felt that any hour might be my last. But even in this painful struggle I felt that I had a kind God to watch over me, and an affectionate partner to nurse me, and to carefully provide suitable things for my body, and by these means the Lord has prolonged my life until now. My health I feel to be somewhat improved, but my asthma is not. Now I begin to look back, not only upon my past life, but also to see what this severe affliction has done for me. At the beginning of it these words were much upon my mind, "Be ye also patient ; stablish your hearts : for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh" (James v. 8). Those words were a great support to me, and I felt something like one of the Lord's dear prophet ; when he said, "I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him." All this while I could not cast away my little hope, though often it seemed to be removed like a tree, and as to myself I felt to be at the ends of the earth ; but I trusted that it would be well with me when I was called to die. But O what a lifetime of bondage I have had to pass through ; and not blessed with a full pardon for all my sins ! This has been a very heavy trial to me.

But in course of time I was brought to a more firm standing than ever I felt before, for my wife was reading to me the 14th chapter of Revelation, and when she came to the third verse which reads thus : "And they sung as it were a new song before the throne, and before the four beasts, and the elders : and no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand, which were redeemed from the earth," these words fell upon my spirits with some sweetness, and I felt that I could bless God that I had learned that song, and having examined myself, and the words I found it to be impossible for any natural man to learn it, as the Apostle Paul says : "But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God : for they are foolishness unto him : neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned" (1 Cor. ii. 14). And so we read, "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound : they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance"

(Psalm lxxxix. 15), and how sure I am that “no man can call Jesus Christ Lord but by the Holy Ghost.”

And now I will tell you of a few special times when I could strike the note of free and sovereign grace, and heartily join in with “the people who cried to Pharaoh for bread; and Pharaoh said unto all the Egyptians, Go unto Joseph; and what he saith unto you, do” (Gen. xli. 55). When I read these words they dropped into my heart with power, so that I could not read on for a time. I said to my family, “When a poor sinner is starved under the law of works he is compelled to fly to Jesus Christ for that ‘true bread that cometh down from heaven.’” This is the spiritual meaning of the words “Go unto Joseph;” and the apostle says that, “The law is our school-master to bring us to Christ.” And when through grace I was led from the law of works to Christ who is the “true bread.” O what a good time I had in feeding by faith upon him! What a melodious song was free grace to me! The next Lord’s day the minister took the same words for his text, and under his discourse I felt to be greatly established in the blessed truths of God’s word, and my heart was drawn to Jesus as my “living bread which came down from heaven,” and I felt it to be a special mark of distinguishing grace, mercy and love in and upon my soul. And no other song has suited me ever since, and I feel sure never will. Oh! how well the hymn suits me,

“E’er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.”

Thus we are made partakers of the heavenly calling with Christ, and are called upon to “hold our confidence steadfast unto the end.”.....Here I saw what a strong tower the righteous have to run into and are safe. But I cannot pass by another time when my soul was truly blessed under a portion of God’s word. It was this, “And she said, According unto your words, so be it. And she sent them away, and they departed: and she bound the scarlet line in the window” (Joshua ii. 21). Ever since I had a sight of that scarlet line in the window, it has been a token to me, as well as to Rahab the harlot, of my interest in the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, and my poor heart has been raised again and again to join heartily in the song:

“Sov’reign grace o’er sin abounding!  
Ransom’d souls, the tidings swell;  
’Tis a deep that knows no sounding;  
Who its breadth or length can tell?  
On its glories,  
Let my soul for ever dwell.

Yours in the truth, TRAYTON FUNNELL.

A FEW PARTICULARS OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE MRS. GRAY, widow of the late Mr. Joseph Gray, sometime deacon at Gower Street Chapel, London, and secretary to the "Gospel Standard" Aid, and Poor Relief Societies.

(Continued from page 41.)

ONE day I was on my knees in my room pleading with him, my eyes being shut, but I saw with the eye of faith, the dear Lord Jesus hanging on the cross for me; when these words were spoken with a divine power into my heart, "I bore thy sins in my own body on the tree." Instantly I felt that my sins were all gone from me, and what holy joy and peace flowed into my soul. I felt *clean*, and the joy and peace I felt cannot be fully told either by tongue or pen. I was blest at home, and under the preached word; and everything appeared new and changed in me. The forty-fifth Psalm was very precious to my soul, especially the eighth verse, "All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made thee glad." The sweet love of Jesus was gloriously precious to me then, and his name was as ointment poured forth, and it is most precious to me now, having proved his faithfulness, loving kindness, tender mercy, pity and compassion for many years to me in the wilderness. After enjoying the blessedness of pardoning love and mercy for some months these joys began to decline, and darkness of soul came upon me and I almost questioned those blessed realities I had received. I was ill in body, and laid aside on a bed of affliction, and the anguish of my mind was great; I cried unto the Lord and he heard my cry and came to my help. I was favoured with another sweet view by faith of my precious Lord and Saviour in the garden of Gethsemane, grappling with the powers of darkness for me; "O," I said, "I shall never have to do that!" The darkness of my mind, and my fears vanished at the sight I had by faith of my blessed Lord who stood in my law place, room and stead. I asked for my hymn book (Gadsby's) and read the 1118 which fully described the blessed state I was then in. How wonderful I thought that my feelings should be told out in that hymn; and I exclaimed, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits." At another time when in my room, and on my knees I was favoured with a spirit of prayer, and with much nearness and communion with the Lord, when he showed me his sacred hands and feet; O the sweet love I felt! I, by faith, washed his blessed feet with my tears and wiped them with the hair of my head, as much as Mary did literally. O how thankful I have been for these blessed realities and waymarks which I have received in travelling along the thorny road to the city of Zion! When the Lord has been pleased to shine upon his own work of grace in my soul, how it has silenced the devil, sin, and unbelief; when I have been sorely oppressed by them I have found them liars!

We continued to attend Gower Street Chapel. Often did I find the place to be a Bethel to my soul, and I felt at home with the dear people of God at that place. I was favoured to hear those choice men of God there; as Messrs. Tiptaft, Philpot, Kershaw, Taylor, Marsh, and other dear servants of God profitably, I trust, to my soul. After I had attended there for about two years I felt constrained to join the church. These words were so often with me, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." Dear Mr. Kershaw preached one Lord's day from these words, "Accepted in the beloved." I felt much love to Christ, under that sermon, and it flowed into my heart with power. He (Mr. Kershaw) was led to speak very blessedly upon the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, and a short time after I tremblingly went forward, and in January 1864 I joined the church. My poor dear husband could not go forward with me, his mind had been so hurt where he had joined before. He said he did not think he could ever join another church; but I hoped the dear Lord would heal the wound and constrain him to come forward, and keep the commandments of the Lord by walking obediently in the ordinances of God's house. After begging, watching, and waiting he in a few months was constrained to come forward and cast in his lot with us, and he was cordially received by the church. We then felt settled in the house of God, and favoured to enjoy sweet fellowship and communion with the dear saints, a privilege which I valued very much indeed; but it was not all sunshine in my soul, clouds and darkness intervened, with a continual conflict between flesh and spirit. The dear Lord led me into the wilderness and spoke very comfortably to my soul when overwhelmed with trouble and sorrow; once in particular he said to me, "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days, so shall thy strength be" (Deut. xxxiii. 25). O how many times have I proved the Lord to be faithful to his holy word and promise! One time when sorely cast down with unbelief, another sweet promise was given me while on my knees attempting to pray, "For this is as the waters of Noah unto me: for as I have sworn that the waters of Noah should no more go over the earth; so have I sworn that I would not be wroth with thee, nor rebuke thee. For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee" (Isa. liv. 9, 10). O that sweet word "mercy" is very great to me; I fail to set forth its greatness.

On October 14th, 1868, early in the morning these words were spoken to me with some power: "This is the will of God, even your sanctification." I at once answered, "Be it unto me according to thy word." In 1869 I heard Mr. Godwin exceedingly well; his preaching was with power to my soul; and the night following is much to be remembered by me; for I was favoured

with much nearness to God, and held sweet communion with him in prayer and praise.

But trial after trial came upon me again, both temporal and spiritual, and on the ninth of December, 1877, I went to Gower Street Chapel, and heard Mr. Marsh from these words: "The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind; the Lord raiseth them that are bowed down; the Lord loveth the righteous" (Psa. cxlvi. 8). O, how his preaching through the application of the Holy Spirit softened my heart, and brought love into it, which love flowed out therefrom to a precious Christ; and as he was led to describe what the new man of grace saw when the eyes of the blind were opened, so I was able to follow him in the many things he brought forth, and by a living faith I felt that I saw Christ hanging on the cross, and bearing my sins in his sacred body there; which filled my soul with a holy wonder; and I was raised up more clearly to see by faith what it is to realize an eternal interest in Christ Jesus, and in his work of redemption! This confirmed and very much strengthened me; and, as it is written, "I looked unto him, and was lightened," and I also looked upon him whom I had pierced, and mourned over him. Mr. Marsh spoke very blessedly of the Holy Spirit's work in the heart of God's dear children, and said that all who knew these things were the children of the day, not of the night; these had no evil thing wrapped up in their profession, and they do not desire any. Now, at that time I could not help saying, What shall I render unto the Lord for his great mercy and goodness to unworthy me? Yes, I said, "Here's my heart; Lord, take and seal it, Seal it from thy courts above."

One evening as I was returning from the prayer meeting at Gower Street Chapel, these words were spoken with power to my heart: "Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you." O, I said, I have not a care! Everything was smiling both inwardly and outwardly for the time being; but before three weeks had passed away I was brought into deep trouble and stood in need of the Lord to help me again, to "Cast my care upon him." My dear husband's health failed very much; he having ruptured a vessel slightly on the left lung; the Lord appeared to bless the means used, but still his health was very delicate. One morning, after breakfast, and family reading and prayer, I remained alone a little while, when these words were spoken with power, "Arise and depart ye, for this is not your rest; because it is polluted; it will destroy you with a sore destruction." I have proved the truth of these words. It is indeed a sore destruction to the flesh; but profitable to the soul. In a short time, and in the autumn of 1880, my dear husband's health gave way again and he became very ill early on the Lord's day morning. The doctor came several times during the day, the last time he came in the evening, he said, "I do not think your husband will last until morning." O, my heart was ready to break; but the dear Lord

was with me, as my only help and stronghold. At first, when his illness commenced, I said to my husband, "All this has come upon us, and the Lord is not here!" At least I did not feel his manifested presence to be with me. No sooner had these words escaped my lips when these lines dropped with power into my heart,

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

And with them came the spirit of prayer. O how I begged the dear Lord to spare my dear husband to me. He kindly heard my cry and spared him to me two years longer, and gave me strength to nurse him and to attend to my duties both in the house and shop. O how great has been his goodness to me. Praise him, O my soul.

A short time before my husband was taken from me, one Lord's day morning I awoke early with these words, "And they all drank of that Spiritual Rock that followed them, and that Rock was Christ." My mind was much taken up with heavenly realities, and I was led to meditate upon the "water of life," and I saw Christ to be the fountain, from whence these waters flow to the thirsty of his people. Then there were the holy waters spoken of in Ezekiel ; wherever they flowed everything lived. Then the water spoken of by Christ to the woman of Samaria. The water, he said, "That I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life" (John iv., 14). I trust I had a good sip of that precious "water" of life. I awoke my husband, and told him what I had been enjoying ; and he seemed refreshed in his soul to hear it. I said, "I am filled with the blessing of God. I cannot pray, but I am filled with praise. Although Mr. A. B. Taylor is going to preach to-day," I said, "he cannot bring me more than I have received."

In this I was mistaken, for he preached from these words : "Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light" (Col. i. 12). How wonderful ! It was just my heart's breathings, "Giving thanks unto the Father." My heart was indeed filled with praise and thanksgiving to the God of all my mercies. My dear husband was able to go too with me to chapel, and was refreshed in his soul, and said how suitably Mr. Taylor was led. Some little time after my husband became very weak and frail ; the doctors did all they could for him, but gave little hope of his recovery. It was evident to many of our Christian friends that his days on earth were few ; but I could not realise it at that time. The Lord was most gracious and kind to me in supporting me in my great sorrow. The last Lord's day that he was downstairs he wished me to go to chapel in the evening ; and said, "I can do very well, my dear ; you go while you can." When I returned home, and as we sat at supper I noticed his countenance looked

so bright and cheerful, and said, "My dear; you have had a good time at home this evening!" He said, "Yes, I have; the Lord has come and filled this room with his presence and blessing, and has condescended to commune with me." He then said, "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us" (Rom. viii. 18). Then he said, "Victory! victory! victory!" I saw afterwards that this was an anointing for his burial. He was not favoured to rise so high again. This was the last Lord's day in August, 1882, and when I began to realise that the Lord was about to take him from me, I cried unto him for help and strength. He heard my cry and came to my help and assistance; and comforted me with (1 Peter, 1, 7, to 9) and many other sweet helps he gave me when passing through this heavy trial.

My dear husband passed peacefully away on September 13th, 1882. The last night of his life was a sacred and solemn one; these words comforted me whilst watching by him. "He shall enter into rest, each one resting in his bed." After he had departed, I felt my loss and grief to be great; but these words came with a degree of softness: "Sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. . . . even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." How thankful I have been that the dear Lord preserved me from rebellion, and gave me a goodly measure of resignation to his sovereign will.

My dear husband left a good business, and instructed me what to do with it, and said, "I know the manufacturing part of it; but you do not;" and he wished me to take it to the wholesale saddlers and ironmongers; they knowing the business would dispose of it for me. I did as he wished and went to them; but as I turned out of Moorgate Street to Sun Street, hoping that I should get rid of it, these lines of the hymn came forcibly to my mind.

"All must come, and last, an end,  
As shall please my heavenly Friend."

The firm I went to were most kind to me and did all they could to dispose of the business for me; but all failed, the Lord's time had not yet come for me to give it up. I had to experience his great kindness and tender care towards me; and he gave me wisdom in so many ways, how to conduct the business, and how to manage with the workmen, that the half of it cannot be told here; but I hope to sound forth his praise through a never-ending eternity. I had to continue in the business nearly four years before the door was opened to get out of it! But, on December 2nd I felt a little nearness to the Lord in prayer, and had a glimpse of my sin-bearer, and felt how great those words are: "His own self." Nothing less than the mighty God, wonderful love: reveal thyself more and more to thy poor handmaid! One night I felt a desire to patiently wait as a pilgrim and a stranger, until my Father calls me home.

On April 29th, 1883, I heard Mr. Hazlerigg profitably from these words: "Nevertheless I will remember my covenant with thee in the days of thy youth, and I will establish unto thee an everlasting covenant" (Ezek. xvi. 60). He brought forth many precious things, and what beauty I then saw in the everlasting covenant; but we want fresh life and vigour putting into the precious things again and again to make them profitable to our souls! Bless his dear name he does at times shine upon his own work! I also saw my own features in what he said about the man of sin in us, which I deeply lament; when I have been feeling the dreadful corruptions of sin in my corrupt nature, a word has dropped into my heart with sweetness, love, and power, and under its blessed effects I have felt that I am "All fair and without spot in him (Christ) my Beloved." "Great is the mystery of godliness!"

*(To be continued.)*

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### THE SORROWS AND SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

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"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"—(Psa. xxii. 1.)

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The teaching of Christ and him crucified is the highest and most perfect, both morally and evangelically. Ours are but shallow views of the cross of Christ, if this be not the outcome of its divine teaching in our souls. "I came not to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil" (Matt. v. 17-20). The obedient life, ministry, and sacrificial death of Christ, has in the clearest way set forth the nature of God's holy law, and has stamped it with the greatest dignity; and its jots and tittle attended to by no less a being than its Divine Author.

If you look into Paul's epistle (2 Cor. iii.), you will find by the testimony of the Holy Ghost, that the ministration of the law is glorious (ver. 7), but the ministration of the spirit and of righteousness exceeds the ministration of death in glory (8-11); and it is in this way: the ministration of death is glorious, so far as it maintains God's legislative character, who hath said, "I will by no means clear the guilty," but it did not go far enough to reach the case, neither did it (the ministration of death) go far enough to unfold the love, grace and mercy of God, nor give vent to his bowels of compassion towards his elect. According to the law of the land, if a man be found guilty of murder, he is executed; so far the glory of the law is maintained in its ministration, but there is no mercy shown to the guilty. Suppose a surety and substitute is found, and comes forward and takes the guilty man's place, and suffers in his stead, in that case you see the glory of the ministration of death, and much more you see the glory of the ministration of love and mercy, in the

surety enduring the penalty of the law, to the deliverance of the debtors from the sentence of death, though not his justification from guilt, herein our figure is lame; Christ not only delivers from death, but justifies from guilt, is it not a glorious ministration, can anything exceed it? "O the depths of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!" (Rom. xi. 33). "Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgressions of the remnant of his heritage?" (Mic. vii. 18). This is the divine method of "commending his love towards us" (Rom. v. 6-8). We hope in the midst of all our doubts and hell deservings, we have felt melted under a faith's view of it, and feeling a sense of it in our heart.

Where and when does love look more glorious than on the cross? Where in all the infinite depths of her unsearchable yearnings towards her objects, she submits to all the indignities of men and devils, and opens not her mouth to offer one reviling word in retaliation; she also opens her bosom to the vengeful strokes of the righteous ire of that sin-hating God. "Who spared not his only begotten Son!" Under such mysterious transactions he cried out, "My God, my God!" Let us look at

I.—The question and what it embraces :

1. This question and what it embraces, brings before us the covenant engagements of Christ as the "Surety of the better testament."

(1.) His covenant engagements were perfectly voluntary, and took place before the foundation of the world, in that stateless period when "The Lord possessed him in the beginning of his way (to save rebellious man), before his works of old" (Prov. viii. 22). When it was the pleasure of the eternal Father to set up his eternal Son as the head of the church, and to bless the church in him "With all spiritual blessings" (Eph. i. 3). It was equally the pleasure of the Son to be set up, for the delights of Father, Son and Holy Ghost, were with the sons of men. The glorious economy of grace was in the mind of the eternal Three, with all its details which was to be effected in the complete and perfect mediation of Christ, who was employed and sent "in the fulness of time to do the will of him that sent him, and finish his work." The whole conditions of the great scheme was laid before the Son, with all the minuteness and exactness which characterizes the infinite and perfect foreknowledge of God the Father, as the God of love and grace, to elect sinners; and as the God of love to the holiness, righteousness and truth, and majesty of his legislative character and glory. This scheme was before the Son of God, in the counsels of grace, and was fully comprehended by him in its heights, depths, lengths and breadths, and what would be the cost of carrying out such grand designs, to each pang, sigh and groan, and the glory which would follow; and being a person of the Trinity, he was one in mind, will, love, grace, mercy, holiness, righteousness and

truth. He was under no obligation to become surety of the covenant of grace, and substitute of his people, but it was the voluntary act of the love of his heart for his bride, which gave the authority to record in the pageless volume of immortal grace. "Lo, I come: in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart" (Psa. xl. 7, 8). The apostle says, "By the which will we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all" (Heb. x. 10).

These unalterable arrangements and decrees of grace were confirmed by an oath. The Lord hath sworn, and will not repent, "'Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek" (Psa. xc. 4; Heb. v. 1-10; vi. 17-20; viii. 15-22). If you look into the cx. Psa. you will find great and blessed promises were made to Christ as priest-mediator, that was to be the reward of his work, such as his enthronement; conquest of his enemies: reign of grace; subjugation of his elect; the perpetuity of his youthful strength, and his unfading mediatorial glory. "Therefore shall he lift up the head."

(2.) Then it was the pure unmerited love of his heart which moved him to engage on the behalf of his bride. Though he saw her in the presence of his divine mind as black as hell, as she fell in Adam. "I am black as the tents of Kedar." Yet his love was no less strong and deep towards her then, its tide rolled on in all the steady course of its eternal and immortal nature, the same when in the depths of the fall, as when she came out of his unsullied hands, the unsullied image of his spotless moral existence. Well might the immortal Hart say, speaking of the sufferings of Christ:

"And why, dear Saviour, tell me why,  
Thou thus would'st suffer, bleed, and die?  
What mighty justice could thee move?  
The motive's plain; 'twas all of love.  
For love of whom? Of sinners base,  
A harden'd herd, a rebel race?"

(3.) In his engagements he undertook to bear the sins of his people. What an undertaking! Who can calculate the number and weight of the sins of the whole church of God, for that church is a number which no man can number; and one speaking of those sins, expressed himself in the following forcible language:

"Sins unnumbered as the sands,  
And like the mountains for their size."

Another said of his sins:

"Sins immense as is the sea,  
Hide me, O Gethsemane!"

Yet, great as their number and weight was, the infinite foreknowledge of God as a just God, gathered up those sins of the church, and laid them upon Christ, the less typical scapegoat of God's spiritual Israel, who carried those sins into the land of

separation in the atonement made in his vicarious death upon the cross, "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us" (Psalm ciii. 12). The Holy Ghost has clearly revealed these sacred truths by the inspired pen of the prophet Isaiah, "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all" (Isa. liii. 6). And this was essential for the sin unatoned could not be passed over by unsullied holiness, and inflexible justice. Not only did Jesus bear our sins, but he felt the weight of the guilt of those sins, "Who in his own self bare our sins on the tree" (1 Peter ii. 24); "He was made sin for us, who knew no sin," &c. Not only did he bear the sins of his people, but the wrath due to those sins, without the slightest mitigation. His sonship interferes not with the acts of incensed justice, but full payment was exacted at the hands of the innocent surety; rectitude must be maintained, though its maintenance cause the heart breaking sorrows of God's dear Son, "The only begotten of the Father."

2. Having engaged, the accomplishment was obligatory,—as Mr. Hart says, "He undertook; and must go thro'." "I must work the works of him that sent me" (John ix. 4), at the age of twelve years he said to his mother, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" (Luke ii. 49). Upon the work, and its accomplishment his heart was fixed. The demand of God, as a just God, upon him, was no greater force than the love of his heart was which propelled him on to complete the work of redeeming love. "My meat, and my drink, is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work" (John iv. 3, 4); "I have a baptism to be baptized with; and how am I straitened till its accomplishment!" (Luke xii. 50); "Now is my soul troubled, and what shall I say? Father, save me from this hour: but for this cause came I unto this hour" (John xii. 27). In these passages, as in many others, Christ evidently recognises this solemn obligation to accomplish his covenant engagements.

(1.) Now his perfection as Mediator consists in accomplishing the conditions of the covenant of which he his surety, "He is surety of a better testament" (Heb. vii. 22); and as man "He learned obedience by the things which he suffered" (Heb. v. 8); not obedience by ceasing to be disobedient, for he never was disobedient, but he learned obedience in the experience, and practice of it. "He became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross" (Phil. ii. 8). As in his active life he learned obedience so in his suffering life and death, as the substitute of his people, he was made perfect in enduring what was due to their sins for he paid the penalty, satisfied just demands by a just payment; the cost of which is only known to God, the redemption price of the church of God, required the life, death, sufferings, and sorrows of Incarnate Majesty; and as he engaged to "bear our sins in his own body on the tree," he comes into the separation those sins had brought about: "Your sins have separated between you and your God." Now when he came

into that temporary separation in his case, "Momentary desertion." He uttered the words of our text, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" O! thou lovely lamb of God, let me love thee "Ten times more."

(2.) As he approached the great matter, it made him say, "My soul is exceedingly sorrowful." His sorrows increased until the depths are infinite, he could say, "All thy waves, and billows have gone over me" (Psalm xlii. 7).

In the garden he sweat great drops of blood, what must have been the great agony of his soul to force the blood through the pores of his skin? On one special occasion, I could say,

"Precious drops my soul bedewing," &c.

It was in a gentleman's garden in Cambridgeshire. I was just recovering from a very heavy affliction, and I hope through sanctifying grace was walking tenderly. I was sitting in the garden getting a piece of food. I had not been there long before the following words dropped into my heart, "Did not I see thee in the garden with him?" The garden scene was opened up to my mind as I never saw it before, and the "with him" so opened up the union between the suffering Head and his members, that my heart melted, tears were mingled with my "grief and sorrow, and flowed down my cheeks." Oh how the heart grief of the ever-blessed Son of God our Saviour went down into my heart, until I felt ready to burst with sorrow for his sorrows!

"Much we talk of Jesus' blood,  
But how little's understood!  
Of his sufferings so intense,  
Angels have but little sense.  
Who can rightly comprehend  
Their beginning or their end?  
'Tis to God, and God alone,  
That their weight is fully known."

Are we deceived? Ah, reader! many times since the above took place have I feared it. Sin has bubbled up, "corruptions like vapours arise," hardness of heart has set in, deadness, coldness, and carnality, while Satan has harassed, professors staggered us, unbelief and infidelity have threatened to swallow me up. Now when these things come upon us, like the Philistines upon Samson, after shorn of his locks, they overpower us, as they did the poor man, until the blessed Son of God fulfils his promise. "I will see you again, &c."

In the garden Judas "Betrayed him with a kiss." O thou perfidious wretch! What, sell him and deliver him to be murdered under the cover of the token of affection? From the garden he was led to Caiaphas the high priest, where the scribes and elders were assembled, with a thirst which only his blood would quench. So determined were they to kill him, that if no true witness can be found, they will have false witnesses (Matt. xxvi. 58-65). "He is guilty of death," say they, "then they did spit in his face, and buffeted him; and others smote him with the

palms of their hands." Then was he led to Pontius Pilate, governor of Judea, from whose mouth the sentence of death is pronounced; after which the soldiers gather around him to commit those indignities upon his innocent, spotless person, by such a "hardened herd" as gathered around the centre of time and eternity to play off their hellish designs, attempting to exterminate God the Father's bosom love and gracious liberality to sinful man, "elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father," and so far as their object was, which was to get rid of him, would have sealed the doom of every sinner, had it been possible, by the foulest deeds ever committed.

From the "common hall," after another spitting and other indignities, "He is led like a lamb to the slaughter," and the place of such a slaughter is "the place of a skull." There

"They nail'd him to th' accursed tree,

They did, my brethren: so did we."

It was from that tree he uttered the words of our text: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" The presence of his God was withdrawn from him, his soul's highest joy and delight is taken from him.

"On his face what sadness dwells!

Sure he feels a thousand hells!"

*(To be continued.)*

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#### LETTER V.—TO MR. OWEN FROM MR. D. FENNER.

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MAY the best of blessings (an enjoyment of covenant love) be plentiful in the heart of my dear and beloved friend. Amen.

I am sorry, for my own sake and the sake of others, that you are declining in health, and that (as you state) it seems your end is near. But how can I be sorry on your account, while I enjoy a full persuasion which, I trust, I have received from God that you are bound up in the bundle of life with him, and death shall not separate you from his love. The apostle, writing to the children of God, says, "Being confident of this very thing that he which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ," and he adds, "It is meet for me to think this of you," because "I have you in my heart; ye are (as elsewhere) in our hearts." Therefore, my friend, I have a sure ground for my conclusion of you, for this I know, God and not man hath laid you, with his image, in my heart, and, I believe, God and not man hath laid me in your heart (though unworthy) for his "work's sake."

You state that you are beset by the enemy, who works to shake your confidence, and an enemy truly it is, as you may conceive from the following evidences. First—your workings are such that if you were to yield to them they would fill you with confusion. "God is not the author of confusion," then it must be the devil's work. Secondly—it would feed your unbelief; hence it must be Satan. Thirdly—it opposes the mind that is

willing, thirsting and groaning for God and his grace. "The Spirit says (to such) come; the bride says (to such) come; and the word says (to such) let him come." That which opposes the spirit, the bride, and the word must be the devil. Fourthly—that which would feed confusion, unbelief, and fear, works to shake that confidence which the word of God hath fed, and is a sure evidence your conscience is of God, for Satan "is not divided against himself." Fifthly—the reason why the wicked believe not the truth is because it is the truth—"Because I tell you the truth ye believe not" (which is unbelief in Satan's work). So the reason why you are beset to question the reality of your confidence and the work of God within is because it is a true and real work of God; if it was not, the devil would work to indulge it. Sixthly—you know if the Lord was to shine into your heart, that confidence which you have would welcome him and feed on him; and that which is at work to oppose it would give way. Hold fast all that welcomes God and his grace; treat that as a devil that opposeth. Seventhly—does that which opposeth your confidence and works to sink you in despondency tell you that "God will regard the prayer of the destitute?" That he is the God of the fearful-hearted, and will come to save them? That the burdened soul who needs Christ is welcome to him? No such tales for Satan when God is absent, and yet, my friend, how full is the unchanging word of God of such encouragement! If you cannot feel and enjoy it, no just reason why you should not believe and wait. Oh! friend Owen, trust him, trust him. You shall surely find him faithful. Don't be afraid to lean and rest all the weight of your soul towards him; even when you can't see him, and though darkness thickens upon you, yea, and though the devil with all his weight is jumping on to sink you, don't be afraid of falling. "Did ever any trust and was confounded?" Not one. He will surely make the storm a calm. There are two weapons the devil can't endure, "The blood of the Lamb" and "the word of God." The children of God overcome by these, as, blessed be God, I sometimes have in the following way:—by the first, thus says Satan, "You are a vile sinner"; but "His blood cleanseth from all sin." But "You have committed such and such sins, and are such and such a sinner"; but "His blood cleanseth from all sin." But "You know what there is working in you" (and my secret sins are mustered up); but "His blood cleanseth from all sin." This, my friend, is a safe breastplate against all the devil's suggestions on account of sin. Again, they overcome by the word of God. Whatever Satan brings forth to our view, there is a word of promise suitable to answer him.

You state, "You wish you could enjoy but one half-hour more of the Lord's presence," and you do well, not only to long for half an hour, but an eternity of his presence. Yet, I would not have you indulge an unwarrantable anxiety. When your longings go hand in hand with patience to wait the Lord's

time, they are in due bounds ; but when fear, that feeds impatience is a help-mate spurring on, you may stumble over due bounds. Why should all the children of God be called at times "To walk by faith, not by sight" ? And, my dear friend Owen, under every cloud be favoured with sight and sense to help him in his walk of faith. Hold his word, and let "Patience have her perfect work." "Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation." Let the boisterous winds, the raging waves, the darkening glooms, the damping chills, the sinking horrors, the confusing suggestions, reasonings, and questions—yea, and all the dreadful army headed by unbelief that the devil can muster—approach thee, in the most terrific way ; yet, fear thou not, but quietly rest thy soul on a faithful covenant keeping God, and say with the Psalmist, "Though an host should encamp against me, yet, will I not fear." The devil with all that he hath, and death with all her terrors, are only shadows ; Christ has put away and drank up all the dregs of the substance. We hurt ourselves by our hasty and unbelieving hearts more than these enemies can hurt us. Are we not like children frightened with phantoms which are not real ? The devil with his power is destroyed, and death is swallowed up ; that which appeareth is only their apparition to affright us. Oh ! my friend, there is no real ground to fear. Christ says, "Look unto me." Therefore, let thine eyes look right on, view him in his suffering, and there ye shall see both death and the devil dead ; and if thou art about to be dissolved, thou shalt find only the shadow of death when the cold sweats come on, and the extremity of thy limbs have ceased,

" And nature strives to catch another breath  
Till it no longer can—must yield to death—  
Yield then, dear friend—seek not thy breath to keep ;  
Thou wilt not die, but sweetly fall asleep—  
Sleep did I say ? Thy soul awake will be,  
No more to sleep through all eternity.  
And, oh ! my jealousy with envy warms  
To see the angels with thee in their arms :  
Borne to the bosom, where sweet Jesus is,  
O boundless joy and overwhelming bliss !  
While now I write, I view friend Owen there ;  
A craving heart doth give mine eyes to tears—  
I can't refrain—the reason thou shalt know,  
Within I long with thee to Jesus go.  
Friend Owen, bathing in eternal joy,  
Bonds and affliction Fenner do annoy.  
Friend Owen there in everlasting rest,  
Here Fenner plagu'd and fighting with the Beast—  
Friend Owen there to heavenly guest is gone,  
But Fenner here 'midst serpents left to groan—  
Friend Owen there hath all desires full,

But Fenner here is barren, empty, dull—  
 Friend Owen there doth praise the Great Three One,  
 While Fenner scarce ingratitude can moan.”

Surely, then, yours is an enviable state in comparison of mine; I expect a long scene of bonds and affliction. It seems, I am just entering into fresh troubles, through the treachery of pretended friends—now my greatest opposers. They even seek to take away my children's bread; what I have expected is now realized. The promise of assistance was a trap to ensnare me, no doubt. They may triumph (I know it will be short), but it seems my friend will slide into promised rest just when I am about to commence my conflict. My sincere love to all the Deptford, Greenwich, and Woolwich friends, I feel a great union to you all.

Affectionately, D. FENNER.

“If you depart, I know 'twill give me pain—  
 Yet, here is comfort—we shall meet again.”

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#### A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE EXPERIENCE OF MRS. SARAH COX. (Written by Herself.)

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I WILL try and write a few things which I hope the dear Lord has done for me.

I hope the Lord translated me out of the kingdom of Satan, and planted me in the kingdom of his dear Son more than forty years ago, and it was at the death of my dear mother. She lived like all Adam's fallen race, and I am afraid she died the same, which was a great shock to me, for the Lord, I hope, opened my blind eyes to see the state I was in. The Lord so convinced me that there was a people that must be saved, and a people that would be lost. And I hope I was convinced of what a sinner I was before a holy God, and was sure if he did not have mercy on my poor soul I must be lost for ever, seeing God to be just if he sent my soul to hell—but I wanted mercy.

This brought great exercise of mind to know if God would have mercy upon a poor guilty worm like me. I could say—

“'Tis a point I long to know,  
 Oft it causes anxious thought,  
 Do I love the Lord or no,  
 Am I his or am I not?”

I was then led to go and hear the truth preached at Westoning, in Beds., which I knew not anything about. This was like a nail fastened in a sure place, and I have never had a desire to go and hear false doctrine preached since. It became a great concern to know if God would have mercy on me. With the Psalmist I could say, “My soul longed, yea, even fainted, for the courts of the Lord; my heart crieth out for the living God” (Psalm lxxxiv. 2). I went on in this way for a long time, afraid it would prove to be all of the flesh, or nervousness. One afternoon I heard Mr. Sears preach from the text, “Open ye the gates

that the righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter in" (Isaiah xxvi. 2), and the word so dropped into my heart that it broke me all to pieces, and gave me a good hope that the dear Lord had done something for my poor soul, that I felt to love Mr. Sears. But I soon lost it all, and my sins came up against me, then that caused great fear as to how I stood before a holy God, knowing if he did not have mercy I must be lost.

"Not one good work had I to plead," knowing it was impossible for a clean thing to come out of an unclean. A man told me Christ died for everybody, I said, if I knew that Christ shed one drop of his precious blood for me my soul was safe. I had these ups and downs for a very long time. One day I was sitting alone when these words dropped into my heart all of a sudden: "I will see you again and your heart shall rejoice" (John xvi. 22). "Lord," I said, "this must come from thee," and at last it broke my poor heart all to pieces. My soul was drawn to the Lord. I said, "I think I can say, 'Thou art the chiefest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely,' I think thou hast made with me 'an everlasting covenant ordered in all things and sure.'" This gave me such a good hope, and I have never quite lost it. It made a mark in my heart, and was more to me than all the world calls good or great. One grain of grace is worth all worlds.

I have sunk very low in my feelings. I remember being in such a dreadful state in my feelings inwardly and outwardly that I did not know what to do. I feared, like poor Jonah, I was cast out of his sight; but would look once more. That look melted my heart, and made room for the preaching. That Sunday morning my heart was softened with the goodness of God to think that the Lord should look upon me. I had these feelings then at times:—One time (this was before I was baptized) I went to Boddington to hear Mr. Lindsey. He preached from Job xxviii. 1, "Surely there is a vein for the silver and a place for the gold where they fine it," and I heard him well. And as Mr. Gayley and I were walking up the street from the chapel talking about it, he said, "That is good preaching; it was both law and gospel." Another Sunday I went to hear him at Westoning, and expected to hear him well again, but was disappointed. His text was, "Who shall roll away the stone?" but it did not come near me. And I went home very dissatisfied, and was afraid I had not the love of God in my heart; but one day in my own house such love dropped into my heart with great power that I knew it was the love of God shed abroad in my soul, and I walked about my house with such a blessed feeling such as I never had before. Old things had passed away, and all things had become new. But my faith has been tried many times since to know if it were real. I have had to go into low places, knowing my heart was like a nest of unclean birds, full of every evil.

One day my husband and another good man were talking in our house, and at that time I did not appear to have any religion, but as they talked I said to myself, I have had those feelings, and as they kept on talking of their feelings I thought I had the same. Well, my poor heart began to cry to the dear Lord to make it manifest, and the next day I felt such a softening come over my soul that I said, Lord, I believe thou hast given me that hope that I shall sit down with dear Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven. I went into my room and fell on my knees, trying to ask the Lord for a greater manifestation, when my husband came to the door; but he shut the door and went away again. However, I got up from off my knees in a moment, and I felt as if my heart would break to think I should be ashamed of a God like our God. I was humbled to think the dear Lord should stoop so low as to pick up a wretch like me, and the words came, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, and with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." And I said with the Psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name." I went upstairs into another room, and walked about with my soul full of the love of God, blessing and praising his holy name. I came downstairs, and as I sat in a chair my husband came and opened the door and said, "Oh, I see what is the matter with you, you are best by yourself." I went out into my kitchen, and the Bible lay open on the table, and I dropped upon the words, "The Lord said to Simon, seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet, but she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head." And I said, "Lord, I could do it as much as that dear woman did if thou wert standing before me, but my soul does it." It was a blessed time to me, and the church of God so flowed into my heart that I said, "Lord comfort Zion, for they are an afflicted people." It was a blessed feeling to think he should put me among his dear children. I can say—

"There my best friends, my kindred dwell,  
There God my Saviour reigns."

It bore my spirit up in the unchangeable love of God. Then I felt a desire to join the church at Westoning, in Beds., and went before the church and was received as a member, and baptized by Mr. Darbyshire, the pastor. His preaching was blessed to me many times. One text he preached from was this, "I will be as the dew unto Israel" (Hos. xiv. 5). It was a blessed time to me, it melted my heart down with thankfulness to the God of all my mercies.

In the providence of God, I removed to London, to live with my sister (it was fourteen years ago), and sat under Mr. Ashdown's ministry, who so entered into my experience that I felt a desire to join the church; my heart was drawn out to the friends, and to him, as a servant of God, and while I was exercised about it, I asked the Lord, as I was going to chapel, to give me

some evidence that I was right. And Mr. Ashdown took for his text, John xvi. 5, "And none of you asketh me whither goest thou?" and entered so into my feelings, in answer to my prayer, that I spoke to Mr. Ashdown about it, and soon after went before the church, and was received as a member with a people I feel a union to, in the Lord Jesus Christ, which abideth for ever and ever.

[She was a consistent member, and highly esteemed by us; but the last few years of her life she became very deaf, which deprived her of hearing, though she attended as long as she was able. She was heavily afflicted with an internal complaint. In the first part of her illness she was very dark in her mind, but a few days before her end I saw her, and her faith was strong, and she said, "I know in whom I have believed and can commit myself and all into his hands; now, bless his name for his mercies." Though she suffered much, yet the spirit sustained her under all her infirmities. We may truly say she died in the faith, and was gathered home from all sufferings and sorrow, to be for ever with the Lord].

E. ASHDOWN.

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### FATALISM.

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Willoughby House, Leicester,

Dear Editor,—I think you will agree with me that it is very desirable that a greater accuracy in the use of words and expressions should be introduced into writings, especially those of a controversial nature, and therefore that authors should define the meaning they assign to such terms and expressions. This might often do away with disagreement, and at any rate with an unnecessary heat which is sometimes unpleasant and injurious. For instance, the word "fatalism" is used sometimes in commending a writing as untainted by it, sometimes as a charge against other writings, as if this dead fly made the pot of ointment unsavoury. Now what is fatalism? What is a fatalist? Was Mr. Watts a fatalist, in a bad sense, when he sang—

Chained to his throne a volume lies

With all the fates of men?"

Was Kent a bad sort of fatalist when he sang—

"The appointed time rolls on apace,

Not to propose but call by grace."

Is it fatalism to believe that all his works are known unto God from the foundation of the world? Is it fatalism to believe in the predestination of God? That some were appointed before the foundation of the world to eternal glory and some unto eternal wrath? Is it fatalism to believe in an everlasting covenant ordered in all things and sure? Is it fatalism to believe that not an event takes place which was not foreknown by God from eternity, and governed by his overruling hand in time? If all this is fatalism, I must confess to being a most determined fatalist. Again, is it fatalism to believe that if any man be in

Christ Jesus he is a new creature? That he forms a part of a new creation? That he is created in Christ Jesus unto good works, believing and repenting amongst the others? Is it fatalism to believe that there is a double necessity for a new birth? First, because man, as he comes into the world by a first birth, is utterly and totally undone and lost. The clay is marred in the hands of the potter. The man is under the curse of God's broken law as having sinned in Adam, and as having a nature utterly at variance with that law. If, as Nicodemus suggested, he could go back into his mother's womb and come forth afresh, it would not mend the matter one tittle. He would come forth again as a man in Adam, and therefore as lost. But again, secondly, there is another necessity in this matter. Adam was not, in his original creation, either in the position or condition into which those must be brought who are to be heirs of God and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven. That which is born of the flesh at the best is only flesh. That which is born of the Spirit, and is Spirit, a something new, higher, and holier is needed here. The condition and nature of a Son. Well, is it fatalism to believe this? Then, here again, I am a determined fatalist. What, then, is fatalism? Is it fatalism to believe that without an express divine leading in the matter it is no part of my duty as a minister to call upon my unconverted hearers to savingly repent and believe or to perform other essentially spiritual actions? Is it fatalism that I dare not in any way signify to them that they have some inherent capability in their natures, as created in Adam, of performing such actions? And that, therefore, there is only a moral, not a physical, inability in them as to being born again, becoming new creatures in Christ, having saving faith, and getting to heaven? Is it fatalism to think that so to teach men is really a denial of what Christ said about regeneration (John iii.)? That a man must not merely have the old legal good and upright will of Adam restored to him, but a new will, and therefore new understanding, for spiritual things in Christ, created in him by God? Is it fatalism to think that it is mocking one's fellow-sinners, as well as transgressing the word of God, if we preach to them as anything but utterly lost, ruined, helpless creatures. "All flesh is grass," and that the only remedy for the case is the sovereign, free, Almighty creative grace of God in Christ Jesus? Well, again I say, if all this is fatalism, I am a fatalist. But what is fatalism? Is it to teach men that, because of the eternal, irreversible decrees of God, they may with impunity rebel against him and transgress his laws, whether those of his creation or those in his word? If this is fatalism, I am no fatalist. I believe that for every transgression and offence a man shall receive a just recompense of reward, God works in his creation in a particular order, and this cannot be set at naught with impunity. To his rational creatures he gives laws as to their conduct, moral laws; these cannot be trans-

gressed without incurring a liability to suitable punishment. But who dare deny this? Who is a fatalist in this fatal sense of the expression? But, again, is it fatalism to think of all things taking place by an inevitable succession of creative cause and effect, the governing, overruling, interposing mind, and will, and power of the Creator being excluded? Then I am no fatalist. But who amongst us, who believes in God, is? Once more, is it fatalism to teach men that, because all events are at the command of God, that not a sparrow falls to the ground without our Father, that everything must take place as settled in the divine counsels for eternity? Therefore it matters nothing, one way or the other, what men do, whether they use means or neglect them, whether they go to a public-house, music-hall, or place of worship, whether they read novels and the worst of rubbish, or their Bibles, whether they go to bed as atheists and rise up after the same fashion, or bend their knees and acknowledge their Maker and their dependence upon him in private and family worship. If this is fatalism, who is the fatalist? I, at any rate, am not one. This, indeed, seems to me folly more than fatalism, or rather the grossest impiety or atheism. Let us then define what we mean by the word. If it means that a man is a fatalist who keeps within the bounds of what is declared in the word of God concerning God's decrees, a new birth, the grand distinction between that which is born of the flesh and that which is born of the spirit, and, in short, those grand truths of the sovereign grace of God which are revealed in the Bible, I accept readily the charge of fatalism. But if by fatalism is meant those horrid practical perversions of the word of God, those holdings of the truth in unrighteousness, those impious mockeries of God and a man's own soul, contained in such expressions as follow, which are sometimes used, "If I am to be saved, I shall be saved, and if not lost; therefore, I may as well do just what I like, and teach others so, for all is irreversibly decreed, and no one can really resist his will," then I repudiate the charge of fatalism, and, being a fatalist, with the utmost abhorrence and indignation. Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

Nov. 30th, 1900.

G. HAZLERIGG.

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**SPIRITUAL BUILDING, OR A REFLECTION ON  
ROMANS XVI. 13.**

By MR. HAZLERIGG.

(Continued from page 27.)

"Or he that teacheth on teaching, or he that exhorteth on exhortation." Different ministers have different gifts. Some are qualified by their gifts to give instruction. To build up the understandings of the people of God. They are skilled in interpreting the Scriptures, in unfolding the doctrines, and throwing

light upon what may appear the dark places thereof. This may be very useful, as Paul shows in Ephes. iv. 13, 14, in establishing the children of God in the truth as it is in Jesus, so that they shall no longer be children, carried away with every wind of doctrine, but may be made stable in their judgments as to the mind and will of God. Perhaps it would be wise in the people of God if they asked the Lord to send more shepherds who could and would feed his flock with knowledge and understanding. It might be well for the church if the Lord raised up more ministers who, from a heart acquaintanceship with what they taught, so instructed the people that they might in malice be babes, but in understanding and knowledge men. Others have a gift for stirring up the children of God in a practical way by warm and forcible and seasonable exhortations. All heart teaching, of course, has a practical bearing. But some may be peculiarly gifted in animating men's wills to a practice becoming the gospel of Christ.

The variety which is in harmony with the truth, and produced by the varied gifts and operations of the Holy Spirit, is of course for the edification of the Church of God. "If the whole body was an eye, where were the hearing"? If men depart from the divine order, step into positions for which God has not qualified them, and thus throw off the control of the Holy Spirit, confusion necessarily results. If they obey the leadings of the Spirit, in the exercise of their own particular gifts, order and edification follow. There certainly is reason to fear that the people of God are themselves sometimes sadly to blame in these matters. They too often display a painful want of appreciation of the ways of God. The old cry of "I am of Paul and I of Apollos" is still heard. Still there is the improper setting up of one above another. The setting up one, to the setting down of another. Still there are harsh judgments and hard sayings. Still the criticism of the minister instead of submission to the truth proclaimed according to the ability God has given him.

"This ones too young, the other too old,  
This is too feeble, and that is too bold.  
This ones too rapid, the others too slow,  
This is too noisy, and that is too low.  
This ones too witty, and that ones too wise,  
Few thinking the pity's to thus criticize."

"He that giveth let him do it with simplicity." This does not seem here to refer to private and individual giving, but to a distribution of funds which have been entrusted to certain persons to use in supplying the wants of the needy. These persons are exhorted to distribute these funds in a disinterested manner, seeking only the glory of God, and the benefit of the poorer brethren. But the word might have been translated "liberality." Not to dole out the entrusted funds with a narrow-minded penuriousness, but with a bountiful hand and heart.

Persons of an ungenerous turn of mind may be miserly in the disposal of public funds, as well as private. Of course imprudence, and a thoughtless lavish distribution, is in no wise commendable. Due consideration and examination of cases is called for, then such a liberal assistance administered as the cases demand, and the funds properly admit of. A thoughtless liberality, too often the result of indolent want of inquiry, is no more really commendable than an improper and suspicious nearness. How hard it is for such as we are to walk in the straight way, avoiding opposite extremes. "He that ruleth with diligence." I do not suppose the apostle here refers so much to those who are appointed to an oversight of the churches—the truly divinely appointed bishops or elders—as to those who have the oversight of, or are set over, any matters referring to the church. Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, says the wise man. "And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily," says the apostle elsewhere, "as serving the Lord Christ."

So then, if a man is set over anything in connection with the church, diligence is called for, and enforced by, the mercies of God. There are no really little things in reference to the Church of God. A pin of the tabernacle was to be carried properly and with reverence. The seraph takes the live coal from the altar with the golden tongs. The betrayer dips his hand with irreverence into the dish. When Solomon writes to the King of Pyre, he says he is engaged in a great work, for the house was for God. How sadly wanting in reverence, and true spiritual sanctified diligence, one feels to be. "He that showeth mercy with cheerfulness." As some may be specially qualified to administer pecuniary relief to the poor, and be set over that matter, entrusted with funds to distribute, so others may be peculiarly qualified to visit the sick, or take charge of orphans. This seems to be implied in the words, "He that showeth mercy." Now here the exhortation is to do it with cheerfulness. To illustrate this, let us go into an infirmary or hospital. One nurse, or attendant, goes about the work, and goes through with it as if the whole thing was a nuisance. The sick and unfortunate cannot do otherwise than feel it. Another goes about it with a cheerful countenance, a pitying heart, and an evident desire to alleviate pain and lighten suffering. This of itself does the afflicted good. So in church matters. When our Lord was upon earth, he not only healed the sick, but did it readily and cheerfully. "I will, be thou clean." "I will come, and heal him." He

"Went with a heart cheery  
At every ones call,  
Then why am I weary  
To wait upon all?"

But, alas, I am sadly wanting in this, as well as other things, so the poet's further words suit me :

“But nature is feeble  
And presently trips,  
O Lord make me able  
To walk in thy steps.”

Here ends the apostle's exhortation to persons called to particular offices, or entrusted with particular matters, in the true church of God. It is not merely the doing of certain things which is exhorted to, but the doing of them in a particular manner. These actions are, as exhorted to by the apostle, truly spiritual actions. He does not exhort natural men, but spiritual. In the same way John when he exhorts, “Love not the world, with the things which are in the world,” says, I write unto you little children, young men, and fathers, love not the world. And again I write unto you, not because ye know not the truth, but because ye learn it. If there is no foundation laid, the castle is a building in the air.

Now follow the general exhortations addressed to all the people of God alike. They show not only what is a conversation becoming the gospel of Christ, but what is in harmony with the work of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of the new-born children of God. Indeed, if there is no conformity to the mind of the Spirit, as set forth in these and other gospel precepts, and no desire for conformity, it is impossible, in a right way, to assure our hearts before the Lord that we are right with him. Of course the new creature and the work of grace in a child of God, may at times be greatly overpowered and oppressed, and therefore obscured by the working of the old nature, and the power of Satan, then this conformity will be sadly lacking, and sometimes even any perceptible desire for it; but then godly assurance must be wanting at the same time. Indeed the assurance that can flourish, when flesh and sin and not the grace of God are the prevalent things, is not of God. “Hereby we do know that we know him, if we keep his commandments. He that saith he abideth in him, ought himself also so to walk, even as he walked” (1 John ii. 3, 5). We can only glance at the following gracious words, “Let love be without dissimulation.” John says, “My little children, let us not love in word and in tongue, but in deed and in truth.” James also distinguishes between a genuine love and one that is feigned: “If a brother or sister be naked and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled, notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful for the body, what doth it profit?” Unfeigned love is of a practical nature. It says, be ye warmed and filled, and gives what will warm and what will satisfy, to the best of its ability. A love without dissimulation to the cause of truth, and the people of God, will be sure to produce bountifulness in the support of that cause, and those people. Joab's love went even a step further in its dissimulation, he was wont to salute a man, “Hail, brother!” and then stab him to the heart. The Lord himself

keep us from insincerity in our profession of love, and especially from a Joab-like treachery.

“Abhor that which is evil, cleave to that which is good.” How plainly such a precept as this must in its fulness be addressed to persons, who, being born again, and having the Holy Spirit in them, can alone be qualified to fulfil it. The word “evil” extends to everything of the flesh, to all that pertains to the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts. Thus the Lord says to his disciples, “Ye being evil,” that is in themselves, as sprung from Adam.

“Sprung from the man whose guilty fall  
Corrupts the race and taints us all.”

And Paul says therefore, that divine grace teaches a child of God to put off the old man, and again “He that is Christ’s hath crucified the flesh.” Again he writes that the true circumcision have no confidence in the flesh. In the spirit they obey the word, “Come out and be separate, and touch not the unclean thing;” “hating” as James says, “even the garment spotted by the flesh.” The exhortation does not therefore refer merely to outward sins, and gross corruptions, but to all that is of the old man; as John says, “Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world, . . . for all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but of the world.” And the world is, this present evil world in the sight of God, and lieth in the wicked one. So the word good extends to everything in Christ, to everything which is of a truly Christian character, and has Christ in it. Nothing can be good in the estimate of God, unless it has Christ and his Spirit in it, and therefore is of God. There is a great mistake made when these precepts are lowered to the standard of a sort of natural and fleshly morality, as they speak of something far higher. Of course, the abhorrence will embrace an abhorrence of ordinary immorality, and the love will not exclude what is naturally right, but the abhorrence extends to things which men may naturally highly esteem, and the love is love in the spirit, love sanctified and ordered by the word and grace of God.

“Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love, in honour preferring one another.” As love to what is good has been exhorted to, now the apostle speaks particularly of love to the brethren, and one acting of it, “In honour preferring one another.” That is, rather give precedence to another, than take it for yourself. The rule of precedency in Christ is, “Take the lowest room,” “Love seeketh not her own.” O how different is this to the spirit of the world, to the spirit which is in every one of us naturally. Humility is the grace of Christ. Humility is one of the sweetest graces in a Christian, and goes invariably with love.

*(To be continued.)*

## Obituary.

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MRS. FRANCES MARY HUBBARD.—Believing that a few particulars respecting the Lord's dealings with our dear mother, Frances Mary Hubbard, who had known and loved the Lord for fifty years, would be interesting to some of the readers of the "Gospel Standard," we have gathered some fragments of her experience, as a memorial of her, and also to show forth God's praise. She was born at Dumfries, in Scotland, on April 12th, 1821. Her parents were worldly people, who had no knowledge of religion, beyond attending church on a Sunday, and having their children christened and confirmed. This our dear mother was taught to believe was sufficient to fit her for heaven. She grew up greatly attached to the Established church. In 1847 she was married, when soon after, to her great surprise, she found her husband had for some months been somewhat concerned about his eternal state, and not getting any comfort from what he heard at the parish church, he resolved to go to North Street Chapel, Stamford, six miles distant from where they then lived, to hear the late Mr. Philpot, having been invited to do so by an elder brother who attended there. This was a great trial to our dear mother, but not liking to be seen at church alone so soon after marriage, she very reluctantly accompanied her husband to Stamford chapel, though for about three years she has said how she hated the doctrines of grace, and especially the late Mr. Tiptaft, on account of the way he spoke against the Established Church of England. Her heart was at length opened to receive the word spoken, and she was gradually led to believe that what she heard preached at the chapel was true. She felt herself a sinner, and that without an interest in Christ she must perish, and her prayer was, "Say unto my soul I am thy salvation." She was much encouraged by the lines : "Those feeble desires, those wishes so weak,

"Tis Jesus inspires and bids you still seek."

Once when feeling greatly disappointed at not being able through illness to go to chapel, she took up a sermon of Mr. Philpot's from the text, "My soul followeth hard after thee," and was specially favoured in reading it. Thus she was kept waiting on the Lord until a full assurance of her interest in him was granted.

One morning, whilst attending to her domestic affairs, feeling much cast down, suddenly such light and love filled her soul, and it seemed as if a voice asked her why she so loved the Lord, and the words followed, "We love him because he first loved us."

On September 30th, 1860, she was baptized by Mr. Tiptaft, and unanimously received into church fellowship by Mr. Philpot. She was generally esteemed by her fellow-members, being of a meek and quiet spirit. She dearly loved the people of God, and invited some of the poorer members of the church to spend a few weeks with her each year. She also highly esteemed the Lord's

servants for his sake, and both she and her husband felt it a great privilege to entertain them under their roof. She had many trials, and to the end of her life proved the truth of the words that "It is through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom."

She keenly felt the loss of a dear little girl about 12 years of age, who died after five days' illness of typhoid fever, on October 5th, 1871. The Lord was very gracious in enabling the child to leave a testimony of a work of grace on her soul, and also in comforting our dear mother by sweetly speaking to her the words: "It is well with thee, it is well with the child," so that on entering the room to witness the death of her child, she felt she could not shed a tear.

In the order of providence, in March, 1876, we left Thurlby Grange, Lincolnshire, and removed to Lowestoft. It was a very trying time, but we recollect how graciously the Lord manifested himself to our beloved mother, and comforted her with these words: "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." And again, three years later, when her eyesight failed, she was sustained through a painful operation without the aid of chloroform, her soul was so blessed. She was never very strong, and in 1884 had a long severe illness, her mind had been in a dark tried state. She was much distressed with the lines running through her mind:

"The child of fancy finely dressed,  
But not the living child."

One night the Lord spoke to her these words: "I go to prepare a place for you; I will come again and receive you unto myself." The power and sweetness she could not describe; it seemed almost too much for her in her weak state, she so longed to die, and believed the Lord would soon take her to himself. On one occasion she said, "Faith, hope and love, I cannot tell you what I have felt and seen opened up to me in those three graces. I never enjoyed such sweet communion with Father, Son and Holy Ghost. I have been blest and favoured, but never felt such continual sweet communion." On March 6th, 1884, we thought her dying, and telegraphed for her married daughters. She frequently repeated verses of hymns.

"When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,  
Lies silent in the grave," &c.

And often said, "O I shall sing and Christ will lead the song." She was exceedingly disappointed when she recovered a little, and said she really feared she should be just a little longer. On March 8th, she was very much tried after speaking to a friend, and said her prayer was, "Assure my conscience of her part," &c., but during the night she said she had some nice helps, and early in the morning repeated with great earnestness, "Yes, I to the end shall endure," &c., and said the 103rd Psalm, 3rd and 4th verses had been so nicely opened up to her. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, who redeemeth thy life from destruction, &c." A daughter wanted her to take a little breakfast, and remarked,

"I cannot let you sink (for she was so weak) without trying to get you to take something." She quickly replied,

"How can I sink with such a prop,  
That bears the world and all things up."

On March 10th, she seemed so disappointed that she still continued and said, "Oh dear, I would not have such feelings! I would not have a hard thought, but cannot help it! I do beg continually for submission to the Lord's will, for I know it is best. I do want to be contented and resigned, but I cannot produce the feeling." About this time those words were applied to her:

"My Father's hand prepares the cup,  
And what he wills is best."

One said to her, "I do not wonder at your disappointment, yet you know,

'A few more rolling suns at most,  
Will land you on fair Canaan's coast.'"

"Oh, but" (she said), "will the Lord bear with such ingratitude after all his lovingkindness to me during the last fortnight? I do feel so grieved for what I feel; the Lord knows I would not have such feelings." "Whilst I can hardly therefore bear

What in myself I see," &c.

Dear mother said, "It may seem ungrateful for me to be so anxious to leave you when everything is done for me that possibly can be. A few days ago I felt 'Death is no more a frightful foe, since I with Christ shall reign, &c.,' for me to die would be gain, and now to be left to have such hard ungrateful thoughts. It is indeed vile, sinful, guilty and polluted that we are. Poor Peter he might well weep bitterly!" No one but herself perceived either impatience or ingratitude. Our doctor remarked her great patience; and a friend who kindly assisted us in her last illness used to say how exceedingly grateful she was for every little attention. Often in the midst of intense suffering she would say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" and once,

"Awake my soul in joyful lays,  
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise."

After being confined to bed about four months she rallied sufficiently to be able to get up a few hours each day, and occasionally went to chapel. She survived our dear father thirteen years. The last few years her memory greatly failed, but her mind was clear when conversing on spiritual things. She often said,

"Weary of earth, myself and sin,  
Dear Jesus, set me free;" &c.

Dear mother was wholly confined to her bed for the last six months of her life, and during the last month was subject to apoplectic seizures, and suffered greatly. It was most distressing to witness her agony, and we felt it was indeed a mercy when the Lord graciously fulfilled his promise and received her to himself. Though we have lost a most affectionate and good mother, our loss is her gain. She entered into rest, September 5th, 1900, aged 79 years and a few months, and was interred in Kirkley Cemetery, Lowestoft, on September 10th, 1900.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

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MARCH, 1901.

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

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“MARVELLOUS ARE THE WORKS OF GOD.”

A SERMON PREACHED BY MR. COVELL, AT CROYDON,  
ON LORD'S DAY EVENING, JULY 22ND, 1877.

“And they sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints.”—REVELATION XV. 3.

WE took a little notice in the morning of what Moses sang about, for Moses was saved by faith as well as you and me. Moses had tasted the sweets of the gospel before the law was handed to him. Tables of stone are not bread, the thunder and lightning are not much for a broken heart. Moses knew what the manna was, he drank of the water that flowed from the rock; Paul tells us this was Christ. Therefore by faith Moses “kept the passover, and the sprinkling of blood, lest he that destroyed the firstborn should touch them.” We then noticed how he sang of the Lord triumphing over all his enemies, how it brought out such a song of praise. Then he sang about the everlasting and unchangeable love of God, and wrote it in a book, that the people might sing of it when he was not. Then we noticed the song of the Lamb. We found none could sing that song but the hundred and forty-four thousand which were redeemed from the earth. Therefore we found they were all redeemed people, so they could sing, “He hath redeemed our lives from destruction.” Sin is a damning thing, it throws men's bodies into a cold grave to rot, and their souls into a hot hell to burn. “O thou hideous monster, sin!” But we noticed that the Son of God redeemed his people's life from destruction, and crowned them with loving-kindness and tender mercies. We noticed that he redeemed their souls from deceit and violence, and from the hand of the enemy; that cruel spirit, the devil. He redeemed us from the hand of him that is stronger than we. He

redeemed us from the love of sin, not from the inbeing of it, but that will be by-and-bye. The child of God is able to say at times, "It is not I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me." The things which he does he would not do, sin is his plague and burden; while he feels sin working in him it does not reign, it rebels. So, as we noticed, Christ redeems us from the hand of him that is stronger than we. He redeemed us from the love, the power, and the practice of sin. This is a redemption, indeed! At last he will redeem our bodies from the grave, when body and soul shall sing with them that have gone before, and join in the everlasting chorus to God and the Lamb, "For thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us unto God by thy blood;" and, "To him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, to him be glory, might, majesty, and dominion." Now we will pass on.

"And they sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty." God ever has done, and always will do, some things whereby his people shall wonder, admire, and rejoice. Mr. Hart seemed to know something about it when he cried out,

"How wondrous are the works of God,  
Display'd through all the world abroad!  
Immensely great! immensely small!  
Yet one strange work exceeds them all!

"He form'd the sun, fair fount of light;  
The moon and stars, to rule the night;  
But night and stars, and moon and sun,  
Are little works compared with one."

*What can it be?*

"Almighty God, sigh'd human breath!  
The Lord of life experienced death!  
How it was done we can't discuss,  
But this we know, 'twas done for us."

"Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty." The Creator of days to be an Infant of days; he that giveth life, breath, and being to angels and all created things, to suck the breasts of his mother! He that thunders in the clouds, and rules devils, to lay in a manger! He that holds up heaven and earth, for Mary to hold him up! My friends, reason scorns it, the devil knows and envies it, angels know and admire it, and God's people are blessed with faith to believe it. So

“God, in the Person of his Son,  
Has all his mightiest works outdone.”

“Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty.” Not only great and marvellous respecting his Person as God and man in one Person, taking our nature upon him, thus becoming bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, marrying our nature, and taking it in union to himself, but great are his works in the souls that he saves. Well may dear Herbert sing,

“O wonder of wonders, my soul stands amazed,  
It beggars all language to tell,  
How God could contrive, bring about, and complete.  
How to save a poor sinner from hell.

“This makes angels wonder, and wonder they may,  
All heaven must wonder at this,”—

that God should take the vilest rags from the dunghill (so to speak) and make them milk-white saints. Just as men in a literal way take rags, however dirty, and make of them white paper, so does God take poor, vile, guilty, sin-polluted wretches and make them to outshine angels, whereby he can say, “Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee;” and present us without spot, blame, or any such thing. “Great and marvellous are thy works.” How it made the disciples wonder, and stand astonished, “Can it be possible, what we see and hear?” They had gone away to buy meat, and the eternal and everlasting Son of God sat on Jacob’s well. There came a woman to draw water, a poor adulterous wretch, and he spake such loving words as reached her heart, captivated her soul, and held her fast to him. When the disciples returned, they marvelled to see him talking with the woman. What! talk with such a wretch as that; talk to her of mercy, love, compassion, pity, and goodness! Away she ran, with love, joy, and peace in her heart, her heart was not big enough, “Come, I cannot tell what is to be seen and known; come, see a man, which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ?” Here are marvellous works! The psalmist says, “I am a wonder unto many, but thou art my strong refuge.” God doeth marvellous works past finding out; he did marvellous works in the land of Ham, and wondrous things in the field of Zoan, but greater works in the salvation of poor sinners. Look again; you see a persecuting, Christ-despising, bloodthirsty wretch, ready to worry Christ’s lambs, and to tear them in pieces; whilst in the height of his sin and rage, Jesus Christ calls to him, “Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?” “Who art thou, Lord?”

“ I am, Jesus, whom thou persecutest.” “ Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? I will do anything for thee.” There is no standing against love and mercy; God’s grace is more than a match for our hearts. If your knees never knelt in prayer in your life before, if God’s grace were to drop in your soul to-night, you would get away behind your door, upon your knees, and cry, “ Pardon mine iniquity, for it is great;” he would make the tears flow out of your eyes in a minute.

“ Great and marvellous are thy works.” When Ananias came to Paul, he said, “ The Lord that appeared to thee in the way hath sent me, that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost.” Now Paul will do anything for Jesus Christ;

“ ’Tis love that makes the cheerful feet,  
In swift obedience move;  
The devils know and tremble too,  
But Satan cannot love.”

No, no. This made Paul say, “ Christ gave himself for our sins;” and this made him say, “ This gospel is not after men.” You will not find men, when we do anything to provoke them, coming to us with an open heart and hand. This gospel comes over all our badness with, “ I have loved you.” That is grace; it does not look to goodness or badness; that is the great and marvellous work. As dear Berridge says: “ The marvel is that Jesus will wed with any poor thing.” You may say, “ What! me?” You cannot be too bad for Jesus Christ. Whatever you have been, if you have been as black as sin and the devil could make you, if you have been a drunken, lying, unclean wretch, it is no bar to his grace. He likes to do that which sets the world wondering, he does it in the salvation of his people. Therefore the Son of God says, “ Behold I and the children whom the Lord hath given me are for signs and for wonders in Israel from the Lord of hosts.” It is a wonderful thing. Will it not fill you with wonder and astonishment to find yourself in heaven that think and know you deserve hell? “ Why sir,” say you, “ if I get there I *shall* sing.” There are thousands as great wonders as you there; they never thought about getting there, for many years had no desire for it, till grace reached their hearts, drew them over to Jesus Christ, and they saw Christ was the one thing needful, and the pearl of great price. Then all their fear was that they never should get there; it has filled them with such joy, praise, thanksgiving, and blessing that eternity will not be too long for them to sing of his

marvellous work in bringing them there. Therefore God says, "My people shall eat and be satisfied, and praise the name of the Lord, that hath done wondrously for them; and my people shall never be ashamed." This brings them to cry out, "Sing, O heavens, for the Lord hath done it."

When Paul is writing of what the Corinthians were, he tells us of some of the worst of characters; then he says, "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." What will God do with such as these? Paul says, "That I may present you as a chaste virgin to Christ." These vile wretches; if we had lived in their time we should not have liked to be seen with such characters. What will God's love effect? God says, "I will work." Now what will be done? We find the blessed Son of God brought before Pilate and Herod, and the chief priests and the multitude all clamour, "Crucify him, crucify him; away with him, away with him!" Pilate would put in a good word for him if he could, saying, "Why, what evil hath he done? What shall I do? If I crucify him, you must have another released to you?" "Give us Barabbas;" a vile wretch that was accused of murder and sedition. He delivered Jesus to their will; they scourge him, they spit upon him, they mock and ridicule him, they make him bear his own cross until he faints, they crucify him between two thieves, and then they rail on him, "If thou be the Christ, come down from the cross, and we will believe in thee." Will he unite such as these to himself? Will he take these to his arms, and in his heart? Will he say to these, "O my love, my dove"? Will he take these to heaven, and set them on his Father's throne? Shall these triumph over sin and the devil? We find that when Peter begins to speak about the wondrous works, the life and death of God's dear Son, and how that with wicked hands they had crucified and slain the Lord of life and glory, the Holy Ghost fastens the word with divine power on their hearts, and they cry out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do to be saved?" "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and ye shall be saved." Here are great and marvellous works! These are the works that proclaim the finger of God; there are no works like unto these works.

If we come a little closer, "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty." What a marvellous work for God ever to lay hold of you or me! I did not want him; I expect there is not one here that wanted to have his religion till their bones were cold. They wanted to go to heaven when

they died, but they did not want to part with their sins and lusts ; they would have liked to have these things, and heaven at last. Great and marvellous are God's works in bringing you and me to follow him, whatever it may cost us. Although men have scorned us, and poured out contempt upon us, God's people are not going to be laughed out of heaven, they are not going to be jeered out of Jesus Christ, or scorned from God and his salvation.

“Fools make a mock of sin,  
 And with destruction sport ;  
 But death will stop their simple grin,  
 And cut their laughter short.”

In days that are past I had plenty of that in the shop where I worked, but the salvation of my soul was more to me than all this world calls good or great. When God was pleased to manifest himself to my heart, I could pour contempt on all their scorning. It was for me to pity and pour contempt upon them ; I was not going to be scorned out of heaven. “Great and marvellous are thy works.” Now you that were in love with the world and sin, and in league with the devil, to have a divorce made between sin and you, and to follow after Jesus Christ. You have had thousands of fears whether you should ever find him, and have been tormented and tossed about whether after all it would come to nothing. Here is a great and marvellous work ; he told you, “In the world you shall have tribulation,” yet you have been willing to leave father, mother, husband, wife, and all the profits and gains of this world, and go after Jesus Christ if nothing comes of it at last. What a great and marvellous work that he should ever look on worms of the earth like you and me, and at times persuade us we have got his heart, and at times show us we have got his hand towards us, and at times give us to feel we are bound up in the bundle of life with his own glorious self, and that neither sin, death, nor the devil shall separate us from him. There is a great and marvellous work, to think that we are one with the Son of God. Although you are willing to confess you are less than nothing and vanity, that you are a worm and no man, yet nothing will satisfy your soul but feeling Christ is yours, and you are Christ's. The great and marvellous work is that he will give us to realize it. “O,” say you, “I wish I was sure he would.” Will anything but he satisfy your soul ? “Nothing,” say you. Then that is how his heart beats towards you ; his prayer was, “Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me be with me where I am.” Just as his heart beats towards

us, that is how our heart beats towards him; he will bring us to himself, we can only be satisfied by being with him. Here is a great and marvellous work; for Paul says, "No man ever yet hated his own flesh, but nourisheth it, and cherisheth it, even as the Lord the church." We are one with him; our "Maker is our Husband, the Lord of hosts is his name." As he is called "The Lord our righteousness," so we are called "The Lord our righteousness;" one name. Here is a great and marvellous work, that he should ever take hold of such poor creatures like us and marry us. If he had not said it we could not have believed it, but nothing else will do. "Say unto my soul"—what! a poor, sinful creature like thee?—"Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation;" and the Lord loves to do it. Therefore "great and marvellous are thy works."

Not only are God's works great and marvellous in uniting us to himself, bringing us to seek his face, making us prize the light of his countenance above thousands of gold and silver, and bringing us to follow after him if we lose everything in the pursuit of him; but "great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty," in providing for and taking care of his children. Hearken: he said to his disciples, "Behold, I send you forth as lambs among wolves." He also said, "If the world hates you it hates me." You know, however people may like us for our honesty and many other things, they do not like our religion; you will not find a mere professor or carnal man like it; the carnal mind is enmity against God. You can see this. The Son of God went about doing good, yet they hunted him from his birth to his death. Look at the great apostle; how blameless, how holy he lived; his aim and desire were to do people good, yet they beat him and stoned him, went about to kill him, and hunted him till death. Here is a great and marvellous work, that God shall provide for you and me and thousands besides. "Your bread shall be given you, and your water shall be sure." God had an ark for his Noah, he had Zoar for Lot, he took care of Abraham, he had a cave for David, and he took care of his poor Josiah, he put him quietly in the grave, and took his soul to heaven. See how he provides: he will take his servant Elijah to heaven in a chariot and horses of fire, to keep him from trouble. How he has fed, cared for, and looked after you. I will venture to say, if I were to come to some of you and ask you how it has been done you could not tell me, any more than the poor woman could tell how the meal and oil wasted not. Therefore it is said, "Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even

they shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord." O to have such a great God as this! If bread is wanted, he will send it from heaven; if there is need of water, he will break the rock, and make the water pour out. He did a marvellous work to the disciples, and it put them all in a panic. God does such wonderful things by his power and glory that confound his people. He said to Moses at one time, "Go, and tell the people they shall have flesh to eat for a whole month." Moses thought he would bring God to a reckoning about it; he said, "Shall all the fowls of the air or fishes of the sea be gathered together?" God answered, "Is anything too hard for me?" He commanded the wind, and it brought up the quails. When the Son of God was on this earth, and the people had followed him for two or three days, he said, "If I send them away fasting, they will faint by the way." The disciples said, "Send them away, that they may go into the towns round about, and buy victuals." He said, "Nay; give ye them to eat." "Whence can we find bread enough here in the wilderness?" "How many loaves have ye?" "Five, and a few little fishes; what are they among so many?" "Make the men sit down." He took the bread, and blessed it. That will do; there will be no want if he blesses it. He took the bread, and blessed it, and gave it to the disciples, and the disciples gave it to the multitude. When they had all eaten, he said, "Gather up the fragments that remain;" and they took up twelve baskets full. These are some of his works of old. How manifold are his works! "Great and marvellous are thy works." Therefore he said to his disciples, "When I sent you out without purse or scrip, lacked ye anything?" They answered, "Nothing." You know how the people hunted poor Paul about from place to place, but he said, "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty." You will have something to talk about when you come to die of his wonderful work in stopping you in your sin, shedding abroad his love in your heart, giving you to feel that he was your salvation, and enabling you to say, "The Angel that redeemed me from all evil bless the lads." You and I have only got to follow on and sing, stand still and consider, the half of his wonders were never yet told.

"Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints." He speaks, and it will be done. It is said by Peter that there "are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises," so

he is just and true to fulfil every letter of it. I will tell you an encouraging promise, God will fulfil it, because it is said, again and again, "He is the faithful and true Witness." Now it is said, "Though we cannot believe, he cannot deny himself." "God that cannot lie." Here is another encouraging thing, he will fulfil it, he has done so in thousands of instances; "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." It is said again, "He that confesseth and forsaketh his sins shall find mercy." If you look for a minute you will see the truth of it. Here is a poor thief just ready to drop into hell; he confesses his sins, and says, "We indeed suffer justly, for we receive the due reward of our sins, but this man hath done nothing amiss. Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." "To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise." David himself tells us, after his grievous, filthy, and abominable sins, sins that have damned others to all eternity, but what? "I confessed my sin unto the Lord, and he forgave the iniquity of his servant." I once read that one of the servants of King Edward the First had displeased him, so with a drawn sword he ran furiously after him, purposing to kill him. The poor man dropped on his knees and sued for his life, and the king pardoned him, and received him into favour. Did his submission move the heart of a fellow-creature? He promised him nothing. Now God has promised us; his word is Yea and Amen, "If you confess your sins you shall find mercy." Harken again to David. God had told him he would make him king, but he had many hairbreadth escapes. He said at one time, "I shall surely perish." He said to Jonathan, "There is but a step between me and death." But when the king sat in his house, and the Lord had given him rest round about, he came before God, and said, "Thou hast promised this goodness unto thy servant, and thy words be true. Although I was hunted as I was for years, yet you told me I should be king; I could not believe it, everything seemed point-blank against it, but it has all come to pass." Moses says, "God is a Rock, his work is perfect: for all his ways are judgment: a God of truth and without iniquity, just and right is he." So stable, so immovable. "Just and true are thy ways." John heard them sing that in heaven, they had proved it to the letter. We are brought thus far to prove what Joshua said; not one word of his promise has ever fallen to the ground. Hear what he has promised; now what I am going to say is true, I have proved it, it has done my soul good many a time. "Your hearts shall live that seek God." I have known what

it is to seek him in fear, in anxiety, in desire, in heart-longings and pantings, in soul-breaking, in tears, and in misgivings, but my soul is alive. Again; I have proved that, "They shall praise the Lord that seek him." "Just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints." I have proved it; hundreds of times during these forty years has my soul praised Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. I have walked the streets of this town, and other places besides, and if stones, hedges, and trees could speak they could testify they have heard my soul praise God. If my bedroom and parlour could speak, and other parts of my house, all would speak of the praises of my soul before God. "They shall praise the Lord that seek him." I have sought him and found him many times, and praised him with joyful lips; therefore I know his word is true. "Just and true are thy ways." Not a promise will fall to the ground.

"His promise is Yea and Amen,  
And never was forfeited yet."

Hearken again to what he saith, "I will be with thee in six troubles, and in seven there shall no evil befall thee." What troubles, deaths, tortures, and afflictions did God's people pass through in days past, but they found God there. You hear one crying out, "You look for a miracle, ye Papists; behold, I feel no more of these flames than if I was on a bed of roses." Not one of those who were faithful ever cried out for pain. When poor Glover was going to suffer, for two or three days he was in such darkness and fear he never should go through the torments that awaited him. His dear servant tried to comfort him, saying, "He will come, master, he will not forsake you." When they brought him out, no sooner did he see the faggots and the stake than he said, "He has come, Austin, he has come."

"Just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints." Therefore he rules over them, and rules in them. If you are one of these saints it matters not what you may think of yourself; it is not what you say of yourself, it is what God says about you. If he is King over you, he sways the sceptre of his grace over your heart. Your desire is this,

"Reign o'er me as King, accomplish thy will."

I will tell you what you want; you want every high thought brought into captivity to himself; you would have your will to be his will, you would have no will but his. If it be so, so sure as he liveth and reigneth, he is your King; he will reign over you and in you, and will rule for you. I remember reading of Bishop Gardiner, that apostate, who would

not sit down sometimes till some were burned; he died a miserable wretch, full of anguish and sorrow. "He that toucheth you," God saith, "toucheth the apple of mine eye." When Dr. Taylor, who is now singing in heaven, "To him that loved me, and washed me from my sins in his own blood," when he stood before Gardiner, he said to him, "Do you know who I am?" He said, "Yes, but with all your lordly greatness you are only a mortal man. If I should fear your lordly looks, have you not reason to fear God who is Lord of us all?" There are three things which God blesses his people with that make them stand; namely, a faith that will overcome the world, a hope that will hold them up against all storms, and a love that will enable them to face death in all its terrible forms. They are invincible, because they belong to him who is King of kings, and Lord of lords. He makes them stand against all those things that frighten all others, because they have not his arm to lean upon, nor his grace to succour them. Their Lord being King of saints they fear no other king. Micaiah said, "I saw the Lord sitting on his throne, and all the host of heaven standing by him on his right hand and on his left." Now he will tell Ahab to his face what he is, he does not care; he had to do with the King of saints, so what was the king of Israel? It is said of Moses, he did not fear the wrath of the king; he had to do with the King of saints, so he would not obey the king's commandment. If you have got an interest in the King of saints you need not fear any other; he is King of kings, and Lord of lords. "By me kings reign, and princes decree justice." May you be enabled to see and feel that you have been brought to bow before him, and that his grace reigns in your heart, subduing your iniquity, working faith in your soul to believe in him, and preserving you from those things your flesh would run after. So you are under the kingly reign and princely power of the Son of God, who will take care of his subjects, and where he is they shall be also, according to what he says, "Behold I and the children whom thou hast given me; not one of them is lost but the son of perdition, that the Scriptures might be fulfilled." God grant that you may be found among that number when he makes up his jewels. Amen.

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I AM glad, dear sir, that you have felt some relencings, and though short in duration, they were an earnest of more grace to come, as a few drops before a plenteous shower. I rejoice that you are, and would have others thankful for them, and "thankfulness," as has been observed, "is a wise way of begging." But why, sir, should you suspect "that these relencings did not penetrate the heart?" for they certainly did it while they lasted.—*Annie Dutton.*

## OUR LATE BELOVED QUEEN.

SINCE the last issue of the "Gospel Standard," we regret to say that all that was mortal of our late beloved Queen Victoria (who departed this life on January 22nd, 1901) has been removed from our midst, and in the presence of great numbers of her loyal subjects, whose hearts were deeply affected by the great loss the nation, and, we may add, the whole civilized world, has sustained in the death of Her Gracious Majesty, who had won the hearts and affections, not only of all her people throughout her vast dominions, over whom she had reigned for nearly sixty-four years, but she had also gained the esteem and the best wishes of nearly every nation upon the earth. This we gather from the numerous expressions of heartfelt sympathy and condolence that have reached the leaders of our beloved England from all parts of the world. We have been most agreeably surprised to see that oneness of expression of grief and sorrow that has emanated most spontaneously from all classes of people wherever we have gone; and that special *mark* of personal respect shown to our late sovereign lady Queen Victoria by all whose means would permit is, to us, as one loud voice which says that the world at large (but especially all her loyal subjects) has sustained an irreparable loss by the death of our good Queen, which will be felt more or less by the people of the world for ages to come. Such illustrious Queens are not given to every nation in the world, nor does it fall to the lot of every reigning sovereign to sway the sceptre for such a long term of years, and over such an extensive empire; nor have we ever heard that any reigning monarch in the world's history stood higher in the esteem and affections of their people than did our Queen in the esteem and affections of her people! Therefore we must say that it is a kind Providence that has very mercifully smiled upon her, that has enlarged her coast and has given her this exalted position in the hearts of her people, and has made her famous in the eyes of the nations at large.

But all that we have alluded to is in reference to her high and exalted position as our beloved Queen, and the crowned head of our nation and empire; and as such she sought the good of all her people, and above all things did all in her power to establish a lasting peace upon a firm basis in all her British and foreign possessions. This has gained for her the admiration and goodwill of all her people; and here it is that we see the Lord has made her unto us a great national blessing, for which we have felt truly grateful. And now the fact that our good Queen is taken from us has filled our hearts with gloom and sadness, and the world now appears to be draped in mourning, a sombre hue meets our eye at every turn, and all assures us that a great and noble Sovereign has fallen this day in

England, for whom the nation weeps, and with it the world at large takes its share.

Thus we as a section of the late Queen's loyal subjects, known to the world at large as a body of Protestant Dissenters, but known among ourselves as a Strict Baptist denomination, holding the doctrines of divine grace as set forth in the word of God, and as we have been taught them by the Lord the Spirit, do sincerely tender our heartfelt sympathy to all the Royal family in the great loss they have sustained in the removal by death of Her Majesty the Queen, who was a loving and an affectionate mother, and who wished well to her dear children and grandchildren, ever seeking their interest, and doing all she could to make them happy. Now, if it should please the Lord, "by whom Kings reign, and Princes decree justice," to show kindness, and pity, and have compassion upon our present reigning Monarch, King Edward VII., and give him grace, and spiritual wisdom and understanding as he did to King David, the man after God's own heart, and to his son Solomon, and to England's beloved King Edward VI., then our present king will become a pattern to the many kings of the earth, for he will be guided aright, as the ruling power of the nation, and it will be said of him, "that the Lord his God is with him."

Considering, then, the solemn crisis we as a nation are now passing through (and have been for some time past), it is a matter of the greatest importance that we should have a *good king* to reign over us, one who will adhere to, and maintain, and enforce our good, sound, Protestant laws which have been such a blessing to our nation, and which have done so much towards building up England's greatness as we see it to-day, and which have contributed in no small measure towards causing England to be so highly respected among the nations at large. Were the Toleration Act made void, and other of our Protestant laws removed from the Statute Book, it would be a sorry day for England, but far more so for dear old England's Protestant sons and daughters, of which we as a Strict Baptist community do form a most important part. We will therefore embrace this opportunity to ask our readers (if their minds should be led this way) to ask the Lord to give all needful blessings to our new Sovereign the King, that he may reign over us in the fear of God, maintaining all our Protestant rights and privileges, and enforcing them in every city, town, and village of the land, without the least taint or vestige of any erroneous "ism" that may be found in our midst, for should the foundation of our Protestantism be removed, away go at once all our religious privileges and the many Sabbath day blessings the Lord has conferred upon us for these many years past. And when we remember that God's word enjoins it upon us to pray for kings, and all that are in authority over us, it is an encouragement to us to betake ourselves to the footstool of mercy, or, as the apostle Paul says, "To come humbly, yet boldly, unto the throne of

grace, that ye may obtain mercy; and find grace to help in every time of need." And we read that the Lord "waits to be gracious," and has never said, "Seek ye my face in vain."

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### THE SORROWS AND SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"—(Psa. xxii. 1.)

(Continued from page 81.)

II. The Answer to the question we may attempt, the Holy Ghost guiding us:—

1. Thus his Father forsook Him as a sin-hating God. "Can the throne of iniquity have fellowship with thee?" Sin was found on Him, therefore fellowship must be broken off until sin is removed in the virtue of His vicarious sacrifice. God must hate sin with an infinite hatred and abhorrence. The sensible sinner may well tremble, seeing God withdraws from His only-begotten Son rather than countenance sin.

When the Holy Ghost brings a poor sinner into a vital acquaintance with these things, it makes such tremble and say, "If God forsook His well-beloved Son as a sin-hating God, what must become of me, if sin is found upon me?" "Ah," says such, "I must be banished into outer darkness, where there is wailing and gnashing of teeth." Yes, it must be so unless we are with Christ—interested in His finished work; this we are as certain of as we hold the pen in our hand. Oh ye that dream of escaping the wrath to come, and entering heaven apart from an interest in the blood and righteousness of Christ; yours is but a "fool's paradise."

I well remember reading this Psalm after the Lord began His work of grace in my soul, while under the law; not knowing that it was the language of Christ in the spirit of prophesy. I felt it spake the language of my heart, especially ver. 16. Some time after, when the Holy Ghost opened up the substitution of Christ, how sweetly did my soul drink in the truths of the covenant of grace, truly, "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country" (Pro. xxv. 25). Many times has my heart leaped for joy under the blessed influence of the truths of the covenant of grace, whereby is revealed the mediation of Christ, so blessedly adapted to the soul's deep need that feels helplessly and hopelessly ruined in himself.

2. It was in punishment of sin. His God forsook Him; and He was deaf to the words of Christ's roaring. "Why art thou so far from helping me, and from the words of my roaring?"

Here it is we see, and learn, the inexorable nature of the justice of God till satisfaction is rendered. This is the place and scene to test the spurious doctrine of a God all love, without regard to the claims of law, holiness, truth, and rectitude. We could not regard with esteem man's government which had no

regard to righteousness and truth, neither could it stand in the presence of any with regard for right. To represent God as the author of a weak government is a dishonour to His perfections, and a misrepresentation of His character; and a disgraceful reflection upon the incarnation, life, work, and death of Him who said, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" for it was justice exacting the last mite of the debt due to offended majesty at the hands of the Church's sponsor, while the whole of the vials of the wrath of God were poured out into the holy soul of God's dear son, and servant, which caused Him to cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

"That wrath would have kindled a hell  
Of never-abating despair,  
In millions of creatures, which fell  
On Jesus, and spent itself there," &c.

3. He forsook Christ that He might turn His hand of favour upon the little ones. "Awake, O sword, against my shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of hosts: smite the shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered; and I will turn mine hand upon the little ones." (Zech. xiii. 7).

O ye little ones, in whose heart the Holy Ghost has "begun a good work" (Phil. i., 6), you who fear, doubt, tremble, give up so often in your minds. Sin, satan, and the world "oft tries to take from you" what little there is planted in your soul, and how often you are pursued with these words, "Give it up, give it up, what is the use of your attempting to keep on, there is nothing in you, you are deceived," &c. But you don't give it up, how is that? because God don't give you up; He still maintains the little you have within, the spark of life, the little hope, love, faith, patience, meekness, &c. "A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked" (Ps. xxxvii. 16). "Who hath despised the day of small things?" (Zech. iv. 10). Not God, for, "That thou givest them they gather" (Ps. civ., 28); and those who gather much have nothing over, and those who gather little lack nothing. Oh little one, "He openeth His hand and satisfieth the desire of every living thing." And His hand gathers the precious fruits of Calvary's solemn transactions, and drops those fruits into the hearts of those little ones "Who receive the kingdom of God as a little child."

"His hand is turned" upon the little ones, "to defend them by all the virtues of Calvary's atoning blood, from law, curse, sin, death, hell, and the grave; and to present them pure, and as blameless as the perfections of Christ's finished work can make them (Eph. v., 25-27). Concerning those interested in the finished work of the Son of God, we may say as the Queen of Sheba said of the servants of Solomon (1 Kings x., 8,9).

4. It was not an eternal forsaking. The darkness was from the sixth to the ninth hour (Matt. xxvii., 39, 53). What an

amazing truth, that during the suspension of the presence of His God, He

“Bore all incarnate God could bear,  
With strength enough—and none to spare.”

He bore all the wrath due to the sins of His people, removing the cause of the separation between God and His people, bringing them together without a possibility of another separation of the same nature ever existing. O the depth of the wisdom, love, grace, and mercy of God, seen in the virtue and perfection of the finished work of the surety of the everlasting covenant. But am I an interested character? Reader! have we ever approached the cross of Christ with a burdened soul, burdened with sin, our own sin, with fears, with a trembling step, and with the sentence of death in our soul, crying, “What must I do to be saved?” Do we know in any measure through a faith’s view of Christ crucified, what Bunyan says, “O what a place is this?” &c. If ever we have known anything of this by precious faith, though we may have been drenched in sorrow, and sunk to a Jonah’s hell, and every token hid, and our souls no comfort find, yet “The Lord will command His lovingkindness in the day time, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life” (Psa. xlii. 8). “He will rejoice over thee with joy, He will rest in His love” (Zep. iii. 17). God is not unrighteous to forget thy work of faith, and labour of love (1 Thess. i. 3-5). God will never disown such, nor avow “I never knew you.” The blessed Son of God never says a member of His mystical body is not a member, neither will He appear in heaven with a mutilated body. O no! it will never be said in dishonour to His love, oath, blood, righteousness, and grace: “Death and hell are stronger.” Will He allow His bosom, his Heart to be robbed of the objects of His love? “Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end” (John xiii. 1).

5. This is not the language of a rebellious sufferer; the “Why hast thou forsaken me,” is no charge of injustice, nor unkindness. He deeply recognised the rectitude of the movements of His God in the deepest sorrows of His soul. Yes, while he bears all the privation of all that caused His supreme happiness as God-man, he so deeply and completely grasped the cause of the divine conduct as to justify the divine character, for, He says in verse 3, “But thou art holy,” &c. Never was the unsullied holiness of God so clearly seen as when He punished sin in His immaculate Son.

Does not the same spirit, in a faint measure, at times possess God’s people, when humbling, and reigning grace is in exercise in their heart? When sin is charged home upon their conscience, and its nature opened up, and its just demerit is seen; do we not feel we deserve the lowest hell, and are obliged to acknowledge it before God’s throne; and feel we must clear God’s character in passing sentence on the guilty? “Against thee,

thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest" (Ps. li. 4).

III. The faith of the sufferer holding on in the midst of the deepest waterfloods. "My God, my God," said Christ, though He had no sense of His presence. Oh, what must have been the sorrows of the substitute during the period of the felt absence of His God, and that in displeasure? But "He was strong in faith, giving glory to God."

1. If Satan could have injected unbelief into His mind, so as to cause Him to doubt, or deny His God, the cause of the church must have gone down in eternal reproach, and been irrecoverably lost. "If thou be the Son, or servant, of God," found no place in His heart. "The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me" (1 John, xiv. 30). No, bless His dear and Holy name, there was no sin whatever in His holy nature, as there is in ours.

"Spotless, innocent, and pure,  
The Great Redeemer stood," &c.

"If thou be the Son of God come down from the cross" engendered no unbelief in His mind, nor a rebellious desire, nor scheme to escape the sufferings due to the sins of His bride. True as man, as God-man He drank deep into the wine cup of astonishment alone, and of the people there was none with Him; and He pleads with heaven, "My God, my God," &c. Not a word, not a particle of help from God in the form of a comforting presence; yet His faith holds fast. The Lord grant us a gracious measure of this faith, which is so needful in the trials of life, and under the hidings of the face of God, the smittings of His rod, that we may own Him as our God, and with Job say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him" (Job xiii. 15).

2. Christ owns God as His God while suffering the greatest reverses under the stroke of vengeance, and revilings of the people. "All they that see me laugh me to scorn: they shoot out the lip, they shake the head, saying, He trusted on the Lord that He would deliver Him: let Him deliver Him, seeing he delighted in Him" (7, 8 ver); still His faith holds on (see 9, 10 ver).

3. It was not only the language of trustful confidence, but of loving obedience, meeting the requirements of the law in the deepest sufferings. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God," &c., is the undeviating requirement of God's law, without which no satisfaction can be rendered, and in this Christ was "obedient unto death." "He magnified the Law, and made it honourable." Oh, believer, here is our hope, and here alone. There was no carnal enmity rising up in His holy soul against an afflicting God; but He loved His God as ardently under the stroke of the sword as on the mount of transfiguration. Though He prayed, "Deliver my soul from the sword; my darling from the power

of the dog" (20 ver.). Yet it was not the prayer of impatient, or fitful rebellion, plunging "As a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke," but it was the prayer of one hanging upon the promise of His God, who had said, "Because he hath set His love upon me, therefore will I deliver Him: I will set Him on high, because He hath known my name" (Ps. xci. 14). "Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name" &c. (Phil. ii., 9-11).

Oh, children of God, which of us have not to blush with shame at the carnal enmity of our unbelieving heart, bubbling up under the afflicting hand of God, which have made us appear worse than devils?

"Depths of mercy, can there be  
Mercy in reserve for me?"

Yet, poor blushing, trembling soul, "To the Lord our God belong mercies," &c. (Dan. ix. 9).

"I'll to the gracious King approach,  
Whose sceptre pardon gives," &c.

Though it be contrary to a broken law, yet not contrary to a law fulfilled in Christ the substitution of His people, who is set forth by one poet as saying to justice,

"Turn thy thirsty blade into my side;  
Let there the wound be made;  
Cheer up, dear soul, redeem thy life with mine;  
My soul shall smart, my heart shall bleed for thine."

4. It is the language of triumph in the darkest hour and power of Satan. "My God, my God," said the dying one, in the hour when His bitterest foes appeared to have gained the victory over him; and God not attentive to His cry. Yet said the dying Jesus, "It is finished," which sent all the hosts of hell to their den; men gazed and trembled; the rocks rent, the earth did quake, "And behold the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom," and all to hymn the triumphs of Immanuel, who said with His dying breath, "Into thy hand I commit my spirit, thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth" (Ps. xxxi., 5).

Oh, may we be brought into a deeper acquaintance with these blessed truths, and live upon them as the only ground of our salvation, and know what it is to "live the life of faith upon the Son of God" (Gal. ii. 20). How often do I fear lest, after all, I should be out of the secret, and while writing many fears have crossed my mind, and the suggestion has come again and again, that like Balaam, it is delivering truths in which I have no part. Well, may we be helped to hang on in the midst of trial, we have nowhere else to go, "Thou hast the words of eternal life." What a mercy the Lord knows all our sorrows, temptations, and cares, vileness, and unfaithfulness. "If ever my poor soul is saved, 'tis Christ must be the way." "By grace are ye saved," is a great truth experienced by God's people before they get to heaven.

“ A sinner born, a sinner lost and base,  
 Who did salvation scorn that's all of grace ;  
 The grace I scorned has set the vilest free,  
 Lord, magnify thy grace in helpless sinful me.”

“ The grace of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—the eternal Three,  
 O dateless, changeless grace, unsearchable, and rich, and free ;  
 How full thy blessings, how divine ! O vast abyss ;  
 The spring of faith, and hope, and love, and endless bliss.”

J. PAROCHIA.

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## COME OUT OF ROME.

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BY THE LATE MR. JOSEPH IRONS.

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(From a Sermon preached in Camberwell, 1844.)

“ And I heard another voice from heaven, saying, Come out of her, My people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues.”—(Revelation xviii. 4.)

THERE can be no doubt, in any thinking, godly mind, as to the application of this solemn word of admonition. The preceding verses give such an account of the power of Babylon as can refer, in a spiritual point of view, to nothing but the Popish hierarchy. It is concerning that mighty apostasy that the cry shall go forth with a strong voice, “ Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird ; for all nations have drunk of the wine of the wrath of her fornication, and the kings of the earth have committed fornication with her, and the merchants of the earth are waxed rich through the abundance of her delicacies.” Therefore, “ Come out of her, my people, that be ye not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues. For her sins have reached unto heaven, and God hath remembered her iniquities.”

The infinite importance of decision for God, and distinction from the world, is constantly engaging our attention ; nor can we use it with sufficient vehemence. The whole Word of God urges and demands it. But when “ perilous times come,” when imminent dangers surround us, when armies are set in array, when the decision *must* be made, when we *must* either take part against Christ or for Him, it is high time at least to see whether you belong to God's people—“ My people ;” whether you can then appeal to Him, as we did on Lord's day, “ Behold, see, we beseech Thee, we are all thy people.” If so, come out of Babylon : “ Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues.” (1) First of all, let us speak of the apostasy itself. For I think that very few Christians are aware of the double devilish blackness and vileness of Popery now.

It is putting on, in the days in which we live, especially in England, all the forms of apparent innocency, and beguiling, bewitching meekness, "with all deceivableness of unrighteousness" as the apostle says, so that many are duped by its false pretensions, and many think that Popery is not that dire thing that it once was, nor that bloodthirsty thing that it once was, in these enlightened days, and with "the march of intellect;" and that now some have sillily said, "the schoolmaster is too much abroad" for it. Really, I think the persons must be deficient in intellect that can talk after this childish manner, with the facts staring them in the face as glaringly as they now are.

But to come to the description of the thing itself, I conceive that Popery, this apostasy to which my text refers, consists chiefly of three prominent things. In it and by it the faith of Christ is perverted; the offices of Christ are insulted; and the redeemed of Christ are persecuted. That is Popery. "Come out of her."

But I pass on to notice that this apostasy is guilty of even more awful iniquity than I have yet mentioned; for by it the offices of Christ are all insulted. Is Jesus King in Zion? Has God said, "I have set my king upon my holy hill of Zion?" No, says the Pope of Rome; he has resigned his throne to me; he has committed all his authority to me. Why, the devil himself could not be guilty of such impudence; with all his blackness he has never said that, except once in his temptation of the Lord Jesus Christ. So that while Jesus is King in Zion, and he only has a right to give laws, and those laws are written down in his precious word, to be the rule both of faith and of practice; the Pope says, "No; receive your mandate from me; I will curse whom I please, and bless whom I please; I will be absolute monarch over all the world." Do you see how this insults the kingly office of Christ? And not that only, but his priestly office also; for there are a host of carnal worldlings, and shoals of soul deceivers, who have never been called of God, never were acquainted with their own hearts, never possessed a single grain of spirituality, and yet forsooth they are priests; whereas the New Testament knows of no priest but Christ himself officially. It indeed sets forth all the people of God as "a royal priesthood," and they are in that sense "to offer up spiritual sacrifices," and are enabled so to do; but in office, under the New Testament, we have no priest but Christ, and the man who assumes that appellation insults the priesthood of Christ.

Moreover, if we take his prophetic office, as a teacher and a guide; all that the poor dupes of Popery have to do is not to listen to what Christ has set forth, and the apostles have written down, but just to regard what the priest says, and confess as often as they can, and carry him as much money as they

can, and go by his dictation. So that all these offices, the kingly, the priestly, and the prophetic, are insulted. Mind, they are not denied in so many words; Christ is professed to be honoured; but honoured, it must be, with a mere empty name, while they themselves assume his very offices, and set him aside. What a tremendous apostasy! How frightful, that all the doctrines of God's grace should be turned upside down, while admitted in name; and all the offices of Christ torn from him, and he himself insulted concerning them by his avowed enemies and determined foes assuming them for themselves!

But there is another feature of this apostasy, which I must not pass over: the redeemed of the Lord are, and always have been, persecuted by it. This is a fact that requires very little proof; my hearers must be very ill acquainted with the history of the Church if they do not know that whenever and wherever Popery has had power, the real saints of God have always been the victims of its fury. Oh! could the accursed dungeons of the Inquisition tell what barbarities have been committed there; oh! could the solitary confinements of the monasteries tell what groans and sighs are at this moment going up there; oh! could those infernal prisons, which are permitted to be erected, and walled to an enormous height, even in our own beloved country, unfold the scenes they witness, and give up the victim females that have been decoyed and betrayed into these horrid dens, and would give a thousand worlds to get outside those walls again—what proof should we have, even around us now, of the persecuting spirit, the murderous disposition of "the man of sin!" Or shall Spain and Portugal tell of the thousands and tens of thousands hurried into eternity by Popish intrigue? Shall France develop the horrors of black Bartholomew's day—the men, women and children, by thousands, butchered without reserve by the fury of Popery? Shall the reign of bloody Mary in our own country be exposed, and all its horrors exhibited to view? Shall Smithfield throw up as by an earthquake, the stakes, and the ashes and bones of martyrs that have burned for Christ? Shall these be revealed at the day of judgment? and will not all say, These are the victims of the seven-headed beast?

I think it was Lord Bacon who was once asked, a long while ago, of course, if he was quite satisfied that Popery was really Antichrist; and his answer was, that if a hue and cry were sent forth after Antichrist, with such a description of it as is given in the Book of God, he certainly should apprehend the Pope of Rome, and could apprehend no other, for he is so accurately described that it seems impossible to mistake him. I am quite of his opinion with respect to that.

Oh! ye people of God, come out of her, and preserve your high and holy distinction as heaven-born souls. The time of trial is at hand, when those who have only the name of Chris-

tianity will go over to Popery in shoals, to partake openly of her sins, preparatory to their receiving of her plagues. Indeed this falling away is already commenced in the seats of learning, and among the nobles of the land. Oh! may the court and the throne be kept unsullied by Antichrist!

God's church, whom he owns in our text in the endearing words "My people," is of heavenly origin; but the hierarchy of Rome is the offspring of Satan. God's church is the mystical body of Christ, but Antichrist is his sworn foe. God's church has the wisdom which is from above, which is "First pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy;" but Popery is the very reverse of all this, for it is first filthy, then warlike, furious, inflexible, and full of abominations, flagrant in partiality and in hypocrisy. "Come out of her, my people, and be not partakers of her sins."

Believers in Jesus in every section of his Church are now called upon to manifest a stern, uncompromising attachment to gospel principles and to gospel privileges, that they may have no guilt upon their consciences, when their temples will be closed or turned into mass-houses, their property confiscated, and their bodies imprisoned or murdered; all which is likely to take place as soon as Popery is declared to be the religion of the court, and consequently of the country. Then "shall we return and discern who is on the Lord's side, and who is so destitute of real religion as to turn with the tide. But there is another and a worse sign of the approaching crisis than all these; I mean the awful degeneracy and apathy of Protestantism. The distinguishing doctrines of the gospel are everywhere so diluted with the free will heresy, or supplanted by Popish notions of creature merit and power, that the leading principles of Apostolic instruction are laid aside and discarded, while the pride, vainglory, and the paltry show of the "Mother of Harlots," is everywhere rife, and genuine spirituality is almost universally despised. "Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord: shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?" If the love of the truth and the spirit of prayer were vouchsafed to the living church of God, I should have hope that "enlargement and deliverance" would yet come; but if the rejection of the truth and the carnal policy which has long disgraced the professing church are persisted in, the scourge must come; and woe unto them who are thus instrumental in bringing it on.

Ye saints of the Most High, quit you like men, and be strong! Use all the influence which you possess as men on earth, and all that you possess in heaven as Christians, to avert the awful catastrophe. And then when the crisis comes, we shall, I trust, be enabled to "resist unto blood, striving against sin," and especially against the "man of sin;" and being found "faithful unto death, receive a crown of life."

THE WAY AND THE FARE OF A WAYFARING MAN  
IN TWO LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

BY W. HUNTINGTON, S.S.

(Continued from page 65.)

Letter II.—To Mrs. K., Red Hill, Kingsbury.

Afflictions excite fear; they lead us to self-examination; they make us frown on the world, even though it smile upon us: confidence and hope bestir themselves; confession and prayer become seasonable; and the interest that we have in God will be claimed with all the boldness of faith: "By these things men live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit." Afflictions are the portion of the Lord's people; it is the cup they are to drink of, and is no small proof of their adoption. All that the Lord loves he rebukes and chastens; and scourges every son whom he receiveth: they that are without chastisement are affirmed to be bastards and not sons. God's fatherly stripes humble the heart, and work out the old leaven, and so prepare the way for more grace. He chastens us for our profit, that we may be partakers of his holiness. Under these chastisements we come to the bar of equity, and reason matters over with God, get at the cause wherefore he contends with us, plead his promised mercy in Christ Jesus, while his own spirit fills our mouth with arguments; and so the controversy ends in the chastisements of a covenant God and Father, instead of the killing sentence of an angry Judge; "We are chastened of the Lord, that we should not be condemned with the world."

The whole train of troubles that fall to our share we shall have, but no more—all these things are appointed for me, [says Job,] and many such things are with him. What we have gone through will be endured no more; that part of our pilgrimage is finished; God has hitherto helped us, and brought us through; our strength has been equal to our day; what is yet to come the wheel of time will turn up as it runs: God is the same, his promise is the same, and faith is the same to-day as yesterday, and will be the same to the end of our race. God hath delivered, [says Paul,] and we trust that he will yet deliver us.

As our afflictions are appointed, so there is an exact measure proportioned; "I will correct thee in measure, yet will I not leave thee wholly unpunished" (Jer. xlvi. 28). This measure is scant, is filled to the brim, shook together, or heaped up and running over, just as our stubborn old man, whose mouth and back both call for strokes, requires it. God does nothing in vain; if there be no iniquity bound up in the heart of the child, there is no need of the rod of correction to drive it out. Here the perfectionists have got the start of us; for we cannot say we have made our heart clean, nor that we are pure from our sin; therefore we must expect the rod for our parts, unless, like

Ephraim, we would sooner run away from our profession than submit to the hand of God: for it is written that "a child left to himself will fall."

The Lord discovers a most tender affection to his afflicted children when in the furnace; he verifies the proverb that speaks of him as a father: "He that spareth the rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes." Yet discovers himself a present help, yea, a very present help in time of trouble; the Lord strengthens them upon the bed of languishing, and makes all their bed in their sickness (Psa. xli. 3); places his everlasting arms underneath them, and manifests himself the strength of their heart. The arms of supporting power, and the kind embraces of a loving God and Father, remove the troubles of the mind, make bodily afflictions light, and every part of the bed both soft and easy. These are times in which our souls make diligent search after God, and when he is found to be about our path, and about our bed, spying out all our ways; and observing the path that we take, he makes bare his delivering hand in our deepest necessities, and at a time when our eyes are up unto him; by which means we get more acquainted with him, by perceiving his precious salvation to be near to us; and we come forth as gold seven times purified, which encourages a holy familiarity with him. He that is the Father of our mercies is the physician both of body and soul; he kills and makes alive, he wounds, and his hands make whole; the severe rod and the healing balm are both from him; no affliction comes by chance, no trouble springs out of the ground; nor shall either be a burden to us any longer than we rebel: when submission takes place salvation is at the door.

Afflictions are good for us;—when the grain is put into the sieve the chaff rises and flies away; when the branch is purged it brings forth more fruit; when the gold is purified it loses its dross; when the outward man decays the inward man is renewed;—"by sorrow of heart the spirit is broken," and by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better. Bodily health, bodily ease, temporal wealth and prosperity contribute little to the growth or happiness of the soul, but contrariwise. In health, wealth, and strength, Solomon lost his heart; and in prosperity David lost his eyes; and when Jeshurun waxed fat then he kicked, forsook God that made him, and lightly esteemed the Rock of his salvation. An infected tabernacle becomes loathsome to the inhabitant; none like to dwell in a pest-house who know in themselves that they have a better house not made with hands, that is, not of this building, eternal in the heavens. A persuasion of this made Paul long to be unclothed, and to be clothed upon with his house which is from above, that mortality might be swallowed up of life.

"Tribulation worketh patience;" and when patience has had her perfect work we are entire, lacking nothing; "patience works experience;" the patient waiter on God, and the patient

saint under his chastening hand, experience many tokens for good, many soul-humbling visits, many comfortable lifts to heavenly-mindedness, many a pregnant promise to encourage and fill their hopes, and many a pleasing glimpse, which are so many earnest rays of the glorious inheritance of the saints in light. Thus experience worketh hope, and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given us. The decay of the outward man often terminates in the renewal and revival of the man of grace; while the former is tumbling into ruins, the latter is building his nest in the stars.

In afflictions the soul seeks out her evidences; ponders over the word and work of God; searches after the girdle of truth to gird up the loins of the mind; feels for the lamp of salvation to burn afresh, that her state may appear clear and bright; and as soon as the house is searched by self-examination, and those things confessed that appear to be wrong, then it is swept in answer to prayer, and the peace found, which, perhaps, was (with respect to the enjoyment of it) lost; then, O! then, the soul is ready; the loins are girded, the candle is lighted, and peace is enjoyed; the longing eye is fixed on the end of our faith and the end of our race; the lamp of salvation is in the hand of divine confidence, and the mantle of an imputed righteousness wrapped close about; the soul then thinks it could smite the waters with the skirt of it, and go over even dry shod.

The girdle of truth, Madam, is a sure defence against the destroying attacks of the father of lies; "Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation." The atonement of Christ is an eternal security against the flaming sword of vindictive justice; and, if found upon us, it will give us right and free access to the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God. Under the type of this atonement Israel escaped the destroying sword at the midnight cry of Egypt; and under the antitype of that the wise virgins will escape when the second midnight cry proclaims the Bridegroom coming; when the same sword will come down on Idumca, the people of God's curse, to judgment.

An imputed righteousness is a breast-plate sufficient to repel the force of every curse or condemning sentence of God's holy and righteous law; "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." The breast-plate of love guards the heart of an afflicted saint against the strong encroachments of surviving friends, who too often make inroads on the resigned and passive soul, and bring it into a strait between two: having a desire to continue, and a desire to depart, and be with Christ, which is far better; but which to choose they wot not. The spirit of life in us is a divine security against a departure or separation from God, which is called the second death: such have everlasting life, and can never perish; none can pluck them

out of God's hands, nothing can separate them from him; "He that is joined to the Lord is one Spirit"; astonishing mystery! This the armour, Madam, that God has provided for his saints; and it is as sure a defence as the war with death is certain; "There is no man that hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit; neither hath he power in the day of death: and there is no discharge in that war" (Eecl. viii. 8). Put ye on therefore the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand; for "I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, . . . shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord" (Rom. viii. 38, 39). It is common with the people of God, when afflictions come suddenly on them, to be much surprised and dismayed: hence Peter tells you, to "think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you" (1 Peter iv. 12), for the same things are accomplished in our brethren that are in the world. Temptations, unbelief, doubts, fears, and dark clouds often gather thick about the poor believer when he goes first into the furnace, which makes him gather all up into himself, until he finds, as the Scriptures say, that in his flesh dwelleth no good thing, and that the more he looks to himself the worse he gets: then he is glad to look to Jesus. "We had the sentence of death in ourselves," says Paul, "that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God who raiseth the dead." All flesh is grass, and the goodness thereof as the flower of grass; the grass withereth and the flower thereof falleth away; but the word of the Lord endureth for ever. Blessed is the man that trusteth not in his own heart; blessed is the man that leaneth not to his own understanding; blessed is the man that feareth alway, and that trusteth in the Lord with all his heart: "Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."

With respect to myself, Madam, I go on the old way, through some tribulation and some consolation: but you may always know my spiritual affairs, and how I do with respect to them, if you look impartially into your own heart; for, "As in water face answers to face, so doth the heart of man to man." If the Lord shines on his word I can say with the psalmist, "In thy light we see light"; "I have more understanding than all my teachers: for thy testimonies are my meditation" (Psa. cxix. 99.) But if he hide his face I am troubled, and ready to cry out, "I am a stranger in the earth: hide not thy commandments from me" (Psa. cxix. 19). If the good work on my soul seems to flag, I say, "Search me, O Lord, and try me"; and if God answers my prayer I change my voice, saying, Chasten me not in thine anger, lest thou bring me to nothing, neither rebuke me in thy hot displeasure. If God appears about my path and about my bed, and his visitations preserve my spirit, I wish all to know of it, and cry, "Shew me a token for good, that they which hate

me may see it" (Psa. lxxxvi. 17). But if this be granted, and my God withdraws, then I say, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee."

Well may we be called little children, for we stand in need of guiding and upholding continually; and blessed be our God; he has promised to guide with his eye, to direct our work in righteousness, to keep the feet of his saints, and to hold us up in our goings, that our footsteps slip not. We are compassed about with many exceeding great and precious promises, while divine faithfulness and truth stand bound by a thousand ties to make them all good; search them out therefore, and consider them well. When thou art under the rod, remember every stripe lies in a promise; and look out then for another that promises a cure; "I will bring it health and cure, and I will cure them." When, dejected and bowed down, it is written, "The mean man shall be brought low, and the haughty humbled;" and it is likewise written, "They shall be exalted to safety." The Saviour told his disciples that when the comforter was come he should testify of him, and shew them things to come; and John tells us, in his Revelations, that the "testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy;" and I believe all the children of God may prophesy in turn. When I seem to go on prosperously in soul, in health, and in temporal affairs, I then prophesy that some trouble or sharp trial is coming upon me, for God hath set adversity against prosperity. And when bereft of all comfort, and I appear to be nothing but corruption, I then prophesy that the Lord will come and shine again;—"Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy," saith the prophet; "When I fall I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me:" he will bring me forth to the light, and I shall behold his face in righteousness. If I have put up a fervent prayer, and I find a comfortable persuasion in my heart that the spirit helped me, and that my prayer is heard and accepted, I then prophesy that I shall surely receive the things that I prayed for; "Whatsoever ye shall ask believing ye shall receive"; and "faith is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen." When I am conscious that I have done wrong, and have brought guilt upon my spirit, I then prophesy that I shall be well whipped for this; God hath promised to visit our sins with the rod, and our iniquities with stripes; and when the rod comes on I prophesy that it is for my soul's good; for God will not be always wroth, neither will he keep his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy. When I have had a most comfortable time in the pulpit, and the power of God has attended me, I prophesy that the next sermon will be a barren one to me; and it often comes to pass. When I go into any fresh place to preach the Gospel, I prophesy of reproach and hard speeches: "The Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me." As soon as I first felt the pardon of my sin, a lively hope sprang up in my heart, and

love to God in my soul; I prophesied that my name was enrolled in the book of life; or, as Job says, that my record was on high; and it was a true prophecy; and every believer may prophesy of hope in his death, and of glory in heaven; for "The righteous have hope in his death"; and whom God justifies them he also glorifies. By this my dear friends will perceive that I am turned prophet at last: and what I shall be next I wot not; but hope ever to remain, in the bonds of the Gospel,

Your most affectionate

And obedient Servant to command,

Winchester Row, Paddington,

WM. HUNTINGTON.

July 4th, 1788.

A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. DENNETT  
TO MR. C. MOUNTFORT.\*

My dear friend,—Your welcome letter with enclosure came with a surprise to me. Many thanks for your great kindness, which has come very opportunely, and will be very useful at this time. It is an indisputable fact that God has been good to you, and blessed you much with his providential mercies, which I hope and desire he may continue to do, and reward you abundantly in your acts of benevolence towards his righteous cause and his people.

This favour granted unto you will be a mercy, but my desire and prayer for you is that God may bless you with much of his fear, for that is a fountain of life—yes, of spiritual and eternal life; and there is no earthly blessing that can be compared with it. I am truly pleased to find that you have a mind and a desire to be found among the people of God, and above all to be one with them and one of them. Is there not ground for hope that this arises in your heart from some measure of the true grace of God having been implanted there by a good and gracious Spirit, who, in order to manifest the elect of the Father quickens their souls, and gives them feelings of pleasure in hearing the gospel of God, and love to those who bear most of the image and grace of Christ Jesus. Christ hath said, "The Lord is with them that favour my righteous cause;" and again "Though thy beginnings were small, yet shall thy latter end greatly increase." The Lord make it so indeed!

In the month of August of this year, when I was at Four Oaks you were very much upon my mind, and often did I pray to God for the salvation of your soul. I was reading the fourth chapter of Proverbs, when it was laid on my mind to pray for you, not for the first time, but with more intensity of spirit, and with more access to God than previously. O what shall I say, and what will you feel in your never dying soul should the

\* Son of the late Mr. Mountfort, minister of the gospel.—Ed.

Lord openly give you a name and a place in his house which is better than that of sons and daughters (which may be with us to-day and taken from us to-morrow). I know you dislike hypocrisy, and so do I, but when the soul longs for Christ and him crucified, hypocrisy and deceit cannot reign; for these must fall before God as Dagon the god of the Philistines fell before the ark of the Lord. Sincerity and simplicity are coupled together, where grace reigns in the heart.

Your business must of necessity engage much of your time and physical energies, and it would be wrong to neglect it; the danger lies in the excess and immoderate desire for the things of this life. God can, and I trust he will, endue you with heavenly wisdom, and give you grace to enable you to act in these matters with that discretion which becomes those who have a good hope in all the riches and mercies of Christ, which are called "the sure mercies of David." May you with myself, and all who fear and love God, be found bound up in the bundle of life with Christ Jesus, who is God and man in one most blessed and adorable complex person, who is God over all, and to those that love him, God blessed for evermore.—I am your well-wishing friend,

J. D.

37, Wretham Road, Handsworth, Dec. 18, 1896.

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SPIRITUAL BUILDING, OR A REFLECTION ON  
ROMANS XII., XIII. By MR. HAZLERIGG.

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*(Continued from page 93.)*

"Not slothful in business. Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," says Solomon. "Do it heartily," says Paul. This refers to any business. If a thing is right to be attended to or done at all, it should be done diligently, and not in a slothful, half-hearted manner. The Scriptures] give no licence to the sluggard. As the grace of God in Christ changes the lion into the lamb, so it changes the sloth and sluggard into that which has intelligent activity about it. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise," is the working voice of the grace of God. Activity and diligence in things temporal, as well as spiritual, answers to the mind of God. But then Paul shows what sort of diligence is alone commendable, "Fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." We may serve ourselves in things, and be tremendously diligent in such a service, but such diligence, whether successful or not, is all vain. The great thing is "Serving the Lord."

But really these precepts are so simple, and so plain to those that have a spiritual understanding, and a heart to obey them, that it seems quite superfluous to comment upon them. They are all in most perfect harmony with the Gospel of the grace of God, and with the new nature implanted in a child of God, and with

the workings and leadings of the Holy Spirit in his heart. So they are as Paul says before a reasonable service. Thus the real hope of a child of God is in heaven, where Christ is, who is his hope. This never really alters, and is always a ground for rejoicing, and a true source of patience. The bountifulness of God to the Christian makes him bountiful. He sees the bounty of God in Christ, and is changed into the same image. Thus he becomes bountiful. A covetous or stingy Christian is a contradiction of terms, and yet, alas, there may be too much of both covetousness and stinginess in a Christian. Therefore, the exhortation, and the need of it, to stir up the true man in the right direction. The apostle winds up with a few words to those who may be inclined to vindictiveness on account of wrongs. Dearly beloved, "Avenge not yourselves but rather give place unto wrath," &c. "Stand on one side, as vengeance is mine, saith the Lord. But more than this, see if, by repaying good for evil, you cannot win another, and melt him by kindness into a better state of mind." If he hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink." So did God deal with you even whilst an enemy, so deal with one who may be an enemy to you. O how much nobler is this than pettish proud resentments and angry vindictiveness!

"To err is human,  
To forgive, divine."

Therefore, "Be not overcome with evil, but overcome evil with good."

With one or two remarks upon the exhortations in chapter 13, we must conclude this perhaps too lengthy paper.

No one can confer upon another more than he himself possesses. Thus nations cannot confer upon their rulers rights which they themselves do not possess. The Persians could not bestow upon Darius a right to stop the Prophet Daniel from praying to God; or the Babylonians bestow upon Nebuchadnezzar a right to command his subjects to bow down to the golden image he had set up. This was all wicked usurpation. It is so now. Kings have no more right to do what is wrong than other people. God gives them no such rights. Nations cannot confer them upon their rulers. "The powers that be are ordained of God." Government is a merciful ordination of God, and is to be submitted to by his people, in such forms as men are pleased to institute. The Lord, the universal governor, seems to have left such particular forms a sort of open question. They appear, whatever they are, to have God's sanction; but with this provision, that they shall exist for the punishment of evil doers and for the praise of them that do well. In their departure from this rule, they have no sanction from God. Particular rulers, whether kings, or others, are the ordination of man. They cannot possibly claim, as a rule, that special designation to their offices which David, or even Saul, had. The Jewish nation stood in a different position to any other. It was truly and immediately a Theocracy. Therefore the rulers were

more immediately and directly appointed by God. Hence the mission and authority of the prophets, who were directly sent by God to call the rulers as well as people to order, and to maintain the supreme royal rights of God their King. The institutions of other nations are upon a different footing. "He has not dealt so," as he did with Israel, "with any nations." He leaves them to frame their own laws, and institutions, and to choose their own rulers. He may in mercy overwhelming lead to the framing of just laws and the appointment of wise and just rulers. He may in his providence and in judgment leave nations to a very different state of things. What is just and right has his sanction, but what is tyrannical, and contrary to truth, justice, and godliness, cannot be sanctioned, though it may be suffered to exist by God (Rev. xiii. 5). We see then that Christianity will teach us to give all due submission to the rulers of our country, to submit to its laws, and to comply with those things which those who enforce the laws require of us. It will keep us from an unruly and rebellious spirit. A Christian man, instead of being riotous and disorderly will feel a thankful heart for good laws and good government, and will duly respect those who rule well and in accordance with the mind of God and his word, and administer just laws in a just as well as merciful manner. The divine right of kings, or any others, to do what is contrary to the will of God, and the cause of Christ, or the good of the people they govern he will utterly repudiate. He will no more approve of vice in a king than in a subject. But will honour those that fear the Lord. The Christian spirit is too noble, indeed truly and divinely royal, to allow a man to indulge in envy, or wrong desires to subvert any lawful authority, or to deprive others of their possessions. He may, of course, use his legal and proper rights to enforce what he believes right, or alter what he considers wrong. He may heartily desire that the rich would dispense more bountifully and considerately to the poor, and that the difference in the conditions of men were less glaring. But he will be no rash and hasty subverter of present order. He will act with dignity and discretion. But whilst submitting to lawful authority and paying those in authority, a proper respect the Christian will be no sycophant or flatterer. He dare not have men's persons in admiration because of advantage. He will not be carried away with vain grandeur of earthly dignity. "Surely," says the Christian, "every man walketh in a vain show." It is all a sort of pageant, carried out upon the stage of time, and only real in respect to that eternal judgment which will be passed upon it, and the actors in it.

"Ye palaces, sceptres and crowns,  
 Your pride with disdain  
 I survey;  
 Your pomps are but shadows and sound,  
 And pass in a moment away."

He knows that, as a Christian, God has given him a kingdom in Christ which cannot be removed, so he sings,

“The crown which my Saviour bestows  
Yon permanent Sun shall outshine;  
My joy everlastingly flows,  
My God, my Redeemer is mine.”

Thus he renders to all their due. Honour to whom honour is due. Tribute to whom tribute. But truly he will place a far higher valuation upon a poor man who fears God than upon the highest noble, or king, or emperor who fears him not. Sometimes those who profess the doctrines of free grace are charged with Antinomianism, as if they advocated lawless and licentious principles. This may in some cases be a well grounded charge. The apostles themselves show by their writings that some turned their knowledge of the doctrines of grace into licentiousness, denying at one and the same time the only Lord God the lawgiver as it respects the law and the Lord Jesus as it respects the gospel (Jude v. 4). But the abuse of what is good does not make the thing itself evil. Paul in his exhortation shows that the gospel does not do away with the law, so as to make that lawful and right which was essentially evil under the law; or that which was essentially good under the law something different under the gospel. The law says: “Thou shalt not commit adultery, thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not bear false witness, thou shalt not covet.” The gospel no more than the law sanctions such things. It provides forgiveness for those who have done such things, and now repent and believe in Christ. But it teaches to abhor such things as evil, and distinctly says that those who do such things, live in the practice of them, shall not inherit the kingdom of God. It enforces too the relative duties, or those which have reference to the relationship of one individual to another. It speaks to husbands and wives, parents and children, masters and servants, subjects and rulers, and says, yea, all of you be subject one to another, keep your places, and do what is right in those places, in the fear of God. But then we must ever remember, or we turn the gospel into the law, that it speaks to those under the gospel with a different voice, or in a different way, to that in which the law speaks to those under the law. It enforces things in a different manner, and upon different principles. It speaks to those under grace as to children, and not only commands, but gives what is commanded. It commands love, and bestows it. As John says, “Which thing (love) is true in him and in you, because the darkness is past, and the true light now shineth.” And love, says Paul, is in the essence of it the fulfilling of the law. Thus, then, we see how the wise Master Builder builds. The superstructure rises up in harmony with the foundation. The heavenly foundations of free grace, eternal love, and full mercy are laid, and the spiritual building rises up from them. Divine foundations, and a spiritual house, and spiritual sacrifices, or true Christian practice adequately grounded thereupon.

**A FEW PARTICULARS OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE MRS. GRAY,** widow of the late Mr. Joseph Gray, sometime deacon at Gower Street Chapel, London, and secretary to the "Gospel Standard" Aid, and Poor Relief Societies.

*(Continued from page 76.)*

May 13th, 1883 (Whit Sunday).—It is eight months to-day since the dear Lord took my beloved husband. What shall I say? "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble." The Lord has taught me, in some measure to be resigned. O what waves and billows have gone over my head, both spiritually and temporally. Bitter indeed has been the trial; but the Lord has sustained me. Last Monday I sank fathoms deep from the effects of a fiery dart from Satan. I thought for a time that all was over with me; but the dear Lord again delivered me, and enabled me to sing praises unto his name. On the Tuesday evening following I went to chapel and heard Mr. Wakeley preach from these words, "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that trust in him" (Nahum i. 7). The sermon appeared to be all for me. How good of the Lord to send his servant to minister to his poor and afflicted child. Mr. Popham has come in the name of the Lord to-day, and has been instrumental in strengthening my weary soul, and in building me up in my most holy faith; his text was: "This is my comfort in my affliction; for thy word hath quickened me" (Psalm cxix. 50). I said, "Dear Lord, it is true! and thou shalt have all the glory, I have no other comfort but thee! May thy word live in me and bear fruit to thy glory!"

June 1st, 1883.—I awoke this morning, and began to sing a part of Pope's ode, "Vital spark of heavenly flame." The last verse left a little sweetness upon my spirit, "O grave, where is thy victory: O death, where is thy sting?"

October 18th, 1883.—This morning I awoke, but did not feel the presence of my loving Saviour—felt rather cast down respecting some temporal matters; and was over anxious about the shop and house; whilst dressing, a few words of a hymn cheered me a little:

"His right hand shall still defend thee,  
Soon he'll bring thee home to God;  
Therefore praise him,  
Praise the great Redeemer's name."

How good and watchful is the loving Lord; by night and by day he watcheth over unworthy me. One night I awoke and was beginning to feel my loneliness, when the sweet voice of Jesus spoke to my heart these precious words, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man should lay down his life for his friends; ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you." Dear Lord! I do desire to walk in thy commands! do help me to keep close to thee!

January 1st, 1884.—I was favoured this morning before leaving my room with the very comfortable presence of my dear Lord. He gave me a precious New Year's gift: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth give I unto you, let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." I, childlike, thought I was going to have a very peaceful year; but the dear Lord showed me differently, as I had much trial with my shop, house, and men; but the dear Lord made bare his holy arm and supported, defended, and gave me wisdom and peace in himself to go on. Oh, how I have stood amazed at the goodness of God, and at his interposing hand to me, a poor unworthy sinner! "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

February 1st, 1884.—I had a precious smile from my dear Lord and Saviour. It caused an intense longing for more sanctification of heart and soul, and a likeness to himself—tears of contrition flowed freely, and a soft and sweet peace came upon my spirit. Since then I have gone through much trial and conflicts, and fiery darts from the enemy of souls have been shot at me; so that I have been well nigh overwhelmed; but the dear Lord gave me strength to wrestle with him by prayer and supplication, and I said, "Lord! thou hast all power! thou art the Almighty God! Thou canst bruise Satan under my feet!" Oh, blessed be his holy name, after waiting upon him by prayer and supplication, he subdued the adversary! Dear Lord; be pleased to bestow upon me thy good Spirit more and more, that I may bring all my trials to thy mercy seat!

How good and kind it is of the Lord to awaken mine ear morning by morning to discipline, and to bless and strengthen my soul before going into the business of the day, as in business hours there is not much opportunity to commune with God in peace!

This is Good Friday morning, April 11th, 1884. I awoke with the smiles of the dear Lord beaming upon my soul, and was favoured to hold some sweet communion with him. He told me that I was one of the travail of his soul! Oh, the sweet love and compunction I felt, and there was in my heart a willingness to resign myself, and all I am and have into his gracious hands! On the 13th I heard dear Mr. Hazlerigg from these words: "Boast not against the branches. But if thou boast, thou bearest not the root, but the root thee" (Rom. xi., 18). He was very discriminating upon truth, but I was led to believe that I possessed a little true faith; and I said, "Dear Lord, how grand and precious thy words are to thy poor handmaid!"

July 1st, 1884.—I desire to thank the dear Lord for his tender mercy and goodness made known to me during the night. He was pleased to draw near to me, and gave me peace in himself—I was poorly and full of pain. These lines of the hymn I felt to be very applicable to my case and feelings.

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

My pain got worse, and for some days I was very ill; which was the first illness I had had since I lost my dear husband; but, wonderful to say, I did not miss him; the Lord was so good, he filled every vacancy. Bless his precious name for sustaining me in this affliction! I had been in a far-off state of soul for some days. My backsliding heart, I believe, had brought this rod upon me; but it was steeped in love; praise him, my soul, praise him!

August 8th, 1884.—These words were spoken to my heart by the dear Lord before leaving my room, “Behold thou art fair, my love. Behold, thou art fair!” Matchless grace! I am lost in wonder, love, and praise!

October 2nd.—I was favoured with a spirit of prayer this morning before rising, and I trust my cry entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth, through my great High Priest, the dear Lord Jesus, who is, I trust, the redeemer of my soul.

October 10th.—I had a good time this morning; these words were spoken to me: “The unsearchable riches of Christ.” My heart was sweetly led out in meditation upon them. 1st, the mercy of God, the grace of God, the love of God, the righteousness of God, and the holiness of God, and all made over to worthless me. What mines of inexhaustible riches I saw; they cannot be described! “O the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God; how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out.” I saw how he had blessed to my soul many great and precious promises, and I exclaimed aloud, “I am a rich woman!” What resplendent beauty and divine love shone forth. O, how poor and paltry the riches of this world seemed in comparison to those true and durable riches! I said, “do dear Lord be pleased to confirm me more to thy blessed image; make me a more obedient child; that I may walk more worthy of thee, and of my high calling of God in Christ Jesus!

November 12th.—I heard dear Mr. Adams very sweetly this Wednesday evening from these words: “Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?” (Isaiah lx. 8.)

July 21, 1885.—I had a good time this morning in reading the thirteenth chapter of Zechariah, and Mr. Philpot’s comment on the seventh verse in “Harvested Sheaves;” and was again favoured to look by faith upon Him whom my sins had pierced, and I mourned, and wept tears of love and grief over a precious Christ. . . . I said, “O my dear Lord; thou art an ocean of sweets without one bitter! Do be pleased to give me a heart to make returns of love to thee again, and keep me from idols and from sin and Satan’s power. Make my soul a chaste virgin

unto thyself, and help me to love thee more and serve thee better."

In the year 1886, Mr. Gray (hon. secretary of the "G. S." Societies), my fellow-member, and a deacon of the church at Gower Street Chapel, spoke to me, and made me an offer of marriage. I said No, I could not. I did not think it right to do so, except there should be natural love as well as spiritual. He replied, "Your affections are not dead and buried." I verily had thought they were; but Mr. Gray wished me to think the matter over, which I did, and it became quite an exercise to my mind.

[We need not follow the account given of Mrs. Gray in this part of her experience, but will pass on to say that they became in due time husband and wife, as she says.]

We were married on August 3rd in the same year that Mr. Gray first spoke to me about the matter. A few days before our marriage I was on my knees in my room, when these words came with power into my heart: "Who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies." Thus the year 1887 was not without its sorrows and joys, and its trials and mercies. In the year 1888 my dear husband had a bad cough, and was very poorly in body, and he often complained of feeling a substance forming in his chest, which in the end proved to be an internal cancer. O, the deep waters I came into; the enemy telling me, "You see you are deceived. You thought this was the Lord's way; now you see it is not. Had it been, all would have gone on straight enough!" This fiery dart brought me very low indeed, and I felt as though I could give up those precious words. [Here Mrs. Gray's own record abruptly ends; but the young friend who lived with her nearly all her second widowhood writes:] It was a great trial to dear Mrs. Gray that she was not able to write more of the Lord's gracious dealings with her soul during the remainder of her journey of life. Within a fortnight of her last days she prayed that if it were the Lord's will he would raise her up for that purpose; as that was all she wanted to live for. Seeing her so troubled about it, I said that I should have to try and finish it for her; but I find it no small thing to do so. I need the Lord to be my Remembrancer. Her frail tabernacle was gradually being taken down during last year (1899), and she needed a great deal of attention. The beginning of September, one morning she said to me, "Sarah; I have had such a sweet visit from the Lord, and these words were so blessed to my soul: '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.'" Seeing her in such a good frame of mind, the thought struck me that, perhaps her time would not be long on earth. Towards the end of the same month she was taken worse, and was laid aside for about a fortnight; but she got about again, though only for a short time, when she had a bad attack of neuralgia in her head,

which was most painful to witness, and it lasted for some time. The means used to ease the pain were too strong for her weak body. She did not regain her strength as we wished; her weakness was very great, although everything was done for her to help, and strengthen her. About November, one night when very ill, she said to me, "I don't think I shall get over this illness." I said, "Why; what makes you think that?" She said, "These words were impressed upon my mind: 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world'" (Matt. xxv., 34).

I felt then that it was another word from the Lord, and that she was being prepared for her prepared mansion above, where she would be free from sin, sorrow, and pain. After this she was very tried and dark in her mind concerning eternal matters. One evening she asked me to read the twelfth chapter of Hebrews to her; and when I came to the tenth verse, she said, "Those words have a great meaning, 'But he for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness.'" The words were made a great comfort to her, and in her feelings they "afterwards yielded the peaceable fruits of righteousness." About this time (December) she was able to get up each day for a few hours, but did not go downstairs. The doctor thought *then* that perhaps she would recover for a while at least; but her weakness continued very great. I think it was the last day of 1899 when he said how sorry he was to tell me that dear Mrs. Gray was much worse, and it was impossible for her to live long. Her heart was in such a critical state, and she was suffering from other infirmities. But she was most patient, and would say at times that her suffering was very little to what her Lord and Saviour went through. At times she was favoured; and would often say, "I should like to have more of the Lord's manifested presence." This was early in January, 1900. Later on she was again tried, and told me that she was then "passing through the valley of the shadow of death;" and when we get here there is a great deal in us that has to be burned up." Poor dear, it was a most trying time for me to witness, though we had great cause for thankfulness, the Lord was very merciful to us. One night she said to me, "I hope you will ever speak well of the Lord's dear and precious name; for you have proved his goodness and mercy, and he has given you strength equal to your day." It was now getting near the end of January; and she became much weaker, she would often be repenting the hymn,

"Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly," &c.

About a fortnight before she was taken from us, she sang aloud that beautiful hymn,

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," &c.

The last Sabbath evening she wished me to read to her the

103rd Psalm and the hymn just mentioned. Dear Mrs. Gray at this time was very quiet, and could say but very little, but at intervals would repeat some portions of the word, and hymns, and she was often in prayer.

On February 7th, while I sat up with her, she was begging of the Lord to come and take her unto himself, and seemed to be enjoying much of his gracious presence; but the next night, her last on earth, she could not speak to me; which I felt most keenly; but I understood what she wanted, being so used to her. She said very clearly, "Good-bye, Sarah!" I often asked her if it was well with her; and said, "If you were able, you would tell me;" and immediately her arms would go up and she would give a sweet smile, which made me feel she was enjoying a precious Christ. She passed peacefully away on February 9th, 1900, to be for ever with the Lord. Many of the Lord's dear people have lost a dear friend, one ever ready to encourage and give a word of comfort. I hope those of them that are poor in this world will have another friend raised up for their help. There is nothing too hard for the Lord.

S. ALLEN.

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### WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

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Dear Mr. Barnes,—My aunt had a letter from her friends, Mr. and Mrs. —, through which letter I heard that you were ill, and I thought I would attempt to write you a few lines. I am staying here for a short time to see if I can get better: I am almost an invalid in winter, as you know.

I cannot tell what you will think of my long silence; but, although I have not written to you I have not forgotten you. That everlasting bond of union which I trust exists between us will never be broken. What a favour to be one among "the royal family," Heaven's favourites! Dare I presume to say I am one? My faith is so feeble at times. Without presumption I can sometimes say that I have a blessed hope that such is the case with me. Faith tremblingly lays hold of a precious Christ in all his glorious offices and characters as the only ground of hope, or acceptance with a holy and righteous God. What think ye of Christ? Is he not the adorable Saviour? and is not everything treasured up in him just suitable to such poor lost sinners as we are? O if he will but have to do with us, and show us his rich mercy, tender compassion, and take us into his gracious hands, what a glorious end we shall come to! "Having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end." Bless his holy and sacred name, if it were not so he would surely cut us off.

Again and again we murmur and rebel, but oh, his long-suffering mercy toward such worthless sinners! It is enough sometimes to fill us with amazement; when we are brought down to feel our unworthiness and utter helplessness and nothingness,

and then his super-abounding goodness is great and the grace of humility seems to flourish, and at such times how we can adore the riches of free and sovereign grace that stooped so low as to pick up such fallen creatures as we are! He pitied us, and loved us, because he would love us; and is he not now giving us repeated proofs of his unspeakable kindness to us and care over us? Oh, I wish I could speak more to his praise and glory! If I had a thousand tongues I sometimes feel that they all should be employed in exalting and extolling the wondrous name of Immanuel!

I hope it is his sacred will and pleasure to indulge you with much of his sweet presence and blessings, and draw near to your soul, and shine into your mind, that you may have some sweet views of his Adorable Person, and feel again and again something of the inestimable worth of his atoning blood. When a sensible view of these things is realized in our hearts it makes us long to quit this poor clay tabernacle that we may be with the Lord for evermore. O to dwell with Him and to feel free from sin, so that the powers of our soul may be fully expanded: then we shall praise him, and most blessedly crown and adore the Mighty Conqueror, and for ever join in the song of the redeemed family of God!

I sometimes feel to envy those blessed saints who have got nearly to the end of their journey, and who have borne the burden and heat of the day, but who are still bringing forth fruit unto righteousness even in old age.

The way does seem so rough and rugged to me; I fear sometimes that I shall not endure unto the end. The last time I heard you you said that you felt more love to your covenant keeping God *now* than you ever did; having proved his faithfulness, loving-kindness, and tender care towards you for so many years past. I thought how good it was that you still have an abundant cause to speak well of the Lord's great and holy name. It seemed to do me good to hear you say that many times you feared you had come to the end of all things. Religion and everything else appeared at an end, and I felt I must sink beneath my load of trouble! My pathway is full of trials, afflictions, and sorrows, and I prove more and more that it's "Through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom."

My poor afflicted body is such a burden to me at times that I feel if the Lord was to withhold his sustaining grace, down I must sink at once; but having proved his goodness and mercy towards me to be very great, and he having given me strength sufficient unto my day, I am encouraged to press onwards, and as you once said to me:—

"Through fire and flood if Jesus leads,  
I'll follow where he goes."

It's good to come out of the furnace as gold purified, is it not? And feel that the dross only has been consumed! Oh! what a

blessing it is to be able to glorify God in the fires of affliction, temptation, and sorrow! But oh! the painful process! Poor Job felt it to be so; and when I have been so dealt with I have felt him to be a good companion for me to walk with! I have travelled with him so well, and my little hope has seemed to lift up her drooping head again and again all through the journey, just enough to keep me from black despair; and I have sometimes said when receiving a little help, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

Now, to whom else could Job have gone? And have we not felt like him? In our worst extremities and deepest straits the Lord has appeared for our help, and like Job we have been humbled down and have had right views of ourselves, and of the Majesty of heaven too. If these painful things we have been called to pass through are sanctified to our soul's good, and the glory of God's holy name, what a mercy it will be.

. . . I must close now. Please forgive the length of this letter; and remember me at the throne of grace. I hope you will soon be restored to health if it be the will of God, and still be made useful to the Lord's little flock of slaughter. Zion can ill afford to lose one of those who brings good tidings, but the Lord is all-sufficient and can raise up others, to the accomplishing of his great designs in the salvation of his dear people in whatever way he thinks best. I trust you will at last receive an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom, where bliss and blessedness for ever dwell, and hear the King say: "Well done thou good and faithful servant. Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Will it not be blessed? May it be my happy lot to be found at last among the ransomed of the Lord.—I am, yours very sincerely, E. BROMFIELD.

Kington Villa, Cotlands Rd., Bournemouth, Nov. 26, 1900.

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## Obituary.

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MRS. SARAH ANN DADSWELL.—She was for thirty-eight years a member of the church at Staplehurst, Kent. Her son-in-law, Mr. Burgess, of Hawkhurst, has given me a few particulars that he remembers of the departed. He says, "I have every reason to believe that she was under the influence of the Wesleyan body in her early life, imbibing their principles, and remained among them until she was over twenty years of age. About this time she went to hear a man in, or near, Tunbridge Wells, who, it appears, brought forth a measure of truth, so that she came away saying, 'Come see a man who told me all things that ever I did!' She was constrained to go again. From what I can gather, she heard with some profit, but was not brought fully to a knowledge of the truth; nor was she fully separated

from her former carnal things, nor from leaning upon an arm of flesh. Yet at the same time, she was convinced of sin, of death, and of judgment to come. . . . I come now to a few particulars that are more fresh in my mind. At, or soon after, her marriage, her husband was induced to take to a brickyard not far from London, which soon proved a failure. In a few months he had to give it up, and they were brought to actual want and distress. I have heard her speak of this most distressing time with feelings of emotion. She felt this trial very keenly, as she had never known such a trial before. About this time the dear Lord saw fit to deepen the work of grace in her heart; and as nearly as I can remember, it was carried on in this way. She had just left her room one morning when these words came forcibly into her mind, 'The law is spiritual, but I am carnal, sold under sin!' And these words immediately followed, 'He that offendeth in one point is guilty of all.' The effect the words had upon her was most remarkable, and she has told me she never could describe where she sunk to; but felt that it was almost into black despair. At any rate, she fell into a helpless, hopeless, and lost condition in her feelings. In this state her carnal mind rose very high, and she felt that she could not possibly submit to the justice of that God who had made a law she could not possibly fulfil, and then to damn her for not fulfilling it. But the Lord, in his own good time, revealed to her more fully the glorious plan of salvation: and showed to her the suitableness of a precious Jesus; enabling her to raise her down-cast eyes to Him alone for divine help with a 'Who can tell;' and these words were made very sweet to her, 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' She has always alluded to this as He gave her a most gracious lift with these words, 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.' This was a blessed help to her, and raised up her soul to a sweet hope in his mercy, and not long after this the Lord brought her to say, 'It is enough,' by speaking these blessed words to her soul: 'Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.'

Previous to this time she went to Staplehurst Chapel to hear the late Mr. Burch, who often told her all the exercises her soul passed through. She was much attached to him, and was privileged to sit under his ministry until his death. I have heard her say that coming before the Church at Staplehurst was a great trial to her, until the last minute; when the Lord was pleased to speak unto her soul this word in season: 'If ye love me keep my commandments.'

I have always regarded her as a godly woman, and held her in the highest Christian esteem; and if ever I had a real spiritual mother in the Lord it was she. She was a deeply tried

woman. We have rejoiced and wept together many times, and I used to make it a point to call upon her as opportunity served. Two or three years ago I found her much cast down in her soul, but some time afterwards she was in a different frame; her soul was able to breathe out her inmost desires in these lines:—

‘Though straight be the way, with dangers beset,  
And we, on the way, are no farther yet,  
Our good Guide and Saviour has help’d us thus far;  
And ‘tis by his favour we are what we are.’—(778, Gadsby’s.)

I called to see her on the Sunday, the day before she died, and felt that she was sinking; she recognised me at once, but could hardly speak. I said, ‘Mother! you are very sadly.’ She replied, ‘I am,’ ‘Do you feel supported within?’ She answered ‘Yes.’ ‘Have you a good foundation to stand upon?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘Do you want any other support?’ ‘No.’ I then wished her good-bye, and thus parted with one to whom I was deeply attached. Her husband died in February, 1867, leaving her with six children to provide for, and truly she has proved the truth of the Lord’s own words through life; ‘In the world, ye shall have tribulation;’ but on the other hand, these words were most blessedly fulfilled on her behalf: ‘I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee?’ She was buried in the churchyard at Hawkehurst, on December 20th, 1900.”

I have thus far given Mr. Burgess’ testimony of our dear departed friend and sister in the Lord. I remember when she was in deep soul trouble; seeing her come into our chapel at Staplehurst. Her soul and body bowed down with the weight and burden of sin that lay heavily upon her distressed mind, and, poor thing, it lay there until the Lord was pleased to speak peace and pardon to her troubled soul! My late dear wife was much attached to and felt a sweet union of soul to Mrs. Dadswell. They were baptized together by Mr. Burch, on June 29th, 1862. After the death of Mr. Burch in 1863 we had supplies until the late Mr. Lewis became our pastor in 1876. She heard Mr. Lewis well on the day he commenced his pastorate, January 2nd, 1876. His text was (1 Sam. xxx., 6). She felt greatly encouraged under the sermon, feeling that the Lord was with us in answer to prayer, and to bear testimony to the word of his grace as set forth by his servant. She had many helps under his ministry, and Psalm 107 she called her own. Also John xiv. was very sweet to her in a time of deep trial, especially verse 27. Her Bible, hymn book, and the “Gospel Standard” were her chief companions. R. MAY.

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MR. STEPHEN WOODFIELD.—Who for forty-three years was a consistent member (and late years a deacon) at Rehoboth Chapel, Riding House Street, London.

My dear father was born on November 4th, 1830. He could

remember but little of his parents, being deprived of them both by the time he was seven years old. But although they were removed from him by death at such an early age, he was led to prove the promise true which says, "When thy father and thy mother forsake thee; then the Lord will take thee up." He had three brothers and three sisters, who, I have a good hope, feared God, but all with the exception of one are dead. . . . His remaining sister is a consistent member of the Strict Baptist Chapel at Hitchin, Beds., which is under the pastoral care of Mr. Morriss. It is very remarkable that so many in one family should have been blessed by God in such a gracious manner. When very young my father was apprenticed to a tinman; but soon had to leave the situation on account of his sight failing him. After this he had one or two more situations, but the last one he kept for about fifty years, with the exception of a few months, during which time the goodness of God in providence was made manifest to him in a marked way and manner by the Lord supplying his needs, and those of his family.

He was baptized by the late Mr. Wigmore, the minister at Riding House Street Chapel, London, where he remained until his death, and was a most consistent member. "Broken hearts and humble walkers, these are dear in Jesus's eyes." He was indeed a man who possessed a broken and a contrite heart. He could not feel quite satisfied respecting his eternal state before God, because he had not got that full assurance of faith so as to be able to say, "Jesus is mine and I am His." He begged, and entreated the Lord to grant him this favour, but he had to be tried about it unto the end.

"Here griefs, and cares, and pains,  
And fears distress us sore,  
But there eternal pleasure reigns,  
And we shall weep no more."

He was chosen in the furnace of affliction, but through grace was enabled to glorify God in the fires of temptation and sorrow. His troubles often drove him to the Lord, where he met with some sweet cheering rays to console and comfort his downcast mind. I have sometimes heard him, when at the prayer meeting, praise and thank the dear Lord, for giving him a word of comfort from time to time.

How my heart has been melted when I have heard him in prayer making his requests known unto God by supplications, and many cries. The dear Lord, I trust, heard and answered his prayers on my behalf, which he had the pleasure of knowing some time before he died. The Bible was his everyday book. I do not remember his going out in the morning or retiring to rest at night without reading a portion of God's word. He also used to say that he did not think there was any selection of hymns to surpass that of Mr. Gadsby's, and I may safely say that he was a constant reader of the "Gospel Standard" for more than forty years, and derived much sweetness and savour

from its spiritual reading. He was also a great lover of "Hawker's Morning and Evening Portions," which he read daily. He had been reading before he went to his work on the morning he died the portion for the day in which the Doctor says, "There is no such thing as an untimely death to the righteous!" I may say that when my father had finished reading this portion he went to his work, and was dead within an hour without any apparent cause of death. The doctor told the coroner at the inquest that he found him in a healthy condition for a man of his age, but thought he might have been seized with an epileptic fit. There was no one in the place when he died. His employer found him sitting in a chair with a pen in his hand (he having begun to write a letter) quite dead. It was a very solemn end; but for him a most blessed one; truly we may say, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." Another thing I might mention in connection with his death, which seemed to be remarkable. His pastor, Mr. C. Adams, called at his shop to tell him that one of their old members had died rather suddenly the day before; but my dear father had passed away just a few minutes previously. He ever seemed to be very mindful of his approaching end; often saying that it would not be long at the longest. In the last letter that I received from him, dated September 27th, 1900, and which was in answer to one I sent him, he says, "I am sorry that there is no place of worship of our denomination where you can attend; we are indifferent enough under the means of grace to the momentous concerns of the solemnities of *Eternity, Salvation, and Damnation*, and while we are fast filling up the number of our days; even a full purse with a lean soul no one need covet to obtain, for they generally go together." On October 17th, just two days before his death, he was at the Anniversary at Rehoboth Chapel, and in the evening service Mr. Hemington, took for his text: "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me" (Rev. iii. 20). My dear father said how thoroughly he had enjoyed the services of the day, and he stayed behind a little just to join in singing the beautiful Doxology: "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," &c. He was also present at the prayer meeting at Gower Street Chapel on the evening of the next day, and it was remarked on both occasions how wonderfully bright and cheerful he appeared to be; more so than he had been for some months past. This is very comforting to us who are left behind to mourn over our loss. This was the last time he was permitted to attend the services of God's house. In the evening he was in the house of prayer; the next morning the dear Lord whom he loved took him unto himself to praise him for all things, and to glorify his name.

In a letter I sent him two days before he departed, I said,  
 "If Jesus kindly say,  
 And with a whispering word,  
 'Arise, my love, and come away,'  
 I run to meet my Lord," &c.

I little thought when I sent him that letter that those sweet lines would so soon be verified in my dear father's case. He often said that although his evidences were not so clear as he would like them to be, he had no other hope but in the finished work of Christ, and in his blood and righteousness; and if he perished, he would perish at the feet of Jesus. . . . He was very jealous for the honour and glory of God, and in conversation would often "contend for that faith once delivered to the saints," and for all the fundamental doctrines, and glorious foundation truths of the Bible.

In bringing this account of my father to a close, I might say that he is now realizing to the full the eternal safety, and that full blaze of glory which awaits all the Lord's dear people. His good and gracious Lord who has been with him in the past has taken him from the evil to come, even to his eternal glory, where he is released from all his fears, washed in that "Fountain" from all his filthiness, and cleansed from all sin, and stands complete in the righteousness of Christ, and is without spot or blemish or any such thing. He was one of the best of husbands and an affectionate father, and we deeply feel and mourn over our irreparable loss, but which is his glorious and eternal gain.

J. WOODFIELD.

MARY WHITE.—My dear sister (who departed this life November 1st, 1900, aged 79 years) was well instructed in the things of God, and called by grace nearly fifty years ago, and blessed, I believe, with a sweet hope in the mercy of God through Jesus Christ. Although her troubles were great, yet she walked with much tenderness of heart, and was a constant attendant on the means of grace, and was always to be seen in her place in the house of God every time the doors were open. I believe it is nearly forty years since she was baptized in Park Lane Chapel, Farnham; but she has for many years been a member of Bethel Chapel, Hungry Hill.

In her later days she was much assailed with temptations and fears, but she held fast her integrity, and by faith clung to that dear Friend of Sinners who was precious to her soul.

I will give a few extracts from her letters which will show the state of her mind when under that long and heavy affliction. On March 28th she writes: "The truths of the gospel are still precious to my soul! How many cries go out of my heart to the dear Lord for his gracious help and blessing! And oh! the painful nights I have to pass through at times. Satan tries to persuade me that I never had any real religion! and how I have to go back to the beginning of things, and to those

blessed times I had under the preached word, and at the throne of grace. And I say, Lord, can it be all flesh? have I never known anything by the teaching of thy Holy Spirit? Surely I cannot be deceived! O, how I want to lie at his dear feet abhorring myself, and adoring Him; and at times he does appear so precious to my soul's feelings, but I cannot get near enough to him.

"The chapel, at Hungry Hill has been a very favoured spot to my soul for many years past; but I well remember receiving a great blessing nearly thirty years ago under the preaching of the late Mr. Vinden. I have never forgotten it, and hope I never may while I live; it was such a confirmation to my soul's feeling."

About six weeks before her death she was highly favoured with gathering much sweetness from these words: 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust' (Psalm ciii., 13, 14). Bless his dear name, what a mercy it is to be blest of God! Were I but fully sure that I was his child, then all these sweet promises would be mine; but I have so many fears and misgivings!

You perhaps will remember when Mr. F. Marshall opened the Chapel at Basingstoke he repeated this verse:

"If once the love of Christ we feel  
Upon our hearts impress'd,  
The mark of that celestial seal  
Can never be erased."

"O, what I felt at the time! it was quite a renewing of former blessings, for I believed I had felt that precious love shed abroad in my heart by the Holy Ghost. Tears of love and gratitude flowed out of my soul towards the Lord, and I felt I could sound aloud his praise,"

She suffered severely the last days of her life from that terrible inward complaint for which there was no cure. The nights to her were very distressing, but she said, "I have many comforts!" Further on she said, "I want the Lord to keep me from a murmuring spirit." Then she repeated these lines:

"His way was much rougher and darker than mine,  
Did Christ my Lord suffer? and shall I repine?"

Mr. Dickens and Mr. Frost visited her during her last days, but she was often too weak to hold any conversation with them, but said, "she wanted to be fully assured that her hope was 'built on nothing less than Jesus' blood and righteousness.' Mr. Dickens committed her mortal remains to the dust in Rotherfield Cemetery, and spoke of her as a truly godly woman; and I believe through mercy she is landed

"On that blissful shore,  
Where winds and waves distress no more."

C. HEWITT.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

APRIL, 1901.

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

“THE SAINTS OF GOD RAISED UP TO SIT  
TOGETHER, IN HEAVENLY PLACES IN  
CHRIST JESUS.”

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED AT BATTLE, SUSSEX,  
ON MONDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 17TH, 1900, BY  
MR. E. FOX, OF STEVENAGE.

“And hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus: that in the ages to come he might shew the exceeding riches of his grace in his kindness toward us through Christ Jesus.”—EPHESIANS ii. 6, 7.

WHAT a wonderful, golden chapter is this! What thousands of saints now in heaven have felt it good in the days of their tribulation when here upon earth. How wonderfully clear the apostle in this chapter has set forth the state of all mankind; and yet God, in the riches of his grace, has had compassion upon his people—toward his people; and oh! how he (the apostle) treats upon this quickening operation of the spirit, which you and I must feel, if ever we reach that blest abode. Man by nature is born dead to God; dead to spiritual things; yea, his carnal heart has no desire for God. Till God sets up his kingdom in a poor sinner's soul, there will be no going out after him. Man may have a natural religion, a religion that may seem to please the flesh, but while he is a stranger to God, he knows nothing about the operation of the Holy Ghost in his soul.

When Paul wrote to these Ephesians in this wonderful chapter you see how he could speak, how he could call them “brethren,” how he could say the Holy Ghost had quickened them into divine life. Why, my friends, could the apostle say this? Because they knew that language that no others could ever utter. And mind you this, how they came upon a real right foundation; they had a real religion.

“And you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins.” Mark that! Not partly dead. And oh! this is

it, we are born into this world satisfied with this world, and we should have gone on, beloved, satisfied with the things of time till we had finished our few days and dropped where hope and a crumb of mercy could never come. And when we come to good works, as people sometimes talk about, this is it—the work, the best work that a man can ever have in his soul is joy through the atonement of Christ. Ah! that blessed feeling! And he will never be able to utter it in this time state. Oh, to be humbled! to sit at the feet of Jesus Christ! Oh, to feel he has had mercy upon thee; chosen thee “before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love.” (Eph. i. 4.)

“Wherein in time past.” Turn it over, poor sinners, in thy mind, where were you and I? Why, we were pursuing the downward road; satisfied—contented here; contented here, so to speak, with time things; but when the Holy Ghost sought us out, quickened us into divine life, we could no longer follow the course of this world. Why so? Because the end of these things is death. Ah! that is it. It is death. So that, as dear Bunyan says, “a man is brought to turn his back upon the world”; he sees it, and feels it to be an empty bubble. As dear Daniel Herbert says:

“There’s nothing here can satisfy,  
Nor gold, nor house, nor land.”

“Sometimes the Lord bestows on me,  
His fretful child, a toy,  
On which I raise my prospects high,  
And look for certain joy.”

“But soon there’s something intervenes.”

Has it been so with you? I can say, my friends, it has been so with me; and I have proved it for many years to be a wilderness. Yet, what a mercy to have one proof that we are longing, yea, as Bunyan says, we have a few of those “long-necked desires.” At times our minds run after him; and we can say he is our best beloved, and “he is the chief among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely.”

“Wherein in time past ye walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience. Among whom also we all had our conversation in times past in the lusts of our flesh, fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind; and were by nature the children of wrath, even as others.” And how the apostle then comes to this—“*But God*, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us

together with Christ (by grace ye are saved), and hath raised us up together." Now, some people never draw the line, my friends, but the apostle here, he speaks to the Ephesian Church, and he says, "Hath raised us up together," showing, you see, that nothing but power can raise a dead man, nothing but the power of Omnipotence.

"And hath raised us up together." What does the Psalmist say of our state in sin and condition that we all were in? Yea, how he is speaking of God! "Who remembered us in our low estate," with that mercy that endureth for ever. So that it is not mercy to-day and to-morrow, and then forsake a man; neither is it conditional upon what you and I can do. No, my friends, but when blessed with his mercy, blessed with his compassion, humbled in the dust, brought to feel our nothingness before him, and when he raises us out of that depth of sin, and the law has come home,—the law speaks, as I read to you just now, "to them who are under the law," and if you look, whatsoever the law of our nation saith, "it saith to them who are under the law." "That every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God." Can you say with Mr. Hart, has there been a time when you could say?—

"Though we are guilty, thou art good;  
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;  
Give every fetter'd soul release,  
And bid us all depart in peace."

Poor Jacob said, "All these things were against him." I was saying to a servant of God the other day, "I felt down," and I said this—I feel as if I could preach upon that text, "All these things are against me." But, my friends, it is not all the dark side; it was not so in Jacob's case. There was, now and again, a glimmer of light; and the dear old patriarch said this—"It is enough." And Doddridge said:—

"Enough, my gracious Lord,  
Let faith triumphant cry;  
My heart can on this promise live,  
Can on this promise die."—(Gadsby's, 345.)

Ah! come, if ever he has given you a promise—look at the dear old saint; he had got into the land of Goshen; he was humble, so to speak, and he had to say, "Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been" (Gen. xlvii. 9). And I believe this, it will be the language of God's saints; and if it is not their language, it will be their feeling. "Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been."

You and I cannot look back upon a well spent life. No, there is nothing of that; but we can look back and see what

unbelieving creatures we have been. And how God has pitied us! And we can at times bless him for that portion—“If we believe not, yet he abideth faithful; he cannot deny himself” (2 Tim. ii. 13).

Now, then, has God made thee to differ from thy neighbours? Has he blessed thee; expanded thy desire toward himself? He says this: “The desire of the righteous shall be granted” (Prov. x. 24). And you will bear this in mind, that *in him* the Church is righteous. For, “Without holiness no man shall see the Lord;” and the apostle says, “Ye are complete in him” (Col. ii. 10). Dear Toplady says:—

“Complete atonement thou hast made,  
And to the utmost farthing paid  
Whate’er thy people owed;  
How then can wrath on me take place,  
If shelter’d in thy righteousness,  
And sprinkled with thy blood?  
If thou hast my discharge procured,  
And freely in my room endured  
The whole of wrath divine,  
Payment God cannot twice demand,  
First at my bleeding Surety’s hand,  
And then again at mine.”

No, never.

“Turn, then, my soul, unto thy rest;  
The merits of thy great High Priest  
Speak peace and liberty;  
Trust in his efficacious blood,  
Nor fear thy banishment from God,  
Since Jesus died for thee.”—(Gadsby’s, 227.)

Died to raise; died to redeem; died to save.

“And hath *raised* us up together.” Now you look at the mind of man, it will never run beyond this time state. The people at Athens, how they worshipped an unknown God. “Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you,” saith the apostle. Ah! then, this “raising.” When the blessed Spirit works in the poor sinner’s soul, he raises his mind to God. And then we may say this: “Ye believe in God,” said Jesus, “believe also in me” (John xiv. 1). Now there was a time when you and I, poor creatures, believed in God. Ah! we believed in this, that all his judgments upon the wicked must be fulfilled; and we were brought to believe this—we must sink for ever; we could not pay one mite. No. Mr. Hart says:—

“While we can call one mite our own,  
We have no full discharge.”

Oh! to be brought here, poor creature, and to lie under the sentence of death. The apostle says in writing to the Corinthians, "We had the sentence of death in ourselves; that we should not trust in ourselves, but in the living God." Ah! you know this, that man would trust in something; until driven by sheer necessity, he will never trust in the Son of God; and, when he raises us up, he says, "Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth;" and, "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Come, now, poor creature, has there not been a time when your expectation has been from him? Has there not been a time, though he may try you? You know the wise man saith, "Hope deferred, maketh the heart sick; but when the desire cometh, it is a tree of life" (Prov. xiii. 12). Ah! the desire accomplished is sweet to the soul; it is a "tree of life."

All that you can ever wish or want can be found in the Son of God. How suitable! Look at his suitability to meet thy case. All that must have ever fallen upon us, fell upon him; and good John Newton says this:—

"'Tis he instead of me is seen,  
When I approach to God."

And the Psalmist had something of the same feelings. He said, "Look upon the face of thine anointed" (lxxxiv. 9). Why, my friends, if the Eternal God were to look upon you and me, apart from his dear Son, we must sink for ever beneath his wrath; but he is well pleased in what his dear Son did. Hart says:—

"Righteousness within thee rooted,  
May appear to take thy part;  
But let righteousness imputed,  
Be the breast-plate of thy heart."

"And hath raised us up together." Come, poor creature, you know there is a difference in those people's religion that know something of this blessed power. What thousands are satisfied with the form. Ah! a dead form; and they will live and die in it if grace never makes a difference. That is it. And when grace makes a difference, God raises them up; and, you see, they are a people that walk in peace then; peace through blood.

"Peace by his Cross has Jesus made,  
The Church's everlasting Head;  
O'er death and hell has victory won,  
And with a shout to glory gone."

"And hath raised us up together; and made us sit together, in heavenly places." Come, poor creature, now

there are times when you read the word of divine truth ; there are times when it is confirmed in thy poor heart. Ah ! say you, "After all the changes I shall see him face to face." And it may be just a crumb ; and after a little time you will call it into question. You will see it was "eaten in haste ;" it was the Lord's passover. As I was telling the people last evening at Ticehurst, what a feeling I have had, and a union of spirit to that poor crooked woman who was bent down under a spirit of infirmity for 18 years, who could "in nowise lift up herself." And what makes God's people feel they can do nothing ~~with~~ this spirit of infirmity ? their helplessness. You cannot accomplish your desires. "No," say you, "I would put everything straight if it were possible." The Lord said, "Ought not this woman, being a daughter of Abraham, whom Satan hath bound, lo, these eighteen years, be loosed from this bond on the Sabbath day ?" Ah ! you know that is it, my friends. There is a rest prepared for his people. Mark tells us, "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath" (Mark ii. 27). That rest was accomplished through the Son of God.

"And hath raised us up together, and made us sit together," You know there is something in my mind runs to heaven and God's saints. A month to-day I was in Yorkshire, and a gentleman said to me, "You have been coming to my place for a long time ; I will fetch you to-morrow." Well, you know, my friends, one sometimes feels tired ; and some people have an idea that a man can always be going and never get tired ; and I felt like this—run down. Well, I went, and after dinner he said, "You don't mind going for a drive." I did not know where he was taking me. He said, when we stopped, "Well, you have read in old Mr. Warburton's works of Pool Moor, this is the chapel." Why, my friends, you might have thought I was another man altogether. And I say this : Nothing has ever confirmed my poor, feeble, shattered faith at times like old Mr. Warburton's works, next to the divine word of truth. And I said, "We will go in and look at the chapel." You will remember this, you who have perused the book : Mr. Warburton was between 30 and 40 years of age, and he had so wished to settle at Pool Moor ; and oh ! how he begged, how he entreated of God ; and he leaves this testimony behind him. He dearly loved the people, and the people loved him. God had "raised them up together." They had had a little of that feeling together. And the last Saturday night he was there, Mr. Warburton put out a feeler ; and what was that ? He said, "Well, by this time I suppose you are settled with a minister ?" A Mr. Webster

had supplied for them, and the Church intended to give him a call. They replied it was settled for Mr. Webster to come; that was in the year 1808; and he lived and died with them. There is a tablet up in the chapel to that effect; and you could hardly believe the state poor Warburton was in, and he went out of the house and roared like a bear bereaved of her whelps. And, my friends, as I have read this, the feeling that I have sometimes had towards God's people! Those that I believe know these things in reality; and like poor John, sometimes, the many things that have tried me! What a feeling I have had! But now I feel there is a vast deal of difference at Pool Moor. I said to the gentleman that was with me, "They would not endure John's preaching now." He replied, No, they would not. They handed a pamphlet to me, and on it he was called the "Reverend John Warburton." He would not have liked that; that is only attributable to Jehovah. "Holy and reverend," we read in the Psalms, "is his Name." I say it seemed to revive me a little to walk round and see the chapel. I was speaking about it the other Lord's day at Abingdon, and the poor old deacon said to me, "What a comfort it was to me what you said this morning about Pool Moor. I have been reading Mr. Warburton's book." And it seemed according to his feeling it was a clencher—a confirmation.

"And hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places." You know some of those free-willers, and people who have never been in the depths—lost and saved, they say—"We do not care about that." My friends, Watts speaks to this effect:

" 'Twas love that made his willing feet  
In swift obedience move."

Ah! it is love that does these things. It is wonderful what love will do. "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it" (Song viii. 7). No, with all that ever the dragon could throw out of his mouth after the woman, he could never destroy her. "If a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned."

Then what a favour, beloved, it is to know something of these heavenly places. Ah! Paul could say, "Whether we live or die, we are the Lord's;" and he tells us, "For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord" (Rom. viii. 38, 39). Ah! these heavenly places!

“Why,” say you, “man, they are so few and far between.”  
This is it. Have you ever had

“Just enough for the proof  
Of your proper title”?

“Being confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.” And bark at what Hammond said :

“If once the love of Christ we feel,  
Upon our hearts impress’d,  
The mark of that celestial seal  
Can never be erased.”

You may forget it ; you may get into such confusion ; your days of darkness may be many ; the unbelief of your heart and infidelity may work at such a pitch, till you are ready to give everything up. But remember this, his eye is upon thee. Yea, “he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.” And the Psalmist tells us, “Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy” (Ps. xxxiii. 18). Not “them that hope in themselves.” It is said of Noah, he found grace in the eyes of the Lord.

“And made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.” Ah ! poor creature, that is my only safety. Hart says :

“Venture on him, venture wholly,  
Let no other trust intrude.”

But you are ready to say, “How can I come ; I am nothing but a mass of sin. The leprosy is about me ; that terrible disease ; that terrible disorder.” You may feel you cannot go to God, but what a mercy he has a long arm ; he can reach thy case ; he can heal the leprosy you feel within, and smile upon you ; and when you feel that, you can say with the apostle, “And made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.” And you know you have never sat in these heavenly places with godly humility, and will perish at last. It would be an utter impossibility. “All that the Father giveth me shall come to me,” he said. O what a wonderful thing ; and “him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out” (John vi. 37). No, he never will. And you are enabled, at times, to come with a little of that precious faith ; and you glorify him with his own glory, and put the crown upon his blessed Head ; and said the apostle—“And made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.” How persuaded I am if you have a little of this sweet *making* it is not a servile thing. There are times, perhaps, when you have met with God’s saints, and you have had a little conversation, and they have unbosomed their feeling so that deep waters

have seemed to run ; and you have been a man of understanding ; you have drawn it out of them ; and, poor creatures, they have thought like this when they have got away,—the enemy has seemed to tempt them, and they have sunk nearly into despair, and wished they had never said anything ; but nevertheless their language has gone forth, and it has been blessed to God's people. This is sweet conversation ! “ For our conversation is in heaven ; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ ; who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself ” (Phil. iii. 20, 21). To subdue that carnal mind ; yea, to subdue whatever may rise against him, like, you see, the beasts that Noah took into the ark, it is said, they were all subdued.

“ And made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.” It is God who gives us to realize this blessed communion and this feeling. And what a feeling you have to those poor creatures that know a little something about that sweet humility. “ To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word ” (Isa. lxvi. 2). You know the word of God has searched us through and through. He has said he will “ search Jerusalem as with candles.” What is that but the Church ? And oh ! there have been times when we have had such searching looks ! There have been times when we have said we must give it up ; darkness has seemed to cover us. But O he has turned ; he has smiled upon his child ; he has turned the “ wilderness into a fruitful field.” And what have you done ? You have blessed him in return ; and, I say, you cannot help it. O to praise him !

“ 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.  
 Till then I would thy love proclaim,  
 With every fleeting breath ;  
 And may the music of thy Name  
 Refresh my soul in death ”—

(Olney Hymns, 57.)

Ah ! look here, poor creature, you will be brought near, you see, to that time when heart and flesh must fail ; and he says this : when heart and flesh fail, he will be the strength of their heart and their portion for ever ; but “ The Lord's portion is his people ; Jacob is the lot of his inheritance. He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilder-

ness ; he led him about, he instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye" (Deut. xxxii. 9, 10).

"That in ages to come he might show the exceeding riches of his grace." O it seems to beggar all language, my friends, to set it forth—"The exceeding riches of his grace." Say you, "What is that?" Why, it exceeds all the world ; it exceeds all wealth, all friendships, so to speak. Paul said, "The grace of our Lord was exceeding abundant with faith and love which is in Christ Jesus. This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom," he says, "I am chief" (1 Tim. i. 14, 15). Come, poor creature, can you say you are the chief of sinners? And only to think of this—"the exceeding riches of his grace." Neither Abraham, nor Isaac, nor Jacob, nor any poor creature would ever have entered the portals of heaven but for "the exceeding riches of his grace."

"O to grace how great a debtor,  
Daily I'm constrained to be,  
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to thee.  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;  
Prone to leave the God I love ;  
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,  
Seal it from thy Courts above !"

That is what we want. You know we may go through a form, as we do sometimes. A fortnight ago I was at home, and I thought, "What a formality!" (What forms we may seem to use!) and a few minutes after God dropped a portion of his word into my soul that humbled me in the dust ; yea, and that verse as a clencher :

"He sees me often overcome,  
And pities my distress ;  
And bids affliction drive me home,  
To anchor on his grace."—(Gadsby's, 209).

Ah ! that is it, my friends. You know there are a few will say to you, it is not right ; but God's work is going on—(how many men will pick up different things ; but we *must* come personally ; we *must* come personally ; it must be me ; it must be you)—and if we have not an experience that will tally with it, it will all be a blank when we come to die. You will say sometimes, "Lord, do give me another lift ; do grant that I may feel a little of the exceeding riches of thy exceeding grace." Nothing puts a man in the dust like this. God puts human nature in the right place ; and he puts the crown upon his blessed head ; and he says, as dear Swain,

“Think, O my soul, if 'tis so sweet  
On earth to sit at Jesus' feet,  
What must it be to wear a crown  
And sit with Jesus on his throne!”

(Denham's, 745).

Why, this is it, my friends. We shall never have a fulness here ; but only now and then just a touch of his favour. But what will it be when we get home? How we shall crown him! How we shall extol him and lift him up for ever! That is it.

“That in the ages to come he might show the exceeding riches of his grace in his kindness toward us through Christ Jesus.” Yes, while endless ages roll. O you try and carry home a little of that feeling—“the exceeding riches of his grace in his kindness toward us through Christ Jesus.” Look at it ; he became a man to suffer. Do you ever say what Watts says?

“Was it for crimes that I have done

He groaned upon the tree?

Amazing pity! Grace unknown!

And love beyond degree.”—(Gadsby's, 763).

O to think of the love—the power of the Son of God! O to make him everything, so to speak, and to feel this, that if you had ten thousand crowns you would put them all upon that dear Head that was once crowned with thorns. Yea, you can say then, when you feel a little of the “exceeding riches of his grace;” “He is the chief among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely.” “Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, and behold king Solomon with the crown wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals, and in the day of the gladness of his heart” (Song iii. 11). Ah! you know, my friends, some people say this—“O then I am going to preach Christ.” But no man can ever do that without a gracious experience. It does not matter what mortals tell you ; a man must know what it is to be lost, and that he has been saved, and that by the blessed power of God. There are many that deny a feeling religion. I am very bold on that point. If a man tells me that, I tell him he has no religion at all ; and

“A form of words, though e'er so sound,

Can never save a soul ;

The Holy Ghost must give the wound,

And make the wounded whole.”

What a mercy it is to have a right religion, and to know something of the “exceeding riches of his grace in his kindness toward us through Christ Jesus!” It “rises high and

drowns the hills" in our souls' feelings—all the guilt that we have felt; and we crown him with his own lovingkindness and goodness, and say that he is

“ . . . the friend of sinners,  
Be that forgotten never.”

May the Lord add his blessing. Amen.

### ON PRAYER.

“An Invaluable Blessing, and the Highest Privilege, of every Real Christian.” By the late Mr. John Rusk.

“Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.”—HEB. iv. 16.

(Continued from page 34.)

Now, another thing that we desire is, to be always in the house of God, and amongst his family, but this cannot be here below, for this is not our rest. We must be amongst the enemies of religion, and hear their blasphemies, and, what is worse, we are by nature the same; we must carry this body of death all our days; nevertheless, we are of the same mind as David in our desires after God's house, “One thing have I desired of the Lord, and that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.” (Psa. xxvii. 4.) The reason of this is that nothing short of Christ will satisfy us, and therefore we desire to quit this world altogether. Two texts will confirm this: “There is no one upon earth I desire beside thee;” then no one but Christ will do in this world. But did not David wish to be with God's family? Yes; for “my delight is with the excellent of the earth.” But “the excellent of the earth” bear the image of Christ, so that it is Christ after all that David desired; and when David had enjoyed his presence he wished, like we do, to go home! “And now, Lord, what wait I for? My hope is in thee.” With this agrees Paul in his desires: “Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better.” Now, these desires are prayers, for we read, “Thou hast heard the desire of the humble.” Let us then, treat somewhat more definitely of the subject of prayer. We must ever remember that prayer is not confined to any place. We may pray walking the streets, as I myself often have, and Jesus himself “groaned,” or prayed, as he drew near to the grave of Lazarus, he prayed on a mountain, and in the Garden of Gethsemane, and we may unite in prayer with God's people in their houses, as the church did without ceasing on behalf of Peter when he was in prison, and we may pray when employed in our lawful calling, as Nehemiah did for the poor Jews when he was engaged in his duties as the king's cup-bearer. But though prayer is not by any means confined to

any one place, the house of God is directly appointed for prayer. "Two men went up to the temple to pray;" and prayer, we must not forget, should be offered in our own families. Hence, God says, "I will pour out my fury on the heathen, and upon the families of the earth that call not on my name." Then, we must not attempt to approach God any other way than in the name and for the sake of his dear Son. Christ is the high priest of our profession, and has much incense to offer with the prayers of the saints; in vain, then, is it to try any other way as I showed you in the beginning of this discourse; and he himself tells us that whatever we ask of the Father we are to ask it in his name, that he is the way. We may pray to each of the Persons in the Trinity without giving offence, as, "The Father." "When you pray say Our Father," &c.; "The Son," "Thou, Lord, which knowest the hearts of all men, tell us which thou hast chosen of the two;" "The Holy Ghost," "And the Lord direct your hearts into the love of God, and into a patient waiting for Christ." Thus each person in the Trinity is an object of prayer. In prayer our words and our hearts must go together; it matters not what we speak, yea, it may even be sound words, and others may approve, still if the heart and mouth do not keep together we shall not prevail with God, therefore, David says, "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight." From this we may say that we see the vanity of forms of prayer, and we are sure that they that make prayers for others never prayed themselves, however sound and well-fitted prayers may be put together. Say you, I think you are wrong, because we are sure that Christ prayed, and yet he gave his disciples a form. Yes; but remember this, we do not put the Lord Jesus upon a footing with any man, and as for that short prayer, he told his disciples, "After this manner pray ye," &c. I believe that prayer to be very comprehensive, and none but God's people can speak after that manner, "After this manner pray ye," not all men.

In our prayer we must alter according to our feelings; if dead and lifeless, we must pray, "Quicken me according to thy word;" if barren, we must pray for fruitfulness. Thou hast promised that we "shall beget, and flourish, and bring forth fruit in old age;" if oppressed, "Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me;" if our enemies be many, and we weak, "Lord, we have no might against this great army that is come up against us, but our eyes are up unto thee;" if Satan tempt and harass us, "The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan;" if we feel darkness, "Open thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law;" if in carnal security, "Open mine eyes lest I sleep the sleep of death;" if filthy, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." Should our accusers make a fresh attack upon us, as they did upon Job when he said, "Thou renewest thy witnesses against me," &c., then we must pray for the

Spirit's witness to silence these accusers, and here we have good ground to go upon, for the promise is, "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn," &c. Now, in this manner we must change our petitions, and here we may see where they stand that are always repeating the same things over and over again, however sound their words may be. There must be watching added to prayer, for if there be no watching we shall ascribe our deliverances to chance. Now, this is what I think is meant by watching: I go to prayer. Well, do I really need what I am going to pray for, is my trouble about the corruption of my heart, is my sin a sore burden? Yes. Well, how do I feel when I withdraw from prayer, is the burden removed, am I a little encouraged, is my grief a little assuaged, am I any lighter, am I any stronger than when I began? Now this is watching. Is my trouble about my enemies? Do they oppress me, hate me, and try to ensnare me, smiting me all day with their tongues? Yes. Then my business is to watch to see whether God's hand goes out against them in judgment, for he has said, "His indignation shall be toward his enemies," and if it be so, it is not that we should vaunt, and therefore he will permit them to long exercise us in order that we may be humbled in the dust, so that when he is pleased to appear, on our behalf we may loathe ourselves, and wonder at his long-suffering mercy toward us. Nevertheless it is right for us to pray that God would turn their hearts, as Stephen did when he said, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge," and Christ himself says, "Pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you," though sometimes by their cruel treatment and mockery of God, and by the lengths to which they go in despising and setting at nought what our souls love, will stop the mouth of prayer on their behalf, and we cannot pray for them. "There is a sin unto death, I do not say ye should pray for it," and this was the case in Jeremiah's days, for God said, "Pray not for this people for I will not hear you," &c.

Then I must watch against Satan, for he will watch for me continually, and the way for me to do this is to see where my weakest part is, for there he will come the most; and then to direct my prayer continually to God concerning it, watching to see if the temptation is weakened. Sometimes Satan will fill us with such terrible fear of God that we expect some judgment to come upon us, and he does this to make us believe that our God and Father, who is reconciled to us in his dear Son, is a hard and cruel master, and reaping where he has not sown. At other times he will fill us with the fear of man, and this brings a snare. This is done to prevent us from speaking to them about their state, and about salvation by the Lord Jesus Christ, and here I have been held fast for weeks together, trembling to go to work, my mouth stopped, and ready to say a cessation of warfare. Now, by watching we shall see if these snares are

broken, as David says, "The snare is broken, and I am escaped." Various, indeed, are Satan's suggestions to the mind, but we have good ground to go on here also, for does not the Lord say that we shall have power to tread on scorpions (serpents), and over all the power of the enemy? Peter gives us good advice here when he says, "Be sober, be vigilant, for your adversary the devil walketh about seeking whom he may devour," &c.; and our Lord says, "Watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation." Then this watching must be under the word preached, so after praying when going to hear, watch to see if "light has been sown (as the promise is it shall be) for the righteous," does our path shine more and more? Again, we read, he is to send us help from the sanctuary. Do we find that promised help? The word preached is to profit, being mixed with faith, let us watch to see if our faith is increased, or if we are always the same, like the door on its hinges. We read that "doctrine shall drop as the rain," &c. Are we softened, humbled, and do we receive with meekness the engrafted word? Are we reprov'd, rebuked, judged, searched, and tried, as the man was of whom Paul speaks: "Judged of all, and condemned of all having the thoughts of his heart made manifest;" and then at other times, are we refreshed, for the times of refreshing are to come from his presence? Now, I have been at all this time after time, and have found the good of it, and I would say, "Go, and do likewise." Thus we are to watch against the corruptions of our hearts till we find them cleansed; we are to watch against our enemies till we find them subdued; we are to watch against Satan to see if his temptations become weaker; and lastly, we are to see if the word preached is attended with power, for "where the word of a king is there is power." I will add one thing more: are we poor in circumstances; then, after prayer to God, who has promised to supply all our need, we must watch to see what will appear in our favour, the quarter from which it comes, the way also, the hearts that are softened, the door once shut against us that is now open, the strength given to us with which to work; for it is God that gives all. By this watching we may sometimes see someone removed from a place of work in order that we may go in his stead, when we have been sorely tried, and all refuge has failed, for he will give us the "heritage of the heathen." But if we neglect this watching then we shall, like the world at large, have this text written against us: "Because they regard not the operation of his hand, he will destroy them, and not build them up;" but on the other hand: "He that will observe these things, he shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord." Habakkuk in his day said, "I will stand on my watch, and set me on my tower, and watch to see what he shall say to me, and what I shall answer when I am reprov'd;" and we see the answer he received: "The just shall live by faith."

*(To be continued.)*

## EMMANUEL.

How sweet to think of great Emmanuel,  
 Whose foes came round him daily like a flood ;  
 Who spake as ne'er man spake—did all things well ;  
 " In whom we have redemption through his blood."

I'd dip my ladle in the golden bowls  
 Of those who saw his glory, heard his voice ;  
 Who found in him a refuge for their souls,  
 And in his righteousness did all rejoice.

Ne'er hath an angel's tongue, nor prophet's pen,  
 Described one half the glory of his throne ;  
 The Alpha and Omega and Amen,  
 Who trod, for man, the winepress all alone.

'Tis sweet to think of what some spake of him,  
 When he in human nature first appear'd—  
 Who saw in him the promised Rising Beam  
 By which unnumber'd hearts were to be cheer'd.

When in their arms an infant babe he lay,  
 They saw in him the Saviour of mankind,  
 Who would " The glory of his grace " display  
 Towards the poor and needy, deaf and blind.

Of his mild majesty 'tis sweet to think,  
 As, seen by faith, approaching Jordan's stream,  
 To hold converse with John upon its brink,  
 And be baptized beneath its wave by him.

How rugged and mysterious is the road  
 He travels, from the manger to the tomb ;  
 Yes, now the wilderness is his abode ;  
 And now, a fishing-boat affords him room.

Tempted is he beyond what tongue can tell ;  
 Hung'ry, thirsty, and with sorrow worn ;  
 Yet, he'll subdue the powers of earth and hell,  
 Heal broken hearts, and comfort all that mourn.

" What thinkest thou of Jesus," O my soul ;  
 Who bids the rains descend, makes oceans swell ;  
 Saith " Peace, be still," and thunders cease to roll ;  
 Yet, stops and asks for drink at Jacob's well.

To ponder o'er these things, my soul, is good,  
 And call to mind the weighty words he spake ;  
 To me, may they be spirit, life, and food,  
 My heart inspire, my slumbering harp to wake.

Whilst his effulgence fills the heavens above,  
 He condescends with man on earth to dwell ;  
 Such is the greatness of his grace and love,  
 And hence, his glorious name Emmanuel.

Isaiah's Counsellor; the great, the wise;

Ezekiel's River, David's Rock, I AM;

The meek and lowly one, whom men despise,

Is he of whom John saith, "Behold the Lamb!"

The second Person in the Trinity,

Whose goings forth are from the days of old;

Yea, who inhabiteth eternity,

Now for a trifling sum on earth is sold.

What tragedy and mystery meet here—

All mysteries combined this far excels;

A thought of which fills those with filial fear,

Who water draw from out Salvation's wells.

He whose word fill'd the spacious heavens with light,

At whose command the same will pass away,

Himself is wrapp'd in darkest clouds of night,

That he his church's night might turn to day.

I pause and ask, "Is this the Lord of life,

Who raiseth prisoners from their loathsome cells;

Surrounded by confusion, noise, and strife—

God's equal Son, in whom all fulness dwells?"

While reason fails so vast a depth to sound,

My faith replies, "A glorious truth it is;

In him I have the one thing needful found;

The yea and Amen of the promises!"

I love to walk in fields of waving corn,

Through blooming meads, and near the foaming sea,

To gaze upon the dew in early morn,

For all proclaim aloud his name to me.

I love to follow some meandering stream,

Whose waters pure and clear keep gliding on;

For, like the rising sun, they more than seem

T' remind me of the visions seen by John.

But what are nature's beauties, when compared

With his, whose name's the angel's sweetest theme?

Of whom the sacred book so oft declares,

"He dies, his chosen people to redeem."

And what, dear Lord, are nature's voices all

Though loud and sweet they speak in praise of thee,

Compared with what is in the sacred roll?

Saith one, "The Rock of Israel spake to me."

By thee the spacious heavens were stretched abroad;

Which, night and day, thy mercies still proclaim;

Whilst all their hosts, O, high and mighty God,

Unite in singing "Hallow'd be thy Name."

"When comes that long predicted dreadful day—

When stands before thee all the human race—

When earth, and seas, and skies shall pass away,  
O, be thou then to me a hiding-place!

“ Emmanuel, High Priest, and Throne of Grace;  
Though know I not what heavenly joys will be;  
Methinks a glimpse of thy all-lovely face  
Will be at once a world of bliss to me!”

Peterborough.

J. BOLTON.

LETTER BY THE LATE MR. J. KEYTE TO MRS. REBEKAH  
MARTIN, OF LITTLEPORT.

My dear Friend,—On Wednesday evening, the 2nd instant, your kind and liberal present came to hand in safety. Its whole contents produced in my spirit such sensations as I am unable to express, and my dear friends at Littleport can only guess at what I felt while opening the basket; but when I unsealed and read your expressive and affectionate epistle I could not help weeping for joy. Its contents were, to me, more than gold, inasmuch as they conveyed not only the evident tokens of sympathy and Christian love to unworthy me, but likewise contained the ardent breathings of a gracious heart under the divine teaching of the Holy Spirit, and by his gracious energy powerfully drawn forth to seek and embrace Him who is the desire of all nations, and the desire of every quickened soul.

The language of your letter is evidently the effusion of your heart, which flows in the same channel as David's did when he said, “As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.” In the 119th Psalm, 131v., he saith, “I opened my mouth and panted: for I longed for thy commandments,” and in the four following verses we see what his mouth was opened for, and what his heart panted after; just the same mercies, and the shining of the Lord's face as my dear friend is waiting for; and such waiting souls, in the Lord's good time, shall obtain their desires: “For he satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.” You can look back at times on the way you have gone with your feet, and trace many tokens of the Lord's goodness and mercy, the many preservations and deliverances he hath wrought for you, the gracious visitations he hath granted you in the house of your pilgrimage, the various answers to prayer you have already received, these are all sweet tokens for good; and although you have not yet obtained that fulness of love that casteth out fear, still press forward and be of good courage, thou dear hoping soul, for the Lord will assuredly perfect that which concerneth you, for his mercy endureth for ever, and he will never, no never, forsake the work of his own hands. “Hope deferred maketh the heart sick,” but the hoping soul shall not die of that sickness. The object of this hope is the Lord Jesus Christ, and an interest in his dying love; and all the time the

manifestation of this best of all blessings is withheld the sickness continues, but when the desire cometh it is a tree of life indeed, and inexpressibly sweet to the soul it is, and come it certainly will, for "he will fulfil the desire of them that fear him; he also will hear their cry and will save them."

All this time that we are in a state of suspense respecting the safety of our souls we are like Noah's dove, we flit about as she did, and can find no rest for the sole of our feet; nothing under Heaven can afford satisfaction or rest. We try to draw comfort from various sources, but all we can attain unto ourselves leaves an empty void that cannot satisfy an immortal soul when under the quickening operations of the Holy Spirit. Everything underneath the sun is found to be vanity and vexation of spirit; the heart is smitten and withered like grass. Our own strength fails us, and every human effort can afford no relief; we are somewhat like poor David when he said, "I looked on my right hand, and beheld, but there was no man that would know me; refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul;" but in this strait he was not left destitute, but found support in prayer: "I cried unto thee, O Lord; I said, thou art my refuge and my portion in the land of the living." These manifold exercises that we meet with sadly perplex and disquiet our minds, and are attended with many sinking fears, and some budding hopes, and we are quite at a loss to know how matters may terminate. Here we are kept in suspense, some for a longer, others for a shorter time; still the work of grace is imperceptibly carried on, and when all our wretched righteousness is gone, when every idol is dethroned and cast to the moles and bats, when we are ten thousand talents in debt and have nothing wherewith to pay: Then, the ever-blessed Surety, Saviour, and Redeemer appears, and reveals himself in all his covenant characters—perfects his strength in our weakness—cleanses us in the fountain of his atoning blood—covers us with the spotless robe of his everlasting righteousness—cancels our infinite debts—enthrones himself in our hearts and affections, and rules and reigns supreme sovereign over every faculty both of soul and body! I well remember the time and the spot when my case was desperate to the last degree, and my hope was as the giving up of the ghost; at that trying period the dear Friend of sinners, the blessed and adorable Lord of life and glory took possession of me, a poor, self-lost sinner, and brought every thought and affection into sweet captivity unto his ever-blessed self! And though since that period I have been much tried and have endured a great fight of afflictions—have eaten the bread of adversity and drank the wine of astonishment, yet nothing hath, and I feel a humble confidence nothing ever will separate my poor soul from the love of God in Christ Jesus. What the Lord hath done is done for ever, and you, my dear friend, know this to be a truth as far as he hath brought you: and in his good time you shall be a "hind let loose," and go forth in

the dances of them that make merry,—your comforts shall then abound, and your soul shall indeed be satisfied with the Lord's goodness. All the blessings of the everlasting covenant are the free gifts of God to poor sinners, the Lord Jesus Christ is the fountain from whence they flow,—and the Holy Spirit is the revealer of every blessing to the pardoned sinner. None but the poor, needy, helpless, and self-lost shall ever share in the Heavenly banquet made on Mount Zion, and as Mr. Hart sweetly sings :

“God bids us bring no price ;  
 The feast is furnished free :  
 His bounteous hand the poor supplies,  
 And who more poor than we ?  
 His spirit from above  
 Our Father sends us down,  
 And looks with everlasting love  
 On all that love the Son.”

Does my beloved friend want an evidence to confirm the truth and reality of these things? He may find them exemplified in the testimony of dear Mrs. Chevill ; the foundation of her hope and her rejoicing is clearly to be seen :

“In Christ her treasure's all contained ;  
 By him her feeble soul's sustained ;  
 On him she casts her every care ;  
 Like Him she surely will appear.”

We are exhorted to mark the perfect and behold the upright ; for the end of that man or woman is peace, and you will doubtless be an eye-witness that her end will be according to the promise. Your account of this dear saint rejoiced my heart, and drew forth thanksgiving to God on her behalf, seeing he hath ever been the refuge and strength of all that put their trust under the shadow of his wings ; and as he is our refuge in every time of trouble, so he hath faithfully promised never to leave us nor forsake us, for “having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end,” to the end of all their trials, temptations, and afflictions, and the end of faith and hope will be the salvation of their souls. If Mrs. Chevill be still a sojourner in this vale of tears please give my kind love to her, and if she be entered into her rest I shall be thankful to hear of the event in a few lines from my dear friend.

Please to remember me most affectionately to Mr. Martin, whose kind regards to me and mine are exemplified in the hand-basket portion, to dear Mrs. Martin his mother, with father, and dear Mr. William his brother. To Mrs. Cutluck, your own mother, your brother and wife, and Miss Mary, your sister, presenting Christian love, not forgetting the dear children, especially little Joseph, whom I have not seen. My kind regards also to Mr. Walker and the sweet crabs, to the old shepherd, to Mrs. Morley, with all the dear souls who assemble in the large parlour on the Sabbath day, not omitting my Lakenheath and

Downham friends, to all of whom my heart is united in the best of all bonds. Glad should I be to see you all face to face, but I have no expectation at present of enjoying such a favour, as I seem gradually to decline in strength, nevertheless it is my earnest hope that we shall meet again in the happy realm of endless rest, peace, and joy, when there shall be no more the Canaanite in the House of the Lord of Hosts!

My mind hath been much exercised respecting the state of the harvest during the past month, being grieved to see so much rain, and many petitions have gone from my heart on account of it, especially on behalf of those husbandmen whose hope the Lord is, and it would be a matter for thanksgiving to me to learn that the fruits of the earth have been safely gathered in by my dear friends in the Island. We have had dry weather here throughout the past week, and I hope it is equally fine with you.

When we reflect upon the sins of this nation, and the base conduct of our rulers in giving their hands and support to idolatry, we have just cause to fear that one judgment after another may fall upon this degenerate land. There is evidently a great forsaking in the land, and an awful departure from the fear of God, and he will cause his anger to fall upon all that reject him. Thus the Lord in righteous judgment dealt with idolatrous Israel of old, they treacherously departed from him, and worshipped their golden calves and other idols, and in just retribution the Lord declares, "I also have given you cleanness of teeth in all your cities, and want of bread in all your places." And it is to be feared that ere long we shall feel the same calamity in a two-fold sense, not only a famine of bread, but also a famine of hearing the word of the Lord. But the Almighty will not forsake his own people, although they may suffer in many respects, for "they shall not be ashamed in the evil time, and in the days of famine they shall be satisfied." May we be enabled to rest in the Lord, and may he be pleased to hide us in his chambers until the indignation be overpast!

I received a letter from Mr. Chamberlain, dated the 13th of August; he was going off to Grantham the next day, but could not say when he should visit London. Mr. Beeman is given out to preach at Providence the 20th of this month. Mr. Cole continues to preach with much acceptance, but the place is too small to contain the people. I wish, were it the will of the Lord, that he might come to Providence, but nothing on that point has at present transpired.

My dear wife and each member of my family unite in kind love to you, and Mr. Martin, with all friends. Mr. John Ford also presents his kind regards.

In the hope of receiving some good tidings from you the first opportunity, I remain, my dear friend,

very affectionately yours,

London, September 8th, 1829.

J. K.

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED BY THE LATE  
MR. GADSBY, NOVEMBER 17TH, 1842.

“That at that time ye were without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world.”—EPHESIANS ii. 12.

A VERY trifling alteration of the words of our text would make it applicable, I greatly fear, to many before me to-night. If we were to read, “At *this* time ye *are* without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world.” What an awful state you are in if such be your case! And of others we may adopt the language of God’s word in another place, and say, “And such were some of you.” There was a period when we were without Christ, without hope, and without God in the world.

The apostle is here, in the first place, addressing the church at Ephesus as being Gentiles, and not having even the common mercies that Israel in a religious sense possessed; for they, as a nation, had mercies that other nations never had. God was a God to Israel in an especial manner, as the God of nations. He says, “Thee only have I known of all the families of the earth, therefore will I punish thee for all thine iniquities.” Now, some people lay it down as a rule that, as God has a special people whom he loves above all the rest, they have no cause to fear sinning: their God loved them from all eternity; therefore they have no cause to fear; sin can do them no hurt. I believe that doctrine, which leads men to talk in such a way, comes from hell and leads to hell; for God’s people, above all other people, are visited most for their sins in this world. “If ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons.” God loves his people too well to let them live in the love and practice of sin, after he has made it manifest that they are his children; and if you see a professor that can boast of high attainments, and say, “I know my election, I know the Lord has called me by grace, therefore I fear no sin, sin can do me no harm; I’m not concerned about such trifles as sin”; sooner believe the devil to be a child of God than such a vagabond as that. The child of God has a tender conscience, a tender regard for God’s honour; and nothing is such a grief to him as sinning against his Lord. Nothing wounds his mind more than being left to practice sin against the lovingkindness of that God who has done so much for him. I believe all such hardened professors as these ought to be shunned more than you would shun a common infidel,

But the text will be applicable to us all, “at that time we were without Christ.” At what time? In our unregenerate state. Then we were without Christ. At that time we were “aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the cove-

nants of promise ;” and at that time we were without hope, and without God in the world.

Now, we shall make a few remarks upon the passage as it lies before us. And let us inquire whether or not it can be said of us, “*At this time we are without Christ.*”

It may be that, in our state of unregeneracy, we did not all make the same public appearance in the world. One man lived in the love and practice of drunkenness ; another lived in the love and practice of uncleanness ; another lived in the love and practice of open profanity ; another lived in the love and practice of covetousness—and a covetous man is as far from God as the devil can make him, because his heart is wrapped up in the world, and the world is wrapped up in his heart. Another lives in the love and practice of his freewill pride—of what he can do, does, and means to do to please God ; and looks upon his fellow mortals as the pharisee looked upon the poor publican. He pays tithes of mint and cummin, says his prayers, does his duty, and goes to his church or chapel ; and some of his friends extol him for his piety ; but if you come to ask him about the divine law of God, about his own state as a lost and ruined sinner, and how he was brought to know and feel it, about the salvation of the sinner by Jesus Christ, and how he was brought to know his interest in it, you set him fast at once.

What the apostle here has in view is, what we were manifestively. What we were in the purpose of God, what we were as viewed by him in Christ before the foundation of the world is another thing altogether ; he is not talking about that, but of what we were manifestively : “*At that time ye were without Christ.*” Now, do not some of you feel it was the case with you ? I, for my own part, have felt a little solemnity about the matter. At one time I thought I had a great many things I could boast of. Sometimes I thought I had a little more knowledge in religious matters than others. But when God the Spirit brought me to a true knowledge of myself, and my real state and condition, I felt before God that I was as destitute of Christ as are the damned in hell, as regards the manifestation and sensible enjoyment of him ; and I could no more get at Christ than I could pull God from his throne. Some of you may think it is not so difficult a matter as that. You think you can repent to-night, believe to-night, get pardon to-night, and bring Christ into your souls to-night. I believe the devil to be the author of such a faith and repentance as that ; and the devil sets men about it to deceive their souls, and to wrap them up in self-delusion. Faith and repentance are Christ’s gifts, for God has exalted him “*to give repentance unto Israel, and remission of sins.*”

God tells us that his people are accepted in Christ. If we are without Christ, then we have nothing that God will accept, because his people are accepted in Christ. God has said that no man can come unto the Father but by Christ ; therefore if we

are without Christ we have no ground upon which we can approach unto God. Christ says, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life;" and if he be the Way, there is no other way; if he is the Truth, everything else is a lie; and if he is the Life, everything apart from him is death. Therefore, if we are without Christ, we are out of the way, we are ignorant of the truth, and we are dead in trespasses and sins.

Is this your case? Are you without Christ? If you are, whatever you possess besides it will not do to bring to God. Some people talk about their piety and goodness. I believe the devil invented it to insult Christ, to rob him of his glory; but "Sinners can say, and only they, how precious is the Saviour." If there is any poor, rooted up, broken-hearted sinner here to-night that feels he is ruined, and guilty, and filthy, and is ready to cry out that he is too vile, too base, and that God will not receive such a vile sinner as he is, I tell thee what, a sinner never was received since the world stood, but on the ground of Christ; and thy sinfulness, thy vileness, and thy wretchedness are rather a plea than anything else that thou should'st fall flat upon Christ as thine all-sufficient saviour.

If we are without Christ, we are without holiness; for God says, "He is made unto us sanctification." But the child of God has got a holiness that all hell cannot sully, and which will stand the test amid all the confusion and noise around him. Without Christ, all the rest will leave us when we come to die; but having Christ, we shall stand when the world is in a blaze, and shall be able to say:

"Bold shall I stand in that great day,  
For who ought to my charge shall lay?  
Fully thro' these absolved I am  
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame."

Again, if we have Christ, we have his blood for pardon, his righteousness for justification, his fulness to supply all our wants, his promises to cheer us, his strength to support us, his wisdom to guide us in all our ways. We have him in all the offices he sustains—as Prophet to teach and instruct us, as Priest to atone and plead for us, and as King to rule over us and in us. We have him in all the blessed characters he bears—as our Shepherd, our Captain, our Bread of Life, Water of Life, and the Wine of God to cheer us. We have him in the endearing relationship he sustains as our Elder Brother. And, which is more endearing than all, we have him as our Husband; and he does not take his bride as we are in the habit of taking ours—for better or for worse. O, no! he knew she would have no better about her, it would be all worse; therefore he took her with all her sin and guilt, and stood answerable for all her debts.

Cannot some of you recollect a time when you were without Christ? Up to the time that I was nearly eighteen years' of age, I was without Christ; but, before I was eighteen, Christ in

distinguishing love revealed himself to me. I am now within a few weeks of seventy, and I feel up to this moment as much necessity of Christ as ever. I have not gained a bit of ground here. Since that time I have preached many thousand sermons about Christ, I have travelled many thousand miles to preach about him; and in this respect I think I may say I have laboured more abundantly than many. But, if you will take away Christ, I would as soon trust the devil as all my doings; and the devil would have as good a hope as I should have, for all my hope comes from, and is centered in, a precious Christ. If we are without Christ, we have nothing but sin and wretchedness, nothing but what will lead us to ruin.

“Having no hope;” that is, having no real, good hope. All people have a hope of some sort. What sort of a hope have *you*? “Oh,” says one, “I have a hope of getting to heaven.” And what do you ground it upon! “Why, I think God is too merciful to send anybody to hell.” If that be true, you think God is too merciful to tell the truth, for he says, “The wicked shall be turned into hell.” Another says, “I have some hope that I shall be saved, for I am as good as my neighbours, and better than many of them; and though I am a sinner, I am but a little sinner after all, and so I hope I shall go to heaven.” Now, I will tell you this: if you ever committed one sin, and God was to take you to heaven, he would be a liar; for God says, “He that offendeth in one point is guilty of all;” “Cursed is every one who continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them;” “He that believeth not shall be damned.” So that being what you call a little sinner is only a delusion. Another says, “I have a hope, because I am decidedly pious; I lay by a certain sum every week for tract societies and missionary societies; and I have heard men say on public occasions, that God will reward these pious deeds, and that he would be sure not to forget such acts of charity and love.” Well, it is all very well to lay by a part of our substance for the Lord; but I tell you what, poor sinner, if you rest here, if you make a saviour of it, you insult God, and do as much as you can to damn your own soul; you do indeed. “Without God in the World.” If we are without God, we have no God to go to in trouble, in storms, and in tempests; no God to carry our grievances to. We may have our tens of thousands of riches, our knowledge may be wonderful, we may cultivate our intellects, store up a great treasure of useful knowledge—but to be without God—O! what an awful thing! By-and-bye we shall have to stretch ourselves upon a dying bed, and to drop into eternity. What will become of us then, if we are without God as our God? Without God—this is the state we are all in by nature. Sinner, are you without Christ? Where art thou? O may the Lord God omnipotent send a dart into your conscience, if it be his blessed will, and lead you to a sight and sense of your condition before him, as being without God in the world!

## LETTERS TO A FRIEND.—(No. 10.)

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Southill, March 9th, 1888.

My dear Friend,—The grace which God gives his people he means them to have and to hold. In all their conflicts and trials they hold fast with both hands the grace God has put into them. The devil tried hard to pluck from Job his faith of hold-fast, but Job retained it—gripped it fast.

The Christian in his profession is a daily martyr: "For thy sake we are killed all the day long" (Rom. viii. 36). Believers are the Lord's "little flock," "the flock of slaughter" (Zech. xi. 7). The Lord often slays them himself, and this he does by sending the killing letter into their conscience. The entrance of the law is like that of an officer with a search-warrant, prying into every corner, bringing forth every hidden thing; and, oh! what a discovery there is when everything is laid open upon the floor! Then the inventory is read over to them in a voice of thunder, and then it (the voice) adds, "Cursed is everyone that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them." But in these "things we are (made) more than conquerors" (Rom. viii. 37). From this death they arise in newness of life and spirit. By the hands of faith and affection they lay fast hold of the great atonement, and by this they establish the Law in all its purity by presenting to it the perfection of the Redeemer. They are slaughtered by Moses that they may be raised to life by the Resurrection power and glory of Christ. Thus they become dead to the Law—that they may be married to another, even to him who is raised from the dead, that they should bring forth fruit unto God. The fruit which is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, glorious victory, more than any earthly conquest. They are also often slain in their reputation, and that cruelly, sometimes by those unto whom they have been kind, whom they have fed, and clothed; such things may be expected from enemies, indeed, from them it seems a commonplace thing, but when it comes from those who have professed love, it is a cutting dispensation. Poor Job found it so, but victory was on his side, as every believer will find will be the case with him.

They are slain in their pleasing anticipation of looking forward to this and that particular thing or person from whom they expect to gather figs of comfort. But, alas! alas! both persons and things have been piercing briars and wounding thorns, the disappointment chafes the mind, wounds the heart, oppresses the spirit, burdens the soul, and casts a stumbling-block in their way; broken and troubled, they go weeping to the Lord, seeking his face, entreating his favour, panting for the visits of his grace. The Lord sees their distress, pities them, drops a word in their wounded heart, and this gives them the victory. Sometimes they are slain in their consolations. How

very sweet it is to have a visit from the Lord, to sit at his feet and to hear his voice, and to have a feeling of tenderness communicated. The heart and affections for a few minutes are forced from the cumbersome things of this life; the soul is relieved from those burdens which cause it to stoop to the very dust; the understanding is indulged with instructive revelations of mercy, and this may be the case sometimes in the public means of grace. The soul is then alive, and so is every grace. The soul is a very Naphtali, a hind let loose possessing the west and the south. The west is the place of the setting sun, spiritually, the virtue of the death of Christ; the south the sun is at its full, spiritually, the inshining of comforting grace. But, anon, trials, temptations, darkness, come on, and they roll in so fast, and rise so high! I may term them 'comfort killers'! Job said, "My harp also is turned to mourning," that is, instead of praising God he was brought into a state of mourning. How very swiftly the moments of our consolation seem to pass away, but how very heavily the wheels of trouble move! To be admitted into the King's presence, and to have a ray of his glory beautify the soul, then to be buffeted, and torn asunder, as it were! "Our bones are scattered at the grave's mouth, as when one cutteth and cleaveth wood upon the earth" (Psa. cxli. 7). That is, the consolations, faith, hope, were, by reason of the pressing affliction, torn away. This brings them into the experience of real need, the best qualification for a beggar! Beggars always succeed at the throne of grace, because "charity never faileth." That hand is always outstretched to the miserable. It "raises the poor from the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill and setteth (them) among princes, even the princes of his people." Sweet victory!

The Lord himself feeds this particular flock with the gift of himself. Oh, what a sweet pasture is the Lord unto the faith of his dear trembling family! When the soul of a believer is favoured with resting under the sweet heart-cheering beams of divine grace, with blessed Paul's language adopted as his own: "I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses, for Christ's sake; for when I am weak then am I strong" (2 Cor. xii. 10). And if there be such sweetness in the cross of Christ, sweetened by the honey of gospel promises, what must his crown be divested of every vestige of trouble and affliction? Believers have the cross that is tempered with love. Tried, believers may be, yea, tried they will be during some portion of this time in this valley of Achor. In the waters of temptation they will have to wade, but separated from the love of God they cannot be: "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God" (Rom. viii. 38, 39). These words can be fulfilled in our individual experience only as we are led into painful exercises of

mind which cause a sinking of the heart into fears, and everything represented to be against us. The waters of tribulation rise so high that they cover our signs, the soul, tempest-tossed, is driven up and down in wild confusion, death before, death behind! "Now," says the tempter, "all is over; what thou hast long expected has come upon thee. There is no help for thee in God. Thou, miserable wretch as thou art, hast come to the end of thy boasted profession!" "Oh!" sighs the soul, "what shall I do? to whom can I go? lost! lost! lost! undone! Lord have mercy upon me! Oh, gracious God, hear me! cast me not away! Lord, I confess my sins, and entreat thy favour!" This is a trying dispensation, but without it the Christian's experience would not be complete, for the Lord by such things seals instruction in this sad afflicted state. The soul of the believer is brought away from all self-righteousness, pride is hid from him, his soul draweth near to the gates of death, destruction is just ready at his side to strike the fatal blow! What violent struggling there is in the soul, a wrestling in prayer vented in tears and in groans which cannot be uttered! Is this separating from God? No, no. Pressing trials, great fears, threatening circumstances, and angry, advancing, murderous brother Esau drove him (Jacob) into the arms of his blessed Lord, yea, and into his heart too. In his trial an open door was set before him which no man could shut. And so it will be with every tried believer. God brings his people into trials, not to slay them but to wean them from the world, themselves, their own righteousness, and to give them the recompense of grace, for out of their thorny experience will spring the rose of love. "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out: and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is new Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God: and I will write upon him my new name" (Rev. iii. 12). There can be no participating in the blessings of this promise but by victory. Therefore, we see the wisdom of God in leading his people in the way that will make them sharers of his grace. But with regard to overcoming, let us not suppose that the victory rests with them. It is certain that by strength shall no man prevail (1 Sam. ii. 9). Not by human strength but by that which the Lord communicates to his people victory is to be obtained, and though it is his grace that gains the victory he gives them the honour thereof.

My thoughts upon this bear my mind away into such mysteries that I am at a stand, not knowing how to express myself. The victory—in one point considered—is a conquest over what never was overcome, and gained by one overcome by everything. The victor is one overcome by all. The victory is over that which has overcome everything. What a mystery! confounding to nature! I must leave it for the present.

Yours,

J. WARBURTON.

## G R A C E.

WHAT is grace as generally received by the religious world in our day? A cant phrase, a bubble, a will-o'-the-wisp, a lifeless theme of lifeless professors' lifeless conversation. To hear the multitude of Korah, Dathan and Abiram speak of this divine, eternal, glorious, saving, soul-melting blessing, essential to and revealed by the unchanging Jehovah in his work of salvation externally and internally, one would think it a matter of little import, a toy for full-grown pious children, a kill-time hobby, a roundabout for school boys to ride in, a swing to please a mob at a fair, a something to be talked of, but nothing to be felt or enjoyed. How few know anything of grace as it is in Christ Jesus, as set forth in the pure faithful word of God, by the Holy Ghost! How few feel their need of it; as a free pardon to condemned criminals for all their sins and evil deeds, as an ark to save them from the flood of everlasting wrath, which is revealed from heaven against "every soul of man that doeth evil, of the Jew first, and also of the Gentile;" as the hand of a faithful, affectionate and watchful prince, who, though hated, opposed, fought against, despised and spat upon, and used with the utmost contempt and scorn, yet still determined to do him every good and to save him at all hazards, seeing him in distress and danger of destruction, his life demanded as the penalty of his offences, and tortures unspeakable to be inflicted, freely, joyfully and willingly, and with all his heart (disregarding all that is past, and knowing that his goodness will not keep the criminal from still fighting against him) steps forth, becomes surety for the stranger, lays down his life for his sins, and rising again for his justification, ever lives to make intercession for him, so that he cannot damn himself do what he may, however low and shamefully he may fall, or however bold and heartless, ungrateful or vile he may show himself, seeing "he will have mercy on whom he will have mercy, and he will have compassion on whom he will have compassion."

How few, I say, know the nature of free grace on this wise, and from a sense of their wretchedness, rebellion, idleness, hell-deserving enmity, hardness, coldness and ingratitude, are fully persuaded nothing but unchanging free grace can save them and deliver their souls from the wrath to come! And yet every one who is saved must be brought thus to receive it, and, like David, dance in their hearts naked before the ark, though Michals despise him, and dead professors shun him, because they cannot feel union with him in spirit, though they agree with him in doctrine. The grace of God that bringeth salvation cannot be known or enjoyed but by supernatural and divine manifestation; it cannot be apprehended but by the faith of God's elect; it cannot be sweet or precious but when bitterness and soul-trouble have been felt and the face has been turned to the wall. As in the case of Josiah, sooner or later the book must be found and

opened, read and felt in the conscience, and the seeker of God must fall down a convinced sinner, naked, unclean and leprous before the Holy Jehovah crying, "Unclean, unclean, unclean!" "Woe is me for I am undone," because I am a man of unclean lips and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips; for my eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts." Such, and such only, know what it is to have a tender heart, to humble themselves before God when they hear his words against sin, and to rend their clothes, and to weep before God. Nakedness, soul-poverty, a being humbled under the righteous hand of God, self-loathing, trembling at the word, perfect weakness, emptiness, want, total bankruptcy, and real fervent internal desire, and rejection of all salvation save that revealed in the soul, the blood of the atonement applied and sprinkled on the conscience, and righteousness imputed put on the soul must be experienced in such a manner as to cut him off from all hopes or trust in an arm of flesh, the law, natural or notional religion, from a name to live only, and resting in mere opinions or sayings and traditions before he can speak with power of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost.

Grace is nothing unless felt; faith is a shadow unless it bring "the substance of the thing hoped for" into the soul, and become "the evidence of things not seen." All hope is false but that which lays hold of God's mercy and love, faithfulness and truth as revealed in Christ Jesus; and is the hope of the operation of God. Faith looks for grace only in "the new and living way which he hath consecrated for us through the veil, that is to say, his flesh." It cannot be satisfied as to salvation unless the love of God be shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, given unto him that has the faith of God's elect. Such a one cannot boast or lift himself up as being any better than others, for boasting is excluded. "By what law? Of works? Nay, but by the law of faith." He cannot be satisfied with a ready flow of language and liberty in prayer, except that liberty comes from the Great Deliverer, making him free indeed and testifying that there is, therefore, now no condemnation for him, for he is in Christ Jesus, and walks not after the flesh but after the Spirit; for the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made him free from the law of sin and death. He cannot rejoice in Christ Jesus unless he feels Christ rejoicing over him. He cannot cry, "Grace, grace unto it," unless he sees the headstone and his own name graven on it, while his feet are held fast and established in "the foundation of God which standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are his." He cannot feel all he receives to be mercies flowing from the grace or eternal love of God, except his heart be lying low before the throne of grace, and all the goodness of the Lord be passing before him, and Jehovah proclaiming himself, "The Lord, the Lord God merciful and gracious, long-suffering, (and abundant in goodness and

truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, and transgression, and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty," that is, those whose guilt is not atoned for and put away by Christ, who "having been made sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him," now justifies the ungodly, and in him God can be just, and yet the justifier of them that believe in Christ Jesus (Rom. iii. 26).

To know what grace is savingly, is to know ourselves to be deservedly and justly damned without an interest in Christ, and to feel that he can have mercy, and has had mercy on us who were ignorant and out of the way, and, therefore, the Spirit has glorified him in our souls by showing us that our sins and uncleanness are cleansed and washed away in the fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness; and that when dead in our sins and the uncircumcision of our flesh, God quickened us together with him, having forgiven us all trespasses; blotting out the hand-writing that was against us, which was contrary to us, and has taken it out of the way, nailing it to the cross. Grace is in the mouth of millions, but in the heart of few; consequently, the multitude are never truly established in Christ, or receive all their consolation from him with humility, and wonder at his love and earnestly desire to be kept free from sin that it may not grieve them. But the few, the few men in the little city, that are delivered by the poor wise man, the follower of the Lord of hosts are all in due time—in the set time to favour Zion—established with grace by the Highest; and groan, being burdened with a body of sin, which they hate and feel to be their worst enemy and opposer.

These are made sensible of what Christ has done for them, they have fellowship with the Father and with the Son, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh, they look to the Lord alone for help, strength, supply, comfort and peace, and cannot bear the thought of foolishness which is sin; are afraid of themselves as much as of the devil, and from their hearts cry, "Lord, hold thou me up, and I shall be safe!" "Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins, let them not have dominion over me;" "Give me out of thy fulness grace for, or upon grace;" "Keep me as the apple of thine eye;" "Guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me into glory." To such gracious men nothing is sweet in religion but Christ, the full, precious and dropping honeycomb; the mercy and consolation, love and kindness of the Father, and the soul-teaching witness and communion of the Holy Ghost the Comforter. Works done by man in his own strength they hate; and count all their righteousness as filthy rags, and enter into that worthy, precious saying, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name be all the praise." To all such, and to such only, do I say, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God the Father, and the fellowship and communion of God the Holy Ghost be with you."

## AN OUTLINE OF THE LORD'S DEALINGS WITH A BRUISED REED.

My dear Friend,—The first communication I ever remember receiving from the Lord was on a Monday after I had the previous Sabbath given at the collection a trifle to the "Aged Pilgrim's Fund." Whilst going my rounds on this said Monday it was as if a voice within me said, "Thank you for what you have done." I stopped, stood amazed, and, with an overflowing heart, I said, "Thank me, dear Lord! why it is all thine own!" I went to my home, and seeing the Bible, I opened on these words: "Bless the Lord O my soul," etc. (Psalm ciii.). I was melted into tears, and then I turned to the book of Daniel and read, "O man! greatly beloved!" An aunt of mine came in just at that time and exclaimed, "Why, child, what is the matter?" I could not answer her a word! At that time I attended Eden Street Chapel, Hampstead Road, London, and my mother being a member there I would often stop to see the ordinance of the Lord's Supper administered to the members of the church. I being in the gallery used to look down upon them and say within myself, "O that I were like you! And it was as though a whisper within me said, "It shall be so!" Sometimes after the evening service I would take a quiet walk round Regent's Park. There was a place there where they used to fold sheep, and in my mind's eye I can see the place now, though it is a great number of years ago. I would stand there, in deep meditation and say, "Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon: for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?" (Song i., 7.) I inwardly said, "Why should I be a wanderer from thy fold? O tell me, dear Lord, that thou lovest me? for I humbly hope that I love thy people, and thy cause." Then it was as though something said within me, "Go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids beside the shepherd's tent;" and while thus in meditation I was melted in my soul, and carried far above all earthly things.

After much exercise and waiting upon the Lord I made my case known to my mother, but not having shown any outward sign previously of a change of heart, she thought it was only a natural conviction, and she put me off, and treated the matter lightly, much to my grief and sorrow. But I thought afterward that she had a secret reproof for so doing, for she came downstairs and said, "Well, Fred, I'll ask Mr. Wigmore up, and then you can open your mind to him." Now, when I told Mr. Wigmore a little of my exercises, and that these words from the scriptures were applied to my heart with power: "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings; and not one of them shall fall to the ground without your Father's permission. But the very

hairs of your head are all numbered," &c. ; he, Mr. Wigmore, was quite pleased, and said that he could baptize me, and in course of time I was baptized. Then afterward the army of the aliens, began to taunt me, and the enemy of my soul set in upon me with his fiery darts and his sore temptations, and he has never ceased long together, nor do I expect he ever will while I remain in the body. But the Lord was pleased to give me this promise: "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under thy feet." (Psalm xci., 13.) Which has been a great consolation to me many times. But I cannot keep these blessed portions of the word of God in my mind, but feel that my heart wanders very often from the Lord, and I have such bad thoughts and feelings come upon me that I know not what to do. One day I was sitting in chapel when Mr. Wigmore read a portion of Luke's gospel, and these words struck my mind very forcibly: "When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places, seeking rest; and finding none, he saith, I will return unto my house whence I came out." (Luke, xi. 24.) I wondered what it meant, but the following words somewhat took my attention, "And when he cometh, he findeth it swept and garnished. Then goeth he, and taketh to him seven other spirits more wicked than himself; and they enter in, and dwell there: and the last state of that man is worse than the first." (Luke xi., 25, 26.) When I felt the awfulness of being in that state I exclaimed, "That's myself," and, O, the anguish of mind that followed! No one can tell what I passed through, and had to endure. Soon after these sharp and inward conflicts I was baptized with nine others at Mr. Foreman's chapel, London. The people were a split from Eden Street Chapel. I found liberty from these words which were spoken to me: "Thy sins which are many are all forgiven thee, go in peace." One morning when having my breakfast I was arrested with these words: "Behold, these three years I came, seeking fruit on this fig tree, and find none;" and the words came so powerfully, "Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?" Then I began to plead, "Lord, let it alone this year also, until I shall dig about it, and dung it." Here I saw, as with a ray of light, the atoning blood of the Lamb, as being shed for a sinful worm like me, and O the love I felt to the dear Lord Jesus at that time no tongue can fully tell!

At that time I was sent to Woolwich for the purpose of learning the baking business, but the Lord had ordered it otherwise. "Man deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps." My master sold his business, and I was to be transferred with it. I used to go home once a week, and return on the Monday; but this time I felt a reluctance to go; and by the persuasion of my mother my father consented to my staying until the next day. The person that filled my place for the time being, was crossing over a well in the yard, and the well fell in, and he was killed.

Thus in reference to my case I saw the truth of those solemn lines :

“Not a single shaft can hit,  
Till the God of love sees fit.”

I was one day going my rounds, and being favoured to have a little communion with the Lord, when these words came into my mind : “Arise, shine ; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.” (Isa. lx. 1.) From the light that shone into my mind, and the glory that I felt, I scarcely knew where I was : it appeared around me to be a new heaven and a new earth. But Satan, who is always close at hand, said, “You only know these things by the hearing of the ear.” Well, I thought, perhaps it is so ! But I did not know then so much of the devil’s temptations as I do now. Then these words came forcibly to my mind. “And that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them as thou hast loved me ?” Well, said Satan, that was only said to the disciples ; but the answer came, “Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also, which shall believe on me through their word.” O these fiery darts of Satan, how they perplex my mind, and upset me in my every day life ! However, I was led to believe that the Lord would not cut off the seed of Israel, and though he had spoken against his Ephraim, and said that he was joined to idols, and was a cake unturned, yet his bowels were moved towards him, and he said, “I will surely have mercy upon him.”

One day I had my little girl in my arms, and was crossing the causeway, when I was knocked down by a waggon and four horses. Everybody quite expected that I should be crushed to death ; but to my astonishment, and to the astonishment of all who saw me, the horses stopped short, and did me no hurt, and here I am a monument of mercy, and I hope a miracle of grace !

Many are the Ebenezers I have raised up to the Lord ; bereaved of wife and children ; but spared myself ! What a mercy ! “He rests in his love.” And has promised that he will bring his church and people to heaven and glory, and his loving-kindness shall never depart from them. . . . Now, my dear brother, I have given you some account of the Lord’s dealings with me, and how he drew me with the cords of love and with the bands of a man, and carried me (like a good Shepherd) as a lamb in his bosom. But O, what bad returns from me, for such everlasting kindness, and so many mercies ! I have been made up of repinings, fretfulness, discontentedness, unbelief, doubting his promises and his ability to undertake for me, and to save me from all my sin. But his answer to me is, “Can a woman forget her sucking child,” &c., “neither will I forget thee.” “Son, thou art ever with me !”

“O that my soul could love and praise him more,  
His beauties trace, his majesty adore ;  
Live near his heart, upon his bosom lean ;  
Obey his voice, and all his will esteem.”

Northcote, Victoria, Australia.

F. MAYNARD.

## THEY SHALL SHOW FORTH THY PRAISE.

“For the Lord hath called thee as a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit . . . . .but with great mercies will I gather thee”—ISAIAH liv. 6, 7.

My dear Friend,—In reading the “Gospel Standard” I am greatly encouraged, (when I read of what the Lord has done for others) to write a little account of what he has done lately for me; both in my soul and body too. And, if it is the Lord’s will, I should like it to be known among the Lord’s people, so that those who have been tried and afflicted in a similar way to myself may rejoice with me, and praise and bless the Lord.

More than six years ago I was seized with a paralytic stroke, which seriously affected my right side, and my right leg was so weak that it was with the greatest difficulty I could walk about my room. My speech, too, was greatly impaired, so that I could scarcely be understood when I attempted to speak; and my right hand was closed, and upon it were several hard lumps which were painful to bear, and not being able to use it I was nearly helpless. This to my soul was a trial indeed, and living alone (for my husband had long ago deserted me) I felt that I was now cast out and forsaken by all that knew me; and especially so by God, who had watched over me through life, and had always provided for my returning wants. O what a desolate state and condition I then felt to be in, and I could not tell what further calamities might soon overtake me! I thought that my affliction was great indeed, and for a time it appeared as though the Lord was about to make a full end of me, and had another stroke seized me on the other side, I must have sunk in the midst of these overwhelming trials and afflictions. My soul cried out for God, yea, for the living God, and I so wished to appear before God; and to know in the feelings of my heart that he had not altogether forsaken me, nor closed his ear to the voice of my groaning, or had finally shut out my prayer from entering into his gracious ear, and so had set me as a mark for his arrow. But here it was I found that “whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth” (Heb. xii. 6). And that “no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.” (Heb. xii. 11.) In this sad state I went on, week after week, and bearing up under this painful affliction the best way I could, with now and again a looking to the Lord, and a longing for him to appear for my help both bodily and spiritually, for in my right mind I knew that he is the Good Physician, who has the remedies at his command to cure all sorts of diseases, be it but his pleasure to apply and bless them.

Thus, in the providence of God, about ten months ago I met with a herbal medicine which I was induced to take (for I felt anxious to take anything that was likely to be of any benefit

to me), and when I had taken it for about a fortnight its effect upon me was truly marvellous, if not miraculous. I began to improve rapidly, and now after all that pain and suffering I have had to endure, I am so much better that I can straighten my hand to its natural position, the veins of it are gone into their usual place, and those lumps are removed, and I can use my hand quite freely. My speech, too, has returned, so that I can converse with my friends, who can understand me very distinctly. And, instead of being scarcely able to get about my room through great weakness in my right side and leg, I can now walk long distances, which I do on purpose to tell my friends in the Lord what a very great miracle he has performed for me. I am in my seventieth year, and I feel that I am a living monument of God's great goodness and mercy, and this mysterious cure which has been effected makes me to be a wonder unto many. All that know me say, "What hath God wrought!" Indeed, I am a wonder unto myself, and as the Lord has so blessedly filled my heart with his love and mercy, I feel the more anxious to show forth his praise, and to speak well of his name while I have my being. Mine has been a life of trial, temptation, and sorrow, but the Lord has opened a way for me in the wilderness, so that my needs have been supplied, and I have not wanted bread (at present) as many have done.

Two years after (as I humbly hope), the Lord called me by his grace my husband forsook me; this was a heavy trial for me to endure, but the Lord has said to me many times since then, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world," and such soul-cheering words have generally come when I have been feeling in my heart like a "woman forsaken and grieved in spirit." Oh, the many times I have looked at those great words in the book of Isaiah, "For thy maker is thine husband; the Lord of hosts is his name." Oh, blessed be his name for such a relationship: It is so different to what earthly friends are to us!

"An earthly brother drops his hold,  
Is sometimes hot and sometimes cold;  
But Jesus is the same."

But what can we expect from poor worms of the earth? For I often feel myself to be but a worm. You will be pleased to hear that I had a good time on Sunday last with Mr. Feazey (first Lord's day in February). And it being in the evening, the time for him to administer the Lord's Supper, I really felt it good, the ordinance was so sweetly blessed to my soul; and when I was partaking of the bread these words were very powerfully applied to my heart, that I quite broke down in my feelings: "Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,

And bathed in its own blood;  
While all exposed to wrath divine  
The glorious sufferer stood."

Oh, I thought, what an amazing sight to behold his wounded side pierced through and through for a worm like me! Well,

then, as the Lord has done so much for me, spiritually, bodily, and temporally, I hope to remember the poor and the needy of his people, as far as my means will permit, and I am sending the enclosed P. O. for you to send to Mr. Feazey for the "G. S." societies, for I wish the Lord's poor to have some of the benefit of the great blessings the Lord has given me, and my desire is that others who have been blessed in a similar manner will have their hearts opened to do likewise.

With my Christian love to yourself, and all the brethren, I am, my dear friend, yours very sincerely

SARAH ROSE.

Spring Meadow, Old Hill, Staff., Feb., 1901.

[We have known Mrs. Rose for many years past, and the great cure she has received is, to our mind, something extraordinary.

—Ed.]

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### SPIRITUAL ADVICE.

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My dear Friend,—You will find by this that I received your purely Gospel letter, which breathed fully and freshly the atmosphere of the Spirit, making clearly manifest that you have proved the truth of God's Word, and his grace and goodness; he ever being merciful and gracious, long-suffering, abundant in mercy and truth, "the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever," one who changes not, therefore the sons of Jacob are not consumed. Now, as it was purely of his own free grace that he chose his people, quickens, and anoints them to himself, so it is purely of his mercy that he bears with all the rebellions, murmurings, and wanderings of the same people through the wilderness; and that when they cry unto him in their trouble he delivers them out of all their distresses. This, both you and myself have indeed proved, for we have been so taken up with the world and the poor perishing things thereof, as to leave no room for our kind and gracious Friend, were he not pleased to come and make room for himself, which he is pleased to do in such ways that seem good unto himself. This you, my dear brother, have fully proved in his having raised you from that state of spiritual apathy into which I understood you to have fallen, and where you would have remained until now, had he not graciously spread his wings, and borne you thereon out of, and beyond it; giving you again to feel the certainty, and blessedness of those who know the joyful sound, and a gospel exaltation in the righteousness of the slain Lamb, the son of God's love, who taketh away the sin of the world, for which gracious act he is worthy to be praised for ever and ever. Amen

You say that you have an honest, useful, faithful minister of the Spirit, which is indeed a mercy; may the Lord lead you to hold him very tenderly in love for his work's sake, remembering that amidst the "yea and the nay" of the present truth despising day it is no small blessing to have such a man to go in and out before "the flock of slaughter;" ministerially to lead them beside

the still waters, and into the green pastures of gospel truth and ordinances! I would say to you, and to all the Cheltenham friends, as Moses said to the children of Israel concerning Joshua, "encourage him." By your example, by your sympathy, by your prayers, endeavour to strengthen him. Never, my brother, countenance those that cry one day, "Hosanna!" and the next, "Crucify!" But by a steady, uniform deportment towards him, prove that you love him for his Master's and for his work's sake. Give my Christian regards to him, and tell him that I hope the Lord will indeed prosper him in his labour of love, setting the seal of Divine approval to his own preached Gospel, this will fully prove that your minister came among you under the divine guidance of "the pillar of cloud and fire." My most cordial regards to your dear wife, and I hope that she has indeed partaken of the visitation of the Lord the Spirit, who, by his visitations and encouragements, has drawn forth his own grace in her soul, and caused her spikenard to send forth the smell thereof.

I should much like to see you, but when I may do so the Lord knows. Please give my Christian regards to Mr. P. and his wife, with other friends I know.

Believe me, my dear Friend,

To remain yours in the gospel,

Stow-in-the-Wold, Nov. 6, 1852.

R. ROFF.

[We had the pleasure of knowing the late godly Mr. Roff, and can testify that his ministry in our early days (to us) was truly blessed. It was the gospel of Jesus Christ with power, and there was such savour, dew, and unction attending it, that it abode in our heart for a considerable time; and this truly spiritual letter rekindles in our breast a measure of that same love and godly affection we so much enjoyed and felt towards him when we were privileged to hear him preach the gospel of the grace of God to poor sinners in Great Alie Street Chapel, London.—Ed.]

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#### A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE LORD'S DEALINGS WITH THE LATE WILLIAM KNIGHT RUSSELL, WHO DIED JUNE 30th, 1900, AGED 71 YEARS.

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THE following particulars are for the most part from his own lips. In his early life he had no fear of God before his eyes, being much addicted to swearing and other depraved habits. When about the age of twenty-two years he married a godly young woman, who soon experienced that light can have no fellowship with darkness, for although she appears to have been of a most gentle disposition, their short married life was very unhappy.

About one year after their marriage, it pleased the Lord to remove her by the hand of death, and on her death-bed she implored him to lead a better life. He told her he could not lead a better life than that which he had been living, but after much persuasion he promised to try, which promise would not

leave him, but wherever he went it would keep ringing in his ears, and was made use of by God to convince him of his sins, which now became a great burden to him. He felt the arrow of the Almighty in his conscience, and the terrors of God in his holy and righteous law to a very great extent, and for about two months he was made to pass through a very severe conflict. He frequently attempted to pray to the Lord to have mercy upon his soul, but whenever he tried to do so, instead of praying as he ought, Satan would fill his mind with dreadful thoughts and feelings which made him tremble like a leaf. He said, he remembered experiencing one of these times after reading one of Bunyan's works.

Soon after this it pleased the Lord to let a little light shine into his soul, and he experienced a sweet sense of liberty, and was privileged to walk by the Lord's side rejoicing in his love, in which state of mind he continued for about twelve months, when he married again, and became too much taken up with the things of this life, which brought him into a hard and carnal state, in which condition the Lord allowed him to remain for about fourteen years, when he was brought to realize his solemn position, and was in great trouble of mind; feeling that he had sinned beyond all hope of forgiveness. During the above-mentioned period he became a cab-driver, and it was while driving past the Marble Arch (in London) one night in November, 1866, that a long-suffering God was pleased to call him to his side again, by means of the following hymn, commencing:—

“When I can read my title clear,  
To mansions in the skies,  
I bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.”

When a sudden burst of glory seemed to break upon his eyes, which appeared to lift him above everything here below; and he never could tell how he managed to drive his cab through the crowded streets. After this he became very zealous, and was much taken up with a Mr. Varley, who was very popular about that time among the General Baptist denomination. He told me that this man would work himself up to such an excited state that he would carry the people away with him, our friend for a time being amongst the number. Baptism was now laid upon his mind, and he went before this man and related his experience, and how the Lord had led him. But although this man boasted of his church having five hundred members, our friend's experience was quite strange to him, and he could not understand it at all; the only remark he was able to say was, “How very odd.” After remaining with these people for some time, the Lord brought him to see that theirs was only a fleshly religion, which could not satisfy the cravings of a new-born soul.

He now tried several places, but could not find that which his soul was seeking after; until one day while talking to a fellow-cabman the “Gospel Standard” was mentioned, and it was

through that channel that he found his way among the Strict Baptist people, and for a short period he was in membership at Beulah Chapel, Harrow Road, during the ministry of the late Mr. Munns, whom he highly esteemed, after which he became a member of Silver Street Chapel, Notting Hill Gate, then at Kensington Hall, until that place was closed. From that time, and until the time of his illness he attended the Strict Baptist Meeting Room, Kensal Rise. Like all the Lord's people, he found the way to heaven was through much tribulation. He told me of one severe trial he had to pass through which I need not here mention.

Two years previous to his death, he was called upon to part with his second wife, but although his sorrow was great, it was mingled with the joy of knowing that she was gone to be for ever with the Lord. In January he was taken ill, but did not take to his bed until the beginning of February, the doctor giving no hope of his recovery from the first, as he was suffering from a fatal disease. On hearing of his illness I went to see him, and he was glad I did so, but said, that he did not know if he should ever get about again; but desired to leave himself and all his concerns in the hands of the Lord. I used to visit him about once a week, during the time he was laid aside. His desire was to die in the same most blessed truths he had lived by. He had no great joy, but seemed to be calmly resting upon Christ, and his righteousness, and the enemy was not permitted to harass him much. He liked me to read to him a portion from the word of God, which he would drink in as one who felt the power of it in his soul.

At times, when talking of God's great goodness to him through life, he would be quite overcome, and tears would flow from his eyes. When speaking of his death-bed, he said, "This is the place to try a man's religion. Free will will not do here, it must be all free grace."

At another time he said, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." (Psalm xxiii. 4.) He repeated with much feeling these lines,

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

He remarked about the goodness of the Lord in sparing his daughter to wait upon him, and wished for no one else while she was able to do so.

I feel sure that many prayers have gone up from that bed, that she might become like Ruth, a gleaner, and that his God might be her God. A few days before he died, he said "he wanted nothing; *only to go home.*" On visiting him for the last time he desired me to give his love to the friends at Kensal Rise. On leaving him he tried to raise his poor sunken hand, and said, "We love one another, and are loved of God." He was called home on the following Saturday after passing through

much pain, until about an hour before he died, when he became quite calm and happy. He at the last seemed to see something in the corner of the room, and tried to beckon to it and speak, but they could only catch the words "Likewise, ye, and His kingdom first." His ransomed spirit then took its flight to see Him, whom his soul loved, without a veil between, and to crown him Lord of all.

S. E. CHURCH.

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### EXTRACTS FROM MACGOWAN'S THINGS LAWFUL OR UNLAWFUL.

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ALL things which have not a tendency either directly or indirectly to glorify God, must undeniably be deemed sinful. Everything that tends to the glory of God, we may implore the divine blessing upon, which we cannot do upon things, or acts, which tend to his dishonour.

Conscience, so far, as enlightened, is a faithful monitor, and will give a direct answer to our interrogatories. Let those, therefore, who plead for the innocence of spending time at doubtful places, lay their hands upon their hearts and kneel down, if they can, and ask the divine blessing upon what they are going about; or let them cease to justify that upon which they cannot in conscience implore the divine blessing. Perhaps this is the nearest way of distinguishing to ourselves, between things lawful and unlawful; and a way which, if attended to, would discover many things to be unlawful which are pleaded for as indifferent.

A man may be persuaded that such or such a thing is lawful in itself to him; but if his being found in that thing, whatever it be, tends to grieve but one, and that of the weakest members of the Church, it becomes unlawful to him; as the Holy Ghost hath left us no toleration to grieve even a weak brother; no, not even in things the most indifferent.

It was lawful for Paul to eat flesh, as often as he had occasion; but rather than offend one brother, he would eat no flesh whilst the world stood.

People of the world form their opinion of religion itself, from the conduct of its professors.

A professor of religion cannot conform to the ways and maxims of the world, without, proportionably to the said conformity, confirming worldlings in their sinful courses by the countenance which he gives.

When people join themselves to a church of Christ, they are apt to form very high, and very unjust expectations; as if the militant church were composed of perfect and sinless beings, rather than imperfect beings, who in many things offend, and in all, come short of the glory of God.

Hence it happens their disappointment is frequently great; and some people, on the discovery of imperfect conduct in churches, are ready to wish they had never given themselves

up as members ; not considering the true end of church fellowship.

It is an institution designed only for imperfect men and women, and which could in reality be of no use to them, if they were already perfect. He that is perfect can walk alone ; he that can walk alone has no need of a companion ; therefore there is a necessity, from the very nature of its constitution, that the believing church should be imperfect in its members ; consequently they err exceedingly, who expect perfection from the church below.

It does not appear that those who expect to escape trouble by being admitted into church communion have a right view of the subject. Our leading aim should be to receive and impart more liberally, and this will lead to a taking up the cross in church communion ; for if not mistaken, it is there where the cross is most to be expected, in these days of external peace and legal protection.

Nor ought we to think it at all strange that many things should turn up contrary to the true spirit of the gospel. For were it not so, to what purpose should we be admonished to bear with, and forbear one another ? If the conduct of a church in all its members, were indeed uniformly consistent with the spirit and commands of the adorable Jesus, there would be nothing to bear, no exercise for a forbearing disposition ; no exercise for a God-like forgiveness.

The ox, a figure of a gospel minister—gospel ministers in ordinary were prefigured by the oxen which trod out the corn for the food of the people, and so applied by the great apostle of the Gentiles.

The ox, especially that which treadeth out the corn, is a beast of labour, and toils for the good of others ; in like manner gospel ministers are very far from having an easy station in the church of God, and they know but little of the hardships and toil attending the calling of a minister, who consider his life a life of pleasure and ease. Yet it is not strange that people should thus mistake concerning ministers in general, seeing so many assume that name and office, merely for gain.

Such are strangers to intense application in study, as well as to zealous, laborious preaching.

The ox is by nature formed strong. So is he, who is prepared by grace for the ministry of the gospel.

The foundation of his useful talents is laid in the natural endowments of his mind, which are not implanted, only improved by learning and grace. Strength of judgment, clearness of discernment, soundness of reasoning, and keenness of penetration are gifts of nature, which, when sanctified by grace, are a foundation for the most useful qualities.

But the true strength of the Christian minister lies in his being brought to a sense of his insufficiency of himself to do anything as it ought to be done, and brought to depend entirely

upon the grace that is in Christ, from which he obtains strength equal to his day, of either trial or labour, and finds to his confirming experience that when he is in himself weak and incapable, he can do all things through Christ strengthening him.

The ox is a patient creature. Gospel ministers will find, that they also have need of patience. In this world they shall have their full share of those tribulations which are common unto all who are chosen of God out of its snares, and from amongst its inhabitants.

Besides family troubles, personal afflictions and the care of the church that fall upon him daily, the Gospel minister will find that those very people whom he bears upon his heart before God, will not always administer comfort to him, but rather add afflictions to his bonds; for it is not uncommon for those who shall be his crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord, to be a crown of thorns to him whilst in this state of sorrow.

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#### A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. DENNETT.

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To Miss ——,—My dear, though unknown friend,—unknown in the flesh, but I trust not strangers nor unknown to each other in the spirit.

I received your book with notes of my sermons preached at Gower Street, and a short letter from yourself, which you sent me some time ago. Because I have not answered your letter sooner, you may think I was not interested in your communications; but let me assure you that such was not the case. The Notes of Sermons which I preached at Gower Street and which you took down in shorthand contain the substance of the glorious truths that I profess to preach, and which, through grace, I have been taught to love, especially the God of love and mercy from whose very heart and bowels they all emanate. . . . Now I am writing to say that on account of illness I have been long waiting with the hope that I might be able to correct the sermons and return them to you; but I hope you will excuse me when I inform you that I am still suffering from extreme exhaustion, surpassing what I felt when I was last in London; and this has made me conclude that I must return you the sermons as they are, with many sincere thanks for the interest you have taken. I would only add, may the Lord bless your soul and mine by manifesting unto us himself; for he is "the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely," and all that is treasured up and meant by God himself in the words, "The salvation of the righteous is of the Lord." May he ever be your strength in time of trouble, and your hope and my hope in the end of our days, and the strength of our hearts to overcome sin, death, and hell, and the grave; and his Name shall have the praise.—Sincerely yours,

J. DENNETT.

25, Mayfield Road, Lozells, Birmingham, May 25, 1898.

## Obituary.

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MR. MARRIOTT.—On January 16th, 1901, aged 72 years, JOHN MARRIOTT, of Goverton, Bleasby, Nottinghamshire. The subject of the following remarks was a farmer, and owned some few hundred acres of land in Goverton and Bleasby (Goverton is a hamlet in Bleasby parish). He was District Councillor, and held other parochial offices. He was a strict Churchman, his ancestors and relatives also belonging to the Church of England, and he was much opposed to any form of Dissent.

Mr. Marriott, in the early part of last December, was taken ill with an attack of influenza. He had a doctor to attend him from Southwell, who did not at first consider him to be in a dangerous state. I called occasionally to inquire after him, but made no allusion to spiritual things, thinking that he would look down upon me as a poor deluded, melancholy being, and would be at enmity with the truths I believed. And that, although I had passed through a great deal myself, I had not any gift (especially when not with poor people) for such cases. And notwithstanding my recent encouraging experience in the case of Elizabeth Johnson, felt it was such a rare thing, especially in these parts. I had myself painfully proved that nothing could deliver us from the uncontrollable power of sin and Satan but the almighty power of God (Psalm xxii.) that I forbore, to my subsequent regret and self-condemnation, to make any attempt (or but very slight) to speak to him.

After a while I received a message early one morning from Mr. Marriott, asking me when convenient to come in. I went, expecting he was worse and wished to consult me medically about sending for his Southwell medical attendant, but to my surprise I found he wanted me to come and pray for him. Endeavours had been made to dissuade him from doing so, and it had been suggested to him that the vicar of the parish should be asked, but he (the strict Churchman!) would not hear of it, and wished to see no one but myself.

I could not refuse, but I felt inwardly opposed and full of confusion, and my heart went up to the Lord to undertake for me. I endeavoured to pour out my feelings and breathings at his bedside. After I had ceased there was no response, he did not even say Amen, and no comment was made by either his wife or grown-up daughter, both of whom were present. Feeling the solemnity of the occasion, I remained for some time afterwards talking to him, and tried still further to impress upon him our total ruin in the Adam fall and lost state in the complete language of scripture, such as "From the sole of the foot to the crown of the head are wounds and bruises and putrifying sores," "The heart being deceitful above all things" (we deceive our own selves) "and desperately wicked," etc., etc. And whatever natural good things, as natural affections, etc., etc., that we possessed,

we had no good things towards the "Lord God of Israel," but were at enmity against him; and I tried to point to the remedy. And as I had observed that the Lord in these cases sometimes blesses a particular passage of scripture, I quoted to him, "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses us from all sin," and I said emphatically what a passage is that! I also spoke of Moses lifting up the serpent in the wilderness, and how every bitten one looking thereto was healed, whether from a distant view, near view, front or side aspect; but that they must feel the bite of the great serpent. I likewise told him that although I believed in election and that the Lord had a people, there was nothing to discourage seeking souls; I meant as led by the Spirit. It only asserts the sovereignty of God and checks the presumption of carnal professors claiming heaven as a right, whereas eternal life is the gift of God, and "the wages of sin is death." I tried also to show him that the Lord Jesus when upon earth healed all that came unto him feeling their need of healing.

Mrs. Marriott told me at my next visit that when they asked him some time afterwards if he had thought upon Mr. Hind's prayer and what he said, he replied, in an emphatic manner, "I think upon it!" as much as to say he did indeed think upon it; but he made no further remark.

On taking my leave I felt discouraged that he made no comment, and self-condemned, thinking I had been more preaching than praying. When, however, I had returned to my house, the following verse of Hart's hymn came to my mind:—

"Convince us of our sin,  
Then lead to Jesus' blood;" &c.

My discouragement was removed, and as I knew none but God the Eternal Spirit could savingly convince of sin and lead to that precious fountain, I was led at once to turn it into earnest prayer to the Lord on behalf of the sick man. Strange as it may seem, I did not visit him again for three days, although I felt a good deal of mental and ejaculatory prayer for him during the day, and when on my bed at night. When I next saw him I spoke solemnly and earnestly to him, dwelling upon our lost state (also pointing to the remedy), and to my surprise he said, without my asking him, in a slow measured, apparently heart-felt tone, "O y-e-s!" The impression conveyed to my mind was that he was delivered from his pharisaism, and from resting upon his church-going, and that he saw he was lost; but I regret that I talked so much to him without asking the Lord to enable him to give me more testimony from his own lips. I did not perceive whether he was favoured in any measure in regard to the remedy, or if in any measure he saw by faith the Son of God and believed on him. And as his strength was fast declining, I felt condemned in not seeking him earlier in his illness. On going away I told him how I kept secretly praying for him at different times in the day and on my bed at night. He thanked me warmly, and seemed much drawn to me; I could not help

feeling attracted to him. In the evening of that day as I was thinking upon him, and pondering over his case, these words suddenly came into my mind, "I have found a ransom" (Job xxxiii. 24). This encouraged me greatly, and I cried unto the Lord, "Dear Lord, deliver his poor soul from going down into the pit." And "Thou hast given me Elizabeth" (meaning Elizabeth Johnson), "give me him also, O my Father," etc., etc. Of course, by "*giving*" I only meant in soul travail and rejoicing experience.

The following morning the scene changed, the sky was clouded, I had nothing fresh from the Lord, and as I had once yesterday noticed a little wandering, I feared I should find him worse, more delirious and perhaps sinking. When I got there my fears and forebodings were realized, there was considerable delirium, and he evidently would not continue much longer. I prayed, etc., with him, but he understood but little, if anything, of what I said. When I had left, I again felt self-condemned that I had not seen to him earlier in his illness, and unbelief began to work and suggest that I might be mistaken about the portions applied. However, I had been accustomed to check and stoppage both in things spiritual and temporal (as it has been pointed out was the case with respect to the building of the temple in the time of Cyrus, etc.). I felt I could not give him up. The next morning he was sinking fast, and as it was not convenient for me to go into his bedroom, I went to prayer with Mrs. Marriott, a grown-up daughter, and a lady friend of theirs in the dining-room. Nothing more transpired in my own experience until somewhat after two o'clock p.m., when it was impressed upon my mind to entreat the Lord, if these things were so, and he really was a vessel of mercy and saved, to give me a true token after his departure that I might know it to be the case. I was induced to do this as I solemnly believe the Lord has done so (not always in the same way) in four different instances (the last being, as related in regard to E. J.). Shortly after this the husband of one of Mr. Marriott's daughters called upon me to say his father-in-law had passed away about 1.30. And I understood that just before his departure a beautiful smile was on his countenance, which had a bright appearance (but I only give as reported, and was not present to see it myself.) After his son-in-law left, as, though we say the Lord does all things in his own way and time, we are ever apt to be planning the way he should work, I remained watchful and expectant, but the Lord was silent unto me, there was no passage came from the word, nor any line from a hymn. But as one of old said, "Do not interpretations belong to God?"

We are told to wait for the vision though it tarry. I had for some time *previously* (for a week or two) been watching and waiting, and now it flashed at once into my mind, the enigma was solved, I saw the Lord had answered me in his own time and way. And I believed that I had not only a hope of the departed, but it was a good hope through grace.

J. M. HIND.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

MAY, 1901.

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

## THE SPIRITUAL FEATURES OF THE HOLY BRETHREN.

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED AT BATTLE, SUSSEX,  
ON LORD'S DAY EVENING, JUNE 11TH, 1899,  
BY MR. PICKNELL, OF REDHILL.

“Wherefore, holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling, consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus.”—HEBREWS, iii. 1.

THE Apostle was ever directing the minds of those to whom he wrote unto the Lord. And where else could we direct poor burdened souls but unto Christ. To whom else, we may say with Peter, “can we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.” Hence we find the Apostle in another place saying, “Consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds” (Heb. xii. 3). As an antidote against fainting and murmuring there is nothing better than to consider the Lord Jesus Christ. Some people think this to be a very easy matter; but those who are taught of God find it is not so. They find too often they cannot think upon Christ; they lose sight of Christ, and the things which he has done, and the things he has promised. They are oftentimes, in their feelings, buried in the world, and in self, and in the things of the flesh, and they cannot then look unto the Lord.

“Wherefore, holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling, *consider* the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus.” It is not a look with the bodily eye, but with faith; and faith is God's gift: for if faith be wanting all is wanting. Hence, “without faith it is impossible to please God, for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him” (Heb. xi. 6).

In looking at these words that I have read as a text, we

must notice the character that the Apostle is speaking to ; he calls them "holy brethren." This is not addressed to those who were his brethren after the flesh, nor those who were his brethren nationally, but to those who were his brethren in Christ ; for there can be no holiness apart from this. Therefore, it is not brethren after the natural generation ; they are not holy, they have not been made "partakers of the heavenly calling." But the Apostle calls them "holy brethren," as being united to them, as being of the same family—as being of the family of God. And, oh ! what a mercy to be members of the family of God ; to bear any marks and features that we are the children of God. Oh ! friends, does it sometimes cause you anxious thoughts to know whether you bear any marks and features of the family of God ? You may depend upon it they have those peculiar features by which they are known. Every family begotten by the same parents have the same features in measure, they do not always show in the same particulars or degree. If you trace minutely, it is sometimes in the voice ; there is a similarity in the voice. Yes, there is in God's family ; they speak the language of Canaan. But though they would not put themselves amongst them and say they are the children of God, yet their voice will betray them. They speak the language of the Lord's people, their voice is not the language of the worldling, but of one called by grace. So you will see sometimes in a family there is, perhaps, no particular similarity in the voice, but in the eye. God's people all have the same eye. Their eyes behold the blessedness and the comeliness there is in Christ. They all bear this feature. They see a beauty and blessedness in the Gospel, and in things that pertain to salvation. And, sometimes, when we look at children of the same family, we see their eyes vary, but their ears resemble one another's. So God's people have ears to hear the truth. They resemble each other in this particular also ; they have ears to hear what God will say. So they bear this family feature like unto the family of God ; and sometimes you may trace it if you look particularly at the foot. Ah ! a foot to tread in the way the Lord Jesus Christ has trod ; and his people have that. What a mercy to have a foot to resemble them in their walk, and in their goings. The world takes knowledge of them, and though they differ in many ways, yet they are treading in the same pathway. A great mercy to have this feature—to tread in the way the saints of God have trod in. So we might go on to speak of the various features, and the dispositions.

Well, often there are various dispositions, but there are

things where they are all agreed ; they bear one feature or another, they are not alike in all. We are not perfect here. We have in this world our various natural dispositions, and I have often thought, though grace subdues it does not change a person's natural disposition. Though grace does this, there are those things arise which manifest the stubborn temper. This will manifest itself more or less in those that are partakers of the grace of God ; but where the grace of God is they all have these things. Hence you find one saying, "I have a very hasty temper, I wish I had not!" And they have a forgiving spirit. That is the Spirit of Christ ; and if you have not that you may well wonder if you have the grace of God. If you have no humility, where is the evidence of the grace of God? Where is the feature? You will find there were many dispositions and features in the apostles if you look into the Word of God, but they bear some resemblances, and they came together. And you will find this, sometimes : children of the same family disagree ; but, let some one from without oppress or afflict one, they will take each other's part then—a brother will take the part of a brother. So it is with you, sometimes ; it is a family mark. Do you feel it? You would not like to see others do them wrong, or take advantage of them, or do them evil ; that is because you have that in your heart that cleaves to them, although you feel sometimes there is something that is wrong ; you cannot justify them in all they do or say, and yet there is something that cleaves to them. It is so ; I know it is so, because I have proved these things, and, therefore, I know them.

Then the Apostle felt the union, too, and he calls them "holy brethren." They were those in whom he saw the work of grace : that there was that in their heart that Christ had implanted. If we are the children of God we are made holy through the holiness that is in Christ Jesus ; though, not in ourselves, but in him we stand complete.

"That we're unholy, needs no proof.

We sorely feel the fall.

But Christ has holiness enough

To sanctify us all."

Now these are the characters that the Apostle looked upon : that were born again by the Spirit of God, as being made partakers of the holiness which is by Christ Jesus. "Partakers," he says, "of the heavenly calling." This was that the "holy brethren" had been made partakers of—a "heavenly calling." What a wonderful calling is this ; a

calling that is heavenly. And he calls them with a calling that is holy—we read of it in one place. The Apostle calls it here a “heavenly calling.” Why? Because it is a call to heavenly things. It is from heaven, and leads to heaven. Depend upon it, God never calls a sinner by grace and leaves him short of heaven; no, never. If he calls us, it is a call to Eternal Glory in the issue of it; you have not yet reached that point. Show me one that is called of God, and I will show you one that is an heir of heaven. “Being confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you, will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ” (Phil. i. 6).

It is, then, a heavenly calling, and it is a great mercy that it is. The Apostle Peter says, “give diligence to make your calling and election sure: for if ye do these things, ye shall never fall. For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ” (2 Peter i. 10, 11). Thus, you see, he points out the importance and the necessity of making the calling sure. There is a call which is only a natural call; a call which I may speak of as a general call in the proclamation of the Gospel. This is a call that he sends forth by his ministering servants in the outward word, as one of the poets says,

“God calls me by his outward call,  
But am I called by grace?”

That is another matter. There is a call, then, that we term a general call; but God has a special and particular call, which he has for his dear people. Oh, yes, I think it is Bunyan, in his “Pilgrim’s Progress,” uses the illustration of the hen and her chickens. She has one call which is a call of alarm, and this the chickens understand, and run to her for refuge; and when she has something to give them she calls, and they all run to her. So it is with the Gospel. While we may hear the Gospel from year’s end to year’s end, the sinner takes no heed till God is pleased to alarm the conscience, and when he has mercy to give to the sinner there is a call.

“My soul obeys the almighty call.”

How the sinner then has an ear to hear. All have not: but those have whom God calls; then they will obey this call, which is an effectual call by the power of God; this the sinner must obey. “Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power.” It is a powerful voice, and “the sinner sleeping in his grave” hears the voice, and comes forth out of the grave of nature; as he said of his people Israel, “Behold, O my

people, I will open your graves, and cause you to come up out of your graves" (Ezek. xxxvii. 12).

"Wherefore, holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling," there is a "heavenly calling." The voice is the voice of the Lord, not the creature's only. If God speaks through me, or through any other poor mortal, that is a heavenly call. God might speak through the ministry of the Word, or through some dispensation; he may give that call by one means or another, but when he calls it is a heavenly call. No other voice but the voice of Christ could raise the dead; no, none but Christ could raise the dead to life. God opens the ear to hear this call. Then, as I said, they are called to heavenly things; called to walk *after*, and *in* the way that is heavenly. What evidence do you give that you have heard this heavenly voice?—heard this heavenly call? been made partakers of it? It seems something more to me than to hear—being made partakers of it, and of those things which are heavenly and divine.

To these, then, the Apostle speaks as "holy brethren"—"partakers of the heavenly calling"—called from sin, and the ways of sin; called from the vanities of this world; called from following after the things of the flesh; called from trusting in our own hearts; called from those things which are evil, and called to know the Lord, and called to follow the Lord; called to forsake our nets, like the disciples of old, and follow Jesus Christ. Oh! what a mercy, if we have thus been wrought upon by the Lord, and been called by a "heavenly calling." This "heavenly calling" makes the soul say, at times,

"Why me, why me, Oh, blessed God,  
Why such a wretch as me?"

Who must for ever lie in hell,  
Were not salvation free.

Why was I made to hear thy voice,  
And enter while there's room?

When thousands make a wretched choice,  
And rather starve than come."

Ah! has this been an inquiry in your heart? Have you wondered that God should ever speak to you, and call you by his grace? Then you, who have thus heard his voice calling you to his footstool, calling you to repentance, and calling you "to his fold, to enter in," will hear his voice call you to join the ransomed host, call you from earth and sin. "For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds

is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land" (Song ii. 11, 12).

Then we want to look a little at what the Apostle exhorts them unto, and it is, "Consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus." How needful is this exhortation! Are we not too often forgetful of the Lord? But the Apostle, here, would have them consider; this seems to convey a soberness, and that he wanted them to consider, quietly and patiently, the things of Jesus Christ; and I am sure those who are taught of God are brought to consider what Christ Jesus is, and what he has done, and, under different dispensations through which they are led and called to pass, there are things that strengthen their faith when they are brought to consider Christ Jesus. Among the things they are called to consider is, that he was "made a little lower than the angels, crowned with glory and honour." That he was poor, that you, through his poverty, might be made rich. Now, just consider this; what a wonderful thing it was that Christ, God's co-equal and co-eternal Son, should leave his glory and "human robes assume." Just consider the condescension of our God, that he should thus become man, assume our nature, and join humanity with his divine Person, that he might be able to die and put away the sins of the children of God. "For without shedding of blood there is no remission of sin." Though he was the Son of God he became man; wore a crown of thorns that we might wear a crown of glory. Consider what he became, what he was; he was "made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law" (Gal. iv. 4, 5).

You think sometimes what a sacrifice you have made for the Lord Jesus Christ; pity yourself, because of those things you have to endure. "Consider the Apostle!" The word "Apostle" means "one sent of God." He said, "I delight to do thy will." He was the sent of God, and he willingly obeyed. Consider this, oh, consider this! and, as we consider what he became, and was so willingly made, then, what room was there for your complaining and murmuring? You must say,

"His way was much rougher and darker than mine,

Did Christ, my Lord, suffer, and shall I repine?"

Have you not felt, sometimes, very much ashamed at your complaining when you have compared your sufferings with Christ's sufferings? Then you deserved it, too; Christ deserved none of it. He was "holy, harmless, and undefiled;" you and I have deserved them. The thief on the cross confessed this—"We indeed suffer justly; for we re-

ceive the due reward of our deeds : but this man hath done nothing amiss" (Luke xxiii. 41). Every sinner born of God will justify God : "Wisdom is justified of her children" (Matt. xi. 19).

Then consider what he endured. Are you tempted? do you think there are none tempted like you? "Consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus;" the One sent of God. And, was ever temptation like what he endured, when, forty days and nights he was tempted? Ah!

"What he endured no tongue can tell."

But he was "tempted like unto his brethren." Then, there is not a temptation you have endured but Christ bore the same, he bore our sins, and

"He knows what sore temptation means,  
For he has felt the same."

Yes, tempted souls, then, "Consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus." There are a great many things which we might "consider," but I cannot touch upon them. But, one thing more : consider his faithfulness. What unbelief you sometimes have, and you fear the Lord will not perform what he has promised ; but the Lord is faithful, "He has sworn by himself, because he could swear by none greater" : "That by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us" (Heb. vi. 18).

Now, consider that. "He is faithful to him that appointed him," faithful to his God and Father, in the work that he came to do ; so that not one jot or tittle failed. Faithful to his children ; yes, God is faithful to perform all that he has promised. You cannot charge God with being unfaithful in one promise that he has made. Promises may not have been kept by your fellow-creatures, and you have to charge your own heart that you have been unfaithful ; but not the Lord. But consider, then, that he is faithful ; what he has promised he will perform, what he has promised he will bring to pass ; and, I can say this, in looking over the way the Lord has led me, he has been faithful and long-suffering. He is long-suffering, or you and I would not have been here. We would not encourage sin ; a sense of God's long-suffering mercy will make sin hateful, and you will feel at times your indebtedness to the Lord, and how much you owe to the faithfulness and mercy of God.

"Consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession." Yes, he is a Great High Priest ; one that offered up himself.

No priest ever did this but Christ Jesus, the Great High Priest, himself the sacrifice. He offered himself as a sacrifice for sin: "He entered into the holy of holies," and God accepted him. "For by one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified" (Heb. x. 14). "For Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true; but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us" (Heb. ix. 24). Hence, says the Apostle, in this same epistle, "We have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities" (Heb. iv. 15). What a thing that is, if we had time to consider, that this High Priest "was tempted in all points, like as we are, yet without sin." "Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need" (16). Consider, that he was possessed with like infirmities with you and me, he, who knew no sin, "that we might be made the righteousness of God in him" (2 Cor. v. 21).

Consider the humility that he manifested; and his power, too, to help and to save and deliver his people. But he is "the High Priest of our profession." One who is the Author of our profession; one that we profess. What a great thing it is to profess the name of Jesus Christ, that he is our God, that he is our High Priest; what a very great thing it is thus to profess that we have a religion that God is the Author of. If he is the "High Priest of our profession," in whom our profession alone centres, we own no other priest. No, we own no other priest; no, there is no other. We own our priest is the Great High Priest; those priests under the old dispensation have passed away and gone. "They could not continue by reason of death—

"For mortal was their race."

"Consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus." He is a Priest for ever, after the order of Melchisedec, "having neither beginning of days, nor end of life" (Heb. vii. 3). A priest for ever; what could we do if our Great High Priest were to pass the priesthood into other hands? But he is a priest for ever; he has passed into heaven, even into heaven itself. Yes, "he wears his priesthood still." He still wears that human nature, those bleeding hands and feet that suffered in the world; that human heart, that tender affection, that sinless, spotless humanity, he still wears, and

"He feels each tempted member's pains,  
For our afflictions, his."

Oh ! consider this, though he is exalted at the right hand of the Father, yet he feels for you in your distress ; that he still feels “ each tempted member’s pain,” that he still is afflicted with your afflictions, and bears your sorrows. Oh, consider that Christ Jesus, thy Glorious Head, who is gone before in all thy approaches to him, understands all thy sorrows. Once he suffered ; now he is exalted at the right hand of the Father. He knows all that concerns you now.

“ Consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, *Christ Jesus.*” Yes, he is the Anointed of the Father, as Christ ; he is the Saviour of Sinners, as Jesus—that name by which he was known when he was brought into the world. “Thou shalt call his name Jesus ; for he shall save his people from their sins” (Matt. i. 21). That name just suits you.

He is not only the Apostle, but the High Priest who offered himself for a sacrifice for your sins as the Anointed of the Father. What a lot there is to consider here when sorrows becloud your pathway, when trials lie heavy upon you ; then “ consider him as the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, *Christ Jesus.*” And the more we are enabled to consider him, the greater comfort, my friends, will it afford our souls. The Lord, so to speak, gives his people time to consider these things separately, and to meditate upon them for their comfort and his honour and glory.

Now I shall leave the subject, and may the Lord enable you to think upon it, and upon what he hath done, and what he hath said. He will never leave you, nor forsake you, even unto the end. “ Having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end.” He is faithful to his promise, and able to perform.

The Lord add his blessing, and his name shall have the praise. Amen.

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#### LETTER IV. FROM MR. FENNER TO MR. OWEN.

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My dear Friend,—I should not have written so soon, but having received a parcel from Mr. B——r, and not knowing how to direct to him (also feeling somewhat timid) I presume to press on you to give them my most unfeigned thanks. It is truly acceptable and seasonable. Oh, that I had a grateful heart ! I often think what can such see in me to induce them to shew such marks of favour and respect towards me, and often say in my heart, “ They think of me above what they ought to think, they do not know me from beginning to end ; and, I fear, were I among them, I should not be found such as they expect.” I can truly say I am ashamed of myself all the day long, and wonder

why others are not ashamed of me, too. When I receive any tokens of favour I am ready to say, it is misapplied, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man;" but, on the other hand, if the grace and condescension of God is such as to visit me, and to move his people to visit me thus (with a notwithstanding). Oh, let me not measure my deserts, and sink in unworthiness on the side of the devil's trap, whereby he would stop the flow of gratitude and the tongue of praise. Oh! that his favours may enlarge my heart towards him—set his graces in lively exercise, and every other object but him vanish away.

The poetry sent in the parcel, which was found in Mr. Cennick's pocket after his death, is sweet indeed:—

"Ah! man of God, how highly favoured thou  
 To taste of heaven whilst thou wast below—  
 No wonder, then, thy soul intensely longs  
 To soar aloft, and join those purer songs;  
 Thine object there, thine heart ascended to,  
 Impossible that thou could'st stop below;  
 Thy work was done, to go, the pray'r was given,  
 Dead to the earth, thy soul was ripe for heaven,  
 Thy longings such that nothing could suffice  
 But to depart, and ever be with Christ.  
 I can't, O, Cennick! with thy frame compare;  
 How far behind! tho' gladly would be there.  
 Blest be the Lord, I know he's won my heart,  
 And doth his favours unto me impart.  
 He ope's mine eyes, that I his glory see,  
 And sweetly doth endear himself to me;  
 To warm my soul, darts out a heav'nly beam,  
 To win my heart, to live, by faith on him.  
 But, ah! the days of darkness many are;  
 These brighter scenes do often disappear.  
 Then fear to say, the Lord my heart hath won,  
 I mope about, and mourn without the sun.  
 But, dark or light, it doth to me appear,  
 I cannot now with Cennick's frame compare;  
 I dare not say my race on earth is run,  
 It seems to me it is but just begun.  
 Nor have I fought the gospel fight that's good,  
 I've scarcely in the field of battle trod;  
 And, oh! I view, my soul doth sigh and groan,  
 For I expect the sackcloth doubled on.  
 I trust the Lord will for me undertake  
 My spirit's willing, but my flesh is weak.  
 Darkness, the earth will cover—gross 'twill be,  
 And, I expect, the clouds will press on me;  
 Darkness that may be felt, the pain is great  
 Before the witnesses lie in the street.

Yours affectionately, D. FENNER.

## "THE BLESSING OF THE LORD MAKETH RICH."

To Mr. F.,—My dear Friend,—The first year that you were appointed to the position as editor of our "Gospel Standard" I was so impressed in my mind that I wished to write and tell you how my soul was blessed from time to time in reading its pages; but I feared to presume. However, I could not help telling the deacon and a few friends who attended the Strict Baptist Chapel at Hall Lane, W., one Thursday evening after service a little of the Lord's goodness and mercy to me while reading the spiritual contents of the "G. S.;" and how eagerly I looked for each month's issue to come, that my soul might be again blessed and comforted. I never can fully describe to you how I was led to ask the Lord to bless you in your soul, and to bless your labours ministerially and editorially, and enable you to bring forth good spiritual food for the poor of His flock, that God's holy name might be honoured and glorified. I hope the the Lord himself was with me at that time, teaching me by his Spirit to profit; although I often feared that my poor prayers would *not* be heard nor answered. But, blessed be his dear name, I hope I can say the dear Lord did even then, often drop a sweet portion of his word, or a line or two of a hymn into my heart, which raised up a little hope, and gave me a sweet confidence in him. These gracious helps, with the soul-reviving food I received from reading the "Gospel Standard," greatly encouraged my soul to hope, and to press on in the path of tribulation with a little faith to believe that there is in my heart, after all, "Some good thing towards the Lord God of Israel."

And now, my dear friend, the Lord has so ordered things for me, and led me on in the mysterious paths of life that I not only have the pleasure of writing to you, but also to ask you to come and see us on Tuesday next. My dear husband was only saying to-day that you and he had been very close friends for more than twenty years! A friendship of such long standing, begun and carried on in the fear of God, without any obstruction, or anything to intervene to mar, or prevent that union and communion that has existed between you for such a length of time is a friendship indeed, and one to be truly grateful for. We are looking forward to your visiting these parts again, and shall hope to see you (D.V.) on Lord's day at the chapel, and as our son is living now not far from us, and is doing fairly well in business, we hope he will be at the chapel with us. We often say, "May the Lord be pleased to bless the labour of his hands, for his temporal and spiritual good; and guide him in all things." He is a child of many prayers, and we are very anxious about him, not only for his present state, but about his eternal welfare.

You will be pleased to hear that we are all very happy, and united together, so far as the things of time will permit, but true

happiness lies in heaven, and what a blessing it will be for us if we through grace shall reach that blessed abode, so that we may be for ever happy with the Lord, and all the angelic host. It is nearly five years since the Lord enabled me to say, "My Lord" and to call him "my Saviour." But what changes I have had to pass through since that time. But we read that "They that have no changes fear not God," so that it is better to experience many changes daily, and be in the footsteps of the flock, than to have the worldling's portion, and have no changes and so be destitute of grace! However, I am sometimes led to believe that

"He that hath helped me hitherto,  
Will help me all my journey through;  
And give me daily cause to raise  
New Ebenezers to his praise."

The years from 1893 to 1895 are years to be remembered by me, as I had to wade through most painful trials. Truly my religion did begin, and has been carried on in the midst of trouble, but in the midst of it all, I know that "They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy;" and how sweet and blessed the joy is that follows! Yes, my dear friend, I have experienced the truth of those lines of dear Cowper in our hymn (320):

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

Yes; "I was brought low, and the Lord helped me!" So that I have painfully learnt in these straits, and difficulties that it is "Not by works of righteousness which we have done," but we owe all our salvation to the unmerited love of God, and the free grace and blood-shedding of his dear Son Jesus Christ.

I often look back upon my past life to see how I was helped to leave all my concerns in the hands of the Lord, and was brought feelingly to say, "Choose thou the way, but still lead on!" And often I feel it good and profitable to my soul to tell to the godly around me how I was brought to know the Lord, and to learn by experience that I was a poor lost sinner, and stood greatly in need of a dear Saviour to pardon all my sins. The love I sometimes feel towards that dear "Man of Sorrows," and his glorious righteousness which he wrought out on Calvary's tree "passeth all understanding," and when it flows so freely towards him, I feel my soul fully taken up with him, so that it is to me like a little heaven begun below; and I invariably say, "He hath loved me because he would love me." Thus, "We love him because he hath first loved us." And we can get no farther into this grand subject of God's eternal love to his people. I feel that I am writing to one who quite understands me, and who will rejoice with us in these blessed realities, and who, with us, believes that these heavenly graces, love, peace, and joy, when so blessedly felt in our hearts bring the greatest

satisfaction into our souls, and help us to exalt the Lord above all and everything that we call good or great here on earth!

At times I feel certain texts of scripture come into my mind; and they are so appropriate to my feelings that I am obliged to quote them. When my dear husband and I look back upon the way that the Lord has led us, and attempt to recount a few of his mercies, we have to exclaim with the Psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name." Yes; the Lord has brought us into a wealthy place," and "his banner over us is love." And O, my dear friend, all this he has given us after we were lost and ruined by the fall! Yes, sunk down into the horrible pit of sin and into the dungeon of iniquity. And then, as the hymn says, "He loved us notwithstanding all."

In your New Year's Address in this month's (January's) issue we felt how good it was of you to draw our attention to the good hand of God in his providential dealings with his people, and to us as a nation during the past century; we need reminding again and again, for we are so apt to forget many of his mercies bestowed upon us both nationally and individually. You see they are called "unnumbered mercies." We shall be so glad to learn how dear Mrs. F. now is. We have often wondered; but knew your hands are so full that I feared to trouble you. And now, with our united kindest Christian love, I am, my dear friend, very sincerely yours,

S. F.

Netherton, near Dudley, Staff., Jan. 29, 1901.

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### MOUNT ZION.

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"Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion, on the sides of the north, the city of the great King."—PSALM xlviii. 2.

"WE have sometimes thought that the reason why Zion typically represents the royal throne of Jesus is, by many, not well understood. Mount Zion, literally, was a steep hill of Jerusalem, so steep and inaccessible that for generations after the children of Israel had gained possession of the land, it still remained, like a little Gibraltar, in the hands of the Jebusites, the original inhabitants of the place. 'As for the Jebusites, the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the children of Judah could not drive them out; but the Jebusites dwell with the children of Judah at Jerusalem unto this day' (Jos. xv. 63). But when David was anointed king over Israel, and had reigned at Hebron seven years and six months, he cast his eyes toward Jerusalem, as a preferable metropolis, and a more suitable seat of his extended empire. But as long as the hill of Zion was occupied by the warlike Jebusites, they would retain their command of the lower city. His first step, therefore, was, with the help of God, to dispossess the Jebusites of this their stronghold. But so strong was this hill-fort by nature and art, that the Jebusites ridiculed all his

attempts to capture it, putting on the ramparts 'the blind and the lame' soldiers of the garrison—what we should call the worn-out invalids of the army—as if these 'Chelsea pensioners,' who could neither see nor walk, were amply sufficient to baffle all David's attempts at its capture (2 Sam. v. 6—8). Joab, however, as a prize set before him, for which he was to be David's chief captain, mounted the hill, smote the lame and the blind on the wall, and the Jebusites behind the wall, and won possession of the coveted spot (1 Chron. xi. 6). There David henceforward dwelt, as its conqueror, as in a castle; there he fixed his royal abode, and thence he swayed his sceptre over the whole land of Israel, from Dan to Beersheba. Its very name was typical, for it signifies, literally, 'sunny,' or 'shine upon,' as facing the south, and ever basking in the rays of the warm sun. Thus the sunny hill of Zion, as a hill of conquest, and as the royal seat of David, became a suitable type of the throne of Jesus in the courts above, won by lawful conquest (Rev. iii. 21), where is now his royal palace, and where he rules and reigns as the anointed King of Heaven and earth. Thus Mount Zion typically represents not the cross but the crown; not the law but the gospel; not the battle but the victory."

[*An extract from the writings of the late J. C. PHILPOT.*]

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#### A BRIEF RECORD OF THE ILLNESS AND LAST SAYINGS OF MRS. F. G. MILLER, of Eastbourne.

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Mr. Bradford writes of her thus:—Mrs. Miller, who died on February 4th, 1900, aged 21 years, was a hearer at Grove Road Chapel, until affliction laid her aside. She was called by grace in early life, and she was enabled to manifest that she had grace in her heart about two months ago. On one of my visits she said as follows,—“This last week I have been very comfortable at times. I have felt such a love to Christ, and a longing to go. Some days ago I had such a horror come over me, and I prayed unto the Lord, and these words were brought unto me with much encouragement: ‘Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.’ Oh, if I am able to say that at the end! I called Fred up on Tuesday, and he read Psalm cxvii., and, oh, it was so sweet to my soul's feelings, I felt every word of it was for me. But I must not presume; and I don't want to say anything I don't feel. I trust I have been brought ‘to lie down in green pastures;’ I have felt so quiet. I do like that Psalm (meaning the xxiii.). I don't think it can be long now; I hope not, but I want to wait patiently! It will be a blessing to be at rest. I feel that I can now leave Fred and the baby. I cannot understand God's great goodness to me, for see how wicked I have been in the world; but now I do not want to have anything to do with it. I have been reading the last words of Christ: oh, what he must have suffered! I have never

seen it so strongly before. However much we are tempted and tried, we cannot be tempted and tried like he was. Christ is precious to me. Oh, the love of Christ to my soul! You cannot fully describe the love of Christ! I have felt such a longing to see him. That text: 'Draw me, I will run after thee,' etc., with other portions of the word, and sermons, have been so blessed to me at the chapel. I have felt the preached word to be so encouraging to my soul that I have been ready to cry out, especially on the Wednesday evenings, 'I love this little room! for I have received many blessings *here*.'—I asked Mr. Miller, her bereaved husband, to let me have some of her last sayings, and he has forwarded me the following interesting account, which I trust may be made spiritually useful to some of the Lord's people.

H. B.

This brief record of a dear young wife's illness and last sayings, is written solely in the hope that they may be used of God, for his glory. During perfect health she evinced a desire to be right at last, and a fear lest she should be a castaway; and when quite young she used to search the Scriptures secretly and earnestly. When, however, the disease developed itself (which disease had taken in quick succession her parents and three sisters), Lily seemed prepared to go, a longing to be at rest, and had many an anxious thought about her soul. The hymn, "'Tis a point I long to know," seemed to express her experience at this time. It was, however, when confined entirely to her bed, that it became apparent that she had a great love for the things of God, and could usually look forward with joy and longing to her departure. The work of grace in her soul was doubtless very much more a reality with her than was shown by anything she actually testified, as she was always fearful lest she had said too much in speaking to God's children; but it was at least wonderful, that one so young and high-spirited, with many strong ties to this life, should have arranged details to be attended to after her departure, calmly and deliberately, for the guidance of her surviving partner—and this more than a year ago. One night, she had such wonderful joy and gladness, and said she had been helped and blessed with a perfect assurance of her interest in Christ; he had revealed himself to her as her personal saviour. To this particular night she always referred with thankfulness. Since Christmas she had become rapidly worse, and no words can express the utter weariness she felt of continual suffering, sleepless nights, etc.; but as her bodily pains increased, fears as to her safety in Christ vanished. She was so comforted by the text, "He stilleth his East wind in the day of his rough wind." The Psalm xxiii. was continually with her, and several times Psalm cxvi. was helpful and comforting. When tempted and tried, Psalm cvii., especially the verses 17, 18 and 19. Up to Wednesday, February 1st, she was certainly sinking, and it was surprising to all that she still lived;

and yet each day was so much a repetition of the previous one, and she had watched two dear sisters pass away without a struggle, and nothing in her case pointed to the fearful storm that was before her, in fact everything would suggest that after such a long illness, and being so wasted, she would have an easy and painless death. Lily awoke on Wednesday morning, after a fairly good night, and commenced coughing as usual, but partial suffocation ensued, and the poor girl was in a frantic struggle for breath that no words could possibly describe, it was painful in the extreme. Now was this dear girl made to prove the *power* and *faithfulness* of her *Saviour*. In her distress, the hymn,

“Begone, unbelief, my Saviour is near,  
And for my relief will surely appear,”—

was read; she tried to smile, said “*It’s true!*” and wanted more. “*Jesu’, Lover of my soul,*” was helpful, especially the verse:

“Wilt Thou not regard my call?  
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?  
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall,  
Lo! on Thee I cast my care.  
Reach me out Thy gracious hand!  
While I of Thy grace receive,  
Hoping against hope I stand,  
Dying, and behold I live!”

It was wonderful that any human being could possibly have gone through such a dreadful three hours without a murmur, with no shadow of a *doubt*, but whenever the name of Jesus was mentioned to her, or a hymn read, there was instant recognition and approval. What if her faith had not been genuine in such a trial? From that time until her departure, on Sunday afternoon, she was in constant terrible suffering, though much relief was given her on several occasions by her medical attendant, who did all for her that human skill could do to relieve her. She greatly feared a repetition of Wednesday’s symptoms; we tried to ask God to preserve her from a repetition, if according to his will. He graciously heard prayer, for though, in all, she went through the pangs of death four times, the last three were much less severe. It was during this time the Sun of Righteousness appeared to shine into her soul with wonderful power; not a momentary fear of death, but a perfect joy, perfect trust, which casteth out fear. We could hear her saying to herself,—“*Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.*” Also, “*Rock of Ages, shelter me!*” especially the last verse. Many other hymns helped her at different times, “*Jerusalem my happy home,*” “*The Sands of Time are sinking,*” “*Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,*”—

“*Jesus my heart’s dear Refuge,  
Jesus has died for me;  
Firm on the Rock of Ages,  
Ever my trust shall be.*”

Here let me wait with patience,  
 Wait till the night is o'er ;  
 Wait till I see the morning  
 Break on the golden shore."

"Hark my soul, it is the Lord," "Come thou Fount of every blessing," "Awake my soul, in joyful lays," and many others.

During the last few days of her life, to those who watched her, it seemed very like the gate of heaven, so much pain and weariness and yet such gracious support, and intense longing to be with her Saviour.

It was difficult to understand why she should be called to go through this exceptional pathway, and she asked if we could possibly see mercy in it? or was it because of some sin? It was suggested to her that "God does not afflict willingly," that the bread she was casting on the waters would spring up after many days; that perhaps to some who saw her, or heard of her sufferings, and the great goodness of the Lord to her, would be blessed spiritually, and who can tell but some who had never troubled about their souls, might be led to ask the important question, "Am I ready to meet God?" She seemed radiant with joy at the thought, We heard her repeat :

"Oh, if *one* soul from Anworth,  
 Meet me at God's right hand,  
 My heaven will be two heavens,  
 In Immanuel's Land."

During the last night of her life, she said—"Someone said, 'Poor girl!'" She said, "*I am not poor.*" Saying farewell to a very dear friend, a short time before the end, Lily said, "I am passing through the valley of the shadow, and passing through the river of death, but the bottom is good and I have a firm footing." She was wonderfully supported when parting from her dear afflicted little girl; we, who knew her best, can never realise the depth of affection she felt. Mothers can imagine something of what it meant; but the God to whose glory we trust these few things are written, supported the dear girl, and enabled her to part without a murmur. "God does not afflict willingly," "What we know not now, we shall know hereafter," "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him":

"His way was much rougher and darker than mine,  
 Did Christ, my Lord suffer, and shall I repine?"

A little before she passed away we stood by her bedside, and endeavoured to ask God, if consistent with his will, that he would take his Blood-bought child to himself, that he would take her before another night of agony; but knowing that her Saviour, who died for her, and who had supported her thus far, and who must love her better than we, and had gone through the river for her, would not permit one unnecessary pain, and that his will might be done. Lily smiled; and soon, though no doubt painfully, she quickly went home, with no struggle.

SOME OF THE LORD'S DEALINGS IN PROVIDENCE  
AND GRACE WITH MRS. CHARLOTTE THORPE,  
OF EASTBORNE.

Mrs. THORPE was a member of the Strict Baptist Church of Christ, at Grove Road Chapel, Eastbourne, for 28 years. She was called by grace in early life many years ago, and died at the age of 72 years on December 27th. [The date of the year is not given.] Her soul was blessed while living in the neighbourhood of Bolney, under the ministry of the late Mr. Blanchard, and also in the little chapel at Willingdon, and at Eastdean, where she heard the word with power, and found it to be both meat and drink to her soul; and where her husband afterwards was clerk. Afterwards she was brought to attend the chapel at South Street, now Grove Road, and after a while she and her husband removed to Eastbourne. They both were baptized together, and she was kept a steadfast attendant on the means of grace ever since that time. Her life was one of trial, but though she was an exercised woman, she had many spiritual and temporal favours. She had a week-day religion as well as a Sunday religion. Her library was not at all extensive. The books she read were the Bible, the "Gospel Standard," and "Gadsby's Hymns." Mr. Hart's hymns were her choice. Her last words, after a short but sharp illness, were:— "Blessed! blessed!

None but Jesus, none but Jesus,

Can do helpless sinners good.

All other ground is sinking sand."

H. B.

The following account is from the pen of Mrs. Thorpe. She thus writes:—"January 5th, 1878. I am the spared monument of God's mercy, and permitted to see the beginning of another year. What changes I have had to pass through in the past, both temporally and spiritually! Death has removed my dear father, but I hope I can say, "he is not dead but sleepeth," and I have sometimes a sweet hope that I shall join him in that brighter world where sin nor sorrow can never enter. I desire from my very heart to thank God for the many mercies I have received from his hand during the year that is past, and Oh! may this be a year in which I shall be favoured to hold sweet communion with the Lord Jesus Christ, and my desire is that I may know him more, and be conformed more to his image, and be made more dead to the world, and more alive to those things that accompany salvation, more favoured with sweet access at the throne of grace, feeling the Holy Spirit guiding and directing me in all things! My heart often says, when at the throne of grace, Do, dear, Lord be my helper, for I am brought to feel my need of thee, and I find that without thee I can do nothing. No, not so much as able to think one good thought without thee; and I live to prove that no man can keep alive his own soul. And I am brought painfully to feel that it is the truth. Then

be pleased to quicken thou me, O Lord, and revive thou the work of divine grace in my heart, if thou hast begun that good work there. Many are my doubts and fears about it; but, O God, thou knowest I do desire to love thee and fear thee, and if I am deceived, do, dear Lord, undeceive me, and if I am not right, do thou make me right whatever it may cost me. My soul wants that religion to live by that will do to die by. I desire to thank thee that thou hast brought me thus far on my way, and watched over me, and kept me from running with the giddy multitude to do evil, and separated me from an ungodly world, and brought me to love thy truth and gave me a willingness to go and hear it where it is faithfully proclaimed. I knew that thou mightest have left me to go and hear error, and to fill up the measure of mine iniquities as so many of my poor fellow-creatures are left to do. But many are the mercies I have received from the hand of God during the past year. Both in providence and grace thou hast been a good God to me; many sweet tokens of thy love I have received from thee, if not altogether deceived; but I feel that I cannot live on what I may have received from thee in the past; I need a fresh supply daily from the fountain head, or I go about sighing and mourning, full of doubts and fears, sorely tried as to whom I belong, fearing often I am nothing but a hypocrite, and having such an evil heart of sin and unbelief my case often becomes desperate. At times I feel such darkness of mind, and my soul is such a distance from God, and sometimes I have no heart to pray, and hardly a good desire is left within me; the language of my soul then is, "Can ever God dwell here?" I feel to be so full of changes; I have sunk very low this week, when all my religion seemed gone, and in looking back I could not trace any marks erected, or any Ebenezers set up. It seemed to be all a delusion, and I greatly questioned if I had ever known anything savingly of the power of divine grace, or had felt the preciousness of redeeming love. My cry to the Lord was, that he would shine again into my heart if I were his child! Now, he did not leave me too long in this dark and wretched state, but, bless his precious name, he came again when I was not thinking of him, and in a moment my doubts and fears were removed, and these words were verified, and made sweet to my soul's feelings: "The mountains shall flow down at thy presence"! and truly every mountain did fall down before the Lord, and I had such a soul-humbling feeling come over me that I could fall right into his hands and say that, "he had done all things well."

"But, ah! when these short visits end,  
 Though not quite left alone,  
 I miss the presence of my friend,  
 Like one whose comfort's gone."

I awoke this morning with these words from hymn 11 (Gadsby's selection), by Stocker.

“ Thy mercy, in Jesus, exempts me from hell ;  
 Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell ;  
 'Twas Jesus my Friend, when he hung on the tree,  
 Who open'd the channel of mercy for me.”

O what love to poor lost sinners to leave thy Father's throne and to come down into this lower world to suffer, bleed, and die, the just for the unjust, and to bring them to God. O that I could love thee and adore thee more and more for what thou hast done for this poor soul of mine ! Dear Lord, be pleased to give me a new heart to thank thee and to praise thee for the many mercies thou hast bestowed upon me.

January 22nd.—I feel this morning weak in body, and very low in my mind. Help me, dear Lord, to take up my daily cross and follow thee. Give me faith and patience to bear up under all thou seest good to lay upon me ; suffer me not to become peevish, fretful nor rebellious, under thy afflicting rod. I know that thou art a good and faithful God, and it is in love that thou dost afflict me, to wean me from the world, and to bring me as a little child to thy feet. I desire to be reconciled to thy blessed will, and to leave all my concerns in thy hands, for what thou doest is all for the best. But my stubborn will needs stroke upon stroke to humble me in the dust of self-abasement. This hasty temper of mine, which is my besetting sin, often causes me much pain and sorrow of heart. Oh ! do keep me, dear Lord, from evil that it may not grieve me ; and teach me to look unto thee in every time of need ; hold thou me up that my footsteps slip not, and grant that the enemy of my soul may not triumph over me ! Dear Bunyan says,

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

Those words rested very sweetly upon my mind this morning, and I had for a time such a desire to be made humble before God ; but I feel that I cannot create a humble and a contrite spirit. No, I have no power in myself to do any such thing. My help must come from the Lord that made heaven and earth. Do thou, O Lord, be with me, and shine upon my path, and while travelling therein keep me looking to thee, guide me by thy blessed Spirit, and shut the world out of my thoughts, and come thou, blessed Saviour of sinners, and commune with me from off the mercy seat, and, if thou wilt keep me in thy fear, I shall be well kept, and for this blessing my eyes are up unto thee !

Last evening my husband went to visit a friend, and I was obliged to retire to rest before he returned, I tried to pour out my heart in prayer to the Lord, but I felt so dark and cold, I could not draw near, and there was no access to the Father of all our mercies ; but shortly after making this feeble attempt to pray, my husband returned, and, according to his usual custom before

retiring to rest, he went to prayer, and while so engaged before the Lord he breathed out my very feelings far better than I could, and I felt melted down in my feelings at the goodness of the Lord in helping my husband to plead for me when I had no heart to pray for myself. How often do I have to say with Job, "Oh! that it were with me as in months past, when the candle of the Lord shone round about me." I have to travel *now* much by night, and often feel a godly jealousy over my husband, as he seems much more favoured at a throne of grace than I am. I can see the grace of God shine in him so much brighter than in myself. The Lord of a truth has done great things for him whereof I am glad. His prayers are a great stay and support to me now I am not able to go to chapel. I hope the dear Lord will graut me his dear presence, then I can bear all things, and say, "Thy will, O Lord, be done."

I should much like to have been at chapel this evening, as two more dear friends are about to put on Christ Jesus and follow him in that despised ordiance of Believers' Baptism. One of them is Mrs. Gosden, Mr. Bradford's sister. Bless them, dear Jesus, with thy presence, descend with them down into the water and rise up with them; let them view thee by faith as the sum and substance of their souls' desire. Bless them, O Lord, as thou didst my soul when I went down and rose up from the watery grave. I did indeed *then* go on my way rejoicing, and have proved again and again that, in keeping the Lord's command, there is great reward. I can never forget that time while memory and reason last. O what sweet communion I then had with my God and Saviour; and what a blessed submission I then felt to his holy will. My trials at that time were neither few nor small; but Oh! I felt such a blessed falling into his hands, and, come what will, I could leave all things with him, nothing moved me. And I often said,

"Did Jesus once upon me shine,  
Then Jesus is for ever mine."

I did then believe that Jesus did shine upon me, and Satan with all his fiery darts cannot beat me out of it; though in my darkest moments he has tried hard to do so. But I have from time to time felt such love to a precious Christ, to his people and his ways, that I am quite sure it never grew on nature's soil. No, it comes from God, and it goes back again to him. When I feel this love warming my heart, it is like having a sweet sip from the brook by the way, and it so helps me to lift up my heart with joy above every trial and care that I exclaim,

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

This is my dear father's birthday. He would have been 73 years of age to-day (January 31). He died on the 11th of November. I have this morning received the news of his sister's death (Aunt Knight), in her eighty-fourth year. I was struck

with these words, "one generation passeth away and another cometh." She was the last of eight children. This solemn thought struck me. I soon must follow ! O that I may be taught "to number my days and apply my heart unto wisdom." My life hangs merely by a thread, which may very suddenly be broken asunder. I have lately had such pain at my heart, and my frail tabernacle gets much weaker daily, that I sometimes think my time here is but short. Sometimes I feel as though I can leave every earthly thing, and can see nothing around me I wish to stay here for ; believing I shall join my dear husband in heaven and glory, where we, with all the redeemed family, shall spend a never-ending eternity together.

Many have been the prayers we have offered up for our dear children, with this desire, that the Lord would be pleased to answer them in his own time, if consistent with his holy will, that they each may be brought to know the Lord for themselves, and prove him to be the Rock of their Salvation ; and that they may become a seed to serve him, and a generation to call him blessed when we, their parents, are laid low in the silent grave.

This is February 8th, Saturday morning, seven o'clock, and I can say, For ever blessed be the God of all grace who hath raised me up again to a lively hope in the mercies of a covenant-keeping God, and hath lifted me up once more above my fears, and separated me from the carnal things of this vain world ; and O how blessed I have found it once again for two or three to meet together for prayer and praise. Last evening four of our members visited us, and truly my soul felt it good to be there. Mr. Samuel Bradford was led to speak of the very exercises of my mind, and what I lately have had to pass through ; so that I was brought to see that I was being led in the footsteps of the flock, which helped me to express my feelings with these lines,

"To darkness, doubts, and fears, adieu !

Adieu ! thou world so vain ;

Then shall I know no more of you ;

For me to die is gain."

I feel at this moment a longing desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better than abiding here ; but I desire to wait with patience the Lord's appointed time ; yes, until he hath performed in me all the good pleasure of his will. Oh ! the love of God ! who can fathom it ? It is without bottom or shore, and therefore it is beyond the power of poor finite creatures like us to fully express it.

I have been very poorly of late, and unable to describe some of the Lord's dealings with my soul in the order that I could wish to have done, but I feel a little stronger to-day, and desire to thank God for all his mercies, which are more in number than the hairs of our head ; but the greatest of all mercies is to be saved from the wrath to come with an everlasting salvation ; and

to have a good hope, through grace, is worth ten thousand worlds! This world, and all that is within it, will soon be consumed with the spirit of burning; but a good hope in a sinner's heart, placed there by God himself, will live for ever.

I often look back to the time when those words were so blessed to my soul which dear Mr. Fraser spoke from: "Having therefore obtained help from God, I continue to this day." What a good time I had in hearing that evening! I felt then that I possessed that good hope in my soul, and had really continued unto this day the chiefest of sinners, and the least of all saints; "but by the grace of God I am what I am." I still continue very weak and poorly in body. I have had considerable difficulty during this last week in doing for my family. I was obliged to beg of the Lord to give me daily strength in my daily weakness. I never felt so much the need of his strength in both senses of the word before. Good Mr. Hart expresses just my feelings in those beautiful lines:—

"Needy, and naked, and unclean,  
Empty of good, and full of ill,  
A lifeless lump of loathsome sin,  
Without the power to act or will."

No, I have no power whatever to make myself humble-minded, or to raise my heart and affections heavenward; but often have to say, "Do, dear Lord, put forth thy power, and speak home some heart-cheering word into my disconsolate mind, and give peace and consolation once more to my soul!"

I felt melted down for a few moments this morning in reading the Apostle Paul's 2nd Epistle, 1st chap., to Timothy from the 9th to the 12th verse. Oh! how I hoped I was saved, and called with a holy calling, not for any good works that I had done, but according to his own purpose and grace given me in Christ Jesus before the world began. "For the which cause I also suffer these things: nevertheless I am not ashamed: for I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day" (ver. 12). O how I felt persuaded that I had to do with an unchangeable God, and all my doubts and fears and my many changes would never alter his purposes of love and mercy towards me. But I seem now to have lost the sweetness of those words and that blessed visit, and want now another manifestation of his pardoning love and mercy made known to my soul, or I would say in the language of the hymn:

"More frequent let thy visits be,  
Or let them longer last;  
I can do nothing without thee;  
Make haste, O God, make haste!"

I am still feeling very weak in my body, and low in my mind. I felt much cast down last evening when my dear husband left

home to go to chapel. I tried to conceal my feelings until he was gone, then I broke down, my tears flowed apace, and in my heart I cried unto the Lord, and my sore ran and ceased not! In a little time I felt some nearness to God, and felt a little access at the throne of grace, such as I have not felt for some time past, but I do not get that liberty in prayer to God, and that closeness to him as I did in days that are past.

I feel this morning the goodness of God is great towards us, in supplying our temporal needs in the way he has done of late and is still doing. Oh! how he has fed and clothed us these many years past, and has put it into the hearts of one and another to administer to our necessities such things as we have stood in need of; when none but God and ourselves have known what it was that we actually needed. Ah! it is then that the blessing is received with thankfulness, and the Lord gets all the praise; for we well know from whence such blessings flow. O how good it is to pray and watch! I feel it no small mercy to have a God to go to in my times of need, and when I can plead with him, with some little measure of faith to help me out of my trials and difficulties, which I cannot make known to any of my fellow-creatures, and he listens to my cries, and sends me answers of peace down into my soul, Oh! then how good it is!

My dear brother J. has told me to let him know if I stand in need of help; but I have never done so yet. He has been very kind to me, and I cannot impose upon his kindness; but many times the dear Lord has put it into his heart to send such articles as we needed, even at a time when he has known nothing of our circumstances; and the dear Lord has repaid him again seven-fold. And not only him, but dear Mr. B. also, who has done much for us, and has again been mindful of us. My soul cannot help exclaiming, Bless him, dear Lord, and his dear wife with much of thy presence, and shed abroad thy love in their hearts, and be thou their refuge and defence in every time of need. Preserve them from the power of the enemy, and help thy servant to stand firm for thy truth; give him many seals to his ministry and souls for his hire. If it be thy gracious will grant that his valuable life may be spared to us for many years to come, and may my soul be again and again fed under his ministry; as it has been in the past. And I desire to take up my daily cross, and to bear it patiently, looking to thee for guidance in the future, as I cannot do anything aright of myself, only as I am directed by the Holy Spirit, and led by thy providential hand.

*(To be continued.)*

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“Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.” “By peace here is meant the incredible and most constant joy of mind, when we are delivered from all terror of conscience, and fully persuaded of the favour of God, and this peace is the fruit of faith.”—(Margin. Old Bible.)

AN ENCOURAGING LETTER ADDRESSED TO MR. D. O. EVANS, Stanmore Nursery, Harrington Street, Marrickville, Australia.

Dear Sir,—I have been reading the "Gospel Standard" for about two years past, and I wish still to continue to do so. I do not know how much longer my subscription will last, but for fear it should run out, I will send you a subscription for another year's supply. I cannot do well without the "Gospel Standard;" it is to me like what Goliath's sword was to David, "there's none like it." When I read it there always seems something new in it, but when I read other kinds of books or sermons I very seldom find anything deeper than my own poor experience has been. But the Lord appears to give to many of the writers of the "G.S." a teaching that is, to me, both new and old; and he blesses it to my soul in such a way that suits my feelings, and it helps me, a poor thing (but I hope a child of God) along this wilderness road. I should like for those who have the management of the "G.S." to know that their labour is not in vain in the Lord. There is (in my way of thinking) no other publication, apart from God's Holy Word that gives me such help by the way, and leads me to the God and Father of all my mercies, and to Jesus, whom I have a humble hope is my beloved Saviour; and who well knows what great need I have of a helping hand to direct my every step, and to support me under every load. I am just like "a sparrow alone upon the house-top." Mine enemies reproach me: they tell me that I am a troubler among the neighbours, and have been since I came here; and that because I spoke to the young men for breaking the Sabbath day with their football.

This place where I live is nearly three hundred miles from Sydney, and I know of no one here who holds the doctrines of God's sovereign grace, nor do I think there is one to be found on this side the Blue Mountains. The ministers (so-called) about here never preach the gospel without a mixture of their own good works, made up by their old druggist, who was an Arminian of the Arminians. These ministers tell the people that they can save themselves if they like there and then, and they seem to me to give God no glory whatever for his great salvation; and if they were to be told anything about God choosing his people before time began, and the world was made, and "predestinated them to be conformed to the image of his Son," you would offend them greatly. One of these local preachers said to me that the doctrines I held were damnable doctrines. Be that as it may in his way of thinking, this I know, that God gave me these blessed doctrines, and I feel they hold me fast to him, and I must hold them fast for the sake of the blessed GIVER. Indeed, I cannot help doing so. Now, I did not mean to write so much to bother you, when I began, but somehow or other my pen has run on putting down the things I

found were in my head, and I do believe that they found their way there from my heart, and so I have kept on.

Now, my dear friend, if you can oblige me by sending me half-a-dozen copies of "Baptism; Its True Meaning," &c., I shall be glad. I send you herewith stamps for the same; hoping the trouble will not be too much for you. With my Christian love, and best wishes, I am, my dear friend, Yours sincerely,

Minore Railway Station,

JAMES KING.

New South Wales. October 18th, 1900.

[We thank Mr. D. O. Evans, for sending us, through Mr. Ball, the above encouraging letter. It is most gratifying to us to know that we do not labour in vain in the Lord.—ED.]

### A PUZZLING QUESTION.

Dear Editor,—My desire is, I hope, to deal fairly and kindly by my fellow men. A sinner, such as I am, ought to be very tender. Now my persuasion is that the same words may be used by different persons in different senses. Thus the Psalmist's words, in Ps. xci., "Shall give his angels charge over thee," breathe a sweet promise of protection in the ways of God. As quoted by the devil they breathe temptation and presumption. So a question, such as "Has God said?" may breathe a doubt, or may express a desire to know what God has spoken. Thus the question, "If not, why not?" as applied to spiritual things, and actings of the mind, may be a question merely designed to call a person's attention to what may be stumbling blocks in the path of a coming sinner seeking after peace. This, when accompanied with a mention of various stumbling blocks, and a ministerial endeavour to remove them, may be very useful. Thus a poor seeking sinner may be stumbled at the doctrine of election, as if it opposed the coming sinner, instead of his seeing that it is, to such an one, really an encouraging and confirming truth. But, on the other hand, this question, "If not, why not?" may be designed to represent that the only hindrance is in a want of willingness. In this sense it seems to cut directly at the truth and a gracious experience. Let us consider it in this last point of view, as a question put concerning unregenerate men, and also concerning those already partakers of the grace of God. As to the former, the scriptures give us a ready answer. Paul shall supply it from Rom. vii., "I am carnal, sold under sin." This is a description of himself, as he was born into the world, and without the grace of Christ. Now the natural man cannot see the things of the spirit of God; they are foolishness unto him. The carnal mind, too, is in a state of enmity against God, and is utterly alienated from him. Therefore the preaching of the cross is foolishness unto a man as he is born of Adam. How then can a man, unless he is born again, have one good desire? or be able to perform one spiritually good thing? The inability is complete. He is fallen

in Adam, so that he cannot possibly obey the law. He is not born again in Christ, how, then, can he possibly live the true life of a Christian, or perform anything of a truly spiritual nature? To live and move and have his being in a new creation, he must be a new creature. Well, then, without multiplying words, the question seems preposterous as asked concerning the natural man. It seems sadly hurtful as asked, in the sense we are writing about concerning the child of God. This man has a new will. A principle of grace, however small, has been planted in him. Through this principle of grace there is a will in him to do good. "I would do good," says Paul. The question, "If not, why not?" in the sense we are examining, would require the following words to be "therefore I do it." But Paul writes very differently: "Evil is present with me"; "The good which I would I do not, the evil which I would not, that I do." This mortifying inability to do what he would, this painful inward working of an all opposing evil, pressed out of his heart the groaning cry, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" "I would believe, repent, and pray," says the poor self-burdened sinner, "but I cannot. I would embrace a bleeding risen Jesus in the arms of faith, I would stand where Simeon stood, and sing with David of forgiveness, but I cannot." All the true experienced children of God speak the same language of inability. "The flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh, so that ye cannot do the things which ye would." Mr. Newton in one of his hymns says:—

"I would, but can't, repent,  
Though I endeavour oft.  
I would, but cannot love,  
I would, but cannot rest  
In God's most holy will."

"O, could I but believe;  
Then all would easy be,  
I would, but cannot—Lord relieve;  
My help must come from thee."

Mr. Hart says:—

"When good I would perform,  
Through fear or shame I stop;  
Corruption rises like a storm,  
And blasts the promised crop."

We turn to the scriptures; they are the infallible rule of judgment. Go to the poor woman in the Synagogue, bowed together for eighteen years and unable to lift herself up. Had she no will? Yes, but no ability, till Christ gave it. Did not the poor man at the Pool of Bethesda want to plunge quickly in? Yes, but he was lame, and could not. These are patterns of creature helplessness and divine grace. But need we multiply words and examples? Our conclusion is that the question "If not, why not?" if asked to stir up inquiry, and accompanied with minis-

terial assistance in the discovery, and removal of obstacles, is all very well; but if asked as though all that was wanting was a willingness, then the question aims itself against the Word of God, and the invariable experiences of the God-taught family of God.

Yours affectionately in Christ,

Willoughby House, Leicester.

G. HAZLERIGG.

March 22nd, 1901.

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### REVIEW.

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**THE END OF THE PAPACY**; its times completed in the year 1870, never to rise again into Political Power over the Nations of the earth. A brief review of the over-ruling Providence of God in History, &c., &c. By EDWARD POULSON. Price 4d., by post 5d. Houlston and Sons, Paternoster Square, E.C., London: 1901.

The pamphlet bearing the above title has been sent to us by the respected author, Mr. Edward Poulson. In his letter which accompanied it he says, "If you should be led to favour me with a notice of it in the **GOSPEL STANDARD** I trust that you will not hesitate to cut it up root and branch where you may deem expedient for the cause of truth. Refine it as silver; and purge off the dross. However hot you may ply the fire it will not detract from my personal respect for you, nor from my love for my dear **GOSPEL STANDARD** friends." This honest and straightforward way of expressing himself towards us we have thought much of; and we are inclined to think that *few* authors would write in such a friendly manner, or give an editor such a liberty with their work, when at the same time they would not know whether he might be favourable towards it or not.

Personally, then, we do not know the author of the work before us; but we have heard of him by report as being well known to some of our Strict Baptist friends in and around London; which knowledge has induced us to peruse the pamphlet with more than an ordinary interest; believing, as we do, that any one in connection with us as a Strict Baptist body of people, and taught by God's spirit and grace, that, were he led to write a book on any spiritual subject it would be (as far as his mind was enlightened) a book of truth sent forth in the name of the Lord among his people, with the humble hope that the Divine blessing might attend the reading of it, and that it might be made a blessing to their souls, and bring honour and glory to his adorable name. Being a lover of sterling truth ourselves we hail with the greatest pleasure truth from any of our friends, whether it be direct from their own pen, or issued from the press; and sound gospel truth so scattered is calculated to expose and beat down erroneous teaching and teachers, and is a blessing indeed to the militant Church of God.

The building up of Antichrist in this our beloved England has been attempted again and again for many years past by the

Romish priesthood and their followers over whom their tyrannical domination is exercised; but so far, through God's great mercy, they have not, as yet, been able to carry out their design, nor has the Pope of Rome, as yet, with all his cunning and craft, gained the ascendancy over us as a Protestant country and a truth-loving people. Every attempt has been made for ages past to subdue and to conquer this our land of Bibles, and to bring it into subjection to the Church of Rome. But the God of our fathers has ever been mindful of us, and has come to our help in every time of need. We have with delight watched God's providential dealings with our United Kingdom for many years past, and have rejoiced greatly at the means used in giving a warning voice to his chosen family, that they might get upon their watch tower and so be wakeful to the movements of the enemies of truth, who are ever seeking Zion's overthrow, and are glad when she is clothed in mourning.

What a wonderful providence it was in the year 1588, when Spain attempted to conquer England by the force of arms, and to restore the Roman Catholic faith again in our land. Most people have heard of the "Invincible Armada," or the Spanish fleet of 130 large ships, which was destroyed by him who holds the winds in his fist, and who dashed the fleet to destruction by storms and by tempests. Surely the Lord had even then a favour towards us, and therefore would not allow our enemies to triumph over us. But notice also his condescending goodness and mercy displayed on behalf of our nation at the time of the Reformation. What gracious men of truth he raised up on purpose to protest against Romish Idolatry and Idolators, and to plant, and maintain the Protestant religion in our United Kingdom, and on the Continent of Europe, those choice Saints of the Most High God, as Luther, Calvin, Latimer, Ridley, &c., and those that were engaged with them in that great struggle between Romanism and Protestantism. Truly we cannot be too grateful to the Lord for them, when we remember how hard they fought for truth, and what they had to endure in establishing the Protestant faith in this and other lands upon a sound basis. And since those men have been removed from the church militant by the hand of death, how the Lord has been pleased from time to time to raise up one here, and another there, of his dear servants to "sound an alarm in his holy mountain at Jerusalem," and to caution the spiritual inhabitants of that ancient city to be on their guard against all the deceit and lies, and the encroachments of the Church of Rome, that is ever stalking about the world seeking to entrap the simple and the unwary. And amongst those specially honoured servants of the Lord, perhaps none were more zealous in the Lord's name and cause, than the late Mr. Irons, of Camberwell, and our beloved Mr. Philpot. With what burning zeal did that faithful man of God, Mr. Irons, lift up his voice as a trumpet against Antichrist, wherever he discovered it, and in whatever shape or form it might appear. This may be clearly under-

stood by our readers who have read an extract from a sermon of his which we published in our March No. So also did our late esteemed editor, Mr. Philpot lift up his voice, from pulpit and from press against this monster of iniquity (Antichrist), and with a burning zeal, having sword in hand, in his "Advance of Popery," he cut it up root and branch, and laid it bare before the eyes of God's believing people. We would advise all our readers who have not read that excellent work to purchase it, if they possibly can as it is very instructive, and it will show them the evil of the Popish system, the craft and wickedness of those that are supported by it, and the ignorance and blindness of those that have been led to embrace such a delusion and call it religion.

But we come now to the pamphlet at the head of this paper called, "The End of the Papacy." Mr. Poulson the respected author of the work has spared no pains, and been most careful to make himself clearly understood in dealing with his subject; and, as far as we can gather, his main object has been to expose error, by setting up truth, and in this undertaking he must have gone back into ancient history, and explored the writings of secular and divine historians so as to bring truth to the light, and to reveal the "Man of Sin" to the enquiring minds of his readers.

In his opening remarks he says:—

I have written this pamphlet for the consolation of Christians who have been alarmed by the advancement of Popery, and the increase of Papal institutions since the repeal of the Roman Catholic Disabilities Act in 1829. And by the re-establishment of the Papal hierarchy in England in 1850-1. And by the concession made by the Government in permitting a Roman Catholic cathedral to be erected in Westminster, which will ultimately prove to be a monument for the confusion of those of England's covenant-breaking senators who have sanctioned its erection.

Further on he warns us "against forming any league or affinity with those persons who would attempt to overthrow our National Protestant Church." And quotes Mr. Philpot's words on that subject, which are:—

"I do not, and if God keep me in my present mind durst not, and will not unite with Political Dissenters, Radicals, Papists, Socinians, and infidels to pull down the national establishment by the arm of force. O my soul come not into their secret: unto their assembly mine honour be not thou united."—*From a Letter to the Provost of Worcester College.*

We agree with Mr. Philpot, as we have long felt the great necessity of having a substantial barrier erected against the encroachments of Papal advancement, and that that barrier shall be fully maintained and supported by Acts of Parliament and sound Protestant laws, and here we would say that we sincerely trust our new king will see and feel the necessity of abiding fast by these good Protestant laws which have been handed down to him by his illustrious mother (our late Queen), and which have been made such a great blessing to this Protestant country, and especially so to all truth-loving people.

But Mr. Poulson is dealing pretty much in the pamphlet before us with "the end of the Papacy," and on page 28 he quotes again from the late J. C. Philpot, who observes:—

It is, indeed, only those who have studied the records of history, especially as laid bare in modern publications, that really are aware of the way in which Rome, for a long period of years, conspired with Spain, with France, with Austria, and every other Catholic State to reinstate Popery in this country at any price and at any risk. What Popery is capable of was amply demonstrated by the Gunpowder Plot, which, though now treated almost with contempt as a forgotten myth, was as real, as well as black and foul, a conspiracy as ever was recorded in the pages of history. And yet some of our Protestant legislators, with the full knowledge of these facts, were so blinded by a false charity and insane infatuation that they would repeatedly have sold our nation into the hands of this great enemy of truth, liberty, and righteousness. But God Almighty will continue to overthrow their designs.

We believe so, too; but we must not rest here, or sit down with our arms folded, as though it were of little importance what Rome is doing, or is likely to do, in this our beloved England. The truth is, every good Protestant subject, and especially those who through grace are seeking the honour and glory of God, should use all lawful means to raise up the standard of truth in this our land, and make it as a bulwark against the gigantic power of the Pope of Rome, and the advancement of those awful heresies he, and his train of cardinals, priests, etc., have been scattering abroad in the earth for centuries past. And this may in some measure be done, if all sound Protestants in the United Kingdom will but be careful at all Parliamentary elections to give their vote to those seeking Parliamentary honours who will pledge themselves to stand by, support, and uphold all our Protestant Laws, Acts of Parliament, and, especially, that good, sound Toleration Act—which has been such a blessing to the Church of the living God for ages past, and which, with all other sound Protestant Acts, and Laws, we must not, and, the Lord helping us, we will not allow to be blotted out of the Statute Book of this our land.

Much could be done in this direction if the Protestant Dissenters in the land were more awake to their own personal spiritual interest, and we believe that a careful reading and studying of Mr. Poulson's pamphlet would be the means of much good to those who only have a vague knowledge of the present position of the Pope, the Vatican, and all that are in connection with the Church of Rome, and her Romanizing influences, now felt to a great extent all over the earth. Our worthy author calls our attention to the Romanizing practices that prevailed in the Established Church even in the time of John Bunyan; and, on page 40, he says:—

Nevertheless, Protestants of the Free Churches should continue to *Oppose the Encroachment of Romanism*, as well as those dishonest men, the High Church sect, or Ritualistic clergy, who are seeking to set up an hierarchy to rival the apostate Church of Rome. By this conduct the modern Ritualists show themselves to be a law-breaking sect, who are, notwithstanding their subscription to our Protestant Articles of Religion, conspiring, by the estab-

lishment of charities and working-men's clubs, to obtain the support and sympathy of the working classes.

They actually disguise their principles under the pretence of being "Liberals" in politics, and even Socialists, to gain their ends. But the working classes are not so easily deceived, now that they have opportunities for reading the histories of the *Five Mile Act*, the Test and Corporation Acts, the Schism Act, and other cruel persecuting Acts of the English Parliament and the Ritualistic clergy. The working classes can also read, in authentic and genuine histories, how the High Church party, or sect, sawed-off the ears, and split the nostrils, and burnt holes in the tongues and cheeks of the Puritans; and how their tool and sycophant, Claverhouse, shot down the Scots' Covenanters like vermin for the alleged "crime" of desiring to worship God with liberty of conscience. They can read, also, the Ritualistic bill of indictment against John Bunyan, thus:—"John Bunyan . . . hath devilishly and perniciously abstained from coming to church to hear divine service, and is a common upholder of several unlawful meetings and conventicles, to the disturbance and distraction of the good subjects of this kingdom, contrary to the laws of 'our lord the King.'"

The working classes can now read the other side of the business, thus:—Bunyan's accusers were Church of England Ritualists who could go, and did go, to the theatres and operas, and who could get drunk, &c., and our lord the King could connive at all this, and do worse. While Bunyan's side is this, he could not worship God in the parish meeting house; he did not believe in the use of candles in daylight, altars, incense, confessions to priests, prayers for the dead, idolatrous crucifixes, surplices, &c., &c. Bunyan reproved men for getting drunk, and exhorted them to cease to do evil and to learn to do well. Reproofs for these deeds while his accusers were at the playhouses and ale taverns caused "distractions" to them and to our lord the King's churchmen, therefore they incarcerated poor Bunyan for twelve years in a damp prison.

From these extracts our readers will form some idea of what the pamphlet is like, and the subject it treats of. We can say that we have been greatly interested in it, and believe it will interest *all* who have a dread and horror of the awful wickedness that has been practised by the Church of Rome; and we, with the late Mr. Joseph Irons, would say to all sound Protestants, who value our open Bible, and are lovers of truth, "Come out of Rome!" and unfurl the banner of sterling truth, and let the nations at large see that, even now, there is a vast multitude in this beloved land of Bibles, who will not bow down to the popish rule or defile their Protestant garments by countenancing any Romish dogma, or embrace any idolatrous system.

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"Were Israel and Judah not only cast out of their land, but carried away captives? So man was not only cast out from communion with God, but taken captive by the lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eyes, and the pride of life;—by the world, the flesh, and the devil. The world took the sinner captive, and fills his heart with earthly desires, and anxious cares about it. The flesh took the sinner captive, filling him with wanton desires, and fleshly pursuits; directing him to humour and pamper his body, and take no thought of his soul. Satan took the sinner captive, and inspired him with anger and malice, with envy and pride, with discontent and fretfulness, with neglect of God's word and dislike of prayer."—*Berridge*.

## Obituary.

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MR. SILAS PAUL.—Our dear friend, Silas Paul, of Stone Cross, passed peacefully away on May 7th, 1900, aged 86 years. For fifty-four years he was a consistent member of the Strict Baptist Church, worshipping at Zoar Chapel, Dicker. He was "born into this world of sin and wickedness" (these are his own words) in the year 1813, in the parish of Pittenhove, Sussex, and was brought up to attend the Church of England. He says, "I remember when I was about thirteen years' of age I had some solemn thoughts about God and eternity as I was going home one night. It was as though I saw a light shine from heaven down to the earth where I was, and then it was drawn up into heaven again. When I got to my home I fell upon my knees and tried to pray, when the solemn feeling came over me that there was a God who saw my every action, and this feeling remained with me for some time, but after a while it wore off, and I lived in an unconcerned state for many years. But, about the year 1842, I hope the Lord began a work of grace in my soul, and I was brought into real distress of mind on account of my sins. At that time I was a farm labourer, working for twelve shillings per week, and, having a wife and a young family to provide for, I had to fare hard; but that was nothing to be compared to the trouble of soul I experienced. I thought I would take the sacrament at the church, but my sins pressing so heavily upon me prevented me doing so, they were so great. I went about like a person going out of his mind. I crept under any hedge or into any barn, so that in secret I might be able to pour out my soul before the Lord by prayer and supplication. I was indeed in a strange way. The clergyman came to see me, and he said that he thought my disorder was caused by stagnation of blood in my body! One night when I arrived home from my work my poor wife was waiting at the door with the youngest child in her arms, and already dressed for a journey, when she said, 'I must leave you, for I cannot live with you in the state that you are now in!' There seemed to be no hope for me whatever. I well remember when almost in deep despair I passed through a dreadful night. The devil tempted me to destroy myself, or he suggested to me that I should die in a mad-house, and I really thought I should, and, as I continued to get worse, it occurred to my mind that I had better do as Satan had suggested, and know the worst of it. But it seemed to me that I was not allowed to take away my own life. However, I was prevented at that time, for there was a terrible gale of wind arose, and I climbed up into a very high tree, with the hope that it would be blown down and kill me by the fall of it. But no, the tree did not blow down as I expected it would do; and it appeared that God would not take away my life. But the misery I then felt no tongue can describe. One day, soon after this

temptation was upon me, these words came into my mind very powerfully, 'Oh, that my words were now written! Oh, that they were printed in a book! That they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever!' (Job xix. 23, 24). When I reached my home I got my Bible, and found that they were the words of Job, and I felt some little comfort in reading them. Some little time after this I was reading these words, 'Do not all go to one place.' They struck my mind very forcibly, for up till that time I had never heard the truth, either in the pulpit or out of it. But as the Lord would have it, I one day met with an old man who in the course of conversation spoke of *the truth*. I asked him to tell me what truth was; when he began to tell me of the travail of his soul, and how the Lord had brought him into trouble, and how he had delivered him out of it; and I also found that he attended the Dicker Chapel. I thought that if I live until another Sunday I will go there, too, although I shall have seven miles to walk to get there. I had heard much talk of the Dicker, and Mr. Cowper, who preached there, and that he cut almost everybody off and sent them to hell. [This, we fear, is the prevailing expression of all those persons who know not the truth, and who much dislike the doctrines of grace]. However, I was up at three o'clock the next Sunday morning, and fed the cattle on the farm, and then walked to the Dicker. I cannot remember the text Mr. Cowper preached from, but the first part of his sermon was taken up in showing how far a person might go in a profession of religion and yet be destitute of the teachings of the Holy Spirit. Ah, I thought, this is just what I have heard about you. Then he turned his attention to a *living soul*, and said, Now, poor soul, I am coming to thee! And during the remaining part of his sermon he so described my own case that it seemed as though some one had been and told him all about me, and the description he gave of my deep exercises of mind had such an effect upon me that I was afraid I should have fallen from my seat. My ears from that time were fastened to the door posts of the chapel, and I said in my heart with Ruth, 'This people shall be my people, and their God my God.' I felt that they were a blessed people, and I really longed to be one of them, but my soul's trouble appeared to increase. My complaint was bitter indeed. I spent many sleepless nights and wearisome days, until one morning when upon my knees I felt my soul very blessedly drawn up to heaven, and once when in a hedge I felt the same thing, but to describe the blessing as I received and enjoyed it I never can. Soon after this I had a dream, and in my dream I thought that the judgment day was come; and to my mind it was as though the Lord was separating the people as they drew towards him; and they seemed to have no power to resist. Some he cast down to hell, and others he told to stand on his right hand, saying, 'You belong to me!' I seemed to feel the weight of his hand upon my shoulder, and for several

minutes after I awoke I sang and rejoiced, because I felt that all my sins were forgiven me. However, my burden soon returned, and then the doctrine of election was opened up to me, and I felt such enmity rise up in my heart against it that I felt desperate, and when Mr. Cowper preached the doctrine of election I felt that I could have pulled him from the pulpit. I remember soon after this I was reading about Jacob wrestling with the angel, and I felt determined not to go to bed until I had obtained mercy from God. I recollect that I remained on my knees from ten o'clock at night until three o'clock in the morning, and then went to bed feeling disheartened, and concluded that I must be nothing but a reprobate. Such were my feelings at that time that I felt I must go to hear the gospel even if I were lost after all. I have walked to and from the Dicker, and carried a child in my arms, and then walked to Eastbourne in the evening to hear Mr. Abrahams, making twenty-two miles during the day. One evening while sitting in the Chapel at Eastbourne I was tempted to go out of the chapel and go and drown myself in the sea. I started for my home in a dreadful state of mind, and had to turn into a field where I fell upon my knees to pray once more. How long I remained there I cannot tell, but the dear Lord when upon my knees broke into my soul with such light and liberty that I rejoiced and sang during the rest of my way home, and when I reached there it was about midnight. I then commenced family prayer, but the devil soon got the mastery over me again, and it was some considerable time before I dare go upon my knees again. After this I was tempted to believe that I had committed the unpardonable sin, and was again brought to the border of black despair. I was at this time threshing in a barn, and I fell amongst the straw as though I must sink body and soul into hell when these words came to my mind, 'God is a spirit, and worship him, even the Lord, in the beauty of holiness.' I got up and danced all over the barn, and felt that the glory of the Lord had filled the place. On my way home at night the enemy again set in upon me, saying 'How do you know that you are blessed of God? See how you trembled from head to foot! You have been frightened!' When I got home I read the account of Moses at the Bush, and Moses is said to have trembled and durst not behold God's glory. My hope again sprang up, and I rejoiced once again in the Lord.

Three weeks after this the 53rd hymn (Gadsby's) was given out at the chapel, and I had at that time an old hymn book, and over the hymn were these words, 'Those that hear shall live.' When the first verse was given out I looked at it, and again at the heading of the hymn, the words of which were very powerfully applied to my soul, and brought such liberty that I felt sweetly delivered, and I sang with all the powers of my soul, and for nine days and nights I walked in gospel liberty, and hardly knew that I was upon the earth. My prayers were turned to praise. But soon my comforts began to abate, and the old

enemy returned with his 'How do you know that you are right? The Lord's people walk in doubt and fear. You must be wrong.' I lost the Lord's presence, and I had painfully to prove that sin still dwelt in me, for as my love abated so I found that my iniquities like beasts of the forest began to creep forth, and it was suggested to me that there is no heaven or hell, and that the Bible was only written to keep men from killing each other. But the Lord was pleased to bless my soul again, and then I was constrained to cast in my lot among the people with whom I worshipped. The Lord very graciously helped me to speak of the things before the church that I had passed through, and I was unanimously received and baptized by that dear man of God, Mr. Cowper, in the year 1845.

After this I walked on without much trouble or much joy for a time. But afterwards I sank very low, so much so that I knew not what to do, for when I came home to my meals I could not ask God's blessing upon them, or render him grateful thanks for providing for my returning wants. I have some times worked in my garden until my wife and children were all in bed. I could neither eat nor pray, and I felt I could not go to bed, for my mind was in such disorder and confusion. I well remember once when in this condition, wife and children all in bed, I sat for about an hour mourning over my sad case, when I thought I would go upon my knees and try again to pray; but no sooner had I done so than I felt as though the devil was close to my shoulder. I got up from my knees, and felt, surely he will have me after all; and how can I endure the dreadful punishment of hell? When I turned again upon my knees the dear Lord so graciously and tenderly broke in upon my soul that I rejoiced in him as my portion, and his glory appeared to fill the room.

My wife asked me in the morning how I was. I replied, 'Much distressed last night, but very comfortable in my mind this morning,' or words to that effect.

Soon after this a Mr. Brown preached at the Dicker, from these words: 'He hangeth the earth upon nothing.' Oh, how solemnly he showed me the way the Lord had been leading me, to make me hang my eternal all upon nothing but the finished work of Christ! After this I had a severe illness, and was brought very low both in body and mind. Those around me thought that I was dying; but the love of God was again so blessedly shed abroad in my heart by the Holy Ghost that I said, 'I shall not die but live, and declare the goodness of the Lord.' From that hour I began to amend. When I got well enough to go to the chapel I heard dear Mr. Vine from these words, 'Who shall also confirm you unto the end, that ye may be blameless in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ' (1 Cor. i. 8), with such sweetness and power that afterward I went on my way rejoicing. But I have ever found that the day of adversity is set over against the day of prosperity; and after this I was again greatly afflicted, and got into such a dreadful state of

mind that I was far more like a devil than a saint in my feelings. I was afraid that I should turn out to be like Ahithopel, and so hang myself. I often felt at enmity with God because of his afflicting hand being upon me; and so I have gone on from time to time.

I have had my sweet times as well as my bitters, and sorrow and joy, and darkness and light, with many gracious melting times under the word preached, but the devil tells me now that I gave up going to chapel before I ought to have done. But the Lord knows my heart, and that I still love the place where his honour dwelleth. I told the doctor who attends me some time ago that I had done with this world, and asked him why he did not let me die, for I had no wish to come back into my old sinful line of things again. The Lord has been a merciful and good God to me. He turned my captivity in temporal things some years ago, so that I have never been brought to want. I have been in this little shop now for many years, and have only one request to make, and that is that he will take my poor afflicted wife before me."

But God's ways are not our ways, for on May 7th, 1900, he came home to breakfast as usual, but not feeling quite so well, he was asked to go to bed again, but he said, "I will wait until after dinner," which he did, and then went upstairs to die, saying, "Death hath no terrors for me," and in about three hours after this his spirit took its flight to be "for ever with the Lord."

W. BOTTEN.

MRS. HANNAH ROBINSON.—My beloved mother, who lived at Barton, Amptill, Beds., was born of poor but God-fearing parents, and lived a moral life until the year 1867, and was well satisfied to do so. About that time her seventh child was born, when a serious affliction overtook her, which was followed by extreme weakness of body and great prostration. In this affliction the thoughts of death and the things of eternity must have had a prominent place in her mind; or it may be they pressed themselves with more weight upon her feelings. She, a few months previously had lost a dear sister by death, who had left a large family behind her. This painful circumstance weighed heavily upon my poor mother's mind, and she felt, for aught she knew, that it might soon be her case! but the dear Lord had ordered it otherwise, for he had thoughts of peace towards her, and not of evil; the latter she felt she justly deserved. Her sins were now laid upon her mind as a heavy burden, and Satan was ever busy suggesting that she would be eternally lost. The anguish of mind night and day with her weak body she felt she could not describe. In the daytime she was afraid to stoop to pick up anything from the floor, or go near to the fire, lest in her weak state she would fall down never to rise again, and her soul sink at once into eternal burning. . . . She often had to put her hands into cold water to keep from fainting. The dear Lord,

we read, has "a set time to favour Zion," and we trust it was so in her distressing case. She thought the doctor who attended her did not understand her complaint, and remarked that if she were spared another week she would have advice from one whom she had heard was very clever in his profession. She struggled hard to get to the house of God on the Lord's day, when that beautiful hymn (which was ever precious to her precious soul afterwards) was given out:—

"Jesus is a wise physician,  
Skilful and exceeding kind;  
Through him sinners find remission.  
And enjoy sweet peace of mind."

This she felt was the physician she needed, so that there was no necessity to go to an earthly one; and the hymn was so blessed to her soul that all was love and peace within. Now she felt that as great as her sorrows had been now were her joys; and it was as though old things had passed away, and everything had become new. She was much favoured with the Lord's presence for some length of time, and felt that she dare not express to a creature all that she enjoyed, fearing they would scarcely believe it. But "the day of adversity is set over against the day of prosperity," and this my dear mother had to experience many times in her pilgrimage journey through the wilderness. Family trials and great weakness of body gave her many errands to a throne of grace.

It was several years before she felt constrained by the Holy Spirit to walk in the footsteps of the Lord Jesus, and pass through the blessed ordinance of Believer's Baptism; but when she was led to do so it was a most blessed day to her soul; yet at the time she was passing through one of the keenest trials in nature that ever fell to her lot. But the Lord very graciously supported her under all her trials, and for a time she felt so blessed that she said she would love to pass through the ordinance again, so that she might get a similar blessing.

In the year 1883 she lost her beloved husband, after being afflicted for nearly two years. There were times with her when she felt that she could not give him up, but the dear Lord enabled her to do so, so that she could say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; and blessed be the name of the Lord." His long and trying illness had affected her weakly frame very much, so that she felt many times during the following year that she should soon be called upon to follow him, but she hoped that, if so was the will of God, she might be spared to see her two youngest boys able to earn their own living.

Seventeen months after this event took place she received the painful news one Lord's day morning that her son's wife had passed away under most painful circumstances, leaving her husband with four young children. This was a sad blow to her, which only the Lord could support her under; but after much exercise of mind these words were a relief to her troubled heart,

“Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?” And she was in some measure enabled to leave the matter with the Lord. The sister of the deceased kindly attended to the motherless children for some time until the Lord was pleased to take her to himself, and then the children were brought to my dear mother’s home. She had been very unwell, and scarcely able to attend to her own household duties, and the thought of having to bring up a second family was indeed a heavy trial to her, and only as the Lord helped her could she feel a willingness to do so.

Her Bible was her chief companion in this painful pathway, and especially did she feel her need of the precious promises it contains being applied to her soul to strengthen her faith, and to enable her to press on in this path of tribulation. The father of the dear children was frequently so short of work that my dear mother often had to use these words of the hymn:—

“Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road  
Which leads us to the mount of God?  
Are these the toils thy people know,  
While in this wilderness below?”

These trials continued for several years, after which the Lord was pleased to give her a little rest, by opening up a way for her to live with one of her sons in the village. Here she remained for several years, and at his removal she went with him, but only for a short time. She returned to Barton to nurse her daughter, and after being with her a few months her only surviving brother lost his wife at Christmas, 1895. Her aged brother after his great loss desired her to live with him, and as dear mother had not in any way sought such a thing she hoped the Lord would make the way plain for her, which he did. She at that time suffered much with her breath and cough in the winter season, which was the means the Lord used in weaning her from all earthly things.

In the summer of 1897 one of her sons lost his wife, leaving him with two young children. This was another heavy blow to my dear mother, but the Lord very graciously supported her by these words:

“Be thou my all-sufficient Friend,  
Till all my toils shall cease;  
Guard me through life, and let my end  
Be everlasting peace.”

Her tender heart sympathized with the two motherless children, and she desired to attend to them, and her brother, while the Lord gave her strength to do so.

She was brought very low in body in the month of February, 1898, with influenza, and on my visiting her at that time she said, the dear Lord had been so exceedingly good to her, and she was so comfortable in her mind that she believed all would be well with her; but her time had not yet come. In January,

1899, I spent a few hours with her as she had been brought very low again with her distressing cough, and she felt that her poor frail tabernacle was gradually breaking up; though she said, if it were the Lord's will she hoped to be spared a little longer to them whom she loved to attend to. She was prevented attending the Lord's house for five Sabbath days, which was a grief to her; as she "loved the habitation of God's house, and the place where his honour dwelleth." On March 5th, feeling a little better she attended the afternoon service, when the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was administered; she had a blessed time, and told the friends so. Little did she think then by the next Lord's day she would be,

"Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And Sabbath's have no end."

The next day she went to see her daughter, living in the village, and whilst there she was taken very unwell; but on taking a little refreshment she revived slightly, and returned home. She remarked to her brother, the next morning, that she might have taken a chill, as her breathing had been painful in the night. After breakfast she felt she could not keep up, and had to be assisted to bed again, as she was feeling so very ill. On my arrival in the afternoon, she said to me, "I think it is one of my old attacks, but I never felt so weak before; the dear Lord has visited me and taken away *every* earthly care, so that I cannot make a trouble of anything." Her conversation was truly blessed; but her cough was most troublesome, and her breathing very painful during the night. The next day, after receiving some little nourishment, she remarked, "My weakness is so great!" A few friends called to see her in the evening, when she was full of the goodness of the Lord, though her breathing was getting more and more distressing, so that she could not express all she wished. She remarked to one dear friend how submissive she felt in the Lord's hands; and yet, through fear of death, she had been all her lifetime subject to bondage, but now the Lord had taken all fear away. She felt that each night would be her last, but would say, "I have had sweet communion with the Lord, and have loved to meditate on his works and ways. I have brought all my dear children before him one by one in prayer, and I hope, if it is his blessed will, he will answer my poor breathings on their behalf." Much more she would have said, but her friends, out of deep sympathy, did not converse long with her, as her breathing was so very painful. About 10 o'clock she said to me, "The medicine must have done me good, dear! as I feel so much better, I have not an ache or pain!" I replied, "And no trouble?" She said, "no, dear!" I felt assured then the end must soon be. She lay so calm, her breath gradually getting shorter, until midnight, when she passed away without a sigh or groan, on March 8th, 1899—"We scarce could say 'she's gone!' before her ransomed spirit took its mansions near the throne." H. M. W.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

JUNE, 1901.

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

## THE GREAT THINGS GOD HAS DONE FOR HIS PEOPLE.

A SERMON PREACHED ON THURSDAY EVENING,  
SEPTEMBER 13TH, 1838, AT JEWRY STREET CHAPEL,  
ALDGATE (On Behalf of the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society),  
BY MR. W. GADSBY, OF MANCHESTER.

“The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad.”—  
PSALM CXXVI. 3.

THERE are three things in the great mysteries of salvation that many professors of religion seem almost alarmed at. One is that God really saves sinners. If a minister of Jesus Christ is led to describe a sinner half as he really is, (for to the bottom of him he never can,) he shocks their delicate minds, and they are almost paralysed, and call it the high road of licentiousness to suppose that God saves such naughty sinners as them, whilst a poor soul under the quickening, enlightening, teaching energy of God the Spirit fears that his case is desperate, and if God sends a minister of truth that hits upon such a desperate case, and points it out as one that the Lord has in hand, the poor creature is astonished, and wonders where he has been, for he never heard that. Another branch of truth that men seem almost alarmed at is the method God takes in saving those sinners. If we come to trace salvation to its spring-head, God's electing love—oh! this is horrifying; we must not talk about election in these polite days; if we believe in it, we must put other words for it, and say ‘the Lord's people,’ and ‘the Lord's family,’ and ‘the pious;’ but never talk about “election;” and thus the doctrine of God's discriminating, electing love is discarded. And then another branch of divine truth that men seem alarmed at is the power of God the Spirit in making this salvation known to the conscience, and bringing it with divine power and majesty to the heart, and maintaining it there as the poor sinner sojourns in this wilderness.

Some people are alarmed at all the three, and some only at the last ; some of them will chatter about election till their tongues almost cleave to the roof of their mouth ; but if you insist upon vital godliness, the power of God the Holy Ghost in the conscience producing a corresponding conduct, they will call you an enthusiastic legalist. And thus divine things are set at nought on one hand or the other. But God will vindicate his own honour, and “make bare his arm,” and bring his faithful ones at some period or other to adopt the language of our text, “The Lord hath done great things for us ; whereof we are glad.”

Now from this passage, as far as God shall assist me, I shall consider who the “us” are that have any right to adopt the language of our text, and say, “The Lord hath done great things for us ;” secondly, I shall point out some few of the “*great things*” that God has done for them ; and thirdly I shall endeavour to notice that, whenever God makes manifest these “*great things*” or a measure of them in their hearts, it is sure to make them “*glad*.” “The Lord hath done great things for us ; whereof we are glad.”

1. Now what persons are these ? Who are the “us ?”

It is God’s spiritual Zion—that family that he has predestinated to eternal life, “predestinated to be conformed to the image of his Son,” and brought by his spiritual power and grace to know their own ruined condition and the mercy of God in Christ Jesus towards them—that have felt themselves in “captivity” and felt themselves brought out of it. Some people tell us that there is no cause now-a-days for a sinner to have “the letter” brought into the conscience, no cause for a law work, and that many go to heaven that never had a law work in their heart. That was a heaven that was invented in Italy ; it is not in God’s heaven, it is a kind of purgatorial heaven. For God has solemnly declared that the law was given that “every mouth might be stopped and all the world become guilty before God ;” and if God’s law does not stop *your* mouth, and it is not brought to your conscience, and does not destroy all your false projects, and bring you in guilty and condemned at the feet of the Lord—if you never feel that, I believe you will be damned, as sure as God is in heaven. Let your profession be what it will, let you be as tall as you may in a profession of religion, you will never enter into God’s blessed place above if you have never been brought to know your ruined condition below. Why, you might as well talk about a man praising a physician as one that had cured him of a disease—when he never had an illness in his life ; you might as well talk about a man speaking

of a skilful surgeon that had set his bones—when he never had a broken bone since he drew breath. “The whole need not a physician, but those that are sick.” I do not mean that all God’s people run into the same depth in this; here the Lord works as a sovereign; but the law *must* stop their mouths, the law must bring them in guilty, the law must make them feel that they are in bondage, that they are “under tutors and governors,” and under such tuition that they are bound by the ties of the law either to fulfil it or be damned by it, and that they cannot fulfil it, and that therefore they can feel no ground of hope upon law principles.

Now when the Lord the Spirit brings a poor soul to this, he finds himself in dreadful captivity. I cannot exactly say how it is in London; but I know in our way we have a great many that begin in election, and they go on with election, and never get one step either below or above high-seasoned election; and if you ask them what they know about “the plague of their own hearts,” or what they know about “the sentence of death”—“oh! they do not meddle with such low things as that, they live upon high ground.” Ah! and the devil will never disturb you there, if God does not; you will find that such an arrogant, presumptuous profession is nothing more nor less than the devil’s chariot to carry men to hell in delusion, and, if God does not upset them and bring them to know their ruined condition, they will never enter into the mysteries of God’s blessed kingdom—that kingdom that stands in God’s own power. But now when a poor sinner feels the bondage of the law and feels “the sentence of death,” he finds himself in a captivity from which he cannot deliver his own soul. He feels himself without might and without power, and feels the truth of what God says—that he is “not sufficient of himself” so much as “to think” a good thought, or to pray, for (says the apostle) “we know not what to pray for as we ought.” I often think, why what fools the disciples and apostles were to the great men of our time, for they have found out how to pray for themselves, and make prayers for other folks for a thousand years to come; but the disciples asked the Lord to teach them how to pray, and the apostle was brought to confess that he was “not sufficient of himself” and did not even know how to pray “as he ought.” And so God’s people will be brought to this, when the Lord brings them to know their spiritual bondage and captivity. And then, when he brings peace to the conscience and pardon to the heart, and sets the soul at liberty, then they are the people that can say—“The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad.”

II.—But having thus gone over this description, let us look now at some of the “GREAT THINGS” that God has done for us.

And we must take into the account each glorious Person in the one undivided Jehovah—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. For in the “great things” that the eternal Trinity has done for the church of God, each distinct person has a solemn part, a part that redounds to the glory of all and the blessedness of them that are brought to trust in God. God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, as one blessed Triune Jehovah, have entered into a solemn covenant before all worlds to bring an infinite number of mortals to immortal glory. In this solemn contract, this covenant of grace, the eternal Trinity took a survey of all their sins, and all their weaknesses, and all their misgivings, and all their backslidings, and all their temptations, and all their besetments, and all their slips, and all their falls, and all their tumbings, that this body would have from the beginning to the end of time; and in this immortal covenant God made provision to meet it all—and so to meet it as to be glorified in saving them all from all the horrors and consequences of sin. Now is not that a “great thing?” Why, if we make a provision (as we think) for our children and make it over to them, one gets proud and profligate and sets up to be a gentleman, and soon destroys the provision, and the others do the same thing in some other way, so that by and by the mistaken provision we made for them has been a kind of means of leading them into deeper ruin than they would have been in if they had been obliged to work for every penny they have. But our God made no mistake of that nature. The “great thing” that he did in his council and covenant was to make the provision sure—“the sure mercies of David,” certain mercies, “ordered in all things.” Why, he saw all thy temptations, before ever thou didst; when he gave thee to Christ, he saw all thy besetments, all thy bewilderments, all thy hard-heartedness, all thy darkness, all thy coldness, all thy barrenness; and in the eternal purpose of his grace, he made such a provision for thee that it is not possible for Satan himself to drive thy poor bewildered soul into any place where God’s provision will not reach thee and be sufficiently powerful to bring thee out. Is not this a “great thing,” a matchless thing? It was this that made David so sweetly and solemnly sing, “Although my house be not so with God, yet he hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure.” David’s house “not so with God!” not *how*? Why, if you read the context he is speaking about a “morning without clouds,” with-

out anything that seems gloomy when the sun arises upon it—and about the “tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after the rain ;” and he says, “My house is not so.” Poor creature ! he felt clouds and darkness, and often sharp biting frosts that seem to nip the tender herb ; there seemed no sweet going forth of faith, of love, of prayer, of thanksgiving ; there seemed a bewilderment in the conscience ; but, says he, this is my salvation and my desire—new covenant blessings stand sure, “ordered in all things (not in one thing only) and sure.” This is the strength of divine grace, when God is pleased to give it to a poor sinner to realize such immortal blessings ; and this is one of the “great things” that God the eternal Trinity in Unity has done for his people.

But we must come to retail it out a little. I am a kind of retail preacher ; as a friend of ours, who lived in a country place, used to say—“I like to hear our friend when he retails it out ; sometimes our parson wholesales it, and we poor folks cannot go to a wholesale shop ; it suits me to have it retailed out, for those are the shops we poor folks can go to.” And so the people of God are continually brought into such a state that they want to have it retailed out in little parcels (as we may say), that God may be glorified and themselves made glad through his grace.

1. Then if we endeavour to look a little at this blessed covenant, we first of all notice that “herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us,” and gave his Son, and chose us in his Son ; so that in the purpose and councils of God, God fixed Christ and the Church in his eternal heart together, the Church in Christ and Christ in the Church, and God in Christ and Christ in God. And thus the Church was made the special charge and care of God the Son before the world was ; and (I speak it with reverence) God the Father looked to Christ to bring them all to heaven. “Thine they were and thou gavest them me.” And “all that the Father giveth me shall”—what ? Have a chance of coming ? no, not so. Have an offer of mercy ? no, not so. Have conditions proposed to them—easy terms ? no, nor so either. Well, then, how is it ? “All that the Father giveth me *shall come* to me.” Unbelief says they shall not, and pride says they shall not, and the devil says they shall not, and their hearts say they will not—for they love sin, and after it they will go ; but God has taken his stand and Christ has taken his stand upon eternal fixtures, and God and Christ have said “They *shall come*.” Ah ! poor souls ! and when he comes with invincible power to the heart, he will make them glad to come

as poverty-stricken sinners, and glad to be made partakers of the riches of his Son ; and “him that cometh,” says Christ, “I will in no wise cast out.” This is the reason why the apostle so sweetly sums up, “Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places—where?—in Christ.” Yes, he has secured all spiritual blessings “in Christ,” and given him the key of the house, and he opens and no man shuts, and shuts and no man opens. “It pleased the Father that all fulness” should be there ; and therefore there is nothing but emptiness anywhere else. And he is said to be “full of grace and truth ;” and “of his fulness we receive, and grace for grace.” So then the Father, in his great part in this solemn economy of salvation, gave his Son to be the head and representative of the Church, the grand repository of heaven ; and God locked up his honour, his truth, his grace, and “all spiritual blessings” in the heart of Christ, and Christ pledged his honour to save all securely, and to magnify all the honours of God in making this mystery known by the power of his Spirit to the hearts and consciences of this people. And this is a “great thing” that God has done for them.

2. But it will not do to enlarge, and therefore we will proceed to notice what Christ has done for them. There is a great deal said about Jesus Christ in our day : “what a merciful Christ he was,” they say, “to come and die for sinners !” But some people tell us that such is the nature of his death that, after all, it may be the means of damning us deeper than we should have been damned if he never had died. Why, what an awful thing that is to say ; I recollect a minister saying to me some years ago, “You do not love sinners as you ought to do, or else you would preach to them universal offers and universal proffers.” “Indeed,” said I ; “let me ask you one thing ; Will any sinner that ever gets to heaven be saved by your universal offers and universal proffers ?” “No,” he said (for he was a sort of a Calvinist), “they will not.” “Well, what will become of the rest ?” “Ah !” says he, “they will have a deeper damnation, because they rejected the offers of mercy.” “So that is the method you take,” said I, “to show you love sinners ; as if they could not be damned deep enough, but you will damn them the deeper by your universal offers, when you admit that they cannot be saved the more for your preaching to them ? What an awful way that is ! It is not according to the riches of God’s grace that he has ordained in the salvation of the Church.”

Now the Lord Jesus Christ, in his rich mercy, undertook to stand accountable and responsible, as the surety of all the family of God, and to have all laid upon him that was chargeable to them ; and he bore it, and will communicate to them all that can flow from his blood and love, that can crown God's brow and honour his name ; and thus he stood the glorious head and representative of the Church of the Most High, to the honour of God and the blessedness of all them that are brought by rich grace to believe. But you say, He must be something in his own person beside essential Godhead ; essential Godhead could not accomplish this. The law demanded blood for blood ; essential Godhead could not bleed. "Eye for eye, and tooth for tooth ;" essential Godhead could not do that. Essential Godhead could not shed blood, could not die ; but "without shedding of blood there is no remission of sins." And yet such is the measure of the "great things" that the Lord Jesus Christ has done for his people that it is emphatically called "his dying," and his blood the blood of God. 'Yes,' say you, 'but I do not believe it was the blood of God.' Well I *do* in my very soul believe it ; not that Godhead could bleed, but that the person who did bleed was God and man, and therefore the Godhead in union with the manhood made the one person Immanuel, and it was his blood. If you want a simple argument upon the subject, suppose, when I go home to-night, some person was to stab me, and I was to be bleeding in the street, you would say, 'Why, yonder lies Gadsby bleeding ;' now my *soul* could not bleed, you know, and that is what makes the person, is it not ? But then you take me as a man, and cry, he is bleeding : all that can suffer and bleed is suffering and bleeding. And as it respects Immanuel, the God-man Mediator, all that could suffer and bleed and agonize and die in him did suffer, bleed, agonize, and die, and the Godhead gave immortal validity to the atonement, so that it is emphatically called the blood of God ; "God purchased the Church with *his own blood*."

The Lord Jesus Christ, then, the Second Person in the glorious Trinity, in order to accomplish this "great thing" that he was going to do, took up a life to be able to die, took our nature into union with his personal Godhead, and became really man, truly and verily man as well as truly and verily God, that he might be able to wade through all the miseries that sin and the devil had heaped round his elect, and to go after them, and bear their sins in his own body and soul on the tree, that they might be set for ever free ; and thus his solemn majesty stooped to bear their weakness and infirmi-

tics, and to take their sins upon him. Hence it is said, he was “made sin for us;” why that is a strange saying, for he was “holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners,” and “guile was not found in his mouth;” “made sin?” Aye, he was made murder, and made adultery, and made fornication, and made theft, and made treason. ‘Shocking!’ say you; ‘how can that be, if he was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners?’ Because he was made so by solemn contract and solemn transfer; the murder, the adultery, the fornication, and the abominations of David, and Solomon, and Peter, and all God’s elect were transferred and placed to his account, and he acknowledged the debt, “Sacrifice and offering thou wouldst not,” said he; these things would not do; “then said I, Lo I come to do—what they would not do and could not do—to do thy will, O God.” And Paul tells us roundly that “we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all.” And this was a “great thing”—that Jesus Christ came to die. Look at him as the babe of Bethlehem; look at him as a traveller without house or home; look at him hunted by Satan forty days and forty nights in the wilderness under all the iron tyranny that devils could inflict upon him, when he had too much work to do, too much solemn engagement with all the powers of hell to have a moment’s time either to eat, drink, or sleep for those forty days and forty nights, and this was all in espousing the cause of the Church, in doing a great work for his people; he fought their battle manfully, he vanquished all their foes; and at length his blessed majesty was brought to be in a solemn agony, and he said, “My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death.” John Berridge has a solemn view upon this subject.

“How his eyes astonished him!  
 Sure they witnessed huge despair,  
 On his face what sadness dwells!  
 Sure he feels a thousand hells.”

Aye he did—a million hells. Poor child of God! all the hells thy sins have merited were poured into his soul, and all the hell that all the millions of the elect of God ever merited was poured into his holy soul? and had he not been God as well as man, humanity could not have sustained the load and rolled it over; but immortal Godhead supported humanity under the weight of wrath, and his holy soul endured it, and he died “the just for the unjust to bring us to God,” and so to accomplish a salvation rich and free, as extensive as the necessities of his people. as deep as their

miseries can possibly be. Has he not done “great things” for us?

And all to give them a chance of being saved—according to some people. I do not know that I hate anything more in my soul than to hear that; it makes Jesus Christ so little, that he should do so much and after all only get us a *chance* of being saved. Why, if a man is set up in business, you see how often it happens that he fails in it; and if man cannot manage the paltry things of time and sense without being insolvent, what will he do with eternal realities? And if you come a little closer—when God “made man upright” and he had no sinful nature, what did he do with his innocency? why, he lost it all. And yet poor presumptuous man has the vanity to think you and I could manage the chance of being saved. What an insult it is to the Lord Jesus Christ to fix the eternal honour of God upon chance, and that chance to be managed by a poor sinful creature that is tumbling into half a dozen holes every hour of his life? No, no; thanks be to God for immortal *realities* and *certainities*. What is said concerning what Christ has done? He has “put away sin by the sacrifice of himself;” he has “finished transgression and made an end of sin;” he has “redeemed us from all iniquity,” he has “redeemed us from the curse of the law”—from destruction and from the power of the devil; he has “obtained eternal redemption for us;” he has “redeemed us to God.” To the honour of the eternal Trinity, it is said, not that the redeemed shall have a chance, but that the redeemed *shall* “come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy *shall* be upon their heads, and sorrow and sighing *shall* flee away.” The Lord Jesus Christ has done this “great” work; and he has gone to heaven shouting victory, for “God is gone up with a shout; the Lord with the sound of the trumpet.” He rose from the grave as a demonstrative proof that sin was destroyed, law satisfied, God honoured, his people eternally and everlastingly saved, and the immortal honours of God unite in their salvation; and therefore he ever lives at the right hand of the Father to make intercession. And in order that there might be this great work and this great wonder carried on manifestly, he is manifested as the Shepherd, to gather them in and to feed them when they are in; and as the Captain, to fight their battles for them; and as the High Priest, to plead their cause, and bear them upon his shoulders and present them before God with the plate of “Holiness to the Lord” as they stand complete in him; and he is their Surety ever to represent them before God, as it is said, he is entered into heaven “now

to appear in the presence of God for us” in his surety capacity : and he is a Prophet, to teach and instruct us, as well as our Priest to atone for and to bless us ; and he is a husband, to sympathize with us, and (as it is written, so it stands firm,) as a husband he “gave himself” for his wife, “that he might sanctify and cleanse her with the washing of water by the word, and that he might present her to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing ;” and he is the rearward, to bring up the rear, for I have often thought John Bunyan made a little mistake when he said there was no armour for the back, because then the enemy would soon get behind and shoot between our shoulders, but, while our Jesus has provided weapons for us to meet the enemy, he is the rearward to look after the scouting foe ; and he watches over the church night and day, and waters her every moment, and he solemnly declares that he will be “her God and her guide even unto death.” What “great things” these are !

3. But God the Holy Ghost is also engaged in this solemn work of doing “great things.” There are two things that God the Spirit keeps his eye upon—the enrolment of God, and the sinner enrolled there. And at the time specified in God’s enrolment, when that sinner shall be taken and made willing, he comes with his power and does it. If it is a Zaccheus in the tree, he must come down. If it is a Peter, busy among his nets and his fish, he must come. If it is a Philippian gaoler, lulling his conscience to sleep because he has been giving the apostles a good hearty drubbing, for he thought he had plague enough without being plagued with such fanatics, and he would make them remember coming there, and so he “made their feet fast in the stocks”—but at midnight the time is come, God puts the cry in his heart, the Holy Ghost makes no mistake, he must cry, “What must I do to be saved ?” If it is a Magdalene, that has been a kind of devil’s show-box carrying through the streets to delude you, she must come ; oh ! blessed be God ! the Spirit of God laid hold of her heart, and brought her to weep at the feet of Jesus and cry for mercy. And so if it is the dying thief, and he is upon the cross, he must come. And now let us come a little nearer ; where were you, and where was I, and what were we doing ? Perhaps there is some poor sinner in this assembly to-night, who has come here on purpose to have some little ridicule when he gets away, and is pleasing himself with the idea of having a little fun with some of his wicked companions : oh ! if this is the day of God’s power, may the Holy Ghost send an almighty

message to your presumptuous heart! Where are you? where are you? May God the Spirit pursue you, and bring you to know your ruined condition and perishing state before a heart-searching God! If it is the Lord's time, he will; for "the hour cometh, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live." The Holy Spirit keeps his eye both upon God's secret enrolment and the sinner enrolled there, and he never loses sight of him, no not if he is going to Damascus with letters to persecute the church; when the time is come, down he must fall. Oh! that the Lord would quicken some of your dead souls, and bring you this night to feel what cursed wretches you are in the sight of God, and make you cry to him as perishing sinners; and then eventually you will know some of the "great things" that God has done for you.

Well, when the Holy Ghost has quickened the dead soul to feel, and enlightened the dark soul to see, then the poor creature sets about amendments. He finds, in some measure, that he is in an awful state, and he begins to amend it; he shakes off perhaps his companions in drink, he will begin to be dutiful to his master, and he will set about pleasing God and doing something to make amends for the bad things he has done before. But strange to tell! everything that he does God the Spirit discovers to be empty and vain and wretched, discovers to be evil, discovers to be sin; and all the man's doings and all his sayings, and all his attempts to help his own soul only make him so much the worse in his state and in his own feelings before a heart-searching God. And then the poor creature thinks he has missed it here and he has missed it there, he will try again and see if he can do better the next time; but he misses it again. 'Well,' says some poor soul, 'that is the way I have been going on from month to month, and I have always missed it yet, but I hope to manage better soon.' I tell you, you will never be well till you have lost that hope. 'Lost that hope! what! must I lose that hope? why, man, you will drive one mad; what! must that go—that hope of being able to manage it better?' Yes, that it must; that must go, and you must sink with it; and when that is gone—when all hope is gone, not only that you have not saved yourself, but that you never can, then Christ is preached by the Holy Spirit in the conscience, and the soul is brought to know something of "the hope of Israel," instead of the hope of flesh and blood. And this is a "great thing" that the Lord does for the poor sinner, to strip him of false hope and false confidence and all that would lead him astray, that he may lead him to the

Lord Jesus Christ as a perishing sinner, and magnify the riches of God's grace in his soul.

'Well,' says some poor creature, 'I think I have been a lost helpless thing in my own feelings for many a month, and yet I do not enjoy God's salvation.' I should question whether you are brought to this. Now is there not a little bit of something, a little secret lurking something at the bottom, that still gives you some hope that a favourable moment will come, when you shall manage it a little better! now just ask your conscience whether it is not so. 'Yes,' say you, 'it is.' That must go. I know you will cling to it as long as ever you can; I know you will, old boy; it is like a man giving up his life, it is like a man giving up everything to give up this; but the Holy Ghost will make you give it up at last, or else you are none of his.

And when he has done this, will he leave you to destruction? 'Why,' say you, 'really I am afraid he will, for I have been tempted a thousand times to put an end to my existence; once, the Lord knows, I had the instrument in my hand, and I think, if he had not taken care of me, I should have done it. Well, he *will* take care of you; though he is hunting you out of all props, and all self, and all false comfort, he will administer true comfort. I have often thought of one occurrence that took place connected with my own ministry some years ago. A poor woman, in very great distress, thought she could go on no longer, and she would know the worst of it, and so she appointed a time, in her own mind, when she would drown herself; and when the time came she went to the river, but just as she was going to plunge in it occurred to her, 'Why, if I drown myself now, the folks at home will not know where I am, and they will hunt everywhere to find me, and they will waste so much time in looking after me that I shall add to my other sins that of bringing my family to poverty; I will go back, and bring my little girl with me another day, and then she can tell them where I am,'—and so the Lord overruled for that time; well, she went again accordingly, and took the child with her, and was just going to plunge in, when she thought, 'Why my poor little girl will be so frightened that she will jump in, and I shall drown her too; I will go back, and take some other method of doing it;' and after this she came to the place where I preached, and God set her soul at liberty, and she was brought to know the blessings of salvation. Oh! how carefully the Holy Spirit looks after the flock of the Lord! How carefully he guards them, when they have neither power nor intention to guard themselves! So great is

his love, so great his compassion, so great his care, that he does these "great things" for them, and eventually they "are glad."

Well, then, this is one of the "great things" he does in the end—he reveals pardon; but it is one thing for people to talk about believing in Christ, and having pardon, and it is another thing for them to believe and for them really to have pardon. The Holy Ghost comes and brings into the soul the pardoning love of Christ, removes bondage, gives a sweet quiet in the conscience, and gives the happy song, "in the Lord have I righteousness and strength;" "in the Lord have I mercy, in the Lord I am free." Well, by-and-bye the poor creature is brought to think, 'Now it will be comfortable all the days of my life.' But I tell you, if you live long, the Lord will teach you more of Christ. If anyone was to ask you what is intended by Christ in all his offices, in all his relations, in his oath and promise, in all his fulness? you would be ready to say, 'Oh! I do not understand all those divisions and subdivisions; I believe he has pardoned my soul, I believe he has loved me, I believe that I love him, and that is enough for me.' Oh! no, you must know more than that; and therefore you shall be brought into straits and difficulties that shall make the offices and relations, the oath and promise and fulness of Jesus Christ, just suited to your condition, you shall see that what is said about Christ is not like titles of honour given to our noblemen—mere puffs of empty air—but that everything which is said about Christ is essential, real, suited to the honour of God. God will bring his people more or less to the solemn feeling of necessity—of knowing that they need such a Christ; and then the blessed Spirit makes him manifest to the conscience as "a very present help in time of need." He reveals Christ in the conscience, and he goes on from the first moment of his quickening energy, and he carries us through this vale of tears and lands us in ineffable bliss, redeemed through the Lord Jesus Christ, decorated in his righteousness, robed with his salvation, dignified with his honour, and having the dignity of God's glory stamped upon our character, in which we shall shine for ever and ever to the praise and glory of God's grace. The Lord does these "great things" for sinners—poor, ruined, helpless sinners; "the Lord has done great things for us; whereof we are glad."

And now let me ask you, Do you know anything of this yourself? I will tell you one "great thing" that the Spirit of the Lord will do for a poor sinner that knows anything of

these things in reality. There will be times and seasons when you really cannot pray. I do not mean when you cannot say your prayers; God the Spirit will bring you to know that saying prayers and praying are very different things. Your mouth will be so completely stopped sometimes that, when you are praying, conscience enlightened and quickened by the Holy Ghost will say, 'you do not feel *that*'—and, 'you do not feel *that*,'—'what a hypocrite you are! you are speaking things to God, and you do not feel them;' so that you are completely shut up and confounded, and feel as if you could say nothing but this sentence, 'Lord! I am vile,' and you do not feel *that*, and you so confess before the Lord. Now the Lord sometimes brings a poor sinner to this very point, and the poor creature thinks he can never pray again (but he does pray again); if he lives in the country, he goes moping about the fields, and, if he lives in the city, he goes about his work, and sometimes he is looking for some instrument that he wants for his employer, and perhaps he has got it in his hand all the time, and he is so bewildered and confused that he feels fit for nothing; Satan tells him he is going mad, and he looks in the glass to see whether he is looking wild; he thinks there is not another mortal so wretched as himself. Well, when this is the case, and all things seem so gloomy, the Holy Spirit comes, and comes as a spirit of prayer, humbles him, and puts a cry into his mouth, till he really feels a majesty in prayer, and a power in prayer, and anon he is drawn forth into energy in prayer, and he can feel that God is owned of him, and he is owned of God, and he says, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." Oh! what a delightful thing it is when God the Spirit puts such a word into the mouth of the poor worm of the dust! this is one of the "great things" that he does at times; and THEN "the kingdom of heaven suffers violence" indeed. There is THEN a solemn might and violence in prayer to storm Satan's strongholds, and a great blessing comes through the power and energy of the Holy Ghost. But none but the Spirit of the Lord can produce this in the heart of a sinner; and when a sinner is brought here, he knows something eventually of God "having done great things for him."

But I must conclude; my strength tells me that I must.

III. When the Lord makes this manifest in us, it is sure to make us "GLAD." Then we can say joyfully, sweetly, and blessedly, "The Lord is my rock and my fortress, and my deliverer, my God, my strength, in whom I will trust, my buckler, and the horn of my salvation and my high tower"—my ALL.

What gladness there is in the countenance, what gladness in the heart when Jesus is thus revealed, and when our souls can sweetly and blessedly triumph in him! "He hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad."

[The speaker then stated the claims of the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society, and added—]

May the Lord the Spirit lead you and me to know more of the Gospel of Christ and to show especial concern for the poor and needy, for his mercy's sake. Amen.

### CAPTIVITY OF THE MIND.

It is not necessary that we should fall into *open* sin to make us feel our captivity, and to be stripped of all our joys. Where we have to mourn over one outward sin we have to lament a thousand *heart* sins; at least I know I have, many as my outward shortcomings are. I once heard of a minister who went to see a poor old woman on her death-bed, when she told him that she felt herself to be so great a sinner that she often feared there was no mercy for her. "Oh," replied the minister, "I am sorry to hear you are so great a sinner." "Ah, sir," she replied, "mine are *heart* sins. I can get no peace on account of them." "*Heart* sins," rejoined the minister, "what are they?" Poor man! He had never heard of such sins as those, much less had he felt the power of them. But the child of God is made to feel that even "the thought of foolishness is sin," much more "the lust of the eye and the pride of life." Paul exclaimed, "O wretched man that I am!" Yet we do not read that after his conversion he fell into any open sin; but it was his heart sins, the law in his members warring against the law of his mind; and this brought him into captivity, yes, really into captivity (not into slavery) to the law of sin and death (Rom. vii. 21-23). How often do we find that, when we would do good, Satan hinders us; as Paul says: he stirs up his emissaries to oppose and annoy us in every possible way. Satan once said to Luther, "The Lord will not hear you." "Then," said Luther, "I'll cry louder." He was determined, as it were, to take heaven by storm; for "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force."

A man born blind knows nothing of the blessings of sight; but for one who for many years has had good eyes, and been able to use them, not merely as an animal, but as an intelligent being, appreciating every flower, minutely examining and wondering at the structure of every insect, for such a one suddenly to lose his sight, O what torture! And the glare of the sun upon his eyelids only adds to his misery. So a man who has been a slave to Satan all his life, and still is, knows nothing of the blessings of the religion of Christ manifested to the heart; while one who has felt something of divine love in his soul, has had his affections drawn upward and away from the world, and really enjoyed

sweet communion with his Redeemer, while his heart has been melted down in gratitude to the God of all his mercies, and especially that he is not in hell, which he well knows he deserves; O for such a one to get into a cold, careless state, this is indeed to fall into captivity. And thus what misery, what torture, he experiences at times! And the more the light of the Spirit glares upon his conscience, the more miserable he becomes. . . . . But there is another kind of captivity, caused by our doubts and fears and exercises. Many things which, when rightly understood, are evidences of our being in a right path, we often look upon as evidences against us. We are told that it is "through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom"; yet we very often set down that very tribulation as a proof that the Lord is not on our side; so blind are we. True enough, there are some professors who seem to ignore every evidence short of a full assurance of faith, passing by the exercises of a poor tried soul; but such often make sad the heart of those whom the Lord would not make sad, and set aside Matthew v. altogether while they may bolster up such as presumptuously think faith is at their own command. They are "doing a great work," *of course*, and cannot come down to such grovellers. Well; if they are right, I am awfully wrong; but I would not change places with them. An old divine says, "There is no going to heaven without passing hard by the gates of hell." The gates of hell are, as it were, on the road from earth to heaven, just as Bethlehem is on the road to Jerusalem from Hebron; and though, I believe, some have to pass nearer than others, all have, in their feelings, to pass within sight of the gate.

Christ had to carry his cross when living, and was nailed to it when dying. It was not till his spirit had departed that he and the cross were separated. May not this teach us that we must endure the cross to the last, that nothing short of death can remove us from it, and that our temporal joys may prove a cross? The thorns pierced the head of Christ; and Paul had a thorn in his flesh. So must we have, if we are to be like either Paul or his Master. Or how can we be like Paul, if we never cry, "O wretched man that I am?" or like Christ, if our souls are never "exceeding sorrowful?" "But," perhaps some of us may say, "how will it be with me when I come to die? How will it be with my soul, and how will my poor body bear the pain!" Ah! this is one of our weak points. I am often tried here; and even when I have felt firm on the Rock, and Satan has not appeared able to shake it by causing me to doubt my interest in Christ, I have felt my heart, at the thought of the pain I must endure, so cowardly. "You know how you wince under pain now," says our enemy, "but what is that compared with the pangs of death?" Here again is captivity. But O to be able to wait until the time comes! God has promised his people strength equal to the day, not *before* it. They shall have dying strength

in dying moments, even as to their poor bodies. We are too prone to want it in living hours ; but that cannot be. It is *in* trouble that the Lord has promised to be specially with his people. Yet we sometimes feel as if we could not trust the Lord with our bodies, though we can with our souls. Even Moses was not free from misgivings. Hence he said to the Lord, "Show me thy way ;" that is, "Show me what thou art about to do with us, and where to take us ;" but the Lord simply answered, "My presence shall go with thee (Exod. xxxiii. 13, 14). Whether there be hot suns or shading clouds, sandstorms, or calm weather, let that suffice." And when Paul prayed that the thorn in his flesh might be removed, the Lord simply replied, "My grace is sufficient for thee." So you may, if you can, rest assured dying strength shall be given to you in dying moments. You have not yet crossed the river ; but remember, Christ is on *this* side as well as on *that*. It cost him his life to redeem you ; his power only is necessary to fulfil his promise to give you strength equal to your day.

"Whate'er thy lot, whoe'er thou be,  
 Confess thy folly ; kiss the rod ;  
 And in thy chastening sorrows see  
 The hand of God.  
 A bruised reed he will not break ;  
 Afflictions all his children feel ;  
 He wounds them for his mercy's sake,  
 He wounds to heal."

And thus, while we press forward to the things which are before, we are exhorted to forget the things which are behind. And what are they ? Amongst other things our troubles. Every one makes one less, and we leave all behind. O for grace to enable me thus to live.

We do not like these afflictions, and they often throw us into bondage of soul ; but it is a good sign when they are the means of humbling us, and causing us to acknowledge the Lord's wisdom, and sovereignty, and right, inasmuch as we deserve it. Then we can see good in the evil. Hezekiah said, "For peace," or instead of peace, "I had great bitterness ;" but he immediately exclaims, "Thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption." So we may be smitten by a strong hand and with a smarting rod, but we shall be healed with the Balm of Gilead. If we had only small deliverances, we might think we had wrought them. When threatened with any heavy trial, Luther used to say, "Come let us sing the 46th Psalm, and defy the devil."

Our sweetest bird of song—the nightingale, to wit, can sing in the dark as well as in the light ; but how few of the Lord's adopted ones are thus favoured. All can sing loud enough in the light, but in the dark they are for the most part like the Israelites in Babylon. Their harps are hung on the willows, and they cannot sing the songs of Zion.—*Extract from the writings of the late* MR. JOHN GADSBY.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE LORD'S DEALINGS WITH MARY HANNAH, second daughter of the late Aaron Burton, for many years deacon of Zoar Chapel, Dicker, Hellingly, Sussex. See "G.S.," July, '91.

Desiring the glory of God and the encouragement of those who have been similarly led with the dear departed is the prompting motive of the following account being written, the subject of which was born on July 16th, 1855, near East Hoathly.

It was her privilege to be blessed with Godly parents, who prayerfully sought the welfare of their children both privately and in the public means of grace.

My dear sister being of a very retiring disposition was not one to speak much of her exercises, but she gave proof during her sojourn in this vale of tears that her "life was hid with Christ in God," and

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

She, with many others, had to walk the old beaten path of "much tribulation," while she complained more of her sins than of her sorrows.

In letters written to her late dear Pastor, Mr. William Vine, we find her early exercises unbosomed beyond what we knew before—the first dated February 4th, 1877. "My dear Pastor,—Knowing that you labour in body and mind for the welfare of your hearers, and having some reason to hope your ministry has been made a blessing to me, I feel at times condemned for keeping everything from you; but I am so fearful of being deceived, or that there is a secret in real religion I have never known, and, even if I have anything more than Nature, I feel if he should leave me 'I must fall, without him cannot rise,' which sometimes causes me to cry, 'Hold thou me up and I shall be safe.' To *wear well* is such a great, important, and solemn matter, and seems almost impossible when I consider what an evil and wicked heart I have within and the many errors and temptations without. I wish I could more trust to and rest my all upon the Lord, in whom alone is safety and strength. To him I desire now to look. If the Lord has done anything for me there must have been a time when it took place, but it is quite hid from me; I have not the least idea or by what means, which has often made me question whether the work has been begun at all and beg the Lord to begin it and make me a partaker of the New Birth. Though various have been my fears respecting it, they have sometimes been sweetly removed in hearing you trace out the evidences of a work of grace. I believe when quite young I had checks of conscience and serious impressions, but they would soon pass off, having, to my sorrow, a light, trifling disposition and such proneness to evil, but as near as I can remember my state as a sinner began to be opened up to me more clearly when between 14 and 15 years of

age, though in a very gentle and gradual way. Nothing particular occurred, but by some hymns I committed to memory (through our dear mother's influence) I believe I was convinced that salvation must be wholly of the Lord, and I anxiously desired to know my interest in that great salvation.

“About this time—March, '70—when hearing you speak of the bud of convictions, the difference between natural and spiritual, the latter bringing forth fruit, the former leaves only, these with other solemn remarks sunk into my heart, distinctly bringing to remembrance a circumstance which took place some years before, which, according to your description, was a ‘bud.’ I felt condemned as having brought forth no fruit, which caused shame and sorrow and an earnest desire for that religion which would bring forth fruit; instead of realizing the sweet graces of his Spirit, how different I found it! And when a few months later I was laid on a bed of sickness I secretly hoped it was the means the Lord had chosen to reveal himself to my soul. I was bitterly disappointed, for, as Newton says, ‘Instead of this he made me feel the hidden evils of my heart.’ While the affliction was not sanctified as I so desired, there was a little hope. My case is best described in hymn 279 (Gadsby's selection), and I can but hope in looking back that the Holy Spirit has been carrying on his work in my heart, teaching me ‘here a little and there a little,’ sometimes accompanying the preached word home to my heart with condemnation and reproof, at others with comfort and encouragement. In the autumn of '72, when about 17, the Lord gave me a marked answer to prayer which much encouraged me to cast my care upon him, hoping he did indeed care for me, the most unworthy, and in the following spring he, in some measure, granted me my request, the oft-repeated desire of my heart, to deepen, if, indeed, he had begun his work in my heart (for I was brought low both in body and mind, my strength seemed gradually declining), when this passage rested in my mind with solemnity: ‘It is appointed unto all men once to die, and after death the judgment.’ I thought it bore a message to me which caused painful apprehensions lest I was about to launch into eternity! I knew hell would be my just desert and that God would be just in sending me there. But I wanted the Lord to appear for and save me. I felt I *could not* die until he blessed me; these words were the language of my heart: ‘Lord I *cannot* let Thee go,’ &c., nor did he turn away from my petitions, but raised me to a sweet hope in his mercy, for which I would desire to bless his precious name. These two verses were particularly sweet. ‘Hast thou not bid me seek thy face,’ &c. Indeed, the whole of the hymn was good, and the following verse united in sweet harmony with the above to raise me to a good hope through grace that ‘He will regard the prayer of the destitute,’ and

‘Can he have taught me to trust in his name,  
And thus far have brought me to put me to shame?’

My hard heart was softened, and a few tears of mingled sorrow and joy fell from my usually unrelenting eyes while I entered a little into Miss Steel's words, 'Unworthy dwelling, glorious guest!' As the Lord was pleased to spare my life and restore health, I had to prove this hope long and keenly tried, that at times I almost cast it away, fearing it was not from the Lord. But two things I could not give up—I felt it was worth being afflicted for to enjoy, and if it were not from the Lord, it was more than I could produce, so that I had to come again as empty and needy as though I never had had a good hope and lived to learn more of the plague of my heart, but unless deceived it was sweetly confirmed the early part of last spring in hearing you from Jeremiah xx. 9th verse, and another I wish to remember with gratitude, was when hearing you preach from the words, 'And Philip went down to the city of Samaria and preached Christ unto them.' You traced out the work of grace in a sinner's heart, having first to learn the justice and holiness of God, deserving nothing but damnation, and you did indeed preach a precious Christ that I felt constrained to believe the Lord had done something for my soul and that I should 'not perish, but have everlasting life.' As you repeated the words of the poet 'What melodious sounds I hear,' &c., I felt that sweet hope, though the most unworthy, I, too, was welcome to the Saviour.

"I had tried to beg earnestly of the Lord that he would not only guide and direct me in a particular family circumstance, but that he would favour me with a token for good, and assure me it would be well with me. I had felt with the poet, 'Lord to thee I trembling run,' etc., but, bless his dear name, it was not to perish but to enjoy a hope of eternal life. My fears for a time were hushed, but I was soon fearing it was only a fancied, delusive enjoyment, yet I could not give it up as such because it endeared the Lord, his ministers, truth, house, and people to my heart, which I am sure the enemy of my soul nor my own evil heart could ever do. The world sunk in my estimation, that I often felt when in London (whither she had gone for a short time, owing to the circumstance to which she alludes)—

'There's nought in nature nor in art,  
So fair as Jesus' face,'

nor to be compared with the sweet hope he has favoured me with in his mercy; and yet 'the trifles of a day oft carried me away.' I cannot forbear naming a special time I had in hearing you preach from Rom. iv. 23 to 25. when I really hoped my sins were put away by a precious Christ; but I still want a clearer manifestation, for

'I'd rather go with sorrow to the grave,  
Than any false, delusive joys to have.'

The poet describes my case, 'Doubting, fearing, still my hope is in the Lord.'

Yours sincerely, M. H. B."

The next letter written expresses her exercises respecting the ordinances of the Lord's House.

“ February 4th, 1878.

“ My dear Pastor,—I hope I can bear a feeble testimony that it is not a vain thing to seek the Lord. I feared it was not possible that the Lord would ‘remember me with the favour’ that he bore unto his people, yet I could not ‘bear the piercing thought : What if my name should be left out, when thou for them shalt call.’ What cause for humility and gratitude ! Hoping the Lord has extended mercy to me, at times I feel I can ‘glory in the thought that I shall owe thee most.’ In looking over my life I felt it to be such a dark line, so many things that ought not to have been, both inwardly and outwardly, ever since I hope I have known something of the Spirit's teaching in my heart ; but in spite of all the questionings of my heart, I could join with the poet : ‘No, I must maintain my hold,’ etc. As the day appointed for the ordinance of believer's baptism drew near, I became weaker, and dreaded the water so much, as well as fearing the people ; but I was obliged to cast my all entirely upon him, feeling I needed an extra share of his sustaining and supporting presence, and that it would be a mercy if he granted me this and was better to me than my fears, it would indeed be a favour, even should the longed-for blessing be withheld.

“ Saturday night, January 26th, 1871, I thought, ‘I'll try to glory then in my infirmities, if Christ's own power and grace might the more sweetly rest on me.’ It was not an easy thing to come, nor keep there. Sunday morning I enjoyed the sermon, and hoped I was not destitute of ‘saving faith,’ but, like Newton, I wanted strength and patience to be brought before I was in the spot really to require it. You quoted these words, which rested with sweetness on my mind, ‘When most we need his helping hand,’ etc., and so I proved it—bless his precious name. Last week I felt

‘ Infirmities, as means,  
Have taught my soul to see,  
That nought, how fair it seem,  
But Christ will do for me.’

“ As you remarked, ‘I don't want another Christ,’ but I do want to know more of him, live nearer to him, enjoy more of his presence, be conformed to his image, be preserved through life in his fear,

‘ Breathe my last in his embrace,  
Then rise to see his lovely face,  
And join the song of praise.’

“ Not enjoying so sweet a taste of the Lord's love and mercy at the baptizing as I desired, it made me beg of the Lord to bestow it on me, when first permitted to sit down at his table though the most unworthy. When called to take my seat I shrank from going, feeling so unlike what I wanted. The former part of

the service I was fearing lest after all I was a deceiver, fearing the Lord had 'turned a deaf ear to my cries. My heart was softened as you were led to acknowledge the Lord's goodness in answering your prayers, and as well in regarding the travail of our dear Parents' souls. What an inestimable blessing to have a place in the hearts of his people, sharing their prayers and afflictions; it has long been my earnest desire.

"The sweet words you quoted on giving me the right hand of Christian fellowship, not only fell from your lips into my ears, but were, I trust, attended with power and sweetness into my heart, viz., 'I have betrothed thee unto me for ever,' &c. My heart responded, 'Why me,' &c., and

'Oh take my all, this worthless heart,  
And make it wholly thine.'

After receiving the bread and wine with the sweet hope that I had an interest in his atoning blood, I thought, 'Why such love?' Now I am calling all into question. The prayer of my heart is,

'Hold me fast and keep me near thee,  
For thou knowest I'm but a worm.'

May the Lord keep us firm in his truth and upright in his ways.  
Yours sincerely, M. H. B."

Under a feeling sense of the Lord's goodness to her at this memorable time, she writes privately, more fully, the following:

"February, 1878.—An unworthy worm would desire to set her seal or feeble testimony to the truth of these sweet words. God never said to the seeking seed of Jacob, 'Seek ye my face in vain,' and 'Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.' I am lost in astonishment at the wonders God has wrought. 'Who am I and what is my Father's house' that thou shouldst extend mercy from the parents to the children, and to me the most unworthy, and 'is this the manner of man, oh, Lord God?' Humble me in the dust of self-abasement, lay me low and keep me there, for

'While I lisp a song of praise,  
Each note shall echo grace, free grace.'

"To-day, for the first time, I have been permitted to partake of the Lord's Supper, bread and wine, those precious emblems of the broken, bruised body and shed blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, who condescended to bear those intense sufferings, and such an ignominious death to purchase and atone for the sins of his chosen ones, and, by the sacrifice of himself, redeemed those 'who had sold themselves for nought.' Has not my heart at times for years aspired after a sweet assurance of an interest in such inestimable blessings, with many fears and often a persuasion that it could not be so, feeling so vile and unworthy? The very greatness of the blessings increased my fears, and I hope also my desires, knowing of a surety they were worth seeking after, praying for, living or suffering for, if only I might enjoy and rejoice in them, if not till the day of my death, yet the Lord

knows I have tried to beg for a real religion in my health and youth, to be enabled to live the life, as well as die the death of his people. And has he not in some small measure, by his own power and grace, granted me my request, by convincing me of my state as a sinner before him in secret, and, under the ministry of our dear Pastor, favoured me with some sweet sips of his love and tokens of his favour, and after many fears and various exercises respecting the ordinances of his house, bringing me to hang and wait alone upon him for the fulfilment of my desires. He has abundantly answered them, scattered my doubts and fears, made mountains plains, brought me before the Church, through the ordinance of believer's baptism, and at his table comforted my heart."

In the early part of the year 1888, my sister writes:—"Respecting the whole of my life I feel increasingly that shame and confusion of face belongeth unto me, but to the Lord belong mercies and forgiveness, though I have rebelled against him. I desire to record some of his mercies; the year 1887, now gone for ever, I now look back upon as one of the most favoured of my life, during which the Lord especially blessed me in trouble by sweetly visiting my soul and reconciling me more to his will concerning me."

The Lord's gracious support was very manifest under her trials and bereaving circumstances; these in his hands were the means of endearing himself, his truth, and ways to her heart. Next her Bible and hymn-book were the late Mr. Philpot's sermons and writings, which, from her early days, with Bunyan's "Come and Welcome," were her choice treasures. Passing over much that the departed experienced both in grace and in providence, we come more especially to the latter part of her earthly career. It was not long before she was laid aside she told us that the ordinances of the Lord's House were dearer to her than ever they were; upon this the enemy of her soul was permitted to sorely try her. On one particular occasion she was tempted to absent herself from the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, and having in her possession "Huntington's Posthumous Letters," which she had read with profit, something said, "Read Huntington, you will not get condemned there on that point." Her eyes fell on this—"One branch of the heavenly art is wanting in you, you pray and call and yet rebel. If praying thrice will not remove a thorn in the flesh, yet it is turned into a cross, and grace is sufficient to sanctify it." To use her own words, "it was as though 'a horror of great darkness' came over me. There was scarcely time, but I hastened to chapel, feeling while there that 'the snare was broken and I had escaped.'" In this she proved, "When the enemy shall come in like a flood the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." Never did she feel more her unworthiness to sit at the Lord's table, and amongst those present "vilest of them all." Until prevented by affliction it was her anxious concern

to be found in the Lord's House, having often proved, to her soul's comfort, that "being in the way" the Lord met with her. Towards the end of April, 1900, our dear sister's health more manifestly failed, and in a few days she was seized with a partial stroke, from the effects of which she was brought very low, and for some weeks was confined to her bed. Underneath all were the "everlasting arms" of love and mercy, and she was enabled to bear patiently her afflictions. From the time she was first taken down she justified the Lord in all his dealings, feeling she was the right one in the family smitten by affliction, and what an unspeakable mercy she felt it would be if she should get home first. After the death of our dear mother in March, '95 (for whose obituary, written by deceased, see "G. S.," December, '95), her desire was to be next, but when brought near death herself she said, "Death at a distance and death near at hand is very different," and spoke of what a friend now in glory once said, "Lay up many prayers for the time of affliction and a death-bed, you will need them all then." She deeply felt, at this time, her solemn position, feeling her sins to be such mountains, "only mine so great." Oh! my rebellious heart, how often "have I swelled my woes to an immense degree;" but sorrows, bitters, and disappointments, however much we may feel and want altered, form no barrier between God and the soul, but make way for greater manifestations and richer blessings, while sin separates and comes between! When feeling very ill she reminded us of what her late dear Pastor said in his last illness, "The Lord never takes his people until they are willing to go." It does take so much to make us willing, "bound down by twice ten thousand ties." Asking for the 40th Psalm to be read to her, she said the last verse expressed her feelings. On one occasion, speaking of one of her favourite hymns, "Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?" She responded, "*He* must say it all to *me*, 'tis free grace from first to last." Her language was—

"Let but thine own almighty arm,  
Sustain a feeble worm;  
I shall escape secure from harm,  
Amid the dreadful storm."

One morning, when feeling a sense of God's goodness in allowing her to live to see the return of another day, she felt such remorse for her lightness, instead of rightly feeling her solemn position and humbled before the Lord. Sometimes she felt she looked too much to the doctor instead of looking to the Great Physician. "Lord help me; undertake for me!" were often her pleas, which she said had been hundreds of times. "The path of prayer thyself hast trod" was sweet to her, and "'He shall see of the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied,' which he could not if I were lost."

Amongst other exercises, and not the least, was her standing a member of a Strict Baptist Church, and to be spoken of as

such, if in Christ by profession only. She deeply felt the solemnity of being out of Christ and the blessedness of being in Christ to praise him aright to all eternity, free from sin, wrath, law, and hell. Her distress at times was great, lest after all she should be lost; she was for a time labouring under a peculiar temptation that she should neither be saved nor be sent to hell. What was suggested she could not describe; but the Lord, instead of rebuking her, graciously appeared with these words, "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory." The snare was broken; our dear sister was indeed set at happy liberty. Her room was made a Bethel, this visit to her was "joy unspeakable," being favoured with such a sweet view of not only being saved from hell, where she had so many times feared she should sink, but that it would be to "*behold my glory!*" and that not only concerning herself, but she felt sweetly persuaded that the same words included her dear little niece, who died in the Lord, March 26th, 1900, aged six years. Our dear sister witnessed this closing scene, which stroke came very close to her, and was seldom long off her mind after, but little did she or we think that in a few short months the "Messenger" would be sent to her.

After the Lord had so graciously appeared for the departed, she was then made willing to live, or to die, in Eastbourne, where she then was living with her sister; she felt this visit from the Lord was indeed salvation full and free. "Dissolved by thy goodness" was then her feeling, and "all sins and wrongs are mine"—

"With mercy and with judgment,  
My web of time he wove."—*Rutherford.*

The Lord's goodness so astonished her, she one day said, Mr. Vine was so surprised that the Lord so blessed him in his last days. "I am sure I may be," but it is an intimation that he has further blessings to bestow; glory be to his name. I feared the blessings never would come; but the need had not come before. Mercy; mercy! it is all mercy. He is the "Centre, source, and sum of bliss." "Let him come when he thinks best." She felt her prayer, "Pardon my sins," was *fully* answered now.

Portions of the Word of God, and hymns from Gadsby's selection, were indeed food to her soul. She told us—and her marked hymn-book bears testimony to the same—that she often had been encouraged from a line of a hymn, and at the same time so tried that it was not the Word of God, and yet she was glad of that when she could get nothing else. During this affliction our dear sister was at times enabled to look back on the way the Lord had led her; she spoke of some special hearing times she had been favoured with, under some of the Lord's servants now living, whom she esteemed "highly in love for their work's sake," some of whom kindly visited, read to, and prayed with her, which she much prized.

Through the Lord's goodness, with a partial return of strength,

the dear afflicted one was able to get about again at times, and by July 12th she was removed from Eastbourne to Hailsham, there to end her "appointed time upon earth." Means resorted to were blessed only to relieve; while the general health was improved it was manifest to those around that death was doing its work. She felt to get better would not only mean more suffering but more sin, and she was again often much tried as to the reality of what she had passed through. On one occasion she asked for Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," the first part of which she read; when questioned as to why she chose it, she said she was feeling less spiritually-minded for other good books, and thought that one a change; but it was found, by an after remark, that she had been reading what is there described of those who had safely crossed the river, while she often felt to stand—

"Shivering on the brink,  
And feared to launch away."

For about a month before her death she, evidently, was not so well. One day, when feeling so weak and weary, she said she wished the Lord would pardon her sins and take her home. She feelingly entered into the hymn, "Prepare me, gracious God," when read to her with other portions, and "Them also that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." Though tried and feeling "the Canaanite still in the land," there was underneath all a sweet "resting on his unchanging grace." About a fortnight before her death our dear sister, with composure, made her funeral arrangements, which were accordingly carried out. The last week she was more comfortable in her mind. Having become too weak to read much herself, she always was glad to have read to her the Word of God, a hymn, and "Daily Words," the late Mr. Philpot's.

She told us this verse had been so sweet to her on one occasion, and so confirming to the Lord's blessing when in Eastbourne—

"Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed Church of God  
Be saved, to sin no more."

And also reminded us of the last verse of Hymn 591 (Gadsby's), which had been so in her mind during the early part of her illness that she felt the Lord would come again and receive her unto himself. As she drew nearer the end, these lines were much on her mind, "Apace the solemn hour draws nigh," and "Glittering robes for conquerors wait." She was not afraid of death, though anxiously desiring another visit from the Lord. A day or two before the end it was remarked to her—

"The joy prepared for suffering saints  
Will make amends for all."

"Yes," she responded, "one moment's enjoyment here makes amends, then what must heaven be?" The Lord granted our

desire, that he would deal gently with our dear one in death. There was no particular change manifest until about 6 o'clock on Lord's Day morning, when she complained of being cold and wanted to be moved. It was "the icy hand of death." On lying down again she gave the last, and not-to-be-forgotten look, the "solemn hour" had come,

"When Christ did his messenger send,  
To fetch her from Mesheck and carry her home."

And she was "absent from the body—present with the Lord." The Lord was indeed good to our dear sister; as she came down to the Jordan of death she found the bottom good, death to her was "gain," while we miss her day-by-day, having as a little; now broken family, in her, lost a valued sister and the church a praying member. She was a lover of Zion; on her death-bed she said, "Contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints."

After the death of our last dear Parent, the departed so feared her religion would then be made manifest as proceeding only from parental restraint.

On November 1st her mortal remains were "well laid in the grave" by Mr. Botten, in the burial ground at Zoar Chapel, The Dicker. R. V.

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### ON PRAYER.

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"An Invaluable Blessing, and the Highest Privilege of every Real Christian." By the late Mr. John Rusk.

"Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."—HEB. iv. 16.

(Continued from page 157.)

Paul says, "Watch and Remember!" Remember past deliverances, how the Lord has appeared again and again; how in times of temptation he has succoured us, spoken to us a word in season when we were weary, raised our drooping spirits, appeared for us in providence, etc. It is said of the children of Israel that they soon forgot his works, and that "Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked," and lightly esteemed the rock of his salvation. "But," say you, "what have we to do with them?" Yet, see what Paul says, "Now all these things happened unto them for ensamples: and they are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come" (1 Cor. x. 11); and Peter says, "I would stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance." From this we see that prosperity in providence requires watching as well as adversity, for the heart is prone to depart from God; hence David says, "If riches increase, set not your heart upon them." Therefore, watch and remember!

Now, it is some time before we can pray with our hearts, and I think I can show you this literally; suppose there are two

men, one as well off as the other, well, one of these begins to decline a little in providence, but the other appears to flourish more and more. The one who is failing, standing a little in need of help, goes to the other in a somewhat careless way, saying, "I wish you would assist me," etc.; but the richer man, being lifted up, takes no notice of him. The poor man goes away, saying to himself, "I don't care, I can be as stiff as he." But he still sinks deeper and deeper, and as all his refuge lies in this man, at last he goes to him and says, "Oh! do help me, my friend, pray assist me!" How he will wait and watch the countenance of the other! Just so it is spiritually. We never can raise our thoughts of God higher than this, that he is a good man: "Thou thoughtest that I was such an one as thyself;" and what is the thought that men have of themselves? Why, that they never transgress God's commandments; and if such do go to prayer they will dictate to God himself, and the flames of hell will not alter this! For, when the rich man begged that water might be given to him and also that one might go from the dead "to his five brethren," Abraham says that "they have Moses and the prophets, let them hear them." "Nay," says the rich man, "but if one went from the dead they would repent" dictating to infinite wisdom! But God is pleased so to pull us down and break our spirits, in order that we may use entreaties, even as David did, for he said "I am poor and needy," and, "I entreated thy favour with my whole heart."

There are six things that God makes use of to break the heart, and when it is thus broken we shall use entreaties, but not before, for then are we needy:—

(i.) Smiting us with his word: "He shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth;" and when this is the case every sermon reproves, rebukes, and finds fault with us; and when we read it is the same, we take the threatenings to ourselves, and the righteous will smite us. But all this is intended to break our hearts: "Is not my word like a hammer to break the rock in pieces?" The rock is the heart: "They have made their faces harder than a rock; they have refused to return." Ephraim stood out (as we all do) as long as he could, "He went on frowardly in the way of his heart."

(ii.) The children of Satan are let loose upon us, they vilify our character and smite us with their tongues, bring up our past life, and hate us with a perfect hatred. This David found, and therefore he says, "Reproach hath broken my heart."

(iii.) Satan is let loose upon us; and he first lays baits for us, then accuses us from morning till night; so that we are soon broken in the place of dragons and covered with the shadow of death.

(iv.) We may go mourning all the day: like Hannah, we have a sorrowful spirit, and, like Job, we are afraid of our sorrows, which shows they are many. Sometimes we think it is

the sorrow of the world, and may work death, and when despair makes headway against us we think it will end in desperate sorrow; nevertheless, Solomon says, "By sorrow of heart the spirit is broken."

(v.) We are brought at last to venture upon Christ Jesus, who is God over all, blessed for ever, a sure rock, a sure foundation, and a tried stone; and where we feel this to be the case we are sure to be broken, for "Whosoever shall fall upon this stone shall be broken."

(vi.) Lastly, the Lord discovers his love to our hearts—his everlasting love, his dying love—and down we fall altogether: "They shall look upon him whom they have pierced," we read, and be in bitterness of soul for him as one who is in bitterness for his firstborn, and to this agrees the poet, "Hearts of stone, relent! relent! break! by Jesus' cross subdued;" and again, Mr. Hart . . . "a sense of blood-bought pardon soon dissolves the heart of stone." Now some of these things I have heard Mr. Huntington speak of—perhaps three or four—and the others I find agree with Scripture, and all with my own experience. They, some or all, will cause us to use entreaties when nothing else will.

Delays in answering our prayers are not to discourage us, but they are intended to make us understand that our case is very perilous, and in order that we may use importunity in prayer. Long afflictions, long trials, long and strong temptations, enemies long triumphing, heavy debts and no sign of getting out of debt; these things, if they have the desired effect, should make us importunate. Jesus loves to take such cases in hand, and when we have tried every way to extricate ourselves, and find (like the poor woman that spent all her money on physicians, and then, having become worse and worse, she went to Jesus), it to be impossible, we go to Christ. Christ, you remember, once spake a parable to this end, that men ought always to pray and not to faint, and I think, when troubles crowd in upon us from all quarters, and God hides his face, these things will try us to the root, even as Saul, when, in his great trouble, went down altogether. This is binding us down, and I am sure we should never rise more if the good Spirit did not help our infirmities. This importunity is set forth in Scripture by the man coming at midnight, and his friend saying, "Friend, lend me three loaves." This friend tells him that he and his children are in bed, he cannot arise, but, as the man is very importunate, Christ says, that though he will not arise because he is his friend, yet, because of his importunity, he will arise and give him as many as he needeth. Again, we are told that the unjust judge, who neither feared God nor regarded man, would yet avenge the woman of her adversary, lest by her continual coming she wearied him, and shall not God avenge his own elect that cry unto him day and night? I tell you he will avenge them speedily, though he seem to bear long with them. We see this

importunity in the blind man ; the disciples rebuked him, " but he cried so much the more, Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me." And the Lord, having asked him what he wanted him to do, restored his sight to him. There are two things that will assuredly make us importunate, and they are— a deep sense of want, and every other refuge failing ; and the spirit of power helping us to plead the promises.

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LETTERS TO A FRIEND.—No. 11.

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My dear Friend,— I concluded my last letter by introducing a paradox in reference to the victory achieved by believers overcoming invincibility, even when they have been overcome by everything ! It is said of Jacob that he prevailed over God ; yea, he had power over the angel and prevailed. God is unconquerable, he is almighty ; " All nations before him are as nothing ; and they are counted to him less than nothing and vanity (Isa. xl. 17). And yet bruised Jacob prevailed over him, even at the time when Jacob's fear prevailed over him, when dark circumstances made him to tremble, when he was overcome with dread, then he prevailed over omnipotence ! This is just in accordance with what the apostle said of himself, " When I am weak, then am I strong." Believers are made strong out of weakness. When nothing but reason influences the believer, when he feels himself to be weak, and sees mighty adversaries ranged against him, then, indeed, does he feel himself to be overcome. Every tried, troubled, fearing, sinking, distressed believer has just the same power with which Jacob prevailed. He did not prevail with the strength of his arm, but by the tears of supplication. " He wept and made supplication." A weeping Christian will win the day !

But let us not suppose that tears of all sorts, or from whomsoever they may flow, will avail. The tears of a criminal have no weight with an inexorable judge who abides steadfast by the law, and, notwithstanding the falling tears of the culprit, passes upon him the sentence of the law. Esau wept, but they were the tears of a grace despiser. He sold his birthright, and thus despised the blessing attached to it. He sold it for a mess of pottage, but he could not purchase it again with floods of tears of worldly sorrow. There are the tears of craft and dissimulation, as the wife of Samson wept before him for him to tell her the meaning of his riddle that she might reveal it to her people.

There are tears, sweet tears of comfortable surprise at the wonderful interposition of the kind and delivering providence of God in which each party concerned has an equal share, as was the case at the meeting of Jacob and Joseph, and Benjamin and Joseph.

Then there are tears of love and affection, when friend in adversity weeps with friend, mingling their tears of love and tenderness. The sight of this between suffering Christians is

lovely. Such was the case with Jonathan and David; they were good and gracious men (1 Sam. xx. 20-41). Oh, that there were more of this among Christians! Of this I am certain, if it were a fruit of the flesh we should not have to complain of the scarcity, for the flesh is prolific! But it is a fruit of the Spirit, and what a mercy it is to feel a little of it now and then, for the budding of the tree is a sign there is life in the root, so Christian compassion melting and moving towards Christians in distress is a token of life to the soul. "Behold," says the Psalmist, "how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity;" and I may say, behold how good and faith-confirming it is for brethren to weep together in adversity; it shows the mingling of spirit with spirit.

Then there are tears of compassion for the sufferings of others. Jesus wept when he denounced Jerusalem. May we not term Jerusalem, over which he wept, gospel-hating Jerusalem, Christ-despising Jerusalem, error-loving Jerusalem, saint-persecuting Jerusalem, truth-setting-at-nought Jerusalem, dead-formal-worshipping Jerusalem? and will not these epithets apply to this our poor, ignorant, Arminian country? Yes, indeed! Oh, poor England! thou that hatest the gospel, and that scornest the truth, how often would the ambassadors of truth have instructed thee, would have enlightened thy judgment by the truth, but thou wouldest not! Instead of Christ thou hast chosen Barabbas, the son of confusion and shame, Barabbas the formal, Barabbas the intellectual, Barabbas the carnal-wise, Barabbas the self-righteous, Barabbas Popery-loving. Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep over thee! And now, hear thou; all thy riches, thy honours, thy formality, thy creature-adoration, is left desolate unto thee. Pray for thee I may, the Lord commands it, "Seek the peace of the city whither I have caused you to be carried away captives, and pray unto the Lord for it." (Jer. xxix. 7).

The Lord hath in the midst of this modern Sodom a few Lots whose souls are grieved because of the anti-gospel superstition which, like a gangrene, spreads through the land. Abraham entreated the Lord on behalf of ancient Sodom that if he found fifty righteous persons in it (which in his importunity he reduced to ten) it might not be destroyed. And the Lord was graciously pleased to say that he would not destroy it for ten's sake; and before the overthrow the Lord rescued Lot and brought him out. Oh, poor bewitched England! there are more than fifty righteous in thee, who, Moses-like, lift up the hands of fervent prayer for thy prosperity; and yet thou seekest to cast away the salt that preserves thee from destruction. Oh, the blindness of the human heart veiled with the veil of religious mania! Even Ahab regarded holy and pious Elijah as a troubler of Israel. "Art thou he that troublest Israel," so the heaven-taught are looked upon as the troublers of nations. "The Jews stirred up the chief men of the city, and raised persecution against Paul," notwithstanding he was, in the

truths he proclaimed, "unto God a sweet savour of Christ" (2 Cor. ii. 15). Christ died not to take away the cross from his people, but the curse of the law. The cross of a believer in respect of the comforts of the Holy Ghost blossoms and brings forth almonds of peace, but in respect of the world piercing thorns, The Church is a "lily among thorns" (Song ii. 2).

There are also tears of fervent desires. Jacob wept and made supplication. The voice of the mouth may be drowned by the flood of the eyes. A flood flows rapidly towards its destination, and bears upon its bosom all floating things it takes in its course. The tears of believers flow upward rapidly toward the throne of God, carrying with them those things which, like a flood, they have swallowed up, as the desire of the heart, the longings of the soul, the supplication of the mouth, and the prayers of faith. These are laid before the throne of God, and thus is the deep sorrow of the heart laid bare before the Lord. The Lord is the covenant of mercy for his people. What a door opens of its own accord to my mind in the thought of God, the covenant God. Come, my friend, I invite you to enter in with me. The fairest of virgins will be your conductor, and you will be welcome I know, and I know also that you will be entertained with what you see and hear. Oh, what do I see and hear on entering? The term, covenant God, puts him before us in the most endearing of characters, a husband, a father, a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Now, go back to the flood of tears before named, opening the vale of sorrows before him who has heaven and earth at his command, and consider the tears are those of a wife, a child, a loved friend. Will they not call forth all the sympathy of his heart, the affection of his soul, the power of his arm? Yes, indeed, they will. Portray to yourself the wife of a kind, tender husband coming to him so oppressed and in such grief that she can only vent her sorrow in floods of tears, and those tears unfold to his eyes a thousand things which grieve and trouble her. And suppose it to be in his power both to comfort her by soothing words and by power to avenge her of her enemies, will not every feeling of his soul be stirred up in her favour? So it is with the Lord; he has himself set it out to advantage in his own telling words and peculiar form in the parable of the widow and the unjust judge. The widow, oppressed by a certain adversary, cried to the judge for assistance. For awhile he took no notice of her entreaties, but at last he said, "Though I fear not God nor regard man, yet, because this woman troubleth me, I will avenge her, lest by her continual coming she weary me." Then comes the encouraging application, "And shall not God avenge his own elect which cry unto him day and night: though he bear long with them, I tell you that he will avenge them speedily" (Luke xviii).

Then I gather, or glean, a handful of soul-comfort from this; that the troubles, trials, afflictions, the Christian meets with in

his pilgrimage shall never hurt him, but rather will be overruled in wisdom to draw forth into exercise the root graces the Lord implants in the soul. Afflictions destroy a mere empty profession, as may be seen in the parable of the wise and foolish builders, but they strengthen the hope and faith of the believer (Matt. vii. 24-29). My paper is now full. Farewell.

Southill, March 10, 1889.

Thine to serve in love,  
J. WARBURTON.

*WHAT IS THIS POINT YOU LONG TO KNOW?*

WHAT is this point you long to know?  
Methinks I hear you say—'Tis this:—  
I want to know I'm born of God,  
An heir to everlasting bliss.

Is this the point you long to know?  
The point is settled, in my view,  
For if you want to love your God  
It proves that God has loved you.

I want to know Christ died for me,  
I want to feel the seal within;  
I want to know Christ's precious blood  
Was shed to wash away my sin.

I want to feel more love to God,  
I want more liberty in prayer;  
But when I look within my heart,  
It almost drives me to despair.

I want a mind more firmly fixed  
On Christ, my Everlasting Head;  
I want to feel my soul alive,  
And not so barren and so dead.

I want more faith—a stronger faith,  
I want to feel its power within,  
I want to feel more love to God,  
I want to feel less love for sin.

I want to live above the world,  
And count it all but trash and toys;  
I want sweet tokens of God's grace,  
Some foretastes of eternal joys.

I want—I know not what I want—  
I want that real special good;  
Yet all my wants are summ'd up here  
I want, I feel I want my God.

Is this the point you long to know?  
The dead can neither feel nor see;  
It is the slave that's bound in chains  
That knows the worth of liberty.

So when a want like yours is found,  
 I think I may be bold to say—  
 The Lord has fix'd within that soul  
 What none can ever take away.

However small thy grace appears,  
 There's plenty in thy precious Head ;  
 Those wants you feel, my christian friend,  
 Are never found amongst the dead.

These lines are said to be an answer to that well-known hymn by Newton, "'Tis a point I long to know" (Gadsby's, 283). We publish them, believing that some of our readers have not seen them.—ED.

A LETTER BY THE LATE JOHN VINALL ; Written while  
 under Affliction. Addressed to his congregation.

" Dearly beloved and longed for, my joy and crown ; so stand fast in the Lord, my dearly beloved."

Having every reason to believe that many, yea, very many of you, my dear friends, feel tenderly concerned for my welfare, and anxious to know how I am, as it respects the state of my health, as well as of my mind, I feel my mind deeply impressed freely to communicate to you, from time to time ; and I know of no better way of imparting the feelings and the desires of my mind than, from Sabbath to Sabbath, addressing a short epistle to you, during the time it may please my heavenly Father to keep me under his afflicting hand, feeling it a privilege, as well as a duty incumbent on me, as your pastor, while I am in this tabernacle, to communicate to you, either by writing or preaching, a measure of that Divine instruction which it hath pleased my most gracious and condescending Redeemer to make known to his poor, unworthy servant. Oh ! my dear friends, how truly sweet and blessed it is, on the bed of affliction, as also on the bed of languishing, to be enabled to look back through the soul-comforting and heart-illuminating influence of the heavenly and divine comforter, God the Holy Ghost, and to remember all the way which the Lord our God hath led us, in this wilderness, to humble us, to empty us, to strip us, and to show us all there is in our hearts, that we might be truly taught to say from the bottom of our hearts, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake ;" and also to discover the tenderness, goodness, gentleness, and infinite wisdom of our kind and gracious God and Father, in all the dispensations of his providence towards us to preserve us, to keep us, to instruct us, and, as we are able to bear, to reveal and make known to us the riches of his grace, the mysteries of his kingdom, his great and glorious salvation, and the precious love of his heart ; that we might have a true and experimental knowledge of the love of the Father, the full

and complete redemption of his dear Son, through the blessed and unctuous teaching of God the Holy Ghost.

First, my dear friends, I would exhort you, by the meekness and gentleness of Christ, "to give diligence to make your calling and election sure;" for if ye do these things ye shall never be moved; and, in so doing, let us not forget or lose sight of, but often call to mind, the awful state and condition in which we were, in consequence of original and actual transgression—in a state of awful enmity to God; far from him by wicked works; willing slaves of sin and Satan; without hope and without God in the world; careless and unconcerned, on the brink of destruction; when it pleased God, as an act of free and sovereign mercy, to pass by and say unto us: "In your blood live:" yea, he said unto us, "In your blood live;" therefore, may we often be led to look at the pit from whence we are digged, and to the rock from whence we are hewn; to humble us and lay us low at his blessed feet; and at the same time be led to discover his distinguishing mercy and goodness towards us; to see how justly he might have passed us by, and left us for ever to have perished in our sins.

By *diligence* in this passage, I think we may understand *much earnestness and fervency of spirit*:—First: It implies seeking the Lord with the whole heart, by humble prayer and supplication; as, saith the Holy Ghost, "Seek the Lord and his strength, seek his face ever more;" and again, "arise, cry out in the night, in the beginning of the watches, pour out your heart before him like water;" therefore, "pour out your hearts before him ye people; God is a refuge for us." "But when thou prayest," my brethren, "be not as the Scribes and Pharisees, who think to be heard for their much speaking," and to be thought something of by men; but, "when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and pray to thy Father in secret, and thy Father that seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."

Secondly: Diligence implies *meditation or musing in our hearts*. Thus we are informed that Isaac, the heir of promise, "went forth into the fields at even-tide to pray and meditate," and "Blessed," saith the Lord, "is that man whose delight is in the law of the Lord, and in that law doth he meditate day and night; he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper:" and David found so much sweetness and profit therein that he said, "I will meditate on all thy works, I will muse on the works of thy hands;" and while he was thus musing, the fire of divine love kindled in his heart, and he spake forth the praises of God with his tongue.

Thirdly: The word *diligence* includes *searching the Scriptures* as for hidden treasures; for this is the blessed field that contains the true riches; as saith our Lord, "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they

are they that testify of me." It affords, my dear friends, a sweet field for meditation on the bed of affliction, when the Lord the Spirit is pleased to open to your view the blessed mysteries contained in it, and helps thee to gather many a sweet cluster to refresh thy weary soul!

Fourthly : It implies a diligent use of all the public means of his grace and the ordinances of his house ; for " Blessed," saith the Lord, " is the man that heareth me, watching at my gates, waiting daily at the posts of my doors ; for whoso findeth me findeth life, and shall obtain favour of the Lord." " Ask," therefore, " and ye shall receive ; seek and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." " In all places where I record my name," saith the Lord, " I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee." Such pleasure and delight did David, the man after God's own heart, find, that he expressed the ardent breathings of his soul in the most strong and pathetic language, saying, " How amiable are thy tabernacles O Lord God of Hosts ! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord ; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God." This made him say that he had rather be a door-keeper in the house of his God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. Oh ! my dear friends, may the Lord touch our hearts, and warm our affections with the fire of his love ; that " our souls," like David's, " may follow after him ; " " for the substance of a diligent man is precious." Therefore, I entreat you, as your pastor, not to be negligent in attending the means of grace ; for the time may not be far distant when you may be deprived of these privileges ; when the Lord may justly send a famine in the land, for the great indifference and cold neglect of the means—not a famine of bread and water, but of hearing the Word of the Lord ; then how bitter to look back, and reflect how little I prized those blessings and privileges which I once enjoyed.

Fifthly, and lastly, it includes *watchfulness*. Therefore, saith our Lord to his disciples, " Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh ; " and, " What I say unto you I say unto all, watch." " If, therefore, thou shalt not watch, I will come on thee as a thief, and thou shalt not know what hour I will come upon thee." First, watch unto prayer. Watch to see what returns of grace—what answers of peace—and what deliverances the Lord is pleased to work out for you. Secondly, watch his hand in providence, the influence of his blessed Spirit upon the heart, also the secret and soft visitations of his love. " Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord." Keep a constant watch over your own hearts, also over the enemy, lest ye be beguiled and drawn aside from the simplicity of the truth as it is in Jesus. Have much to do with the Lord, and as little as possible to do with men and things, for the time is fast approaching when

judgment must begin at the house of God. "Therefore, be on your watch-tower, having your loins girt about and your lights burning, and ye yourselves like unto men waiting for their Lord." And "Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when he cometh shall find so doing." But I must conclude my first epistle, begging the dear Lord will abundantly bless you and his dear servant, and, when it is well with thee, remember thy afflicted Pastor.

JOHN VINALL.

P.S.—As it respects the state of my body, I can hardly tell what to say, but I am up and down like the locust. I feel, upon the whole, somewhat better; the state of my mind, through mercy, is generally peaceful and quiet, knowing in whom I have believed, and the enemy is not permitted greatly to harass me. Often I think I am like an old leaky ship lying in the harbour, waiting to know the will of the owner, whether to take her down or fit her up for a little more service. Here I am in his hands, "let him do with me as seemeth him good."

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## INQUIRY AND ANSWER.

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(*To the Editor of the GOSPEL STANDARD.*)

Dear Sir,—Ever since the Lord, I trust, spoke peace and pardon to my soul, I have had a great desire to live in his fear, to walk in his ways, to obey his commands, to love his truth, to support his cause to the best of my ability, and to dwell in love, harmony, and peace with his dear people, and especially with those to whom I am united in church-fellowship; so that when I come into the swellings of Jordan, like Jacob of old, I may peacefully gather up my feet in the bed, and give up the ghost.

Will you oblige me (through the medium of the GOSPEL STANDARD) by answering the following questions:—When a church meeting is called, and the members are assembled to transact the business in hand, if a matter is proposed, seconded, and carried by a majority, is that all that is required to make it binding? or, is it only made legal when the minutes are confirmed at the next church meeting? And, further, has any member of the church any right whatever to set aside such a matter within twelve months? INQUIRER.

(ANSWER.)

In the course of our work in connection with the GOSPEL STANDARD, we have from time to time questions sent to us to answer which can scarcely be described as other than foolish and unprofitable questions, emanating from some querist whose eager desire for enlightenment upon some most abstruse subject, of which any certain knowledge is practically impossible, may be said to outrun his discretion. These are necessarily consigned to the waste-paper basket. Then, there are other questions, which are so indifferently expressed, that it is with the greatest

difficulty we are able to arrive at the meaning of the inquirer. But the questions we have here under consideration are both plain and simple; and "Inquirer," having so freely expressed to us the desires of his heart, and to which our own heart so freely responded, we cannot help deeming him an honest man of God, desiring to do what is just and right; and is asking these questions, not from curiosity, but from an intense desire to know what is right for him to do as an individual member of the church to which he belongs.

In looking, then, at the various Churches of truth in our Strict Baptist connexion (and we have but little or nothing to do with any other churches), there are important matters which should not be overlooked by persons who profess to be members of what we call Christian Churches. For instance, when we gave in our experience before the Church of which we form a part, that experience, or testimony, was believed by us to be, or ought to have been, an account of what the Holy Ghost had taught us in our hearts, and which gracious teachings we had received with thankfulness from God. The members of the Church, too, before whom we made those statements, would, with all Christian charity, receive them as being the teaching of the Spirit; that is to say, if they corresponded with what they had been taught by divine grace themselves. Thus, on this testimony, we were (or should have been) received into Church-fellowship with the saints; and, as "being partakers of the heavenly calling," we obtained a "name and a place amongst them that are sanctified." Then, again, we were baptized in the name of the Holy Trinity, in a public manner, showing thereby that we were not ashamed of the cross of Christ Jesus, nor ashamed of his truth, his people, nor his commands. These blessed ordinances having been carefully attended to by us, agreeably to the word of God, and, we trust, as an act of faith in the dear Redeemer, we are looked upon and are supposed to be, from what we have passed through, a part of the chosen family of God, and joint heirs with Christ Jesus. Professing then, as we do, to be such a people, and having received such favours and blessings from the Lord, we are expected by all that know us to live peaceably with all men, but especially so among the household of God! Yea; we are expected to live and walk worthy of the "high vocation wherewith we are called," and to "let our light shine before men;" which means, that if we are the Lord's people, we should live and act in our daily life as they do, setting a good example to the generations that may follow us.

We are formed, then, into churches of truth for the strengthening of each other's hands in the things of God; and that we may live in union, harmony, and peace together during our natural life. And to do so with the best interest to ourselves, and to the honour and glory of God, and in accordance with his holy word, we have adopted a scriptural code of rules which have been handed down to us by our forefathers for our guidance as

a Church and people, and which rules we have as a body agreed to obey and to maintain. We have (and thanks to the Lord for them) our religious services for the Lord's day, and the week evenings; and we are commanded not to forsake them. And, that we may not confuse temporal things with spiritual, we have, from time to time, what we call church meetings that is to say, the Church, in a proper manner, is called together to discuss, arrange, and settle the secular matters of the cause of truth. Some of our churches deem it just and right to have their church meetings at stated times, monthly or quarterly, as the case may be; but we have long believed it to be the best to have a church meeting when one is required, or *only* when there is business to transact. Too many church meetings are often detrimental to the good of the Church. This we have observed in various instances; hence our suggestion to call a church meeting when one is necessary.

We now come to our friend's inquiry; and, first, we would say that the best way we know of in conducting a church meeting is to begin with prayer, if so be the Lord the Spirit be present to enable those assembled so to do. For prayer is a grand safeguard against confusion and misunderstanding. Let, then, the pastor of the church, if there be one, take his place as the chairman of the meeting; but should there be no pastor, then a suitable minister, who may be supplying the church for the time being, may be asked to preside at such meeting, but lacking such suitable minister, then the senior deacon (senior in office, we mean), if he be a person capable, should be invited to take the chair; but whoever it may be that is the president of the meeting, he is supposed to arrange and to put in order the various matters that are to be laid before the church for discussion; and he is to take care that no two persons are to speak at one time, and only one matter is to be discussed and settled before another is brought forward. If this rule be carefully attended to, there can hardly be room for any disorder; and it will be for the good of the Church if only church matters are allowed to be brought forward. There should be a free discussion upon every point in hand, and every case should be carried by a majority, the number of the majority being fixed generally by the rules of the church. But it is not to be understood that the business of the church that has been transacted, and the various matters that have been carried, are fixed and settled like the laws of the Medes and Persians, for they are not. They should be entered correctly in the church book by the president, and remain there until the next church meeting, and then, before any further business is attended to, the minutes of the last meeting are to be carefully read over to the members of the church assembled, and a free discussion is to be given upon them, and, if the church be of the same opinion respecting them as at the last meeting, then they are to be put to the meeting, and if, by a show of hands, the majority are for them,

then the chairman signs his name to them as carried by the church, and they are binding upon that church, and no *one* member can alter them at any time. But should anything arise since the last church meeting to lead the members to think that they were not sufficiently discreet in passing those matters, then at this *next meeting*, when the minutes are discussed, should the majority be against them, they can be rescinded, when they become null and void. But this course is not often taken, especially in our churches, as it is generally supposed that members of such churches are better taught than to be setting up one thing to-day and casting it down to-morrow. Besides, they that fear God, and are taught by his Holy Spirit, are most desirous that their yea, shall be yea, and their nay shall be nay. And this solemn portion of the word of God should be frequently upon the minds of each, "Thou, God, seest me." This would be a great help in directing them all in the paths of righteousness, and preserving them from the ways of hurtful and foolish men.

How much better it would be for us as a body of Strict Baptists if *all* our church meetings were conducted at all times in a godly manner, and in a kind Christian spirit! We should not be hearing then of so much strife and bitterness; and of meetings being abruptly broken up because certain persons cannot have their own way. "My brethren, these things ought not to be;" nor would they be so if the fear of the Lord were before our eyes, and effectually felt in our hearts. We then should esteem others of the Lord's people better than ourselves, and should be very willing indeed to take the lowest place in the Sanctuary of God, and feel a readiness to assemble at the church meetings as brethren and sisters in the Lord, as being formed for his honour and glory, in order that we may show forth his praise.

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## Obituary.

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Mrs. HILLIER.—Our late dear friend was for many years a member of the little church in this place (Hilmarton), and to many that knew her her memory is blessed. I feel that I should like it to be perpetuated by a short memoir of her appearing in the "Gospel Standard," a monthly magazine that was held in high esteem by her. She passed away at the residence of her daughter, Plough Farm, Old Sodbury, on November 22nd, 1900. The greater part of her married life, and widowhood, she lived at Goat-acre, in the parish of Hilmarton, where she kept a day school for those children who were not able to attend the village school; and the influence for good that she was to the many who came under her care is known only to him in whose fear she lived.

In her early days she suffered much temporal loss through

coming out of the Church of England and joining the Strict Baptist Dissenters, but that, with the Apostle Paul, she “counted but dung, that she might win Christ, and be found in him” (Phil. iii. 8, 9). Possessing a very good voice, she used to sing in the church choir when quite a child; and in later years she was made of much use in leading the singing at the chapel. It is as though I can hear her now as she sang so sweetly some of her favourite hymns and tunes, and as she sang the tears would flow down her dear face, showing that at the same time she was making melody in her heart to the Lord. Having been brought to the knowledge of the truth about the same time as my own dear mother, and having been baptized by the late Mr. W. Ferris in or about the same year (1849), I can remember her as being a frequent visitor at our house from my childhood, but it was after the death of my loved mother that such a bond of union sprang up between us. As I had been brought to the knowledge of the truth some few years previously, I felt a love to her, not only for my mother’s sake, but, I trust, for Christ’s sake. Many confidential things passed between us. She was exercised in one way, and I in another; and the Lord, in his sovereignty, having seen fit to satisfy my soul early with that which he saw fit to keep her soul longing for caused at times a holy jealousy to spring up in our dear old friend’s heart, when she would exclaim, “Oh, that I could say, ‘My Lord and my God!’” and in the language of dear Newton’s hymn she would say,

“O could I but believe,  
 Then all would easy be;  
 I *would*, but *cannot*; Lord, relieve!  
 My help must come from thee.”

That was the burden of her cry all the way through her life, and it would seem, judging from the last, or almost the last, words she was heard to say, viz., “Thou, O Christ, art all I want,” as if the Lord kept her longing to the end. And yet we have not the slightest doubt of her safety, for “He satisfieth the longing soul with good things,” and that is what our dear friend was to the end of her journey; at the same time those who knew her can testify how much she adorned the doctrines of grace which she professed, and her influence has been, and will be felt for years to come.

She did, indeed, walk in all the ordinances of the Lord’s house blameless, and it was with deep sorrow we parted from her when under pressure of circumstances she was forced to leave us, and nothing but sheer necessity would have induced her to give up the home in which she had lived so many years, and where she had in her solitude (for she lived alone) breathed out her desires, sorrows, yea, everything that concerned her, into his ears in whom she trusted, and in whose holy fear she lived all the day long.

But having had a slight attack of paralysis some years ago,

she was obliged to go to live with one of her daughters, and on the three occasions that I visited her in her new home she testified of the Lord's goodness in having provided such a home for her in her last days, for she not only had every comfort, but she lived with and near children and grand-children who felt it a pleasure to wait upon her; so that her last days were made happy by loving attention; and she loved to speak and write of the goodness and lovingkindness of him who, she felt, was the first great cause of her every mercy. She would say, "There is only one thing I long for, and that is to be able to say, 'My Lord and my God.'"

For some time before her death her memory failed her greatly, and at times she did not know those about her; but even then she would sit and read her Bible, Portions, Sermons, and good books with enjoyment, and her conversations on spiritual things were perfectly clear. Having reached the ripe age of 85 years we feel she did indeed bear fruit in old age, and she came to her grave as a shock of corn fully ripe. We, as a little struggling church, have lost a praying member, but we sorrow not as those without hope, for we feel that our loss is her eternal gain. I have heard her say that when her dear husband was dying, he said to her, 'the Lord will provide for you,' and so she has proved it; for through the kindness of the Calne friends she was put upon the Aged Pilgrim Friends' Society, and that, with what was done for her by her dear children and a good nephew, placed her above all want to the end of her days; so that she proved in very deed the truth of the lines which were put on her memorial card:

"E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove,  
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;  
And when hoary hairs shall their temple adorn,  
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne."

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, in prospect for inserting this brief account of a truly gracious woman (if you think it will be for the honour and glory of God), and wishing you every needful grace in your ministerial and editorial labours,

I remain, yours, A. CONSTANT READER.

MR. ROBERT EBENEZER HARDY.—He was a member of the church at Rehoboth Chapel, Downton, Wilts, where he had attended for many years, driving over from Salisbury, and during those years many had been favoured with a ride with him to the chapel, the distance being seven miles from Salisbury, where our late dear friend resided. We believe he was one who well knew in his heart the meaning of these lines:—

"O thou hideous monster, sin,  
What a curse hast thou brought in!  
All creation groans through thee,  
Pregnant cause of misery."

He was permitted to imbibe and hold for some time a doctrine that was not Scriptural, and was led to try and lead others into it. This brought him into great darkness of mind, and into an uncertainty of the truth, which caused those who wished him well, much trouble. But we believe that God in his infinite mercy and goodness delivered him out of the snare, and enabled him to denounce it, and to make a confession of it before him; and he expressed great sorrow of heart before those whose feelings he felt he had hurt all the while he professed to hold that erroneous doctrine.

He enjoyed very good health until he took a chill a few weeks before his death. He then felt great darkness of mind, and expressed to the friends who visited him that he could not get what he wanted; and stating that he had received lifts by the way in his early days, but now he was brought down and humbled before God. The weight of eternal realities and the solemnity of the vast expanse of eternity were continually uppermost with him. Although he had a very large business that needed his attention and direction, yet he was brought to feel that he could leave it all if he could only feel that he was right, and he expressed the same to the friends. He further said that, though he could not repeat these lines from his heart previously, yet he could do so now—

“Weary of earth, myself and sin,” &c.

One day he said, “Ah, I have been a great backslider,” and he expressed to a friend that he should like for all the Lord’s people to know what a sinner he had felt himself to be. He appeared to be getting better, and went out, and it is believed he caught a fresh chill, as he rapidly became worse. His wife, seeing a great change coming over him in the night, left the nurse with him while she went to fetch their eldest daughter, and, while she was gone, his mouth was opened and his heart enlarged, but she came back into the room in time to hear him say, “Glory! glory!” The nurse informed her that she had missed hearing several other good things which he was enabled to say before he departed. He leaves a sorrowing widow and family, but they have the blessed consolation of knowing that he was enabled to speak of the faithfulness of God to him, and to show forth his praise. He breathed his last on December 20th, 1900, aged 64 years.

W.S.B.

MISS ELIZABETH HORLEY.—The Lord took our aged friend from us on February 14th, 1901, aged 83 years. She had been totally blind from infancy. From her own testimony, the Lord opened her eyes spiritually when she was at the Blind School, when quite young. At this school there was a small company of young women who met privately from time to time for prayer and study of the word of God. Miss Horley was invited to join them, which she did; first, out of curiosity, and afterwards from a true Christian spirit of love. It was in these meetings

the Lord met with her, so that afterwards, notwithstanding her literal blindness, she could sing—

“Amazing grace ! (how sweet the sound !)  
That saved a wretch like me ;  
I once was lost, but now am found ;  
Was blind, but now I see.”

After this, in the providence of God, she was brought in contact with a Deacon of a Strict Baptist Church who took her to hear the truth ; after which she was baptized one Christmas morning by the late Mr. Moyle. But, strange to say, after this she came to reside at Balham, being appointed organist at the parish church, and therefore could only hear the truth on the week evenings at a distance (there being no truth at that time in Balham). But afterwards, when a small cause of truth was opened there, she left the church altogether, and attended the little cause for about twenty-five years.

In May, 1885, she joined the Church at Trinity Chapel, and was a most consistent member until a short time before her death. The Lord took away her eyesight, as already stated, when she was young, but blessed her with a remarkably retentive memory, so that she was thoroughly conversant with the book of Psalms, and also with the book of Job ; and the things of God were mostly uppermost with her in her conversation. It was her great desire during the latter part of her life not to be laid aside for any length of time before her departure. The Lord very graciously granted her the desire of her heart in this matter, for at the house of a friend in Croydon, after he had read and prayed, she said : “That’s good ; that’s glorious !” Afterwards, sitting in her chair before going to bed, she quietly passed away.

F. W. N.

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MR. GEORGE TRILL.—The subject of the following short account was a native of Hellingly, Sussex, and in his early days he used to hear the truth preached. We heard him say that at times when reading the Bible he has been moved to tears, but could hardly tell what was the cause. In the providence of God he was removed from Hellingly to Lindfield, when, for a time, those early impressions he had received wore off his mind. He was married when about 24 years of age ; and, as time rolled on with him, he began to feel an aching void in his heart the world could never fill. In about the year 1857 or 1858 his half-brother (the late Mr. Dann) came to preach at the chapel at Scaynes Hill, and was the means in the Lord’s hands of opening his eyes to see things as he never saw them before. The doctrines of grace began to be opened up to him, and they sparkled in his eyes, and he began to feel himself to be a hungry and needy soul. But he never sank into those depths of sin and misery as many have done. He was encouraged from time to time with what he used to call

“a little hope,” and sometimes he would say in our public prayer meetings that he felt he had one foot on the rock, and that his soul was on the stretch to have the other placed there; meaning, thereby, that he had not realized that full assurance of faith which some of the Lord’s household are favoured with. He was kept in that low place for several years. Sometimes he appeared to be close to the promised land; and then he would fall back again into the wilderness. But notwithstanding all this, our dear friend was a downright good hearer, and this lack of assurance often furnished him with an earnest plea at the footstool of mercy. I have often heard him speak of hearing the late Mr. S. Keevil, whose subject was concerning the spies which brought the grapes from Eschol, and he would say that he was sure he had one of those grapes from the cluster! He also spoke of hearing Mr. H. Penfold, of Tonbridge, well. He spoke of the Sons of Zion, and said, “This and that man shall be born there, as well as the singers and the players on instruments,” when he felt himself bound up among the children of God. On one occasion when going to Brighton one night with some loading, he was sweetly blessed, and was ready to say, while the feeling lasted in his mind:—

“Now will I tell to sinners round,  
What a dear Saviour I have found.”

He would often say after this blessed season, that, if ever he did have an Ebenezer from the Lord, that was one. He was a remarkable man in prayer. The sincerity of his heart, the simplicity of his mind, and the manifested nearness that he felt at times to the Lord were such that he breathed, as it were, himself by prayer and supplication into many living souls round about him; and he will live in the hearts and affections of many while life shall last with them. The cause of God and the welfare of Zion lay near his heart, and he would often say:—

“My soul shall pray for Zion still,  
While life and breath remain.”

Neither were his weighty petitions in prayer altogether in vain, as regards outward things. One of our young friends was dangerously ill with typhoid fever, and was taken to a hospital in Brighton, but very little hopes were entertained that she would recover. Several gave up all hope of her doing so; but our friend said: “She will recover, for my soul’s breathings went up to the Lord on her behalf, and although his faith was sharply tried respecting the matter, yet she did recover, and returned home again. Another remarkable instance is worth recording: There was a debt on our chapel at Scaynes Hill for several years, which caused much anxiety among the people, and many petitions were put up to the Lord by them on that account. And he (the Lord) was often reminded by the friends that “The earth was his, and the fulness thereof; the gold and the silver

also, and the cattle upon a thousand hills" are in his hands. Our dear friend lived to see the debt cleared off the chapel, which was a matter of great rejoicing to him as well as to others.

After the death of his first wife, in the year 1895, the 273rd hymn (Gadsby's Selection) was made a special blessing to his soul, and in the following year he was much favoured in hearing Mr. Eddison preach at Hurstpierpoint, on Easter Monday, from the words, "How shall I put thee among the children?" &c.

But to come to his last days! On December 29th, in returning home from his usual round, he was overcome by the goodness of God towards him. He was first singing, and then he cried, but it was from joy of heart. Then he exclaimed, "How I am blessed in my old days!" He was then suffering from a cold which had been upon him for some time past, but he was in his usual place on the following Lord's Day, and felt very comfortable in his mind during the services. A few friends held a prayer-meeting in a house at Hayward's Heath in the evening of the same day, at which service our friend was present, and was especially favoured in his soul; and when returning home he said that he felt it good to be there. He spent the following evening in singing the high praises of God, and among the blessed things that he sang was this:

"Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the battle won;  
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er,  
Lo! he sets in blood no more!"

The next morning he was taken ill, and, after recovering a little, he entertained a hope that he should be restored, but he got worse, and the doctor was called in, and it was found that he had inflammation of the lungs. After the doctor had gone, seeing his wife weeping, he said to her, "My Jesus has done all things well, and he will take care of and provide for you." Someone said to him, "Then you can now say '*My Jesus?*'" He replied that he could. From that time he rapidly sank in his bodily affliction, and early on the morning of the Sabbath on which he died he began to pray audibly and very fervently for the little cause of truth where he had worshipped the Lord so long, and for those who had the management of it, and for all that attended the place, and also for the Lord's ministers. He was led to supplicate very earnestly for the widows and orphans of the soldiers who had been killed in the war, and for the afflicted of the Lord's family. Then he very devoutly prayed for himself, and besought the Lord that he would be with him in passing through the river of death, and he continued in this most blessed devotional employ most of the day, when, at about 4.30 p.m., he breathed his last, and departed, to be "for ever with the Lord." We may truly say of him, in the language of the hymn, that he "Entered heaven by prayer!"

W. TINGLEY.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

JULY, 1901.

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

## A GRACIOUS PEACE, AND SPIRITUAL PROSPERITY.

TWO SERMONS PREACHED BY MR. E. ASHDOWN AT THE  
JUBILEE SERVICES OF THE STRICT BAPTIST CHAPEL, WIG-  
TON MAGNA. SEPTEMBER 5TH, 1900.

AFTERNOON.\*

“Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions’ sake, I will now say, Peace be within thee.”  
(Psalm cxxii. 8).

This Psalm has a special reference to the Church of God, and you know the Church of God, dear friends, from the beginning of the world down to the end of the world is all one. God has only one church, and she has a great many palaces or meeting places. Palaces are where royalty meet kings, judges, and senators. Zion has a great many palaces in this lower world, but she never had one, only what God did dwell in. It is a palace to contemplate in what God did do, these be palaces. “Peace be within thy walls.” And you know this, some of you do, what a peculiar thing is the peace of God, what a mysterious, peculiar thing is the peace of God; the Holy Ghost says “It passeth all understanding.” You might say, “I could understand it.” No, you could not. The peace of God! When the peace of God comes into a man’s heart nothing can make him unhappy, no matter how or what they are, nothing can make them unhappy. “Peace be within thy walls.” How many poor saints have had trouble in their families, trouble in their souls, trouble among enemies, and come into these palaces and get the peace. My poor mother was called by grace when a young woman. All her family belonged to the Church of England, and all good singers, but in the midst of all that God called her by his

\* We hope to publish the evening’s discourse in our next number.—ED.

grace, and she could not sing with them, and they could not understand her.

After a few weeks the Lord set her at liberty, and when the clergyman called to ask what was the matter, she said, "Don't you see, sir, the peace of God which passeth all understanding, that is what I have got, it passeth all understanding, and it will keep the heart and mind through Christ Jesus." And though the poor minister read it and preached it, he could not understand it. This is a certain truth that Paul and Silas had more peace in the dungeon with their feet in the stocks than Adam and Eve had in Eden when they fell. They were all fallen sinners, Adam and Eve and Paul and Silas, yet I say that Paul and Silas had more peace in the prison with stripes on their backs than Adam and Eve in Eden. I dare say you have proved this, some of you. God lets us have some good things for a little while, and I dare say you have walked through these pleasant places like Solomon; he planted him orchards, and made him pools of water, and had instruments of music, and men singers and women singers, and he walked through it all, and said, "All is vanity." And you mark, if a man or woman lie down peacefully in vanity, they are not wise. Solomon did not, you know. I believe one of the first marks of God's great mercy and grace to us is this: as soon as life enters into the soul, and the Holy Ghost illuminates the understanding and renews the will of a poor sinner, that poor sinner begins to find the world a very empty, miserable place, and *wants something more than that*. All the goodness in the whole globe can't satisfy his poor soul after God has put a spirit of wisdom in him. He longs for Zion. There are only these two—the Church of God and the world, and we are all of us in one of them, either in the church or in the world. Profession don't alter it at all, nominal religion will not, but grace will, grace will. Whether profane or professing, they are all in the world—but the Church of God is not. (I don't mean the Romish Church, she is in the world.) God hath called her the Church out of the world, illuminated her. In this Psalm we read: "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem. Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together; whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord. For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David. Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee." Then our text, "Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy

palaces. For my brethren and companions' sake, I will now say, Peace be within thee."

Now to make just a few remarks on the words of our text. We must first make just a few remarks on the preceding verses. You know this, it don't matter what society and what class we belong to, if there is no judgment among them, we shall not profit much; there will never be any solidity. Therefore you read "God is a God of judgment," and "Justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne," and nothing can push them out of it. After all the sins and Satans that ever exist, God's holy throne will stand just the same. *I be glad that is true*, and there is never a wrong act with God, all his works are judgments, not a wrong motive or work. Never, never, never. That is the God we adore, glorious, immutable, unsearchable, everlasting. He rules on his royal throne. That discovers another thing. You know you recollect this, every feeling in your heart and mine that is against God's ways is wrong.

*Don't you nurse it then*, you that call yourselves Christians; don't you nurse it, like a woman nurses her babe. What! nurse a wrong feeling against God! Who can say "I have not had it?" Every wrong feeling against God is wrong, and if it does not cause you trouble, it will me. I have proved this, I could not make my own heart right; some people think they can. What is the use of a man trying to manage his hand, his foot, his tongue, if he cannot manage his heart; for as the fountain is, so are the streams.

I believe this, that God has a special regard, always did, always will have, for his own courts, his own grace, his own order, his own glory. He will have a special regard for these things, and nothing will alter it. Our text says, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord. You say, "Well, there is the Spirit of God, there is divine grace." "Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem." Then she saw the stability of Zion. "Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together"—not disjointed. When the sons of Noah, his offspring, dwelt in the plain of Shinar, they said, "Let us build us a city and a tower lest we be scattered." They went quite a wrong way not to be scattered; they went to work with their own hands to keep themselves together. You never knew a people that went that way that did right. Since man fell, man has lost all wisdom, and how could his way lead to stability. And that very way they laboured to make themselves compact together, scattered them over the world, and they have been like that to this day. That is what the wise man means when

he says, "Trust ye not in a guide," "Put not your trust in princes." A minister has to preach down everything, and to preach up everything—to preach down what is wrong, and preach up what is right. Some people do not like that, they say. "You preach Christ, and let that be." But, dear friends, a minister has to preach down, and preach up too; and the Lord says: "If thou take forth the precious from the vile, thou shalt be as my mouth." You know real religion begins in a man's heart in eternal love, it is carried on in eternal love, and it never ends. This love existed in God towards us before all worlds, and until it reached our poor blinded, callous, and infidel hearts, we loved sin and the ways of it, we loved Satan and his service. But when this divine, supernatural love enters our souls, it constrains us, and we willingly leave Satan and his service for the courts of the Lord's house. I recollect how it was with me. I lived all the week for the Lord's day. This is your Jubilee, and so it is mine. It is 50 years this month since I was raised to a Gospel hope. I was in a sad state before that time. I lived all the week for the Lord's day. I longed to get to the Lord's house, and that thing has lived in me for 50 years. I could not tell you what deaths, what misery, what carnality my poor soul has waded through, and yet this principle has lived to this day. When I came into this place I thought these people have been careful for the meeting with great care and attention. When God calls a sinner out of an ungodly world, he calls him unto Zion, that is his home, and God never turned one of the children out—no, never. He said, "If his children forsake my law, and walk not in my judgments; if they break my statutes, and keep not my commandments; then will I visit their transgression with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes. Nevertheless my lovingkindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail." Once in, always in—is not that a mercy? And you know it is one of the great struggles of faith to hold this thing firm. You will have some work in your heart about it, that you will; but you know this, dear friends, when God calls a soul by grace it existed in his mind in purpose before all worlds. This immutable love is stronger than death, it is the strongest element there is. "If a man would give all the substance of his house for love it would utterly be condemned." It is the free flowing of God's love in a man's soul, and when it takes place, that poor soul is always in the Church of God, and he will have something longing in his heart, and will not rest till he get there. It says, "The kingdom of God is within you." And who could manage it? Could you manage

it? It is of God—and therefore God's authority, God's power, God's infinite mercy are in that people, and therefore he says, "There are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David." I think it is in Isaiah, 1st chapter, the Lord speaking says: "I will restore their judges as at the first, and their councillors as at the beginning." And at the beginning, when God created man, he created him in all the uprightness, honesty, and equity of his nature, and all the whole man stood in that judgment, the Lord Jehovah and his law had the pre-eminence. Adam was created in that judgment, and every thought and act of that man was for the glory and honour of God, and the creatures were in their proper place. That first man had good judgment. The Lord says, "I will restore it again." They lost it at the fall, and you know it is universally true, the fall of man lifts the man up, and puts God down, that is the fall of man, all over the whole world, in all societies, religious or not. Hart says, "We sorely feel the fall." David says, "Be thou exalted, O God, in Thine own strength." When God restores these judges, up goes the great Jehovah and his holiness and majesty, down goes the creature. The poor prodigal said, "I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." The centurion when he sent about his servant said, "I am not worthy that thou shouldst enter under my roof."

That is what it is when God restores the judges in a man's conscience, up goes the great Jehovah, down goes the man, all the world through. And where this don't take place a man is in ignorance, darkness, and bondage to sin and Satan; and profession won't alter it. Paul says: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity (the love of God) I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gifts of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." That is true. Now this I say to my people sometimes, it is really true. I should like to die, whether in a ditch or anywhere it may be, I should like to die with the Almighty enthroned in my affections in all his holiness and majesty, and me a poor penitent sinner; and to say, "What! me Lord! What! me Lord!" with a face wet with tears of penitence.

The text says, "Peace be within thy walls," not outside of them. You people that profess his great and hallowed name,

do you expect to find peace with your religion in the world? Do you find it? That is the point. I never did, I never did. I was going to say, if you did I should be afraid there is something wrong. The world does not mind a rush about a false religion, nor does the devil; but, if you get the life of God, and his peace in your heart, there will soon be a stir.

“Let your light so shine before men.” “Marvel not, my brethren, if the world hate you.” “It hated me before it hated you.” He never did any harm at all, and there was no person so hated and persecuted as he. My text does not say “Peace be *outside* your walls,” for his people to walk about in the world: but it says, “There is no peace saith my God to the wicked.” There is no particle of real peace with God outside of Zion’s walls. And all those people who die outside of Zion’s walls are at enmity with God. Not one text in the Bible says “Peace be to the world.” “In the world ye shall have tribulation,” and—“If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.” “Whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God.” Therefore he calls them out of the world. Let me make a few remarks upon these walls. He says, “Thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise.” John says, “He showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God. Having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone clear as crystal; and had a wall great and high, and had twelve gates” (to go through into this city out of the world) “and at the gates twelve angels”—to keep guard. “And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb.” You see, this wall being large and high, I understand this, that the wall that separates the world from the church is as high and large as God’s ancient decrees, and it is above the heavens. You know there are no heights go higher than God’s ancient decrees and purposes. The wall is a great wall; that is—I understand, it is too great for any either to move it or alter it, and it is where God has put it—between the church and the world. And the wall, being great and high, and having twelve foundations, they were down deep, as deep as God’s immutable purposes, and as high as he is, and as great as his ancient decrees. And “All in are in.” O! how sweet to find yourself in Zion! to find your heart and affections in Zion! You know this, God’s heart was there long before yours and mine: then your heart and God’s heart are in one place,—then you have the same persons in your heart that God had in his heart. He had them in his heart

by election, you have them by sovereign grace. He puts the same people, the same blessings in your heart that are in his heart, and that is godliness. The Psalmist says, "He taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man. The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy."

Then you read that in these foundations were "the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb." Then they were registered, filed up, registered in heaven. You know he said to Peter, "Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." He meant this, in his ministration, as an apostle, he was immutable; what he said was "Yea." Therefore, whatever the apostles loose, so it will be down to the end of the world. If you can find that in the writings of the apostles that brings liberty into your conscience, it is so in heaven, it is registered in heaven, you have the witness of the Spirit of Truth in your conscience. He said, "In the mouth of two or three witnesses shall every word be established." Then he says, "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces." Just for a minute or two, on this peace. It is not a peace that goods and chattels and riches bring into a man's heart. I say, no. A man may have all these, and yet be as far from God as possible. I have walked in my garden and seen it all right and all smooth, and yet have been miserable, poor, and wretched. What is the matter? I have not got peace in my conscience, not got peace in my soul. If I had got peace, I should not have all this anguish. I have proved that garden, nor business, nor family won't bring my soul into real peace. And if it could I should be afraid to trust it. Why? say you. It does not stand deep enough. You know your woes and mine are deeper than the creature; the wrath of God and our sins are deeper than the creature; and if we have real peace we must have it deeper than the creature; as deep as Jehovah, it must go to the bottom of it, and the peace of God covers it all. And if you have that peace, then you have peace. Then, according to the words of the text, God really has a good will to his people, for that is where his people are—in Zion. He says, "Peace be within thy walls." Let me say a word here of admonition, I hope neither you nor I will ever try to find peace in the world and worldly religion. I have tried, I have tried, and lo! and behold! I have suffered exceedingly on account of it; it is no peace. On the other hand, you know, some of you I trust, as well as me. O! the peace you have had in the Church of God! Perhaps you go out in the

morning, not very happy, and perhaps meet a friend or two, and they begin to talk, and speak of the dealings of God on their souls, and it drops like leaven, and all the terrible feelings pass away, and you feel so peaceful and comfortable, and feel, "I be glad I met that friend." On my fiftieth birthday I woke early in the morning, at 3 o'clock, and O! the anguish I felt in my soul. I thought I had gone all these years to the Chapel, and preaching, too, and yet what religion had I in my soul? And I thought I should not live long, and what should I come to? I got up and walked about 300 yards, and saw three good men at a corner talking, and we all talked together of the things of God for about half an hour, and when I left how happy I felt. He says, "A spring shut up," and when God the Spirit opens that well, how sweet it is! The princes of Israel digged a well, they digged it by the direction of the law-giver; and when they digged it, they sang, "Spring up O well; sing ye unto it."

"Prosperity within thy palaces."

Perhaps there is nothing where there is more variety of feeling than in this thing, some say one thing, some another. You know what is prosperity in business, when the thing a man enters into brings good substantial returns. That is what I understand in a spiritual sense. "Prosperity within thy palaces." You know this, of all places under heaven God has enriched his courts with the best of gifts. Hart says:—

"The highest heavens are short of this;

'Tis deeper than the vast abyss:

'Tis more than thought can e'er conceive,

Or hope expect, or faith believe.

Almighty God (in Zion) sighed human breath;

The Lord of life experienced death!

How it was done we can't discuss,

But this, we know, 'twas done for us."

Now I call this prosperity,—If a poor worm, like you or me, of necessity seek after, long after, crave after an interest in his Person, righteousness, and blood, and find it, I call that prosperity—myself, *I should not wish for a better prosperity than that.* "Prosperity within thy palaces." And let me tell you another thing to illustrate this point. When I was a lad and went to chapel with my father and mother to hear the truth, a good old man named Barton used often to visit my father and mother. Well one Sunday during the service this poor man seemed to lose all confidence in God. And at dinner time my mother said, where is he? and she went to find him, and, boy-like, I went with her, and she tried to get him to take

some cake and tea. He said, "Mr. B—has made clean work with me, I have no religion at all." During the service in the afternoon the Lord blessed the poor man, and he said, "O! I be right, I be right, as sure as I have been in the chapel," and he walked all the way home with my father and mother talking to them. I call that prosperity. "Prosperity within thy palaces." Let me ask you a question, you that have any hope in your souls. Are you satisfied without finding this thing? Could you put your hand on your heart before God and say, "O! I am satisfied with my religion?" I should not like to be in your place. He says, "For the sighing of the needy—for the groaning of the prisoners." Then poor people want to feel prosperity, and hundreds and thousands of poor Gentile sinners in this country since the Reformation have found it. Nathaniel said, "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, 'Come and see!'" The Lord saw him coming, and he said, "Behold an Israelite indeed in whom is no guile." Nathaniel saith unto him, "Whence knowest thou me?" Jesus answered and said unto him, "Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee." Nathaniel answered and said unto him, "Rabbi, thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel." Jesus answered and said unto him, "Because I said unto thee, I saw thee under the fig tree believest thou? thou shalt see greater things than these." And he saith unto him, "Verily, verily I say unto you, hereafter ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man." And you recollect this, this is the Pearl of Great Price, and it is the free gift of Almighty God to every elect vessel of mercy, and there is not a vessel of mercy but will embrace this great gift. I went for nearly thirty years before I found him to the pardon of my sins and the joy of my heart; and I walked miles to hear dear Mr. Tiptaft and others, and at last Satan said, "It is of no use, it will all come to an end," and to my feelings it did; and then Satan brought against me the great decrees of election and predestination, and I felt I was on the wrong side. If God would but make a new Bible. But I went on, and one morning in the mill the Lord broke in upon me, took all away, and peace, pardon, and joy flowed into my poor soul. "Prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sake I will now say, peace be within thee." Therefore God's people, they have brethren, they have companions. "For my brethren and companions' sake." There is, dear friends, existing between the family of God that divine, unquenchable, unalterable relationship. What could control

the relationship of a father to his family? Could troubles alter it? Could years alter it? Nothing can alter it, it is an unalterable union. This union is unlike that of a man to his family—that will end when death comes, but this union is an endless thing, and the Lord Jesus Christ is the author of that relationship which will exist between every saint, and he says, “Father I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am.” They are brethren in the faith, they are believers. No sensible man, that has a conscience worth having, could go and shake hands with a man that did not believe, and call him “brother.” But if you meet a man that has divine faith, and you converse with him, what is better? what is sweeter? Then I say, we are *companions* in a three-fold point of view. We become companions in tribulation. If you meet a man, though you do not know much of him, and he seems full of joy, and full of peace, you say, “It may be true, but I don’t know, he tells us nothing of how he got it.” But if he can trace out the sorrows of his soul under the chastening hand of God, the struggles of his poor soul, his fears, doubts, and conflicts, and say, “God helped me there,” you say, “Give me your hand,” we are companions. They are companions in tribulation. When David went to Saul about the giant, Saul said, “Thou art not able to fight with him.” David said, “Thy servant kept his father’s sheep, and there came a lion and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock.” The Lord helped his servant to slay both the lion and the bear, and this uncircumcised Philistine shall be as one of them. And Jonathan heard it, Jonathan heard it, and it went right into his heart. And when David came back with the giant’s head in his hand, it went to Jonathan’s heart. He felt here is a man, not only in trouble, but rightly out of it, and it knit his soul to the soul of David, and they became companions. Secondly, they are companions in comforts; and thirdly, they are companions in the precepts, doctrines, and commandments of the everlasting Gospel. And if they find a people that don’t think much about it, they say, What! what! what! the blessed sufferings of the Lamb of God! His holy ordinances! If a church in this lower world be anywhere, anyhow, without following in the church order or judgment, you say, “I could not walk with you.” I have heard people say, “If you do not walk with us you will be a narrow man”—but not narrower than the Scriptures. “Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.” Therefore I don’t believe in faith

without works. *No, that I don't.* Like a body without the soul, it is dead. Then you see this companionship and brotherhood is in the great and blessed principles and doctrines of the everlasting Gospel, and in the ordinances and worship of God. And when you find people like that you will walk with them. They won't give way. People say, "Open the door wide enough; don't speak so much about election." As I have heard people say, they get more people. *But they do not get more saints.* As one of your hymns says,  
 "There my best friends, my kindred dwell,  
 There God my Saviour reigns."

I have very little confidence in that man where grace does not reign in the heart. God save us from that, where they say they have grace but it does not reign. They are companions in the everlasting Gospel of the Son of God. May God add his blessing. Amen.

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#### ON PRAYER.

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"An Invaluable Blessing, and the Highest Privilege of every Real Christian." By the late Mr. John Rusk.

"Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."—HEB. iv. 16.

(Continued from page 258.)

But it may be asked, how shall I know that these prayers that I offer meet with the approbation of God? I reply, you may know that by the answer which God vouchsafes to your petitions. Now, if God intends to hear and answer our prayers, he will bring us very often into great trouble; and the more we pray the more our troubles, trials, afflictions, temptations, and enemies increase. and this is really an answer to prayer, though we certainly do not find this out till afterwards. But you will say, do the Scriptures bear you out in such a strange assertion? I venture to think that they do. For instance, if we look at Psalm lxxv. 5 we read, "By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God of our salvation." There is one word here that is worthy our attention, and that is "righteousness." I know by sad experience that when God was pulling me down I have often thought, how can God be righteous? I will mention one occasion. One day things went very much against me in providence, and Satan came to me with this suggestion, God crosses you, and suffers temptation to harass you, and oppression to reign over you, and for what purpose? Why, because you have been faithful to him, bold and valiant in his cause, and have been singular. Oh! this is shocking to bear; but so it was. But we must remember that come these trials when they may, and be they never so heavy, they are in righteousness. But

some may say, how can God be just in bringing such heavy calamities upon his people, or in allowing them to come upon them, seeing that justice has been fully satisfied for them, and the law magnified, so that in Christ there cannot be one charge brought against them? Now, you and I are not to be wise above what is written. The word says, "If his children forsake my law, and walk not in my judgments; if they break my statutes, and keep not my commandments; then will I visit their transgression with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes. Nevertheless, my loving-kindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail." (Ps. lxxxix. 30-33.) We must always remember that God is faithful in chastising us as well as in pardoning our sins. But this would not be the case if there were no "old man" in us, for it is only sins that God visits with the rod. This question, therefore, well becomes you and me when we are questioning the righteousness of God in afflicting us, Hast thou not procured these things to thyself? It is evident that God will often let his people cry long unto him, and the more they pray the more their afflictions will seem to be increased, and this we may call answering them (as before observed) by "terrible things in righteousness." I do not believe that Job slighted a throne of grace, for we read that upon a supposition that his sons had cursed God in their hearts, he rose early in the morning and offered burnt-offerings according to the number of them. "Thus did Job continually" (Job i. 6); and yet we read afterwards of terrible things befalling him in righteousness.

Then there is another way in which God is pleased to answer our prayers, and that is by appearing for us as a God of providence. This we may clearly see in the history of the children of Israel (who were a typical nation), and though he certainly did answer them as well as Job at first by terrible things in righteousness in that he suffered their oppressors to reign over them, even after he had heard their groanings, yet how precious was their deliverance, and how conspicuous! for to the very day he brought them out according to his promise. For instance, they wanted water, and they received it; they wanted bread, and lo! there was the manna; they wanted flesh, and the quails were provided! And as to the road along which they were to travel, how should they find it? He went before them in a cloudy pillar by day and a flaming pillar by night. Their clothes did not wear old, nor did their feet swell. But it may be said the children of Israel, seeing the hand of God conspicuously stretched forth on their behalf, could trust God better than we can, for are we not apt to think things happen by chance. Better? By no means; for the word of God declares they tempted him ten times in the wilderness, they murmured exceedingly before they got the water—even though they had experienced so signal a salvation from Pharaoh and his host—fearing that God would not continually supply them with manna—though it came as true as the day to them—they endeavoured, contrary to his command, to have double allowance, and were justly punished. They also

murmured against the manna, and said, "Can God give flesh for his people? Would God we had died in the wilderness!" But if God had supplied them quickly it would have stopped their murmuring, some may say. That would not have been according to the divine plan, for if this murmuring were not in the heart (this seed of Satan) it could not come out. God was now proving them, in order that they might know what was in their hearts, whether they would be likely to keep his commandments or not; to humble their pride, and to teach them to live by faith in him, and not in themselves; also to show them that he was long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth. But they were blind to it all, and were full of unbelief, as Moses says: "I have led you forty years in the wilderness, and ye are a stiff-necked people; children in whom is no faith." Where, then, had they the advantage of us? On the other hand, someone may say, I think they acted far worse than we do. By no means; I speak for myself. I feel in my own heart the same continually, and often I am ready to say, with the unbeliever, "Lord, if there were windows in heaven, might such and such things be!" But when the Lord has humbled my pride, and brought my spirit down in the dust, when I am favoured with a little meekness and self-abasement, and when all my plans and schemes are frustrated, I find he appears a God hearing and answering prayer, though not always in the way that I have expected he would. Thus God answers us by appearing on our behalf in providence. You, perhaps, say, Ah! providence is for all. Yes, that is true, but all do not see their Provider; but we continually see him when we are sure that we ourselves have no hand in it. Jacob, you remember, acknowledged this on his death-bed: "The God that has fed me all my life long," &c.

Yet another way in which the Lord answers our prayers is by giving us the fullest assurance of faith to cope with the very worst of our enemies, which made David say, "Though an host should encamp against me, in this I will be confident." When he went out against Goliath of Gath he said, "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield; but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand; and I will smite thee, and take thine head from thee . . . for the battle is the Lord's." Here we see David's faith, and this faith was the substance of what he hoped for, which came to pass, and showed that it was not presumption. He calls this answering and strengthening him with might in his soul; and to be strong in faith is to give glory to our God, which David certainly did when he said, "The battle is the Lord's."

God also hears and answers our prayers by dreams. We are all acquainted with the story of Pharaoh recounting his dream in the hearing of his chief butler, whom he had restored to office—agreeably to Joseph's interpretation of the chief butler's dream—and who, remembering Joseph, brought him to the notice of

Pharaoh. Joseph was able to interpret the dream by the power and knowledge which he received from God, for none of the Egyptian magicians or soothsayers could unfold it, and when Joseph is brought in he tells Pharaoh that interpretation of dreams comes from God: "It is not in me." Then God speaks in dreams and visions of the night, and this sets his children praying to him, as no doubt Joseph did, and certainly as Daniel did, for an explanation thereof.

*(To be continued.)*

### HEART BREATHINGS;

OF A BLIND CHRISTIAN LADY NOW PAST EIGHTY.

Eighty long years, midst the storm and the conflict,  
My frail bark in safety my Jesus would guide—  
Though batter'd, and toss'd, and oftentimes drifting,  
And rudely dash'd high on the rough rolling tide.

Eighty long years hath his mercy attended  
A poor roving sinner in life's rugged way,  
Midst sorrows, and losses, distractions, and crosses,  
He hath lighted my path toward the regions of day.

Eighty long years.—Ah! his love has afforded  
Grace equal or more than the day and its strain;  
He made me see losses, vexations, and crosses,  
Belong to the all things that make up my gain.

Eighty long years on my pilgrim way safely  
Through flood, and through flame, he hath led me along;  
Midst fears and depressions and frequent temptations  
His grace oft revived me and woke up a song.

Eighty long years of his kindness and bounty,  
And kept by the infinite power of God:  
Yet often in love it was needful to chasten,  
And make me to feel of the weight of his rod.

Eighty long years—Oh! how constant his goodness,  
How great his compassions, unfailing and free!  
His care and attention, his faithful devotion,  
Displayed for a sinner, a sinner like me!

Eighty long years—then eternal the praises  
When rais'd from the dust in his beauty to shine;  
On Jesus triumphant to gaze as I wonder  
Such glory, such rapture could ever be mine.

I'll greet the blest trophies all perfect eternal;  
I'll vie with the blessed and glorified throng;  
And join with the seraph, the saint, and the angel,  
And mingle my notes with the roll of their song.

SOME OF THE LORD'S DEALINGS IN PROVIDENCE  
AND GRACE WITH MRS. CHARLOTTE THORPE,  
OF EASTBOURNE.

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(Continued from page 212.)

Sunday evening, March 23rd.—I have felt better to-day than I have felt for several weeks past, having suffered so much from my head, and from weakness of the nerves, that I sometimes fear I shall lose my reason, which induces me at times to commit a few things that occur to my mind to writing, as my memory fails me. Sometimes things come to my mind which I should like to retain, but they are so soon forgotten.

It did not occur to me to write down anything until I read a piece by Mr. John Rusk in the January number of the GOSPEL STANDARD, where he speaks very encouragingly to those who can write, advising them to do so, and I hope I have found it sometimes to be sweet and profitable to my own soul.

I do not wish to be thought anything of by man; I trust I have some better motive in view in trying to write a little of the Lord's dealings with me in his all-wise providence and grace. And it is not my wish for any one to see what I may at any time write, but I trust it may be a help and an encouragement to myself to look back and remember the way the Lord has led me in the wilderness. I have for a long time past been much tried about writing down the various things the Lord has led me into during the past twenty years, but I shrink from it, as I feel that I have not the ability to do so; but these words have followed me for many months past: "I will guide thee continually." Precious promise! I feel to need it; indeed, I want the Lord to guide me every moment, and in all things, for if left to myself I soon go wrong, as I am such a poor helpless, erring creature. Do, dear Lord, watch over me to keep me from all evil, and to teach me that which is just and right, and instruct me in thy word, for in my understanding I seem to know so little of thee, or of the blessed teachings of thy Holy Spirit. Do bless me, O Lord, with more of thy heavenly grace, and keep my soul alive to thee, and make it more dead to the things of the world. Though I am in it, may I not be of it, but through thee be enabled to live above its cares and its allurements, and hold sweet communion with thee, whom, having not seen, yet I trust I love above all earthly things, and whatever the world may call good or great!

I do desire to thank thee, dearest Lord, for thy great goodness to me during the past week in granting me the improvement I am now feeling in my body. I have not felt so little pain of body for many months past. Surely it is all of thy mercy and goodness that such an improvement has been granted me. How little do we prize thy mercies, and how little do we value good health during the time we are blessed with it; but let the Lord

lay his afflicting hand upon us, then we learn something of its worth and value.

I have been to see dear Mrs. Baker this afternoon; she is much altered since I last saw her, and her earthly tabernacle, I perceive, is evidently getting weaker. The Lord is dealing very gently with her in taking down her earthly house; he is doing it very gradually, as we often say—removing it pin by pin! I found it good to be there; and there were some friends present who spoke very nicely in prayer, and I felt inwardly that God was in our midst; therefore I have great cause to say with the Psalmist: "Bless the Lord, O my soul! and forget not all his benefits."

I am much cast down this morning, and feel low in my mind; the heavy trial I have had to carry for nearly sixteen months has again come upon me with a double force. My dear grand-child is again very ill, and this is the third attack since December last. I was so hopeful that she would soon recover, but she is now quite prostrated, and if she does recover it will be months before she gets her strength up again. My hopes of her appear to be blasted; so that I have to cry out and say, "Leave me not, O Lord, neither forsake me;" but so shine upon my soul that I may learn that thou art very pitiful, slow to anger, and of great kindness.

[Here Mrs. Thorpe takes up many pages in giving all the particulars respecting her dear grand-child's affliction, which, doubtless, would be deeply interesting to herself and all the family, but which we consider would not be so to our spiritual readers; therefore, we will pass them by.]

She further writes:—Many have been the mercies I have had bestowed upon me during the past week, and those, with several hymns that have been brought to my mind, have been very comforting and refreshing to my spirits, and I have felt much humbled at his gracious feet, and have wept to the praise of the mercies I have found. Here I saw and felt that all my righteousness was as filthy rags, and I discovered that all my good works would avail me nothing in a dying hour. Truly I saw that I could do nothing to merit the favour of God. Yes, it is sovereign grace, without works or worthiness of man, that will bring a soul to heaven. Here I could see that God had an elect people, whom he had chosen in his Son before time began or the world was made. But the question that arose with me was, Am I one of that number? I scarcely dare think that I was one, for I knew in my better judgment that heaven was a prepared place for a prepared people, and that people are called "An holy people;" while, at the same time, I felt myself so unholy, and so unlike what I felt and saw a child of God should be. I did not feel fit in any way to join the children of God, and yet for the life of me I felt that I could not join the world! I had for many years gone hand in hand with the world, so that I knew much of its wickedness and its wicked ways; and how could I join it again? Besides, I remember how I was compelled to

come out from the world, and to live separate from it; and a command was given me to be no longer a partaker of its sins.

Just about this time the little chapel at Willingdon was built, and at the first it was opened *only* for an evening service. I used to steal away to this little chapel after I had been to the church. We were living near to the church at that time, and how to get to the chapel without being seen by the clergyman I could not tell. I did not want him to see me go to the chapel, for at that time I stood very high in his estimation, and my husband was one of the church singers. I went a few times without being seen, but not many, before the clergyman came to try to persuade me to go no more. But I do hope at that time I had picked up a crumb or two at the little chapel, and had found my pathway traced out, that it seemed to me as though I must go and I could not rest satisfied with going myself, but I felt that my poor husband must go too. I used to prevail with him to go with me as often as I could. This was a great grief to the clergyman when he saw the danger of losing my husband as well as myself. He came many times to see us about going to this little chapel. He told my husband that he had been persuaded by me to go, and he ought not to have listened to me, seeing that I was only the weaker vessel! But I felt it no small honour to be made useful by God in any way, whether it be in regard to my husband or to anyone else. As for the poor clergyman, I pitied him from my heart, as I could see clearly that he was at best only a blind guide leading the blind. I could perceive that he was very vexed with me, notwithstanding his calling me the "weaker vessel." He directed his conversation to me chiefly, and said: "Now, these chapel people whom you have taken up with will not allow you to bring your children to church for baptism. Now," said he, "supposing that child which you have now in your lap (which was my eldest son Albert, which was the first one that he proposed to baptize when he came to Willingdon twenty-three years ago) had died when he was ill last week without being baptized, what an awful thing it would have been for you to reflect upon, that that child was not gone to heaven by your neglect!" Oh, I thought, what an awful delusion the poor man is in, if he believes that the sprinkling of a few drops of water upon a child's face, and then signing it with the sign of the cross, can make it an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven. O ignorance extreme! Would the great God of the universe ever have sent his beloved Son from the realms of bliss to suffer, bleed, and die such an ignominious death on purpose to raise sinners to heaven, if the sprinkling of a few drops of water on the face will do it? Truly, this is ignorance indeed!

I well remember, the last time I went to hear this clergyman, the words sounded in my ears as though spoken with an audible voice: "Come out from among them, and touch not the unclean thing, &c." I thought, if I got out alive, I never would go there again, for I had such a dread and fear the church would

fall down and crush me to death; and, at the same time, I did not seem to have power to move off my feet to go out until the service was over. And I am sure I could not have told anyone what had been going on, or what had been said, for the words above-mentioned had sounded much louder in my conscience than the preacher's words sounded in my natural ears; indeed, I felt alive to the former, but dead to the latter. Blessed be God! this circumstance completely brought me out of the Church of England; but the clergyman called again in a few days, and tried in every way to persuade us not to go to the little chapel, but to return to church. He said he would do anything for us, if we would but return to his flock. Nothing, he said, gave him such pain and trouble as to see us go to the chapel. He had no sooner made this remark, than these words were applied with power to my heart: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" I was, I hope, helped to speak a few pointed words to him, so that he knew not what to say to me, and I believe it was the last time he spoke to me on that subject. But my husband he could not give up so readily; he hoped to win him back again, and tried every possible way to persuade him not to listen to me. He would stop him in the street, or anywhere where he met with him, and reason with him upon this grave subject of leaving the Church, and giving up the singing. "You know," he would say, "you are very fond of singing, and have been brought up to it from a child." But the set time had now arrived for him to give it all up; "for God, who worketh all things after the council of his own will," was pleased to bring him out a few weeks after, I trust, he brought me out.

Soon after this the chapel was opened for morning and afternoon services, and we used to attend regularly together, and I trust that God the Holy Spirit had begun a work of grace in each of our hearts at that time, and has been carrying it on until now. But we have had many doubts and fears about it, and have been many times afraid that we began with this religion ourselves, and that it was not of God; and we were sure that if it were not his work it would not endure unto the end. At times we were much afraid that we should be overcome by temptations, and so turn back from whence we came, like the "dog to its vomit, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing again in the mire." The exercises of our minds about falling away were a great trial to us both, for we possessed but little or no confidence in ourselves, as our faith was weak, and the temptations of the enemy were very strong; and many, we read in the Word, "went backward, and walked no more with him." And we thought that it was as likely to be us as any other persons who would be left to do so. But by the tender mercy and goodness of God we trust each of us has been upheld, supported, and led on until this day, and through grace we would raise up an Ebenezer to God's praise.

*(To be continued.)*

## MR. DENNETT'S ADDRESS TO HIS CHURCH.

Sept. 26th, 1899.

It is our mercy, as a part of God's church, which we hope we are, that we are out of debt and so well provided for in having such a nice building to meet in ; but better still is it to feel that we are united together in the strongest and most durable of all bonds, even in the bonds of love ; for that is a bond that will never be broken. I trust we are thus bound together, which is all through God's goodness manifested to us, and I hope we shall ever be kept taking our proper place—not our improper place, but taking our proper place and sitting the lowest of all when we come to the feast of the Lamb, to eat his broken body and drink his precious blood.

One thing we may expect, and that one thing we shall be sure to have—even tribulation. It has been so in every generation that Christ's own words might be fulfilled. "In the world ye shall have tribulation," but it is also God's own word, "In me ye shall have peace." What does the world afford us, when we look at it as regards others, or when we look at it as Christ's own words being fulfilled in us, but tribulation and sorrow. Go back to the beginning. See the tribulation that attended our first parents after they had sinned. How soon they had to prove that "as they sowed they reaped!"

Their sowing was *transgression* in their souls against God who was goodness itself unto them ; the reward was in their reaping, not only in being condemned for their sin, but in losing their second-born son. O what tribulation that must have brought into their souls ! They must have felt, "O wretched creatures that we are, to think that we should have so sinned against a God so good !" Then go a little further into the history of Scripture and you will find others in tribulation. Here is Noah, who was one hundred and twenty years in building the Ark for the safety of himself and his family. Most likely he was sneered and scoffed at by the world ; but what became of the world that then was ? Why, they were all swept away, and there was not a living soul left upon the face of the earth when the flood came and drowned them all except Noah and the few who were shut in with him in the Ark. See what tribulation Noah had to experience ! And so we might go on to many others. But let us come to Moses. O what tribulation the dear man of God had ! What sorrows he had to experience, so much so that sometimes he said to God, "If thou deal thus with me, kill me, I pray thee, out of hand, if I have found favour in thy sight, and let me not see my wretchedness." So he must have felt as Jonah did when he said, "It is better for me to die than to live." Then go on to many others—the prophets, how they had on account of their honesty and the grace of God that was in them, to experience great tribulation. We read of Zacharias being stoned and put to death between the temple and the altar, and many others we

read of who were ill-treated, and some of them were put to death. Now let us come down to David's time. O what sorrow and tribulation he had to pass through. Then we may come to the minor prophets and so on to Malachi, and we find tribulation and sorrow working in one way and another. But go still further on in the Scriptures, even to the days of Christ, and O, look at his tribulations! look at his sorrows. Put them in one scale and all the sorrows you ever experienced in the other, and how little are your sorrows compared with his! Then look at the apostles in their day, how they were opposed, hated, and persecuted, and what trials they had to experience wherever they went till God called them away out of this world no more to experience tribulation!

Now we will take another view of the subject. The apostle John, after hearing the number of those that were sealed out of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel, as recorded in Rev. vii., for God had taken some of his own people out of them, said, "After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands." Then when the question was asked, "What are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they?" The reply was, "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Now let us go back again and see the fulfilment of what Christ has said in his word, "In me ye shall have peace." Though our first parents had brought upon themselves such trouble and sorrow through their transgressions, they had peace in and through the promised Messiah; peace through what they must have seen by faith that he was to suffer and endure in putting away sin for them through the sacrifice of himself, and thus bruising the head of the serpent who had so bruised them. Then what *peace* their son Abel entered into when his body was put to death, and his soul left the body and was carried up on high, and the gates of heaven were opened to receive him as a child of God, to be the first redeemed soul in glory! Go on to Noah, after he had built the Ark, and after he had so sinned after building the Ark, he died, and died in Christ. Then come down to Abraham and Moses, they both found God to be their Helper; for he did not leave them, though they were sinful men like ourselves, as weak in frame and mind as ourselves; but God did not leave them; he was their Helper; by him they were enabled to endure, and God was a strength and help to them as he has promised to be to all his dear people; for he will never leave them entirely. Now come down to David, what a man of God he was; but he had his infirmities as we have ours. We must not look upon Abel, Abraham, David, nor the prophets as being better than ourselves by nature. They were all sinful men, and needed the same grace to fit them for and take them to heaven as you need now,

even the least among you ; and they had it. Now come down to the prophets ; they all had God to be their Helper. Come down a little to the great Prophet of prophets, the Lord Jesus Christ, and how was he treated ? Far worse in persecution, hatred, and contempt than all the prophets that had been before him, as we read in the parable of the householder who planted a vineyard and let it out to husbandmen, that when he sent his son to them, they said, " This is the heir, come, let us kill him." O, look at the sorrows of the Lord Jesus Christ ! I want you to compare them with your own, and see how small yours are when compared with his. I feel my mind led at times into the garden of Gethsemane, where he who is our Hope sweat great drops of blood, falling down to the ground, and where he cried out under the burden he felt and in prospect of the cup which was before him, and of which he knew he was to drink, " Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me, nevertheless not my will, but thine be done." But he endured it all out of love to his people ; and then they hanged him on the cross, there to die, the Just for the unjust. But Christ did not die until he had passed through all his tribulations and sorrows, and destroyed death, and him that had the power of death, that is, the devil ; and now he is in glory at the right-hand of God, and is worshipped by all the holy angels and by the spirits of just men made perfect.

Then again, the apostles, notwithstanding all the ill-treatment they met with and all the sorrows they had to endure, not one of them died out of the faith, but they were supported and brought through all their tribulations, although most of them were put to death, it is true, but their souls went to heaven. Come now to your own cases. Has God ever left you altogether ? In your worst and heaviest trials have you not found some help ? You may have been at times burdened, oppressed, and tempted to believe that you are out of the secret, and shall be lost after all ; but has not God in due time helped you and restored to you again a little consolation, and given you a little fresh courage, and raised up again a little hope in your souls, and given you something that has enabled you to hang upon his unchangeability and upon his everlasting love and immutable will ? The Word says, " They shall hang upon him all the glory of his Father's house," and he shall be such a strong Nail that they shall hang upon him " all the vessels of small quantity, from the vessels of cups, even to all the vessels of flagons " (Isa. xxii. 24) ; and this Nail shall never break down. Therefore I would say at the conclusion of this meeting, God be thanked for all his favours and for all his mercy to us. We are wretched sinners. Sin has brought so many painful things into the world that if we are foolishly looking around us for peace and happiness we shall never find it. I am proving sorely and grievously that from the world comes no peace. We may have temporal mercies. I feel it is a mercy the Lord has continued to me my reason, and it is a mercy you have your reason still continued unto you. Every temporal bles-

sing we enjoy comes from God—these things are not the world, they are the blessings of God's providence; but they are only things which we shall need whilst in this world. But if we look to the world for happiness, according to Scripture we shall find every man is against his brother, like Ishmael, of whom God said "his hand should be against every man, and every man's hand against him:" but the child of God's right hand in grace is to be against the world in a proper way. I repeat, what cause we have to thank God that he has not entirely left us. In conclusion, can you not join with me in saying, our desire is that God will give us grace still to wait upon him; as the Word says, "Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart" (Ps. xxvii. 14). I make these few remarks, feeling assured that this is the pathway in which you, with myself, are treading, and as it says of those recorded in Heb. xi., and of many others whose names are not recorded there, "These all died in faith," so that is what we are hoping to do, even to die in Christ, and the Word says of such, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." The Lord be with us and bless and increase us as a church and people in prayer and supplication, and in faith and humility, and his Name shall have the praise.—Amen.

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LETTER FROM MR. J. KEYT TO MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

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Wednesday morning,

October 22nd, 1817.

My dear Friend,—With this you will receive "Calvin's Institutes," which I beg your acceptance of, it being a free-will offering in every sense of the word: peradventure it may serve as a memorial to you when I am removed from the stage of time and gathered to my fathers. I think you will find it perfect and in tolerable condition, considering that it has been printed 183 years! I wish it had on a better coat, as it would then cut a better figure, but if you judge the old Divine worthy of a new covering, there are mechanics, no doubt, who would dress him so as to appear to better advantage. And now, Beloved, as it appears to be the Lord's will that you must depart for a little season, I feel a submission in my spirit to his sovereign pleasure, and likewise gratitude in my heart to the Almighty for sending you amongst us at this time, and for his great goodness in making you instrumental to refresh his inheritance when it was weary. This is indeed a token for good, and serves to bind us up together more sweetly in the bundle of life with the Lord our God, and neither men nor devils shall ever be able to break this bond of all perfectness. The brethren at Leicester and those in London may dispute which have most right to the labours of my friend, as was the case in old time (2 Sam. xix. 43), but all this amounts to just nothing, for neither can

alter the appointments of the Most High, who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will; therefore, the exhortation on Sunday morning was a word in season: "It becomes us to watch and wait." The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, therefore it is not in man that walketh to direct his own steps. When we lose sight of this revealed truth, we wander from the way of understanding, and forget the instruction of wisdom: "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." For my own part I have often been made sick of my own ways, and most cordially agree with Asaph, "Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel," being made truly sensible of my own ignorance, weakness, and insufficiency. I often think of the Saviour's words to Peter (John xxi. 18), and know a little by experience of their meaning; and never do I feel so safe, so happy, as when humbled to sit down with Mary at the Master's feet! But many scourges have been laid upon my rebellious back, and many portions of humbling grace have flowed into my heart to bring me down into this sweetest and safest of all places. Oh! what longsuffering goodness, what tender mercy, have been manifested towards me, a poor sinful lump of dust and ashes! Created, formed, redeemed, preserved, delivered, and helped, to this hour (Isa. xliii. 1, 2); and besides all these there are greater things in prospect which are yet to be enjoyed. 'Tis true the path lies through many tribulations, and many fears at times, together with cloudy and dark days, which often discourage the trembling traveller; but, "As thy days, thy strength shall be;" so have I found it, and the end of faith will be the salvation of the soul!

The good Lord hath, my dear Sir, blessed your labours and visit to many souls, the poor thing who writes this sheet hath been favoured with refreshing from the Lord's presence while you have been preaching, and I believe this Scripture hath been fulfilled to us all: "They returned again . . . confirming the souls of the disciples, and exhorting them to continue in faith, and that we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God" (Acts xiv. 22).

And now, my beloved friend, I shall follow you down to Leicester with my poor petitions. May the Almighty preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore; going forth weeping with precious seed, and returning with sheaves rejoicing, will succeed each other in the work to which you are called; but, verily, there is an end, and thy expectation shall not be cut off.

Excuse this, as I have no time to put my thoughts and desires into anything like order, many things call me away, and the old adversary would, if he could, stop up every avenue of communication.

Remember me, I entreat you, at the throne of grace, and if it should come into mind to write at any time, I shall be happy to learn how the standard-bearer goes on.

Most affectionately yours,

J. KEYS.

AN EXTRACT FROM "THE MUTE CHRISTIAN UNDER  
THE SMARTING ROD."

By THOMAS BROOKS.

THE third thing is, to discover *what a holy, a prudent silence under affliction does not exclude*. Now there are eight things that a holy patience does not exclude.

(i.) First, a holy, prudent silence under affliction does not exclude and shut out *a sense and feeling of our afflictions* (Psalm xxxix. 9), though he "was dumb, and laid his hand upon his mouth," yet he was very sensible of his afflictions; verses 10, 11, "Remove thy stroke away from me, I am consumed by the blow of thy hand. When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth: surely every man is vanity." He is sensible of his pain as well as of his sin; and having prayed off his sin in the former verses, he labours here to pray off his pain. Diseases, aches, sicknesses, pains, they are all the daughters of sin, and he that is not sensible of them as the births and products of sin doth but add to his sin and provoke the Lord to add to his sufferings (Isa. xxvi. 9-11). No man shall ever be charged by God for feeling his burden, if he neither fret nor faint under it. Grace doth not destroy nature, but rather perfects it. Grace is of a noble offspring; it neither turneth men into stocks nor to stoics. The more grace, the more sensible of the tokens, frowns, blows, and lashes of a displeased Father. Though Calvin, under his greatest pains, was never heard to mutter nor murmur, yet he was heard often to say, "How long, Lord, how long?" A religious commander being shot in battle, when the wound was searched, and the bullet cut out, some standing by, pitying his pain, he replied, "Though I groan, yet I bless God I do not grumble." It is a God-provoking sin to be stupid and senseless under the afflicting hand of God. God will heat that man's furnace of affliction sevenfold hotter who is in the furnace but feels it not (Isa. xlii. 24, 25). "Who gave Jacob for a spoil, and Israel to the robbers! Did not the Lord, he against whom we have sinned? For they would not walk in his ways, neither were they obedient unto his law. Therefore he hath poured upon him the fury of his anger, and the strength of battle: and he hath set him on fire round about, yet he knew not; and it burned him, yet he laid it not to heart." Stupidity lays a man open to the greatest fury and severity.

The physician, when he findeth that the potion which he hath given his patient will not work, seconds it with one more violent; and if that will not work, he gives another yet more violent. If a gentle plaster will not serve, then the chirurgeon applies that which is more corroding; and if that will not do, then he makes use of his cauterizing knife. So when the Lord afflicts, and men feel it not; when he strikes, and they grieve

not; when he wounds them, and they awake not: then the furnace is made hotter than ever; then his fury burns, then he lays on irons upon irons, bolt upon bolt, and chain upon chain, until he hath made their lives a hell. Afflictions are the saints' diet-drink; and where do you read in all the Scripture that ever any of the saints drunk of this diet-drink, and were not sensible of it.

(ii.) Secondly, a holy, a prudent silence doth not shut out *prayer for deliverance out of our affliction*. Though the Psalmist lays his hand upon his mouth in the text, yet he prays for deliverance: verse 10, "Remove thy stroke away from me;" and verses 11, 12, "Hear my prayer, O Lord! and give ear unto my cry; hold not thy peace at my tears; for I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were. Oh spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence and be no more." "Is any among you afflicted? let him pray" (James v. 13). "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me" (Psalm l. 15). Times of affliction, by God's own injunction, are special times of supplication. David's heart was more often out of tune than his harp; but then he prays and presently cries, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul." Jonah prays in the whale's belly, and Daniel prays when among the lions, and Job prays when on the dunghill, and Jeremiah prays when in the dungeon, etc., etc.; yea, the heathen mariners, as stout as they were, when in the storm, they cry every man to his god (Jonah i. 5, 6). To call upon God, especially in times of distress and trouble, is a lesson that the very light and law of nature teaches. The Persian messenger, though an heathen, as Æschylus observeth, saith thus, "When the Grecian forces hotly pursued our host, and we must needs venture over the great water Strymon, frozen then, but beginning to thaw, when a hundred to one we had all died for it, with mine eyes I saw, saith he, many of those gallants whom I had heard before so boldly maintain there was no God, everyone upon his knees, and devoutly praying that the ice might hold till they got over." And shall blind nature do more than grace? If the time of affliction be not a time of supplication, I know not what is.

As there are two kinds of antidotes against poison, viz., hot and cold, so there are two kinds of antidotes against all the troubles and afflictions of this life, viz., prayer and patience: the one hot, the other cold: the one quenching, the other quickening. Chrysostom understood this well enough when he cried out, Oh! saith he, it is more bitter than death to be spoiled of prayer; and thereupon observes that Daniel chose rather to run the hazard of his life than to lose his prayer. Well! this is the second thing. A holy silence doth not exclude prayer: but

(iii.) Thirdly, a holy, a prudent silence doth not exclude *men's being kindly affected and afflicted with their sins as the meritorious cause of all their sorrows and sufferings* (Lam. iii. 39, 40). Wherefore doth a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sin? "Let us search and try our ways, and

turn again to the Lord ;” “ Behold, I am vile, what shall I answer thee? I will lay mine hand upon my mouth. Once have I spoken ; but I will not answer ; yea, twice, but I will proceed no further ” (Job xl. 4, 5). “ I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned ” (Micah vii. 9). In all our sorrows we should read our sins ; and when God’s hand is upon our backs, our hands should be upon our sins.

It was a good saying of one, “ I hide not my sins, but I show them ; I wipe them not away, but I sprinkle them ; I do not excuse them, but I accuse them. The beginning of my salvation is the knowledge of my transgression. When some told Prince Henry, that *delicia generis humani*, that darling of mankind, that the sins of the people brought that affliction on him, Oh, no ! said he, I have sins enough of my own to cause that. “ I have sinned,” saith David, “ but what have these poor sheep done ? ” (2 Sam. xxiv. 17). When a Christian is under the afflicting hand of God, he may well say, I may thank this proud heart of mine, this worldly heart, this froward heart, this formal heart, this dull heart, this backsliding heart, this self-seeking heart of mine ; for that this cup is so bitter, this pain so grievous, this loss so great, this disease so desperate, this wound so incurable ; it is mine own self, mine own sin, that hath caused these floods of sorrows to break in upon me.

(iv.) Fourthly, a holy, a prudent silence doth not exclude *the teaching and instructing of others when we are afflicted*. The words of the afflicted stick close ; they many times work strongly, powerfully, strangely, savingly, upon the souls and consciences of others. Many of Paul’s epistles were written to the churches when he was in bonds, viz., Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, Philemon ; he begot Onesimus in his bonds (Philem. 10). And many of the brethren in the Lord waxed bold and confident by his bonds, and were confirmed, and made partakers of grace by his ministry, when he was in bonds (Philip. i. 7, 13, 14). As the words of dying persons do many times stick and work gloriously, so many times do the words of afflicted persons work very nobly and efficaciously. I have read of one, Adrianus, who, seeing the martyrs suffer such grievous things for the cause of Christ, asked what that was which enabled them to suffer such things? and one of them named that portion, “ Eye hath not seen, or ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him ” (1 Cor. ii. 9). This word was like apples of gold in pictures of silver (Prov. xxv. 11), for it made him not only a convert, but a martyr too. And this was the means of Justin Martyr’s conversion as himself confesseth. Doubtless, many have been made happy by the words of the afflicted. The tongue of the afflicted hath been to many as choice silver. The words of the afflicted many times are both pleasing and profitable ; they tickle the ear and they win upon the heart ; they slide insensibly into the hearers’ souls, and work efficaciously upon the hearers’ hearts : “ The words of

a wise man's mouth are gracious" (Eccles x. 12), or grace, as the Hebrew hath it; and so Jerome reads it, *Verba oris sapientis gratia* the words of a wise man are grace. They minister grace to others, and they win grace and favour from others. Gracious lips make gracious hearts; gracious words are a grace, an ornament to the speaker, and they are a comfort, a delight, and an advantage to the hearer.

Now, the words of a wise man's mouth are never more gracious than when he is most afflicted and distressed. Now, you shall find most worth and weight in his words; now his lips, like the spouse's, are like a thread of scarlet; they are red with talking much of a crucified Christ, and they are thin like a thread, not swelled with vain and unprofitable discourses. Now his mouth speaketh of wisdom, and his tongue talketh judgment, for the law of the Lord is in his heart (Psalm xxxvii. 30). Now his lips drop as honey-combs (Cant. iv. 11). Now his tongue is a tree of life, whose leaves are medicinable (Prov. xii. 18). As the silver trumpets sounded most joy to the Jews in the day of their gladness, so the mouth of a wise man, like a silver trumpet, sounds most joy and advantage to others in the days of his sadness (Num. x. 10). The heathen man could say, *Quando sapiens loquitur, aulae aperit*. When a wise man speaketh, he openeth the rich treasure and wardrobe of his mind; so may I say, when an afflicted saint speaks, Oh the pearl, the treasures that he scatters! But,

(v.) Fifthly, a holy, a prudent silence doth not exclude *moderate mourning or weeping under the afflicting hand of God*. In Isaiah (xxxviii. 3), we read, "And Hezekiah wept sore," or as the Hebrew hath it, wept with great weeping. But was not the Lord displeased with him for his great weeping? No; verse 5, "I have heard thy prayers, I have seen thy tears; behold, I will add unto thy days fifteen years." God had as well a bottle for his tears, as a bag for his sins (Psalm lvi. 8). There is no water so sweet as the saints' tears, when they do not overflow the banks of moderation. Tears are not mutes; they have a voice, and their oratory is of great prevalency with the almighty God. And therefore the weeping prophet calleth out for tears (Lam. ii. 18). "Their heart crieth unto the Lord, O wall of the daughter of Zion, let tears run down like a river day and night: give thyself no rest; let not the apple of thine eye cease"; or, as the Hebrew hath it, "let not the daughters of thine eye be silent." That which we call the ball or apple of the eye, the Hebrews call the daughter of the eye, because it is as dear and tender to a man as an only daughter; and because therein appears the likeness of a little daughter. Upon which words, saith Bellarmine, . . . . cry aloud, not with thy tongue, but with thine eyes, not with thy words, but with thy tears; for that is the prayer that maketh the most forcible entry into the ears of the great God of heaven. When God strikes, he looks that we should tremble; when his hand is lifted high, he looks that our hearts

should stoop low ; when he hath the rod in his hand, he looks that we should have tears in our eyes, as you may see by comparing of these Scriptures together (Psalm lv. 2, xxxviii. 6, Job xxx. 26-32). Good men weep easily, said the Greek poet ; and the better any are, are more inclining to weeping, especially under affliction : as you may see in David, whose tears, instead of gems, were the common ornaments of his bed, Jonathan, Job, Ezra, Daniel, etc. How, saith one, shall God wipe away my tears in heaven, if I shed none on earth ? And how shall I reap in joy, if I sow not in tears ? I was born with tears, and I shall die with tears ; and why should I live without them in this valley of tears ?

There is as well a time to weep, as there is a time to laugh ; and a time to mourn, as well as a time to dance (Eccles. iii. 4). The mourning garment among the Jews was the black garment, and the black garment was the mourning garment (Psalm xliii. 2). “ Why go ye mourning ? ” The Hebrew word *Kedar* signifies black. Why go ye in black ? Sometimes Christians must put off their gay ornaments and put on their black, their mourning garments (Exod. xxxiii. 3-6).

(vi.) Sixthly, a gracious, a prudent silence doth not exclude *sighing, groaning, or roaring under afflictions*. A man may sigh, and groan, and roar under the hand of God, and yet be silent. It is not sighing, but muttering ; it is not groaning, but grumbling ; it is not roaring, but murmuring, that is opposite to a holy silence : (Exod. ii. 23), “ And the children of Israel sighed by reason of bondage ” ; (Job iii. 24), “ For my sighing cometh before I eat ; (or as the Hebrew hath it, “ before my meat ” ; his sighing, like bad weather, came unsent for and unsought ; so (Psalm xxxviii. 9), “ Lord, all my desire is before thee ; and my groaning is not hid from thee ” ; (Psalm cii. 5), “ By reason of the voice of my groaning, my bones cleave to my skin ” ; (Job iii. 24) ; “ And my roarings are poured out like the waters ” ; Psalm xxxviii. 8), “ I am feeble and sore broken ; I have roared by reason of the disquietness of my heart ” ; (Psalm xxii. 1), “ My God ! my God ! why hast thou forsaken me ? Why art thou so far from helping me ; and from the words of my roaring ? ” ; (Psalm xxxii. 3), “ When I kept silence, my bones waxed old, through my roarings all the day long.” He roars, but doth not rage ; he roars, but doth not repine. When a man is in extremity nature prompts him to roar, and the law of grace is not against it ; and though sighing, roaring, groaning, cannot deliver a man out of his misery, yet they do give some ease to a man under his misery. When Solon wept for his son’s death, one said to him, “ Weeping will not help.” He answered, “ Alas ! therefore do I weep, because weeping will not help.” So a Christian many times sighs, because sighing will not help ; and he groans, because groaning will not help ; and he roars, because roaring will not help. Sometimes the sorrows of the saints are so great that all tears are dried up, and they can get no ease by weeping ; and, therefore, for a little ease they fall a sighing and

groaning; and this may be done and yet the heart may be quiet and silent before the Lord. Peter wept and sobbed, and yet was silent. Sometimes the sighs and groans of a saint do in some sort tell that which his tongue can in no sort utter.

(vii.) Seventhly, a holy, a prudent silence doth not exclude nor shut out *the use of any just or lawful means, whereby persons may be delivered out of their afflictions*. God would not have his people so in love with their afflictions as not to use such righteous means as may deliver them out of their afflictions: "But when they persecute you in this city flee ye into another" (Matt. x. 23). When Peter was in prison the saints thronged together to pray (Acts xii. 5), as the original hath it (ver. 12); and they were so instant and earnest with God in prayer, they did so beseech and besiege the Lord, they did so beg and bounce at heaven-gate (ver. 5), that God could have no rest, till, by many miracles of power and mercy, he had returned Peter as a bosom-favour to them. (Acts ix. 23-25): "And after that many days were fulfilled, the Jews took counsel to kill him: But their laying await was known of Saul. And they watched the gates day and night to kill him. Then the disciples took him by night, and let him down by the wall in a basket." The blood of the saints is precious in God's eye, and it should not be vile in their own eyes. When providence opens a door of escape there is no reason why the saints should set themselves as marks and butts for their enemies to shoot at: (2 Thes. iii. 1, 2) the apostles desire the brethren "to pray for them, that they may be delivered from unreasonable (absurd) and wicked (villainous) men; for all men have not faith." It is a mercy worth a seeking, to be delivered out of the hands of absurd, villainous, and troublesome men.

Afflictions are evil in themselves, and we may desire and endeavour to be delivered from them (Jas. v. 14, 15; Isa. xxxviii. 18-21), both inward and outward means are to be used for our own preservation. Had not Noah built an ark, he had been swept away with the flood, though he had been with Nimrod and his crew on the tower of Babel, which was raised to the height of 1,546 paces, as Heylin reports. Though we may not trust in means, yet we may and ought to use the means; in the use of them, eye that God that can only bless them, and you do your work. As the pilot that guides the ship has his hand upon the rudder and his eye on the star that directs him at the same time, so, when your hand is upon the means, let your eye be upon your God, and deliverance will come. We may neglect God as well by neglecting of means as by trusting in means; it is best to use them, and in the use of them to live above them. Augustine tells of a man, that being fallen into a pit, one passing by falls a-questioning of him, what he made there, and how he came in? "Oh," said the poor man, "ask me not how I came in, but help me and tell me how I may come out." The application is easy.

(viii.) Eighthly, and lastly, a holy, a prudent silence doth not exclude *a just and sober complaining against the authors,*

*contrivers, abettors, or instruments of our afflictions* (2 Tim. iv. 14). "Alexander, the coppersmith, did me much evil; the Lord reward him according to his works." This Alexander is conceived by some to be that Alexander that is mentioned (Acts xix. 33), who stood so close to Paul at Ephesus that he ran the hazard of losing his life by appearing on his side; yet if glorious professors come to be furious persecutors, Christians may complain. (2 Cor. xi. 24), "Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes, save one." They inflict, saith Maimonides, no more than forty stripes, though he be as strong as Samson, but if he be weak they abate of that number. They scourged Paul with the greatest severity, in making him suffer so oft the utmost extremity of the Jewish law, whereas they that are weak had their punishment mitigated: ver. 25, "Thrice was I beaten with rods," that is, by the Romans, whose custom it was to beat the guilty with rods.

If Pharaoh made Israel groan, Israel may make his complaint against Pharaoh to the Keeper of Israel (Exod. ii); if the proud and blasphemous king of Assyria shall come with his mighty army to destroy the people of the Lord, Hezekiah may spread his letter of blasphemy before the Lord (Isaiah xxxvii. 21).

It was the saying of Socrates, that every man in this life had need of a faithful friend and a bitter enemy; the one to advise him, and the other to make him look about him; and this Hezekiah found by experience.

Though Joseph's bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob, yet Joseph may say that the archers, or the arrow-masters, as the Hebrew hath it, hath sorely grieved him, shot at him, and hated him (Gen. xlix. 23, 24). And so David sadly complained of Doeg (Psa. cix. 1, 21), yea Christ himself, who was the most perfect pattern for dumbness and silence under sorest trials, complains against Judas, Pilate, and the rest of his persecutors (Psa. lxxix. 20, 30), etc.; yea, though God will make his peoples enemies to be the workmen that shall fit them and square them for his building, to be goldsmiths to add pearls to their crown, to be rods to beat off their dust, scullions to scour off their rust, fire to purge away their dross, and water to cleanse away their filthiness, fleshliness, and earthliness, yet may they point at them, and pour out their complaints to God against them (Psa. cxxxii. 2-18). This truth I might make good by above a hundred texts of Scripture; but it is time to come to the reasons of the point.

[We may give further extracts from this good man's writings in a future No.—Ed.]

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"Good works cannot go before regeneration. Effectual grace is that which builds the soul into an habitation of God. Holy tempers and holy obedience are the furniture of the house. And a house must be built before it can be furnished. Grace finds us beggars, and always leaves us debtors."—*Toplady*.

## PRESSING ON TO KNOW THE LORD.

Leamington,

June 14th, 1894.

Dear Miss Mountfort,—I fear you will have thought me a long time in writing to thank you for your kind letter, which I received some weeks ago. I was very grateful to you for it, for I felt it to be a *good* letter. I should have acknowledged it much earlier, but I have been from home since May 12th, and this is the first week in which I have had a day or two that I can call my own. I met your dear brother, for a few minutes, at Birmingham station, a short time ago; I thought he looked very poorly, and seemed wasted. I was so pleased to meet with him. After he had parted from me I had many thoughts concerning him, and about each of you, and your late godly parents and their godly lives; and I hope, if it be the Lord's will, that you all may be brought to know, love, and fear God as they did, and finish your course with joy and be gathered unto eternal glory! For, my dear friend, what is all the world to us when we come to the end of our days? How true it is that our life is but a hand's breadth, a vapour—yea, just like the early dew, it soon vanishes away! But, oh! if the one thing needful be in our hearts, and if we have the God of Jacob for our refuge and our help, and if our names be inscribed in the Lamb's Book of Life, then we are indeed highly favoured, and our souls are truly blessed, so that come upon us whatever may in this vale of tears, we are safe in Jesus and in the Covenant of Grace; and I am sure that the gates of hell shall not prevail against us, either in this world or in the world to come! Cheer up, then, and as the Holy Spirit leads and helps you, cast your eternal all upon Christ, lean your whole weight upon Jesus, and cast your burdens upon him, and you shall find in him a rest and peace that will outweigh all your sorrows and troubles, and which you will find a mighty bulwark against all the encroachments of sin and Satan—for the peace of God in the hearts of sinners passeth all understanding; therefore such a rich grace must and shall prevail.

I trust you are still encouraged to hope in the mercy of God, both in your private life and also in the public means of grace; and I hope these encouragements you receive help you to press on to know the Lord, and to be found in him, not having on your own righteousness, which is as filthy rags, but that glorious righteousness which is of God by faith. I suppose you still go to Birmingham to hear Mr. Dennett; you cannot do better. I am very pleased the Lord has given you a desire to go and hear his dear servant preach the word? I trust it is blessed again and again to your soul, and to the souls of those who hear it. Give my Christian regards to Miss Whatmore, and to any of the friends with whom you may meet, and my heart says, "The Lord bless and be with you," and may he enrich your

soul with every needed grace of his good Spirit, and preserve you in life, and be with you in death and to all eternity.

With Christian love to you and your brother and sister, I am,  
yours sincerely,  
E. FEAZEY.

## TRUE UNITY AND ITS BLESSEDNESS.

Psalm cxxxiii.

By MR. HAZLERIGG.

“Behold! there is a light worth seeing.” What distances men will travel, what toils and hardships they will undergo, to see some gorgeous royal or military spectacle. The saints have no such lengths to go. If they can turn in upon their Bibles, and the Holy Spirit gives them light, there they may see divine spectacles, and make discoveries which will transform and benefit their souls. Such a light we have in this Psalm. If Balaam could break out into such rapturous language when he saw the literal Israel dwelling in their tents, surely here is something far more delightful. We have a view given us of the Israel of God. “Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.” Every word of God is good. Let us then examine a little closely this divine sentence framed by the Psalmist under divine inspiration. In the first place we notice a limitation. The brethren are alone spoken of. It does not say where all sorts and kinds of men, or even all sorts and kinds of religious persons, or even all professors of Christianity, dwell together in unity, it is good and pleasant. This is man’s unity; God’s is different. Indeed the Lord declares division, not unity: “Israel shall then dwell in safety alone.” Here is a decree concerning separation, not unity. So Paul writes: “Come out and be separate as saith the Lord.” This the Lord himself effects, as in Habakkuk, “He beheld, and drove asunder the nations.” This is something very different to man’s unity—God’s unity is man’s division. Well, the Psalmist writes about the brethren; the true family of God. Those who are all alike born again, and born from above, new creatures in Christ Jesus. We firmly believe that there is a fleshly unity which God abhors, and a spiritual unity, a unity in Christ, which is of himself, and approved by him. This the Psalmist calls attention to. This is the same unity as Paul speaks of in Ephesians iv., and exhorts the people of God to aim after the preservation and manifestation of “endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.” The persons he addresses have all one Father, one Saviour, one Holy Spirit, dwelling in every one of them. They constitute one body, all being alike joined as members in vital union to the Lord Jesus. It is good and pleasant then for those persons to dwell together in unity; they should dwell together, they should be united to one another in church fellowship; they should not only be separated from the world, but

gathered into communities for mutual benefit, and united testimony and service to the Lord. Thus we read how the brethren at Jerusalem were separated from the people round about them, and gathered together, "And all that believed were together." "And they continued stedfastly in the apostle's doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers." They believed, they were baptized, they were united together in church fellowship, and acted in accordance with such a union. Their visible unity was the proper expression and manifestation of the invisible unity in the Lord Jesus which they had before. So it was with other churches, other visible communities of the people of God. Thus all these true churches had a visible unity amongst themselves, and with one another, which was the true and proper expression of that unity in Christ by the Spirit which were common to all. This was no forced, artificial unity, no mere external thing, proceeding from man; it was brethren united together by invisible bonds, manifesting that unity of the Spirit before the world. It is good for the true brethren to dwell together in unity in outward church fellowship. They are one in Christ; God is their habitation through all generations (Psa. xc.). They will and shall dwell together in unity hereafter. How good and how pleasant it is if they do so down below.

"How sweet, how heavenly, is the sight,  
When those who love the Lord,  
In one another's peace delight,  
And so fulfil his word."

"Love is the golden cord which binds,  
The happy souls above;  
And he's an heir of heaven who finds  
His bosom glow with love."

The Psalm then, at one and the same time, enforces union and separation. It separates the brethren from all others, and speaks only of their unity. The fact is, that a false unity wars against the true; the unity which is of man, and pleases him, wars against the unity of the Spirit, which alone pleases God.

Now, this dwelling together in unity of the true people, is a good, and a pleasant thing in itself, and also very pleasant to behold; therefore our attention is called to it. Also, of course, the aim of the Psalmist is to stir up the hearts of the Lord's people to seek conformity to it. Indeed all true discoveries of divine things in Christ have a transforming influence, and therefore produce a desire, and aiming after more complete conformity to them. "From glory to glory," then there is a good and pleasant sight set before us. By the word good is meant, that this dwelling together in unity is beneficial to the brethren. It does them good. One of our poets writes:—

"It's in union,  
Hope and joy and love increase."

Now we are sure that nothing is more destructive of true Christian prosperity than the introduction of fleshly strife, and contention. It brings a blight upon the ministry of the Word, and a blight upon the hearers. Let the minister say what he will, one or both parties to a strife, will take offence. The sweetest gospel will be turned into gall and wormwood. If the minister speaks of love, it is either considered a maudlin sort of preaching, and he is styled, as a kind of reproach, a loving John, or he is thought to be aiming at somebody. The fact is the flesh, and a legal sour spirit has got in amongst his hearers, and this curdles everything. Thus the ministry gets dried up, and all things get worse and worse unless the Lord interposes. O what flourishing churches have in this way been turned into barren wildernesses! What a mercy is a proper spirit, and understanding of the Word, "to leave off strife before it be meddled with." Happy the church the members of which, contend earnestly, as one man, for the faith once delivered to the saints! Woe to the church the members of which fall into strivings one against another. Strivings, as too often is the case, about things of the least consequence, or about meats and drinks, and non-essentials; strivings to enforce too rigidly their own opinions, and through pride, striving for the mastery. If unity is maintained, three words, in the spirit of them, must prevail: Bear, Forbear, and Forgive. Bear with one another's infirmities; Forbear to give needless offence and to hurt one another's feelings; Forgive when any one hurts us. Certainly one thing which especially tends to introduce strife, and to break up unity, is the bringing in persons into churches who are not really brethren. These persons are not really of one spirit with the others. They have not the Holy Spirit dwelling in them, thence they become elements of strife in the church. When the poor weak Jews were building the temple in the days of Zerubbabel, others wanted to associate with them in the work. But the Jews would not allow them. Hence arose persecution and hindrance. But they were perfectly right, and in spite of persecution and hindrance, the temple was built. Unless a due separation is maintained, a beneficial unity will be sure to suffer. We may illustrate this by a little anecdote.

A minister, who was looked up to as a sort of oracle, on account of his reputation for wisdom, had at the same time to answer two letters; one from the bailiff of his farm, the other from a church which had fallen into a state of strife and disorder, and decay. The letter to the bailiff, being misdirected, came into the hands of the church. It contained the following sage advice, "Look well to the black bull, and take care of the fences." At first the elders were puzzled, but at length one more skilled in interpretations than the others, pointed out the meaning, and its pertinency, or fitting application, to their case. The black bull was the devil, who had got in amongst them, and the fences were those of a proper church discipline, guarding it from error, wrong

actions, and improper persons. The church received the sagacious counsel, and very soon the black bull was turned out, the fences mended, and order and harmony and prosperity restored to the people. Paul warns us of the black bull in Ephes. iv. 26, 27.

But this dwelling in unity is not only profitable, but pleasant. There is a something delightful about it. This the Psalmist sets forth by a comparison, or an emblem. He compares it to the precious anointing oil which was poured upon Aaron's head, and that went down to the skirts of his raiment. This oil, the composition of which is given us in Exodus xxx. 23-25 sent forth a delightful fragrance, and, as Solomon says, rejoiced the heart. So it is with real Christian unity. Of course that oil was emblematical of the Holy Spirit, who is the real source of Christian unity, and of that which makes it sweet and pleasant. There is a sweet savour of Christ about it. As the holy anointing oil which was not to be poured out indiscriminately upon every one, but was divinely appropriated to particular persons and things, so the Holy Spirit is poured out upon Christ, and upon his true people. Nothing out of Christ partakes of this special anointing. The holy oil in Israel was poured upon Aaron's head, and ran down upon his beard, and went down to the skirts of his raiment. So the Father gave the Holy Spirit without measure unto Christ, and the same blessed Spirit is given in measure to all his people. Flows down to the skirts of his raiment. All his people partake of the Holy Spirit as the Spirit of life, and grace, and sonship in Christ. As there is one body, so there is one Spirit of life and light in that one body. Here is the true and essential source of all Christian unity; and hence is derived its sweetness. What sweetness, what pleasantness, can there really be in a forced, external, fleshly unity? Bind, by external bands, a putrefying corpse to a living man, and where is the pleasantness? Where is the sweetness? No! the true unity is that of the Holy Spirit, and that unity has life, and sweetness, and fragrance about it; for it is all in Christ. By this anointing, too, they are all alike made priests unto God. There is no distinct section of them, made into a separate priesthood, according to man's invention. He hath made us kings and priests unto God is true of the whole family of God. Having used the emblem of the fragrant oil to set forth the pleasantness of Christian unity, the Psalmist now uses another similitude to show forth the goodness, the beneficial nature, of this unity. He compares it to the fertilizing dew. Not to dew generally; but to the dew upon Hermon, Sirion, or Zion, as a particular mountain at the north of the Land of Promise was called. As Aaron typified the great high priesthood of Christ, so this mountain is taken to represent his sovereignty, as he is King of kings, and Lord of lords. Of other sovereignties and lordships, we read Zech. xi. 1, "Open thy doors, O Lebanon, that the fire may devour thy cedars." This is something very different to dew. But upon Sharon, a part of Lebanon, there is the falling of the dew. This dew represents

the true blessing of God, which is only upon Christ, and those in Christ. This blessing answers to the blessing of Abraham, "I will bless thee, and make thee a blessing." Now when the Lord's people dwell together in unity, this blessing is much upon them. They dwell together in union in Christ, they share in union his blessing. They are sweetly beneficial one to another. Christ makes them kings as well as priests unto God. They are enabled to reign over themselves, to control their carnal natures, and that spirit which is naturally in them, and lusteth to envy. This is all shown forth in Ezek. xxxvii., where they are represented by sticks, which become one in the hand of Christ, adhere one to another, by his uniting grace, and are used unitedly to carry out his saving and beneficial purposes. We have a union of life, a union of spirit, a union of pleasantness, a union of profitableness, when brethren dwell together in Christ in a spiritual unity.

As the holy anointing oil in Israel was emblematical of the Holy Spirit, in one point of view, so the dew of the land of Israel, of Hermon, was emblematical of the same Holy Spirit in another. He is in Christ the promised blessing. "I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thy offspring." He is the source of life and fruitfulness, and usefulness in the people of God. And when they dwell together in unity in Christ all this is especially manifested in them, and enjoyed by them. When he is grieved by their foolish strifes and divisions, which proceed from their naughty wanderings from Christ, and their carnal natures getting in some degree the upper hand, then the dews of Hermon no longer plentifully descend upon them, but deathfulness, barrenness, wretchedness take the place of life in the enjoyment of it, and a blessed fruitfulness; for in the Lord Jesus Christ, and in unity to him, and therefore to one another in him is the promise of blessing and life for evermore. To illustrate this, we have a remarkable setting forth of the unity, force, and fruitfulness of the Israel of God in Micah v. 7, 8. The prophecy clearly refers to the days of the Apostles, when it was so strikingly fulfilled. We have the Judge of Israel, the Lord Jesus, smitten. He rises again, the peace of his people. Then follow the triumphs of the remnant of Israel, the Apostles, and early Christians. "The remnant of Israel is as a dew from the Lord, as showers upon the grass," sovereignly and refreshingly descending. Also they are used in the work of conviction of sin, tearing the consciences of sinners in pieces, that the dews and refreshing showers might fall upon, and be valued by them. We know how in those days the Lord's people dwelt together in unity. We know with what power, then, they went forth preaching the Gospel. They tore in pieces, as in the cases of the Jews at Jerusalem and of the Jailor of Philippi, the consciences of sinners and were not only a blessing one to another, but, in the Lord's hands, diffusers of blessings round about them in every direction.

A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. JOHN HOBBS,  
MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

Sevenoaks, July 29th, 1870.

My dear Friends,—Grace, mercy, and peace be with you all in Christ Jesus, Amen.

Our God has graciously given all his most Holy Word to be the portion of his people. The Psalmist says, "Thy testimonies have I taken as an heritage for ever, for they are the rejoicing of my heart." So that all God's Word is ours. But when the holy and ever blessed Spirit is pleased to take any portion of that Word, put it into the hand of our faith, and apply it with Divine power to our heart, it becomes ours in a more especial sense. He takes of the things that are Christ's and reveals them unto us.

While I was musing this morning before rising, the following words did, as it were, sound in my heart: "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."

First, there is a day of trouble spoken of; second, an exhortation and encouragement concerning it. Third, a promise; fourth, the fruit and effect of this promise.

1. As to the day of trouble, many are the afflictions of the righteous. There is the day of Jacob's trouble, mentioned in Jer. xxx. "Alas! for that day is great, so that none is like it." Taking the context, I believe this describes the state of a poor sinner who is at an uncertainty about his deliverance, and about his being born again.

There are heart troubles as the Psalmist speaks: "The troubles of my heart are enlarged." These arose either from a sight and sense of the evils of one's own heart, or they are the heartfelt troubles and afflictions of all kinds which God sends to try his people.

Another day of trouble is when the soul seeks after God, and cannot find him; as Job, "O that I knew where I might find him!" or Mary Magdalene, who said, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." Or seasons of much spiritual barrenness are meant, as our Lord says, "The day will come, when the Bridegroom shall be taken away from them, and then shall they fast in those days."

2. There is the exhortation or encouragement, "Call upon me," in the present day of trouble, in every day of trouble, whatever it may arise from. Calling, crying, implies that the Lord does not seem to be very near to us; and yet, bless his precious name! he is always near enough to hear and answer us. There is nothing in which I feel I am more deficient than in this *calling*. It does not intend a long set form of prayer, but a single cry, a broken sentence, as it were, drawn from the heart by a sight and sense of need. I think we procure many of our trials to ourselves by that backwardness to call upon his name to which we are prone. The Lord loves to hear his children cry unto him: "Let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice."

And when love does not draw us to him, afflictions are sometimes sent, and sanctified to increase our earnestness in seeking his face. But whether drawn or driven, it will always be found profitable in the end to seek the Lord and to call upon his name.

3. There is the promise: "I will deliver thee." This is often found to be the hardest thing in the world—to believe that he *will* deliver us, especially when we cry and shout, and he shutteth out our prayer; when, like Job, we seek him and cannot find him. Under such circumstances we generally get into a legal spirit. There is often a very deep sight and sense of our backslidings, and of the inconsistency of our life, walk, and conversations in many things. Self-examination discovers that we have an abounding carnality, and little, very little, real spirituality. This, and much else that is like it, makes us thoroughly ashamed of ourselves; and then we frequently add sin to sin, by doubting God's faithfulness to his own promises, because of our unfaithfulness to him. Thus we too often begin to think that he is changeable, like ourselves.

Now, all this is permitted, that we may be led to look to him as a faithful, covenant-keeping, and promise-fulfilling God and Father. His everlasting love to his people, his eternal choice of them in Christ, all the work of Divine grace that is wrought in them, are the effects of his sovereign will and good pleasure. We did not merit his favour at first, and, bless his precious name! all our deficiencies, shortcomings, and imperfections shall never move him, concerning his love to our souls; for "having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end." We may, indeed, procure to ourselves a Father's chastisement; but nothing shall ever alter his love, or change his purpose. Therefore he will fulfil every promise he has made, whatever carnal reason, sin and self, unbelief, the world, or Satan, may say to the contrary, "I am the Lord: I change *not*: Therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed" by any fire ye may be called to pass through.

4. "Thou shalt glorify me." This is either an exhortation or a promise. God is glorified, when we ascribe every deliverance to him, and to him alone, without any merit or worthiness on our part; when we acknowledge him in all our ways, confessing that it is his hand that supplies and directs whatever means may be employed in our behalf; when an offering of praise is brought before him: "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me." And because he knows our deficiency in this matter, and that without him we can do nothing, he says, "Thou *shalt* glorify me"; as elsewhere, "I *will* be their God, and they *shall* be my people." Thus our gracious God is pleased, not only to engage his word for our deliverance, but also to secure to himself his own glory. "This people have I formed for myself, they shall show forth my praise."

I hope I am better than when I left home. I desire to watch the Lord's hand concerning me in everything. I want to acquiesce

in his holy will, whatever that will may be: and yet I must say that if he is graciously pleased to raise me up again, I do desire to go forth again in his strength, making mention of his righteousness, and of his only. I trust that my dear friends are inclined and enabled to seek the Lord in my behalf. I can truly say that I do not forget them, and shall rejoice to meet them again, if the Lord is pleased to enable me; but I must wait his time. My love be with you all in Christ Jesus.

Yours affectionately in him.

JOHN HOBBS.

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AN EXTRACT FROM A LETTER BY THE LATE  
MR. J. C. PHILPOT.

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My dear Friend,—I received your letter in due course, but, being absent at the time from this place, it was forwarded to me to Devonport, where I was then staying. I am glad that any of my publications should be blessed to your soul, and it causes me no surprise that my sermon, of which you speak, should stir up the wrath of empty professors both in and out of the Establishment. What Satan and his children hate is power. Neither he nor they dislike the form of godliness, as they have no quarrel with anything which does not disturb his kingdom. Thus dry doctrines, and empty notions, and such husks as the swine eat, will go down with thousands who are mortal enemies to vital godliness. Vain confidence, false hopes, groundless assurance, great swelling words about Jesus Christ in the letter, numerous quotations from the Bible, lines of hymns always on the tongue—well varnished over with feigned humility—a pious exterior, fleshly sanctification, and mock spirituality pass current, in our day, for wonderful attainments in religion. All this whitewash usually covers a filthy sepulchre, abhorred of God, and abhorred by his discerning people. Those who have had a spiritual discovery of all the hypocrisy, deceitfulness, falsehood, self-righteousness, and natural religion of which our hearts are full can see in professors what professors cannot see in themselves. A Bank of England clerk can detect, in a moment, a forged note, which you or I might take to be genuine. And how does he find it out? By the want of a certain mark which every genuine note possesses. And thus, let anyone have all the appearance of spiritual religion, if he has not the mark upon his forehead, which the Spirit of God alone can put there, he is not to be received as genuine. “He must be a spiritual mourner” (Ezek. i. 10) before he will have the mark, and if he has not this stamped upon him the men with the slaughter weapons in their hands will destroy him utterly. All the sheep of Christ, when they have their old dirty torn wool of self-righteousness sheared off, are marked by the Good Shepherd, and there is no fear of his afterwards mistaking them for goats.

I have desired my publisher to procure and send me your edition of "Bunyan on Prayer." I know the little book itself very well, and never read anything which suits my views and feelings about prayer more than is there set forth. I am deeply convinced that all saving religion is of a supernatural character, that it is alone the gift of Jehovah, who will be gracious to whom he will be gracious; that it cannot be bought, deserved, nor earned; that whatever it is, it makes a man a new creature; that it is got out of the fire and out of the water; that it is the preparation for a similar eternity. Such a religion as comes down from God himself into the soul few are acquainted with. Their religion is all I this and I that; something I have done, obtained, or acquired; something I have obtained and procured by my exertions. It seems to me that the great employment of professors is to keep turning the winch and working at the crane, and that the occupation of the parsons is to stand over them with a heavy whip to keep them up to the work. There is the Sunday School, and the prayer-meeting, and the three services, and the week-night preaching, and the exhortation, and the invitation, and the scolding, and the legalization, and the moralization. And then there is the duty of faith, and the duty of love, and the duty of obedience, and the duty of church-membership, and the duty of aiding missionary and Bible societies, and, above all, the duty of paying for a seat and contributing to the quarterly collections.

This is the crane which the people have to keep working at; and if they do their duty, and keep turning away to the end of their lives, they will, no doubt, crane up their souls to heaven. This is a modern chapel religion, and those who will not work at the crane, but love and contend for a free grace religion, and love to be at God's feet that they may be the clay and he their potter, O these are your lazy, stinking Antinomians; these are the vilest characters, and the most awful, dreadful persons, to be shunned as a plague and abhorred as a pestilence! Even universal charity is inflamed with wrath against these; and if the meek, mild, gentle, soft, holy man in the pulpit flares out into righteous zeal and pious indignation, it is against the doctrines and principles of such as make God everything and man nothing. But all these bursts of holy zeal will not trouble nor terrify one with whom the secret is, and who has an eternal, divine, supernatural religion.

I hope to be in London, at Great Alie Street Chapel, Goodman's Fields, if the Lord will, the first two Lord's Days in August next, but I would advise any who have thought I was much of a preacher to moderate their expectations, as my own feelings tell me I can write better than I can preach.

One of your church ministers, Mr. Powell, was an old friend of mine at Oxford. I should fear that his dry doctrines are more suitable to feed dead Calvinists than living souls. Wishing you much of the good old wine of the kingdom in your soul,

which is for him that is ready to perish and of a heavy heart (Prov. xxxi. 6), and much of that oil which makes the face to shine, and of the bread which strengthens man's heart (Psa. civ. 15), I am, with love to all true pilgrims and contrite souls, yours faithfully, for the truth's sake,

Allington, near Devizes, 1837.

J.C.P.

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### A CLOUDY SKY.

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“With clouds he covereth the light; and commandeth it not to shine by the cloud that cometh betwixt.”—(Job xxxvi., 32.)

I am fully persuaded that many of the children of God know well what is meant by a cloudy dispensation; they know what it is to reel to and fro, and to cry in agony of soul out of the very depths of their heart, “Hath God forgotten to be gracious? Is his mercy clean gone for ever?” Many good and faithful soldiers of the Lord Jesus go as it were on toilsome marches, bearing heavy weights, pressed down beyond measure with doubts, fears, unbelief, misgivings, a desperately wicked heart, and other innumerable accompaniments, on very muddy, dirty roads: no light; nothing but clouds—and those heavy ones—visible; the atmosphere beset with arrows and all kinds of combustible materials from the enemy's camp; and, what is apparently worse than all, is their hungering and thirsting in an empty, barren, and dry land. Many of these true soldiers are often tempted to desert; but, though they deny their general, he still loves them; he is ever faithful, and when he corrects his rebellious people it is in love to them; he turns to them a pure language, saying, “Turn unto me, ye backsliding children, for I am married unto you.” But notwithstanding, they are continually skirmishing with the enemy, for this is a war in which there is no discharge; and they sometimes, nay often, come to downright open engagements, and now and then an immense army, headed by unbelief, seems to get the upper hand; but they always, unlike other armies, come off victorious; but not by their own strength, but by the blood of the Lamb. It is by him who is the strength of Israel and the hope thereof.

But it is most blessed to know that every dispensation springs from the everlasting covenant, for affliction cometh not from the dust. Mark, it is with clouds God covers the light; and then darkness is felt in the soul; and that man who knows not what it is to have the beasts coming out of their dens, to see every hope vanish, to have every evidence fail, and to find himself at his wit's end, let me beseech him to think the matter over again, whether or not he belongs to the royal priesthood—the redeemed of the Lord. The man that lives without doubts is a doubtful man; at any rate he has advanced but little in the school of Christ. Glory be to his name, our everlasting light remains the same. It is Jesus, our God, our glory, who has said, “I am the light of the world”; and when we shall see him, face to face, no cloud will again come betwixt us.

J. S.

## Obituary.

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ON May 9th, 1901, aged 81 years, Mary Ann Crowhurst, of Lower Halling, passed away suddenly. She retired to rest about six o'clock in the evening, and complained of feeling cold, and of not being very well. A little nourishment was given to her, and she appeared to fall asleep, but, on her daughter-in-law entering the room a short time after, she seemed to be in a fainting-fit, and before the doctor could arrive her spirit had fled. I was sent for at once, but was not in time to see her while she was alive. It has been my privilege to know her from boyhood, and ultimately became her son by marriage. She was through grace, I trust, a humble follower of the meek and lowly Jesus for nearly fifty years, but she did not profess to have experienced the depth of soul-travail that some of God's people do, neither did she rise to such heights of joy; but she was led to see and feel herself to be a lost, ruined, and helpless sinner by nature and practice, and to comprehend that salvation was only to be obtained through God's rich, free, and sovereign grace, as purposed from all eternity by God the Father, procured by God the Son, revealed and made known by the teaching, enlightening, and quickening operation of God the Eternal Spirit, in the hearts and consciences of the "election of grace." She manifested a good measure of the fruits of that blessed grace, the filial fear of God, which, as Mr. Hart says,—

"Is an unctuous light to all that's right,  
A bar to all that's wrong."

I well remember that in the fifteenth year of my age—when, I trust, the Lord, in his great mercy, had taken me in hand by his blessed Spirit, and was teaching me that I was a poor, lost, and ruined sinner by nature and practice, and that unless I was born again I must for ever sink into a burning hell—I was sent by my master to her house on business, and, in the anguish of my mind concerning the new birth and the evidences of being born again, I related my exercises to her, and asked her several questions as to whether what I had told her was any mark or evidence of being born again. She looked at me (as I thought sternly) and said, "Can you sin cheaply? For those who are born again cannot do that!" She then pointed out to me that sin, to a regenerate soul, was a burden and a grief, and that it would lead such a one to mortify the deeds of the body, &c. This reply tried me very much at first, the enemy setting in upon me and accusing me of many things whereof I knew I was guilty in thought, word, and deed. Oh! the fears I had as to whether I was the subject of a godly repentance and sorrow or not! But, bless the Lord, that question: "Can you sin cheaply?" kept running in my mind, and I trust I could say before the Lord, and call him to witness, that,

“ My grief and burden long had been,  
Because I could not cease from sin ! ”

I often look back with a solemn pleasure upon that never-to-be-forgotten occasion, for that question was fastened in my conscience as a nail in a sure place. Three and thirty years have passed since then, and during that time I have had many opportunities of conversing with her upon those things that make for our eternal salvation.

By her own request I committed her mortal remains to the earth, “ in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection to eternal life,” upon that blessed testimony of Jesus : “ This is the will of him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life : and I will raise him up at the last day ” (John vi. 40). For truly the Lord had opened her eyes to “ see the King in his beauty, and to behold the land that is very far off.” She was, indeed, made to feel the need of him in all the blessed characters he bears, and the offices he fulfils. She saw him as the elect head of all his elect people for all eternity, and as the way set up from everlasting ; and she would sometimes sing,

“ ’Twas grace inscribed my name  
In God’s eternal book,  
’Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,  
Who all my sorrows took.”

She saw him as “ the infant of days,” and adored his grace, mercy, and condescension, in passing by the nature of angels, and taking upon himself the seed of Abraham, to be made of a woman, and to be “ made under the law,” coming into her law-place, room, and stead. This for all his dear people, to live for them, to suffer, bleed, and die for them, to rise again, and ascend into heaven for them, there, as a blessed mediator, to intercede for them, and plead their cause. She could endorse the language of John : “ The Lord was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father full of grace and truth.” Her faith centred in him as the only way by which she could be saved. His blood and righteousness formed the only foundation upon which she could build her hopes of heaven. He was the only refuge to which she could fly for safety ; this was often her language :—

“ Other Refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee.”

Also, “ Rock of ages shelter me,  
Let me hide myself in thee,” &c.

As a family we sorrow, not as those without hope, but desire to bow before the sovereign will of God, and would say with the poet, that “ If our dearest comforts fall

Before his sovereign will ;  
He never takes away our all—  
Himself he gives us still.” C. T. WORSSELL.

ON January 9th, at Peterborough, in the 83rd year of her age, Ann Parrott, mother of the late W. B. Parrott, whose memoir appeared in this magazine in the September number, 1899. Our dear mother regularly attended Salem Chapel, Peterborough, until she was prevented by affliction about five years ago, which was an affection of the heart. She was a woman of very weak faith, and when conversing upon spiritual subjects would speak with very low views of her own state; but after the death of our beloved brother we could see the work was deepened in her soul. Upon one occasion last summer she was much blessed with love to the Lord Jesus Christ, so much so that she remarked to her daughter she could have then died (no doubt to have realized the full enjoyment), but her time was not yet come. To come to her last days; a few weeks before Christmas her limbs commenced to swell, showing her end was near. To her daughter who visited her, she said she had these words: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," and upon another occasion she mentioned them again, showing they had an abiding with her. A few days before her death, upon being asked her favourite hymn, she repeated the one through, commencing, "Your harps ye trembling Saints," which was found turned down in her hymn book. At another time her daughter said to her, "Mother, do you feel that underneath are the everlasting arms?" She said, with emphasis, *I do*, with an assurance which at one time she would have been afraid to have said, showing the Lord had fulfilled his promise to her, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." In taking down her tabernacle the Lord in mercy preserved her from much pain, and she was kept in a perfect frame of mind, and, at the last, passed peacefully away, to be for ever in the presence of her Saviour. She was interred by Mr. S. Haynes, of St. Ives. We feel we have lost a dear and loving mother and brother in a short time, but our loss is their eternal gain. L. F. ADNITT.

ON January 31st, at Peterborough, in the 78th year of her age, Elizabeth Taylor, for over 40 years a highly-esteemed member of the church at Salem Chapel, Peterborough. She was one who truly loved Zion, and was often blessed under the ministry. When the Lord first commenced the work in her soul she was for five years under conviction of sin, but when delivered could truly rejoice, and went to tell her friends what great things the Lord had done for her. She often spoke of the blessed manifestations she had received, as seeing by the eye of faith the Lord Jesus crucified for her. At one time, being in sore trouble, she was delivered by these words, "It is I, be not afraid;" and upon many occasions when under trials the Lord gave her many sweet promises. She was one who always felt herself to be a poor, needy sinner, and had often to bemoan her deadness and darkness of mind, but the Lord was often precious to her, and she loved to hear the Saviour exalted, and the crown placed upon the right head.

In coming to her last days, for some time past she had been in failing health, but she still attended the chapel until September of last year, when the dear one was taken with a paralytic seizure to which she slowly succumbed. She had often said she did not dread death, as the sting had been taken away. Upon a member of the chapel calling upon her, and asking her the state of her mind and her hope, she spoke with great assurance of her safety in the Lord Jesus Christ. Owing to the serious nature of her complaint, she was not able to converse much during her affliction, but was kept in a quiet and submissive frame of mind, and said she felt the Lord had dealt gently with her, as she had been spared from pain. The last few days she was unable to speak, and she passed away in a state of unconsciousness to be "for ever with the Lord." She was interred in Peterborough Cemetery on February 4th by Mr. S. Haynes.

L. F. ADNITT.

### AN EXPERIMENTAL LETTER BY MR. W. CROW.

38, Victoria Road, Tranmere Park,

The Editor, "G.S."

Birkenhead, 10th December, 1879.

Dear Sir,—I send you a faithful copy of one of W. Crow's letters for insertion at your discretion and opportunity.

Yours faithfully in the Truth, GEO. ALEXANDER.

Dear Brother in the Lord Jesus,—May grace, mercy, and peace rest upon you from God the Father, and from God the Son, and God the Eternal Spirit, Three Persons but one God. Your welcome letter came safe to hand with its sweet and profitable contents, but although time and opportunity are afforded to drop you a line, I feel my poor mind so contracted and bewildered and confused that I am dependent upon God to teach me, and to put what I write into my heart, and to give me wisdom. Nevertheless I feel in my heart a sweet witness towards you as one of the Lord's children, and know in my own soul a little of the sweetness of John's words: "We know we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren."

This precious, invaluable, and new covenant blessing supercedes all natural love! The fruit of the love of God to my soul. How I crave to enjoy more of it. Love suffereth long and is kind, charity envieth not, charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. What a blessed grace of the Blessed Eternal Spirit; but how very little love I enjoy in my heart to the God of all my mercies. But what a precious blessing it is to have a little of this love, and when I think of it, and feel the sweet effects of it upon my heart and upon his dear people whom I do love. Some that are gone home to their

eternal rest ; one dear brother whose name is on the last "Gospel Standard," Simeon Burns, with whom I have walked in union a great many years, and in whose chapel I was baptised. And when I look back as enabled by the Blessed Spirit, and think of those days, I feel with the servant of God, Job, "O that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me, when his candle shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness."

I have often wondered that he has not cast me off and spurned me from his holy presence. I can say, "O give thanks unto the Lord for he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever." "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits, who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies."

My dear friend, your complaint in your welcome letter is, and has been, the complaint of all the Lord's people who have walked long in the thorny path here below. It confirms me that there is life within.

If we know nothing of a warfare and do not feel keenly that sin and the devil are our greatest enemies, we should have great reason to doubt whether we belonged to the family of God. Dear Mr. Huntington said the devil knew when he was born again as well as he did, and, my dear brother, he makes us feel his temptations, and we are not ignorant of his many devices. When the Lord permits him to come and tempt us, our own wicked hearts seem to lean towards his dire and dreadful insinuations. I often am afraid of myself ; my own heart has deceived me, and when I feel such hateful things within, I hate myself, for I have besetting sins, which make me groan and sigh, and I often secretly wish I never had sinned against such a good and gracious God, and I cry out, "O that I never was born."

But oh, the riches and glory of God's grace to poor fallen sinners ; where sin abounded, grace did much more abound, for he has said, "I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and iniquities will I remember no more." I hope I can say that I believe we shall sit down in the kingdom of God at the feet of the dear Lord Jesus, for I feel such a love to you, believing you to be the Lord's child, and God grant that we may feel a greater increase of his love in our hearts, and give him all the glory.

Ah, my dear friend, Mr. Ralph Erskine has gone to his eternal rest, and oh that the Lord would be pleased to raise up many more such faithful servants of God in our day.

I had your second letter, and was sure you would do the best of your ability for us. We should have much liked to have heard dear Mr. Popliam, but the Lord makes no mistakes, but please give our Christian love to him, and all the dear brethren and sisters, and accept the same from your unworthy friend.

WILLIAM CROW.

This letter has only recently come into our hands.—Ed.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

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AUGUST, 1901.

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

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## THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST PREACHED TO THE POOR.

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TWO SERMONS PREACHED BY MR. E. ASHDOWN AT THE  
JUBILEE SERVICES OF THE STRICT BAPTIST CHAPEL,  
WIGSTON MAGNA. SEPTEMBER 5TH, 1900.

### EVENING SERMON.\*

"The poor have the Gospel preached to them. And blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me."—MATT. xi. part of 5, 6 verse.

OUR text forms a part of the message that the Lord sent to John the Baptist when he was in prison. You recollect that John the Baptist opposed Herod because he married his brother Philip's wife. John condemned him for this thing, and said it ought not to be done, and Herod was offended, and shut up John in prison. You read of Herod, "He did many things, and heard him gladly." In our day, if you heard of a man who heard a minister gladly, and did many things, it is said he will get to heaven. But the trial had not come. We are apt to conclude quickly, but God does not. You find that John, when shut up in prison, he called in question all he had heard preached and taught of the Lord Jesus Christ. Religious people in our day would say, "He is quite a fool!" They do not know. They get a supposition of things, and think they have got the reality. *Aye, but they have not.* No man has got the real thing, unless it has got hold of him. You read of some who hold the truth in unrighteousness; and all the Scriptures together go to this point, to keep you and me from putting confidence in the flesh. And is it not good to be obedient to these knocks? "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." And if you are obedient to these knocks you will not run on with the multitude ("He that believeth shall not make haste"); but you will be among the hind folk. God makes the last

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\* The Afternoon discourse appeared in our last issue.—ED.

first and the first last, "for many be called, but few chosen." And "the lame take the prey." Hence it is written, "Where is the wise? where is the scribe? where is the disputer of this world? hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world? For after that in the wisdom of God the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." Now here was one of the most divine saints (I was going to say) who ever walked on earth, doubting his religion. Did you ever do it? Have you any stones to throw at John? Recollect he had walked in the wilderness, ate the locusts and wild honey, separate from all people, and he was filled with the Holy Ghost from his mother's womb; and the Lord said, "Among them that are born of women there has not risen a greater than John the Baptist." And here is this grand forerunner of our Lord calling all his religion in question. Say some, "I should not like to hear such an one!" I should; I should like to live and die with such a man. Why? Because when they get mercy they know the value of it. Hence you read: "When it goeth well with the righteous the (whole) city rejoiceth." It is a rare thing to see such an one rejoice, but when he is glad the whole city is lifted up. Why? Because he has had a visit from the God of Heaven. If you are taught of God, you won't think you have much religion; but our ignorance does not alter the fact, our hardness of heart does not alter God's mercy, though they do our feeling. You recollect Herod having bound John and put him in prison, because of Herodias, his brother Philip's wife, for he had married her; and John had said, "It is not lawful for thee to have her." Therefore John's testimony and Herod's conscience came in collision. Before that he heard John gladly, and did many things. That is a delicate point. Do you ever know what it is for the everlasting Gospel to come in collision with your conscience? "Blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me." Some have started off like this; they say, "We have been pious all our days, we know the truth, and nothing shall ever move us." You know THEY SAY MORE THAN THEY KNOW. That is it. Ah, then, you must not follow that line of things. Then John, hearing in prison of the miracles, and what the Lord Jesus Christ did, he sent two of his disciples to enquire "Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?" You recollect John's testimony of him when the Lord came to him to be baptized in Jordan; "He that sent me to baptize with water, the same said unto me, Upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending, and remaining on him, the same is he which baptizeth with the

Holy Ghost. And I saw and bear record that this is the Son of God." Then he called in, question and doubted if it were true. John's doubts did not alter the fact. He was just the same, the real Christ, and John's interest in him was just the same. If my evil-questionings, if's and but's, could jostle me out of Christ, I should have been out long since. I have proved all these sort of things—infidelity, pride, unbelief—do not jostle me out of Christ. *Don't you think it is a blessing?* Don't you think it is worth having? If we put it on other ground, and say if you walk godly and keep your heart with all diligence, and walk consistently with your profession, you will get to heaven; but, if not, you will be lost. It does not give us up, that is the thing; and how can you give it up if it does not give you up? You may have fears, backslidings, evil-questionings enough to sink thy soul in despair, but not enough to alter God's love, not enough to alter thy interest in God's salvation. So all "Israel shall be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation." By these things the real believer distinguishes between the creature and the Creator, between the flesh and the Spirit; and he has strong confidence in two, but not in the other two; he has strong confidence in the Creator and the Spirit, but not in the creature and the flesh. "We are the circumcision, which worship God in the Spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh." I could not rest the weight of a straw of my salvation on all that ever I did. You think there is a man, a person, leaning on what he has done to get to heaven and escape hell; all such doctrine will jostle Christ out, he is only a make-weight. We don't want much of you. All God's saints they want him. They called them Christians first at Antioch; all their religion consists in what Christ did for them. "The disciples were called Christians first in Antioch," and the Holy Ghost never contradicted it. You know this: it is not so easy to be a Christian as many think it is. I believe what Joseph Hart said is a truth. He said: "A moral man, a devout man, a zealous man is far from being a Christian; he may have all that in his nature without the Holy Ghost. Sin is deeper than that; God's law is deeper than that, it reaches to the thoughts and intents of the heart." And I believe what Hart said. And, again. It requires the same Almighty power that called the world into existence to make a Christian. And I hope you won't despise what God has made—out of a poor muckworm to make a Christian! And if he is as bad as John, after all his confidence and affirmation call all in question. John doubted all he had preached, and

what he had felt and said. I have done the same! You say: "You are not much of a Christian." But we are Christians, though; and you know that "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence." Therefore, I say, our text forms a part of the Lord's blessed message to John the Baptist. John sent them to ask: "Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?" And in the same place we read: "the blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them. And blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me." Now, he said, "Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see." And I believe when these two disciples of John went and told him, the Holy Ghost bare record with their sayings, and he entered into his soul, and it prepared him to die. The man was cut off suddenly. By and bye Herod's birthday was come, and the daughter of Herodias danced before him, and pleased Herod and his lords, so that he said, "Whatsoever thou shalt ask of me I will give it thee, unto the half of my kingdom. And she went forth and said to her mother, What shall I ask? And she said the head of John the Baptist. And she came in straightway with haste unto the king, and asked, saying, I will that thou give me the head of John the Baptist." And Herod sent immediately and took John's head. Ah! but John's disciples were there first, and he had the testimony for his faith before they took his head away. And, I daresay, you have watched these things; and how it enhanced his blessed name in his faithfulness and love to you.

In making a few remarks on the words of our text, first, we have to speak of the poor; secondly, of the Gospel being preached to them; and, thirdly, this blessing pronounced. "Blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me." And a person that God blesses can't go to hell; you can't believe that when God blesses a poor son or daughter of Adam they can go to hell? There is only one more place, and that is Heaven; all whom God blesses go to Heaven. "Blessed is he, Jew or Gentile, bond or free, whosoever shall not be offended in me." First, make a few remarks about these poor. I don't understand the Lord means expressly and particularly providential poverty, though many of God's

poor people have waded through that. The poor man at the rich man's gate, he was poor enough, full of sores, and the dogs came and licked his sores. Grace had her arms wide open, providence kept her eyes shut. There have been thousands of God's people like that. What do you think about it? Why, to tell you the truth, I want providence's hand open, and grace's hand open, too; and that is about the truth with most of us. But do we get it? I have known the time when providence seems to open her hand, and grace to keep hers shut; and I have known the time when providence has shut her hand, and grace kept hers wide open; and one likes that best. One of our hymns says:

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

These poor are really poor in their own souls—poor in the sight of a heart-searching God. They owe God from their very birth all their heart, all their affections, all their powers, all their strength; all they have they owe it all to God, and they have not given him any of it. He is an awful debtor, and he has not got a scrap to pay his debts with; and when the Holy Ghost comes and convinces him of these sins, and charges them home, it makes him poor experimentally. It made David say, “This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles. O! taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.” Now, this I say, that until we are brought sensible before God of our sins of omission and commission, and that we have not got a particle of righteousness to pay the debt with, “cursed is everyone that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them.” Down goes the man; he has not a particle to pay the debt with. And generally, when this is the case, I did; I laboured night and day, and wept before God for mercy, help, and deliverance; and it came to this, if I could weep for a thousand years, it would not atone for one sin—not atone for one of them. It was fastened upon my conscience; and when that took place, I longed for the Gospel, and I lived all the week for the Lord's day, if so be I could get a scrap. I shall never forget when the first Gospel hope came into my soul, under two sermons a man preached on real prayer. He showed there was no real prayer in the man's soul unless born again of God, and it was wrought by the Spirit of God. He swept away all hope in

forms and ceremonies, and he showed real prayer was the groans of a poor soul under a sense of condemnation, longing for God's mercy; and I felt I have got it then, and tears ran down my cheeks in the chapel. He said, "If you have this you are of the house of David, one of God's elect." And I left the chapel with a Gospel hope in my poor soul.

"Prayer was appointed to convey  
The blessings God designs to give;  
Long as they live shall Christians pray,  
For only while they pray they live.

"The Christian's heart his prayer indites;  
He speaks as prompted from within:  
The Spirit his petition writes,  
And Christ receives and gives it in."

"He that searcheth the hearts knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit, because he maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of God." That's it; then I have got it. It is fifty years ago this month, and through mercy some of you could say it. I went fifteen years after this before I got Gospel liberty, but this was the greatest lift. I went to chapel that Sunday as certain I was a lost man as I went, and, lo and behold! salvation came. "And the poor have the Gospel preached to them." "The poor!" Why, this means debtors, who have not one mite of their own to pay.

"While we can call one mite our own  
We have no full discharge."

You business men, suppose you have owing a great sum of money, and a man won't pay you. I have not wherewith to pay, and I come in with the Church: "All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags, and we all do fade as a leaf, and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away." The old Church service reads: "There is no help in us." But "God hath laid help upon one that is mighty." When God implants a living faith in the soul—you must make a distinction between a dead faith and a living one. There is a faith that credits all truths of the Gospel just like you would credit the history of England. That is a natural faith; it will not save the soul; no, that it won't. Now, this I say (I am speaking of a living faith), all the time you can walk morally, and He leaving you in that, and you walk comfortably in it, you believe with this historical faith; you call yourself a Christian; you believe in the person of Jesus—believe the Gospel—believe the Scriptures; and, lo and behold! your heart has never been broken. You never have had a broken heart before God. I would like to know how God could

heal your heart that has not been broken. You read, "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?" And, "The Lord healeth the broken in heart and bindeth up their wounds."

This historical faith will not save the soul. Let me make a few remarks on a living faith: "Contend earnestly for the faith, which was once delivered unto the saints." This faith stands in the power of God, and not of man. It is a faith of the operation of God, and when God does not operate, that faith does not act, and you can no more believe than John could unless God operates. These are the people that have this sort of poverty. They would believe, they would trust him, they would cast all their souls' concerns on him, and get the benefit of it, but they can't. One said:

"O, could I but believe,  
Then all would easy be."

They have this historical faith that is sound enough, and yet they have not this living faith in its operation in their souls any more that John or Abraham or Hannah had. They had the faith, but not in operation. You know the declaration: "Whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." Perhaps you have been in trouble a fortnight, a month, two months, or years, and ask and ask, and yet cannot get the answer. And why not? The promise is: "Whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." But the Holy Ghost does not operate on your faith. To believe and embrace a suffering Lamb of God as his all he can't; he has not the power of faith. I understand this poor creature in this state is in a widowhood state. He is dead to Moses and to a covenant of works, but not married to Christ. Some of God's saints they go 10, 20, 30, 40, or 50 years, and some more than that, before they get what they want, because they have not power to lay hold of him. There is enough in him to save the soul, and do all you can, but you lack power to lay hold. Hence we read: "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." These be the poor people, and the text says, "And the poor have the Gospel preached to them." God does not give them up, you see. IS NOT THAT BLESSED?

The Lord complains of the shepherds in the book of the prophet Ezekiel. He says, "Ye have not fed the flock," ye have fed the fat and the strong (those that have the historical faith); "ye have not fed the flock," the poor and needy. There is nothing right for them; the soul that has

got wisdom. Can you quiet them down without salvation? And you call them discontented. You read there went out to King David in the wilderness 300 men, and they were all of them in distress and in debt and discontented, and DAVID DID NOT SEND ONE OF THEM AWAY. The Lord said, "I have found David my servant; with my holy oil have I anointed him." One Sunday night, going down from chapel, and some of our friends in the train with us, one of them was very melancholy and cast down. It had been a barren day; she had got nothing. I said, "Suppose you were to go into some distant part, and did not know the people, and you found some people as happy, and as good living as you desire to be. And suppose you met with some in the same village as bad as you felt yourself to be, which should you join with?" "Oh," she said, "with the bad!"

"Most men will approve the rich,  
But Christ has blessed the poor."

"Hearken my beloved brethren. Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him?" God leading his poor people in this path, how it enhances the wondrous love and grace of Jesus Christ! You were singing of it, and while singing of it this verse dropped into my mind:

"What wondrous grace was this!

We sinn'd and Jesus died:

He wrought the righteousness,

And we were justified.

We ran the score to lengths extreme,

And all the debt was charged on Him."

"Being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." We will suppose then there are some of these poor creatures in the chapel who have not this blessing of pardon, peace, and justification. Let me just say a few words to these. I would say with Hart:

"Patch up no inglorious peace."

But rather, if God help you, fall flat down. I did. I said "Lord! I am lost, I am lost, and that is the real truth." And that same morning God blessed me with the spirit of adoption, that same morning in the mill. This poor creature that is in the same poverty-stricken state. It was with me a long time before I came to this. The Lord said, "I will be unto Ephraim as a moth, and to the house of Judah as rottenness." A moth in a garment, if you do not shake it about much, it will be a long time about it; it keeps on eating it,

until it has eaten it all up. And then let the conscience be shaken with some awful infidelity, and all that confidence is gone like a wave, gone like the early dew and the morning cloud. "The poor have the Gospel preached to them."

"The poorer the wretch, the welcomer here :

(Come needy, come guilty, come loathsome and bare :

You can't come too filthy—come just as you are."

It is written—"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Just a word, What is the Gospel that these poor have preached to them? What is the Gospel? Dear friends, this. The Lord Jesus Christ stands in our law place room and stead before a just and holy God. "What the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin condemned sin in the flesh." So that now God's justice is satisfied. "He bare our sins in his own body on the tree." The Lord Jesus Christ took the whole penalty of all our transgressions, and before he expired on the tree, he cried out, "It is finished." All the wrath of God, due to the sins of God's people, spent itself on him, so that there is no wrath, no condemnation. And God cannot twice demand two payments for one debt. "The Lord is well pleased for his righteousness sake; he will magnify the law and make it honourable." He paid the awful debt in his own body. Christian, ponder this in thy mind, and let not any put asunder what God has joined together. The law can't pardon, it can't give grace, no, that it can't. The Gospel does it, all without fee or reward.

"This he gives you,

'Tis the Spirit's rising beam."

"This Jesus (that suffered on Calvary's tree), God hath made both Lord and Christ." The church said, "Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?" They said, "What is thy beloved more than another beloved?" O! she said, "My beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand." You recollect this is true, all godliness springs from a precious Christ and his finished work, all heavenly-mindedness comes from him. The church says, "All my springs are in thee." "It pleased the father that in him should all fulness dwell." Then you must not bring up works, if you only have a good frame to bring you would not get it. He said, "Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money come ye buy and eat, yea come buy wine and milk without money and without price."

"All the fitness he requireth

Is to feel your need of him."

These be the poor that hath the everlasting Gospel in which is life, holiness, immortality, righteousness, and peace all wrapped up in it. Then it is said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved ; but he that believeth not shall be damned." How could a man be saved if he did not believe in this one Jesus ? How is it possible for a man to be lost if all his dependence, all his hopes centre in this precious Christ in the Gospel ? It is not possible. Necessity is a wonderful thing, it will bring a man to do what he would not do unless compelled. You read, "They fell down, and there was none to help. Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saved them out of their distresses."

"And blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me." You will find this, so shall I, that God does to his people something like Paul and Silas did when they went to Thessalonica. They said, "These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also." You know what that means, upside down, top to the bottom. Almost all people, professing and profane, they are after the creature, all day long after the creature. Paul put God at the top, and the creature at the bottom. "These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also." And the Prophet said, "Behold the Lord maketh the earth empty, and maketh it waste, and turneth it upside down, and scattereth abroad the inhabitants thereof. And it shall be, as with the people, so with the priest ; as with the servant, so with his master ; as with the maid, so with her mistress ; as with the buyer, so with the seller ; as with the lender, so with the borrower ; as with the taker of usury, so with the giver of usury to him." He turns the world topsy-turvy. Have you ever been offended with it ? God does it. "Blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me." When Jesus Christ said to the people that followed him, "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink his blood, ye have no life in you." Many of his disciples said : "This is a hard saying, who can hear it." And Jesus said, "Doth this offend you ?" "And from that time many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him." Therefore the text says, "Blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me." We put it in this way : "Teach us to hug and love the cross." Let us walk by thy right rule. "Lord instruct us, we are fools." This offence ! There were very few people comparatively that could stand with them.

See Israel out of Egypt, not a feeble person among them. See them stand by the Red Sea singing, "The Lord hath

triumphed gloriously." You would say, "All these people are happy together, they will all get to heaven." But, no, 303 died in one day, and that in sin. "Blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me."

Have you not been afraid? so have I. The wise man says, "If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small." It comes to this: Except the Lord hold us up, we shall be sure to make shipwreck of faith and a good conscience. I like that hymn of Hart's:

"If ever it could come to pass,  
That sheep of Christ might fall away;  
My fickle, feeble soul alas!  
Would fall a thousand times a day,  
Were not thy love as firm as free,  
Thou soon would'st take it, Lord, from me

"I on thy promises depend,  
(At least, I to depend desire),  
That thou wilt love me to the end;  
Be with me in temptation's fire;  
Wilt *for* me work, and *in* me too;  
And guide me right, and bring me through.

"No other stay have I beside;  
If these can alter I must fall.  
I look to thee to be supplied  
With life, with will, with power, with all.  
Rich souls may glory in their store;  
But Jesus will relieve the poor."

Just a word. Your poverty and mine. You know poor people are not ashamed to beg. A certain steward was found to be unjust, and when he was put out of the stewardship he said, "I cannot dig; to beg I am ashamed." And he called everyone of his lord's debtors to him and said, how much owest thou unto my lord? Now, I say, in your poverty of soul you are not ashamed to beg. "Lord help me, Lord deliver my soul." Perhaps sometimes in your family, or in a secret corner, and you want no stock in hand.

"Poor and wretched, sick and sore."

I know this when I have gone in secret to God as poor in my soul as I could feel, and said, "Lord, do help me, Lord do bless me." That is just what you want. That will keep you from being offended. The poor useth entreaties. The Lord add his blessing. Amen."

## A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. BRAY.

Hitchin, October 22nd, 1884.

My dear Friend,—Your kind letter is to hand. I am sorry to say the whole of the Sabbaths you name are taken up, and I can see no way to change them for others, as the people have no pastors where I am engaged on those days. I feel disappointed, as I like to pay my old friends a visit occasionally. I had been waiting for some time expecting to hear from you, but as I did not, and was pressed by the other churches to fill-up, I did so, except the following dates, which are still open:—March 15th, November 29th, and December 15th and 27th. If you can possibly exchange any of your dates for the above I would willingly go to H——— for you. I had not heard of Mr. Swonnell's death. I have not been out for the last two Lord's days, not being well enough. I feel it to be a mercy that I am better; and I hope (G.w.) to go out on Sunday next. It has been a trying time with me, and caused me much searching of heart, and an examining of my ways before the Lord, and I hope there has been a turning to him whose chastening hand has been upon me. I had been in darkness, and felt very hard, destitute, and desolate, until last Monday morning, when, in reading the first and second chapters in the Book of Jonah, I felt my own case described, and my hard heart began to soften, and godly sorrow to work, enabling me to confess my own backslidings and heart wanderings before the Lord; and I truly saw and felt that "They that observe lying vanities forsake their own mercies." But, after all, "Salvation is of the Lord." And O, the blessing of being heirs of that salvation, and now and then getting a little taste of it in our souls as an earnest of the whole! My mind was occupied part of yesterday with these words: "Followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." I thought, what trials, temptations, and sorrows, they had to pass through to reach that heavenly inheritance; but O, how they were sustained by an Almighty power, and supplied by Infinite goodness through it all! But what a life of conflict and continual dependence was theirs! What an unspeakable favour it is for us if we are travelling in the same path, and having the same gracious Spirit to direct us daily, and the same eternal home in view! And we need the same Spirit of faith and the same fulness of grace to supply our needs. Cheer-up, my dear brother:

"A few more rolling suns, at most,  
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast,  
Where I shall sing the song of grace,  
And see my glorious hiding-place."

My wife unites with me in love to yourself, and your family, not forgetting the dear old pilgrim, your father.

I am, sincerely yours in the truth,

W. BRAY.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE LATE MR. JABEZ WHITTERIDGE, for upwards of forty years a Minister of the Gospel. Written by his Widow.

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My dear husband, Jabez Whitteridge, was for upwards of forty years a minister of the Gospel, setting forth, as enabled by the Holy Spirit, the free, sovereign grace of God to poor, sensible, lost, and ruined sinners. He was well known, and much respected by many of the Lord's dear family, who loved and esteemed him very highly for his work's sake.

My beloved husband was born at Haynes, in the county of Bedford, and was the child of a very godly mother, whose good example, under God, had a power in it. When she came to her death bed, she said, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." My dear departed one sent her obituary to the then "Gospel Herald" about fifty-five years ago. She was much favoured with access to and communion with God; and, on one occasion, when she was led to plead and wrestle on behalf of her loved children she had that precious promise given her:—"Not a hoof shall be left behind;" and she used to watch for the fulfilment of the promise.

My dear husband was the youngest son of ten children, and was born on February 23rd, 1826. Truly it was a time of trouble; for his father was in a good business in the bakery trade, having a large connection, and things at that time were prosperous with him. But misfortune came upon him, and his creditors compelled him to become a bankrupt as he was unable to meet his liabilities. He was at that time living in his own beautiful freehold, with lovely gardens, lake, fruit trees, and every convenience for comfort of home and business when he was sold up.

There was a man of God at Haynes Chapel where they attended, who said to my husband's parents, "Call this child's name Jabez, because his mother conceived him in sorrow!" The parents and family came from Haynes by waggon in those days to this our highly favoured but wicked London, and as all the children had their livings to seek they had to mix up in the world with others who were born in sin and shapen in iniquity, and we all go astray from our birth, and my dear husband got with ungodly companions, to his dear mother's great grief, but dear Kent says in that well-known hymn (76 Gadsby's) that

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

How often have we joined together to praise and bless the Lord for not permitting us to go into those depths of sin, that if left to our own wicked hearts we might have gone into while in the world. My husband's taste, when young, was for the theatre

and he went so far that he craved to be an actor on the stage. But, after he was called by divine grace, he had a perfect abhorrence of those places, and gave them the name of *devil traps!* He told me that he never looked at a play bill from the time he was called by grace. He used to tell his children that they were devils' houses, and standing on the broad road that leadeth to destruction.

But to return to his call by grace. One of those ungodly companions, and a sabbath breaker, asked him to go with him and some others shooting on the sabbath, and being then led captive by the devil, and his own wicked heart, he consented. He often spoke of the very spot in Canonbury fields (now all built upon) where there was a heap on which a bird alighted. His companions gave him a loaded gun and said, "Now shoot that bird!" My dear husband pulled the trigger, but as it was so ordered, the gun did not go off; when suddenly from under the heap a man arose, and the arrow of conviction entered into my husband's heart. He felt solemnly then and there the force of these words—"Thou God seest me." If that gun had gone off, probably that man would have been killed, and my husband would have been a murderer, and hell would have been his deserved and dread abode. He looked at his companions and said, "I am not well!" They laughed at him, but he moaned from what he felt within him, and saw God in his holiness and perfection, and could not see how it was possible that he could be saved from the wrath to come. He was brought to hear these words in his soul—"When thou saidest seek ye my face, my heart said unto thee, thy face Lord will I seek!" I cannot remember by what means this was spoken to him, but it was so.

He was then living near to St. Luke's Church, Old Street, and there was a Baptist Chapel near to it called Jireh, which he went to privately, and the minister, Mr. John Andrew Jones, took for his text, "Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." The "Thou" went deep down into his heart, and each word of the sermon seemed for him. He saw the minister going home and spoke to him, and asked him if his mother had been telling him all about him, as his mother used to attend there. The minister replied, "Why my dear young friend, it is the Lord that knows all about you;" and my dear husband was in due time cordially received by him into church membership. After this he was deeply exercised about the person of the adorable Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, but these blessed words were spoken to him with power from on high:—"Unless ye believe I am, that I am; ye shall die in your sins." "I am, that I am, God manifest in the flesh," "the only begotten Son of God." Perfect God and perfect man. The pure and the holy one, born of the Virgin, separated from sinners, full of grace and truth. . . . He saw that he was the only begotten Son of God, and lay in the bosom of the Father from everlasting, and willingly left his heavenly habitation to come down to this lower

world to suffer, bleed and die, and to redeem his people the "church" which is Jehovah's choice. Truly we may say

"What was there in us to merit esteem,  
Or give the Creator delight,  
But even so father, because it did seem,  
To be very good in thy sight."

My dear husband felt with the apostle Paul, that of sinners he was chief.

"And sinners can say, and only they  
How precious is the Saviour:"

Therefore, he was constrained by the Lord's Spirit and grace,

"To tell to sinners round,  
What a dear Saviour he had found," &c.

A person we knew asked him to go with him to Shoreditch Workhouse to speak in the name of the Lord to the poor inmates. He felt in his heart that he could not say no. He went, and when in the desk he opened the Bible on these words—"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised" (Luke iv. 18). Such liberty was given him for about an hour that his tongue felt like the pen of a ready writer. After he had sat down the people sang

"Thanks we give and adoration,  
For thy Gospel's joyful sound," &c.

At the close of the service the friends shook hands with him very heartily and hoped that he would soon come amongst them again.

He was at this time about thirty years of age, and he has been speaking in the Lord's name during the last forty years of free and sovereign grace to poor needy sinners, and not without many testimonies of the approbation of a covenant keeping God. His work, through the blessed operation of the eternal Spirit, seemed more for the comforting of the children of God than for the gathering in of poor lost sinners into the fold of Christ Jesus; but he felt, although Israel be not gathered, yet shall I be acceptable with God.

Several places in London, and in the country, he has spoken to many who have now large families that are brought to know and love the Gospel of the ever-blessed God. My dear husband was brought into deep anxiety about his own dear children, and lately said that his many prayers for them had not as yet been answered, when in a most marked way and manner two of our daughters and a son-in-law were quickened into divine life, and my husband was broken down in his feelings at the goodness of God so graciously displayed. One of our daughters—(Martha)—loved her dear godly father, and his ministry, but was greatly

tried in her soul, and therefore wanted a proof of her interest in Christ, and therefore she asked her father if he objected to her going to another chapel that she might, by the blessing of God, be more confirmed and established in the things she was seeking after. Her father said, "Certainly, my child," and accordingly it was so arranged that she should go to Zoar Chapel, Great Alie Street, where in the providence of God dear Mr. Ashdown had just taken the pastorate. She was led to cast in her lot with the dear people there, and was most cordially received, and loved by the minister, deacons, and the friends. But, in a short time, it pleased the Lord to take her from this vale of tears, when only twenty-four years of age. She said to us :—

" The way I take cannot be wrong ;  
If Jesus be but there."

When she was dying she said, "Hark ! they are singing !" and began to join with a melodious voice, and so left the body to be "for ever with the Lord." The other daughter (Lydia) and her beloved husband are now honourable members at Gower Street Chapel. I should have said that their dear father baptized each of these three and others also, but not at the same time. We had some good letters they sent their dear father, and the following lines were composed and sent by a friend on that occasion :—

Oh ! what a glorious sight to see  
A man baptize his family !  
Believing they are born again,  
And love the Lord for sinners slain.

No greater sight can we behold  
Than children brought into the fold  
Of that blessed Lamb for sinners slain,  
Who says, "Ye must be born again."

A father's prayers, a mother's sighs,  
Jehovah never will despise ;  
Though sometimes he does not convey  
The blessing sought for, in *their* way.

But when the Lord is pleased to hear  
And answer prayer for those so dear ;  
The parents must rejoice, and say,  
"Oh ! Bless the Lord !" from day to day.

Therefore, ye parents, one and all,  
Who on the name of Jesus call,  
Lift up your eyes and look around  
To see your prayers with answers crowned.

There is a record very old,  
In which the precious truth is told  
Of them, who for their children prayed,  
And did obtain the sought-for aid.

If Jesus did it in their day  
 To those who did for children pray,  
 Why should he not the same repeat  
 For those who seek his mercy seat?

Let us take courage from the past,  
 And this great burden on him cast,  
 Believing he will hear our prayer,  
 Since he does always for us care.

Since 'tis a privilege to me  
 To pray for all my family,  
 I'll go to him again and say:—  
 "Lord teach me how for them to pray!"

And I believe that he will hear  
 The prayer of faith for children dear;  
 And send no seeking soul away,  
 Since he says, we should always pray.

And sure it is a pleasant thing  
 To pray for those who from us spring,  
 For part of our own flesh they are;  
 And all deserve from us a prayer.

Because the promise is for all  
 Whom God the Lord is pleased to call,  
 Both Jews and Gentile, bond and free,  
 Howe'er far off, or near they be.

The funeral service of Mr. J. Whitteridge was conducted by Mr. Ashdown, of "Zoar Chapel," Great Alie Street, on March 6th, 1901.

#### MR. ASHDOWN'S ADDRESS.

My dear Christian friends, we are met under very solemn circumstances to-day. This is one of the solemnities of Zion, when an immortal soul is gathered home out of the church militant to the church triumphant. This is a circumstance which nothing can prevent. "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment" (Heb. ix. 27), but all God's elect are brought to judgment in this world. They are all convinced of sin by the righteous law of God; they are all taught by the Holy Spirit, and led to the Lord Jesus Christ for justification. Our dear departed brother passed through that in this life.

My dear friends, this makes a great gap in you as a family. My dear widowed sister, a great breach is made; but recollect this, it is all in consistency with the great oracles and councils of God. It is not a matter of chance which has happened; it was all planned and ordained before the world began, and eventually we have arrived at this solemnity. One says, "Look upon Zion, the city of our solemnities." Therefore, as God takes a vessel of mercy from the church militant to the church triumphant, we who are left behind mourn their loss. His voice you will hear

no more ; his prayers are all ended, but I hope they will be all answered, on the widow, and on you as a family. I hope the answer of his prayers may descend on the children. God blesses the habitation of the just ; he blesses the offspring of the just who fear his blessed name. You know the conduct of the departed ; you know his conversation, his ministry, his spirit, and his ways, were toward God, toward truth, toward righteousness ; and I trust that by God's mercy and favour toward him, each of you may follow in his steps. Be ye "followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises" (Heb. vi. 12). He has gone unto the substance of all the great promises that he believed in, that he built his hope upon, and that he encouraged poor sinners in.

Now he has gone into the realisation and fulfilment of them all, into that endless state of immortal bliss. Therefore, we are met together to-day, in the wonderful providence of God, under these circumstances, yet we do not weep and sorrow as those who have no hope ; but rather to worship ; to bless and to praise God, for his unspeakable mercy granted unto you and to our departed brother. "After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands ; and cried with a loud voice saying, 'Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb !' And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God, saying 'Amen : Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.'" And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, "What are these which are arrayed in white robes ? and whence came they ?" and I said unto him "Sir, thou knowest." And he said to me, "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple ; and he that sitteth upon the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters : and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes" (Rev. vii. 9-17). Therefore all tears, all sorrow, and grief, have a final end with God's people. What a difference, you see ! With all those who are not in Christ, their sorrows will begin when death comes : endless sorrows will seize them. When death comes to God's people, sorrows are gone, and endless peace rests for ever and ever upon them and not a wave of trouble roll across their peaceful breast. There are only these two states in eternity ; all the human race must launch into one of them. Therefore the great point is, to have

an interest in God—to be partakers of God's saving grace, saved to the uttermost. A spark of grace, like its great author, is immutable; but it must be grace. We are not saved by works, but by grace. Grace, like leaven in the meal, animates the soul and that soul God will set apart for himself (Psa. iv. 3). This is a great mercy, that we who believe in God's great goodness, and in the faith which our dear departed brother had by the Holy Ghost, we do not have to make up a lot of things to tell you, so as to make you happy, but we tell you the simple truth,—that God quickened his soul, sanctified his afflictions, blotted out his transgressions, and prepared him for glory, and that now he is taken home from all sorrows, sins, troubles, and cares, never any more sighs to roll over his breast; all have ended.

We are met together to-day to commit the mortal remains to its mother earth until the resurrection morn; and on that resurrection morn the same body will be raised with all its faculties; not natural, but spiritual; not in weakness, but in power; not in dishonour, but in majesty, and dignity; and with the immortal soul reunited with it, and be fashioned like unto the glorious body of the Son of God. If it is the Lord's will, I do hope that each one of us in this little meeting may be amongst them then. May God grant this in his mercy and in his saving power to the relatives, and to the children of the relatives, of the dear departed one who said with dying breath,—God is my refuge and strength, my inheritance; praise him, praise him, may his name have the glory.

“ In vain our fancy strives to paint,  
The moment after death,  
The glories that surround the saints,  
When they resign their breath,  
One gentle sigh their fetters break,  
We scarce can say they're gone,  
Before the willing Spirit takes,  
Her mansion near the throne.”

#### PRAYER AND BENEDICTION.

“ Most gracious God and father of all mercies, sanctify this stroke of thy hand to the widow, and each member of the family and friends who mourn their loss, thou hast taken away the head of the family, do thou be the husband and the judge of the widow, and the father of the fatherless, and bless them with thy fear and love, and enable them to say—‘Thy will be done’ under thy bereaving hand. We would thank thee for the grace and mercy given to our departed brother, and for thy love manifested to him at last which brought peace and rest into his soul. Prepare each of us before thee for our end, and Lord Jesus glorify thy name and mercy in the hearts of the family and friends and be a help to the widow, and let a sense of thy love strengthen her faith in thee. And may the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all. Amen.”

"THE LORD TRIETH THE RIGHTEOUS."

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WE have received the following note from an aged friend in Brighton, together with an interesting account of the last illness and death of Mrs. Ball, who died on January 28th, 1824.

Dear Sir,—The enclosed has been in my possession for many years. Being now in my eighty-fifth year I do not expect to keep it much longer, I therefore send it for insertion in the "Gospel Standard."

"Why should the wonders God has wrought,  
Be lost in silence and forgot?"

The persons mentioned in the MS. have long since left the wilderness, . . . . . some of them were hearers of Mr. Huntington.

Brighton, June 8th, 1901.      Yours, very sincerely, A. A.

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The account of Mrs. Ball is as follows:—On Friday, January 17th, 1824, her sister-in-law called upon her, and in the course of conversation, Mrs. Ball said that she much wished to see her, and wished she would come and spend the evening with her; upon which her sister-in-law promised to come on Monday the 20th, and stay with her some time. Mrs. Ball soon began to tell her that she was in great distress of mind; her sister-in-law asked her if it arose from any particular sin? She said, "No;" but that she found her religion was no support to her in her present affliction. She complained that when she had heard the Word, she immediately lost it. She returned home and found nothing but the world, and whatever impression had been made, it was altogether gone in a very short time. She expressed great anxiety that she might not be deceived, by building on a false foundation; she also said she often thought of the Scripture, that her brother-in-law found to be such a support in a late affliction: "And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock" (Matt. vii. 25). She said, "the rain had happened to her, and not being on the rock she sank." She said she constantly begged of the Lord to be searched and tried, so that she might not be finally deceived; and after her friend had communicated her own experience, she asked Mrs. Ball what was the cause of her first taking up a profession. She said, "it was in consequence of her being in a good deal of affliction, fearing that she should be lost; and once as she was returning home from Tottenham chapel, in one of the streets the Lord powerfully applied to her mind the following words, 'Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passeth through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee'" (Isa. xliii. 1-2). Her friend asked her whether she felt that redemption there spoken of. She replied, she thought she did at the time because it took away all her trouble; and when

she reached her home she locked herself in her room and prayed as she had never prayed before in her life.

She kept it secret for a long time, but by degrees it wore away, and the cares of the world, and worldly company nearly removed the impression from her mind. She said about two or three days before her confinement several texts of Scripture came with great power to her mind, and were so terrible as to make her doubt all her religion. Many of her friends seeing her affliction tried to persuade her she was right, and that her doubts and fears were nothing but a temptation. This she constantly asserted, and said she wished she had such a visitation as her brother-in-law told her of when lately he was in distress. "And the rain descended," &c., as she much feared the foundation of her religion was not upon that "Rock." A friend called on Tuesday, when she expressed great pleasure at seeing him, and said she had many things to say, and seemed very anxious respecting her present situation, and again repeated her fears that her religion did not afford her that stay which she had formerly hoped. He entreated her not to receive any comforts that friends might offer; nor take for granted what they might say. She replied, "Oh! no; poor things! they know nothing of me, they were never in my situation!" He said, "Cry mightily to God, and beg that he would search and try you, and never give up." She replied, "Oh! I do want clear work! I want to be quite sure, I want to be upon this Rock. But do you think that the Lord will have mercy upon me? Can there be any hope for me?" On Wednesday she was bled, and was exceedingly weak; but said she would see her brother-in-law. Her husband said she must not speak, but she answered, "I must see him for half-an-hour;" when he replied that it would do her less harm to speak, weak as she was, than to leave her mind so burdened. She expressed with very great earnestness her desire to have clear work, and that she might be right at last; yet with many fears lest she should fall short. She still was harping upon this Scripture, "And the rain descended," &c. And added, "Oh! that I were on that Rock."

On Tuesday the 22nd, she told a friend that this Scripture was much upon her mind, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." She said much of coming to Christ, and asked how she might come? He told her there were many ways of coming to Christ; that those intense desires she expressed was coming. She replied, "And do you think so?" as if she gathered hope from the thought. She said the portion was repeated often, "Come unto me," "Come unto me." She said she felt a willing mind to come, but did not know how, and also added that that Scripture was very powerful, "Ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall seek me with all your heart." In this frame of doubting and fearing, and in some small measure hoping, he left her about twelve o'clock on Friday. Mr. Ball fetched a friend in much apparent

trouble, saying she was very low, and wished he would come and talk to her. On his entering the room he never before witnessed so distressing a sight, she burst out into a flood of tears, and repeated many times in the agony of her soul, "I am gone for ever! I am lost! there is no hope for me! It is all over with me now! I am dying, and there is no mercy for me!" Although he felt much grief at the sight and hearing of this, yet his heart being lifted up in prayer for wisdom to speak, and for understanding to know what steps to take, he found such sweet peace and consolation as is indescribable, and wondered at first how it could be that he should find such peace, at the sight of so much grief and sorrow; but in God's light he was led to hope that it was to assure his heart that this was the work of God, and that "he turneth man to destruction," and then says, "Return ye children of men." But, even in this situation, he was sensibly withheld from offering her any comfort, but was first led to tell her how long the Lord had borne with her ill manners in this wilderness world, and that her many sins had procured her this sad sorrow, and that she had trifled with her profession, and slighted the means of grace which God had placed within her reach, and that it was a carnal confidence by which she was held up. With uplifted hands she exclaimed, "It is too true! I am guilty! It all stares me in the face now!" After pausing a few minutes she broke out again in all the bitterness of soul possible, repeating what she had said before of her lost condition. A friend told her that Christ came to seek and to save such as were lost, but she could hear of no comfort, and still replied, "I am lost for ever." "Oh! I was never lost in my life before to-day! No, never lost before!" After a short time he told her that God did not always listen to our agreement with hell, nor to our covenant with death, but that he could appear to disannul both; and he hoped that she would find it so in her case! She seemed to have an ear to listen to that, and said in a quieter tone of voice, "Then do you think I may venture to hope? Do you think there can be any mercy for me?" But this was of very short duration, for she again exclaimed with great bitterness of soul, "This misery increases my complaint! (inflammation of the lungs) I must be bled again, and I am so weak I fear I shall sink under it and perish for ever." She repeated many times, "I am gone for ever." In this exhausted state he left her, but during his absence he put up many prayers that the Lord would appear on her behalf, and from the exceeding peace he found in his mind he could not forbear hoping that the Lord would be gracious. He told her how his hopes did exceedingly abound, and that he never felt any hope for her until he saw her in that sad state. Being exhausted, she lay with her eyes closed, and took no notice of anything for some time. About three o'clock in the morning of Sunday, the 25th, she spoke in a low broken voice, "Can there be any hope for me? May I hope for mercy?" and again closed her eyes till

five o'clock in the morning; she then with extended arms cried out,

“ He to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed his precious blood.”

which she repeated most feelingly and precious, and then said no more. About midday a friend asked her if she had not had some comfort in the night? She replied, “I thought I had! but I want it clearer; it is much clouded now, but I hope he will appear again.”

She said in the midst of her misery in the night the following words came to her with great sweetness, “He sent from above and drew me out of many waters.” And repeated many times, “He sent from above.” Mr. Ball read a Psalm to her when she repeated the last words of it with great earnestness, “Yes, I do hope in the Lord.” A friend called in the evening, when she expressed many fears lest the comfort she had felt, which was then abated, should all come to nothing. Again she said, “Oh, if it should all come to nothing at last? I want clear work, nothing else will do for me now.” She said, “the friends come and tell me of promises, and it tries me so; I cannot tell you how it tries me! They do not like to hear me complain of my lost condition, and I cannot receive their promises. If I could but say, ‘When heart and flesh fail, God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever.’” This night she was very restless and in great pain, but about three o'clock in the morning she was heard to say in a feeble tone of voice, “Thou has cast all my sins into the depth of the sea. Wherefore?” She was silent; but during the morning a friend asked her what she had found in the night. She replied, “The Lord has been very good to me, and has told me to hope in him. Yet I am not quite without my fears lest I should be lost after all.” But about the middle of the day, after having been silent some time, she exclaimed, “Oh! what beauty do I see, and what sweetness do I feel in these words, ‘Safely entered into rest,’ and my end will be peace.” On appearing exceedingly agitated, she was asked what was the matter. She said, “Do not ask what is the matter, *My Deliverer is come!* my help cometh from the high heavens; the Lord is my helper,” and added, “No Arian, no Socinian can live here!” A little while after, with uplifted hands and eyes, she exclaimed, “Cast off! No, not cast off, No, no, ‘It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord’” (Lam. iii. 26). She remained silent again for some time and then said, “If Mr. B. was here I could now tell him that the Lord had cast all my sins behind his back.” “Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.” After a short silence she added, “Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden.” On Mr. B. entering the room she expressed great pleasure, and said, “The Lord has cast all my sins behind his back;” and upon being asked if there was one left unpardoned, she said, “Oh! no!

no! not one!" He asked whether there was any need now of bringing the promises to her, or whether she wanted any one to explain to her what God had done for her soul, or whether she was sure her hope was a good one. She answered with the greatest fervour and delight that she was more than sure that her hope was a good one, and repeated it several times. A friend observed that she could now understand the many things he had formerly said to her in the fear of God, and he only intended them for the good of her soul, and she could now believe they were said in the greatest affection. She exclaimed, "True, I believe it now, and I wish all my friends had that good hope I have." She often repeated the 56 to 58 verses of Lamentations, third chapter. She became much weaker, and often insensible to everything around her. In this state she said in a feeble tone of voice, "I have no hope," but very quickly replied, "did I say I have no hope, why I have a good hope, I wish all my friends and children had such a one." She said she thought she should have been ashamed to speak of these things, but added, "Come unto me," &c. She expressed with much feeling her ingratitude, and unworthiness on hearing that many friends had felt deeply concerned on her behalf, and had found much liberty in prayer for her. In the night of the 26th, raising her hand with a smiling countenance, but scarcely having strength enough to speak, a friend heard her distinctly articulate, "Sweet, sweet." The friend then expressed a fear lest she should be in pain. She replied, "Never mind; I have a sweet portion now, but not bodily strength enough to tell it." After three hours' silence she was again heard to say, "Sweet, sweet," and then added, "Never mind, though death and hell obstruct the way, I shall prevail!" Early on Tuesday morning, after she had been convulsed, and lying silent for some time, a friend could hear her say, "Beautiful, sweet, sweet," and then asked her if she had been in pain. She replied, "No, not to be compared with the glory that shall soon be revealed where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God." After a short pause she was heard to say, "Entered into rest, Glory! honour! Thou art my refuge,—My everlasting All, Jesus is my refuge, Honour, Glory, Blessed Jesus, my refuge,—Thou,—Thou!" Mrs. Bourne could only hear her say audibly, "Holy—Ghost." After taking some rest she again broke forth, and said, "He hath not appointed me for destruction. Bless his name; He drew near me in the hour of trouble," and said "Fear not, thou art mine." After this she expressed much trouble respecting her dear children, and asked the Lord to give her grace to dedicate them and her friends to him. Mrs. Bourne then heard her repeat the following,

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

"Thou art my strong refuge, thou knowest my heart." She said to the young woman who had the care of the younger children: "Be kind to my dear children," and then breathed out the following expressions in prayer: "Be thou their guardian, O God; thou art my rock and my refuge in my time of need." A friend called again, and seeing her great weakness and shattered frame, he said, "It is sown in weakness"; she replied, "But raised in power." He also added, "It is sown in corruption"; she replied—with singular firmness,—"But raised in incorruption." Shortly after this a Mr. Nunn called to inquire after her; they were desirous he should see her, but fearing lest a stranger might disturb her, he rather declined it; but Mr. Ball said he was not such a stranger as he might suppose. Mr. Nunn entered the room, and having sat down nearly five minutes without her speaking, he thought she was too weak to speak. He was about to withdraw, but she then said with all her strength, "Do not go, Mr. Nunn; do not be in a hurry." Mr. Nunn then asked whether she was quite happy, and made willing to leave the world, and all for Christ. She said, "Quite happy, and quite willing to go." She said to Mr. Ball, "I have been putting the world into one scale, and salvation by grace in the other, and found the world to be lighter than a feather. That's a true saying the wise man applies to the world, 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.'" Mr. Nunn then asked her if she had any fear of death, or whether she found her present experience to be equal to what Paul the Apostle says: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," etc., and if she found it joy and peace unspeakable, and full of glory. She answered, "Yes, it is joy unspeakable."

On that same evening a friend said he longed to be in her state when he came to such a place. She replied, "Oh! it is sweet; sweeter than the honey or the honey-comb." Becoming exceedingly weak she said but little more than broken sentences. She told Mr. Ball she should not live, but die, and declare the goodness and glory of God. She was overheard to say, "I will bless thee inwardly, Selah."

Her voice growing weaker and weaker, she could not be heard by anyone without stooping down close to her. She said she found many conflicts respecting her affectionate husband, but added, "The Lord is my strong refuge." On Tuesday, 27th, she was heard to speak sweetly on the resurrection of the body, quoting the language of Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and exclaimed, with much fervour and confidence, and "I shall see him for myself." Mr. Ball asked on Tuesday night and Wednesday morning, many times over, if she suffered pain; to which she replied, "No." He then said, "Are you happy?" Her reply was, "Very happy! very, very," and then breathed her last at twelve o'clock noon on Wednesday, January 28th, 1824. Aged 39 years. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

“A BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING.”

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Dear Sir,—I am sending you a brief account of my late dear son, Jabez Rabson, for which I shall be obliged to you if you will find room for it in the GOSPEL STANDARD.—E. RABSON.

My dear son, Jabez Rabson, was born on June 18th, 1881, at Rotherfield. As he grew up he was determined to have his own way, and to enjoy the pleasures of this world. He was taken ill in February, 1899, with influenza, from which he never fully recovered. It left a bad cough upon him, and he gradually got into a delicate state of health. In the following August, the doctor on examining him said that he was consumptive, and from that time he gradually grew worse. He had a great shock in the month of September through the death of a sister, also of his father, who died a week later of paralysis. As parents, it was always our wish for our children to attend the chapel where the truth was preached, with us, but my son Jabez would walk with us to the chapel and watch us in, then he would run off and mix up with other boys in their games and pastimes; this he told me after he was afflicted. I wanted him to attend the anniversary services with me, but he would not go. He said, “I do not wish to prevent your going, but I will stay at home.” But “the purposes of God must stand, and he will do all his pleasure.”

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

Whilst we were absent from home the handle of a tin trunk dropped, which was in the room in which he was sitting; it alarmed him so much that he was terrified, and thought the devil was in the trunk, and that he would seize hold of him before we returned home. What he passed through at that time I cannot tell. He had such a solemn feeling come over him, and he felt that he would die and go to hell. We thought at first that he was worse in body; but in two or three days he came to me and said, “Oh, Mother! look here!”—

“Jesus is a mighty Saviour;  
Helpless souls have here a Friend;  
He has borne their misbehaviour,  
And his mercy knows no end;  
O ye helpless, Come, and on his grace depend.”

When he was reading the last two lines of the second verse he was so broken down in his feelings that he could read no more, but wept for the joy he had found. The 273rd hymn was made a great blessing to him—

“Pensive, doubting, fearful heart,  
Hear what Christ the Saviour says,  
Every word should joy impart,  
Change thy mourning into praise.

“ Yes he speaks, and speaks to thee,  
 May he help thee to believe;  
 Then thou presently wilt see  
 Thou hast little cause to grieve.”

On October 8th he took to his bed, and about the end of the month he was enabled to say, “ The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want,” &c. He felt quite resigned to the Lord’s will, whether to live or to die.

During the month of November he felt so happy that he was blessing and praising the Lord all day long, and calling him all the endearing names he could think of, and then he said, “ O, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men ! ” He begged of the Lord to take him to himself, and said,

“ Yes, I shall soon be landed,  
 On yonder shores of bliss;  
 There, with my powers expanded,  
 Shall dwell where Jesus is.”

He continued in this happy frame of mind nearly to the last. On several occasions he was visited by our dear Pastor, Mr. Frost, when the sick room seemed almost like heaven upon earth. His countenance shone with the glory he felt within. He always looked forward to Mr. Frost’s coming. On December 8th he was taken much worse, and, as night drew on, we thought he would not last many more minutes. He said, “ O my blessed Jesus, do come and take me home ! ” And then he exclaimed in this language—

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

On December 14th, he had some sharp conflicts with the great enemy of his soul—who is the prince of hell—who was permitted to assault his peaceful mind for the first time since his happy deliverance. He cried out, “ Oh, thou spiteful devil ! ” It appeared that he disputed with him about the reality of his deliverance; but the Lord was his stay, and soon appeared and broke the snare. His sufferings were very great, but never a murmur escaped his lips. Early on the day he died he asked to be moved into his chair, and when he was made comfortable there was such a heavenly smile passed over his countenance, and he quietly breathed his last at 3.30 a.m. As soon as he had passed away these words came so sweetly into my mind :—

“ He’s gone in endless bliss to dwell,  
 And I am left below,  
 To struggle with the powers of hell,  
 Till Jesus bids me go.”

He was interred in Rotherfield New Cemetery, on December 22nd, by Mr. Brooker, of Tunbridge Wells, Mr. Frost being unable to attend.

ELLEN RABSON.

Mr. Frost, who attended the young man in his affliction, thus writes:—"I knew Jabez Rabson from his childhood, his mother being a member of our church. I was also an eye-witness to all that he passed through, both of his sorrow and his joy. Until the Lord stopped him, he, like all others, was led captive by the devil at his will. On the 6th of June, 1900, the Lord sent an arrow of conviction into his heart which made him tremble and quake. This he hid as much as he could; but in the month of August the Lord deepened this work in his heart, so that the pains of hell were felt by him, which made him cry out 'I am lost! I am lost!!' His darkness of mind was very great. The last Sunday of the same month there was a baptizing at Jarvis Brook Chapel; Jabez was there. He said that he never spent such a solemn and happy day before, and he felt persuaded that if he was spared he should go through that blessed ordinance of believers' baptism. His complaint, as time went on, prevailed upon him, and he grew worse; but the Lord who is ever mindful of his own stood by him, and soon appeared in a most marvellous manner, and delivered him out of all his troubles, and baptized him spiritually in the blessed fountain of a Redeemer's love. I visited him several times before he kept his bed, and afterwards, so that I saw much of him. During my visits I noticed that his face used to shine with the sweet beams of the love of God, and the light of heaven dawned upon his countenance. I can say with truth that Jabez's case is one of the clearest displays of the sovereign grace of God that I ever witnessed, and, without a doubt upon my mind, he is now 'for ever with the Lord.'" "G. FROST."

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### A FRIENDLY LETTER.

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Leatherhead, June 6th, 1901.

My dear Friend,—I have often felt a desire to write you a few lines, but, lacking an opportunity on the one hand, and fear of trespassing on your time on the other, I have not done so. But being laid aside by the hand of affliction, and having you much upon my mind, I feel I must try and tell you a little of the Lord's blessing that has rested upon your labours. It has often done me good to hear of one and another of the Lord's gracious and exercised people speak of different things you have been led to bring out in the GOSPEL STANDARD as having been very helpful to them. It has often been so in my own experience. Reading the Address for the present year was a favourite time with me, it was so very expressive of my own feelings; so much so that I felt it ought to be printed in pamphlet form and scattered throughout the land. And when you expressed your desire to maintain the reputation of the "G. S.," &c., I felt overcome in my feelings, and said, "Lord, do help thy dear servant, and grant him his heart's desire!" Also the sermon you published in the February number, preached by

that good man, Mr. Fremlin, of Sydney, New South Wales, was very helpful to me. I had felt very much cast down and tried, for some weeks past. I went to the chapel one Lord's day morning, but the Lord seemed to keep me at such a distance from him, I felt no gracious help come home with power, and my soul was cast down within me; my mind was greatly distressed, and the enemy seemed to triumph over me, so that I feared the worst. I took up the GOSPEL STANDARD, which lay upon the table close at hand, and read a part of the sermon just mentioned; and it so entered into my own exercises of mind that I was quite broken down with a feeling of the Lord's goodness to me. And oh! how I blessed him for the way he had led me! How I felt that his faithfulness and care had been displayed on my behalf down to the present moment; and I felt a willing mind to walk in that path, and do those things that would be for his people's good, and for the honour and glory of his dear name! I felt there was, and ever would be, the same all-sufficiency of grace and power treasured up in the Lord Jesus Christ, to support, comfort, and help the weary and heavy laden in every time of need; for, "Our springs are all in him."

What poor, empty, desolate, and destitute creatures we are of ourselves! Sometimes in our feelings we come to the end of all things; then the Lord appears, and we start as it were afresh, and sometimes we sing, "Yes, I to the end shall endure," &c. What a strange paradox and seeming contradiction is the experience of the Lord's living family to the carnal mind!

Some time ago I went to see one of our aged friends in the district infirmary; she has been a poor fearing one all her days, having had to pass through heavy afflictions and trials, and has had a very ungodly, persecuting husband. When I went to her bedside, she exclaimed, "Oh! Mr. Curtis, I am so glad to see you! The Lord has appeared for me! That sermon in the GOSPEL STANDARD, from the words, 'Who remembered us in our low estate, for his mercy endureth for ever.' That dear man has traced out my path, and entered into the various exercises of my soul, and shown up the way the Lord has led me, so that I really feel it is the Lord's work, and my fears and darkness are all gone, and Jesus is *now* so precious. Is it not marvellous that after all these years I should be favoured like this? I never felt anything like it before. And one night I was singing in my sleep—I do not know what sort of a noise I made, but I awoke the patients and myself too. I never could sing in my life. But it was these words that were so fresh in my mind, and which I sang with my heart:—

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

But I shall never be able to praise the Lord sufficiently for his goodness and mercy bestowed upon me, who am but a feeble

worm of the earth. Poor Seagust comes up to see me from time to time, but the other inmates do not understand our conversation; but the Lord knows all about it, and I feel that I can leave all in his precious hands."

I sincerely hope, my dear friend, that you are still gaining strength, and will soon be able again to go forth in the work of the ministry for the comforting of the Lord's poor and afflicted and tried children, wherewith you yourself have been comforted of God. Pardon the liberty I have taken, and excuse pencil, as I have written this in bed. "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace" (Num. vi. 24-26), is the desire and prayer of yours very sincerely in the truth,

S. CURTIS.

To Mr. Feazey.

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LETTER FROM MR. D. FENNER TO MR. OWEN.  
(No. VI.)

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MAY the peace of God, reconciled by the precious blood of Christ, be sweetly enjoyed in life, and particularly in the article of death, by my very dear friend—so my soul prayeth. Amen.

Oh! that my heart could be thankful for the infinite and astonishing condescension of God to bless the scribble in any degree, to the relief of his children, of such a wretch as I; but if his wisdom so direct it, for the clearer display of his distinguishing grace, I am right well content: yea, my heart would rejoice to spend and be spent for him and the glory of his precious name. No doubt the enemy hath tried, and perhaps will again, to becloud and shake your confidence, but though he overcome; yet you shall overcome at last, for "greater is he that is in you than he (the devil) that is in the world." And there is planted and kept in you that which is too strong for the enemy, viz., a sense of sin and need of Christ—a sense of inability to relieve yourself—a desire that would gladly close with Christ, and employ him to do all for and in you. The choice of the will shows the power of God there. Would you not (set aside your being near death) gladly have grace exercised to reign above corruption—constantly deny yourself, and have your own will swallowed up in Christ's; and have that degree of faith in exercise, which is in yourself a constant sense of weakness and nothingness, but that should keep your mind constantly leaning on Christ, ever depending on him for all you need? Let the devil come with all his mincemeat, but if Christ approach with his favours, which doth thy appetite (aching void) relish? Are not then the devil's baits of a stinking savour, when compared with the sweet mercy, redemption, righteousness, and grace of Christ revealed to thy heart? Blessed are they whose hunger is after righteousness! Even if there is but a faint desire, it will prove too hard a match for the devil, for all that is the object of it is promised to it: yea,

further, such are commanded to conclude that they have received (by gift in covenant) all they desire at a throne of grace, and the promise is they shall have it in the enjoyment. "Whatever ye desire when ye pray, believe (command of Christ) ye receive it, and ye shall (promise) have it" (enjoy it). "Ask, and it shall be given you."

You express that in reading my letter you felt the works of Satan (which had harassed you) flee away, and instead of a storm there was a sweet calm in your mind, and a pressing in your soul towards Christ, with a persuasion that he cared for you. Surely this was the Lord's work. He only destroys the works of the devil; he only stilleth the stormy tempest; he only presseth the mind towards himself; he only giveth the persuasion that he careth for us; wherefore, my friend, you have abundant cause to be thankful. Remember, thanksgiving glorifies God. You say you were encouraged to cleave to the Lord by that sweet word: "Him that cometh, I will in no wise cast out." And you found comfort, nearness of access, and peace in your soul. Certainly none but the blessed—yea, none but the Lord's chosen—attain to such experience. "Blessed is the man, O Lord, whom thou chooseth and causeth to approach unto thee." Oh, to know more of that precious privilege of prayer! We are bid to forsake all others; but here is more than a recompense—bid to ask for and welcome to all we need. Elsewhere is nought but disappointment; but at the throne of grace there is the promise of all we need, and in the face of the devil's suggestions we are bid to come boldly and with certainty of success, "That ye may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." The miserable, for mercy; the helpless, for help; the needy, for a supply and for further encouragement. "He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer." What a sweet word is that! "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be delivered." Call on the mercy of the Lord (for that is his name) to forgive; on the righteousness of Christ (that is his name) to justify; on the Saviour (Jesus) to deliver. Oh, how suitable are his names to answer our need! What a sweet privilege is prayer! Let me here tell you what I have just obtained at a throne of grace. I stated in my last how I expected to be embarrassed through enemies (I meant respecting money for my building). My mind was led to apply to a throne of grace only. While I was in concern, pleading with the Lord to direct me and appear for me, I received in a powerful impression this answer: "Write to B—, write to B—," as plain as if articulated. At first I replied, "I cannot do that;" but as often as I applied, so often I had the answer: "Write to B—." Till at last, as it were involuntarily, I went into my vestry and wrote to him. I immediately received for answer: "Had you written two days sooner, I had £200 by me, which you should have had with pleasure." Had I therefore obeyed the answer to prayer, my creditors would have had the money;

but I have promise of it from him in April, which will do. Oh, my friend, I find more and more the uselessness of looking anywhere but to the Lord; and what encouragement there is for constant application to him! Nor need we fear, though we do not directly find an answer. When we tell him our wants, and put him to his word, he cannot deny himself; but it becomes us to watch and wait. Oh, to let it all rest with him!

You next state that your soul was somewhat comforted from a view of the promiser of all the promises to his family, and who had wholly accomplished the work of salvation on their account. Indeed, all settled peace and lasting comfort comes from a view of him; but how prone are we to look to frames rather than to him. It seems to be presumption to look to him and rest on him only. The suggestion comes, "But I must feel what warrant have I more than another to conclude Christ is mine, unless I feel that he is? Is not a claim without a warrant presumption? Whereas, presumption is to make my feelings the warrant for my conclusion and ground of faith. What warrant have I to build on fleeting smoke (I mean not the grace, but the frame), on a sandy foundation—on that which soon vanishes? Besides, what warrant have I, when I have lost all sweet frames, to conclude I have no God, no interest in his grace, or that my standing is not just as it was while I enjoyed his favours? The true warrant for faith and ground of faith is that God has promised salvation to sinners—lost, captive, miserable, helpless, guilty, filthy, undone sinners. He has promised help to the weak; yea, a supply of every spiritual want that the sensible sinner can have, and all needful and useful supply from his providence. We are the needy sinners, and this is all we should seek for in ourselves to warrant our claim; and we should do well even to go off from this, for it is not that I feel my need is my warrant to believe (though there is sweet food even from hunger, rightly understood), but that God has promised the supply from his grace. "He is faithful who hath promised, and able to perform." Here is a sure ground to go upon. Now, what God has promised, he has covenanted to perform; and for our surer ground of comfort (if surer can be) he has confirmed it with an oath, and by which it is impossible for him to lie. Therefore, it is impossible for him to turn a deaf ear to our prayer, or not to supply (in his time) our wants; but there is something still better (if can be) than all this, which is, that his covenant contract to do all for us is for the glory of his own name. Here is the ground of all ground-work. What name? Mercy, Love, Righteousness, Jesus, Emanuel, and all his other names suitable for our supply. "Be it known to you, it is not for your sakes do I this, but for my own namesake." Yet, wonderful to tell, it is all from love to sinners. Love employed Wisdom to contrive; wherefore, the covenant was entered into in such a way that all is to be for our relief and profit, yet all shall redound to God's glory. Upon this ground Christ came; upon this ground the promises are made; upon

this ground Christ is filled with all the grace we need—is seated on the throne of grace, and invites us to come and take. Take—take for your profit, that God may be glorified. Upon this ground God giveth and exerciseth grace in the heart, that it may work for our good and glorify him. Here, friend Owen, we have double encouragement to open our mouths wide to covet the best gifts; with our hungry souls to lay hold and feed heartily. For surely we can say, we not only desire grace for our own profit, but that thereby we may glorify God; that is, bless and praise him, be alive and live to him. Besides, rightly considered, this puts away all ground of fear from darkness, deadness, sinfulness, or anything else; for, if God saves and refreshes us for his own name's sake, then it is for nothing in us. Yea, farther: if, notwithstanding our deadness, coldness, sinfulness, and our unworthiness, God will get glory, and will get the greater glory by the greater salvation, then there is the greater encouragement to apply to the throne of grace; yea, for faith to work from that by which the devil and unbelief would discourage us. "Pardon my sins, for they are great." "Iniquities prevail, yet thou wilt purge them away." They that have the most guilt to purge, or sin to wash away, or that most covet spiritual things, are the most welcome. Wonderful grace! Rejoice, friend Owen! And again I say, rejoice!—venture and rejoice! We have room for more. Christ has plenty; the needy are welcome.

I am glad you are enabled to commit your wife, family, and concerns into the Lord's hand and keeping. Much better to have faith to leave them there than money to leave each £10,000 a year. Oh! he is a good guardian; they are safe there. The good Lord keep you in such a frame.

What you relate of Mr. B——'s humility respecting what I mentioned to him makes me ashamed and confounded. I have often thought since, "What—what have I been doing? Why should I open my mouth to a servant of God?" I had no thought of speaking till I spake. If I have presumed to his humility, I pray that he may have the exaltation. I am sure I ought to be the last to speak. I have greatly feared I acted wrong, and that he should be so tender as to yield to anything I have said is to me a humbling lesson. The Lord walketh with the humble; may he enjoy more and more of his blessed presence. This is my prayer. Oh! that little differences may, as chaff before the wind, fly away, and Christ crucified unite as the heart of one man. Oh! to be nothing, and he be all.

Let me beg of you to write again, if you are able. Don't be afraid to set sail, to venture, to rely, to rest thy all in the Lord's hand. Oh! pleasant prospect; sure of land. Rejoice!—rejoice! My sincere love to Mr. and Mrs. Burgess, Mrs. Owen, and all friends.

Yours, very truly and affectionately,  
In the bond that death cannot dissolve,

D. FENNER.

### IMPORTANT REMARKS.

BY AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

Is it not strange that many talk about keeping God's commandments, and never remember that this is the commandment of God, that "we should believe in the name of his Son Jesus Christ, and love one another?" How many think of rearing up a building, whose top shall reach heaven itself, and quite forget to lay their foundation upon the rock, Jesus Christ!

What numbers talk of repentance, and never repent of the greatest of all sins, unbelief!

Though it is asserted in Scripture that "by the deeds of the law no flesh shall be justified," yet how many professing Christianity expect to be justified no other way!

Though the intent of the law is to be as a schoolmaster to lead us unto Christ, yet many make no other use of it than to substitute it in the room of Christ. Though God has given us the righteousness of his Son to be the garment of salvation, yet what multitudes think their own righteousness is much safer to wrap themselves in, and trample the true wedding robe under their feet!

Though remission of sins is preached through the alone blood of Jesus, yet too many believe their sins shall be remitted by some other means, and thus turn a deaf ear to the Gospel sound.

Thousands cry Peace, peace! to their own souls, who never obtained peace by Jesus Christ, and think no more of peace through his death than through that of Julius Cæsar. But will such self-assumed peace stand at the bar of God?

Though the Scripture saith "that without faith it is impossible to please God," yet many think they shall please him very well without troubling their heads about faith at all, unless it be to speak evil of it.

Though "Christ is the wisdom and the power of God, and the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth, ye to many he is nothing but a stumbling-block and mere foolishness." Nevertheless, "to you that believe he is precious."

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If I speak experimentally of the sweetness of imputed righteousness, which some call imputed nonsense, it is because the Spirit teaches me I have no righteousness of my own, and, therefore, if I get to heaven, it must be by the righteousness of another, even Christ; and the Spirit having convinced me of my own righteousness, and of Christ's righteousness, he has thereby given me a true token of my interest in him who is "the Lord our righteousness," which assurance imparts a composure of mind which they cannot possess who think heaven depends in part on their own doings, and strivings, and prayers; therefore, the doctrine of imputed righteousness is truth (Rom. iv. 6), whilst all self-righteousness is sin, and all who die trusting in it will see publicans and harlots enter the kingdom before them.—E.G. *From "What is Truth?"*

## REVIEW.

DEEP THINGS OF GOD : MEDITATIONS ON GOSPEL TRUTHS AND MYSTERIES BY W. Wileman. London : Wm. Wileman, 27, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C., 1900.

CASTING our eye, as we often do, upon the busy world around us, we cannot fail to see how people, generally speaking, are anxious to do something, as they say, to better their position in life, if so be their position is not adequate to their individual requirements. But when the position is fairly good, and there is no absolute need for striving for more, then often ambition governs the mind, and they seek after a prominent position in society that they may be considered great and of importance among the sons of men. This, we believe, is one of the leading features that are very visible in the family of mankind, and especially so among those that fear not God, and have no desire whatever to be guided in all things by the Lord the Spirit. Now, God has seen it good to bestow upon the creatures of his hand many good gifts and abilities, and he has endowed many with natural wisdom and understanding, and where these gifts have been made good use of, many temporal blessings have been showered upon such persons, and they have become famous in their day and generation. We have noticed for years past what numbers of persons there are that have an ambitious taste for literature. Hence the world, generally speaking, is strewn with books and pamphlets, and every other available source is made use of to carry one class of men's ideas, thoughts, and words to another class for the enlightening of the masses and for the instructing of the rising generation. This, we quite believe, is all very well in its place, but how often mistakes are made here; for natural men in every age seem determined to pretend to write upon spiritual subjects, and they never can, because spiritual things belong unto God. All the works of man, however beautiful they may be to look upon or to read, so long as he is in Nature's darkness, are imperfect, and the more they are compared with things that are spiritual, the more are their imperfections discovered. And perhaps there is nothing performed by man in these enlightened days, as they are called, that shows he is only natural, and the work of his hands is only natural, more than for a man destitute of grace to attempt to write a book upon divine subjects. Look at the vast number of religious books that are continually being issued from the press and are flooding the land; each and all of them, if we are to believe what their respective authors tell us, are genuine articles, sound in every part, and are calculated to be the means of much good, if we will only read them carefully, and endeavour to frame our daily life according to the rules and maxims therein set forth. What numbers of our fellow-creatures, who are

blinded by the god of this world, have been led astray, and enticed to be purchasers of books, perhaps bearing a startling title to catch their eye, and a pathetic preface which has wrought upon their natural feelings to such an extent that they have become enamoured with the book itself, and have gladly accepted its teaching. Whereas, it is just possible that, to be honest with the book, it should have been labelled inside and outside—*Poison!* Many a youth, it is to be feared, is often led astray by having poisonous books placed in his hands to read; and it is quite a natural feature in the young to believe all that is given him to read. Need we wonder, then, that the godly Mr. Tiptaft, when asked to address a Sunday School, did so in these words: "Children, be careful what books you read!" Then, raising his voice a little higher, he said: "Children, be *very* careful what books you read." Then, raising his voice higher still, he exclaimed: "Children, be *very, very* careful what books you read!!!" And, although that blessed man of God has long been gathered to his eternal rest, we would to-day re-echo the same words, and say not only to the young people, but to all that read these lines: "Be very careful what books you read!" for all books are not worth reading that bear a scriptural title, or that profess to treat upon religion. Few books are now being circulated that have the word of God for their foundation, and which set forth in a clear, masterly manner the dealings of God with his people, and every page being enriched with choice spiritual food. Perhaps the reason is because we have so few people that can write upon divine things; and if we had such gracious writers, alas! then we should need spiritual people to purchase and read them. In these days good, sound spiritual literature, such as, in the hands of the Spirit, will feed hungry souls, is but little sought after, even by some that we would hope well of, but we suppose the reason is because it is not much valued. We have many books sent to us for our commendation, we suppose, but out of the many there are but few that we should feel comfortable in recommending to the notice of our readers. The truth is, they are not to our mind; and if there is not a good sound free-grace ring about them we prefer to pass them by in silence. The book, the title of which we have placed at the head of these papers: "Deep Things of God," &c., has been sent us by a friend, and in the kind letter that accompanied it we are asked to notice it in our pages, if it meets with our approval. Now, we cannot say that we have read the book through, for our time is much limited, nor are editors, we believe, expected to read every line, but the title, we thought, was very good, and it at once solemnly impressed our mind, "Deep Things of God: Meditations on Gospel Truths and Mysteries." Well, we said at once, that is very blessed employment, to meditate upon the "deep things of God." We open the book, and on page 14 we noticed what the author says there. He thus writes:—"My design is to write first of some mysteries, as they are revealed in the Scriptures

of truth ; and then of the particular mystery of wisdom recorded here by the apostle ; and may their great Author, the Holy Spirit of God, vouchsafe his own most gracious help. (1) The Scriptures of truth are God's manifestation and unveiling of himself to man, the revelation of his ways and works in salvation. The Scriptures form the sole, sufficient, and supreme rule for man in all matters of doctrine, experience, and practice. What is known of anything is only rightly known from Scripture. From this guiding principle there must be no deviation. No doctrine can be true that is not taught in the Word. No experience is genuine that is not described as such in the Word. No practice is good that does not correspond with the precept laid down in the Word. Persons err because they know not the Scripture nor the power of God. This power, the light, unction, and constant teaching of the Holy Spirit is necessary in reading this holy Book. Happy are they who realize this, and desire to see light only in his light."

This extract we believe to be good, sound divinity, containing most blessed gospel truths, which the cleverest godly critic cannot gainsay or overthrow, having the word of God in his hand. Besides, these are truths which can only be known, embraced, and believed in by the teachings of the Holy Spirit, and happy are those people who have received them into a believing heart.

Then, if we turn to page 11, the author says:—"O what a sweet power there is in the knowledge of Christ crucified ! How the gracious memory delights to go back to the days wherein everything was given up for Christ's sake, and wherein there was a joyous willingness to part with all and follow Him ! All things then were counted loss for Christ ; and the choice was gladly made 'rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt.' These precious truths are only known by tasting ; but, blessed be God ! they *are* known, not only at the first, but increasingly since."

Here we have a piece of very gracious experience, which every honest heart must admit that has felt the power of divine grace, and wherein that "good work is begun" by the blessed Spirit that *must* and *shall* be completed in eternal glory. But in pondering over these "Deep Things of God," we gather that the author has not found in his wilderness journey that it has been all sunshine with him. He has had his ups and downs, his sorrows and his joys, his days of adversity, as well as his refreshing seasons of prosperity, which has enabled him on page 95 encouragingly to write thus:—"There was a time, in the freshness of our first experiences of his love, when our expectations pictured both continuance and increase of those joys, and *then* the home at the end of the pilgrimage was a land '*very far off*.' But each new lesson in this school of disappointment has brought that land nearer, and there are times when the

soul, with its increased capacity for suffering, knows also an increased yearning for being with Christ, which is 'very far better.' Just as a man is 'born to trouble,' so is the Christian new-born to trouble. It is a precious bestowment of grace; a rich gift of love. 'For unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ not only to believe in him, but also to suffer for his sake' (Philippians i. 29). And while we are permitted to remember with joy those earlier favours of the soul's spring-time, yet there is a real and chastened mellowing of the soul's faculties into an autumnal fruitfulness as afflictions perform their appointed work. The vernal blossoms are so beautiful that we wish them never to fade, and we can only witness their withering with regret. But the laws of Nature operate beyond the reach of our regrets, and the laws of the kingdom of grace are equally fixed and unyielding. God will not bring down his wisdom and love to the level of our childish ideas of what is best for us, but rather by sharp discipline he delights to lift us up to admire his making all things work together for the best—the very best that God can ordain and effect."

Thus we have given our readers a little taste of what we have discovered in the work before us, "Deep things of God." And we venture to say that from the extracts given, the Lord's tried and exercised people will see at a glance that the book contains spiritual food for living souls in God's Zion. It appears to us to be a suitable book to place in the hands of the young, for there is much in it to interest young people; and it might be the means in the hand of the Holy Spirit of awakening thoughtless youth to an anxious inquiry about their immortal souls, and to lead them from the light literature of the day, and guide their steps into the paths of righteousness. Nor is the book suitable for young people only to read; there is much to be found in it calculated to interest and encourage godly people of riper years, especially the weary and the heavy laden of the household of faith. What can be more encouraging and consoling to the mind of God's distressed children than to sit down after the toils of the day are over and read some spiritual book which sets forth much of their daily experience, and which is fragrant with real gospel food? and if the Lord is pleased to bless the reading of such a book to their souls, it will prove to be of more value to them than much gold and silver. And here it is that godly writers and spiritual readers meet together on spiritual ground, and feel themselves to be one in heart, travelling in the same path of tribulation, and are encouraged to hope from time to time that they are one in Christ Jesus.

We must say the book is well got up. Good print, good paper, gilt edges, handsomely bound, and is most suitable for birthday and other presents. The price is not given, but we should say it is not great, and we believe the book can be had at a small cost by all classes.

## Obituary.

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MRS. ELIZABETH WAITE.—Elizabeth Waite, of Allington, who died on March 20th, aged 79 years. I am unable to give an account of my mother's call by grace; she was so reserved, and fearful of presuming, that it was difficult to get her to say much about what she did feel. The exhortation by the Apostle James seemed agreeable to her feelings: "Wherefore, my beloved brethren, let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath." (James i. 19). It was not with her to use big words:

" No big words of ready talkers,  
No dry doctrine will suffice;  
Broken hearts, and humble walkers,  
These are dear in Jesus' eyes."

It was evident she feared God, and was a seeker after his pardoning love and mercy, for many years before she made an open profession of his name.

I can look back for over forty years, (as I trust God taught me from my youth), and trace marks and evidences of spiritual life in her conduct and deportment. She was a praying subject, and, like Hannah, a "woman of a sorrowful spirit." She loved the Lord's people, his servants, and his house, and to be found there as opportunity afforded, and felt encouraged in the means of grace.

Her pathway was very rough and thorny through the early part of her life, having a large family, and wages were at that time very low. She had quite a hard struggle to live, and she was often in deep affliction as well. These composed a path outwardly of "much tribulation," besides the inwardly spiritual conflict, which produced many cries to the Lord for sustaining grace. But the Lord did not leave her to sink in her troubles, but supported her through them all.

She had for many years a desire to follow the dear Lord in his despised ordinances, and the friends at Avebury, with whom she worshipped, would gladly have received her; but through fear of presuming she could not go forward until the Lord's set time was come, and the way made plain. Then she was "compelled to come in." In the year 1877 (my parents having previously removed to Allington), there were some candidates for baptism there, my mother was invited to come before the church, but fearing she was not the right character she felt she could not, and so declined, fearing to take such an important step.

But the Lord's time had now arrived, and in a striking manner, and she was constrained to comply at the eleventh hour. A day or two before the Sabbath on which the ordinance of baptism was to be attended to, the Lord wrought so powerfully upon her heart, by applying portions of his word, and hymns, especially the 428

(Gadsby's), that she felt constrained at the last moment to follow in the footsteps of the Lord Jesus. A special church-meeting was called to hear and receive her testimony, and she was received and baptized with the others, and continued a sober-minded, consistent member of the church until her death.

But, like her blessed Lord after his baptism, she also had to endure the temptations and enmity of the devil. . . . One day in the midst of her trials the Lord very graciously blessed her soul by applying these lines:—

“ O glorious hour! O blest abode!  
I shall be near, and like my God!  
And flesh and sin no more control  
The sacred pleasures of my soul.”—

which gave her faith to believe these trials and temptations would work for her good, and she found soon afterwards that they abated.

In June, 1890, she was brought very low in body, so that her life was almost despaired of. Here, again, the Lord very tenderly supported her by applying these words to her heart:—

“ With what raptures he'll embrace us,  
Wipe away each falling tear!  
Near himself for ever place us,  
And with love our bosoms cheer;  
Hallelujah! We shall with the Lamb appear!”

My mother through her life had been subject to slight attacks of paralysis, from which she was mercifully restored. But in the year above-mentioned she had another seizure, from which she never fully recovered; and it ever after affected her speech, and parts of the body. Again, in December, 1896, she had another seizure, which proved to be a serious one, for we found to our great sorrow that it had affected her brain, and from that time she became quite incapable of attending to her domestic duties, and we noticed that her mind was much disordered, so that she could not recognise those who were about her. But what was very striking to us, though lost to all around her for the last four years, yet she would be often entreating the Lord for mercy in language perfectly clear and appropriate; such as “Do, Lord, pardon a poor sinner. Do say unto me, ‘Thy sins which are many are all forgiven thee.’ Say unto my soul, ‘I am thy salvation.’ Do bless my soul, dear Lord, and take me unto thyself!” With many similar expressions, to which I felt I could add a hearty “Amen.”

A few months before her end came, I was sitting reading when she looked at me, and said so earnestly, “Ah, my boy, we shall get to heaven; I am sure we shall! I don't know when, but I am sure we shall get there.” On February 17th she was seized with convulsions, which were very distressing to witness, and which lasted for two hours and a half, during which time we thought it impossible for her to recover; yet she lived a month

after this, but gradually sank from that time. Her speech was very feeble for a month, and she could only say a few words; but she could not say anything during the last week of her life. I should have been thankful for a dying testimony from her, and felt distressed that it could not be; but in answer to prayer for an assurance that it was well with her, this word was applied to my mind with comfort and sweetness—“And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels”; so that I sorrow not as others who have no hope, but trust she is now for “ever with the Lord.” . . . Her mortal remains were laid (by Mr. Strong, of Devizes) with those of her late husband, whom she survived nearly a year, in the chapel-yard at Allington, there to wait the resurrection, when soul and body shall again be united.

GEO. WAITE.

MRS. PIKE.—On February 28th, 1901, aged 47 years, Clara Pike. The Lord enabling me, and to the best of my ability, I will give an account of the last days of my beloved wife, in the hope that the reading of it may be blessed to some of the Lord's family. I cannot give the time of her spiritual birth, but for a long time before her death the welfare of her soul, and to feel an interest in the Redeemer's blood were causing her deep exercise of mind. Nearly two years ago I was constrained to go before the church at Gower Street, in order to follow the Lord in the Ordinance of Believers' Baptism, and I asked her to come forward with me. She said, “My dear, I am so glad that you are going, but I shall have to feel different before I can go.” I went before the church, was accepted, and baptized, and her kindness and sympathy towards me at the time were very touching.

In July last she had to consult a doctor, who told her that she was suffering from an internal tumour, but on getting further advice it was found to be an incurable cancer, and that she (humanly speaking) could not live more than four years at the longest. The very painful task of breaking this sad news to her devolved upon me; she received it very quietly, but afterwards told me that it was a dreadful shock to her.

Sometime after this she was sorely harassed, and said that she was out of the secret altogether, and that it was only the fear of death that was troubling her; but her despairing cries went up to the Lord for him to have mercy upon her. Seeing her in such distress of soul, I was enabled to point her to the case of the dying thief upon the cross, from which she received a little help and comfort. We had a very trying time, for I had to be away from home until 10.30 o'clock at night, but we were blessedly led to realize the fulfilment of the promise—“As thy day so shall thy strength be.”

I am pleased to say that my dear wife's soul was set at happy liberty by the application of these words—“I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn

thoe." The enemy was permitted to harass her, but the Lord fixed his limit as in Job's case. . . . At one time my daughter called me into the room, when I found my wife in deep trouble. She exclaimed, Oh! Clem, I am lost! lost!! lost!!! Here I am sinking and I know I am lost!" But although the conflict was most distressing, it did not last long. A short time afterwards she was greatly comforted by the application of these lines:—

" Yes, I to the end shall endure ;  
As sure as the earnest is given ;  
More happy, but not more secure,  
Are glorified spirits in heaven."

One night she was suffering great pain, when I begged of the Lord to give her relief, and in a short time after she fell asleep. The same thing occurred during the same night, and when I mentioned the circumstance to her afterwards with beaming face she said: "How sweet these answers to prayer are! Dear Mrs. — was here to-day, and said that her prayers went up to the throne of grace on my behalf." One portion of God's word that was brought home to her soul with power was:—"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff comfort me." (Ps. xxiii., 4). On one occasion when enjoying the Lord's presence she said to me, "I can feel, and enjoy it; but I cannot express what I feel."

She was of a retiring disposition, and very backward in speaking upon divine things. A little before her death, the words came to me with comfort as I awoke one morning: "For so he giveth his beloved sleep" (cxxii., 2). I told her of it, and said I did not know if the words were in the Scriptures. She replied, "They are in the Psalms."

Different members of the family in turns sat up with her at night, and I was with her a part of each night, and I sometimes look back with pleasure to the times of refreshing of soul we had together from the presence of the Lord. She was a great sufferer during her very serious illness, but she was blessed with great patience and submission to the will of God. She gradually wasted away, but retained consciousness up to the last. I was very anxious that the Lord would give me one more token that all was well with her, and when I asked her if it was so, she looked up, and with a smile exclaimed, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow"; (I finished the verse for her). "Praise him, his children here below; Praise him above, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." I then asked her if her heart was full of praise? She replied: O yes! yes!! yes!!! and then passed peacefully away on the evening of February 28th, 1901. C. PIKE.

MRS. WHEELER.—On February 19th, 1901. Aged 80 years, Caroline Wheeler. She was a member of the Old Baptist Church at Devizes, Wilts. Our dear departed mother was brought up to

know and fear the Lord very many years ago ; we cannot remember the time ; but we do know that she was brought into soul trouble, and was deeply concerned about her eternal state, for she felt herself to be a great sinner in the sight of a just God. We do not remember in what way she was delivered from her trouble. She would often tell us that there was no trouble like soul trouble. She would also tell us of a blessed time she had, though no word was spoken ; but when in the depth of trial she felt the love of God so shed abroad in her heart that her soul was melted down at the Redeemer's feet and, like Mary, she felt she could wash his feet with her tears. She was exercised for some time about the Ordinance of Believers' Baptism, and about the year 1862 or 1863 she went before the church at Salem Chapel, Devizes, then under the pastoral care of the late Mr. Dangerfield, and was unanimously received by the Church. The day of her baptism was an especial day of the Lord's manifested favour towards her, and she expressed a desire that the 649 hymn should be sung :—

“ Precious Jesus, here we are,  
Come to witness and declare  
We are thine, redeem'd with blood,  
Called and proved the sons of God.”

She much prized the means of grace, and often proved the house of God to be the “ gate of heaven ” to her soul.

We well remember about thirty five or forty years ago, when at home on the Sabbath morning, she would ask us to sing to her the 354 hymn ; and in those days she would call all her children around her, and read, and speak to them on different subjects, such as the woman of Samaria, then on the words of Christ, “ Ye must be born again,” etc. The Bible, Hymn Book, and the “ Gospel Standard ” were her chief companions through life. She had many afflictions and heavy trials, having had a large family. She was sometimes tried in providence, and when brought very low, she would say, “ Help is at hand, for the cry is gone up ; and I always get an answer ! ” Which she did in very remarkable ways. She used to say these days of trial were her best days. She would say the words of David suited her well : “ Although my house be not so with God ; yet he hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure.”

About twelve years since, the dear Lord was pleased to lay his afflicting hand upon our dear father ; and in his affliction he was brought to know the Lord, who manifested his favour to him before taking him to himself. Our dear mother was then left a widow. As years increased with her, afflictions increased also, which made her long to depart to be with Christ, which is far better. She suffered acutely from a nervous affection of the heart, with other maladies, which rendered her unfit for anything during the last few years of her life ; as she could not remain long in one place, which made her affliction so painful to herself and most trying to those about her.

In the last letter we received from her in December last, she wrote: "What a mercy we have been kept to the present time, hoping in his dear name; faint, yet pursuing, And, O what a grand day it will be when our hope will be turned into fruition, and our faith lost in sight! There we shall behold him, as "the Lord our righteousness, and have the desires of our heart fulfilled; and when all sorrow, trial, afflictions, and persecutions will be known no more for ever. Then

"Fix your eye on coming glory,  
Short's the space that lies between;  
For the joy that's set before thee,  
Slight the things that now are seen."

Our dear mother had been very ill all the winter and kept her bed. At the commencement of this year she had another attack of bronchitis. While our sister C. was with her during the night, she said several times, "Lord, do come and take me home!" Seeing our sister weeping, she said, "Why do you weep? Is it for yourself? Don't weep for me, but be thankful, if you can, that I am going home! You cannot wish me to live and suffer." A day or two before she died, she said to a friend:—

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

Once she had been reading Philippians, iii. chapter, and remarked, "What a blessed portion that is!" She said, "When I get to heaven I shall see Jesus Christ!" Once in the night, when she had been very ill, she revived a little and said, "I am so disappointed; I thought I was going home." . . . . She expressed to our brother E. how much she had been favoured in her soul through a dream in the night, and she awoke with those words of that beautiful hymn by Cowper (968, Gadsby's):—

"Hark, my soul! it is the Lord;  
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:  
'Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?'"

She dozed again, and awoke with the same hymn still on her mind, particularly the fifth verse:—

"Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done;  
Partner of my throne shalt be;  
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me."

She remarked, "I shall soon see his glory, for I have a hope beyond the grave." She then tried to sing the hymn, but could not for want of strength, so she asked our brother to sing it. Afterwards she said: "I hope my children will not weep for me. Why should you? Ah, weep for yourselves, not for me. I have prayed for you hundreds of

times that you might be saved. I love my dear children, but I love my Saviour too." When our dear brother was leaving, he said, "Good night, mother!" She answered, "May God bless you; and he will if you (through grace are led to) seek him. I hope you will hear that I am gone before the morning; for I want to be with Jesus." She continued in much the same frame of mind, all fear of death being removed. Her end was rather sudden; but she was quite conscious to the last. We feel that we have lost a praying mother. The Lord grant that her prayers may be answered, so that we her children may be brought to know the Lord; and that our end may be as peaceful as was our beloved mother's.

S. WHEELER.

The following was found after her death, addressed to her children. After giving instructions about her funeral, she writes:—  
"Above all, may you be led to seek the Lord. He is able to help you so to do, and to bring you to his eternal home. May he lead, guide, and provide for you through this life, and at last bring you to that blessed inheritance, and those mansions in glory which he has prepared for all poor and needy bankrupt souls, who have nothing to pay; but are freely saved by his grace and mercy.

I hope the Lord will bring all my dear children to see and feel their lost and ruined state as fallen sinners; and then lead them by his Spirit to that precious Saviour, who says that he will cast out none who feel their need of him. Be kind to each other while in the world; it will add much to your comfort. My kindest love to all, and to those of my children that are absent,  
O that you, my dear children, may be enabled to fly to the Lord in every trouble as your only Refuge. He alone can help you. And may we all meet above to "Crown him Lord of all!"

From your affectionate mother,

CAROLINE WHEELER.

MRS. SEAGUST.—Harriett Seagust, who died aged 84 years, was the wife of William Seagust, who ended his days at the Infirmary, Epsom. When she was young she was very worldly until the Lord was pleased to reveal to her her state as a sinner before him. In her early days she was favoured to sit under the ministry of the late Mr. Henry Fowler, of London; which ministry was made very helpful to her. In the order of Divine providence she removed into the country, where she became acquainted with him who in after days became her husband. Her mind was very much exercised about taking the important step of marriage; also, her own state as a sinner in the sight of a heart-searching God troubled her much. She begged of the Lord to guide her aright in the matter, and to give her some token for good that she might feel satisfied that if she took this step it would be according to his holy will. In the midst of these exercises of mind the Lord favoured her with these words:—"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." (Isa. xli., 10). She then felt a three-fold satisfaction:—1st, as to her own standing in the Lord Jesus Christ; 2nd, that the step she was about to take was a right one; and 3rd, that the Lord would be with her. She and her husband were recipients of the "Poor Relief Society, and sometimes when I have taken their quarterly money they have been so overcome with the Lord's goodness that we have wept together. "Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in the time of trouble." (Psalm xli., 1). And oh, what a blessing at times attends such a consideration! When through age and increasing infirmities it became necessary for them to break up their home and go into the Infirmary it was a great trial to them, as it would separate them from the Lord's house and people. It was a trial to us all, as we had hoped with help from the Society they would have ended their days in our midst; but from the nature of her affliction there was no alternative. But here again, the Lord, faithful to his promise, did appear, and with this verse of the hymn, 329 (Gadsby's), did set her mind at rest:—

"Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismay'd;  
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,  
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand."

She could then leave everything in the Lord's hand, and, in submission to his will, break up their home and enter the institution, feeling that the Lord would be with them. The last time that I was able to converse with her was a few weeks before she died. She spoke to me of her young days, and the many helps she received under the ministry of Mr. H. Fowler, and the way the Lord had led her. I asked her, "Have you worn out that promise?—i.e., "Fear not, I am with thee," etc. She said, "No, I never shall, that will last me right to the end." One day, and a few hours before she died, I stood by her bedside; she was quite unconscious, when I sweetly felt a committing her into the hands of him, who alone is able to comfort and help in the last struggle, and turned away with a feeling of disappointment; when, as by some supernatural power, I turned again and sat down by her bed-side, and within the space of five minutes she distinctly said:—"Mercy! mercy!! mercy!!! It's all mercy!" and about a minute later she exclaimed: "A harp!" and with greater emphasis, "A-harp-for-me." So that, although dead to everything here, she was yet alive to those precious things she loved, and is now, with her husband, favoured to enjoy. They were both members at Zion Chapel, Leatherhead. We feel that we have lost in them two real praying souls and true lovers of Zion. S. CURTIS.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

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SEPTEMBER, 1901.

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

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## ADVERSITY AND PROSPERITY.

SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON PREACHED BY MR. J. NEWTON,  
IN HANOVER CHAPEL, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ON SUNDAY  
MORNING, JANUARY 27TH, 1901.

“In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider: God also hath set the one over against the other, to the end that man should find nothing after him.”—ECCLESIASTES vii. 14.

In trying to seek the Lord's mind and will about the text for to-day, these words fell on my mind, and seemed to have a more abiding effect than any others, and in reference to what we have all on our minds, the death of our late beloved Queen, they seem applicable in regard to the period that is past, and the period that we are now in, and have entered upon. The day here in my text I look upon to signify a *period*, not a day of 24 hours, or 12 hours, but a period. Therefore I look upon the “day of prosperity” as the time that our beloved Queen reigned over us. It was a day of prosperity in so many ways. A day of prosperity in regard to the growth of the nation, and in regard to the spread of truth, and in regard to the circulation of the Word of God, which has been marvellously so; and I have got more faith in the Word of God being circulated in the different parts of the earth than I have in a great deal that men talk about that carry it about themselves. I know that the Word of God is the infallible Word, the mind and will of Jehovah himself. That he can, he will, and he does use his own Word. Well, it is a great mercy that we have to rejoice in that respect, that the spread of the truth, in reference to the Bible, has greatly increased in her late Majesty's reign.

Well, it was a long “day,” a long period God spared her life. Now, instead of desponding, and being overwhelmed with trouble because she's gone, we should rather be thankful

has sent many a kind message, which has cheered the hearts of many on the battlefield,—silent, silent in death! it will never speak any more. That hand has written many a kind line to a poor widow, and to persons where calamity has fallen upon them—railway accidents, and those more particular and open afflictions that have fallen upon men and women in our nation, as well as in other parts; her hand has written many a kind and soothing message which has been like oil poured upon the troubled waters—that hand will never move any more. Death! death! it is dead! and you and I, we shall be by-and-bye; we don't know how soon we shall be dead too. *Our* mortal tongue will no more speak a word, our natural hand will never take hold of friends' hands to welcome them, nor to wish them well any more for ever. Our voice, which is familiar to our brothers, and sisters, and friends, will never be heard more for ever. Our seat, and our chair in our house will never be filled by us any more for ever. Our dear friends that we sometimes write to and correspond with by letter will never receive letters from us any more. Why? because, as Paul said, "death hath passed upon all men,"—kings, emperors, rulers, judges, magistrates, fathers, mothers, husbands and wives, and children, and friends, ministers and hearers must all die, all die, pay the penalty which the Lord declared to Adam, "the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt die." We shall all die, all lie in the silent tomb.

And then again, you see, the most *useful* of all lives come to an end. Has there since the days of Solomon ever been a more useful life than that of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, taking it on the whole? No. I should say not. Of course, I am speaking again now of natural things; and among natural people generally in the world, was there ever a more useful life? I should say no, I think not—came to an end, you see. That usefulness, in regard to the activity which went forth and emanated from her, has come to an end. And so the most useful men must die. And then, I believe, I may say, truthfully too, respecting Her late Majesty the Queen, that her moral life, her morality in her court, and among all those about her, has been a very great blessing, not only to our nation, but I believe it has been a great blessing as an example to other nations. I have not a doubt that it has had a moral influence for moral good, and to a very great extent. We have cause to be sorry that she is gone, but as I said in my short prayer, a few words about the departed and the present King, the Lord is able to make him not only as good,

and as useful, and as great an earthly blessing among men as his late mother, but God is able to make him even better, and a greater blessing, and to have an influence of a larger extent, a more useful extent, if it is his blessed will. Now that's where I desire to look in all these things, to "the King of kings, and Lord of lords," the God of all gods, the only great, one and only potentate, who has almighty power over all worlds, angels, men, kings, circumstances, "life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown," and

"Chained to his throne a volume lies,  
With all the fates of men ;  
With every angel's form and size,  
Drawn by the eternal pen."

That's where I want you to look, as the primary end, as the great Head and Ruler over all kings. And I believe, as we are enabled to look there, there is from time to time a place of rest for the mind. It has been the means of quieting my mind many times about national things—"The Lord reigneth," and as David says in Psalm xviii., "the Lord lives." I have told you before of the poor widow-woman, who was mourning the loss of her husband, and the father of the child which was with her, lamenting and weeping ready to break her heart, and then the child looks up into her face, and says, "Is God dead, then, mamma?" Is God dead? that was a word and a voice, and the means from the lisping of that little child to silence this turbulent feeling in her mind;—as though because her husband was dead, that *all* was gone, as though *God* was dead. And so there was wisdom in that little child's sentence, "Is God dead?" Now, we are all creatures of the day, that *we* may say, "all hope is gone," and sink down, and down, and down, as though we should never lift up our head any more, as though, because such and such things have taken place, that we should never look up any more. I don't know whether your minds have been ready to run in that channel, and you have been thinking, now that our Queen is dead, we shall have terrible things to go through. I do not say that we shall not, mind you, but we dishonour God when we give way to this overwhelming despondency, by forgetting that he lives, and he rules the whole Universe now as much as he ever did in the peaceful days of Solomon the king, when there were no wars in his time. He reigns *now*, you see. As my carnal reason says sometimes, "it does not look much like it,"—O but what it looks like, and what it *is*, is another thing. He reigns. If you were to go into some of the large factories, where

most of the work is done by machinery, and you were to see the machinery of the whole factory under repair, and the wheels all apart, you would say, "it's all confusion; I have heard that it all worked so in unison," and you say, "who can ever put this together?" And that is how we look at God's work sometimes—his work in Providence, and sometimes his work in grace *seems* like the machinery,—all to pieces, and because we cannot see how they can be put together, we almost come to the conclusion they never *can* be put together any more, things will never work right any more, and almost defy the God of heaven to bring good out of this. I mean in certain circumstances. Now, what is that doing? that is not honouring God according to his power, it is not honouring him according to his eternal purposes and designs, it is not honouring him according to his wisdom. It is *dishonouring* him. It would be more honourable to him and honouring to him to say, "Now, I can't see how ever this can work for good; here's such confusion, and seeming contradiction, and all things seem so out of place, *but*," say you, "God has said it, and I believe what he has said is true," that "all things work together for good to them that love God, and are the called according to his purpose," and having still a fragment of hope, the soul looks up and says, "Well, I hope, after all, that all these things shall work together for good, and to God's honour and glory." If you can look at the matter in that way, that is honouring God, and God will honour that soul.

"In the day of prosperity be joyful." Of course, there's the day of prosperity in the soul, but circumstances lead me this morning to take up the most of your time about temporal things, and things, too, that we *should* be concerned about, for, depend upon it, if we are not affected by them they will affect us. While we are human beings, living on the earth, we must be affected by these natural things. We desire liberty of conscience and an open Bible, and we desire the peace and prosperity of our land where we live. In the peace of the country must be our peace, as regards natural things, and therefore they have to do with us.

There is a day of prosperity, and there is a day of adversity, and it is said, you see, *God* has done so. Now, that shows me that *God* has done all this. God is in one day as well as in another day,—he is in the day of prosperity, and he is in the day of adversity too, for it says here in my text, "God also hath set the one over against the other, to the end that man should find nothing after him." Then, you see, they

must be all under his rule, all under his power, all things must be under his observation. God always has a *purpose*,—“to the end that man should find nothing after him.” I believe it means this, that man should find nothing after him wherein to glory in himself, man should find nothing after him whereby he can praise himself, whereby he can put the crown upon his *own* head, but that himself should be humbled and brought to the footstool of the Lord, and put the crown of prosperity, and his support in adversity, and of strength given in the day of adversity, and of the unerring wisdom of the Almighty, in making “all things work together for good”—he is brought to that spot, to give all honour, and glory, and dominion to a Three-one God. Now that is my feeling in my very soul, that the Lord should wear the crown of all good, spiritual, temporal, and national, whether it pertains to our rulers, magistrates, to an open Bible, or to our children, it is the desire of my soul that God should have the praise in everything, from a blade of grass to the greatest circumstance that ever took place under the sun. I believe the honour and glory of God lies near my heart, and the good of immortal souls, the well-being of his church and people, the spread of the gospel, and the circulation of his pure Word. Having made these few general remarks upon things concerning the sad calamity that has fallen upon us in the nation, I leave it where it is, desiring that the Lord may own and bless it, and his name shall have all the praise, now and for ever. Amen.

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#### A FRAGMENT.

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Awaking from the “feverish dream” of life,  
 And wondering where at last would end its strife,  
 I saw the rich—rich in all things but faith—  
 The poor—profane like them—go down to death ;  
 And neither seeming, in their mad career,  
 To have a gospel hope or wholesome fear.  
 Instructed, then, by him who all things knows—  
 The past, the present, and the future rose  
 Before my half-awakened, misty sight—  
 Resplendent with the beams of Scripture light—  
 Not visions of the present time alone,  
 But things eternal, past and future, shone  
 In bright relief o’er all the gloomy scene  
 Of life’s realities which intervene.

## LETTERS TO A FRIEND—No. 12.

My dear Friend,—Have patience with me—bear with me—for I am about to trouble thee with another scrawl. True religion consists in knowledge, or at least it is the one very special thing that accompanies salvation. And real knowledge is not obtained by sitting still and folding the arms in indolence. Much study is requisite in order to acquire even a modicum of knowledge. The knowledge of a Christian is experimental. Everything with which he is made acquainted he is compelled to taste and handle; and this way of instruction prevents him being led away from the truth by the sleight and craft of erroneous man. There is this in it as well: his experience, or knowledge, has to take the form of a testimony, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul," says the Psalmist (Psalm lxxvi. 16). This was his testimony, something he felt within him, something of such peculiar power and nature that none but God could perform; and this was declaring what the eye of his understanding had seen, and the hands of his faith had handled. And this is the evidence of a true graciously taught witness, "a true witness delivereth souls" (Prov. xix. 25). This heart-testimony will deliver the soul of him who testifies from the temptations and accusations of Satan. The living experience of the child of faith will overcome and will beat down Satan, and in triumph trample him beneath the feet, "They overcame him by the word of their testimony" (Rev. xii. 11). There is this peculiarity in their testimony, the more it is assailed, the closer it is beset, and the greater the danger that surrounds it, the more firm it stands, because it stands in faith supported by the power of God (1 Cor. ii. 5). A soul convinced of sin, of the evil of practical sin, and that feels the fountains of iniquity casting up, and that continually, its dreadful pollution, such a soul, I say, knows and feels itself a sinner indeed. Now, the apostle discovered this when he said, "In me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing." Satan takes advantage of such a discovery; he belabours and buffets the poor trembling soul. Says he, "Thou art the vilest sinner that ever lived! Dost thou think that there is mercy for thee? Thou hast been a wilful sinner, and all such sinners God has rejected, and will reject. There is no sacrifice for one so vile as thee" (Heb. x. 26). This plunges the soul into real depths; and, moreover, God sends his arrows into the soul. An arrow piercing the flesh is painful, but an arrow from God entering the soul is much more painful. "Thine arrows stick fast in me, and thy hand presseth me sore" (Psalm xxxviii. 2). These arrows are the rebukes of God. "When thou with rebukes dost correct men for iniquity, thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth" (Psalm xxxix. 11). God drives conviction into the conscience like a nail; there is neither rest nor peace in the mind. This is God's chastening; and if we be without this chastening, to a greater

or less degree, then are we bastards and not sons. There is a testimony that will spring out of this deep that will overcome Satan; the Psalmist said, "Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord." That soul that thus cries renounces all help and hope in himself; he sees an end of all perfection in the flesh, and casts himself wholly upon the mercy of God. "Lord, I am a sinner;" "God be merciful to me a sinner!" This was the heart testimony of the publican, and by it he overcame Satan, obtained the favour of heaven. And now, my friend, examine your papers of the exercises of your mind, and see if you cannot find this certificate among them—and then, rejoice in hope!

There is another witness or testimony that springs up in the soul, and it is respecting the soul being kept by God. "Ah!" says the soul, "what would have become of me if the Lord had not kept me? I am sure I should have made an end of my profession long since! My feet have many times well-nigh slipped, but the Lord upheld me, which causes me—poor and worthless though I be—to trust in him." This is the evidence of faith, and it is that testimony that will overcome Satan. There is yet another testimony that springs out of the knowledge of God, and that is respecting the loveliness, beauty, and glory of Jesus Christ. The eye of understanding sees the Redeemer as the fairest among ten thousand. Yes, if they were ten thousand apostles, or ten thousand prophets, or ten thousand angels, or ten thousand spirits of just men in glory, or ten thousand mercies, he is the fairest among them all. This knowledge of God draws out the heart in holy longings after the righteousness of Christ. Not, indeed, always strong and vehement, sometimes weak, very weak, but a weak pulse indicates life; there is nothing weaker than a bruised reed or smoking flax! To this feeble testimony God sends forth judgment unto victory. Go through your experience again to find this feeble testimony. You will find it somewhat as David's two hundred men—who through weakness would not pass over the brook Besor (glad tidings), so remained there—received from him an equal share of the spoil with those who went in pursuit of the enemy. So shall "Little Faith" with his feeble testimony, that abides by the brook Mercy, have an equal share of the spoils won in battles by the Captain of our Salvation. We read: "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground; I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring." The effect of this is a springing up of the soul in the exercise of faith, love, and confidence. "One shall say, I am the Lord's; another shall call himself by the name of Jacob; and another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord, and surname himself by the name of Israel." If you cannot say I am the Lord's, and if you cannot subscribe with the hand of confidence, and surname yourself by the name of Israel, yet I think you can come in with poor limping Jacob. Cruden says that the word Jacob signifies the heel. What do you say? Is this the kind-

ness of my friend to me putting me behind the hindmost? My friend, the whole need not the physician! Jesus binds up the broken in heart. How can Jesus be precious to souls ignorant of his comforting, healing, heart-refreshing mercy?

You see, then, in this chain of experimental knowledge, there are several links. Divine revelation is the first link. There is no esteeming Christ as excelling all things but by the revelation of the Spirit. "Blessed art thou Simon Barjona; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven." I am sure you have this testimony, to you the Saviour is more precious than all the surroundings of this life.

Another link in the golden chain of experimental knowledge is a "wholesome tongue." The wise man calls it a "tree of life" (Prov. xv. 4)—speech seasoned with salt. Many professors have a long tongue speaking swelling words of vanity, but death is in all they say; their speech is unsavoury. "The tongue of the wise useth knowledge aright, but the mouth of fools poureth out foolishness." The wise speak of Christ as their all in all; the foolish are sure to exalt themselves in all they say.

Another link in the chain of experimental knowledge is soberness of mind. Grace influences the Christian to think of himself, in a sober, truthful manner, as a poor, needy, helpless sinner. They who are intoxicated with the wine of self-admiration despise those who speak of themselves in the language of self-abhorrence.

Another link is diligence. Yes, diligence. The cry of the professors of the day is, "up, and be doing." But what are they doing for the most part? So far as my judgment serves me, the generality are fervent after the oldness of the letter; but few are diligent in making their calling and election sure. This is what the Christian for the most part is engaged in doing; what earnest seeking for testimonies from God at the throne of grace, and in hearing the word he opens his breast to be examined by any heart-searching ministry!

Another link is steadfastness in the truth. God will root and ground his people in the truth. They are planted in grace, and they grow in grace. Truth holds them, and they hold the truth, for if they part with the truth they give up everything, it is their life, their joy, and their comfort.

Another link in the Christian chain of saving knowledge is trial. Christ and the cross are never parted in the experience of Christians till the body is put off in death. The Saviour was crowned with thorns; we must not think to escape without a scratch: "Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial." Such a living testimony can never be overcome, it will prevail over all.

Yours in the truth,

Southill, Biggleswade,

J. WARBURTON.

March 13th, 1888.

TO THE COMMITTEE OF THE "GOSPEL STANDARD"  
SOCIETIES.

Sirs,—I have been requested to write some of the Lord's dealings with me while passing through this wilderness world. I have been, and still am, a poor, sinful creature, and I often wonder how the Lord could ever look upon me in my young days with pity and compassion. I was brought up to go to chapel, for my parents loved the truth as preached by God's own sent servants, and I used to think that if I kept going to the chapel I should be made one of the Lord's people. But I knew not then that I must first "be born again" of the Holy Spirit, and "be made a new creature in Christ Jesus." I continued to go to chapel, and at that time there used to be supplies, which I often heard. I used to pray to God in the form, but not with any power, as I have been brought to see since. I feel now that, unless the Holy Ghost indites prayer in my heart, whatever I may say or do, it is not prayer. I was left in nature's darkness until after I was married, which is now forty-eight years ago. My husband was a very worldly man, and never went to a place of worship of any kind, but he went to places of amusement. Once he wished me to go with him to a grand fête which was to be held at the Crystal Palace, but my conscience upbraided me for going, and when the time came for us to leave, in getting to the station the crowd was so great that we were nearly trodden to death. It was here that the Lord opened my eyes in a moment, and my heart was opened to feel what a dreadful sinner I was, and I saw that if I got crushed to death, which I expected to be every moment, my guilty soul would be sent to hell. O, what heartfelt prayer went up to the Lord that he would spare my life! I promised him that if he would give me a safe journey home, I would never go to such a place again. And, through the Lord's enabling power given me, I have never done so; but I had to pass through very great trials for not going to such places. I still attended the chapel, and in going there I have many times begged of the Lord to forgive me my many sins, and to make me one of his people. But the time was not yet come for him to manifest himself to my soul as a sin-pardoning God. About this time I had a severe illness, and such dreadful darkness came into my mind, and I felt that my sins were not forgiven me, and if I died, I felt that I must be sent to hell; and in my anguish of soul I cried aloud unto God, entreating him to be merciful unto my poor, sinful soul, the eternal safety and blessedness of which was all in all to me at that time. And, *just then*, these words were brought to my heart with such power that I thought it was some one speaking to me,—“This sickness is not unto death.” Oh! how it relieved my poor soul; and I at once thought, “perhaps the Lord will be merciful unto me, as he is not going to take away my life!” When I got better, I went again to the chapel, praying to the Lord all the way I went, that the dear Saviour

of poor sinners would appear to me as *my Saviour!* And yet at the same time I was afraid that he never would, as I felt myself to be far too wicked for him to pardon. But when going home one night, full of doubts and fears, and feeling my sad condition to be heavy upon my mind, the Lord broke in upon me with such blessed sweetness and power with these lines of the hymn—

“Those feeble desires, those wishes so weak,  
 ’Tis Jesus inspires, and bids you still seek;  
 His Spirit will cherish the life he first gave,  
 You never shall perish if Jesus can save.”

The lines filled me with such sweet peace, that my soul was most anxious to go on to seek the Lord by prayer and supplication.

I used to get some encouragement from some of the ministers, at times, who preached at the chapel; but I was not long to walk at ease, or to live in peace. For, one morning, as I was about to partake of my breakfast, the words were sent home to my conscience, with such solemn power, that I thought I should have fallen to the floor;—“You are a hypocrite;” and Satan set upon me with such violence that I felt I was worse than Saul, for he was among the prophets, and Judas was among the disciples and sold his master, and I was among the Lord’s people! I feel now that if the Lord had not removed this dreadful temptation I must have lost my reason! I went about the house wringing my hands, and with tears in my eyes begging of the Lord to have mercy upon me; if he could do so with honour to himself. I mourned over my dreadful sins, and after the Lord for some time. O, how I earnestly desired the Lord to appear for me, when one night, in kneeling down to pray before going to bed, and trying to plead with the Lord to have mercy upon me, to my great surprise he spoke these words home to my soul with great sweetness—“I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins” (Isaiah xliii. 25). The sweetness and power that attended these words cannot be fully described; and I walked and lived very comfortably for some time after in the fear of God.

A minister came to the chapel where I attended, and took for his text the following words: “And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely” (Rev. xxii. 17). It was a very blessed discourse to me; for I could say from my heart that I wanted to come in a right way unto Christ Jesus, that I might drink of the waters of life freely. But I was not to abide very long in this blessed frame of mind, for darkness soon began to surround me, and doubts and fears came upon me thick and fast, that I was afraid, after all, that I was not one of God’s people; and I felt that if I was I should not have the feelings I was the subject of. I could

never tell any one what I felt, and was passing through. I went in and out of the chapel for years, and never told a creature what was passing in my mind. I used to go about begging of the Lord to appear for me; and sometimes I have had a comfortable hope that I was one of his children, and almost as soon as I got that hope it would vanish away like smoke, and I would sink into my old place again.

After travelling in this dark path for a considerable time, the Lord was pleased to come with such blessed feelings into my soul that tears of gratitude have freely run down my face to think that he should visit me with such love. O how I have blessed and praised the Lord for his goodness and mercy to such a sinner as I. I had not the least comfort in my home, for my husband would have stopped me from going to the chapel if he could have done so; but, he was not allowed to go thus far. After I had that sweet feeling of God's love to my soul, I was tempted to believe that it was Satan that had done it, he having changed himself into an angel of light; and that I was entirely deceived in thinking that those blessed feelings came from the dear Saviour of sinners to my soul. I thought, perhaps, it might be so, as he is said to deceive so many people; and directly the thought had passed through my mind, he (Satan) told me that I had committed the unpardonable sin in thinking for one moment that those sweet feelings did not come from the Lord. What a cruel tormentor Satan is!

At this time Mr. Smith was pastor of the chapel, and I walked in this darkness for more than eight years. Still the dear Lord kept me begging for mercy, but I often thought it would never come; at the same time I could not long together keep from begging for mercy. One Lord's day I went to chapel as usual, and in the afternoon Mr. Smith in his discourse was led to speak so clearly of what it is to commit the unpardonable sin, and who they were that did commit it, that I was led to see by God's help that I did not commit that sin; for what I had thought, and said was in ignorance, and not wilfully, for I wanted to feel and receive a full forgiveness of all my sins, and to love the dear Redeemer for his putting them far from me. I did not want to hate him, but to love him with all my heart and soul. I hope I have had many sweet tastes of the dear Redeemer's love in my heart, since the time I heard Mr. Smith, and many times since when he has been tracing out the way the Lord's people have to travel. O how I could go with him, and how many times I have wanted to tell him of what I felt within! But something has always kept me from speaking to him. Nevertheless I loved him for the truth's sake; for he was to me, like the Saviour was at Jacob's well to the woman of Samaria. He told me all things that ever I did, and what my poor soul had passed through.

About this time it pleased the Lord to lay his afflicting hand upon my husband and to take him from me by death, which was a heavy trial to me as I had no hope of him, and I had great

family trials at the same time. I have been led to see, and feel since, that the Lord has done all things well. I had a great natural affection for my husband, which the Lord knew, and which sometimes stood in the way of my going to chapel and reading his word. But how many times have I been tried about my religion, if it was really the right religion, and if I was rightly called of God with "an holy calling." At one time, these words came so sweetly to my soul, and abode with me for more than a fortnight: "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms" (Deut. xxxiii. 27). Then followed these lines of the hymn,

"How can I sink with such a prop;  
That bears the world and all things up."

My heart was so full of love to the dear Redeemer that I was obliged to tell some of the members at the chapel what I had tasted and felt of the Lord's goodness and mercy. The Lord had so opened my mouth that I could keep it no longer. After this I was much exercised about passing through the ordinance of believer's baptism, but thought the church would never accept such a great sinner as I was. Mr. Smith used to speak about people not passing through that despised ordinance. The Lord was pleased to enable me to come forward and tell his people what he had done for me, and the members of the church were pleased with the things that I related before them, and they accepted me; and I went through the ordinance and have never had any cause to regret having done so. I have been greatly helped at times in reading the "Gospel Standard." The sermons and letters I have found there have been a great help to me, and have been blessed to my soul many times. But I am such a doubting, fearing sinner, that I often wonder how it will be with me when I come to die. If the Lord will but appear for me and save my soul from hell, it will be a mercy. I know that he must do all for me, and work all in me that is acceptable in his sight; for I can do nothing of myself, only as I am led and taught by his Spirit, and if he were to leave me I should soon leave him. I do so want him to say unto my soul, "I am thy salvation," and that he is mine and I am his.

I know that it cannot be long before I leave this world of sin and woe; as I am now in my seventieth year. Now, dear Sirs, I have told you some of the things that I have passed through; but I cannot remember all the way the Lord has led me, nor all the things he has done for me, but I have been solemnly taught to know that if ever my poor never-dying soul is saved it will be by free and sovereign grace, and not by any good deeds, or frames and feelings of my own. I must now leave these statements with you. Trusting you will pardon all my imperfections, and I remain yours, A poor sinner.

FANNY MERCER.

The Mr. Smith alluded to in the above letter has addressed the Committee of the "Gospel Standard" Aid, and Poor Relief Societies' on behalf of Mrs. Mercer. He thus writes:—November 19th, 1900. The above letter contains the experience of a

poor widow, one of our members, who a short time ago fell out of a van and broke her arm. She has nothing to depend upon but charity. She used to earn a few shillings a week by washing, but I am much afraid she will never be able to work any more. I thought that as Mrs. Braybon had been dead nearly twelve months you would kindly place her upon your list of pensioners. I enclose £2 the sum required.\* Please put that to my account as the subscriber. Wishing you all, dear friends, the best of blessings both in soul and circumstances, I remain yours in the bonds of the gospel.

WM. SMITH.

### THEM THAT HONOUR ME I WILL HONOUR.

Monday, Jan. 30th, 1843.

My dear——,—I was glad to hear that you are about to follow the Lord Jesus Christ through the ordinance of believer's baptism. May your soul be much blest in it. Many may find it only a shell; but I believe some are so favoured as to find a kernel with the shell, in the Lord's presence being manifested on the occasion. Whoever may slight and despise it, we have on record how blessedly the Trinity bore testimony to it, when Jesus Christ was baptized. (Matt. iii. 16, 17.) "Whosoever shall do the will of God, shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God." I dare say you are anxious to know the proceedings here yesterday respecting it. There was a very large concourse of people both times, and many children of God scattered through this neighbourhood were gathered together, distant and near. There were many from mere curiosity, and many could not get even standing room, particularly in the afternoon. I went through a regular service, and then baptized seven women and five men, and after the afternoon service I baptized six women and five men. It seems a great number to be baptized in one day by a minister called so narrow-minded.

This, however, is the first time of baptizing with us, and it is nearly fourteen years since I came into this neighbourhood, and more than eleven years since I left the Church of England. In the morning I felt rather shut up in speaking, but in the afternoon I was blest with a little power and liberty, and I trust and believe that the Lord was with us, and several, I understand, found it good to be there. What a different feeling I had in going down from the pulpit to baptize those of whom I had a good hope that they were partakers of grace according to the mode so clearly stated in the word of God, from what I used to experience when I had to descend from the pulpit in the Church of England to sprinkle infants, and to give a flat contradiction to what I stated in the pulpit respecting regeneration, etc., at the same time encouraging the blind and ignorant godfathers and godmothers in their sin and mocking of God, who came forward so boldly and carelessly to make such awful vows and promises.

\* The Subscription required is £2 2s.

I am satisfied many things may be bought too dear, even gold ; but one thing cannot, which is a good conscience.

I have now something to relate, in which I trust you and the other friends at O— will feel interested and will be glad to hear ; and may the Lord make it a blessing, and may He have all the praise. It is a new strain for me to begin with, " My heart is inditing a good matter ; I speak of the things which I have made touching the king ; my tongue is the pen of a ready writer." After talking over the proceedings of the day with four friends, I retired (on Lord's day evening) to bed in a comfortable state of mind, feeling thankful that the Lord had brought me through a trying day, concerning which I had been much exercised, and trusting the Lord had blest the word to some that day through such a worm as I felt myself to be, as well as owning his own ordinance, to which we had been attending. When I knelt down to offer up a few words by the bedside, I felt my soul drawn out to God, and humbled low before him with a sense of my sins ; but as soon as I was in bed I began to feel a melting of heart, and a sweet sense of God's love to my soul, which immediately made my tears flow, and the Lord sweetly began to apply precious promises to my soul with unction and power, and to such an extent as I had never been blest with before ; in fact, I have never experienced any such blessed manifestation and sweet deliverance, though I have been blest at different times that I can mention, but they were far short of this sweet blessing to my soul, and the savour of it sweetly abides with me still ; but I am afraid of losing it, or of being robbed of it. When the promises began to flow into my soul, these words came with as great power, and as often as any, " Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust, for thy dew is as the dew of herbs ;" and again and again, " I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins ; return unto me, for I have redeemed thee ;" " I will honour them that honour me ;" " He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me, and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him ;" and I did sweetly experience this manifestation of love to my soul ; and I said to the blessed Lord, " Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth," " for his mouth is most sweet." The promises flowed into my soul, and my tears flowed so fast that I soon began to water my couch with tears of joy, and not of sorrow. I lay till between twelve and one o'clock in this blessed state, and then fell asleep for about two hours, and awoke in a delightful frame, the Lord blessing my soul again, till I had to restrain myself from crying aloud. I did not go to sleep again, but lay awake, blessing and praising God for his goodness and mercy to my soul, with debasing views of myself, and with exalted views of the blessed Jesus, having communion and fellowship with him, in his agony and sufferings. But during my soul enjoyment I kept saying at times, " Is it real, Lord ? Is it real, Lord ?" I wanted to know whether it was real.

I asked myself whether I was willing to die, and I felt I was, and if it were the Lord's will, I was willing to die without telling any one of his great goodness to my soul; for the Lord's will was my will. I asked myself whether I would rather have a large bag of gold, or this blessing, and I felt a large bag of gold was no more to me than a large bag of pebbles, compared to the Lord's rich blessing. These words came to my mind sweetly again and again: "Now will I tell to sinners round

And Hart's hymn,      What a dear Saviour I have found."

"Blest Spirit of truth, Eternal God," &c.

was sweet to my soul. I went up and told J. K. early in the morning, and could not refrain from crying, and could scarcely shave myself through shedding tears so fast. I shed more tears last night than I have shed for years, for my tears do not flow so easily as many people's do. These words came with power, "Sing, O ye heavens, for the Lord hath done it," &c; and also, "Though your sins shall be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool." This has been to my soul "a feast of fat things, of fat things full of marrow, and of wines on the lees well refined;" for "the vision is yet for an appointed time; but at the end it shall speak, and not lie; though it tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come, it will not tarry." You, as well as others know I have had to wait, and have been much tried, because the Lord has not blest me more with his presence and manifestations of his love. He has given me a few sips by the way, both in preaching and at a throne of grace, and in times of need and temptation. But I have known to my sorrow what it is to sit in the dust, almost without hope whether the Lord would ever put a new song in my mouth. These words were brought again and again: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name; bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases, who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies." I have gone on in the ministry ready to halt with sorrow before me, with my soul much discouraged because of the way; and had not the Lord given me seals to my ministry and testimonies now and then to my soul, surely I must have fainted by the way. If the blessing had come twelve hours sooner, some one else must have preached and baptized, for I could have done neither, through blessing, praising, and crying for joy. Very many of my hearers would have said, it was not enthusiasm in the bud but in the flower, for they are strangers to such feelings. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness, but a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy." And how clearly did I see David's wisdom in saying, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." David well knew if they did not know a secret in religion, they would not be able to understand a work of grace upon the soul.

I have been long kept on short commons, and I have had great murmurings and rebellion respecting it, and now the Lord is pleased to lead my soul into green pastures; but how long I am to be favoured I know not, but this I know, I feel grateful for what the Lord has granted me, and I love him, and can bless his holy name. "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men."

I have been led to know my vileness, and to feel much of the depravity of my heart, so as to be sensibly a poor lost, ruined sinner. Sometimes I have envied the brute creation, and at times I have thought God would strike me dead, being sensible of so much sin in my heart. I felt sure I had but little grace, if I had any at all, and my mind lately had been much tried respecting the formation of a church here, seeing it a grievous thing that the ordinances of God's house should be slighted and neglected year after year by those who, I believe, were the proper persons to attend to them. I could therefore see the need of church order and government, much better than I could see in any way my fitness to be a pastor. So I was in great straits, and looked forward to the ordinance next Lord's day with much exercise and trial of mind, having to administer it in my darkness of soul, and knowing also that there is such a thing as eating and drinking unworthily, and that such "eat and drink damnation (or condemnation) to themselves, not discerning the Lord's body." On Friday evening I was with two friends who were speaking of the Lord's manifestations to their souls, but I was dumb, and could say nothing, and felt as if I could not possibly stand in the position I was placed in, being so dark, shut up, and tried. On Saturday, too, I felt much darkness and trial of mind, but I little thought that God's great goodness and mercy were so soon to be manifested to my soul. I have had sips, but now my cup is full and even runneth over. In the days of adversity, I have considered how the scene would end, but now in the day of prosperity my soul is joyful. "I will be glad and rejoice in thy mercy, for thou hast considered my trouble, thou hast known my soul in adversities, and hast not shut me up into the hand of the enemy; thou hast set my feet in a large room." "The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it." The Lord continues to bless my soul with his love, and Christ is precious; and I am sure the Lord's spiritual blessings to my soul do not lead to worldliness and licentiousness, but to deadness to the world and to separation in spirit from it. Real faith works by love, and Christ is truly precious, and there is no true victory over the world but through this blessed experience known and felt in the soul; and love to Jesus is accompanied with love to the brethren, and with earnest and sincere prayers for the children of God. "They shall prosper that love Zion." Before this blessing I looked forward to the ordinance of the Lord's Supper as a man would who had a great payment to make, and had not where-

with to pay ; he wishes that there was no such engagement, or that the time was farther distant, and now I can look upon it as the man would upon the payment, if any one had given him all or more than the money.

Tuesday morning.—The Lord's goodness still follows me, but this night was not like the previous ; that will be a night to be much remembered by me. I have had these words brought to my mind very sweetly, "Thou art fairer than the children of men ; grace is poured into thy lips, therefore God hath blessed thee for ever." I never went out of doors yesterday, but J. K. was amongst the friends, and I am glad to say that he brought in good tidings, for he had heard that the ordinance of baptism was much blessed on Lord's day ; and I hope the Lord's blessing may specially rest upon the friends at O—— on the 19th. What a little cross it is to bear, for those who have any sense of the crosses, sufferings, and afflictions and agonies that the Lord Jesus Christ who was harmless, had to endure for the vilest and basest sinners. I believe many are not tried so much about the cross of it, as they are about their fitness to be baptized. It has been a profitable time for the Lord's people here during the formation of the church, through having to give in their experience ; and the hearing of the experience of others has revived their souls.

Give my love to all inquiring friends, and I believe some will be glad to hear that the Lord has visited my soul with blessed promises and testimonies of his love. Yours affectionately,

Abingdon, Jan. 31st, 1843.

W. T.

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### SOME OF THE LORD'S DEALINGS IN PROVIDENCE AND GRACE WITH MRS. CHARLOTTE THORPE, OF EASTBOURNE.

(Continued from page 292.)

In looking back to the years of my childhood I can see now that I had many convictions for sin, but they wore off in time, so, it is feared, they were only natural convictions ; but I was very mercifully preserved, and kept from falling into outward sins during the years of my youth ; but I used to think that my parents were a little too strict with me in those days in not allowing me to mix up with the world, and enjoy its pleasures. But I have had no cause, since grace has made a change in my heart, to regret the care and attention they bestowed upon me ; but I hope I feel thankful to God that I was morally brought up ; but morality I know will not save my soul ; at the same time it is not to be despised, but it is a great blessing to mankind while it is kept in its right place. But, notwithstanding all this, I grew up very self-righteous, attended church regularly, and thought to get to heaven partly by my own good doings, and as a make-weight I intended to place the righteousness of Christ in the

scale. I used to go to church as a duty, and there I rested satisfied ; thinking that I had done my part and that God would do the rest. I was under no concern of soul, and I do not think I ever heard a free grace gospel preached until I was quite twenty years of age, about the time I was married, which was on March 1, 1846. There was a minister, or rather a curate at Jevington, where I lived, who had a greater zeal for God than many churchmen have, and I cannot but hope he was a good man. He left the place in about two years, and soon afterwards died. He never took anything into the pulpit with him but the Bible, and there were many came to hear him. And, I remember one young woman died to whom his ministry was made a blessing. She rejoiced in God her Saviour before she departed this life. Her name was Charlotte Head, and she lived at the Butts at Wilingdon, and there she died. I had many deep and solemn convictions in my heart while sitting under the ministry of the above-mentioned curate, but they did not long abide with me.

In the year 1848, and on March 25, my first child died, fifteen months old, of typhus fever. My husband and myself were both afflicted with the same fever before our dear child was buried. Thus God laid upon us his afflicting rod and removed our idol from us ; for it seemed as though we had more love for that child than ever we had for that dear Redeemer and Saviour of his people, whom we hoped died to redeem us from our sins. But this painful stroke of His rod taught me a lesson which was not soon forgotten, and I hope I can say that I have not idolized a child since as I did the one that was taken from us by death : although I sometimes fear that dear little Esther has too much of our affection. Still, I know that Christ will have "all the heart or nothing." And, when in my right mind, I can feelingly say :—

"The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be ;  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee."

We were both very ill for several weeks, with but little hope of *my* recovery. It was said to be a twenty-one days' fever ; but after the fever abated with my husband he began to mend slowly, and in due time he recovered. But I gradually sank, and grew weaker every day, and was insensible nearly the whole time. I greatly feared death, and made many solemn vows that I would do better if the Lord would raise me up again. I promised to live a more holy and consistent life ; but alas ! I found that I had not the power to do it, though I tried hard, and felt a determination to carry out my wishes, but I found that I came no nearer to holiness, and I found that I could not work myself into the favour of God ! That illness made a solemn impression upon my mind, and I have many times thought since that had I died at that

time hell would have been my everlasting portion. After about six weeks' very serious illness I began to recover, and to gain a little strength, so that the use of my limbs returned, and I felt much better; but the fever left something inwardly behind it that every two or three months I used to be taken suddenly and seriously ill. . . . These occasional attacks lasted a long time, and I suffered much from internal weakness.

In the year 1849 we removed to Willingdon, and in connection with this I would say, I believe the bounds of our habitation are fixed by an All-wise Providence from first to last all through this vale of tears. For it was through our going there that we were both brought out of the Church of England, as I have before stated, and brought to sit under the sound of a gospel ministry, and with what intense desires I used to go to hear the truth, hoping that some word might be spoken by the minister to cheer my disconsolate mind! Mr. Read, from Brighton, was made especially useful to me. He used to speak only in the evening at the first; but how I longed to have the Chapel opened for morning and afternoon services, and in due time it was opened. Mr. Read used to trace out the path in which I was then walking, and he followed me so closely that I thought him to be a wonderful man. Indeed, he seemed to know all that passed through my mind, although I had never spoken to him, or to any one else about such things in my life. I was first raised to a hope in the mercy of God through his preaching about the vision, and saying that "it was for an appointed time," then he said, "though it tarry wait for it." And though I had long to wait for its coming, I found I had not to wait beyond the time the Lord had appointed; and truly it was worth waiting for!

About this time—(1851)—I was again laid upon a bed of affliction, with a low fever. It was in the month of November, and neither my husband nor myself will ever forget that time, as it was very distressing to us both. The name of *fever* seemed so to frighten every one around us that we could get no one to come to do the least thing for us. For several weeks, my husband before going to his work, in the early morning, would get me something, and prepare some simple nourishment for me to take during his absence. Sometimes I could take nothing until he returned at night; and then I was quite exhausted, and sometimes insensible; indeed, I was brought so low in body and mind too that my husband said he would not leave me alone any more; but just as he came to this determination a person then came and offered to do what she could for me, but, poor woman, she had a large family of her own to attend to, and could only come in occasionally to look after me; but she did all she could for me, and, through the Lord's goodness and mercy, I soon began to recover. I have thought since then that it might be to a great extent the heavy soul trouble that I was passing through that brought on that fever; for I was so harassed by the enemy

of my soul that I knew not what to do. O how many times I have found Satan to be as a roaring lion, going about seeking whom he may devour! And truly he would have devoured my poor timid soul long ago had it not been for the Lord lifting up a standard against him when he has come in upon me like a flood. During my illness, I was greatly comforted with these words, which I hope the Lord spoke to my soul with power, "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." They suited me well, for I felt that I had no power to come to Christ unless I were drawn by the cords of his love; and I feel to this day that I still need drawing or I never shall come to him in an acceptable time.

But if I get a little encouraged by some portions of the word, and if some sweetness and power be derived from them in my heart, so that a comfortable hope is raised up in my soul that all is right between my soul and God; then that old adversary is sure to come again, and tell me it was all a delusion, and he has so many "ifs" and "buts," and such fine plausible arguments that he seems to overcome me before I am aware, and I begin to fear that it is as he represents it. Then I begin to fall to doubting, and fearing that I have neither part nor lot in any of God's great blessings of salvation. Here I begin to get dissatisfied with myself, with my religion, and with everything around me. I have at such times many fears that the work of grace is not begun in my soul, and as I cannot look back to any *time* or *place* when the work was begun, so I have some fearful forebodings that Satan is telling me the truth, and that I am altogether wrong. Oh! what a life this is to live in this world. Plagued and harassed by the old enemy, distressed with sin, and guilt upon the soul, frowned upon by the world because we cannot do and say as they do, tried in providence to the last extreme, being only very poor people; and living daily in the solemn expectation of dying, and the greater part of my time I am so afraid I shall never reach heaven. Oh! is this that thorny road in which mortal spirits grow weary, tired, and faint? Is this the path of trouble the Lord's people complain of, and are these the things we must expect while travelling through this waste, howling wilderness? Well, the dear Lord Jesus gives us this answer to it all: "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace." Oh if I could but believe at all times that I was a *real* child of God! I so want a real religion, and a real Christ formed in my heart the hope of glory. If I had these great blessings I think I should not doubt and fear as I so often do now, but should rejoice in God as my father and my friend.

But to sum up my feelings in a few words—truly I felt that I was a very great sinner, and I greatly needed a great Saviour to atone for my sins, for the sins of my childhood were all brought afresh to my remembrance, even things that I had long forgotten now rose up against me, and I felt that I could not open my mind

to any one, for I thought they would see clearly that I was nothing but a hypocrite. What passed through my mind at that time I cannot begin to write about. Sometimes I ventured to hope that I was in the right path, but often feared that I was deceived, and I often have the same fears unto this day. I have no power to believe unless it be given me from above.

Dr. Watts's hymns were the first that were used at the little Chapel I attended, but after a time Mr. Hart's hymns were introduced and used by the friends, and I soon found that I had a companion in Mr. Hart's hymns to travel with. I cannot tell how much I prized them when I found that they contained good doctrinal truth, and most blessed Christian experience. They were greatly blessed to me from time to time, and I hope I can say my soul had many a rich feast from them.

I believe Mr. Ainscombe was the first minister to whom I ventured to open my mind, and he very much encouraged me both by his ministry and his good letters. I used to be very much exercised about writing to him, but I found I could express myself better, and say more in writing than I could when in conversation, I felt more liberty. But do whatever I would, Satan would come in and try to upset everything, and how I was tormented night and day by him after I had sent a few lines to Mr. Ainscombe! It seemed as if he said to me, "Yours is only a paper religion," and I really feared it was so, for I was no great talker as many are, and I have burned many letters after I had written them fearing I was after all deceived. I well remember once my husband came in just as I had finished a letter; he asked me if he might read it, and I said, "Yes, if you wish to do so," but I felt in my mind that I had rather he did not, as he did not know then anything of the exercises of my soul, nor the path in which I then had to travel. I could not tell him, for I feared I should one day prove to be nothing but a hypocrite. Oh! how I used to sink in my feelings if I said anything about religion to Mr. Ainscombe! I verily have wished afterward that I had not spoken one word to him. My husband read my letter through, and then said, "I think you have said in the letter more than you have ever felt!" Oh what a knockdown blow that was to me; I felt ready to drop on to the floor! But I felt satisfied in my mind that I had not said one half of what I had experienced in my heart. Indeed, I could not have found words to express what I had passed through when brought in guilty before a just and holy God. How I wanted to open my mind and tell my husband a little of the workings of my heart when under the temptations of the enemy, and the curse of sin, but I was like a person dumb before him, and I could not utter a word. But the thought came into my mind, he thinks that I am deceived, and I greatly feared that I was too. I thought, I will write no more, nor say anything again to any one about religion, and I was very much tried about sending the letter I had written to Mr. Ainscombe; but at last I

came to the conclusion that I would send this one, but I would never write another. I sent the letter, and in a few days I received a few lines from Mr. A. in reply, and he wrote so encouragingly to me, and bid me go on seeking the Lord. He said, "God never made a poor sinner feel the burden and weight of sin, and mourn over it as you do, and leave him at last to sink into eternal perdition." I felt much comforted and was helped to write to him again and again. Indeed we corresponded together for several years, and I still feel a love and union to him in the things of God that I believe death itself will never rend asunder.

I often think that if salvation could have been obtained by the works of the law possibly I might have obtained it, for I did, as I thought, many good works to appease the wrath of an angry Judge, but I never could get near him. At length these words came with a divine power, and were much blessed to my soul: "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast." (Eph. ii. 8, 9). My eyes were *now* opened to see more clearly that I could do nothing to merit salvation, but that it was a free gift from God; and I saw that "it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy." (Rom. ix. 16). I was much tried on the doctrine of election about this time, but by paying close attention to the word of God it was in due time made plain to me. But Oh when I found out that Christ did not die for the whole world, but only for a given number, whom the Scriptures call the election of grace, I was tried beyond measure to know if I were one of them! Oh! I thought, how awful it will be for my soul if I am not one of the elect of God! Sometimes I was raised to a hope that I was one of them; at other times I dare not think that I had any part or lot with God's people. But I knew that I could not go into the world as I used to do, and as many do now. I felt sure that there was no comfort to be got there. But there are times when I have a humble hope that the Holy Spirit does hold me fast, and as the hymn says, "And will not let me go." For "Whom once he loves he never leaves, but loves them to the end."

I come now to the year 1853, and in the month of December my husband met with an accident (as some would say) and broke his leg through a kick from a horse. He was laid up for thirteen weeks, and just at that time our family increased, and what made it so trying for us we had only one bedroom, and my husband could not be moved for some time. This was just before my confinement. We were in a great strait, and how we were to live through this painful affliction was a great trouble to us both. One evening in the midst of this heavy trial I felt so cast down that I did not know what to do, but the next morning while I was pondering over the things which so troubled us these words were brought with power into my mind: "But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." (Philippians iv. 19). And I had faith given me at the

time to believe that our needs would be supplied, and it so raised me up above every earthly care and sorrow that I felt for the time being I could leave all in the Lord's hands, and fresh strength was given me to attend to my husband without any assistance. It was remarkable how I was able to get about, when a little time previous I could scarcely get up and down stairs. Oh how I proved the Lord to be faithful to his promise, which says:—"That as thy day thy strength shall be." I remember a person coming into our little cottage, when she made this remark: "I quite expected to have found you full of trouble, and as miserable as you possibly could be! but you both seem so cheerful and happy I cannot think how you can be so!" Poor woman, she did not know the secret I fear. On the ninth day my husband was moved down stairs and laid upon a couch very kindly lent us by a friend, and on the eleventh day I was safely delivered of a daughter, whom we named Lois. My husband's mother now came to nurse us, and being now five in family we were compelled to make application for help to the parish officer, as our wages were but very small and we had nothing in hand. As we were in great straits the parish authorities allowed us three gallons of flour and two shillings and threepence in money per week, for which we were truly thankful. This was all that we had for thirteen weeks to depend upon; but God, who had promised to supply our needs, was faithful to that promise, for our cupboard was never once quite empty, nor did we get into debt for provisions, but we owed for rent about thirteen shillings; but this was made up to us, for one and another gave us a shilling just at the time it was really needed.

It was a cold and severe winter, and many poor families were in great distress through the severity of the weather. The gentry of the neighbourhood made a collection for the poor, and we had seven shillings and sixpence given to us out of the collection, but the man who was appointed to bring it to us did so very reluctantly, for he told a person that we knew a little time before that he considered it a sin to do any one a kindness who went to chapel! I believe we had nineteen shillings and sixpence given us altogether during the thirteen weeks my husband was laid aside. It was but a bare living for us, and instead of my gaining strength I became very weak and could scarcely get about to do my work; then the enemy came in and said, "Where is now your God who promised to supply your needs? See how weak you are getting, and all for the want of the common necessities of life!" I felt that it was so, but I kept it all to myself as much as I could, for I could not bear my husband to think that I was going backward in bodily strength, lest he should become distressed about me. But how I managed to keep about while under the temptation of Satan I know not, for I often felt I was deceived; yet every time the Lord spoke a promise to my soul, I felt quite satisfied with my lot, and could leave all things in his hands.

*(To be continued.)*

## DISTINCTION BETWEEN UNBELIEF AND JEALOUSY.

EXTRACT FROM DR. OWEN ON PSALM CXXX.

There is a twofold unbelief.—1st, That which is universal and privative, such as is in all unregenerate persons; they have no faith at all,—that is, they are dead, and have no principles of spiritual life. 2nd, There is an unbelief partial and negative, consisting in a staggering at, or questioning of, the promises. This is displeasing to God, a sin which is attended with unknown aggravations, though men usually indulge it in themselves. It is well expressed (Psalm lxxviii. 19, 20.) God had promised his presence to the people in the wilderness to feed, sustain, and preserve them. How did they entertain these promises of God? “Can he,” say they, “give bread? can he provide flesh for this people?” (verse 20). What great sin, crime, or offence is in this inquiry? Why (verse 19), this is called speaking against God: “They spake against God; they said, can he furnish a table in the wilderness?” Unbelief in question of the promises is a “speaking against God;” a “limiting of the Holy One of Israel,” as it is called, in verse 41; an assigning of bounds to his goodness, power, kindness, and grace, according to what we find in ourselves, which he abhors. By this unbelief we make God like ourselves; that is, our limiting of him, expecting no more from him than either we can do, or see how it may be done.

This, you will say, was a great sin in the Israelites, because they had no reason to doubt or question the promises of God. It is well we think so now; but when they were so many thousand families, that had not one bit of bread or drop of water beforehand for themselves and their little ones, there is no doubt but they thought themselves to have as good reason to question the promises as any of you can think that you have,

We are ready to suppose that we have all the reasons in the world: every one supposeth he hath those that are more cogent than any other hath to question the promises of grace, pardon, and forgiveness; and therefore the questioning of them is not their sin. But pretend what we will, this is speaking against God, limiting of him; and that which tends to keep us from steadfastness and comfort.

But now there may be a jealousy in a gracious heart concerning the love of Christ, which is acceptable unto him, at least which he is tender towards, that may be mistaken for this questioning of the promises by unbelief, and so help to keep the soul in darkness and disconsolation. This the spouse expresseth in herself: (Cant. viii. 6.), “Love is strong as death; jealousy is hard as the grave: the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame.” Love is the foundation, the root; but yet it bears that fruit which is bitter, although it be wholesome—that which fills the soul with great perplexities, and makes it cry out for a nearer and more secure admission into the

presence of Christ. "Set me," saith the spouse, "as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm: for jealousy is cruel as the grave." "I cannot bear this distance from thee, these fears of my being disregarded by thee." "Set me as a seal upon thine heart."

Now, this spiritual jealousy is the solicitousness of the mind of a believer, who hath a sincere love for Christ, about the heart, affections, and goodwill of Christ towards it, arising from a consciousness of its own unworthiness to be beloved by him or accepted with him. All causeless jealousy ariseth from a secret sense and conviction of unworthiness in the person in whom it is, and a high esteem of him that is the object of it, or concerning whose love and affection any one is jealous. So it is with this spiritual jealousy. The root of it is love, sincere love, that cannot be "quenched by waters" nor "drowned by floods," verse 7,—which nothing can utterly prevail against or overcome. This gives the soul *high thoughts* of the glorious excellencies of Christ, fills it with admiration of him; these are mixed with a due *sense of its own baseness*, vileness, and unworthiness to be owned by him or accepted with him. Now, this frame may be sometimes taken for a questioning of the promises of God, and that to be a defect in faith which is an excess of love, or at most such an irregular acting of it as the Lord Christ will be very tender towards, and which is consistent with peace and a due sense of the forgiveness of sins. Mistake not, then, these one for another, lest much causeless inquietness ensue, in the judgment which you are to make of yourselves.

But you will say, "How shall we distinguish between these two, so as not causelessly to be disquieted and perplexed?" I answer briefly:—

1. Unbelief, working in and by the questioning of the promises of God, is a weakening, disheartening, dispiriting thing. It takes off the edge of the soul from spiritual duties, and weakens it both as unto delight and strength.

The more anyone questions the promises of God, the less life, power, joy, and delight in obedience he hath; for faith is the spring and root of all other graces; according as that thriveth or goeth backwards, so doeth all. Men think sometimes that their uncertainty of the love of God, and of acceptance with him by the forgiveness of sins, doth put them upon the performance of many duties; and they can have no rest or peace in the omission of them. It may be it is so; yea, this is the state and condition of many. But what are these duties? and how are they performed? and what is their acceptance with God? The duties themselves are legal; which denomination ariseth not from the nature, substance, or matter of them, for they may be the same that are required and enjoined in the Gospel, but from the principle from whence they proceed and the end to which they are used.

Now, those in this case are both legal ; their principle is legal fear, their end is legal righteousness,—the whole attendance unto them a “seeking of righteousness as it were by the works of the law.” And how are they performed ? Plainly, with a bondage-frame of spirit, without love, joy, liberty, or delight. To quiet conscience, to pacify God, are the things in them aimed at, all in opposition to the blood and righteousness of Christ. And are they accepted with God ? Let them be multiplied never so much, he everywhere testifieth that they are abhorred by him. This, then, unbelief mixed with convictions will do. It is the proper way of venting and exercising itself where the soul is brought under the power of conviction. But as unto gospel obedience, to be carried on in communion with God by Christ and delight in him, all questioning of the promises weakens and discourageth the soul, and makes them all wearisome and burdensome unto it. But the jealousy that is exercised about the person and love of Christ unto the soul is quite of another nature, and produceth other effects ; it cheers, enlivens, and enlargeth the soul, stirs up to activity, earnestness, and industry in its inquiries and desires after Christ. “Jealousy,” saith the spouse, “is hard as the grave ;” therefore, “set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm.” It makes the soul restlessly pant after nearer, more sensible, and more assured communion with Christ ; it stirs up vigorous and active spirits in all duties. Every doubt and fear that it ingenerates concerning the love of Christ stirs up the soul unto more earnestness after him, delight in him, and sedulous watching against everything that may keep it at a distance from him, or occasion him to hide, withdraw, or absent himself from it.

2. Unbelief, that works by questioning of the promises, is universally selfish ; it begins and ends in self. Self-love in desires after freedom from guilt, danger, and punishment is the life and soul of it. May this end be attained, it hath no delight in God ; nor doth it care what way it be attained, so it may be attained.

May such persons have any persuasions that they shall be freed from death and hell, be it by works of the law or by the observance of any inventions of their own, whether any ariseth unto God from his grace and faithfulness or no, they are not solicitous. The jealousy we speak of hath the person of Christ and his excellency for its constant object.

These it fills the mind with in many and various thoughts, still representing him more and more amiable and more desirable unto the soul ; so doth the spouse upon the like occasion, as you may see at large, Cant. v. 9-16. Being at some loss for his presence, for he had withdrawn himself, not finding her wonted communion and intercourse with him, fearing that, upon her provocation, she might forfeit her interest in his love, she falls upon the consideration of all his excellencies ; and thereby the more inflames herself into desires after his company and enjoy-

ment. All these diverse things may be thus distinguished and discerned.

LETTER BY SAMUEL RUTHERFORD TO ROBERT CUNYNGAME (Minister of the Gospel at Holywood, in Ireland).

Well-beloved Brother,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you. Upon acquaintance in Christ I thought good to take the opportunity of writing to you; seeing it hath seemed good to the Lord of the harvest to take the hooks out of our hands for a time, and to lay upon us a more honourable service, even to suffer for his name. It were good to comfort one another in writing. I have had a desire to see you in the face, yet now, being the prisoner of Christ, it is taken away. I am greatly comforted to hear of your soldier's stately spirit for your Princely and Royal Captain Jesus our Lord, and for the grace of God in the rest of our dear brethren with you. You have heard of my trouble, I suppose. It had pleased our sweet Lord Jesus to let loose the malice of these interdicted lords in his house to deprive me of my ministry at Anworth, and to confine me, eight score miles from thence to Aberdeen; and also (which was not done to any before) to inhibit me to speak at all in Jesus' name within this kingdom under pain of rebellion. The cause that ripened their hatred was my book against the Arminians, whereof they accused me those three days I appeared before them: but let our crowned King in Zion reign, by his grace the loss is theirs, the advantage is Christ's and truth's. Albeit this honest cross gained some ground on me by my heaviness, and inward challenges of conscience for a time were sharp; yet now, for the encouragement of you all, I dare say it, and write it under my hand—Welcome, welcome, sweet, sweet cross of Christ. I verily think that the chains of my Lord Jesus are all overlaid with pure gold, and that his cross is perfumed, and that it smelleth of Christ, and that the victory shall be the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of his truth, and that Christ laying on his back, in his weak servants and oppressive truth, shall ride over his enemies, and shall strike through kings in the day of his wrath. It is time we laugh when he laugheth, and seeing he is now pleased to sit with wrongs for a time, it becometh us to be silent until the Lord hath let the enemies enjoy their hungry, lean, and feckless paradise. Blessed are they who are content to take strokes with weeping Christ, faith will trust the Lord, and is not hasty or headstrong, neither is faith so timorous as to flatter a temptation, or to bad and bribe the cross. It is little up or little down that the Lamb and his followers can get, no law surety, nor truce with crosses, it must be so till we are up in our father's house. My heart is woe indeed for my mother church that hath played the harlot with many lovers; her husband hath a mind to sell her for her horrible transgressions, and heavy will the hand of the Lord be upon this backsliding nation. The ways of our Zion mourn, her gold is become dim,

her white Nazarites are black like a coal. How shall not the children weep when the husband and the mother cannot agree; yet I believe Scotland's skies shall clear again, and that Christ shall build again the old waste places of Jacob, and that our dead and dry bones shall become an army of living men, and that our well-beloved may yet feed among the lilies until the day break and the shadows flee away. My dear brother, let us help one another with our prayers. Our King shall mow down his enemies and shall come from Bozrah with his garments all dyed in blood, and for our consolation shall he appear, and call his wife Hephzibah, and his land Beulah; for he will rejoice over us, and marry us, and Scotland shall say, "What have I to do any more with idols?" Only let us be faithful to him that can ride through hell and death upon a windlestrae,\* and his horse never stumble; and let him make of me a bridge over a water, so that his high and holy name may be glorified in me. Strokes with the sweet Mediator's hand are very sweet; he has always been sweet to my soul. But since I suffered for him, his breath hath a sweeter smell than before. Oh! that every hair of my head, and every member, and every bone in my body were a man to witness a fair confession for him, I would think all too little for him. When I look over beyond the line, and beyond death to the laughing side of the world, I triumph and ride upon the high places of Jacob; howbeit, other ways I am a faint, dead-hearted, cowardly man, oft borne down and hungry in waiting for the marriage-supper of the Lamb. Nevertheless, I think it the Lord's wise love that feeds it with hunger and makes us fat with wants and desertions. I know not, my dear brother, if our worthy brethren be gone to sea, or not; they are on my heart and in my prayers; if they be yet with you salute my dear friend, John Stuart, my well-beloved brethren in the Lord, Mr. Blair, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Livingston, and Mr. MacClelland, and acquaint them with my troubles, and intreat them to pray for the poor afflicted prisoner of Christ. They are dear to my soul. I seek your prayers and theirs for my flock; their remembrance breaks my heart. I desire to love that people, and others, my dear acquaintance in Christ, with love in God as God loveth them. I know that he who sent me to the west and south, sent me also to the north. I will charge my soul to believe and wait for him, and will follow his providence and not go before it, nor stay behind it. Now, my dear brother, taking farewell in paper, I commend you all to the word of his grace, and to the work of his spirit, to him who holdeth the seven stars in his right hand that you may be kept spotless till the day of Jesus our Lord.

I am,

Your brother in affliction in our sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

From Irwing, being on my journey to Christ's Palace, in Aberdeen, August 4, 1636.

\* Crested dog's-tail grass.

## THE UNPARDONABLE SIN.

(Treated on, in a letter to an Unknown Friend, by Mr. Huntington.)

Sir,—I received yours. The temptation about the unpardonable sin is common to almost all persons that are brought to see the exceeding sinfulness of sin, wrath, and ruin sin has exposed them to; I laboured long under the same. No sin of the body is this sin, no sort of uncleanness, theft, nor even murder is that sin; none more unclean than Mary Magdalen and some of the Corinthians—(read 1 Cor. vi. 9—11). Onesimus was a thief, and Moses and Paul were both murderers; but all these were saved. It is neither excess, idolatry, nor witchcraft—as may be seen in Manasseh, King of Israel. The unpardonable sin is a sin of the mind; the person that commits it must be a professor and confessor of the gospel. He must be a man who has been illuminated, or enlightened in his understanding to know; the natural affections stirred up, which is called tasting the good word of God. He must be one who has been an eye and ear witness to the power and force of God's grace and Spirit in its operations and effects upon others, so as to be convinced of the reality and force of it. Nor is it a jealous envying of the happiness of others when we ourselves seem to be neglected; the nine apostles were filled with indignation against James and John, for wishing to sit at the left hand and right of Christ in his kingdom. But it is a falling finally away from Christ, after all this profession; not falling into sin, but falling away finally, apostatizing, so as to return no more.

There must be a hating both God and Christ, as our Lord charges the Jews: "They have no cloak for their sin, for they have seen and hated both me and my Father." This apostate must labour to hinder the work upon others, knowingly, out of spite, which is called doing despite to the Spirit of grace. There must be a speaking against Christ openly, and this against conviction, truth, and conscience, which is called crucifying Christ afresh, and putting him to an open shame.

The malice of this apostate must go further, in ascribing the ministry of the gospel, and the power of it in the hearts of God's saints, to Satan, and that out of malice, knowing better; and speaking against all convictions knowingly, as the Jews, who saw our Lord's miracles, and envying him the honour, said, "This fellow casteth out devils by Beelzebub the prince of the devils." To which the Saviour replies, "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men: but he that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness"—because you say I cast out devils by Beelzebub, &c. So that you see what this sin is. If this short epistle be of any use or encouragement to you, give God the praise; as for me, I am a sinner.

W. H., S. S.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF MRS. SHILLING-  
FORD, SENR., OF GUILDFORD.

Another ransomed soul has winged her way  
To the blest regions of eternal day.  
Yes ; fully ripe, she now is gathered in  
To Heaven's garner where she is free from sin.

In Mesech she abode full ninety years,  
And found, with truth, it is a vale of tears.  
Oft from without her trials perplexed her sore ;  
But what she felt within distressed her more.

Through grace, she felt a sinner, vile indeed ;  
Nor had she aught but Jesus' blood to plead,  
The Father's love, and then the Spirit's light,  
To show to her the way, the truth, the life.

He once revealed his love, she would repeat,  
And say she never knew a love so sweet.  
How good it was to hear that dear one tell !  
Then say, "My Jesus hath done all things well."

The place that knew her here so long below  
No more for ever will our dear friend know ;  
That voice no more we hear, she silent lies ;  
Her spirit now is fled beyond the skies.

No darkness now her soul will know again ;  
Her body know no weariness, nor pain ;  
Before the Throne of God she'll ever be,  
And never cease to praise the Sacred Three.

When by the grave to take a look farewell,  
Think how her ransomed soul God's praises swell ;  
For ever resting in his rays above,  
And ever dwelling in his endless love.

The song of the redeemed is now her song,  
Will be, while endless ages roll along,  
To him who loved, and washed us in his blood,  
And made us ever kings and priests to God.

But eye hath never seen, nor tongue can tell,  
Nor ear hath heard such Allelujahs swell,  
The heart cannot conceive the joy that waits  
The ransomed soul within those heavenly gates.

We know not when, but soon *our* turn will come ;  
 The messenger of death takes one by one ;  
 It asks no leave—at God's command it flies—  
 Oh ! that it ne'er may take us by surprise !  
 May all our hopes be placed on Christ alone,  
 Whose blood for vilest sinner will atone.  
 May we its virtue taste, its cleansing feel,  
 And know, by precious faith, the Spirit's seal !  
 Then let Death come, it will be well indeed ;  
 Our souls will then from sin be ever freed,  
 And join the ransomed throng, their notes to swell ;  
 Shut in, and evermore with Christ to dwell.

Guildford.

R. SWINSON.

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 COMFORT IN AFFLICTION.
 

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Orchard Road,

Stevenage, Herts,

June 6th, 1901.

To Mr. Feazey.

My dear Friend,—I was very sorry to hear of your illness, but I am pleased to see in this month's "Gospel Standard" that you are getting better, and that you hope soon to regain your former health and strength. I sincerely hope the Lord will spare you for the good of his dear, tried people for many years to come, and bless you with that bodily health and strength that you may still unfurl the banner of truth in Zion, and go in and out among the Lord's people. But the day is approaching that Israel must die, and you know that nought but the grains of Gospel gold will ever stand this trying day :—

"When like a scroll together roll'd,  
 The starry heavens shall pass away."

Oh ! how I have begged numbers of times when no human eye has been upon me and no human ear could hear me, that it may be well with me when I pass through the swellings of Jordan ; but if I feel then the same as I have felt at a few special times in my life time, then it will be well with me when I am called to die. Jeremiah says : "If thou hast run with the footmen and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses ? And if in the land of peace wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan ?" Why, a poor, black sinner like me, driven and wearied out of self, has nothing else to look to but the atonement of Christ. And here my needy soul must venture, sink or swim, lost or saved. I feel, like that dear man of God, Mr. Hart, that I have not one good work to plead ; but trust I have felt at times the preciousness of that sacred flood that from Jesus' veins was free

"To take away a Mary's or Manasseh's stains,  
 Or sins more vile than they."

But we meet with few in our day that feel the plague of sin, that in-dwelling sin that makes the poor creature sigh and groan, and lift up his watery eyes to the God of all grace; and who feels at times that he is only a vessel of wrath fitted for destruction, and has ten thousand fears that he will one day fall under the sore temptations to which he is subject. Those death spots, into which the poor sinner comes so often, shake him out of all confidence with himself, and he cries, in the bitterness of his soul, "Do, dear Lord, show me a token for good, that they that hate me may see it." Sin, in-dwelling sin, damps and mars everything that an elect vessel of mercy has to do with; and, as Mr. Kent expresses it:—

"A daily cross, a stubborn will  
A heart replete with every ill;  
Affections prone from God to go,  
Are bonds that only Israel know.  
With bitter herbs on Christ they feed,  
And hate the sins that made him bleed;  
Yet love his name, and long to be  
From bonds of sin and sorrow free."

But I am afraid I shall tire you. I feel grieved at the loss of these gracious men of God, who have been valiant for the truth taken from us to their eternal home. Poor Zion, I fear, is in a low place, and the many mongrel Calvinists and duty-faith men who surround us are for putting everybody else right but can never put themselves right! Poor things! If they felt death to be upon all their best performances, and what it was to feel the sting of death taken away, and the pardon of their sins blessedly sealed upon their hearts, they would lift up the Son of God, and preach sovereign grace. O, may the day be not far distant when the Lord will have mercy upon Zion, and say: "The time to favour her; yea, the set time is come. When the servants of the Lord shall take pleasure in her stones, and favour the dust thereof."

May the God of Jacob be with you and cause his gracious smiles to rest upon you in your affliction, and that you may feel as did the Psalmist, when he said: "It is good for me to have been Afflicted." But we shall have to find what dear Mr. Gadsby felt, that

"Pains and sorrows, sins and woes,  
Will the Christian's way oppose;  
Every day brings something new,  
Zion's troubles to renew."

May the Lord "deliver thee in six troubles, and in the seventh there shall be no evil touch thee." With kind Christian regards, I am, my dear friend, yours affectionately in the truth.

ELI FOX.

## R E V I E W .

**WILDERNESS JOURNEYINGS AND GRACIOUS DELIVERANCES.** The Autobiography of George Mockford, for forty years Minister of the Gospel at Heathfield. Oxford: J. C. Pembrey, 164, Walton Street. Heathfield: Isaac Mockford, Broad Oak Post Office. 1901.

THE dealings of God with his chosen family upon earth throughout all time have been mysterious, both in providence and in grace, and the unfolding of his eternal purposes, and the displays of his sovereign will as time has rolled on concerning them, have been wonderful to behold; so that Zophar the Naamathite might well say, "Canst thou by searching find out God? canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?" (Job xi. 7). Truly "His ways are past finding out; and his judgments are not known;" only as by his Spirit they are revealed. Who would have thought that the great God of heaven would have used such simple means, as he has done in all ages, to set forth HIS GREAT NAME: "THE ETERNAL JEHOVAH; and, I AM THAT I AM, and to display his wisdom, power, and glory among the people of his choice? Is it not marvellous to see how God was pleased to make Noah a preacher of righteousness in the Antediluvian world, and to give him grace, wisdom, and understanding, by which he prepared an "Ark of gopher wood," for the preservation of himself, and those whom the Lord had given him, that they might not be destroyed with the rest of mankind, who had become corrupt before God and filled with violence. Thus we read, "the Lord said unto Noah, come thou and all thy house into the ark; for thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation" (Gen. vii. 1). So righteous Noah was the instrument in the Lord's hands of doing good in his day and generation; even in keeping alive an elect people upon the earth. And as the hymn says,

"Eight human souls, a little crew, entered on board the Ark." Thus God makes a selection of righteous people (made so by grace) for the carrying out of his righteous acts, and for the fulfilment of his eternal purposes. Abraham, then, must be called out of the land of Chaldea, that the blessing of the Lord might be bestowed upon him. And God said unto him, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee, and I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing:" (Gen. xii. 1-2). This is God's promise to his servant Abraham, and it was carried out, and fulfilled to the letter; not only in Abraham, who afterwards was called the "father of the faithful," but in his sons Isaac and Jacob, who became heirs with him of the same promise. And is it not remarkable to notice how the same rich blessings have been handed down to

all God's righteous servants through succeeding generations? But, look at the characters that God has made use of to carry out his purposes and to perform his will. Moses, we see, must not be destroyed with the rest of the Hebrew male children, because he was a goodly child, therefore a kind providence hid him three months, and afterwards prepared for him an ark of bulrushes, for we see God had need of him to be the leader, and commander of his typical people. And since his day, God has raised up many of his righteous servants to follow in the same line as Moses, the lawgiver and commander of God's Israel. Thus was Joshua raised up to take the lead of this people after the death of Moses, and the Lord had buried him we know not where. Then a select number of righteous characters judged the Lord's people for a while, until they murmured and rebelled against him; "Then he gave them a King in his anger, and swept him away in his wrath." Nevertheless, he came again to their help, and to save them, when he heard their cry; and he gave them a man after his own heart, even David to be their king, who lived in the fear of the Lord, and walked humbly before him.

But not only did the Lord provide for himself suitable men in Bible times to perform his will, and to lead and guide his people into the paths of righteousness, that they might go to a city of habitation, and dwell there with the saints in light; but he has continued to do the same down to the present time. He chooses his own instruments to perform his own work. So, Moses must lead the children of Israel through the wilderness; not Pharaoh, David the man after God's own heart must receive the kingdom, and reign over God's heritage, for he is the anointed one to do so, not Saul, although he was found to be among the prophets. John the Baptist, too, was ordained to be the forerunner of Christ, and to "Prepare the way of the Lord," making his paths straight; not Herod, who saw that his commands were not carried out by wise men of the east, and that they returned into their own land another way. "He was exceedingly wrath, and sent forth and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under, according to the time which he had diligently inquired of the wise men." Such a massacre was not likely to obtain God's favour, or to procure the least spiritual comfort to his soul. But the reverse, for God putteth down the mighty from their seats; and raiseth up men of low degree, as we see in many instances in the Word of God. And do we not read "that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called" (1 Cor. i., 26.) "But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise," such as Mordecai, who was chosen to confound Haman, and Daniel, and the three Hebrews, who wonderfully confounded King Darius,

and Nebuchadnezzar. And this confounding of the great and the mighty by God's chosen servants has been going on from the apostles' days until now, and of this we have ample proof if we read the dealings of God with those who have been soldiers in the militant church of Christ in these latter times. See how Bunyan, the tinker of Bedford, confounded the worldly-wise people in his day, so much so that they gnashed upon him with their teeth, and then imprisoned him for twelve years and six months, because he was chosen of God to preach the gospel to poor sinners. Look again at Samuel How (Cobbler How as he is called) how he confounded many of the great and wise men in his day, even the learned John Goodwin, who was an Arminian of the Arminians, and, we believe, brother to Mr. Thomas Goodwin, who was a sound Calvinistic preacher and writer, whose works we much esteem and value! But when we take up Huntington's "Bank of Faith," his "Kingdom of Heaven taken by Prayer," his "Contemplations on the God of Israel," or any of his valuable works, together with the valuable works of Messrs. Gadsby, Warburton, Philpot, Tiptaft, Kershaw, Godwin, &c., we see how in later times all such men by their preaching and writings have confounded the great and the wise men in their day. Those great and mighty people, who, many of them, have come from Oxford and Cambridge (those great seats of learning), have ignored and set at nought the preaching and writings of God's own servants, and those blessed men of God whom we have just named have been considered by some as ignorant, and unlearned. Even the very godly Mr. Philpot, and Mr. Tiptaft, although they were learned men, yet it has been said of them, that "*they were right once*," but when they left the Church of England, and joined with the Dissenters, they sacrificed both religion and principle, and chose to mix up with an ignorant class of religionists who did not know their right hand from their left. Be it so! But, if it had been said of them that "they chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season," it would have been the truth. But these ignorant people, as they are called by the professing world, are not extinct as yet; as we see in many of our churches of truth, and by some whom the Lord the Spirit has raised up to preach the gospel of the grace of God. It is really heart-cheering to know that the God of all grace is pleased still to make choice of "foolish things of the world, even base things, and things that are not, on purpose to bring to nothing things that are, that no flesh should glory in his presence." We not only see this in the Lord, choosing those blessed servants of his above named; but also in his choosing, and calling by grace, and then raising up to be a preacher of righteousness the late Mr. George Mockford, the title of whose interesting book we have placed at the head of these papers.

“Wilderness Journeys and Gracious Deliverances” are great subjects, which, spiritually considered, only a few of the human race can understand, and subjects that are not thoroughly understood can never be opened up and written upon to any spiritual advantage.

This very valuable little book was sent to us some time ago by a friend, who expressed a hope that we might see our way to say a little about it approvingly in our pages. But not personally knowing Mr. Mockford, he being a comparative stranger to us, we laid the book aside until we had a more favourable opportunity to peruse its pages; but at the same time we felt very anxious to meet the wishes of our friend who sent us the book. Time, however, rolled on, and something frequently reminded us that we had taken no notice of the “Autobiography of Mr. Mockford.” What will our friend say, we asked, if no notice is taken of it? Why, we shall be considered very unkind, and as we did not wish to appear so in the eyes of our friend, we took up the book and began to read it; but we were surprised to see such a short preface prefixed to it, for we have been told that “a book without a preface is like a house without a door,” we therefore concluded that the book would not be of much value to spiritual readers, for if so the preface would have told us. Well, we began to read the book, and as we did so, that began to read us. Indeed, as we read page after page we felt the author’s experience so to commend itself to our heart, that we could not lay the book down save only to exclaim, “Why, this is really another Mr. Huntington writing his ‘Bank of Faith’ for the benefit of the Lord’s people who are passing through the wilderness!” When we came to the second page and read the following: “When about eight years of age I was employed, during the summer, to scare the birds from the corn, &c., for which I had a shilling a week, seven days to the week; for though the master went to church, the rooks would go on stealing the corn if they could.” We thought, how very low in the social scale are many of the Lord’s witnesses for his truth, when in a state of nature! But he always saw good to lift up the poor out of the dust, as he did in the case of the following ministers—Huntington, Gadsby, Warburton, Kershaw, Godwin, Collinge, and many beside, and, according to the autobiography of Mr. George Mockford, he continues to do the same now. But the great secret is blessedly unfolded as to why the Lord chooses the despised things of the world, for on Page 6 Mr. Mockford thus writes: “But at length the set time came, ‘Not to propose, but call by grace.’ And . . . when I was between sixteen and seventeen years of age, some unknown person came upon the Downs, and addressing me, said, ‘Well, my lad, do you like reading?’ I replied, ‘Yes.’ ‘Then,’ said he, ‘I will leave this tract with you, and when I come again I shall know how you like it.’ I put in into my pocket, and thought I am

not going to read that religious book ; he might keep his book for aught I cared, but this thought came, ' Well, you had better look at it, or you won't know what reply to give him when he comes again.' So I took it from my pocket to look it over, but never did look it over in that sense, as all at once it looked straight into me. It was in this way. As I took the book from my pocket, these two scriptures met my eye, and went to my heart : ' The soul that sinneth, it shall die.' ' He that offendeth in one point is guilty of all.' I was struck as with a flash of lightning ; the book dropped from my hand, and I fell to the earth."

What simple means the Lord uses to awaken poor sinners that are dead in trespasses and sins ; and how true it is that, " The word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than a two-edged sword," and so Mr. Mockford found it, as he was led by the Holy Spirit, and taught by grace to feel what he was by nature, and what he was in the sight of a just and holy God ! But these are the means the Lord uses in making his people " meet to be partakers of the saints in light." And, this was the way he prepared Mr. M. to be such a faithful witness of his truth, and a godly minister for forty years to the church of Christ at Heathfield. Such a long term of years to be over a people speaks well for the pastor, and for the people of his care. But notice again how the Lord the Spirit continued to teach him. On Page 13 he says : " As time went on God deepened his work in my heart, so that I was brought to see and feel that it was not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy ! It was welcome news indeed unto me. Also the work of the blessed Spirit in the grand and great economy of the salvation of the church was more and more unfolded to me. I felt that all the actings of the new life in the heart of a poor sinner were the work of the Spirit alone, that all my professed prayers if not indited by the Spirit were only natural, and that faith, hope, and love, repentance and obedience could not be spiritual unless they were the work of the blessed Spirit in the heart, and that this was in the new heart that God gives his people, which is a pure heart." The above extract contains some solemn, but blessed truths, and those persons that are so taught, are well taught of God, and are manifested to belong to those people " who do not live after the flesh, but after the Spirit." As saith the apostle Paul, " For if ye live after the flesh, ye shall die ; but if ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live." But how trying it is for godly people to be constantly " mortifying the deeds of the body ! It can only be done rightly as the blessed Spirit works in our hearts both to will and to do of God's good pleasure. Thus we have to prove again and again that " the Spirit lusteth against the flesh, and the flesh against the Spirit, so that we cannot do the things that we

would." But what a pathway of tribulation it is all through this world to those whom the Spirit takes in hand, and so our esteemed author found it, as he tells us in those touching remarks recorded by him on pages 17 to 20, the reading of which wonderfully affected our heart, and brought tears to our eyes. "Oh!" we said, "what heavy trials the dear man had to endure, and pass through! Oh! what close watching there would be with him of God's hand in providence, when placed in such trying circumstances." These are trials of which numbers of our fellow-creatures are ignorant, and this is the pathway Christ alluded to when he said to his disciples, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace." However, the trials are needful, and as the pathway is the old beaten track in which the Lord's people have been led throughout all ages, so Mr. Mockford must travel the same road, and pass through the same difficulties so that he may be made a good soldier of the cross of Christ, and a faithful minister of the gospel of the grace of God. This we see is fully proved by the length of time he was pastor of the church at Heathfield, and also by his ministry being so acceptable to his brethren in various parts of the country. And, although we were not personally known to him, yet we have heard many of the Lord's people say, "what a faithful preacher he was, and very acceptable, for his preaching was with power." But it would be so, when we consider the free grace college he studied at, the discipline he passed through, and the spiritual instruction he received from his Divine Instructor. For we see all through the "Autobiography" that the Lord was with him, and by his heavy trials, and the many deep exercises of mind he passed through, God was, by those painful means, forming him for his own glory, and also that he should show forth his praise.

Respecting his solemn feelings about the work of the ministry on page 30 he writes: "I had for a long time been much exercised about the ministry; sometimes feeling it was right, and then again fearing that I was altogether deceived about it. But now it was laid upon my mind with much weight, and I had liberty before God on the matter, with a deep feeling of love to the Lord's people, and a sincere desire to honour and glorify the Lord in whatever way he was pleased to use me. I said nothing, however, to my fellow-creatures on the subject, as I was so afraid of being left to follow man's advice, which, as I told the Lord, he knew I did not want to do, unless I were sure such advice was in accordance with his blessed mind and will. I therefore begged of him that he would himself lay it upon the minds of his people if it were his will to send me unto them."

This we fully believe is being exercised about the work of the ministry in the right way, and in accordance with God's mind and will. And the Holy Spirit being the divine Author of such

solemn exercises, such an exercised person is sure to be made useful in a lesser or greater degree to the Lord's tried people. But we must not extract any more from this excellent little book. We confess that we have read it all, and for this simple reason, we could not finally lay it down until we had done so. It was so commended to our heart. We can therefore very honestly recommend it to all those citizens of God's Zion who love to read for their soul's comfort what God by his Holy Spirit has done in the hearts of fellow-travellers, who, through grace, "Fought a good fight, and finished their course, and kept the faith," and who have now entered into the joy of their Lord.

### ABIDING IN THE TRUTH.

Willoughby House, Leicester.

Dear Editor,—

May 17th, 1901.

I greatly desire in these, and the coming sifting days, that the Lord's people would remember, and hold fast, and maintain, their real ground for believing that the Bible is the fully inspired word of God. They should be able and ready to give a reason for the hope that is in them. A reason for believing the Scriptures, and a reason for their persuasion that what they profess, and have their hope grounded upon, is Scriptural. We know how every thing is thrown into the crucible of modern research and wisdom. Nothing escapes. The Bible itself is thrown in, and fares just as we might expect. Man, "having separated himself" from the fountain of wisdom through desiring to be as a God, "seeketh and intermeddeth with all wisdom." (Prov. xviii. 1.) That he must go astray, and corrupt every thing of a divine nature, is a matter of course. If he did not corrupt it, it would not be divine. The world by wisdom attains only to ignorance in divine things. In the wise ordering of all things by God, the world by wisdom knows not God. Becomes an agnostic. But God himself interposes on behalf of his children. He provides for them a new universe of wisdom (1 Cor. ii. 9) which the wisdom of man naturally was never capable of entering into. "There is a path which no fowl knoweth." There is a secret of God, and it is the glory of God to hide this matter from the wise and prudent, and to reveal it unto babes. This secret is contained in the Scriptures, and is by the Holy Spirit revealed therefrom to those whom God ordained to be partakers of this wisdom before the world began. When God begins to discover his secret to them, these persons receive, not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God, that they might then know the things which are freely given them of God. Things of a new creation.—2 Cor. v. 17. They receive a new understanding, such as was not in man originally; a capacity for understanding the secret and hidden things of God. They receive the Spirit of Wisdom and revelation from God, that their hearts may be

made wise unto salvation, by the true knowledge of him in Christ. Thus and thus only that true, living, saving faith is produced in them which is the certain evidence of things unseen.—Heb. xi. 1. The word of God, in the Scriptures, comes to them with the demonstration of the Spirit and of power. Thus they receive it, as it is, in truth, the word of God. So it was with Jeremiah. “Thy words were found, and I did eat them.” He found them as spiritual food, for he found the Lord himself—God in Christ in them. So David found them sweeter than honey and the honey comb. So the man in the parable finds in them the true treasure of a new and divine life in Christ. Therefore the angel calls them “the words of this life”—the words of a new and eternal life in Jesus. What then I wish to dwell upon, and what I greatly desire the Lord’s people to stand by, is this—that God’s people have a new, true, and immediate light from heaven, revealing to them the things of God in their true beauty, order, and glory. This light shines into their hearts from the Bible of God. Thus they have an evidence of the Bible being the word of God, and of those things which it reveals being the certainties of God, such as no mere human reasoning could bestow upon them, and no carnal reasoning can really take away. Through not keeping close to this divine teaching and evidence, through not diligently attending to Paul’s words (2 Timothy, iii. 14), “Knowing of whom thou hast learned them,” through, in fact, their fleshly nature, and carnal reason, they may get bewildered, and become at times almost confounded. But the light of life, which is far above anything in man naturally, once received shall never be quenched, and quite darkened, hence they finally come forth from all their carnal reasonings, and fleshly obscurities, and walk before God in the new true everlasting light of the living. I believe the devil is arranging all his forces, scientific, critical, blasphemous, against the inspired Scriptures. May we steadily adhere to our own proper evidence of their inspiration from Genesis to Revelation, knowing how and of whom we have learned them to be the oracles of God. Yours, very sincerely,  
G. HAZLERIGG.

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“WHILE I WAS MUSING, THE FIRE BURNED.”

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22, Kirkby Street, Lincoln,  
March 11th, 1901.

My dear Friend,—This afternoon, “while I sat musing, the fire burned,” then, said I in my heart—or, I should say, in the warmth of my heart—“I will write a few lines to my dear old friend John; if only a few, I feel sure he will be encouraged.” And I hope, my dear brother, you may be able to receive what I am about to say in the same humble frame of mind as that in which I hope I am now writing. I remember with much thankfulness some of the good things you were able to set before us

yesterday (Sunday), and, as I said outside the chapel, "they were blessed truths which did me good," and I feel persuaded that your sermon was owned of God, and made a great blessing to my soul. I feel sure it was by the sweetness and the power that accompanied it. I could have cried out in the midst of the service but for making a scene. Yes; blessed be God, more than once or twice I had this feeling; and when you mentioned Mr. Battersby's name, and placing your hands across your breast, signifying the seal of God's eternal love being there, oh! I thought what a blessed seal, and what a true reality! How divinely sweet and precious, and how rich and costly that seal is, and I trust I felt it to be so blessed and comforting to my soul that it is impossible to describe it to its fullest extent either by tongue or pen!

Now, to be favoured with such seasons as these in the house of prayer, how readily we can understand the language of Dr. Watts—

"How pleasant, how divinely fair,  
O Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are!  
With long desire my spirit faints,  
To meet the assemblies of thy Saints."

O, my dear friend, I felt these to be the very best blessings in this world, and I would not be without what I felt for all the wealth of this City of Lincoln, or a thousand cities like it!

Blessed be the Lord! I know I felt in my heart a love to God as my Father, and a love to the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour and Redeemer, who is to my soul the very "chiefest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely." And I felt a great love to the Holy Spirit as my blessed Remembrancer, and by whom these rich blessings are revealed and made known unto my soul.

In my room, before coming to chapel, I felt greatly humbled before the Lord, and felt so unworthy of the least of his mercies that I fell upon my knees, and in my poor way I begged for a blessing to rest upon the word, and for yourself, and for myself, and for others that might be present with us who stood in need; and I feel sure the Lord heard and very graciously answered my poor petitions, offered up in his holy name, as I bowed before him. And, if I mistake not by your looks, you found it to be very blessed work in exalting the dear Lord Jesus Christ upon the gospel-pole, and setting him forth as the only way to heaven and glory.

I feel that I can honestly say that I often get a blessing under your ministry. Please allow me to say so; for it is in love I make this honest confession; and to God be all the praise. And now, my dear friend, "I commend you to God," and all that pertains to you, "and to the word if of his grace," earnestly desiring that he will be with you during your long journeys, and your short ones too. The Lord bless you, and keep you!—so prays your unworthy hearer.

S. SPENDLOW.

[We are informed that the writer of the above experimental letter is a railway signalman, and a very worthy Christian man.]

## Obituary.

—:o:—

MRS. ELIZABETH DUKE.—Our dear departed sister passed away on February 27th, 1901, in her 82nd year. She first joined the Strict Baptist Church at Hertford, in 1853, but after a lapse of thirteen years she rejoined on May 2nd, 1880, and remained a member until the Lord called her unto himself. The family name has been associated with the history of the church ever since the year 1819. Our dear sister was always to be seen in her place in the house of God whenever the chapel doors were opened for service, except when prevented through illness. She was never late, and travelled in all weathers; and most cheerfully she gave a portion of what she possessed towards the support of the cause. She loved the doctrines of grace as advocated in the GOSPEL STANDARD, and she was a constant reader of it for many years. She gave very striking evidence that she trusted in no fancied righteousness of her own, but ventured her hope of glory alone on Christ.

A friend writes of her thus:—"On the 18th February Mrs. Duke said: 'O that enemy! how he did harass and distress me yesterday, saying that I was altogether deceived; the beginning of my religion was not right, and therefore the end must be wrong. But I kept crying to the Lord, and this morning these beautiful lines were brought to my mind:

"And can he have taught me to trust in his name?

And thus far have brought me to put me to shame."

I feel much more comfortable now, but I have not got all I want! I shall never forget the words coming to me many years ago:—"Fear not, little flock: for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." And, if he said that, he will give me the kingdom too, will he not? I hope I shall have something brighter and better to tell your sister when she comes!' On the 28th Mrs. Duke said, 'I asked the Lord this morning to say unto my soul, "I am thy salvation!" and it was as though something said to me, "he will not say that." It appeared to me as though I were dictating to the Lord; but almost directly the words came into my heart with such love and power that I was amazed:

"For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,

And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress."

These lines she repeated several times, and was evidently greatly encouraged by them. She said, 'that it was as though the Lord turned to her, and spoke the words with power to her soul.' Nor did she forget the Lord's good hand in providence, for his goodness was great to her; and the friends were also kind to her, so that she wanted for nothing. She was on the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society. It was said to her, 'Do you feel willing to die?' She replied, 'If I knew, and was quite sure my standing was good, I should be thankful to go!' May we not say with

the apostle—'To depart and to be with Christ is far better than to abide in the flesh!' 'Even so; come Lord Jesus, O come quickly.'"

W. S.

MR. ALFRED COX.—Our late dear friend, Alfred Cox, who breathed his last on March 19th, aged 73 years, was for many years a member and a deacon of the Strict Baptist Church at Uppingham, Rutland. I am not able to say under what circumstances he was brought out of nature's darkness into the light and liberty of the gospel; but he has told me of his regular visits in his early days to Oakham, a distance of twelve miles there and back, to attend the ministry of the late Mr. Philpot, and other ministers who preached there.

During the few years it has been my privilege to supply at Uppingham, and stay under his roof, I have often held conversation with him on the deep things of God, and on which important subject we could always see eye to eye. I remember once reminding him of his having been from home on a Lord's day when I was supplying the pulpit, to which he replied, "I can trust you very well, but, mind, I will accompany you no farther than while you keep in the Old Path." This was to me the kind of oil which does not break the head, and I wish there was more of it used! How much confusion might be avoided were all deacons equally honest with preachers. On another occasion he showed me a letter he had received from a Mr. —, in which letter a request was made for the use of the baptistry at Uppingham, in which to baptize some people he, the writer, wished to bring from N., and then to form them into a church there. In reply to the question as to what I thought of the matter, I said, "Friend Cox! I am engaged with you for eight more Lord's days in this year, but if you consent to that request being granted, and allow your baptistry to be used for such a purpose, you will not see me again in your house or in your pulpit!" Here again we were of one mind, and he wrote to that effect to the person at N.; nor did he or myself ever regret making such a bold stand.

As is well known to all who knew him well, our late friend Cox was remarkable for good discernment and clear-sightedness. During the last fifteen months of his life he was wholly confined to his room, his affliction being such as caused great depression of spirits; but we doubt not but that with his soul all was well. It was one of his last requests that I should bury him, which, through the Lord's goodness and mercy, I was enabled to do, as one, through grace, who knew "in whom he had believed."

J. BOLTON.

[We knew the late Mr. Cox, of Uppingham, very well, and having conversed with him during our visits to his house many times on the things of God, we can say that his spiritual mind was far above the average of the ordinary minds of the Lord's poor people. There was something very instructing and encouraging in his godly conversation, which made his company very

pleasant. He was remarkable for choosing hymns suitable for the services of God's house, and he was very solemn and weighty in prayer, which gave us the impression that he felt in his own heart the things that he uttered, and which made us exclaim, "This is a man of God!"]

MISS ELIZABETH PERKINS.—Our late dear friend, Elizabeth Perkins, who passed away on April 21st, 1091, aged 82 years, was a member of the Strict Baptist Chapel, Balham. In the early part of her life she was brought into deep concern about her soul; and in the providence of God she was directed into Riding House Street Chapel, when the deacon was led to give out the hymn commencing—

"A Man there is, a real Man,  
With wounds still gaping wide," &c.

The hymn took fast hold of her, and she afterwards became a regular attendant at the above place of worship. The late Mr. Wigmore was then the pastor of the place; and his ministry was greatly blessed to her soul, especially a sermon he preached from these words: "For every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood; but this shall be with burning and fuel of fire" (Isa. ix. 5). Also a sermon was made a blessing to her which he preached from this portion: "They that are delivered from the noise of archers in the places of drawing water, there shall they rehearse the righteous acts of the Lord, even the righteous acts toward the inhabitants of his villages in Israel: then shall the people of the Lord go down to the gates" (Judges v. 11). These discourses were the means, in the hand of the Spirit, of causing her to have a desire to cast in her lot with the people of God there. She was baptized by Mr. Wigmore in the year 1854, and continued a member of his church until she was led in the providence of God to Leicester, when she joined the church there under the pastoral care of Mr. Hazlerigg.

She continued a member of Mr. Hazlerigg's church until 1891, when she was removed to Balham, in Surrey; and on January 11th, 1892, she joined the church at Trinity Strict Baptist Chapel, and continued a member there until her death. She was confined to her room some time before her departure to eternal glory. She sometimes felt the Lord to be very near to her soul, and was often blessed when the friends and myself visited her, and read and prayed with her. When near her end she talked of the gracious dealings of God with her soul, and expressed a great desire to meet with us once more in the house of God; but just before her end came she dreamed that she was there, and that the glory of the Lord filled the place, and that his name was as ointment poured forth. This was a comfort to her in her sufferings. On the following Wednesday, April 24th, 1901, she was laid in the grave in Abney Park Cemetery.

F. W. N.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

OCTOBER, 1901.

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

## SEEKING THE LORD, AND FOLLOWING AFTER RIGHTEOUSNESS.

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED AT SILVER HILL,  
ST. LEONARDS, ON TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 4TH, 1901,  
BY MR. HARRIS.

“Hearken to me, ye that follow after righteousness, ye that seek the Lord : look unto the rock whence ye are hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence ye are digged. Look unto Abraham your father, and unto Sarah that bare you : for I called him alone, and blessed him, and increased him.”—ISAIAH li. 1, 2.

WE may be sure of one thing—it is not all the world who are “following after righteousness.” There is only here and there one, comparatively speaking, that ever feel their need of it, and there are none feel their need but by the Holy Spirit’s teaching. All the persuasion of man, and all the ability they may have to speak to their fellow creatures, will never quicken in them any feeling sense of their need of this righteousness. What a mercy, my friends, if we have ever been quickened into life and made to feel our need of it when we consider how many there are still left dead in trespasses and sin ; and all who live and die there we are sure of this where God is they will never be. The dear Redeemer said unto Nicodemus, “Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again” (John iii. 7). Some people generally think this means they must live a moral life, pay their way, and be respectable. And people and ministers too (so-called) will often persuade such it will be all right with them. Doing the work of the devil, that is what that is. God makes those whom he teaches know and feel they must have something more than that. Dear Mr. Hart says—

“A form of words, though e’er so sound,  
Will never save the soul.”

You and I must be quickened by the Holy Spirit of God if we get to heaven. And if we are not quickened by the

Holy Spirit we shall never know what it is to seek after righteousness, or that righteousness which is spoken of in the words of our text.

“Hearken to me.” When words are spoken after this order there is something special for us to attend unto. There is indeed. You and I are upon the brink of eternity. It will soon be decided what we are or “what we only seem,” and if we have only a “seeming” religion what a sorry thing it will be to die. O what a thing to lie down and die without any knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ! What a mercy it is if we have been made to seek after him by the teaching of the Holy Spirit of God. If we have this I know the work is God’s.

If you look this chapter through you will find the word “hearken” is spoken several times. Though all the family of God are taught by the same Spirit they are not all taught to the same degree. We feel sure there are children in grace, young men, and fathers. Now, it is hard work at times for children to speak before fathers. “Hearken to me, ye that follow after righteousness.” In the 4th verse it says—“Hearken unto me, *my* people ; and give ear unto me, O *my* nation ;” and again, in the 7th verse, “Hearken unto me, ye that *know* righteousness, the people in whose heart *is* my law.” Therefore we may find some little encouragement in seeing there are a people who are “following after ;” who have not yet attained to that blessing their soul desires. But I tell you I would not give much for your religion if you do not, at times, follow after the knowledge of your interest in the love and blood of Christ. If he has caused you to seek after it that one thing at times will be in view, and your language will be—

“To know my Jesus crucified  
By far excels all things beside.”

When the Lord commences a work of grace in his people’s heart they are in earnest. It is salvation they want ; it is heaven they want ; it is glory they want ; and to be put off with anything short of this is death unto them. But in the words of our text we have those things which, if the Lord will be pleased to help us, will show us where we are. God’s people want to know they are in the footsteps of the flock ; that they are born again of the Spirit. How many petitions have gone up from your heart that he would show you that you are one of the flock, and if it is not his work within you that he would take it all away and give you that which is real, genuine, lasting, and divine ; that that will stand when all things else will fail.

“Hearken unto me, ye that follow after righteousness.” I was speaking on Sunday of the four hundred that went into the cave of Adullam unto David. What a very few. I was led to look at it in this way—there were only about four hundred went into the cave who were in distress and trouble, there might have been forty thousand beside, who never felt their need of the Lord Jesus Christ, or to gather with the people of God. There are a people then who seek after righteousness. There is no doubt about it. Some here in the presence of God to-night have known what it has been to seek after it, to hunger and thirst after it. What it is to hunger and thirst is a thing which we can easily understand. Hunger, when people are healthy, will be brought about in a few hours, hence there will be an appetite for food. You might tell a person, under such circumstances, there was plenty of food in the house, but that would not satisfy him, he would say, “I am in distress and want to partake of it.” So it is with those who seek for and hunger after righteousness. But who are they? Not those who have plenty of their own. It would be an insult to hundreds and thousands if we had it to offer, to offer it to them. But we have not got it to offer; no such talk as that. There are numbers of people who have enough of their own, but this poor, bankrupt soul, who is quickened by the Spirit of God, and is led to see his own pollution and sin, he tries with all his power, and “grieves that he can work no more.” He would have Christ’s righteousness if he could; he is sincere and he wants it. Ah, poor soul, he sees an end of his own, or thinks he does. But when we are young we sometimes are very much mistaken. We are foiled, and then we try again and again, and so we go on till at last we fall down, and there is none to help. It was many years before I was brought really and truly to that place. But I believe God has brought me to feel that if salvation were to be merited by one good thought, or one good deed, I should sink to hell.

“’Tis perfect poverty alone,  
That sets the soul at large.”

You will find that poor man who has no righteousness of his own, who sees that all his own righteousness is as filthy rags, and not worth his thoughts, wonders that he is not cut down as a cumberer of the ground, wonders that God should bear with him. He does not wonder that God should not save him, but he wonders from his heart that God should have mercy and spare him from day to day.

“Ye that follow after righteousness.” Do you know what

it is to hunger and thirst and long after it.† It is a blessed feeling. It is a good thing to have a spiritual appetite and to be enabled to see by the eye of faith the Lord Jesus Christ as a perfect Saviour—a perfect Saviour, a willing Saviour, a gracious Saviour, a rich Saviour. O to see him as such and to have an appetite for him! It is a kind of bitter sweet. I remember many years ago walking up a field on one particular morning, when I could not let him go, I felt as if I *must* have him. O how I wanted one token for good from him that he loved my soul! How I hungered, how I thirsted, how I begged, how I pleaded, that God would have mercy upon me. I remember the wheat field I was in, and the wheat was in ear, and I felt I could not go from the place unless the Lord appeared. But it was not the time. So you may have an appetite and not always receive the food. You may sometimes feel you know what is being spoken of by the Lord's servants, and not receive the blessing in your soul.

Again "righteousness." That man who sees he has no righteousness of his own is made fit to receive the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ. Have you ever received it? Have you ever felt it? Has it ever been put upon you? Have you felt the glory of it upon your soul? If you have you will never forget it. If the Lord has given you to feel you have been put in possession of it you will never lose sight of it. Do you remember dear Huntington was going many years after somewhere near the place where the Lord blessed him upon the ladder, when he said he could go miles to see the spot. Would it not be a mercy if we had a spot where the Lord met us, and blessed us, and where he "witnessed with our souls that we were born of God."

"Hearken unto me, ye that follow after righteousness." Righteousness. It is to be had without money and without price. In Isaiah lv. it says, "Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." The more helpless we are is the time when we come best to these waters. When do you feel the most towards your children, when they are healthy and well or when they are sickly and in distress? As parents you would do anything to help them then, your very bowels move toward them. Is the Lord more slack to feel than we are? Does he see his child in trouble and not help him." There will be a time when he will say, "Fear thou not for I am with thee, be not dismayed for I am thy God."

"Hearken to me"—as though the dear Spirit knew the place and position his dear children would get into, and so

he does—"ye that follow after righteousness." And as if to make it more clear, so that they could not be mistaken, he adds, "Ye that seek the Lord." Confused as you may be, you know if there are times and seasons when you seek the Lord. I know we often feel we do not seek aright, but the inward feeling of the soul is—"It is the Lord, O it is him I want; I want to hear his voice." Some of you who love his people, and love the courts of his house, and have not heard his voice for weeks or months, what do you begin to feel—that after all you are a deceived character? that perhaps the Lord has no favour towards you? and what a cry goes up out of your heart—"Lord remember me with the favour that thou bearest unto thy people; O visit me with thy salvation." It is *thy* salvation, and *thy* people.

"Hearken unto me, ye that follow after righteousness, ye that seek the Lord." These words are spoken to those who *seek the Lord*. What a mercy, my dear friends, that the Lord speaks to these characters. I think if there are any people we love it is these poor longing ones,

"Who long to lay hold on life by his death."

"Ye that seek the Lord," who are in bitterness of soul for him, who sigh in your hearts and often "wonder where the scene will end." O how gladly we would, if it were the Lord's will, speak a word that might be of consolation unto your soul. How could we speak unto the people with any assurance if we had not felt it in our own soul? What a mercy I have felt it to be that the Lord has manifested himself unto me as he has on two or three occasions. I could then understand what is spoken of in the 16th chapter of John, where it says, "Lacked ye anything?" My soul could say, "Nothing Lord; nothing Lord; possessing thee in my heart I have all I want." My soul was "completely blest." What and where are we to-night? I want him. I can say that is the feeling of my soul, and so can some of you. I can say:

"Reign o'er me as King, accomplish thy will,  
And powerfully bring me forth from all ill;  
'Till falling before thee, we laud thy lov'd Name,  
Ascribe all the glory to God and the Lamb."

We cannot help it then. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy Name give praise."

People talk of us as being such poor things, and of our heads hanging down, but it is not like that always, is it? We have temptations and trials, but let us have five minutes of this peace, and it makes "darkness light before us, crooked things straight," and rough places plain; and your hearts at such times will rejoice in God your Saviour.

“Hearken unto me, ye that follow after righteousness, ye that seek the Lord.” We might suppose by these words this poor soul, at present, has not attained to those things which we have been speaking of. It is not every one of the Lord’s people who does have the full assurance of his love before he comes to die. It is not the Lord’s will often to take away all doubt and fear before the end, or nearly the end; but he never said unto the seed of Jacob seek ye my face in vain. Every dear seeker is sure to be a finder in the Lord’s time.

See how ardently at times we seek the world. We seek it and turn everything to account we can. We wake up in the night and seek after it and plan as if it were almost the only thing upon the mind; and if there is anything out of order, how it seems to terrify and tease us. Ah, we can understand what it is to seek after these things, but what is it?

“A moment puts an end to life,”

says dear Hart,

“And sometimes short’s the warning.”

All we have may be lent to us, as it were, to use this moment, and the next we may be in eternity; then “Whose shall those things be?” But, my friends, if we are seeking after these things, if we can say,

“My treasure is thy precious blood,  
Fix there my heart, and for the rest,  
Under thy forming hand, my God,  
Give me that frame which thou think’st best”—

what does he say to these characters? “Look unto the rock whence ye are hewn.” We do not understand this to mean the rock—Christ. I know that it is right to look to him. We cannot look there at the wrong time, or under the wrong circumstances; but what is intended here seems very plain for us to understand. Now, says the Lord to these people, “Look unto the rock whence ye are hewn.” The rock is comparable to that state and condition we were in by nature. Where were we by nature?

“Harder than rocks and mountains are,  
More dull than dirt and earth by far.”

This was our state. Whatever may be our condition now, there was a time when we had no more desire to be washed by the dear Redeemer than the rock that lies in the quarry. Then is there a change? Can you say at this moment you are not there now? By nature, my friends, there is as much feeling in a rock as there was in you and me before the Holy Spirit quickened us into life. Why, if people who profess to be free-willers were only to look at these things in the right

light, they might just as well go to the quarry and speak to the rock and say, "Come out of it;" and they are just as likely to come out as the dead sinner is when they speak to them and tell them to come and live. There is as much feeling in the one as in the other until the Lord is pleased to speak the word. It was the same with the dry bones which were seen in Ezekiel's vision; they were dry, and very dry, and nothing but the almighty power of God could make them live.

"Look unto the rock whence ye are hewn." What a low state everything is in by nature. You who are seeking, you who are longing, compare the difference there now is, even under such circumstances as this—when you get up in the morning and go all day without any special concern; and the time when you had no concern at all about it, and no fear of God before your eyes. Now there is a difference. I like that religion, my dear friends, that governs the people. We cannot govern our religion if we have a right one, consequently there are times when a cry goes out of your heart and you cannot help it. You do not have to make up your mind ten times a day you will do this or the other, but while you may be busily engaged something springs up in your heart, if you are a child of God, and it flows right to heaven; goes right to the Lord Jesus Christ in breathings, and desires, and looks, and oh! at times, what petitions go to him for him to manifest himself unto your soul. How often, perhaps, you have said, "Say unto my soul I am thy salvation."

"To the hole of the pit"—To show how exceedingly low man has sunk. How low!

"He saw her ruined in the fall,"

That is the Church—

"Yet loved her notwithstanding all."

Is it not wonderful? Can you think of anything more wonderful, my friends, than for the God of heaven and earth, he who is holy, harmless, and undefiled, to look upon poor ruined man and love them without any good thing in them at all?

"Look unto Abraham." I dare say you think sometimes there are none tried like you. I have thought so many times. I have really; and, as some of you know, I have come down in my feelings near to death's door.

Why are we told to "look unto Abraham?" I dare say the Lord has given some of you a sweet promise. I remember the first that came into my heart with any power

it was this—"I will see you again," and, "Your heart shall live that seek God." I looked upon it as a promise because it came with power and raised me to a sweet hope. Why, I say, are we told to "look unto Abraham?" Perhaps, because we find at this time of his experience there were none tried as he was. You remember the Lord God gave him the promise of a son. When was it brought about? If you know what it is to be tried, to be shut up by the enemy, it is well worth looking at. Abraham lived on, and Sarah lived on, until there was no hope that it could be fulfilled. But it must be fulfilled. All nature may be changed, but God's promise must be fulfilled. Has he given you a word, and then everything has turned topsy-turvy and, according to nature, the time has gone by? But there is no impossibility with our God. "Wonders of grace to God belong." Isaac is born. And he was to be the father of nations. All nations were to be blessed in him. He was a most blessed type of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Look unto Abraham your father." That promise has been very sweet that was given you; that word the Lord spake unto some of you was very sweet, and you have felt much encouraged by it at times. We find that Abraham is commanded to take his son Isaac, and go up into a mountain that the Lord would tell him of and offer him up for a sacrifice. What would Abraham naturally say? "No, Lord, I cannot do that. If I were to do that thy word would fall to the ground, and all nations would not be blessed in him." But see what faith can do? If he gives you a little faith, all the mountains will flow down, and you will say, "What he has promised can be fulfilled." And, my friends, what he has said *shall* be fulfilled. Abraham took his son to offer him up, and God called unto him, that he should not slay him. It was sufficient.

"Look unto Abraham your father"—you poor, doubting, fearing creatures, you who are so fearful you are not amongst the sons of God—"and unto Sarah that bare you." Now, look at Sarah for a moment, because she had just the same feelings many of us have. If any one thing has ever troubled me it has been my barrenness. I can say it has troubled me beyond almost everything and anything that I should be so barren from day to day; so lifeless, and so little like a Christian; that I should have so little religion, if any at all. Sarah seemed as if she was nothing but a poor, barren creature; but, you see, when the Lord's time came she brought forth her son Isaac. And you, poor creature, as barren as you are, if the Lord Jesus Christ should look upon

your soul to-night, and bless you with the sweet spirit of adoption, O, would it not be a blessed time—Christ in your heart, the hope of glory. O, how you would wish to be alone to sing his high praises.

“Then would I tell to sinners round,  
What a dear Saviour I have found;  
I’d point to his redeeming blood,  
And say behold the way to God.”

That would be your feeling.

“Look unto Abraham your father, and unto Sarah that bare you.” You are not ashamed of them, are you? Have you not been as full of fear sometimes as they were? When he gave them the promise, if it had been the Lord’s will, it would have been fulfilled at once. So, if he has given you a promise, in his own time he will fulfil it. He never speaks and does not fulfil, neither will he down to the end of the journey.

“For I called him alone, and blessed him.” We have no time to speak particularly of this to-night, but how sweetly it is connected together. “*I called him.*” If God has called you by his grace—“O,” say you, “I want to know what that is.” Well, one thing I might say is, “Can you leave this place and go and mix with those on the pier, and have their company, and be as comfortable there as here?” Well, then, I say this—you know nothing of calling grace. But, if you were obliged to be there to save your life, and you were as miserable as you possibly could be, and longing for the time to come to get away, and were begging all the while to God to pardon your sin, and to bless you, I should say you are called by grace. He calls his people by his grace, but does not call every evil from their heart. If it had been his will he could have done so, but the Canaanites are still in the land, and it becomes a grief and a cause of sorrow to all those who are called by God’s special calling.

“For *I called him alone.*” You and I shall have to bless God at some time that it is his work, because of this—it so enhances the work in our soul when we feel that the *Lord* blesses us. If you and I were able to do a part of it, and the Lord Jesus Christ a part, we could never give him all the glory, but should want a little of it ourselves; and then we should not feel comfortable. You who know and love the grace of God could not be happy so to do, but your happiness consists in giving him all the glory, because it is his work.

“He makes the believer, and gives him his crown.”  
May he add his blessing for his Name’s sake. Amen.

*A BRUISED REED SHALL HE NOT BREAK.*

(Isaiah xlii. 3.)

LORD, is it all thy word declares ?  
 Then I would feel the all it bears.  
 Dear Lord, am I that bruised reed ?  
 If so, I shall be blest indeed.  
 And weaker still the smoking flax,  
 But this was done to prove thy acts ;  
 To feed the weakest by thy word—  
 Thy word is strength—O bless the Lord !  
 A trembling reed, I sometimes stand  
 To catch the moving of thy hand,  
 When none but thee can bring relief—  
 My friend in sorrow, friend in grief.  
 Thy way is in the deepest seas,  
 Thy path in waters strewed with reeds ;  
 Thy footsteps are not known, yet we,  
 Dear Lord, those footsteps faintly see.  
 From strength to strength we move along,  
 But walk we must—we cannot run.  
 The way is thine ; O Lord, keep me  
 From taking steps apart from thee !  
 Apply thy strength, O Lord, apply !  
 My weakness felt creates a sigh  
 For help from such unbounded stores,  
 For power for thy deserved applause.  
 For such as e'en a bruised reed,  
 From thee, O Lord, is mine indeed ;  
 Sweet manna cast upon the ground,  
 Though small may be the portion found.  
 Such crumbs, dear Lord, bring much surprise ;  
 A broken heart with weeping eyes  
 Succeeds, a sign of love to me—  
 Enough, dear Lord, it came from thee.  
 Around thy tents, Lord, lead me where  
 Thy promise is to answer prayer.  
 Thy blessings asked, and then the food  
 From thy dear hands.—How rare ! how good !  
 Clean provender, O Lord, I pray,  
 Whereon to live from day to day ;  
 On such thy sheep will gladly feed,  
 No less will serve a "bruised reed !"  
 Once more I ask, if in thy will,  
 Thy scattered crumbs my soul to fill ;  
 Unworthy though I feel to be  
 Of smaller portions granted me.

## ON COMFORTING WEAKLINGS.

MUCH is said in our day about comforting weaklings, and a most desirable object it is that they should be comforted. They, as belonging to the people of God, have an interest in that precept which, in fact, contains a promise: "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God." But it is very desirable that the comfort administered and received should be of a genuine character—should be a coal from off the altar, and not a spark of false fire; and that the new-born child should have its cries stilled by the sincere milk of the word from the breast of consolation, and not be put to sleep by Daffy's elixir. We read in the word of some who heal the hurt of the daughter of God's people slightly; of others who daub over a wall with untempered mortar; of others who sew pillows to all armholes. Now, as there is no reason to believe that the generation of quack-doctors, plasterers, and cushion-stuffers is extinct—though from the utter silence respecting their name and genealogy observed in most pulpits we might almost conclude their funeral sermon had been preached, and a tablet had been erected to their memory—we may fairly suspect that they are as busily employed as ever. Now, as no one considers it anything but the rankest deceit to entice a youth unacquainted with business to invest all his property in an insolvent firm, or to entrap an ignorant landsman to sail in a ship that is not seaworthy, so those who, by administering unsound comfort, lull an awakened soul into a false peace, are to be considered as the worst of deceivers.

But, as much misconception arises from misusing or misunderstanding terms, it may be as well at the outset to define and describe what is meant by a weakling. He is, then, one who has been quickened from a death in sin, and made alive unto God. He has therefore all the buddings of eternal life in his soul, all the members of the new man, which, after God, is created in righteousness and true holiness. He has the fear of God, which is the beginning of wisdom; the hungering and thirsting after righteousness, which the Lord hath blessed; the desire of the righteous, which shall be granted (Prov. x. 24); the sighing of the prisoner, which the Lord heareth (Psa. cii. 20); and the worshipping of God in spirit and in truth, which he seeketh after. The weakling knows and feels the plague of his heart; is stricken with a leprosy which has quick, raw flesh—not merely a scab or a scall (Lev. xiii. 6, 10, 34); sees himself cursed by the sentence of God's righteous law, and puts his mouth in the dust if so be there may be hope. And thus, by the dealings of God the Holy Ghost upon his spirit, his conscience has been made spiritually tender; his heart circumsised to feel the galling pressure of sin; his ear bored to hear the voice of truth, and his mouth opened to confess what he inwardly feels.

But, having thus seen what he is, it may be as well to see

what he is not. He is not then delivered into the liberty of the gospel. The spiritual Cyrus has not then gone before him, and made the crooked places straight; neither has he broken in pieces the gates of brass, and cut asunder the bars of iron, nor given him the treasures of darkness and hidden riches of secret places. Though an heir, he is still a child, and therefore under tutors and governors, until the time appointed of the Father. Christ is not yet formed in his heart as the hope of glory, and he has not yet received the spirit of adoption, whereby he crieth "Abba, Father!"

Now, that such a one needs comfort is most evident. But the question is, what sort of comfort is it that he needs? Some may try to comfort him by persuading him to think himself to be that which he is not. They may endeavour to make him think he has experienced what he knows he has not experienced. These Shiprah's and Puah's will not wait the legitimate time—the time appointed by the Father, who hath put times and seasons in his own power (Acts i. 7)—but must needs deliver the babe, whether the mother be lively or not (Exod. i. 19). And thus, in most cases, the fruit of the travailing womb dies under their hand, or is a hidden, untimely birth—an infant which never saw light (Job iii. 16). Others administer comfort as the gossips around the bed encourage their anxious patient. "Fear not," said Rachel's midwife, "thou shalt have this son also" (Gen. xxxv. 17). And, though in spiritual travail there is this certain truth, wanting in natural labour, that where the soul has been divinely quickened it shall be saved in child-bearing, it is a comfort which the travailing soul cannot often nor usually take. For though, under such circumstances, it is well convinced that where the Lord hath begun a good work he will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ, it knows equally well that there is such a thing spiritually, as well as naturally, as a false conception, a miscarrying womb, and dry breasts. And such doubts and fears were expressed by the Church of old when she cried, "We have been with child, we have been in pain, we have, as it were, brought forth wind; we have not wrought any deliverance in the earth, neither have the inhabitants of the world fallen."

The ablest natural practitioners condemn what they call "meddlesome midwifery," and I am sure it is as much to be reprobated spiritually as it is naturally. And therefore, instead of intermeddling with the work of God upon the soul, who alone "killeth and maketh alive, who bringeth down to the grave and bringeth up," I would rather encourage the travailing soul to seek deliverance from him who waiteth to be gracious, and has declared that "It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord" (Lam. iii. 26). I would rather probe the wound to the very bottom than plaster it over with a false peace; would sooner pick out the dust from every hole and corner than daub it with untempered mortar; and beat out every feather than fill the pillow with eider-down.

Thus, I would not say to one "with his hands on his loins" (Jer. xxx. 6), "You are safe. You are a dear child of God. There is no reason for you to doubt of your state. All the friends think well of you. Your experience is a genuine work of grace,"—and so on. I say I would not use such topics of consolation, lest I should make him contented with his state, and so set him down short of that rest which remaineth for the people of God. I would rather deal honestly and faithfully with him, and tell him what I consider his real state is. So far as human help is blessed, I would seek to keep his head just above water by describing the experience of quickened souls under the law; and I would endeavour to preserve him equally from presumption and despair. I would seek to keep him from the former by showing that he had not received full deliverance, whatever faint rays and sparkles he might have enjoyed; and from the latter, by tracing out the workings of a soul under spiritual conviction, that strength might thence be received still to call upon God.

I have all along assumed that man is an instrument only in the hands of the blessed Spirit, and I now wind up these feeble hints by remarking that many who would subscribe fully to these observations are very much in the habit of acting contrary to them.

A LOVER OF TRUTH.

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THE greatest wonder that ever appeared upon this earth was the Lord of life and glory "found in fashion as a man." Is there a guilty sinner come here to-night wondering how it can be possible that ever he can escape "the wrath to come"—wondering how God can be "just and yet the justifier" of such an ungodly wretch—wondering how it is possible that such a poor worm of the earth can escape the second death, and enter the realms of eternal peace and blessedness? Mourning, sorrowful, penitent, weeping, grieving, groaning sinner! "God was manifest in the flesh"—condescended to assume our nature, and was made in the likeness of men, for the salvation, redemption, and eternal glorification of all penitents, all mourners in Zion, all poor, needy outcasts. And thou shalt one day hear the gospel trumpet, sinner! Thou shalt hear and live, and thy ransomed soul shall worship the Lord in his holy mount at Jerusalem. What is to become of my guilty soul, but for this glorious mystery, wondrous mystery, unspeakable mystery—God incarnate for the redemption of incarnate devils like thee and me? Oh! it is the needy, the guilty, the loathsome, the base, that need such a glorious sacrifice for sin as this. This is faith's mystery, poor soul. And it is, and ever will be, reason's stumbling-stone. And not only is this a glorious mystery, "God manifest in the flesh. . . ." but recollect, sinner, these mysteries are "hid from the wise and prudent, and revealed unto babes." "Great is the mystery of Godliness."

(From a Sermon preached by Mr. Smart.)

“LORD, SAVE, OR I PERISH.”

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A Letter by the late Mr. Mountfort, Minister of the Gospel.

My dear Brother whom I love in the Lord,—How far from my purpose that your kind and affectionate letter should have remained unanswered! “Tis mine to plan but not to do.” On reading it, the apostle Paul’s words came to my mind: “There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man, &c.” I understood your language, at least in my measure of trial and proportion of faith. Sore conflicts and trials are used sometimes by the Lord to prepare the heart for effectual and prevailing prayer: “Oh Lord, I am oppress’d, undertake for me,” with the sweet connections, perhaps had not been penned but for the united trials of Hezekiah. Had not Peter’s life been threatened, and the deep about to swallow him up, we had not heard that short but effectual prayer of his, “Lord, save, or I perish.” How much of the precious Psalms were written under afflictions, or rather how the heart was prepared by them for those breathings, which by the blessing of the Lord have fed and nourished the Church in all ages! Herein the Lord abounds towards his children in all wisdom and prudence, and brings them into fellowship with himself, and with one another. In all of which we live and find the life of our spirit. The wisdom and prudence of his chastening is discovered when, after our senses have been well exercised to discern both good and evil, the peaceable fruits of righteousness are yielded, and we discover the needs be (in some measure) for our much heaviness and manifold temptations—to make us more fruitful, humble, meek, and contrite; to deliver us from much of the world’s folly, and Satan’s delusions, and to make us ready, and to want the powerful support of the uncorrupted word, and pure gospel; to put us upon the proof of unsound and unsavoury creeds and doctrines, which are embraced by such as know not the plague of their own heart, and separate us from them; to make us more helpful to one another, and to prize and esteem more highly the company and conversation of true believers.

David, after sinning, preferred to fall into the hands of the Lord; Jonah, in the deep, would look towards God’s holy temple. Experience in tribulation works hope, the saint’s salvation, in straits and difficulties, which never makes us ashamed, for the Lord says: “And my people shall never be ashamed,” why art thou cast down my soul? Hope in God, this is pleasing to God, “For he taketh pleasure in them that hope in his mercy, of hope in another, or trust in anything else, we shall be ashamed, but they that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion.” Indeed, my dear brother, I think, and have ventured an opinion with you, that perilous times are come, in part at least; how much worse they will be, the Lord knows! No wonder our conversation is unsavoury, if we are loose and worldly in our walks—

respectability (another name for worldly conformity) has drawn a veil over many of us, and chiefly aims at peace with God's foes, and to shun the cross; gospel terms are severe to such, "Come out from among them and be separate, and I will be a father to you," and a form of godliness must suffice where pleasure is loved more than the ways of God, and customs yielded to, and obeyed, more than the commands of God. Accept this mite with our united love; the best of blessings be upon you and yours,

C. MOUNTFORT.

Walsall, October 5th, 1864.

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### ON PRAYER.

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"An Invaluable Blessing, and the Highest Privilege of every Real Christian." By the late Mr. John Rusk.

"Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."—HEB. iv. 16.

(Continued from page 288.)

Another way in which God answers prayer is by giving us much peace within; and this is agreeable to his word of promise, for we read, "He shall speak peace to his people"; and "I will extend peace to her like a river." Now, if I pray to God, and if he gives me this peace so that it reigns and rules in my heart,—this is an answer to my prayer,—he has spoken peace to me, and this proves to me that I am justified, for "the work of righteousness is peace"; that I am in a pardoned state—"Son, thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace"; that the kingdom of God is set up in my heart, which is righteousness and peace; that I am in covenant with God—"My covenant was with him (Levi) of life and peace"; and that I shall be with him for ever—"They shall enter into peace." Thus he answers us in peace; this peace Christ made by his blood shed upon the cross, and he ever lives to maintain it. But you may say, 'Yes; but the strong man armed keeps possession of his palace, and his goods are in peace; wherein is the difference?' Ah! there is no comparison, this is a false peace which arises from insensibility, carnal security, and a seared conscience; but under all this lies deeply buried the sting of eternal death, all original and actual transgressions, and all their days these are at war with God, and God with them, for "He that believeth not is condemned already, and the wrath of God abideth on him," but on the other hand, "Being justified freely from all things by faith we have peace with God," peace with conscience, and peace with the church, and we are bidden to seek peace, and pursue it, and to "pray for the peace of Jerusalem." Peace is the legacy of Christ: "My peace I leave with you"; he gives it to us, "My peace I give unto you," it is to be enjoyed by virtue of a living union between him—the covenant Head—and we—the members

of his mystical body, and therefore he says, "In me"—there is the union—"you shall have peace." When he visited his disciples the first thing he said was, "Peace be unto you," and this peace is a fruit of the Holy Spirit—"The fruits of the Spirit are love, joy, and peace." And in the hour of death we shall not lose this peace, hence David says, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

There is another way in which we receive an answer to our prayers, and that is by experiencing joy of heart. Should you ask what our joy springs from; I answer, from these six things. First, from God's eternal election, or choice of us in Christ Jesus from everlasting. When the disciples came to Christ and said, "Lord the very devils are subject to us through thy name," he answered them, and said that he saw Satan fall as lightning from heaven; but they were not to rejoice because the devils were subject to them, but because their names were written in heaven. I have often believed and rejoiced in this very thing myself.

Secondly, this joy springs from a pardoned conscience—"Having your hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience." There is the atonement, and then, as Paul says, we joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ by whom we have received it, so that our rejoicing is in the testimony of our conscience.

Then, thirdly, whenever Christ visits us he is sure not to come empty-handed; and he himself said, "I will see you again and your heart shall rejoice," so that this joy springs from his presence—"Behold his reward is with him, and his work before him."

Fourthly, it springs from our justification: "Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous," and the church may well say, "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God, for he hath covered me with the robe of his righteousness."

Fifthly, the Holy Spirit produces it, and therefore to distinguish it from all other joys that wither, and fade, and burn away—as the oil of the foolish virgins did—it is called the "oil of joy," "an unction from the Holy One"; hence we read that the disciples were filled with joy and with the Holy Ghost, and it is the good Spirit that keeps this joy alive.

Lastly, we are sure that we shall arrive safely at home at the end of our earthly pilgrimage, and this often enables us to take up our cross and follow Jesus; do we not read that they (the early disciples) took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, knowing in themselves that they had a far more enduring substance, and inheritance, eternal in the heavens? Now the realization of this in our hearts is really an answer to our prayers, to prove this let us go to the sixty-fifth chapter of the book of the Prophet Isaiah, where we read, "Behold my servants shall sing for joy of heart," and "Behold my servants shall rejoice." But what is the cause of which this joy is the effect? "Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear," and "when ye see this your heart shall rejoice, and your bones shall flourish like an herb."

Would you have it more plainly? Then read the nineteenth and twentieth verses of the fifth chapter of Ecclesiastes: "Every man also to whom God hath given riches and wealth, and hath given him power to eat thereof, and to take his portion, and to rejoice in his labour; this is the gift of God. For he shall not much remember the days of this life; because God answereth him in the joy of his heart." Now (spiritually) what is this that is called riches and wealth? Why, to the Christian, it is having Christ Jesus in possession. The inspired penman in the book of Proverbs sets forth Christ under the character of wisdom, and says that wisdom is the principal thing, "therefore get wisdom," and then Wisdom, or Christ, says, "Riches and honour are with me, yea, durable riches, and righteousness, my fruit is better than gold, yea, than much fine gold." Now here I see that riches, and wealth, and power to enjoy them, is power given unto me so that in faith I can lay hold of him who is the "Bread of Life." Faith lays hold of him, and faith is the gift of God; and this agrees with what Solomon says, when he tells us that God gives power to eat. This is being rich in faith; and Christ, we see, is the sum and substance of those six things from which true joy springs, for without faith we cannot receive them, and thus have no power to eat thereof.

Now, to receive joy from election, we being chosen in Christ (there we see the riches and the wealth) must make our calling and election sure. That is faith, or power to eat thereof. And when we receive the pardon, or forgiveness, of our sins, for the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin, faith feeds upon this, for he that believeth shall receive the forgiveness of his sins. And when Christ comes to us, faith brings him in; hence, Paul says, "Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith." He is to me riches and righteousness, for is he not called, "The Lord our Righteousness" to all who believe? The Spirit of God that produces this joy is expressly called the Spirit of Christ: "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his"; but we receive the promise of the Spirit through faith, and the enduring substance—"I will cause them that love me to inherit substance, and I will fill their treasures," is faith, for that is the substance of what we shall enjoy for ever. I mention these things in order to show that Christ is the riches, and righteousness, and from whom all real joys flow; and that faith feeds upon him, and in so doing an answer of joy is received; for all who are enabled to feed upon Christ experience a joy in their hearts, so that we may spiritually take the words of Solomon, when he says that we are to eat our bread with joy, and drink our wine with a merry heart, for God now accepteth our works. Such who are thus favoured do not remember the past days of trouble, hence he says again, "Let him drink and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more." Drink what? The love of Christ, "Thy love is better than wine."

*(To be continued.)*

## ON BAPTISM.

If I were asked the question, "Why be baptized?" I would, in meekness, answer: (i.) First, because the Lord commanded that *believers* should be baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; and I, through grace, "believe that Jesus is the Son of God" (Matt. xxviii. 18—20; Mark xvi. 15, 16; Acts viii. 37). (ii.) Second, because the disciples were baptized (John i. 35—40; 1 Peter iii. 21). (iii.) Third, because they, by the Lord's authority, baptized others (John iv. 2; Acts ii. 41, etc.; 1 Cor. 12—17). (iv.) Fourth, because the Lord Jesus, who left us an example that we should follow in his steps, was himself baptized by John, in Jordan (Matt. iii. 13—17). I give this fourth place only out of deference to those who remind us that he was also circumcised—though no sufficient objection. (v.) Fifth, because by this ordinance my faith is strengthened and confirmed, inasmuch as therein it views a lively representation of the overwhelming sufferings—even unto death—of Jesus, which he called a baptism, saying, "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened until it be accomplished" (Luke xii. 50). (vi.) Sixth, because in baptism I make a solemn profession to the Church and to the world of my faith in Jesus, and of my being "buried with him by baptism into death, that like as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life" (Rom. vi. 4). (vii.) Seventh, because I believe it is the way appointed to the Lord's Table (compare Acts xviii. 8 with 1 Cor. i. 2 and xi. 20—24; Acts ii. 41—47). (viii.) Eighth, because I desire to be obedient to the Lord Jesus, who said, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." (ix.) Ninth, because the practice of the primitive churches for centuries, so far as it has been ascertained, is confirmatory; and because there is not only no precept for the baptism of infants, but there appears to be no proof that the first disciples ever baptized such; and further, during the first three centuries, at least, such a practice was unknown. (x.) Tenth, because, through grace, I have seen the wisdom of God in the institution of this ordinance, and that its tendency is to promote the good order, peace, and prosperity of the churches, whilst a disregard of it throws down a wall of separation which God has wisely set up between the Church and the world, and, therefore, must introduce confusion and every evil work. But it may be said, "It is not essential to salvation." I answer, True, but it is essential to obedience. Or, it may be objected, "It is only a sign." This, too, is granted; but what more are bread and wine at the Lord's Supper? The sign becomes substance through faith and prayer. "But it hinders communion with Christians who are not Baptists." It is hoped not, but, if so, "To obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams."—*An extract from the writings of the late W. Peake.*

## A LETTER BY THE LATE MRS. ANNE DUTTON.

DEAR SIR.—I am exceedingly obliged to you for your hearty wishes for my success in the Lord's service. "A full reward be given you of the Lord God of Israel," who thus permits a little child to cry, "Hosanna to the great Son of David!" Of all the Lord's servants, sir, I am the very least in his house, and not worthy the name of a servant. The bliss I wish is to be an errand-goer, a mere lackey, to run about the Lord's house, to carry the messages of the Prince of Peace to his honourable servants. And nothing less than grace immense employs me at any time in that service.

Oh, dear sir, what a hell-deserving creature am I! How wondrous is the grace of God in Christ that permits, yea calls, such a nothing, vile worm to do anything for him—that great Him, "in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily!" It is the bliss of angels and archangels to obey his great commands. Those fiery flames of love to his glory, of zeal for his interest, count it their honour and happiness to be swift upon the wing in the dispatch of his service. These holy, mighty angels rejoice to be his angels, ministering spirits for God the Son unto those that shall be "the heirs of salvation!" They stretch out their wings, and with twain cover their faces as unworthy, and unable to behold the bright refulgencies of his glory in its vast infinity! With twain they cover their feet, as unworthy to stand in his presence! While adoring, they cry one to another, and say, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts!" And with twain they fly to execute all his commands with the greatest alacrity, as their felicity! And yet so great is the Lord of Glory that "he humbleth himself," his great Self, to "behold the things which are done in heaven" by these his holy servants, and by the innumerable host of "the spirits of just men made perfect," in their perfect, ceaseless, endless praises, while they, adoring, stand and prostrate fall before his high throne!

Oh, what an amazing stoop is it then of infinite condescension in this great Him, whose name is I Am, to regard with approbation the mean, imperfect services of mortal, sinful men! Yea, even down to the least, last, and vilest earth-worm that fain would love him! Indeed, such is Jehovah's infinite holiness, that neither God the Son nor God the Father could take pleasure in the imperfect services of the saints here, if Jesus had not "loved them and washed them from their sins in his own blood, and made them kings and priests unto God and his Father!" But thus purged, thus constituted, and thus anointed with the Holy Spirit for all appointed work, there is a way opened for the meanest, vilest worm that desires to serve God, in love to him, to engage therein unto acceptable service, through the personal holiness and perfect righteousness of Christ—a way opened through his righteousness for the acceptance of our

persons and services, that grace herein may display its exceeding riches with God-like complacence. And here I, little, weak, and vile as I am, may come in, and tens and thousands and millions may come in—come in with acceptance into all-appointed and called-for service, to the praise of glorious grace unto endless ages.

This, then, should excite us unto all holy service, and put us upon the utmost stretch after greater degrees of holiness, in conformity to God's holy Child Jesus. This may encourage us who serve God by faith in Christ, under all the imperfections of our services, as for acceptance they are presented before the throne in the perfect holiness and righteousness of the Father's first and most beloved Son. We, as serving members of that once serving Head, in his acceptableness are accepted in the Beloved. This may excite our wonder and praise at, and for, God the Father's infinite wisdom and grace, in contriving and providing such a high and holy way for our acceptance with him in duty, to his highest and endless complacence and our ineffable and eternal bliss.

This may give us a glance of the unspeakable blessedness of those who serve God by faith in Christ, and of the extreme disappointment all those will meet with who think to find acceptance with God by their own performances; that dare, in their service, hope for acceptance out of his holy, righteous Son. Happy, eternally happy, are and shall be the former; but miserable, eternally miserable, are and shall be the latter. God can accept and delight in believers, in their persons and services, through the perfect holiness and righteousness of his own Son, without debasing his infinite Majesty, because his co-equal Son is worthy; and, to his heart's complacence, show towards them the exceeding riches of his grace, notwithstanding their greatest unworthiness, to his glory and their eternal joy. But for unbelievers, alas! standing in themselves, and presenting their imperfect services for acceptance out of Christ, before a God of infinite holiness, he will be to them for ever "a consuming fire."

Hence then, dear sir, let us prize Christ, and serve God by faith in him, looking for all our acceptance through the personal holiness and perfect righteousness of that Holy One.

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The following lines were written by the late Mrs. Vaughan, of Bradford, Yorkshire, upon receiving a copy of these excellent letters of Mrs. Anne Dutton from her esteemed friend, the late Mr. James Knight, of Southport:—

Our\* many thanks I can't express  
 For what, I think, you soon will guess;  
 The little volume, nicely bound,  
 Proclaims the love of God around;

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\* She and her husband.

The love of God displayed in one  
 Redeemed by God's Eternal Son ;  
 Loved with an everlasting love,  
 And now she reigns with him above.  
 What a display of sovereign grace,  
 It seems resembled in her face ;  
 Her very look bespeaks the joy  
 She now possesses there on high.  
 O, what a trophy of God's love,  
 Made meet to dwell with him above !  
 What her poor soul did undergo  
 There's none but the redeemed can know.  
 Convinced of sin, and made to feel  
 The blood of Christ alone could heal.  
 And for that blood, O, how she cried,  
 Which flowed from Jesus' wounded side !  
 She prayed, and cried, and groaned and sighed  
 To feel that she was justified ;  
 She longed to feel her sins forgiven,  
 That she might live and reign in heaven.  
 O, solemn thought, and strange to tell,  
 With fears of sinking into hell,  
 Despair had almost seized her heart,  
 And many thought she would depart.  
 Affliction† on her body laid,  
 And those around her were afraid  
 That she would die in that sad state ;  
 But O, 'tis wondrous to relate,  
 When so far gone, with many a sigh,  
 Because they should not see her die,  
 They wished her parents to withdraw—  
 Death as they thought they plainly saw.  
 But O, the wondrous works of God !  
 A precious Christ revealed his blood,  
 Spake to her heart with power divine,  
 And said, " Thy ransomed soul is mine."  
 O, what a change !—she did rejoice  
 To hear her Saviour's precious voice ;  
 She felt her sins all washed away,  
 And praised him to her dying day.  
 Instead of death, new life he gave,  
 And made her prove his power to save ;  
 Not only brought her spirit through,  
 But Saviour of her body too.  
 Then she proclaimed his love abroad ;  
 She loved and feared him, and adored ;  
 A three-one God she loved to praise,  
 And gloried in his works and ways.

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† She was afflicted when very young, and in the early part of her Christian experience.

And when her days on earth were done  
 She triumphed then in Christ his Son ;  
 Her happy spirit took its flight  
 To reign in garments spotless white.  
 So, my dear friend, the book I prize ;  
 And may a people yet arise  
 To thank you for your work of love,  
 And praise the Lord who reigns above.  
 I'm fearful it will never pay,  
 If to your friends so far away  
 You send them one, and postage free,  
 And charge the same as mine and me.

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LETTER FROM A FATHER TO A SON.

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Croydon, May 25th, 1888.

Dear John,—I feel constrained to drop you a line after so much thought and kindness to me in writing so affectionately on my 78th birthday. I must say, I have been wonderfully supported and kept on through this wilderness in a remarkable way, but I often fear through the ingratitude of my heart I shall come short at last, which causes much anxiety, lest I should not continue to the end. The privilege I have in hearing God's word by his faithful and blessed servants makes me fear and tremble, as I seem to come so short, in the felt power of divine teaching—so barren and almost destitute of the blessed teaching of God the Holy Spirit, and so little of the manifestation of the work and power to my conscience of the dying love of Jesus to my soul, that unless I get an application of the blessed atonement in my heart, I cannot taste any comfort.

I was once lifted to a blessed hope that I should have manifest proof of the pardon of all my sins, and at another time, when in deep trouble, almost driving me to despair, the Lord suddenly appeared and gave me such a heavenly frame of mind, such an earnest of the future, causing great rejoicing in my heart and soul, that I was quite overcome with joy and peace. I went to my dear friend, Francis Covell, and told him somewhat of the joyfulness I was then in ; he was so delighted and spoke so freely of the love of Jesus to poor sinners, that we were both of us filled with joy and gladness.

But oh ! what awful rebellion did I pass through, what a hypocrite I felt myself, how the evil and wickedness of my sinful heart seemed as if it must burst out in vile language, and nothing but the restraining grace of God prevented it ! I cannot relate the many temptations I passed through, and none but myself know. But God in mercy delivered my soul, and enabled me to cast my burden upon him, my Redeemer, the only hope of my salvation.

From your affectionate Father,

LEWIS BROWN.

AN ACCOUNT OF SOME OF THE LORD'S DEALINGS  
WITH MRS. MARTHA HICKMER, OF MELBOURNE,  
AUSTRALIA. WRITTEN PARTLY BY HERSELF.

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My dear mother passed away on September 30th, 1900, in the eightieth year of her age. She was born at Brighton, Sussex, England, and came to Melbourne, Australia, about 43 years ago, and resided for some time in the township of Portland, and was baptized, with my late dear father, by Mr. Huntley, a Strict Baptist minister, whose ministry they both enjoyed for several years, until the Lord was pleased to take him home to himself. My dear mother was a lover of the truth, and contended for that which she had been taught in her soul by the Holy Spirit; and feeling that her experience might be made a comfort to some of the Lord's tried children who read the "Gospel Standard," and who have obtained like precious faith, enabling them to "work out their own salvation with fear and trembling," and who have experienced that "It is God that worketh in them, both to will and to do of his good pleasure, we decided to forward this account of the Lord's dealings with her to the Editor of the "G.S." in the hope that, if it were the Lord's will, it might be published in the periodical she so much enjoyed, and the reading of which was so blessed to her soul.

I well remember her relating to me a circumstance which took place during the evening the dear Lord was pleased to appear for her and set her soul at happy liberty. Her parents were both called by divine grace, and her father was in business as a dairyman in Brighton. And it was usual for one of their daughters to go down into the dairy for that which was required for supper. My dear mother often felt a little timid in going; but after she returned home from the meeting at the chapel her father, noticing the change in her countenance, said, "Martha is not afraid to go to-night!" She replied, "No, father," and went immediately, feeling that she could go anywhere with the Lord's presence felt in her heart, thus experiencing the truth of the words, "They looked unto him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed" (Psalm xxxiv. 5.)

Another circumstance was one which took place on the voyage to Australia. My father came here about twelve months before us, so that my mother had to undertake the journey with a family of five children, which was no small undertaking in a wooden vessel, the journey occupying about one hundred and twenty days to accomplish, but the Lord supported her. One night in particular, we encountered a severe storm, which caused the captain and all on board to fear that the ship would be lost. But my mother was enabled to call upon the Lord in her trouble, and he appeared for her help by applying a portion of his word

with power to her heart, which enabled her to rest assured that all would be well, and that she would be preserved with her children to arrive safely in Australia. She was able to comfort others in the ship who were in great distress on account of the danger that surrounded them. I have often heard her say what a mercy she felt it to be to have a God nigh at hand to go to in her troubles, and how sweet was the thought to her when she remembered that "the hairs of our head are all numbered," and that "Our life's minutest circumstances are subject to his eye." Here she was led to experience the truth of these words, "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" (Psalm cvii. 23, 24.)

The following account of the Lord's dealings with her were written by herself some years before the Lord was pleased to take her unto himself:—

"I have a desire to write a little of my call by grace to the honour, and praise, and glory of my gracious Lord, who called me by grace when I was young in years, and although I was a strict attendant where experimental truth was preached by such men as Messrs. Grace, Vinal, Warburton, and other good men, yet I knew not the way of salvation only in the letter or literal meaning of the word. But, when the dear Lord was pleased to open my eyes so that I could see my state by nature in the Adam fall, then sin revived, and I began to see and feel myself to be a transgressor, which took place one evening while I was reading the first three verses of the fifty-first psalm. I felt like the Psalmist, as he expresses himself in another place: 'Save me, oh God, for the waters are come in unto my soul,' and 'I sink in deep waters where there is no standing.' How true I found it, 'When the commandment came sin revived and I died.' The darkness, bondage, and distress I passed through in my feelings for several months I can never tell to any one but the dear Lord, who helped me with a little help, and caused some little revivings to spring up in my bondage and darkness. But I often said in the bitterness of my heart, 'Oh! that I had been anything that had not a never-dying soul to be lost for ever!' At times I had such low views of myself, and I used to feel that I could lick the dust off the dear Redeemer's feet if I might but just hope in his mercy! I often at night was afraid to go to sleep lest I should awake in hell. My dear mother used to sleep with me at such times; she knew my distress of mind, as she had been brought through the same soul travail. Oh, what a blessing I felt it to be to have godly parents. My dear mother often tried to comfort me. I would go away into some secret place and fall upon my knees before God and beg of him that I might never rest satisfied with anything short of himself being revealed to me in the person of his dear Son Jesus Christ, as my only Lord and Saviour. And I did so wish that he would bring his holy word with a divine power into my heart and conscience.

And, blessed be his precious name, he brought power with the word from a discourse preached from these words: 'Howbeit Jesus suffered him not, but saith unto him, "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee"' (Mark v. 19). The minister first spoke from the first five verses in the chapter, respecting the man among the tombs as being under God's righteous law, and in doing so he just described my feelings under the weight of the heavy burden I had to carry daily, and he depicted to a nicety the grief of my soul. He then spoke from his text, and described a poor sinner as being brought from under God's holy and righteous law into the glorious liberty of the gospel. And when the minister came to the words of the dear Lord—'Go home to thy friends and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee'—my bonds were broken, and I was brought into sweet and happy liberty; and lived in the enjoyment of the blessed gospel, which I felt to be the power of God unto my soul.

"What a great change I now felt had taken place in me; I looked for hell, but the dear Lord had brought me heaven! I then asked the Lord never to give me a partner in life that would draw my heart away from him, and he (the Lord) granted me my request.

"The Lord was pleased to call my dear husband by his grace when we had been married about two years. He was the subject of much mental depression, which affected his nervous system, and gave him much anxiety of mind, and which caused my path to become a very trying one. I had many sharp trials to pass through, and at times, with much bodily weakness. But the dear Lord did so help, and blessed me with some portions of his word that my soul became more and more established in his covenant, love, and mercy, so freely made known to me by his blessed Spirit. I now was able to say, 'The lines are fallen to me in pleasant places, I have a goodly heritage.'

"At the birth of my second child, being low in circumstances, and feeling much tried in my mind at that time, the Lord brought these words to me: 'In the mount of the Lord it shall be seen.' The day after the child was born, my husband came to me and said, 'There is work come in from several places!' Then I saw the fulfilment of the words, and was much amazed, as I had not mentioned it to any one.

"At another time, being under a cloud and much cast down in my mind, the Lord applied these words to my heart with power: 'This is my rest for ever, here will I dwell, for I have desired it.' Oh! what brokenness of heart I felt before God, that he by his good Spirit should dwell in such a heart as mine. But, at times, my faith has been enabled to lay hold of these precious promises while travelling through the wilderness.

"At another time, being tried in providence, the Lord applied these words to my soul: 'My God shall supply all your need,'

&c. I felt at the time, that that had nothing to do with my case, as it meant spiritual trouble; when the Lord showed me that I needed faith to trust his gracious promises, and it was not long before the Lord again made his goodness to pass before me in the way. I was obliged to tell our dear minister, Mr. Huntley; we could mourn together, and rejoice together. But many comforting words the Lord has spoken to me when I have been cast down.

“Some time after this, the Lord saw fit to lay his afflicting hand upon me, in body and mind too. For many months I was in great distress, and in my feelings I used to wonder how I could meet death. Oh, what anguish of soul, and solemn heart-searchings I was the subject of! I felt the importance of this verse of the hymn:

‘Not long in ground the dying grain

Is hid, or lies forlorn;

But soon revives and springs again,

And comes to standing corn.’ (845, Gadsby’s Selection)

which the Lord brought to me with power. I saw by the eye of faith that my body would rise again at the resurrection morn with those that are blessed with an interest in Christ Jesus. What joy it brought into my soul, but not a full deliverance. Therefore I soon sank down again very low in my mind, when the dear Lord again lifted me up, and with joy I could rejoice in God my Saviour for the blessed hope of his love and mercy manifested towards me.

“Many years have passed away since then, and blessed be his dear name, that through grace I have not feared the grave since. But my anxiety now is, how will it be with me when I come into the swellings of Jordan? Will the Lord grant me the light of his countenance, of which I daily feel my need?

“My dear husband died at the age of fifty-five years, after eighteen days of great suffering from the effect of a severe fall. He was a very kind and an affectionate husband and father, and we much missed his tender love and parental care.”

[Here Mrs. Hickmer leaves off, and her son goes on to say]—

My mother survived her husband about eighteen years, but the greater part of that time she felt a growing desire to lay down her poor body; or, as she used to say, “to go home to glory.”

She was a member of the Particular (now called Strict) Baptist Chapel, Victoria Parade, Collingwood, but was unable to attend the means of grace there for some years previous to her death, owing to the long distance, and also being afflicted with deafness. But she inwardly longed to go to that celestial city, “which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.” The Bible, “Gospel Standard,” and Gadsby’s hymns were her chief companions as long as she could read, and then she loved to have them read to her. She would often say in reply to what had been read to her, “Yes, that will do to live by, or, it will be with God’s

blessing our comfort when we come to the end of our pilgrimage journey." She would often repeat her favourite portion, which had been made a comfort to her many times—i.e., "The Lord knoweth the days of the upright: and their inheritance shall be for ever" (Psalm xxxvii. 18). She felt the Lord to be very gracious and merciful to her, and the enemy was not often permitted to distress her mind long together. She enjoyed much the conversation of those who came to see her, and who loved the same experimental truths as she loved, and which had long been made precious to her soul.

About three months before her death she was taken suddenly ill, and almost lost her sight, which the doctor said proceeded from a small clot of blood forming in one of the vessels of the brain, and which brought on much weakness of body, from the effect of which she never fully recovered, and it soon became evident to us that the Lord was gradually bringing down her frail tabernacle. She felt a little tried in her mind, but was blessedly supported from time to time by the comfortable application of portions from the word of God, which helped to make her very patient under her affliction, and she was very grateful to those who attended upon her. The last verse of the twenty-seventh Psalm she felt to be very comforting to her soul, and repeated it several times, and she spoke of the time when the Lord first appeared for her help, and of his goodness passing before her in the way for more than sixty years. She said, "I hope it will not be long before the dear Lord takes me home."

Her eldest daughter came to see her about a fortnight before her death, but she scarcely knew her, and feeling much mental weakness, she said, "Why am I like this?" I told her that it was the infirmities of old age that had come upon her, and the taking down of the poor body. She replied, "So it is." I asked her if she had any fear of death, when she said with emphasis, "No," but added "We all have to pass through it." She was very weak, but desired to get up, although hardly able to bear the exertion. She said, "It will not be long before the Lord takes me home." She then repeated with much earnestness,

"A few more rolling suns, at most,  
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast,  
Where I shall sing the song of grace,  
And see my glorious hiding-place."

She became more tranquil, and later on in the day she repeated a verse of a hymn from Gadby's hymn-book, and said, "I do not fear the latter (or death), as I have known the Lord for many years." Shortly afterwards her youngest son came to see her. She had often enjoyed his visits, as he usually read a portion of the word of God to her, and engaged in prayer. She said to him, "Look to the Lord with steadfast eye, and fight with hell by faith." Each day she became much weaker, and often expressed the desire that the Lord would come and take her to himself. A sister in the Lord, and a lover of the truth

called to see her, to whom she was much attached, and they often conversed together upon the things of God as they had been taught them by the Holy Spirit. She quoted to the friend at parting the following verse:—

“ONCE more before we part,  
We'll bless the Saviour's name;  
Record his mercies, every heart;  
Sing, every tongue, the same.”

She appeared to feel the sweetness of the verse in her soul.

A few days after, her youngest daughter came to see her; she had been on several occasions previously, expecting each would be the last time she would see her, by reason of her advanced age. Her dear brother was pleased to see her, when she said to him: “This will be the last time, for the dear Lord will soon come and take me home.” She felt it to be a great privilege to have most of her family that were living near to come and spend a little time with her. Her eldest son lives with us, and occupies the adjoining room to hers, which she felt to be a great comfort, as he was able to give her much attention, and read the word of God to her which she much enjoyed. On the morning of the day on which she died, her youngest son came to see her; he kissed her, but she did not appear to notice him; but after a little time she looked up and said, “I did not know that it was you, Joseph!” He then understood her to say to him, “Read the word!” He then read the ninetieth Psalm, as being suitable to her then state and condition, especially the fourteenth verse: “O, satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.” He said to her, “Mother, you have been satisfied with the Lord's mercy,” she replied: “To be sure I have!” . . . Her family were all gathered round her bedside, and her breathing became weaker. It was a solemn time indeed to witness the Lord's gracious dealings with her. But she rallied again several times and appeared to know us all. And seeing my dear wife sitting by her side, she smiled and took hold of her hand most affectionately. She had often expressed much gratitude to her for the care and attention she had received from her during the five or six years our dear mother had lived with us. But the end was now drawing near. Several times she said something which we could not understand; but she appeared to be quite free from pain, and thus passed away to her eternal home about six o'clock on Lord's day evening, there to know even as she was known of God, and to enter into that rest which she longed for when upon earth. She would often say, “Weary of earth, myself, and sin, dear Jesus set me free,” &c. She was buried in the same grave with her late beloved husband, in the Melbourne General Cemetery. We, as a family, desire to feel thankful that our dear mother was spared to us to such an advanced age. Yet we greatly miss her at times, and look back to the blessed seasons we have had with her in reading the word of God, and in conversing upon the Lord's dealings

with us. Our humble hope and prayer to God is, that when our time shall come for us to depart hence, we may be able to say, with our departed parent, "Precious Jesus, do come and take me home!"

GEO. HICKMER.

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### THE POOR BEGGAR.

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"Here comes a beggar, Lord,  
 Creeping towards thy door;  
 Encouraged by thy word,  
 As thousands have before;  
 I'll use the ancient beggar's plea,  
 O God, be merciful to me!  
 "I'm very dark and blind,  
 And cannot find the way;  
 O Lord; to me be kind,  
 Grant me a cheering ray  
 To lead me right up to thy door,  
 As thou hast led the blind before.  
 "I'm all to rags without,  
 And putrid sores within;  
 Can scarcely get about,  
 I'm crippled so by sin;  
 Thou never had'st a worm more base  
 On whom to show forth sovereign grace.  
 "But thou hast been so kind  
 To all that came before;  
 The halt, the lame, the blind,  
 The helpless and the sore,  
 Not that one ever had to say  
 That he was empty sent away.  
 "Thou hast a robe in store,  
 The naked to adorn;  
 Rich balm to heal each sore  
 In hearts by Satan torn;  
 Dear Lord, thy skirt cast over me,  
 Heal all my wounds and set me free.  
 "Cause me to hear thy voice,  
 And feel thy healing touch;  
 So shall my soul rejoice,  
 And praise thee very much;  
 And if thou wilt thus pity me,  
 I'll try and send some more to thee.  
 "Thy heart is full of love,  
 And thousands know it well;  
 Thou left'st the realms above  
 To save from sin and hell;  
 Is not that love, Lord, drawing me?  
 If so, it must be very free.

" And do thy bowels yearn  
 Over a beggar base?  
 Art thou about to turn  
 And show thy lovely face?  
 And open wide thy mercy's door,  
 And fill me from thy boundless store?  
 " I'll wait, then, at thy gate,  
 And try and knock once more;  
 O, show thy kindness great,  
 And help a beggar poor;  
 And though I can't come *in to thee*,  
 Thou can'st come *out of doors to me!*  
 " O, show thy lovely face;  
 Stretch out thy liberal hand,  
 Toward a beggar base  
 Who at thy door must stand;  
 Thy blessings are both rich and free;  
 O, let thy blessings rest on me.  
 " Thy love can warm the heart,  
 Thy blood can cleanse the soul,  
 Thy spirit life impart,  
 And sanctify the whole;  
 This will secure the praise to thee,  
 In time and through eternity! "

W. SPIRE.

[The writer of these lines was a godly minister, and the husband of Mrs. C. Spire, whose poetry has many times appeared in the "G. S."—ED.]

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### EFFECTUAL CALLING.

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Effectual calling is the middle link in the undividable chain of salvation: he that hath it is sure of both the ends [*i.e.*, of his past predestination to life, and of his future glorification]. Our calling is the manifestation of our secret election, and a sure forerunner of glory: being, in effect, the voice of God telling us beforehand that he will glorify us.

As the best way when you are on the mainland to find out the sea is to walk by a river that runneth into it, so he that would proceed from election to glorification, let him trace his calling, which is, if I may so express it, a river flowing out of the brazen mountains of God's eternal election, and running perpetually onward until it enters into the heaven of heavens. Election having once pitched upon a man, it will find him out and call him home, wherever he be. BISHOP COWPER.

"The truth" comprehends everything, be it doctrine, be it experience, or be it practice, that God has revealed in his word of truth; and especially it embraces Him, who said of himself, "I am the way, the truth, and the life."—*J. C. Philpot.*

LETTER TO MR. OWEN FROM MR. D. FENNER.  
(No. VII.)

Grace, mercy, and peace be with you my dear friend.—AMEN.  
—I should have answered yours before, but have been engaged. Yesterday, in the afternoon and evening, I preached on the occasion of the death of our dear departed King. I was led to speak from these words, “And shall come forth, they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life.” I treated on it (in my poor way) in the following manner:—

First.—I was led to treat on the state they come forth from. Their death, a sleep.

Secondly.—To prove that it is the children of God only who are raised in the first resurrection: that the wicked are not raised with them.

Thirdly.—To show who they are that have part in the first resurrection. “They that have done good.” What is meant thereby? What it is to do good? Evidences of a person’s doing good: this ended my first discourse.

Fourthly.—I was led to treat on the resurrection; describe the manner of the first resurrection, by what they come forth: how they come forth: the state they are in, from the change of the body,—immortal,—spiritual,—glorious, &c.

Fifthly.—To show what that life is to which they come forth, and what unutterable enjoyment it must be. Christ is the resurrection and the life.

Sixthly and lastly.—I was led to prove that our beloved deceased Monarch (as I believe) hath done good, and will come forth at the resurrection of the just.

First.—He hath done good morally, in domestic life, and in a civil sense, as a ruler: (1) he was a just, good, and faithful master; (2), a chaste and loving husband; (3), a fond and tender parent; (4), a good ruler and father to his people, “Not a terror to good works, but to the evil.” Many accounts prove the truth of the above.

Secondly.—There is much to prove that he hath done good religiously: (1), he encouraged and manifested a love to good men; opposed their persecutors; (2), he loved the word of God, and wished his people to love it too; (3), he loved the works of good men; (4), he was much in prayer, especially family and private prayer.

Thirdly.—There “was found in him some good thing towards the Lord God of Israel,” by the real children of God: (1) he would not give way to the papist; and that from conscience towards God:—they that do not worship (praise, commend, adore,) the beast (Popery) nor his image (the Pope), nor receive the mark on their forehead (profess Popery), or in their hand (practically encourage Popery), “such have part in the first resurrection” (Rev. xx. 4, 5, 6); if so, they have done good; surely, then, our beloved George the Third will be among

them. (2). He was on the minds of the children of God to pray for him, not only in obedience to the command to pray for them in authority, but from a persuasion that he was a good man, and some of them have known him so, when from that persuasion their hearts have been warmed in prayer for him (I for one can truly say so), and have found access, and an opening at a throne of grace for him as a good man. Certainly the Spirit of God maketh no mistake. (3). He was in the hearts of great and good men to love him, not only as a good King, but from a persuasion that he was a child of God, and in death, I believe, they are not divided. A sure proof of his being one—for others “shall not abide in God’s house” (his church). The hearts of his people are his house, and the Apostle Paul makes it a sure evidence that the good work is begun in a person, when that person is warm in the hearts of the godly. “Being confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you will perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ, even as it is meet (right) for me to think this of you, because I have you in my heart; ye are partakers of my grace, I long after you in the bowels of Jesus Christ.” “Ye are partakers of my grace,” that is, when grace in me is exercised to long in the bowels of Christ for his mercy and grace, I long for you as I do for myself, so you partake of the exercise of the grace God has given me. All such longings and desires proceed from God, and he grants the things he influences us to long for, so there is certainly an appetite for him to feed, in the other, as well as in myself. This made the apostle confident that the “Good work” was begun in the Philippians i. 6, 7, 8. Even so, I believe in my heart, that our beloved King had some good thing towards the Lord, and “Did that which was right in the sight of the Lord,” nor was his lamented disorder an objection to such a conclusion. What says that great man of God, Mr. Huntington, respecting a revelation he had when insensible? So, certainly, the Lord might carry on the good work of grace in the King’s heart, although his intellectual faculties were impaired, and from the account, it appears it was so, for sometimes he was dejected and in great mental distress and concern; then, suddenly he was comforted, even to a rapture of joys, and seemed to be conversing with celestial spirits; such is the account, and you, my Woolwich friends, know how near this tallies with soul travail and a sudden deliverance by God’s goodness being manifested; in short, I am satisfied on this point, and it is my firm and abiding persuasion, that our dear departed King will come forth into the resurrection of life.

As soon as I had taken my text in the afternoon, I was, for about a minute, in the same way as when you were here, but it went off, and I had some freedom in speaking. In the evening, I was remarkably free, especially while speaking of his deceased Majesty. The oil was poured in, the fire was kindled, and my heart was warm. I am truly glad we were enabled to hang our

pulpit with black, not only from my warm affection, but also because thereby I could show some token of loyalty and openly declare my hatred of the opposite. I pray, I earnestly pray that his successor, our present King, may tread in his steps; may a double portion of his Spirit be upon him, that he may rule in like fear of God, and that all his enemies may be ashamed.

I am glad, my very dear friend, to hear of your recovery so far; though I desired it (if it were the Lord's will), I did not expect it. I pray, if you recover, it may be to walk in the fear of God, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost; that the business of this life, self-interest, and worldly cares, may never lead you to yield to any party, or persons; thereby to cast off poor Fenner; for, I can in truth say, I loved you unto death; but I hope better things of you, though I thus speak. My sincere love to Mrs. Owen, and all friends.

Yours affectionately, D. FENNER.

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### REVIEW.

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RESPONSIBILITY. By Grey Hazlerigg. London: Frederick Kirby, 17, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C. 1901. Price 3d., per post 3½d.

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To write a book upon divine subjects to advantage, so as to benefit the spiritual reader, and to glorify God, there must of necessity be the grace of God in the heart of the writer, and his mind must be stored with spiritual wisdom and understanding, or else the production of his pen will be fruitless. How necessary it is then for a writer, before he steps upon this holy ground or makes any attempt to handle spiritual subjects, to ask himself these important questions:—"Am I a child of God? And do I possess in my heart the gift of the Holy Spirit?" Or, as the Apostle Peter advises, "to make your calling and election sure: for if ye do these things, ye shall never fall" (2 Peter i. 10). Thus, if a writer cannot satisfy himself clearly upon these solemn subjects, it will be far better for him not to launch out professedly into the kingdom of grace with an idea of becoming a light to lighten the Gentiles, when in reality he lacks the oil of divine grace, and is destitute of the Holy Spirit, who is the Spirit of wisdom and understanding. We have had many blind guides in the past, who, with a little natural light upon the Scriptures in their heads, and with some little knowledge of the letter of truth in their minds, have attempted to enlighten and to instruct their fellow-creatures in the ways of righteousness and true holiness. But they, poor deluded creatures, have lost their way, and strangely misled those whom they attempted to lead aright—confusing their judgments, darkening their minds, and filling them with strange forebodings

and solemn misgivings lest they are not right for the Kingdom of Heaven.

We say then distinctly that it is utterly impossible for anyone destitute of the teaching of the Holy Spirit either to write or to speak upon the dealings of God with an elect soul, or to set forth any branch of divine truth clearly and experimentally to any spiritual advantage to the children of God. Indeed, a true, sincere child of God cannot hear them, because they are strangers unto them, and their speech is strange too. As we read—"And a stranger they will not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers" (John x. 5). But, let a man of God come forward, a master in Israel and a true prophet of the Lord, either as a preacher or a writer; and if he unfold the banner of divine truth, if he show up the inward Kingdom of God in an elect sinner's heart, or is led to handle any branch of truth from an experimental knowledge of the same in his own soul, he will soon gain the attention of the Lord's tried people, because they will receive him into their hearts as a man who is sent of God to guide his chosen family into the truth as it is in Jesus.

We see all this in the late beloved and revered Mr. Philpot, who was a man raised up by God for the times in which he lived. God greatly enriched his heart with grace and heavenly wisdom, and wonderfully bestowed upon him all those gifts and abilities that made him a "Master in Israel," and a preacher of righteousness, as all may see for themselves who are familiar with his printed sermons. We knew him well, and loved him very dearly for his work's sake, and because of the rich blessings we received from the Lord through his preaching and his valuable writings. We still look upon him as a great gift to the Church of Christ. For God blessed him above many, and his preaching and writings bore the stamp of Heaven upon them, and were received into the hearts of numbers of living souls with a divine power. But although he has long been taken from us, he still speaks to us by and through his works, which are dear to our heart. But he lived his allotted time, ran his mortal race, and finished the work the Lord gave him to do; and he left us with a "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

But when he went home to glory, and left a mourning and sorrowing people behind him, he left a rich legacy to them in his works, which are still made a great blessing to numbers of the Lord's people. And above all, we still have his God to go to in our every time of need. Nor is the truth taken from us, nor the God of Truth taken from our midst, or out of our hearts; and we bless God that there are still left some who loved the truths he proclaimed, and which were so precious to his soul. And we are thankful to say that we still have amongst us a goodly number of faithful ministers of the Gospel, who are sound in the

faith, and who are not ashamed to declare the whole counsel of God, as they have been taught it by his Holy Spirit. Take for instance the author of the pamphlet, the title of which forms the heading of this paper, "Responsibility," and who is the author of other pamphlets bearing the following titles: "The Church of God," "Prophetic Outlines or Sketches from the Book of Revelation," "A Word in Season," "Things which Differ," and "The Great Sacrifice." All of these pamphlets have the unerring Word of God to rest upon, which is the foundation of the solemn truths the author has set forth in them for the benefit of the household of faith; and if we are to credit the reports that have again and again reached us, we are bound to say that the reading of them has been made a blessing to many, which is the author's spiritual wage—his penny, which is most valuable when received into the heart by the hand of faith. Yes, all the Lord's spiritual labourers who have worked and are still working in his vineyard receive every man a penny. And oh! what is more valuable to the spiritual feelings of a godly minister than to feel assured that his Lord and Master is with him in the good work to which he is appointed? How very blessed are those feelings, received into the heart of a minister as he stands up before his attentive audience, when proclaiming salvation by grace under the power of the Holy Spirit, which has been poured upon him from on high. And equally blessed it is when writing upon divine subjects to feel the Lord the Spirit is moving the heart and guiding the pen into a proper channel.

Such preaching and writing cannot fail to be owned and blessed of God to some of his chosen family, because the things that have been advanced are the fruits of the Spirit, and the preacher or writer being the instrument through which those fruits are put forth. And it is remarkable to notice what a clear insight into the Scriptures the Lord is pleased to give to those of his servants he especially makes use of to set forth pure truth, so that his Church and people may be benefited and blessed thereby. This is especially noticed in the case of Huntington and Philpot, who were stars of great magnitude in the day in which they lived, and who were able to set forth spiritual things in such a straightforward manner that he who runs may read. Nor were they the only persons the Lord so favoured and blessed! For if we look at the little tract before us, called "Responsibility," we shall see that the author has treated his subject in a clear and straightforward manner, proving himself to be "a true workman that needeth not to be ashamed," and setting forth his thoughts upon the great subject he handles in a manner that commends the work to one's heart. We notice that he has said but little by way of preface, but the reader will see that he has wrapped up a great deal in that little, enough to fix the attention of all thoughtful readers, and to inspire in their hearts a strong desire to carefully

and prayerfully read what he has said upon this great word "RESPONSIBILITY!"

But what an important subject this great *word* opens up to an awakened mind, and to an anxious enquirer who is seeking to know God as he is seen and felt in Christ Jesus! For out of Christ "God is a consuming fire." And on this ground (God out of Christ Jesus) the word "Responsibility" sounds awful in the extreme, and its appearance to those who have no hope in the mercy of God is terrible to behold. Every awakened sinner to whom God has given the grace of repentance unto eternal life will know sooner or later something of the solemn importance of the word "Responsibility." He will be brought to feel that, while he is under the holy and righteous law of God, he stands before him responsible for all his sins, and his every wicked way, and which alarms him in his conscience, and convinces him that he is a responsible creature in every sense of the word. And this responsibility will remain with him, and be constantly a heavy burden to his mind all the while sin remains upon his conscience, and the holy law demands full payment, saying to his troubled soul, "Pay me that thou owest!" But when a merciful God in Christ Jesus comes to his help with pardoning love and mercy through blood, and puts away his sins from him "as far as the east is from the west," and rescues him from the power and curse of the law, and delivers him from that cruel tormentor, Satan, then he is brought to feel that Christ Jesus, who is now formed in his heart the hope of glory, has delivered him from the pains of hell, and has become "Amen" to the law for him, and is responsible for all his sins; as we read, "And he bare the sins of many, and made intercession for the transgressors." And it is said that his sins and iniquities will be remembered no more.

Thus Christ becomes responsible for him, having already died to redeem him from all iniquity, and to cleanse him from all his sins. Here he is made by the Holy Spirit "meet to be a partaker with the saints in light." But though Christ has so willingly become responsible for him "in bearing his sins in his own body on the cross," and "presenting him to the Father without blot or blemish," yet at the same time he is surrounded with many responsibilities. But they are of a different nature, and do not fill the mind with terrors; but in the fear of God he expresses a great desire to walk humbly before the Lord all the rest of his days, and doing those things only that are pleasing in his sight. Thus, as the author of the little work says on page 4: "For example, as an Englishman I am under an obligation not to break the laws of my country, and to fulfil my duties as a citizen. If I break those laws, I shall soon be taught a lesson in responsibility—perhaps by those who think they can break their Maker's laws with impunity. But indeed, every relationship of life involves responsibilities, for every relationship has its duties. Parents and children, husbands and wives, masters

and servants, employers and employed, kings and subjects, rulers and ruled, ministers and those ministered to, pastors and their flocks (1 Cor. iv. 2; 1 Peter iv. 10, & v. 5)—all have their relative duties and responsibilities. Christianity does not do away with these. Hence the exhortations in reference to such duties abounding in the writings of the Apostles.

And how necessary it is that a godly man should, as far as in him lies, take every opportunity to make himself well acquainted with the exhortations so beautifully and so clearly laid down by the Apostles. It would show him not only his duty towards his fellow-man, but that he should endeavour to carry out to the letter the laws of mankind in his daily life, and so strive to live peaceably with all men. But we cannot measure up the duties of a Christian in the same manner as we would those of a natural man. For those that are taught by grace often see many wrongs in things that a natural man cannot behold; hence, what would be a pleasure to the one will be distasteful to the other. What the natural man would consider just and right for him to do would be sin for the Christian to do.

And here we see what a vast difference there is between "the works of the flesh and the works of the Spirit." The author, on page 9, thus writes:—

"There must be a first birth before a man can enter into, and live, and move, and act, and be a responsible creature in this world. There must be a new birth, a second birth, before a man can enter into, and live, and move, and act in the new world of grace in Christ. For the law reigns in the old world; the new is a grace world, standing in the grace of God (Rom. vii. 1; v. 2). The old world is the natural world, the world of the natural man, or of man as he is by nature, as created and born in Adam. The new world is the world of which Paul writes; the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually (not naturally) discerned (2 Cor. iii. 14). It is the world of the Spirit of Christ. Therefore, Christ says, 'Except a man be born of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter into' this Kingdom of God. For that which is born of the flesh is flesh; whereas that which is born of the Spirit is spirit—a something quite different in nature."

This is sound reasoning, and truthful, having the word of God for its foundation; and Christ Jesus has given utterance to this language. But how few are there now to be found who believe it, from being made to feel the importance of that declaration—"Ye must be born again?" No one can see or feel the necessity of knowing what spiritual things are in the heart unless "he has passed from death unto life," and experienced the new birth. For the natural man can only perform the works of the flesh, being destitute of the Spirit. And, while he remains in a natural state, he knows but little of his duty to God as standing in Adam, and we much fear that he cares less; for all his

thoughts and desires are centred in the things of this world, and his aim and ambition is how he may please himself. "God is not in all his thoughts," much less in his ways and actions. He may have a natural conscience, but that can be hushed from time to time by some legal performances; and he may have some knowledge of a legal responsibility to his Maker, which at odd times may induce him to mend his ways (as it is called); but unless God the Holy Spirit is pleased to meet with him, and send an arrow of conviction into his heart with an Almighty power, to cut him up root and branch, and lay him low in the dust of self-abasement, he will never know the spiritual meaning of the word "Responsibility," or feel its solemn weight and power in his conscience, or know that he is responsible to God for all his wicked ways and actions.

It is the child of God that feels that "Responsibility" is a great word with an awful sound; and while it rankles in his breast, and demands his close attention, he sees that he is a responsible creature before a just and holy God. To such a one "Responsibility" is something exceedingly high, so that he cannot reach it, and it is far too deep for his reasoning powers to penetrate. But, as our author says on page 10—

"The law and natural duty, and therefore legal responsibility, hold dominion over a man, as Paul writes, so long as he liveth. There he is, and must be, until he is indeed with Christ. Only with Christ ends legal duty, and therefore legal responsibility. This is abundantly set forth by Paul in the 6th and 7th chapters of Romans. Only, therefore, as a Christian cleaves to Christ can he enjoy a true freedom. In Christ, instead of the old responsibility, comes in filial liberty, the liberty of free forgiveness and justification, the adoption of sons, and the liberty at the same time of loving and choosing obedience. Not a liberty of irresponsible licentiousness, but the liberty of wanting to serve and please God in Christ. As Paul writes: 'Being not without law unto God,' or lawless, 'but under the law to Christ' loving to do the will of God. 'Thy law is my delight.' The blessedness of heaven is: 'His servants shall serve him.' This is to reign. This is to be free indeed. Of course, this is never perfected in this life. Something of the old remains. In experience all things are not quite new. Hence, there is more or less in the Christian of a bondage responsibility; something, too, of a fleshly, not given liberty (Gal. v. 13). The perfect sabbath, the perfect rest, the perfect liberty is, 'Christ is all.'"

How well we can agree with our author in the above extracts, and how they commend themselves to us as being the truth, built upon the unerring word of God. But when an author is taught by grace, and the word of truth is in his heart, it is his meat and drink, and in the hands of the Spirit it becomes "a lamp to his feet, and a light to his path."

Such an author can set forth truth very clearly, because he

has an experimental acquaintance with the truth, and a fundamental flow of spiritual matter to draw from. And we might say that the Lord his God is with him, to guide him into all truth, and to put the stamp of heaven upon it, that it may be a blessing to the citizens of Zion where the Lord is pleased to send it. But we cannot come to a close without calling our readers' attention to some further remarks; and on page 17 the author further says:—

“ Now I am myself, and want my readers to be, no lovers of mere speculation, or cold, abstract knowledge in divine things, but partakers of that wisdom which affects the conscience, and transforms the heart and life. Let us then draw, in conclusion, a few practical inferences from the things written, if they are indeed correct. We would then, as a minister, speak to and deal with our hearers as responsible beings—men with consciences, and men who must give an account, sooner or later, unto God.”

We fully endorse these expressions, and we doubt not but they will meet with a hearty approval from many of the Lord's people who may be led to peruse this little work, called “ Responsibility.” We have been much interested in reading it, and we can heartily recommend it to others as being the best work we have ever read upon that important subject. We well remember with what solemnity and power this wonderful and (to us) solemn subject—Responsibility—was laid upon our mind when under convictions for sin, and to our *then* feelings we were lost, and lost for ever, without any hope in the mercy of God. And we may further say that we have never been able to shake off responsibility from that time until now. It is our daily companion, more or less.

Sometimes we are afraid that when we come to die we shall have to meet with an angry Judge, who will say, “ Depart, ye cursed ! ” And if so, how awful, and how solemn will be our responsibility. But at other times, we humbly hope that “ a good work of grace is begun in our heart,” and is being carried on there by the Holy Spirit ; and if so, then “ our life is hid with Christ in God.” The reading of this little tract, “ Responsibility,” we trust, has done us good in leading us back to the past, when the arrow of conviction pierced our heart, and we were made to cry out in the bitterness of our soul for mercy, and were most anxious to know what we must do to be saved ! And it has been the means of our examining the ground we stand upon for eternity, and it has caused us to pray this prayer : “ Remember me, O Lord, with the favour thou bearest unto thy people,” etc. And if the reading of it should have the same effect upon others, and so lead them to Christ for a shelter from the storm of death that is fast approaching, our esteemed author will be blessedly rewarded, and will see that he has not spent his strength for nought, nor laboured in vain in the Lord.

## Obituary.

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Mrs. BRIGHTY.—Mary Brighty, of Godmanchester, who died on April 10th, 1901, was for 28 years a member of the Strict Baptist Church, Cambridge Street, Godmanchester. She was baptized in the River Ouse by the late Mr. Godwin, whose separating ministry was much blessed to her soul. She was brought up to attend the Church of England, her father being the Parish Clerk, which made it a heavy trial to her to leave the entire family,—her natural inclinations being very strong to continue amongst them. But, after hungering and thirsting after righteousness for many years, and getting no food from the ministry and teaching of the Church of England, she felt herself to be in a dark and benighted condition; until it pleased God, in the riches of his grace, to bring her under the sound of divine truth, as it is in Christ Jesus. It was the separating line of truth she had longed for; and now she was enabled by God's grace to "come out from amongst them" (the Church of England people), as the following letter written in 1875 will show. "My dear Brethren in the Lord Jesus Christ, Grace be to you, and peace be multiplied. Taking up the 'Gospel Standard' after dinner as usual, my eyes fell upon a piece from a far off country. I started up and said, cannot I tell what the Lord has done for my never-dying soul? Oh! when I look back to the spot where the Lord was pleased to deliver my soul from hell; can I ever cease to bless his Holy name? I had always been brought up as a strict Church-goer, my father being the clerk. One evening, a friend persuaded me to go with her to an Independent Chapel, where the Lord was pleased to meet with me. Can I ever forget what a broken heart I came away with! I knew not what to do, nor where to go to tell my trouble! I sank so very low in my feelings, and had nothing but hell before my eyes wherever I went. When I slept, sometimes my dreams were most terrible. At that time I had one child, and I used to take him and rove about; my face being veiled over so that those persons I met might not see my tears. My husband was a regular Church-goer, and my parents living next door, they each thought I was very foolish in going to chapel; they frightened me so, that in the state I was then in I felt I must not go again. I was kept away from a place of worship for some time.

"One Sunday evening after this, in my mind I felt bent on going to chapel; when I got inside I thought the floor would open and swallow me up, and I should be in hell at once. I well remember the text the minister gave out: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am the chief" (1 Tim. i. 16). That was a time never to be forgotten by me. Oh! the terror of death and hell that evening, it was dreadful to

my soul's feelings ! but that night, the Lord did appear for me and blessed me. But I was so ignorant, and so blind that I knew not that it was a work of grace begun in my heart by the Holy Spirit. I hastened home, and went into my room ; falling upon my knees, I cried ' Lord help me.' When I rose from my knees I felt altogether a new creature ; but I could not tell any one what I then felt within at that time, because I knew no one like myself. I felt that I was born again, and fully expected that I should never more do anything wrong. Soon after this I had another child, and in the midst of my trouble I could say,— ' Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me ' (Psalm xxiii. 4). But, I had to learn that, although I felt so truly blessed at that time yet I could not keep myself from doing wrong. I well remember the first time being in a wrong spirit after I was born again. I sank so much that I seemed to give up, and tried to think that there was no good thing within me. For ten years I had to mourn after the word of God, and although I had become a member of the Church of England I was never happy long together : I used to often exclaim,— ' Oh ! that I knew where I could hear the word of God, or his truth set forth ? ' Now and then I would go to the Independent Chapel to hear, but I got on no better there. Twice I went to the Wesleyan Chapel, but I got no comfort there to my soul.

" About this time an aunt of mine died, and I went to her funeral at the Strict Baptist Chapel, Godmanchester. Mr. Godwin, the minister of the place, buried her. She was a good woman, and as I came away from the grave these words came into my heart with much power, ' Now is the time.' I could not get away from them. I soon began to see where I was, for at the Strict Baptist Chapel I could hear to my soul's satisfaction ; but how bitterly I used to weep when I remembered how I longed for the word of God to be brought home to my heart !

" My poor father died, and I went back to the Church of England for two Sundays after his death ; but I could not stay there with the people. It is now three years since I first went to the chapel, and I was baptized last December, 1872, by Mr. Godwin. The Lord has brought me to see what an awful state I was in by nature, but I trust he has died for me, as he has done for all his election of grace.

" I am, yours very sincerely, M. BRIGHTY."

Her son writes of her thus :—It pleased God to give her a tender conscience, but her pathway was for the most part one of great trial, and being in business she was brought much in contact with the world, which was oftentimes a source of sorrow to her.

Writing in her diary in August, 1892, she says,— " Saturday was a trying day. Oh ! the wickedness of the people ! My pen would run fast if I dare allow it concerning the wicked ;

but, feeling my own sinful nature, I have to say, 'O Lord, set a watch before my lips that I sin not with my tongue.'" January, 1893, she writes:—"O Lord, the new year has brought its troubles, and also a little joy; but, there is only *real* joy as the Lord gives it. Whilst I am so harassed with business, and poor people getting into my debt, and many wicked people deceiving me at every turn, I have to cry out, 'O Lord, wilt thou prosper the work of my hands.' But above all, be pleased to prosper my soul in the things of God; then shall I be able to raise up an Ebenezer to thy praise. Thou hast done it, I trust, many times. The filthy conversation of the wicked I abhor, and ever do I desire to be kept from their wicked ways, and from taking any notice of their wicked words. How such words grate upon my feelings, as well as offend my ears."

These business trials made her prize the Lord's dear servants, and people, and she loved to assemble with them on the Lord's day. One Sabbath day she was very ill with pains in her head, when she cried out,—“O Lord, be pleased to remove these pains from me that I may once more go to hear our good minister unfurl the blood-stained banner. Oh! how I long for the courts of God's house! feeling my weakness and age creeping upon me fast. But, Lord, thou hast been good to me in granting me the privilege of going in and out amongst thy people for more than twenty years. And I may say that I seldom go in vain. There is generally a word dropped that does me some good even when I am in what I call a dead state. Sometimes a word will revive me, and lift me up, and then I ask the Lord to help our dear minister to speak with power, that his flock may rejoice in the courts of our God.

“I have been three times to the Lord's house to-day, but have been so troubled with heaviness, and so weary in body, and have heard in my judgment, but I felt to lack the Spirit's power. Another Sabbath I heard Mr. H. well. I hope it was a Sabbath indeed. I had been greatly troubled as to how I should stand before God, feeling my unworthiness so much during the week. How wonderfully he encouraged me. He spoke of those who had experienced the new birth, and the many marks God set forth as belonging to them, which proved that they were the people that would be able to stand before the throne of God as blessed in Christ Jesus, and I could heartily say that I had been in all those places he was able to bring forward. O Lord, it is all of thy mercy and goodness! Another Sabbath has dawned upon my soul, now what is my hope? Truly my hope is in the Lord. Mr. Oldfield is to preach. I do hope my soul will get a good feed as it has had in times that are past. O Lord, do bless his soul, so that he may be able to speak of the precious things that his flock loves. Thou, O Lord, knowest what a tried, and hungry people we are! And the poor minister has to be put into a hot furnace on purpose to meet our cases. Mr. Oldfield took for his text:—'Feed thy

people with thy rod, the flock of thine heritage, which dwell solitary in the wood, in the midst of Carmel; let them feed in Bashan and Gilead, as in the days of old' (Micah vii. 14). It was good for me to be there, as I got a beautiful answer to my prayer. The Lord's tried people know what it is to be in the wilderness, and in a wood too; and in the garden, which he (Mr. O.) beautifully opened up. But on the following Tuesday I felt to be in the wood again. How shall I get out? Prayer seems to be far from me. Oh that I could pray 'Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,' " &c. At another time she writes:—"O God, thou knowest the barrenness of my soul. Thou hast permitted it, but thou didst not appoint it. How ready the enemy is to take advantage of our poor, frail, wicked heart. O that the Lord would lift me up! But I will wait for him to help me, that I may once more praise his Holy name." She was often harassed with the fiery darts of the enemy; and would often pray to the Lord for him to stand by her, and keep her from the fiery darts of the devil, for they kept her from sleeping.

Being much attached to a free grace ministry, she trembled for those who were resting on their own good works. At times she was constrained to speak very faithfully to some when occasion called for it; so that her light was not hidden under a bushel. She was thankful when she could get others to come under the sound of divine truth, and hoped the Lord might open their eyes, and give them an understanding heart. Her prayers for that great blessing were not altogether in vain. She was spared to see some of them answered. She felt a deep concern for the Lord's blessing to rest upon the ministry of his word, which from time to time had been blessed to her, and which had endeared her pastor to her. In a letter dated June 7th, 1888 (but not posted to him), she writes:—"I could trace the word of God, as very suitable to my case, when you spoke of Saul of Tarsus, and Jacob wrestling with the Lord. I knew it had been so many times with me. Such has been my conflict for twenty-eight years. I feel that it must be real or I could not stand. I am so tired with the world, and Satan, that when you uttered these words, 'This is the way, walk ye in it,' I could not tell you with what feeling they were applied to my heart. Eighteen years ago, I was fearful of passing the church to go to the chapel, it was as fresh to me as though it was but yesterday."

Another extract from her diary which says—that Mr. Feazey preached from these words—"And, behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of" (Gen. xxviii. 15). "During his discourse I was broken down, and my heart was filled with the goodness of the Lord. I felt that I was one of the tried ones; and thus with gladness of heart the gospel was received into my soul through the instrumentality of several of the Lord's servants, whom I loved for their work's sake."

It pleased God to take down her tabernacle very rapidly ; and, during a visit to one of the friends, and feeling very unwell at the time, she repeated these words,—

“ With joy I leave this world of woe,  
For me to die is gain.”

She said, “ I can scarcely feel those lines are for me, though they keep following me about.”

Sudden pain setting in the doctor was sent for, who advised an immediate operation, and although the operation was supposed to be successful at first, on my arrival home, nearly the first words of my dear mother to me were,—

“ With joy I leave this world of woe,  
For me to die is gain.”

Though we were inwardly cast down we felt we must use all the means at our disposal. We sent for a Specialist, and after another examination, it was my painful task to tell my dear mother that another operation was the only hope of saving her life, when she simply raised her hand resignedly and said to me, “ I expected it ; ” and it was no small comfort to hear her say, the Lord was her shepherd. Though her pain at times was very great, yet it pleased the Lord to keep her from murmuring. She was desirous that I should not see her sufferings. However, her end was near. Her strength rapidly gave way after the second operation, and though before her death she was unable to speak ; yet as her soul took its happy flight, her eyes once more lighted up, and gazing steadfastly up to heaven, my beloved mother passed away from a world of sorrow, misery, and woe, to be “ for ever with the Lord,” Mr. Oldfield committing to the ground all that was mortal of her, in the presence of many church and chapel friends, who assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to one they much esteemed, and to see her body “ well laid in the grave.” F. BRIGHTY.

MRS. ASHWORTH.—On July 13th, in her 71st year, after a long illness, borne with exemplary patience, Hannah Ashworth, the beloved wife of Mr. John Ashworth, minister of the Gospel at Evington, Leicester. Through free and sovereign grace, she and I joined the church at Rochdale, on June 3rd, 1849. She was one in spirit with Moses the man of God (Heb. xi. 25, 26), and was a decided lover of the doctrines of grace and of gospel ordinances, and looked monthly for the notices of deaths of the poor pilgrims, like herself, which the “ Gospel Standard ” supplies. Her numerous friends will rejoice to learn that as she lived the life, so she died the death, of the righteous. Her speech failed a short time before her departure, but onlookers were much impressed with the sudden calm which ensued upon a previous difficulty of respiration, and with the accompanying transformation of her countenance. She was thus instantly and silently gathered, like a shock of corn fully ripe, by the great husbandman, into his celestial garner ; and though, whilst here, a good singer, and a lover of many sweet experimental hymns in our

selection, she, doubtless, now triumphantly and unweariedly joins in the everlasting song, and "Crowns him Lord of all." On May 11th, by her choice, we and her attendant sang together hymns 475 and 938; on May 22nd, the 245th; and on June 4th she said, when the 251st was sung, "I do love it." On June 10th she introduced a solemn conversation about the mansions above, prepared for prepared heirs; and the following evening her breathing was worse, but she said of hymn 283, "I love it." And on the 13th would have the 360th sung. On July 3rd she could only join in part of her loved hymns, the 103rd; but on the 4th she joined with us, *especially* in singing the 110th and 274th, but *particularly* the 934th. It was very helpful to her to have so many excellent hymns in her memory as well as in her heart; and her hymn book was a very dear companion; but she often enjoyed the reading of the Word of God, both in private and in family worship, and would not willingly permit any trivial matter to interrupt the regularity of domestic worship.

She appeared to be a little better on the morning of July 13th, and she herself expressed the opinion that I had better go to Boston, according to arrangements made, and by the expected train, lest her friends there should be inconvenienced. But, alas! I had no sooner arrived at Boston than a telegram recalled me, to learn of my great loss and her unspeakable gain. "Your sorrow shall be turned into joy" had been a comfort and a support to both of us on the previous Lord's day. How true it is she now more perfectly, but, I believe, in a similar nanner, understands. The Lord grant her sorrowing husband the like persevering grace! She was interred in Rochdale Cemetery on July 16th, by Mr. Schofield, and in the presence of a large company of relatives and friends.

JOHN ASHWORTH.

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JOHN TILCOCK.—My dear husband passed away after a few days' illness on March 2nd, 1901, in the 58th year of his age, after passing through much trouble and affliction, which often caused him to exclaim, "Will the Lord cast off for ever? and will he be favourable no more? Is his mercy clean gone for ever? doth his promise fail for evermore? Hath God forgotten to be gracious? hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies?" (Psalm lxxvii. 7-9). Thus he found it was "through much tribulation he was to enter the kingdom." It was evident to those about him that the Lord was preparing him for that glory he was so soon to realize. His Bible was his constant companion and his daily comfort. He highly prized the Word of God, and delighted to speak of it to others. His daily occupation took him much into the world, and his very soul was vexed with the conversation of the wicked; but the Lord helped him to endure unto the end by applying his gracious promises to his soul, and granting him some precious love visits by the way as he passed through this waste, howling wilderness. The 23rd Psalm appeared at times to be all his own, and many other

gracious portions, and he often said that the Lord was indeed his shepherd. The word of God has been so blessed to his soul that his eyes have been flowing with tears of gratitude, so that he has had to exclaim, "Lord, it is enough!" And at some special times the blessing seemed to be almost more than he could bear. Often has he been heard to say, "The Lord is good, a strong hold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that trust in him" (Nahum i. 7). He would say, "What a wonderful God is our God!" The redeeming love, and precious blood, of the dear Lamb of God were very delightful themes with him. He humbly trusted that he had been washed from sin and all his pollution in the fountain of his blood, and made clean in every part. Yet, he often mourned over sin and the inbred corruptions of his carnal nature, and at times fearing he would be lost after all. Death had always been a terror to him; but the wonderful love of God, when shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost, took away those fears, and made him sing praises to God, and thank and adore him for that wonderful love so richly bestowed upon poor, sinful worms of the earth.

About two days before he passed away he said, "Oh! I have been a great sinner; but Christ is a very great Saviour. He has done most wonderful things for us. Truly he is a great and good God." He then asked me to read the first Psalm, and the fifty-fourth chapter of Isaiah. He then began to speak of the wonderful love of God, and what he had done for us. I wish I could remember all the good things he said; they were so blessed, and his tongue was employed in praising and adoring the dear Lord of life and glory whom his soul loved, and whom he was so soon to behold, and see him face to face. Little did I think then that it would be the last time we should converse together on such a blessed subject here on earth. The very room appeared filled with the presence of the Lord. It seemed as though he could see into heaven, for he said, "What do those happy songsters there!" I said to him, "They are those who have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." He then broke out singing, "Allelujah, Allelujah, praise ye the Lord," which at intervals he continued to do through the night. His last words to me were: "Do not trouble about anything; the Lord will provide." The following promise I found written on a piece of paper and placed in his Bible: "That in blessing I will bless thee," etc., etc. (Gen. xxii. 17, 18). It was the promise made to Abraham, and which had been made precious to him. I felt, while listening to his voice uttering such blessed things, I should soon be a mourner in the wilderness, to wait a little longer till my change come. He was unconscious the last twenty-four hours, and then his happy spirit took its flight to be "for ever with the Lord." I feel that my loss is his eternal gain; and my prayer is that "my last end may be like his."

L. TILCOCK.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

NOVEMBER, 1901.

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

## GOD'S FORMING HAND, AND SHOWING FORTH HIS PRAISE.

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED BY MR. FEAZEY AT SILVER HILL STRICT BAPTIST MEETING ROOM, ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA; ON FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 1st, 1899.

“This people have I formed for myself; they shall show forth my praise.”  
—(Isaiah xliii. 21.)

THIS remarkable portion of God's word is not merely the language of the prophet Isaiah; he was only the instrument, or the channel through which God was pleased to speak this language. Therefore we are called upon to regard it as being spoken by the Three One Jehovah. It is God in Christ Jesus that expresses himself in these words, and they are spoken for the comfort and the encouragement of his people as they journey through this wilderness world. Therefore it becomes us to take special notice of what the Lord says when he speaks to his own chosen people, because we live in a day when so many of our fellow creatures think that God is waiting for sinners to come to him to be saved, that is in their own strength, and that he may be gracious unto them. But the scriptures do not say such things. If you notice, this chapter makes known God's mind and will to the people of his choice. We will, in the first place, call your attention to the opening words of this chapter, “But now thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee, O Israel, Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine.” Now, that is the way the Lord speaks to, and makes known his will and purpose towards his people; and you will see that he gives them a name; and that name is “Jacob.” Now if we consult the ninth chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Romans we shall find something there worthy of our serious attention. “As it is written,

Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated" (13). You see the one *was* loved, and the other was hated; and we should say from before all time in his eternal mind, "So then it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy" (16). This is Bible language that has stood for ages past, and it will stand down to the end of time whatever our fellow creatures may say. We cannot alter it in any way whatever. It reads the same to-night as ever it did—"Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated." Thus God has been pleased to draw a line of demarcation between his people and those that are not his people; and you will notice that this mark of distinction has been visible enough to those that are taught by the Holy Spirit throughout all ages. See, how it began at a very early date of the world's history in separating Cain from Abel, and then Absalom from Solomon, and Judas from Peter. And can we honestly say that this line of distinction has separated us from an ungodly world? If so, then God has been very merciful to us, in calling us by his grace unto a repentance that needed not to be repented of. Now, in our text we notice that God has put his people together, and says "This people (meaning all his people) have I formed for myself; they shall show forth my praise." But in what way are we "to show forth God's praise"? In that way the Holy Spirit is pleased to direct us into. And doubtless it will be through the pathway of sorrow, for we read, "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but in me ye shall have peace." And this peace is the very essence of the gospel of Jesus Christ when made known in our hearts by the Holy Spirit. The Apostle Paul tells us what this blessed gospel really is. He says—"It is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth"; and to the church at Thessalonica he is bold to say that the gospel which he through grace preached did not come unto them "in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance" (1 Thess. i. 5). Thus we see that the gospel the Lord's ministers preach is different from the preaching of the day. It comes into the hearts of his people with power, and the Holy Spirit accompanies it with the blessed assurance that it is the gospel of Jesus Christ. But are we the people that know this gospel, by receiving it with power into our hearts? and know something of the leading features of it by the grace of God? If so, we have seen, and felt the necessity of having a true gospel repentance wrought in our hearts; for Christ says—"Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish" (Luke xiii. 3). This doctrine is kept very much in the background in these

days, and how very little is said about the word of God being made spirit and life to poor sinners' hearts ; and yet we read that "The word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword" (Heb. iv. 12), and those that have felt it to be so know something of being brought under the forming hand of God, which is quite different to the preaching of some of our fellow creatures who say—"you should repent and do such and such things, and then God will do his part." But the scriptures tell us that the Lord saves his people by grace, and that the Second Person in the all glorious Trinity ascended up on high, "far above all principalities, and power, and might, and dominion" to give repentance unto Israel, who are the people set forth in the text. Therefore we see that power is not in the hands of the people to do as they think best, but it is in the hands of God, who bestows it at special seasons, and for a special purpose ! and that we may through the power of divine grace come to him as feelingly lost sinners.

"This people have I formed for myself." Now, when we turn to the Old Testament we see that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob were called by divine grace, and many others, who were blessedly helped "to show forth God's praise." The Holy Ghost has recorded the gracious experiences of these ancient saints, which is a great blessing to the people of God now. Hence, many of his people when in the depth of trouble have to go to the scriptures for a confirmation of what they feel within, and to find out, if they can, how those in olden times were brought under the forming hand of God, and how in ages past they were led "to show forth God's praise." Thus God said to them,—“Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name ; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee ; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned ; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee” (verse 1, 2). From these portions we see that the way to heaven lies through floods and flames ; which agrees with what Christ said when he was upon earth,—*i.e.* “These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation : be of good cheer ; I have overcome the world” (John xvi. 33). All true spiritual peace is treasured up in Christ Jesus ; and as he has all true godly repentance at his disposal, so he must bestow it upon us before we can come to God the Father in an acceptable manner ; and this is what the Lord's people are so tried about, whether they have really known what true godly repentance is ; that is, a repentance

that cometh from heaven. For they know that if they have not that repentance they are not amongst God's righteous people. Job said, "The righteous shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall wax stronger and stronger." But the path the Lord's people have to travel in when under his forming hand is so rough, crooked, and dark that, as Mr. Hart justly says,—

"There seems no path at all."

Well, the Lord tells us that "He leads the blind by a way that they know not, and in paths that they have not known" (Isaiah xlii. 16). And this is the way his people have to travel in all ages. You see, he leads them into it, and they follow him. Now, they are not led into these paths by a stranger, for "they know not the voice of strangers." "My sheep hear my voice (said Christ), and I know them and they follow me." "And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." Thus, in the giving of this "eternal life," there are other graces which the Lord is pleased to bestow, and what are they? The grace of repentance and prayer: for the Lord says, "I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplications" (Zech. xii. 10). And this is the people that "shall remember all the way the Lord hath led them" (Deut. viii. 2). And to be led by God is to be under his forming hand, and while we are there, how he shows us our real state and condition by nature, which is most unsatisfactory to our feelings, and we begin to take a deeper interest in reading the word of God, and are often in prayer before the Lord; with the hope that he will have mercy upon us, and pardon our sin, for it is great! But how pointed are the scriptures, and with what light and power do they come into our mind when the Holy Spirit shines upon them, and makes room in our hearts for them. And it is a wonderful revelation to our soul when we come to see that the mere reading of the scriptures is not sufficient for God's people to do; they (the scriptures) must be lived in our everyday life if we are to go to heaven when we die. The child of God when under his forming hand is brought face to face with the holy scriptures, and he knows they are the word of the living God by the solemn effects they produce in his heart. Sometimes they raise up a little hope in his bosom which gives him a little consolation, and they sometimes cut him up root and branch, and spoil him of his little hope. Then again they bring him to the Lord as a poor penitent sinner longing and panting for mercy, and the substance of his prayer is found in such

expressions as these—" Lord, undertake for me," " Lord, help me," " Have mercy upon me, O God," and, " Lord, that I may receive my sight." At other times the scriptures drive him in his feelings from the Lord, for, being solemnly convinced of sin, of death, and of judgment to come, and feeling sure that he has broken and violated all God's holy and righteous laws, he thinks it is in vain to call upon him, for the wicked he clearly sees " are turned into hell with all the nations that forget God." And he has read that " the hope of the hypocrite shall rot," and as for the Pharisee, and all who exalt themselves in a form of religion against God, they are to be abased. Seeing and feeling what a great sinner he is, he again breaks out with the Psalmist saying, " O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger, neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure " (Psalm vi. 1). This, then, is being brought under God's forming hand, and we see that this is the way the Lord turns the poor soul from darkness unto light, and brings him from Satan, and the love of the world unto God. And in doing so, how he chisels off all the rough edges of the world's pleasures, and shows him that he cannot serve God and mammon. He and the world are now at variance, and he sees nothing in it that is of any real value to his soul, and also he is being led out of himself, that he might not any longer trust in himself but in God, who has called him by his grace, and is forming him for his honour and glory, and in due time he shall show forth God's praise. But the poor soul must be killed before he can be made alive, and lost before he is found, and brought in guilty before a just and holy God before he will plead for mercy and forgiveness. Indeed, he has to be laid low in the dust of self-abasement, and upon the dunghill of sin, before he can fully comprehend what it is to be lifted up out of the dust, and to be translated out of the kingdom of Satan into the glorious kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ. Thus, much of the second chapter of the first book of Samuel has to be lived before he can be set among princes, even the princes of God's people, and cause him to inherit the throne of glory.

Now, in this our day there does not appear to be much of this kind of religion going on in the hearts of many of our fellow creatures. We often hear of one and another being saved, but how few complain of being lost. Many will wrap themselves up in their own goodness, and good doings, but how few there are who can say that through grace they are clothed in the righteousness of Christ. But when a man's cob-web righteousness is taken from him, then, and not till then, will he seek unto God to be clothed in the garments of salvation,

that he may be "made meet to be a partaker with the saints in light." To come under the forming hand of God, we see, is something that the natural man knows nothing of. It is, so to speak,—having our souls turned inside out, and to have the world turned upside down, and to experience in our heart that there is nothing in the world that can give spiritual peace or joy. So then, the Lord gathers his people out of the world, and brings them to see that it is polluted. Then as Jeremiah says,—“The Lord hath appeared of old unto me.” Yes, he appears unto his dear children, to the convincing them of sin, of death, and of judgment to come, and for the forming of them for his praise and glory, and we may add for their lasting peace, and their eternal happiness. Then we see, that he says to them by his servant Jeremiah,—“Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee” (Jer. xxxi. 3). But Jeremiah says further on in the same chapter that this people “shall come with weeping, and with supplications will I lead them: I will cause them to walk by the rivers of waters in a straight way, wherein they shall not stumble: for I am a father to Israel, and Ephraim is my firstborn” (verse 9). And the prophet Isaiah tells us that “They shall come which were ready to perish in the land of Assyria, and the outcasts in the land of Egypt, and shall worship the Lord in the holy mount at Jerusalem” (Isaiah xxvii. 13). Now this is the people that the Lord calls his own people. And in the prophecy of Zechariah they are called the “third part”—and the Lord says of them,—“I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried: they shall call on my name, and I will hear them: I will say, It is my people; and they shall say, The Lord is my God” (Zech. xiii. 9). Thus you see that the way to heaven is not a pleasant way to flesh and blood; but it is the way the saints have to walk, and “faith approves it well.” And there is no other way to heaven and glory, and “this people,” when in their right minds they wish for no other. For, they feel that the Lord is their Keeper, and he that keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps; and he is their Guide too, for he guides them into all truth, and leads them through the wilderness by his own unerring hand. And while being thus kept by God’s almighty power, and guided by the skilfulness of his hand, how sin is made to lie heavy upon their souls, and very bitter to their taste; so that they have to learn by an inwrought experience that “From the crown of the head to the sole of their foot there is no soundness in them;” nothing by nature but “wounds and

bruises, and putrifying sores.” And this is just the state and condition God finds his chosen people in when he begins to draw them under his forming hand; to form them for himself, and that they may hereafter “show forth his praise.” But these dreadful bruises and sores are the effect of sin, which pollutes the whole man, so that there is no part but what is filthy and sinful, yea, every part is tainted by sin. But the Lord speaks most blessedly to such characters when they long for the healing balm of Gilead, and the kind attentions of the good Physician there; and when they desire above all things to drink of the rivers of his good pleasure. He says to them at such times, “Ho, every one that thirsteth come ye to the waters, and ye that have no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price” (Isaiah lv. 1). And then further down the chapter he very graciously adds, “Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near: Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.” It is mercy such poor souls are seeking after, and as the hymn says,

“Mercy is welcome news indeed  
To those that guilty stand;  
Wretches that feel what help they need  
Will bless the helping hand.”

How earnestly they pour out their hearts in the language of the fifty-first Psalm,—“Have mercy upon me, O God. According to thy lovingkindness: According unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.” And in another Psalm their language is, “The troubles of my heart are enlarged, O bring thou me out of my distresses,” So we see that when under the forming hand of God, they are taught how to pray, and what to pray for.

There is much said about prayer by some people, and it is spoken of by them as being a very easy thing to pray; but God shows his tried children that it is a solemn, and wonderful thing to pray, and for their prayers to be heard by God and answered. None can pray aright who are destitute of the spirit of prayer, and the grace of supplication, and these blessed gifts must be found in their hearts, or they will find that their prayers, though ever so sound in words, will not prevail with God. Well, the Lord says, by his servant the Apostle Paul, that, “the Holy Spirit maketh intercessions for the saints, according to the will of God. But the child of God says when so exercised about prayer, that “He knows

not how to pray, nor what to pray for as he ought." But the Lord says,—“the Spirit helpeth our infirmities, with groanings which cannot be uttered.” And here these exercised children of God get a little comfort to their troubled minds when they can believe that groans, and sighs, and earnest desires from their hearts prevail with God. Previous to this they had been cutting themselves off as cumberers of the ground, and concluded that, as there was so much sin in their hearts, and sin was mixed with all they did, that they were still “living after the flesh,” and walking contrary to the Lord who had done already so much for them. But in reality, they were through the Spirit endeavouring to “crucify the flesh with its affections and lusts.” And most anxiously desiring to live, act, and move in the fear of God, and to “put off the old man with his deeds;” that they might be found among that elect people who are treasured up in Christ Jesus so securely that “no condemnation” can take place against them. They do not wish to be carnally-minded, but spiritually-minded, so that they may please God; and know in their hearts that the Lord “has thoughts of peace towards them and not of evil.”

O how the Lord the Spirit does exercise his dear children when he brings them under his forming hand! They have but very little peace and rest from their troubles, and this up and down life goes on in their hearts until the time arrives when the Lord is pleased to say to their distressed souls, “Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool” (Isaiah i. 18.) All these expressions, when applied by the Holy Spirit, are received with light and with power into the heart, and the receiver of them is made willing to come to Christ that he may be saved from all his sins. Thus he inwardly says before the Lord, “Lord I am willing to come unto thee, but wilt thou, and can’st thou have mercy upon one so vile?” Then the Lord very tenderly says to him again, “Come unto me, all ye that labour 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: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light” (Matt. xi. 28-30). Such blessed portions of the word of God, when applied with power, have an abiding effect upon the heart, and draw up the thoughts and desires to God, and whilst so engaged in looking upwards, faith is imparted, and by the eye of faith the poor sinner sees him who before had been invisible, even Jesus; whom he

now beholds as his blessed Advocate, his Daysman, Mediator, and Intercessor. He stands amazed as he recognises Christ Jesus the Lord as his Law-fulfiller, his burden-bearer, his Councillor, who has pleaded his cause before the Father, and paid the heavy debt which his sins had created. And how the blessed Spirit of truth condescends to apply the blood of Atonement to his soul, which cleanses him from all sin, and shows him that Christ has become his blessed Surety; and is formed in his heart the hope of glory, and the chiefest among ten thousand. He (the poor sinner) is now released from the yoke of bondage, and delivered from the curse of the law, and set apart from the world as a monument of God's mercy, and a miracle of his grace. Now he understands the meaning of Mr. Hart's hymn,—

“Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
Weak and wounded, sick, and sore:  
Jesus in his love will save you,  
Full of pity, join'd with power.  
He is able,  
He is willing; doubt no more.

This he feels in his own experience, and he can speak of it as such; for it is still fresh in his heart. He sees a great beauty in many of the hymns, and the more he reads them, so much the more they become food to his soul. Thus, the Lord, you see, has waited to be very gracious unto this child of grace, whom he hath been forming for his honour and glory, and now the soul being lifted out of the dust, and drawn near to God by the cords of his love, he is anxious to show forth his praise. How very different, too, are the soul's expressions now, to what they once were. We hear him saying, “I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry,” and where was he? In the horrible pit, and in the miry clay. He was formerly groaning out his feelings before the Lord, being so afraid he would never obtain mercy from his gracious hands. But he says, “The Lord has set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings, and hath put a new song into my mouth, even praise unto God.” “And can I do less,” says the poor sinner, “than praise him for all he has done for me? Why; it seems to me now, that if I were to hold my peace, the very stones would cry out against me!” But how can he be quiet, seeing that the Lord has done such great things for him whereof he is glad? He feels that he must show forth God's praise; and publish it upon the house top, that the Lord hath “called him with a holy calling; not according to his works; but according to his (God's) own purpose and grace, given him in

Christ Jesus before the world began." But in many ways do the Lord's people show forth God's praise! For the grace of God that is in them has power over them from time to time to guide them in the way that they should go; and to keep them honest and upright before God and the world. The fear of God in the heart is a great blessing bestowed upon the Lord's people; when it is in exercise they cannot go far wrong, and, like that good prophet Nehemiah, they are enabled to say,—“And so did not I because of the fear of the Lord.”

Thus, in our daily life we are kept by grace from doing as others do, and being kept, we “show forth God's praise” before the eyes of our fellow creatures, and should we be observed by the people of God, doubtless they will see that “we have been with Jesus and been taught by him.” And having found out that Jesus is the only way to God, we desire to follow in his footsteps, and in doing so our prayer is,—“That I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death”; and this is also “showing forth God's praise.”

Jacob waited upon God, and so did his father Isaac, and all the saints; but what did they wait upon God for? The thing is very plain indeed! They waited upon him for him to be gracious, and merciful unto them; and that afterwards they might show forth “God's praise.” How often do we show forth God's praise by the use of our hymns, when they are brought by the Holy Spirit into our hearts. Take for instance this one when you can see your way, and read your title clear to mansions in the skies.

“Here I raise my Ebenezer;  
Hither by thy help I'm come;  
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.”

No better employment can ever be obtained in this life than “To show forth the praises of him who hath called us out of darkness into his marvellous light.” I remember, very well indeed, when the Lord brought me into gospel liberty, and it was when listening to a very powerful discourse which was preached by one of his servants; it came with such warmth, feeling, and power into my heart that I felt I must shout aloud during the service, but the Lord kept me from doing so; and as soon as the service was over, I left the chapel and ran out of the town, that I might give vent to my feelings in secret before God. I had no desire to go to the corner of the street as the hypocrites do, for I knew

that the hope of the hypocrite shall perish. But I felt most anxious to obey the gracious command of the Lord, who says,—“Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee : hide thyself as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast” (Isaiah xxvi. 20). And when we can get into such places in our soul’s feeling, it is like “dwelling in the secret places of the Most High; and abiding under the shadow of the Almighty.” These are wonderful places to be brought to, and here it is that we can say from our hearts, “I love the Lord, because he hath heard my cry.” Now why do we cry? You might meet a hundred people in your streets and you would scarcely find one out of that number who knew anything of this crying, or who had known any of those distressed feelings we have hinted at; but we cry because we have felt trouble and sorrow. These are the things then that teach us the need of vital prayer; and to call upon God in a similar way to what the Psalmist did when he said, “O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul?” There is no other way, if we are to prevail in prayer with God. And is not this the way all poor sinners have to go, if they are to be heard and answered? But by these painful exercises the Lord humbles us in the dust, and reduces us so low in our feelings that we are willing to be saved by free and sovereign grace. Hence, “the Lord makes us willing in the day of his power.” Thus, we have blessed God that even he convinced us of sin and has dropped into our hearts a single crumb of his pardoning love and mercy. Here it is then that we show forth God’s praise as we read in our text, “They shall show forth my praise.”

I well remember once when the good Lord delivered my soul from the hand of the enemy, and blessed me with a felt sense of his pardoning love and mercy, and the precious blood of Atonement was applied to my heart, that I said to my soul,—“Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee” (Psalm cxvi. 7). And do we not at these times give grateful “thanks unto the Lord for he is good, and because his mercy endureth for ever.” Yes, “the redeemed say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy.” And we exult in these grateful praises before the Lord in proportion to that delivering power we have received by faith into our hearts. I remember I said,—“Lord thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.” And like Jacob of old, I raised up an “Ebenezer to his praise.” Now, we find that God has ever been with his people in all places, in dark places, as well

as in the light; in trouble and sorrow as well as in deliverances and joy. And he said to his servant Jacob, "I will be with thee, wheresoever thou goest; for I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of." And blessed be his dear name, his people shall not long together leave him. Thus there are times when we return again unto him, and find him to be a shelter to our souls in a storm, and the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, and we come under this shadow with great delight. And here again we show forth his praise. But we are not long in one position, and we find that our frames and feelings alter. As our hymn says,—

"One hour upon the truth I feed;  
The next I know not what I read."

At one time we appear to be on "the mount of Transfiguration," and saying,—*"It is good for us to be here,"* then when we come down, and return to our own place, we begin to murmur, fret, and repine, and often write bitter things against ourselves because we cannot do the things that we would." But what a great blessing it is for any of us here present to-night to be built upon the "Rock of Eternal Ages." For God says,—*"Upon this Rock will I build my Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."* To have our hopes for eternity built upon, and centred in this Great Rock, we shall be safe through time, and to all eternity. And the Lord will, by his Spirit, give us to see from time to time that we are still kept under "his forming hand," and being there we shall be helped to "show forth God's praise." A consciousness of these things will help us to live godly in our daily life, and knowing that in matters of salvation we can do nothing of ourselves, we shall feel desirous to live in the fear of the Lord, and for him to direct us aright in all things. O what a blessed grace is the fear of the Lord! and how valuable it is to all the Lord's people when in exercise in their hearts! The apostle says,—*"It teaches us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world: Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works"* (Titus ii. 12-14). Now, look at the word "soberly" in the quotation I have given; there is a great and a broad meaning belonging to it if we did but understand it rightly and spiritually. Some people have an idea that it only means we should not take intoxicating drinks to excess,

but be temperate, careful, and moderate in the use of such things, lest we be reprov'd, and censur'd for being off our guard in the sight of our fellow creatures. But it has a wider meaning than that. It means, be sober in our daily life in the world; be sober before the Lord's people; be sober in the church of God; and in the Sanctuary of God; be sober in conversation with his people; be sober in your families, and be sober in your businesses, and in your lawful callings in the world. In a word, it becomes us to be sober in *all things*, and to live honestly and soberly before God every day, for we know not what a day nor an hour may bring forth. We have ample cause to ask the Lord daily to make us, by his Spirit, sober-minded, and spiritually-minded, and to grant us a good measure of that holy and filial fear of God which is of great price to them that receive it; lest we fall into temptation. And that we may be upon our watch tower, watching continually the never-abating movements of our great adversary the devil; for "he goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." But blessed be God, Satan will never destroy "this people that God has formed for himself;" and whom he says "shall show forth his praise." He has made many attempts to do so, as we clearly see from the Holy Scriptures, and especially so from Hebrews ii. chapter. The writer says there (ver. 37), "They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented (of whom the world was not worthy); they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens, and caves of the earth. And these all, having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise:" but they all died in faith, and came off triumphantly "through the blood of the Lamb." Thus they showed forth God's praise, not only in their lives, and in all these persecutions, but in their painful death. Ah my dear friends! God is pleas'd to wean his people from themselves, and from all the vain things of the world; so they are often ready to say from their hearts with truth,

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

Are not these expressions thy soul's inward feelings? and do not these feelings often prompt you to pray in this way and manner?

"Order my footsteps by thy word,  
And make my heart sincere;

Let sin have no dominion Lord,  
But keep my conscience clear ! ”

Now, if these lines are the language of your heart, dear friends, God has done something in you, and for you, which can never be destroyed, and there are times with you, when you feel a willingness to live, and walk according to his gracious commands; which are not at all grievous, and the burden he lays upon your shoulders is light. If the Lord has blessed us with a measure of godly fear, I am sure there will be times and seasons when we shall be looking unto him, for him to direct our every step through this vain world, and there will be a calling upon him for help in our many times of need. The Psalmist, we read, did the same, and he tells us that God was pleased to spread a table before him in the wilderness in the presence of his enemies; and anointed his head with oil; so that his cup ran over with the Lord's goodness. And for all this rich display of the Lord's goodness and mercy to him, he was helped to show forth his praise. So if we are in any measure led and taught by the Holy Spirit, as was the Psalmist, we are still under the forming hand of God, and desiring to glorify his Holy Name. May the Lord add his blessing.—AMEN.

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“*WAIT ON THE LORD.*”

(PSALM XXVII. 14.)

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“*WAIT ON the Lord,*” poor downcast soul,  
In all thy griefs and conflicts, pains ;  
He over-rules all mortal things—  
The Lord Jehovah ever reigns !

“*Wait on the Lord,*” though dangers great  
Attend thy course from day to day ;  
He surely will appear for thee,  
If he has taught thee, too, to pray.

“*Wait on the Lord,*” no matter what  
Thy burdens and thy sorrows are ;  
He never can desert the soul  
Which once has realised his care.

“*Wait on the Lord,*” though dark the night,  
Though neither sun nor stars appear ;  
He sees thee clearly through the cloud,  
And will ere long remove thy fear.

“*Wait on the Lord,*” e'en though thy heart  
Be almost broken ; yea, though he  
Himself appears to mock thy grief,  
His goodness thou shalt surely see.

- “Wait on the Lord.” His promised word  
 He will assuredly make good ;  
 Faithful, indeed, he'll prove himself,  
 Both in the fire and in the flood.
- “Wait on the Lord” ; yea, though he slay  
 Thy dearest joys, and comforts too,  
 He'll secretly sustain thy soul,  
 Will smile again, will bring thee through.
- “Wait on the Lord,” though all around,  
 Survey'd by carnal sight and sense,  
 Appears as if 'twould crush thy soul,  
 He'll show himself thy sure defence.
- “Wait on the Lord.” Tell him thy case ;  
 Plead, and replead his precious word.  
 He cannot overlook thy cause,  
 Although the answer be deferred.
- “Wait on the Lord,” though devils roar,  
 And fill thee with distressing fears ;  
 The Lord Jehovah sits above,  
 And marks thy groans, thy cries, thy tears.
- “Wait on the Lord.” He cares for thee—  
 Poor, helpless, needy, guilty one,  
 Distressed, tormented, hardened sore,  
 He will not leave thee quite alone.
- “Wait on the Lord.” He'll ne'er forsake,  
 Though he afflict, and sorely try.  
 The soul that trusts in his dear name,  
 He will not utterly destroy.
- “Wait on the Lord.” His sovereign hand  
 Can well supply thy every need ;  
 No obstacle is known to him—  
 This thought to faith is sweet indeed.
- “Wait on the Lord,” my soul, wait on—  
 He will thy fainting strength renew ;  
 Roll all thy burdens, great or small,  
 On him—he can thy fears subdue.
- “Wait on the Lord,” though sore dismayed.  
 Oh, blessed Spirit ! grace impart ;  
 Teach me to wait, to watch, and pray ;  
 Do strengthen my poor fainting heart.
- “Wait on the Lord.” How oft I try  
 To wait, but seem to wait in vain.  
 Discouraged, this my language is—  
 “Oh, will he e'er appear again ?”
- “Wait on the Lord.” Ah ! sink or swim,  
 I feel I've nowhere else to fly  
 But unto thee, Almighty Lord—  
 Oh, hear a helpless sinner's cry !      JOHN BURTON.

## LETTERS TO A FRIEND.—(No. 13.)

Southill, March 15th, 1888.

My dear Friend,—In some former letters I have attempted, though in a small measure and feeble manner, to point out the positive will of God in having a Church upon the earth. And not upon the earth only, but established on the top of the mountains. It shall be, yea, is, fixed upon a firm foundation. Abraham offered up Isaac upon Mount Moriah, and the wonderful superintending providence of God attending that circumstance, and providing a substitute for Isaac in the ram, the victim offered, and the oath of God confirming former promises is clearly discernible. In these things the faith of Abraham, as in a glass, had a view of the day of Christ (John viii. 56), and in consideration thereof he named it Jehovah Jireh: "In the mount of the Lord it shall be seen." These things which Abraham saw afar off were actually accomplished in the crucifixion of the Saviour upon Calvary. And the death of Christ is the foundation of the Church. This is the mountain upon the top of which the Church is established, and "all nations shall flow unto it" (Isa. ii. 2, 3). There it is like a city set upon a hill which cannot be hid (Matt. v. 14). "His foundation is in the holy mountains" (Psa. lxxxvii.). His foundation, the foundation which God hath given, upon which his Church is founded. These mountains we may call the eternal purpose of God. The Church sprang out of the purpose of divine love. The attributes of mercy, justice, holiness, sovereignty, truth, righteousness, and peace are the pillars upon which the Church stands. Two of the pillars which supported the house in which the lords of the Philistines were assembled to offer up sacrifices unto Dagon their god, and to rejoice because Samson had fallen into their hands, were seized by Samson, who, with one in his right hand and the other in his left, bowed himself with all his might, and down fell the house (Judges xvi. 30). Sure type, is it not? of the overthrow of the modern Dagon-formality of our time! But who can remove the pillar truth has set up?

Thus the Lord wills that the Church shall be; he has settled all things needful for her progress, and hath appointed all things for her calling, salvation, maintenance, and perfection; and himself in a circle of divine providence and grace encampeth round about her (Psa. xxxiv.). What shall we say of these things? That church-work must go forward. Shall it be said of our Lord, and that to his derision, that he began to build, but is unable to finish? (Luke xiv. 28-30). How absurd the thought!

When the Redeemer went forth in the great and grand work of redemption, it was said of him by the prophet that he travelled in the greatness of his strength. In what form did he go forth? Oh! wonderful! not in outward pomp, but in the form

of weakness! All this excellency of power and glory contained in the body of an infant! Disclosed it was afterwards in wondrous miracles, but attended with little or no earthly pomp. And now he (Christ) is exalted in glory above every earthly name. He is of no less power than when tabernacling here below. He is mighty to raise up his Church, as well as mighty to save it. And with this we may boldly confront every adversary of the Church. I have just been reading the cxxxii. Psalm, every line of which directed my thoughts to Jesus and his Church. The psalm commences with "Lord, remember David and all his afflictions." A greater than David is here. David had no personal merit, but Jesus has merit which is all his own, and which ever prevails with God. Then the psalm goes on to celebrate the praises of the Lord for the work of divine power manifested in the setting up of his Church, and the promises made concerning it, that the Lord would enter into it, perform his covenant respecting it, bless the provision of his grace. And the priests who stand to minister in the Lord's name should be clothed with righteousness. Then it rises as it closes, "There will I make the horn of David to bud: I have ordained a lamp for mine anointed. His enemies will I clothe with shame; but upon himself shall his crown flourish."

What a mercy it is to be a member of this Church! Much is thought of possessing the freedom of the city of London; the privileges connected therewith are mean and contemptible compared with the privileges of Zion. One of the best, if I cannot say the sweetest, privileges is the smarting rod. What, you say, afflictions to rank amongst the best favours! Yes, my friend, read this: "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten." The same love that afflicts and causes grief, cheers the spirit with the cry of adoption. Afflictions are like a thorn hedge round about a field to keep the cattle from straying. "Therefore, behold, I will hedge up thy way with thorns, and make a wall that she shall not find her paths." Those fields the husbandman cultivates, he fences them round, and puts a hedge about them, and therein he sows his seed. The Lord's parable of the sower is to the same purpose. The preaching of the Word in that instructive allegory our Lord compares to the sowing of seed, which, being scattered abroad for the purpose of sowing, did not all fall into prepared ground, but some fell by the wayside, a path open to every foot, and therefore trodden down, representing inattentive hearers who, like the wayside, receive it not even in memory; part falls among thorns, upon hearers under the power of carnal cares which choke and render it unfruitful; part upon stony ground, hearers obdurate and hard-hearted, who, though at first somewhat affected, quickly wither and return to their own unconcern. But the bulk fell into good ground, fenced by afflicting, thorny dispensations. Thorns secure the grain, whatever it may be, from many things, such as beasts that would

trample it down and thus destroy it, so that no harvest would follow. Many thorns you have had around you which have been of special service to keep you within bounds. You have been ploughed up by cutting conviction, and your heart has been softened by the dews of mercy; and now the blade of desire has sprung up, the ear of confidence will follow, and then will come the harvest, the full corn in the ear (Mark iv. 28), yielding many fold (Matt. xiii. 1—23). Even the apostle tells us that the thorny buffetings of Satan prevented him from being unduly lifted up with the abundance of the revelations with which he was so graciously favoured.

The Laodicean Church was left without the cutting wind of adversity, a little outward prosperity without adversity brought on a coldness, or, at least, a lukewarmness of heart, her prayers, her conversation, her attendance upon the means were only half-hearted—unacceptable to the Lord, who, after reminding her of this, and advising her what to do, tells her that sanctified affliction is the secret of spiritual fruitfulness: “As many as I love I rebuke and chasten; be zealous, therefore, and repent.”

Let me ask the question: What is it makes a pure Church? By “pure” I do not mean a Church free from all blemish, for no such Church can be found upon earth. To constitute a pure Church there must be purity in the hearts of its members. “Blessed are the pure in heart.” A pure heart is the new heart put into them, it is the work of regeneration (Ezekiel xi. 19). Now, sin is in a regenerate man, even as Paul complained of sin being in him, but sin mingles not with the renewed part, nor the regenerated part with sin, even as oil mixes not with water nor water mingles with oil. There is no pure Church without such person joined in fellowship. In order to be a pure Church, there must be a purifying and purging. The Redeemer sustains the character of a refiner in his dispensations with his Church (Mal. iii. 2). “And it shall come to pass, that he that is left in Zion, and he that remaineth in Jerusalem, shall be called holy, even every one that is written among the living in Jerusalem: When the Lord shall have washed away the filth of the daughters of Zion, and shall have purged the blood of Jerusalem from the midst thereof by the spirit of judgment, and by the spirit of burning” (Isa. iv. 3, 4). In those words there are two metaphors expressive of cleansing; the first is, washing, that is, a continual application of the blood of Jesus Christ, and by many troubles, temptations, and persecutions. The Lord, sanctifying these things, purges his Church from corruption in doctrine. The other metaphor is that of fire, as silver is purged—the fire of tribulation. Painful trials will discover the dross of corruption, and bring out into exercise the gold of grace (Zech. xiii. 9). He will cleanse from idols.

Yours to serve,

J. WARBURTON.

## A BIRTHDAY GREETING.

Luton, September 22, 1901.

My dear Sister,—I have just heard from May that it is your birthday to-morrow, so I am sure I must try and write you a few lines, if possible. I will first, according to the general custom, wish you many happy returns of the day in the fear of the Lord. How time is fast hastening us on to a never-ending eternity! Year after year rolls by, and we each in our turn realize that the wheel of our lives has turned round once more, and that another figure has been added to our number, and we know not when the expiration of our short life here below may come; but if we, through grace, are prepared for that exit from this world of time and state, it matters not to us how near it be.

Oh! my dear sister, how I long to be taught of grace; and yet I cannot obtain that free pardon and forgiveness of sin of myself, for that is beyond all human power, and he alone it is who formed us that can convince of sin and iniquity, for "power belongeth unto God," who holds the keys of death and hell!

How hard and lifeless my poor heart is! One time I feel that I have an interest in God's salvation, and that the Lord has done something for me whereof I am glad; yet at another time I feel quite the contrary. Thus I go on, feeling my heart so hard and dry that I seem to have no spiritual life in me, and feel no interest in divine matters.

I am sure, my dear sister, we cannot pray with a fervent feeling unless our prayer is inspired by the Holy Spirit; nor can we read God's holy word with any spiritual interest and edification except the desire is given us by him.

We have Mr. Dickens, of Tunbridge Wells, preaching here to-day. This morning he spoke from these words: "He restoreth my soul" (Psalm xxiii. 3). He was led to speak very comfortably on the words, and said, "how unable we are to obtain these things of ourselves, and that we should have to remain in our sins unless the Lord sees fit to draw us unto himself, and take away our heart of stone and give us a heart of flesh; and a spiritual desire after him. . . ."

I am glad to hear you got on well at Linslade Anniversary with Mr. Feazey. I thought of you. Please to remember me to the dear old friends at B., both young and old. And now, with my best wishes for your birthday, in the best sense of the word, and with love to you all, I remain, my dear sister, your loving brother,

CHRIS.

[We do not know the writer of the above letter, but we are informed that he is only nineteen years of age, and has been led to cry to the Lord for mercy some three or four years. We are pleased to insert his letter, as it shows what the grace of God can do in the hearts of the young, and perhaps the young, and the old too, may be encouraged in reading it.—ED.]

THE LATE MR. EBENEZER DUNK, OF UPPER DICKER, SUSSEX. "Who, through fear of death, was all his lifetime subject to bondage;" but who died triumphantly in the Lord Jesus Christ on May 8th, 1901.

THE subject of this memoir (my beloved father), Ebenezer Dunk, was born at Tunbridge Wells in the year 1831, and in 1844, in the providence of God, he, with his parents, removed to Upper Dicker, Sussex. His father, Mr. Isaac Dunk, was a godly man, and an account of his death appeared in the "Gospel Standard" some years ago. His parents took a small grocery business, and lived under the same roof as did the late Mr. W. Cowper, who was up to the time of his death, the beloved pastor of Zoar Chapel. My father very much felt the death of Mr. Cowper, being greatly attached to him.

From what I have heard my dear father say, he never remembered the time when his mind was not solemnly impressed with eternal realities, and was, therefore, all through life, more or less exceedingly fearful lest, after all, he had not experienced that "new birth" which he was fully convinced must take place in everyone before they are made meet for heaven. How many times I have seen tears roll down his face, fearing, after all, that there was a secret in real, vital godliness of which he was destitute. He has often envied God's people who had been permitted to run into great lengths of sin and wickedness, because he saw the change in them was so very visible. I have heard him say that many years ago he visited dear old Mr. Stapley, who was then deacon at Zoar Chapel. He took him round his farm, and talked much with him upon the best things, which my dear father very much enjoyed; but in the course of conversation (no doubt to draw out some of my father's exercises) Mr. Stapley looked at my father, and said, "I suppose you have had a great many sleepless nights, Mr. Dunk, respecting the eternal safety of your immortal soul?" This was spoken in love; but it greatly distressed my father's mind, as he never knew *then* what it was to have a sleepless night. Many times in after-life, when swallowed up in trouble, meeting with wave upon wave of it, he has said, "Through mercy the Lord has kindly granted me such refreshing sleep, which does me good."

He was baptized, with my dear mother, by Mr. Cowper in the year 1855; and was always, through God's mercy and grace, kept very humble and prayerful. The Lord made him what he was—a humble follower of the holy child Jesus; and for some wise purpose seemed to show him, especially in providence, from whence his blessings flowed. As business considerably increased, so did family trials also. My dear mother was a great sufferer for many years: and there were expenses on every hand, and losses and crosses of every shape and form hedged up his pathway, which an observant mind could not help but detect, and believe to be of the Lord's doings. Poor, dear man! He once

said to me "that his bones and chest ached with trouble and with crying unto the Lord for help." But I mention these temporal matters in honour of that good and gracious God my dear father so much loved and feared. But these providential trials were truly sanctified to him, although he may not at all times have felt it was so; but they kept him looking to the Lord continually for help and guidance, yea, for grace, wisdom, and understanding in all things. How many times have I seen him weep tears of grief and sorrow lest he should be suffered in the hour of temptation to bring a disgrace upon the cause of God and his truth! I remember when I was a boy my father was very much pressed to settle an account which was due. All streams around him seemed to be dried up, and what to do he did not know. But the throne of grace was open unto him, and O, how he did beg of the Lord to appear for him! During the time he was begging for help a man came into the shop who wanted to see my father. I called him downstairs, and he entered into conversation with the gentleman who called to see him. I was quite young at the time, but I felt that the Lord was appearing for my father's help. Before the person left, he said to my father, "Mr. Dunk, if you stand in need of help in your business, you can have it! Here is £50." Now, this person was a man of the world; but if the Lord chooses, he can use worldly people to help his needy saints in times of trouble. Thus, as we read, "Paul may plant, and Apollos water: but it is God that must give the increase." My dear father has often said, "The Lord seems determined that I shall not make any headway in the world. But how kind it is of him to come to my help when I have got to those places where I could not possibly manage my own affairs." Never shall I forget once in particular, when all hope seemed gone that my father could possibly get through. Accounts were pressing upon him on every hand, when the Lord was graciously pleased to incline the heart of a lady to send him a cheque for £100 as a present. Were it needful, I might fill a book respecting the Lord's gracious dealings in providence with my dear father. But I hope that what is already written may be the means of encouraging some tried person or persons who may know a little of this pathway in which my father proved again and again that God is a God of providence, as well as a God of grace. Good Newton proved it so when he wrote

"Elijah's example declares,  
 Whatever distress may betide,  
 The saints may commit all their cares  
 To him who will surely provide:  
 When rain long withheld from the earth,  
 Occasion'd a famine of bread,  
 The prophet, secured from the dearth,  
 By ravens was constantly fed."

My dear father very much felt the death of Mr. Vine, who was the beloved pastor at the chapel at Dicker. He was a faithful minister of the Gospel, and a dear friend to many. And although he might not have known by experience to the full extent of what some have to pass through in their daily life, yet he always sympathised with the tried and tempted, and was full of love and affection towards the poor and the needy of God's dear children. The Lord was pleased to use several kind friends, now living, as helps to my father while he was passing through this waste, howling wilderness, which his sorrowing family now left are most grateful for, and desire for them a double reward for all their kindness. The loss of my beloved mother, in August, 1899, greatly shook my father's frame, and perhaps weakened his constitution. About Christmas time in the year 1900 he went to my sister's at Uxbridge for a change of air, and from there he went to visit some friends at Tunbridge Wells and at Ticehurst. He wrote to me while there, and said, "All the friends are so exceedingly kind to me, and I feel so unworthy of such great kindness shown to me." After he returned home we hoped that he was really improving in his health; but he never seemed quite himself again. His strength of body gradually failed; and he said on several occasions that if he lived to be three score years and ten, he would be trespassing beyond that given time. But he was so fearful of death.

On Tuesday morning, April 30th, he was in his business as usual, and all at once he felt so cold in his body, which was followed by such fearful sickness, which was no doubt the beginning of the end. He was got to bed later on in the day, and was fearfully prostrated, and gradually sank. We all of us hoped for the best, but we were alarmed at the symptoms that were visible, and he was extremely weak. The next day he was too weak to speak, only with great difficulty. He seemed very resigned. We tried every means the doctor prescribed, but with little success. He said but very little up to Sunday to indicate his time was so short. My sister said to him, "You are not afraid to die, are you, father?" He said with great difficulty, "LOST—STING," meaning that death had lost its sting, and did not cause him that distress of mind it had done for many years past. Monday he said but very little, but expressed himself most grateful for all that was done for him. But on Tuesday, which was just a week after he was first taken, the Lord evidently shone into his soul; and from about 12 at noon until towards evening it was as if his spirit was already in heaven. He continually talked to us, but it was with great difficulty we could understand him. He appeared to see by faith those glorified spirits he was about to join. He said, "Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob." Once, while fixing his eyes upwards, he gave us such a sweet, heavenly smile, that one of my sisters said to him, "What do you see, dear father?" He replied, "His hands and

his feet," evidently meaning that he could see him who had hung upon the cross of Calvary, and bled and died to ransom and redeem him from destruction. At another time he seemed so anxious to let us know the state of his mind, but he was too prostrated to speak distinctly. He said, "Happy! Happy!! Happy!!!" and then, with emphasis, exclaimed, "Absolutely happy! Absolutely in Christ!!" He then said, "Ample! Ample!! Paid! Heaven at last!!"—as much as to say, "All my troubles, losses, crosses, and sore afflictions are amply rewarded." Not that he meant he had heaven as a reward for his troubles, for truly he felt that it was all of free and sovereign grace; but his meaning was, that all that he had passed through was nothing in comparison to what he then enjoyed. It was not worth speaking about. He went on to say, "O, this blessed happiness I am enjoying!" His last words were, "Heaven—beautiful!" Mr. Botten stood by his bedside, and repeated these lines:

"Far from a world of grief and sin,  
With God eternally shut in."

And we could heartily say:

"All his sorrows left below,  
And earth exchanged for heaven."

He was buried in Zoar Chapel graveyard, by Mr. Botten, in the midst of the largest number of friends ever gathered there, who had assembled to pay the last tribute of Christian respect and esteem to their departed friend, and to see him "well laid in the grave." Thus died one who all his lifetime was more or less "subject to bondage." How many times he has sung:

"When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside."

Truly his prayer was answered. "Them that honour me I will honour." May our last end be like his.

The following lines accompanied the above interesting account of Mr. Dunk:—

"What are these in bright array—  
This innumerable throng,  
Round the altar night and day,  
Hymning one triumphant song?"

"Worthy is the Lamb once slain;  
Blessing, honour, glory, power,  
Wisdom, riches to obtain;  
New dominion every hour.

"These through fiery trials trod,  
These from great afflictions came;  
Now, before the throne of God,  
Sealed with his Almighty Name.

“Clad in raiment pure and white,  
Victor-palms in every hand ;  
Through their dear Redeemer’s night,  
More than conquerors they stand.

“Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,  
On immortal fruits they feed ;  
Them the Lamb amidst the throne  
Shall to living fountains lead.

“Joy and gladness banish sighs,  
Perfect love dispels all fear ;  
And for ever from their eyes  
God shall wipe away the tear.”

J. D.

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“ABSOLUTELY IN CHRIST.”

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Dear Sir,—The second last death\* recorded in your minor list in this month’s “G.S.” is, to me, and I believe to many, a notable one, if not unique. The good man (E.D.) died, but his dying testimony proved that it is not death to die. Not only the glorious temple itself, reared upon the ruins of fallen man, but the exhibition of his infinite skill in the proof of its rise has been, and will ever be, the great theme lying nearest to the heart of almighty God. Here, not only does Messiah see of the travail of his soul, but the Father finds here his joy and delight . . . . Yea, here is centred, as in a focus, the effulgent glory of the Godhead, the glory of the Triune Jehovah. This must form the subject of the divine discourse to the universe through the eternal ages, and methinks the text will be: “I have seen his ways and will heal him.” The core, the centre of all this brings the contractor as well as the fulfiller of the terms of the everlasting covenant, “THE CHOSEN ONE.” To be accepted in him is our heaven upon earth, but this good man—the account of whose death has made such an impression on my mind—in his swan song rises from the relative to the absolute, i.e., “Absolutely in Christ! Heaven after all!” The fears of not reaching the good land all dissolved; there is glory all around, and here is glory *within*, the glory that excelleth. With a higher inspiration than that of Balaam, I desire to say, “Let me die the death of the righteous!” “Absolutely in Christ,” let my last words be like these. A majestic theme is this for yourself or some worthy contributor to descend upon, leading us up into the “Holy of Holies,” to a glory the like of which the angels themselves do not possess. How stern is a rebuke like this, not only to a vain world, but also to any professing church which aims at toning down the free, sovereign love of God to his own chosen in Christ from before the foundation of the world.

Edinburgh, July 5th, 1901.

Yours, A.B.

\* See page 12 of wrapper July number.—Ed.

## ON FAMILY WORSHIP.

Sir,—A neglect of family-prayer is, I am afraid, too common amongst professors in this day. I am glad that you consider it both as a duty and a privilege, and are by grace determined, that when you shall commence master of a family, you will worship God with all your house. It was Abraham's commendation that he not only served the Lord himself, but was solicitous that his children and household might serve him likewise. I trust that he who inclines your heart to walk in the footsteps of faithful Abraham will bless you in the attempt, and give you peace in your dwelling; a mercy which is seldom enjoyed, which, indeed, can hardly be expected by those families which call not upon the Lord. Though I readily comply with your request, and should be glad if I can offer anything that may assist or animate you in your good purpose, I am afraid I shall not answer your expectations with regard to the particulars of your inquiry concerning the most proper method of conducting family worship. The circumstances of families are so various, that no determinate rules can be laid down, nor has the word of God prescribed any; because, being of universal obligation, it is wisely and graciously accommodated to suit the different situations of his people. You must, therefore, as to circumstantialia, judge for yourself. You will do well to pursue such a method as you shall find most convenient to yourself and family, without scrupulously binding yourself, when the scripture has left you free.

We have no positive precept enjoining us at any set time for prayer, nor even how often we should pray, either in public or private; though the expressions of "continuing instant in prayer," "praying without ceasing," and the like, plainly intimate that prayer should be frequent. Daniel prayed three times a day; which the Psalmist speaks of as being his practice likewise; and in one place declares his purpose of praising seven times a day. This last expression is, perhaps, indefinite, not precisely seven times a day, but very often. Indeed, a person who lives in the exercise of faith and love, and who finds, by experience, that it is good for him to draw nigh to God, will not want to be told how often he must pray, any more than how often he must converse with an earthly friend. Those whom we love, we love to be much with. Love is the best casuist, and either resolves or prevents a thousand scruples and questions, which may perplex those who only serve God from principles of constraint and fear. And a believer will account those his happiest days, when he has most leisure, and most liberty of spirit, for the exercise of prayer. However, I think family prayer cannot be said to be stated, unless it be performed at least daily, and, when unavoidable hindrances do not prevent, twice a day. Though all times and seasons are alike to the Lord, and his ear is always open, whenever we have a heart to call upon him,

yet to us there is a peculiar suitableness in beginning and closing the day with prayer: in the morning to acknowledge his goodness in our preservation through the night, and entreat his presence on our persons and callings in the course of the day; and at night to praise him for the mercies of the day past, to humble ourselves before him for what has been amiss, to wait on him for a renewed manifestation of his pardoning love, and to commit ourselves and our concerns to his care and protection while we sleep. You will, of course, choose those hours when you are least liable to be incommoded by the calls of business, and when the family can assemble with the most convenience; only I would observe, that it greatly preserves regularity and good order in a house, to keep constantly to the same hours when it is practicable; and, likewise, that it is best not to defer evening prayer till late, if it can be well avoided, lest some who join in the exercise, and perhaps the person himself who leads in it, should be too weary and sleepy to give a due attention. On this account, I should advise to have family-prayer before supper, when people have the choice and disposal of their hours. I think, with you, that it is very expedient that reading a portion of the Word of God should be ordinarily a part of our family worship; so, likewise, to sing a hymn or psalm, or part of one, at discretion, provided there are some persons in the family who have enough of a musical ear and voice to conduct the singing in a tolerable manner; otherwise, perhaps, it may be better omitted. If you read and sing, as well as pray, care should be taken that the combined services do not run into an inconvenient length. The chief thing to be attended to is, that it may be spiritual service; and the great evil to be dreaded and guarded against in the exercise of every duty that returns frequently upon us, is formality. If a stated course of family prayer is kept up as constantly in its season as the striking of the clock, it may come in time to be almost as mechanically performed, unless we are constantly looking to the Lord to keep our hearts alive. It most frequently happens that one or more members of a family are unconverted persons. When there are such persons present a great regard should be had to them, and everything conducted with a view (if so is the will of God) to their edification, that they may not be disgusted, or wearied, or tempted, to think that it is little more than the fashion or custom of the house; which will probably be the case, unless the master of the family is lively and earnest in the performance of the duty, and likewise circumspect and consistent in every part of his behaviour at other times. By leading in the worship of God before children, servants, or strangers, a man gives bond, as it were, for his behaviour, and adds strength to every other motive which should engage him to abstain from all appearance of evil. It should be a constant check upon our language and tempers in

the presence of our families, to consider that we began the day, and propose to end it, with them in prayer. The Apostle Peter uses this argument to influence the conduct of husbands and wives towards each other ; and it is equally applicable to all the members of a family ; “That your prayers be not hindered ;” that is, either prevented or cut off, or despoiled of all life and efficacy, by the ferment of sinful passions. On the other hand, the proper exercise of family prayer, when recommended by a suitable deportment, is a happy means [in the hands of the Spirit] of instructing children and servants in the great truths of religion, of softening their prejudices and inspiring them with a temper of respect and affection, which will dispose them to cheerful obedience, and make them unwilling to grieve or offend. In this instance, as in every other, we may observe that the Lord’s commands to his people are not arbitrary appointments, but that, so far as they are conscientiously complied with, they have an evident tendency and suitableness to promote our own advantage. He requires us to acknowledge him in our families, for our own sakes ; not because he has need of our poor services, but because we have need of his blessing, and, without the influence of his grace (which is promised to all who seek it), are sure to be unhappy in ourselves and in all our connections.

When husband and wife are happily partakers of the same faith it seems expedient, and for their mutual good, that besides their private devotions, and joining in family prayer, they should pray together. They have many wants, mercies, and concerns in common with each other, and distinct from the rest of the family. The manner in which they should improve a little time in this joint exercise cannot well be prescribed by a third person ; yet I will venture to suggest one thing, and the rather, as I do not remember to have met with it in print. I conceive that it may prove much to their comfort to pray alternately, not only the husband with and for the wife, but the wife with and for the husband. The Spirit of God by the Apostle has expressly restrained women from the exercise of spiritual gifts in public, but I apprehend the practice I am speaking of cannot in any way interfere with that restriction. I suppose them in private together, and then I judge it to be equally right and proper for either of them to pray with the other. Nor do I meet with anything in the apostle Paul’s writings to prevent my thinking that, if he had been a married man, he would, though an apostle, have been glad of the prayers of his wife. If you ask, how often they should pray together ? I think the oftener the better, provided it does not break in upon their duties. . . . . But I would observe, as before, that in matters not expressly commanded, prudence and experience must direct. . . . . Happy is that family where the worship of God is constantly and conscientiously maintained.

Such houses are temples, in which the Lord dwells and garrisoned by a divine power. I do not say that, by honouring God in your house, you will wholly escape a share in the trials incident to the present uncertain state of things. A measure of such trials will be necessary for the exercise and manifestation of your graces, to give you a more convincing proof of the truth and sweetness of the promises made to a time of affliction, to mortify the body of sin, and to wean you more effectually from the world. But this I will confidently say, that the Lord will both honour and comfort those who thus honour him. Seasons will occur in which you shall know, and probably your neighbours shall be constrained to take notice, that he has not bid you seek him in vain. If you meet with troubles, they shall be accompanied with supports, and followed by deliverance; and you shall upon many occasions experience, that he is your protector, preserving you and yours from the evils by which you will see others suffering around you. I have rather exceeded the limits I proposed, and therefore shall only add a request, that in your addresses at the throne of grace you will remember, &c.

JOHN NEWTON.

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### “THE LORD MAKETH CROOKED THINGS STRAIGHT.”

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My beloved Friend,—I cannot express a better wish for you than the one my dear sister Rosa, in a letter received from her this morning, has penned down for me, *i.e.*, “That you may spend a blessed Christmas in close communion with a risen and exalted Saviour,” &c. I am much secluded from the society of mortals; but, bless his precious name, he keeps my spirit panting after him, and now and then lets fall “a ray of comfort from his throne,” and condescends to let me know what it is to *commune with him*, and the more he favours me thus the more *poor and needy* I feel in and of myself, and herein is the blessing, for he says, “Blessed be ye poor,” and “blessed are ye that *hunger* now.” They are blessed hungerings that nothing but *himself* can satisfy! O how precious is such a word as this, Psalm lxxii. 12, when we can read our own character in it; and know that we have *such* a helper when all other help fails! one that we have *proved* “has heaven and earth at his command, and waits to answer prayer:” “Thou wilt prepare their heart, thou wilt cause thine ear to hear.” You know *how* he prepares the heart, or there would be *no* going out after him. He puts a note of *necessity* into our bosom; things too hard for us, we are obliged to commit to *his* management. I could tell you some that are trying me now, and after all my striving find all that I can do is to *look out* and hope and pray for his interference to make crooked things straight. I am deeply convinced that all the Lord’s teachings are to confirm this truth: “It is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure,”

and we can do nothing either to profit our own souls, or those of others, but as he is pleased to lead us in the way of righteousness, &c., and our divine teacher knows how to bring down our proud hearts to receive his kingdom as a little child,—how different is the *mind* of Christ (who made himself of *no* reputation) to the spirit of the world! and we know the word of truth declares, “If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his,” and whenever I am favoured to feel that I have the mind of Christ, it is then I find most to be humbled for the pride of my heart, and am laid in the dust of self-abasement, and then can honestly cry,

“Make me well my vileness know,  
Keep me very, very low.”

I trust my dear sister is of this mind, and no doubt, with me, knows what it is to feel the fight against her, the flesh lusting against the spirit, so that we cannot throw a stone at the greatest reprobate and wonder, ah! and adore the grace that has made us to differ. O my dear *sister* (for such I must esteem you) it is a *great* mercy to be separate from a world of *dead* professors, whatever their profession may be, for there are very few that are confessing, as the fathers did, that they are strangers and pilgrims on the earth, in constant desire “for a better country!” It is, indeed, a cloudy and dark day; the generality of preachers and people seem to settle down in a cold, lifeless state, iniquity abounds, and the love of many waxes cold, and how few there seem to be that lay it to heart! I often think how highly favoured you are at Frederick Street, and have sometimes felt to covet being among you, but the bounds of our habitation are fixed by infinite wisdom, and the Lord knows how to feed and keep alive the souls of his needy people in the midst of famine, though it appears to me a great privilege and help to have communion with living souls, “They that feared the Lord spake often one to another,” &c. I feel the lack of this in this part of the country, but have much cause for thankfulness that I am favoured with such companions—the precious Word of God, and the writings of such as are gone before, when the Lord makes such spirit and life to me; I feel how much we need the word, “Let us not sleep as do others, but let us watch and be sober.” May we be helped to pray for one another! I should have written to you before this, but, beside other hindrances, I have felt, for the most part, in such a wintry state that the most I could do has been to deplore it, and cry to him who alone can alter it. Will you give my Christian love to Mr. and Mrs. Dennett? Tell him I am glad to receive his letter from sister Mountfort this morning, and to find it is as well as it is with them, though still tried. May the Lord bless them, and you, exceeding abundantly above all that I can ask or think.—I am, yours affectionately in him,

Wolverhampton, Dec. 23rd, 1875.

M. E. GREGORY.

To Miss Whatmore.

## A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. DENNETT.

My dear Betsy,—I believe thou art as honourable a daughter of Abraham as was Elizabeth of old, who was favoured to be fruitful in her old age, so that she, and her child yet unborn, leaped for spiritual joy when the salutation of Mary, the mother of Jesus, was heard and felt. The Lord has given you a son in your old age. First, he was given to you after the flesh, for a time to be a plague and a cross to you, to spurn your wise counsel and that of your dear husband, so that you might have something to go to the Lord with, and to pray for, and doubtless your prayer to God was, that he would change his heart, and bend his impenitent spirit. This he has done, and has given him to you in the spirit, and after the spirit a son of your old age, so that you feel ready to say, "Who would have thought that I should have to suckle a child in my old age? Is anything too hard for the Lord? What sinner is he whom the God of heaven cannot stop in his mad career of sin and folly, and bend and humble before him?" Where is the man that Satan can harden in opposition, pride, rebellion, blasphemy, and enmity against God, his truth, the example of godly souls, and the prayers of gracious parents? Who is able to resist the irresistible grace, spirit, and life of God in the day of his power?" God is God, and therefore works all things according to his eternal mind like a God; not stopping to make proposals to his much-loved and elect people; but unasked, unsought for, undeserved, even when the soul is in the full vigour of natural strength, and in the height of sinful ways. He sends grace and regenerates once and for ever his dear people. Not to make them sheep, but because they always were the sheep of his pasture. Not that he might set his love upon them, but because he had loved them with an everlasting love. So I preach, and so you believe. Nor can men or devils overthrow our faith, for it is the faith of God's elect people; and where this grace of faith has been bestowed, there will truth be most precious, and so durable, and the ways of God so glorious that the child of God, even in old age, will not depart from them; but rather keep closer to them. As saith the wise man, Solomon, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

When I came to see you at your humble cottage I felt quite a knitting to you and your aged husband. I saw in you both the grace of God, and was glad. This grace is what we much need in the midst of our many mercies, and our sorrows and trials. If we have many sore trials, and a rough and a thorny path, we are ready to think, and Satan is ready to suggest, and will represent to us, that we cannot be the children of God, or the Lord would not thus deal with us. If our captivity is turned, and our path for a time is smoother than it has been, and our

temporal mercies are large, and more than they have been formerly, then we think that we shall have all our good things in this life. But whether in trials, temptations, afflictions, or in the enjoyment of the comforts of this life, it is our wisdom to ask the Lord for grace to keep our souls looking up unto God, and to ask him to keep us from being too much cast down with adversity, and too much lifted up with prosperity; and to cry with the sweet singer of Israel, "Hold up my feet in thy goings that my footsteps slip not." These are the heirs of God, and the joint heirs with Christ Jesus. Many changes, such as the hypocrite and dead professor, are strangers to come upon us, such as darkness indescribable, death inexpressible, fears lest we have been deceived, temptations lest after all we should die out of the secret, and the secret not be in our heart. Representations that our death will be awful; and that we shall hear the dreadful sentence "depart ye cursed, I never knew you." These things try the heaven-born soul, if possible, more than the fear of hell.

Ever since last Lord's day my soul has been meditating upon the resurrection of the body and the glorious image in which it will rise, and the brightness in which the saints of God will shine when the Son of God, who is the Resurrection and the life, shall appear to call our mother, Eve, her martyred son, Abel, Noah, Abraham, and all the election of grace out of their silent graves, to put on incorruption, immortality, and glory; and be made spiritual, harmless, holy, and undefiled, and like unto the body of the second Adam, the Lord from heaven, in which exceeding great blessings I hope to share, sinful and unworthy as I am, and feel myself to be. The apostle says that "we are saved by hope: but hope that is seen is not hope: for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for? But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it" (Rom. viii. 24, 25). This I know is one great branch of your faith and desire, in which you possess that good part which cannot be taken away from you. The Lord bless you. My best love to all the friends.

J. DENNETT.

To Mrs. Betsy Cox,

10a, The Grove, Handsworth, Birmingham.

January 11th, 1882.

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**PROVIDENCE** :—If God be your father, you can want nothing that is good: but the determination of what is good must be left to his wisdom; for we are not so fit to judge of it nor to discern our own good. We should therefore commit all to his fatherly care and wise providence. Indeed, he chooseth rather to profit us than to please us, in his dispensations; and it is our duty to refer all to his wisdom and faithfulness. If we trust God for our heavenly inheritance, we may well trust him for our daily maintenance, which he vouchsafeth to the birds of the air, to the beasts of the field, and even to his enemies.—*Toplady*.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LORD'S DEALINGS WITH MRS.  
KEMP, OF TUNBRIDGE WELLS. Written by her own hand

I HAVR, for some time past, had a desire to write a little of the Lord's dealings with my soul, that it may be a little satisfaction, and I hope some encouragement to those friends I cannot speak to. If my time is short here, which I sometimes feel will be the case, it will be something for them to look at after my decease. I can say before a heart-searching God, that what I am about to write will, I trust, be what I have experienced; if it were not, and I am writing from a wrong motive, I hope no one will ever see it. When my health has been worse than usual in the past, I have been much exercised in my mind because I have not written down what I passed through.

Towards the end of the summer of 1874 I was watching a funeral, when the solemnity of death struck my mind so forcibly that I felt that all this external show will avail but little if his soul is not in heaven! When as if an audible voice said to me—"Where would your soul be if called to die?" Then these words came into my mind with great power,—

"Day of judgment, day of wonders!  
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,"

"Careless sinner, what will then become of thee?"

distress and terror seized hold of my mind that I cannot describe, and my sins were laid as a heavy burden upon me, and I felt that up to that time I had done nothing but sin against God. I felt that sudden destruction was coming upon me, and I could not understand what it all meant, as I never had such feelings before. O, how I tried to put these feelings away from me, and the thoughts of death! I was thankful to speak to any one, and I longed for night to come that sleep might take all such thoughts and feelings away from me. But the night was often worse than the day, for I was afraid to go to sleep, and I dare not pray to God or even look into the Bible; yet I felt that if ever I was saved God must do the work. What resolutions I made at night if the Lord would spare me till the morning,—how good I would be in thought, and in word, and deed! But in the midst of these distressing feelings I fell asleep, and dreamt that the day of Judgment was come, and that the world was being burned up. I soon awoke, and the thoughts of eternity and my being in hell (for I felt persuaded that would be my portion) distressed me greatly. I looked out of my window to see if the world was already on fire; but I was somewhat relieved when I found that it was a dream, and that I was spared. Sometimes these feelings wore off, and I hoped that they would altogether leave me; but they only left me for a time, and would return with greater weight and power. This portion was fastened upon my mind continually,—“The soul

that sinneth it shall die : ” If I tried to live better, which I did every day, then there were the sinful thoughts of my heart, which I could not keep down do all I could. In the midst of this turmoil and distress of soul these words came to me :—

“ And does thy heart for Jesus pine,  
 And make its secret moan?  
 He understands a sigh divine,  
 And marks a secret groan.”

O, how I felt that I wanted to be saved from hell ; and how I tried to pray for mercy ; but I felt that the eye of God was upon me every moment, and that he would cut me off for my sins and banish me from his presence ! The anguish and distress of my mind was so great and wearing to my poor body that at night I wished it were morning, and in the morning I wished it were night ; and how I envied the brute creation that had no soul to be saved, or lost, and I really wished I had never been born. For several weeks I continued more or less in this state of mind ; when I began to perceive my bodily strength give way under this heavy and painful load, so that I had to keep my bed for some time. What I passed through at that time I never can describe. The pains of my body were great, but the distress of my mind was much greater. It seemed as though my senses were fast going from me, and how the enemy at that time tempted me to self-destruction ; telling me that God’s people were a holy and happy people ; “ but,” said Satan, “ as for you there is no hope of your ever being saved, for you are not one of the elect.” But this strong temptation of the enemy made me cry and groan unto the Lord for him to deliver me out of the enemy’s hand. One evening my distress of mind was greater than usual, and I felt as though I must do something rash to myself ; but if I did not do it then, I should be sure to do it when out of my mind, which at that time I believed would be my sad lot. But in the midst of this distressing temptation these words were very powerfully brought to my mind :—

“ Though much dismay’d, take courage still,  
 And knock at mercy’s door ;  
 A loving Saviour surely will  
 Relieve his praying poor.”

O, what a blessed hope sprung up in my heart that God might have mercy upon me and deliver my soul ; yet I could not see how God, being so holy, just, and good, could do so. It seemed impossible that such a great sinner as I felt myself to be could be saved. But at the same time there was felt a venturing near to the Lord, and a pleading for mercy. I felt that if the Lord would but have mercy upon me I did not care what I suffered, or had to pass through afterwards. How very earnestly I begged of the Lord for him to make me right for eternity, and to reveal to me the way of salvation, and assure

me that I was interested in it. But everything seemed to be against me, and, as far as I could see, it was utterly impossible for such a sinner as I to be saved. Then, upon coming to this conclusion, this word came with some light and power into my mind, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else." (Isaiah xlv. 22.) There was such light and life accompanied those words that I could see that God could, through the blood-shedding and merits of the dear Redeemer, save the vilest of the vile; and he could save me. I now began, not to doubt his power to save me, but his willingness, for I was so afraid I was not one of his elect people.

A few weeks after I recovered from my bodily affliction, and the first or the second time Mr. Smith came to preach at Tunbridge Wells I went to hear him, and he preached from these words, "But ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you" (Rom. viii. 9). How closely I watched him in his discourse to hear if anything was said to give me any hope, or that I might know on which side I was! I noticed that he dwelt much upon the first work of grace upon a sinner's heart, and spoke of the feelings he had, and how that poor sinner was tempted by the enemy. Now, had he known what I had passed through, he could not have described my case more correctly. This much encouraged me, and I felt grateful that God's minister knew this way. And I was further encouraged when Mr. Smith said, "Such a soul will go on, and hope on still," with many more very acceptable words. I felt to lose my burden for the time being, and believed if what he said was really true it was said for me. But this comfort did not last long. Then how low I sank again! The enemy suggested that if the encouragement I received had been right I should not have lost the feeling. I was much tried about prayer, because I could not pray as I thought I ought to do; therefore I concluded that mine was the prayer of the wicked, "which is an abomination to the Lord." Then these words came, which so suited my case, "Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities; for we know not what we should pray for as we ought; but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered" (Rom. viii. 26). I felt helped and encouraged for a little time, but when the feeling was gone I was for giving up all for lost. Instead of getting better, as I tried and expected to do, I felt worse, and more sinful and polluted. Sometimes I thought I would give it all up and try no more. Then the thought came into my mind that if I was ever so good, and lived a holy life, there were all my past sins, which appeared like mountains before me; and then came the day of death, and eternity, which were dreadful to my feelings. How I did beg of the Lord to forgive all my sins; yet I felt he would be a just God if he were to cut me off and send me

to hell! In the midst of these exercises and pleadings for mercy, these words were brought to my mind, "From all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you." There was faith given me with the words to believe that it would be so. I expected to see the fulfilment of the promise at once, but it did not come as I expected it would do. However, I did not doubt but that God was faithful to his promise. But the question was—Did it come from him? How fearful I was of being in any way deceived! For more than twelve months was I tossed about in this manner. But it is useless for me to try to describe the anguish of mind I suffered from time to time, and the gloomy, desponding feelings I was the subject of during that season of soul trouble. But the Lord was pleased to keep me waiting and hoping on with these words, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." I was also greatly supported and encouraged by various portions of hymns, this one especially:—

"The men that fear the Lord,  
In every state are blest;  
The Lord will grant whate'er they want;  
Their souls shall dwell at rest.

"His secrets they shall share,  
His covenant shall learn;  
Guided by grace, shall walk his ways,  
And heavenly truths discern."

But I could not rest satisfied until I felt an assurance that I had an interest in the Saviour's blood.

In February, 1876, I was sent for to go and live at Hastings. I did not like the idea at all; but every door seemed closed against me, and I feared whether, in going there among strangers, I might be left to go out into the world. But these words were a great help to me, "Be not afraid; my presence shall go with thee." I begged of the Lord to verify that gracious promise in my heart's experience and give me rest. How many times I went to and from the chapel and felt just like the stony-ground hearers! Once in particular I felt so low and desponding that it seemed as though I must give it all up and go to chapel no more, when, as I came to this conclusion, these words dropped into my mind with much sweetness:

"Sue it out, spurning doubt;  
The Holy Ghost's thy witness."

Not many Sundays after this Mr. Hazlerigg came to the chapel, and preached from these words: "To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion," etc. I found while he was speaking of the mourners that I had many more evidences than I thought I had; and there was such power and sweetness attended the word spoken that I was greatly encouraged and much comforted. I seemed to have lost my burden, and could look back with a good hope that it was the Lord's work; and I felt per-

sueded that the time would come when I should feel that satisfaction I so longed for. O, what love I did feel in my heart to Christ Jesus, the Friend of sinners, and how suitable a Saviour he was for one so vile as I; and how unworthy I felt of the least token of his love or the smallest of his divine favours and blessings! I could talk to him most freely, and did beg of him to give me more love, faith, and patience to wait his time. But how low I sank in my feelings after this blessed visit! Instead of being nearer the Lord and waiting patiently for him—which I so much desired—I felt farther off, and was made to feel more of the depravity of my sinful heart, which made me cry out and say, “Can ever God dwell here?” And how strongly tempted I was to blaspheme against my Maker! It was as though I must utter all that I felt was working within me, notwithstanding there was a secret striving against it and many groans and sighs to be delivered from it. Prayer seemed to be all gone, and I was brought solemnly to feel that if one good desire would purchase heaven, I had not got that desire, neither could I create it. O, the despairing feelings that came into my mind! One morning, feeling truly wretched in myself, these words came with some light and power: “Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you.” What a desire there was raised up in my heart (which came with those words) to know if I was the character! How I did plead with God that, if those words came from him, he would make it manifest by giving me something more, when, to my astonishment, these words came with sweetness into my heart: “Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love, and with loving-kindness have I drawn thee,” and other similar portions kept flowing into my mind, that all I could say was, “Why me, dear Lord? Why such a wretch as I?” It seemed too much for me, and too good to be true. O, I thought, that such a hell-deserving sinner as I am should be so favoured! “Lord,” I said, “it is so precious to my feelings I cannot doubt thee again! And let me suffer what I may in the future, I shall have thy presence through life, and heaven and glory at last.”

This sweet blessing did not abide with me more than a day or two, but the savour of it lasted many days. As the feeling declined in my heart, and no sensible communion with God was kept up, I began again to fear that, after all, I might be deceived, as I thought that that love to, and close union and communion with, the Lord would always be kept up. How I did beg of the Lord that if all was right between God and my soul that it might be made manifest by the preaching of Mr. Hull the next time I went to the chapel. In the evening of the following Sunday, when Mr. Hull began to read the eighth chapter of Romans, he commented much on the first verse, and proved that there was no condemnation to them that were in Christ Jesus, and that nothing would ever separate them from

his love. O, how I was brought to feel that I was in Christ Jesus, and that nothing would separate my soul from him! I was so swallowed up in love, adoration, and praise to the God of all my mercies, that I wished to sit in my seat and die, as it would be so easy for me to go home to heaven! I could then cheerfully say:

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

What a desire I felt for the Lord to do with me as seemed good in his sight, and that I might make some returns for the great mercies I had received from him! but oh, how unworthy I felt of them!

Soon after this Mr. Smith came to Hastings to preach, and spoke from these words: “Thy words were found and I did eat them; and they were to me the joy and the rejoicing of my heart.” What a blessed time I had under that discourse! There was an old lady to be baptised that night, and how I did wish that I could join with her and follow my precious Saviour through the ordinance of baptism! For he hath left his people an example that they should follow in his steps. I begged of the Lord that he would give me a word for myself, and I felt much liberty in thus asking. But, although I felt myself to be the right character to be baptized, yet I did not want to go through the ordinance at the wrong time. I wanted a direct command from the Lord. What tenderness of conscience I felt in moving on lest I should grieve or offend such a gracious and merciful God! In the midst of these feelings the thought arose in my mind that I had never spoken to anyone about the things I had passed through, which caused some disquietude to arise within me; and then the words came, “If these should hold their peace, the stones would cry out against them.” Then this question was put to me—I believe by the enemy—“There must be something wrong, as you have never spoken to anyone of the things that have been made known to you.” I had always thought that I would never say anything about my religion to anyone, at least until I felt sure I was right. But now I had a desire to speak of what the Lord had done for my soul. But there was a felt backwardness to do so, as the people were all strangers to me. Still I felt a drawing towards Mr. Hull, and would like to speak to him; but each time I attempted to do so there was something presented to my mind which kept me back.

After a few weeks my joys declined and my spiritual comforts were gone. I had no liberty at the throne of grace, as formerly, and I was painfully brought to feel the depravity of my wicked heart, which I never expected to feel again. What grief this caused me; and the temptations of the enemy made me cry

out at times and say, "Oh, I shall be overcome!" Prayer seemed to be restrained; and this evil heart of unbelief made me cry out and say, "Lord, am I right? And is it really thy work begun in my heart? Is it possible for one to feel what I have felt and then to be deceived?" How true are the words of the hymn which says,

"I miss the presence of my Friend;  
Like one whose comfort's gone."

How very different it was now with me to what I expected. I quite thought it would be with me all peace and joy, and that I should never doubt my interest in Christ any more. But O, what unbelief I felt, and desertion, and darkness of mind; so that I sank very low; but not through fear of death and hell, as I did before. However, I was comforted with this verse

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

This gave me a little fresh life and strength, and enabled me to plead before the Lord for his guiding and protecting hand to be with me through all I might have to pass through.

My health again failed, which troubled me; and what a dark picture presented itself to my mind respecting the future. I could not rise above my feelings; yet I desired to leave all my concerns and myself in the Lord's hands. Every way seemed closed against me for some months. One evening, in this trying position, I went to chapel; my mind was exceedingly low; when Mr. Hull spoke from these words, "Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God," etc. When he was speaking of the Lord being a Rock of safety to his people, O, what a melting and a giving way I felt within. Every worldly care was removed, and I could say of the Lord, "He is my Rock, and in him I desire to rest." And what a desire there was in my heart for him to do with me as seemed good in his sight, whether for life, or death, or sickness, or health; I wanted my will to be completely swallowed up in his will! What humility this produced in my mind; and although I was not any stronger bodily, yet the Lord opened a place for me, where I continued during the time I stayed in Hastings. When the time came for me to leave there I felt it much, as there were several sacred spots here and there where the Lord had blessed me. I was much tried at the seemingly crooked way in which the Lord was leading me; but these lines put it all right:

"God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain."

What hard thoughts (to my grief I say it) rose up in my mind at the way in which I was led when going home. But my murmurings were silenced with these words: "Wait on the Lord;

be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart ; wait, I say, upon the Lord." A few months after I had been home the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was administered for the first time at "Rehoboth" Chapel. O, what a spirit of prayer I felt rising up in my heart for Mr. Smith and the people that the Lord would bless them. Inwardly I felt sure that he would, for I felt such a love towards them all, and to their God, and who, I humbly believed, was my God.

I asked the Lord to impress the ordinances of his house more and more upon my mind, as I saw the way the dear Friend of sinners travelled, and I had a strong desire to follow him in that way ; and I hoped that I should have no rest until I went forward in obedience to his holy command, which says, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." . . . I was much exercised through the week, having a desire to go forward ; but O, what opposition I met with from within and without ; and the many temptations from the enemy were almost too much for me. These words, however, followed me continually : "Whosoever confesseth me before men," etc. How ashamed I was of myself, and cried, "Lord, will it please thee to give me one more token, and one more word on which my soul can hope, that I may confess thee before men, and declare what thou hast done for my soul." On the Friday morning I felt determined to give it up, and to think no more about it, forgetting what I had been asking the Lord for ; then this portion came with light and power into my mind : "My word shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." But the enemy suggested at once to me that I should never be able to speak before God's people, which made me cry to the Lord for help ; when these words were applied : "That which is impossible with man is possible with God." I felt as if a burden were removed from me. After I had spoken to Mr. Smith, I was favoured to feel nearness to the Lord, and some little access at the throne of grace, which made amends for all the solemn exercises I had passed through. I was much tried the day I went before the church. When I tried to think of what the Lord had done for me my mind seemed all confusion ; and when alone in the chapel the enemy suggested that I had better go out, for I should not be able to speak before the people ; when these words dropped into my mind : "I will make all my goodness pass before thee," so that all fear of man was taken away. But I much deplored an evil heart of unbelief which I carried about daily. When Mr. Mockford said to me, "There is no greater proof that your faith is right than to be tried, and to feel an anxious seeking after the Lord's help and blessing." What a word in season was this to me ! For though I would gladly have trusted the Lord, who had been so good to me, yet I felt a great desire to know that I was doing right in his sight.

*(To be continued.)*

## Obituary.

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**Mrs. BELL.**—On Wednesday, August 4th, 1901, Mrs. Bell departed this life in her 88th year. She was united to us in Church fellowship in the year 1858. At that time the Church met for divine worship in Alfred Street Chapel, Leicester. For six months in the year the services were carried on by supplies, for the other six months by the more stated minister. The late Mr. Taylor, of Manchester, presided at the church meeting in which Mrs. Bell gave in her experience, and cordially received her testimony. She was a woman of strong faith, and much prayer. Her religion was a daily one, and she was constantly aiming at communion with the Lord. In her later years she used to wake early in the morning, and her habit was to spend an hour, before the cares and bustle of the day came on, in reading and meditation, and seeking fellowship with him whom she loved. One of the sweetest times of communion I can remember as having had with her was when my dear wife and myself visited her last November on a bed of affliction. We held, I believe, sweet fellowship together, and I have not seen her since. When the tidings of her decease came to us, these words fell upon my mind, and have been with me since:

“She’s gone in endless bliss to dwell,  
And I am left below.”

My dear sister passed through a great many very heavy trials, particularly of a temporal nature, and in her last days was a great sufferer, but she was enabled to bear the Lord’s will with great patience, and to glorify him in the fires. Towards the end she longed to depart, fearing lest faith and patience might fail and the Lord be dishonoured. My dear sister was anxious to honour the Lord, not only in life, but in death. She therefore wished to be buried as a Nonconformist and professor of the doctrines of free grace. It was her earnest wish that I should officiate at her funeral. This took place at Goadby, where she resided, on the 6th, the Lord enabling me to be there, and consign her mortal remains to the grave, in comfortable hope of the resurrection of the righteous dead, and that what we sowed in weakness would be raised in glory in the day of God.

G. HAZLERIGG.

**MR. JAMES GRAY.**—My dear father, James Gray, was born on December 24th, 1814. His mother died when he was about twelve months old. From that time his grandfather took him, and brought him up, and gave him a good education. In early life he had many convictions for sin, but which did not then have the desired effect, and, like many others, he was determined to have his fill of sin, and, being particularly fond of music and singing, he was brought into company with young

people. One night, when returning from his daily labour, as usual he was whistling one of his favourite song tunes, when a godly woman met him, who said to him, "I thought it was you by your whistling. How pleasant the devil's tunes do go, don't they?" Now, God, by his Spirit, sent those words into his heart, which convinced him of the state by nature he was in, and the awfulness of dying in that state. He tried hard to shake off those convictions; but was led to prove the truth of these words, "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power" (Psalm cx. 3). Soon after this he joined the Primitive Methodists, and tried hard to obey the preceptive part of the Word of God, but he found

"The more he strove against sin's power,  
He sinn'd and stumbled but the more;  
Till late he heard the Saviour say,  
'Come hither, soul—I AM THE WAY.'"

One evening, being worn out in body, and in mind too, and returning from one of the meetings, he took up a tract that lay on the table, the title of it being, "Dost thou believe? If thou dost, thou art saved." By the light of the Holy Spirit he saw that all his works were in vain. The same night the dear Lord appeared unto him in a vision, when he was led to see Jesus by faith, and to behold him suffering in his stead. Now all things appeared new to him, which much surprised him, so that he went out into his garden to see if things in nature had changed, thinking that it must be a new world that he had got into. His heart was greatly affected, so that he heartily sang:

"My God is reconciled,  
His pardoning voice I hear;  
He owns me as his child,  
I can no longer fear;  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And 'Father, Abba Father' cry."

Being now dissatisfied with the Methodist people he joined himself to the General Baptist, where he remained a member about eleven years; but getting more established in the doctrines of free and sovereign grace, he, with my dear mother (whose obituary appeared in the "Gospel Standard" for June, 1883) and several others, came out of the General Baptist community and helped to form a Strict Baptist cause of truth at Corsham, in Wiltshire, somewhere about the year 1857, of which chapel he was a trustee until his death. I could write much concerning the Lord's gracious dealings with him, both before he was called by grace and after, and also how he was preserved and kept when in great danger. The Lord's keeping power being put forth made him prize this expression of Jude, "And preserved in Jesus Christ, and called." He was valiant for the blessed truths as advocated in the "Gospel Standard," which monthly periodical was his favourite book next to the Bible. But I will

now come to his last days. The dear Lord was pleased to hide his face from him during the first part of his illness, but afterwards appeared for him with these words, "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins" (Isaiah xliii. 25). I said to him a few days before he died, "Father, can you die resting upon the precious truths that you have held so dear for so many years?" He answered, "Yes; for they are the very life of my soul." On the evening before he died he said to my brother George, "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven, through the precious blood and sacrifice of Christ Jesus." And a little after he said, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," which were the last words which he uttered distinctly. He gradually sank until about half-past one o'clock on Good Friday, April 5th, 1901, when he passed away, to be for ever with Christ, of whom he delighted to speak. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; and the memory of the just is blessed." J. GRAY.

MR. JAMES GRESTY.—On May 22nd, 1901, aged 66 years, James Gresty. He was a member of the Strict Baptist Chapel, Rochdale Road, Manchester.

My dear father was born at Prestwich, and was the son of an ungodly father, who was much addicted to swearing; but his mother was a godly woman, who strongly exhorted my father never to swear. This exhortation left a deep impression upon his mind, and he was enabled to keep from such a wicked course. Still, he loved singing and company. But the time came when (as he would say) the Lord stopped him in his mad career, and plucked him as "a brand from the burning." It was, as near as I can tell, about the year 1889. On Whit Saturday he went to Belle Vue with some friends, and while there watching the fireworks from the stand a sudden conviction seized him, which brought him to feel that he was a condemned, hell-deserving sinner. He was afraid that God was going to send him to hell at once! And he promised the Lord that if he would only spare him to get away he would never go there again; which promise he kept. He then began to reform his life, and went to several different places of worship; but sin lay heavy upon his soul, and the burden of it became no lighter. He was then tempted to destroy himself and know the worst of it. At last he called at Rochdale Road Chapel and heard Mr. A. B. Taylor. He got nothing at that time, except he knew what Mr. Taylor preached to be the truth; and he continued to go there. He greatly feared that he had committed the unpardonable sin, and if so, he was sure that there was no hope for him. He used to walk as opportunity served behind some godly old men and listen most attentively to their spiritual conversation. Sometimes a word would be spoken by them which would encourage him to believe that he also knew something of the things they were talking

about. How long he was in this trying state I am not able to say, but the time came, yea, the set time, to favour Zion. He resolved to go to chapel once more, and then thought he would give it all up. Mr. Taylor preached that morning from these words, "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee" (Isaiah lx. 1, 2). Under that discourse his poor captive soul was set at liberty, and he heard the Gospel to the joy and the rejoicing of his heart. He went home blessing and praising God. Another discourse he was especially blessed under, which was from these words, "For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh: that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit" (Romans viii, 3, 4). He was baptized, with my dear mother, by Mr. Taylor the first Lord's day in June, when Mr. Taylor was in the eightieth year of his age. The words Mr. T. preached from were these, "On his head were many crowns." He spoke about the crown of redeeming love, of the covenant made with the Father and the Son before all time, of the crown of redemption, and of Christ's perfect righteousness; and then, when he came to particulars, he said every regenerate soul placed a crown upon his head, and every deliverance in a believer's experience was a crown of rejoicing upon the head of the dear Redeemer.

My dear father often spoke of the blessed time he had on that memorable day; and how he had proved the devil to be a liar; for about three weeks before his baptism he was sorely tempted and tried by Satan, who tried to make him believe that when he came before the Church he would be refused and rejected; but one night he was enabled to wrestle hard with the Lord until about four o'clock in the morning, when these words came with power, "Be still, and know that I am God." That was the second time those words had been applied, and in both cases God's sovereignty and power had been made manifest in his soul.

He had three very narrow escapes of his life. Once a shaft broke over his head, but he had the presence of mind to step quickly on one side. Another time he fell about nine or ten feet between two waggons, but he said it was as though someone had got hold of his feet and let him gently go down. Those words darted like an arrow into my mind:

"Not a single shaft can hit,  
Till the God of love sees fit."

He was sorely bruised about his body, but did not lose consciousness. He suffered very much for some weeks from the fall. The year 1892 was a very trying one to him; so much so

that I sometimes thought he would lose his reason. In the month of March he came home ill with influenza, and my dear mother and myself were suffering from the same complaint at the time. When my dear father got into the house he said those words kept running through his mind :

“In every state secure,  
Kept as Jehovah's eye,  
'Tis well with them while life endure,  
And well when called to die.”

The same year was the coal strike, and my father was at home for eighteen weeks, and never received a penny ; and this was not all. He had, as he thought, made provision for himself and my dear mother in their old age, but it was all swept away, and he feared that everything would be sold that he had. Oh ! how it grieved me to see him day by day try to bear up under the heavy weight that pressed him to the ground ; but there was not a murmuring word escaped his lips ! More than once, he said, with tears,

“I can from all things parted be ;  
But never, never, Lord, from thee.”

He was walking out one morning early, blaming himself, and saying, “If I had not done this or that, how differently things would have been with me.” He was meditating upon the wrong actions of some towards him, when these words came forcibly to his mind, “Our God is a God of knowledge, and by him actions are weighed.” He said that he wept before the Lord like a child, and said, “It is enough, dear Lord, and the way thou wouldest have me to go ; and I do not wish to have one thing altered.” What a blessed resignation was this to the mind and will of God ! He could never speak of this blessed time without being melted in his feelings, and broken into contrition before the Lord.

The Lord raised him up many kind friends here and there, especially Mr. C. and Mr. M., so that it can be said to the honour and glory of God that he never lacked any good thing. He was brought honourably through, but suffered the loss of all things for the Gospel's sake. In the year 1894 we had Mr. White preaching in our house, and my father was working at night-work ; but he came in before the service was over. Mr. White asked him to give out a hymn and engage in prayer. He gave out the 1110 hymn with great solemnity, and was quite broken down in prayer. I do not think I ever heard him better either privately or publicly. After the service was over, and the friends had gone, I had a strange feeling come over me, which impressed me that something peculiar was going to happen ; and in the night I awoke with these words, “When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee ; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.” In the morning, whilst at breakfast, my dear father was seized with a fainting fit, and my mother

and myself thought he was dying. The words again came to me, and I quite thought the Lord was about to take him unto himself; but after a while he revived, and we got him to bed; but never shall I forget the strange feelings I had all day. I was continually going upstairs to look at him, and my earnest prayer was, "Do, Lord, spare my dear father a little longer!" At night he read the hundred and eighteenth Psalm, commencing, "O, give thanks unto the Lord: for he is good: because his mercy endureth for ever." Many, many times my dear father used to say what a good God the Lord had been to him! He had very many fears that he would never endure to the end, yet he would often say,

"And can he have taught me to trust in his name,  
And thus far have brought me to put me to shame."

In 1894, and in the order of God's providence, my father was appointed caretaker at the Rochdale Road Chapel. He loved to be in the house of God, and to meet with his praying people. It was his delight to hear the Lord's people tell what the Lord had done for their souls. He always attended the means of grace, if possible, and has often been there when he has not felt able to attend. He greatly appreciated a good experimental sermon, and when he has heard exceptionally well his countenance would beam with delight.

For many years, and with few exceptions, we had family worship, and at those seasons we often had a refreshing time to our souls. I can honestly say that my dear father lived his religion, and what he was abroad he was the same at home. He was very fond of singing, and a few of his favourite hymns were the 6th, 9th, 182, 199, 728, 1108, 1110. He became very restless, and some of us thought that he would never recover. Twice these words were applied to him, *i.e.*, "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that shall rise up against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn." He proved the truth of those words in a remarkable manner. Two years last March he had a stroke, which affected him on one side for a time, and twelve months after he had another, which affected his sight, but his sight gradually got better. Towards last November it was visible to all that saw him that he was gradually getting worse. We got a physician to examine him, who pronounced his case to be hopeless, and it was his opinion that he would not last long. His complaint was an internal one, which, humanly speaking, was beyond a cure. Soon after this he had another stroke, which affected his brain, and he became very restless, and some of us thought he would never get up again, but we were mistaken, and he got so much better as to be able to attend to the chapel once more. He also was able to be present at the ordinance of the Lord's supper, when he was broken down in his feelings at the Lord's goodness and mercy bestowed upon him. He had been asking the Lord to

restore him, so that he might go into the courts of the Lord's house once more. He continued, feeling sometimes better and then worse, until about three weeks before his death. His mind was dark, and he felt low, often wondering how it would be with him when he came into the swellings of Jordan. A friend, who had called to see him, said, "You are not afraid to pass through the valley of the shadow of death, are you?" He replied, "No," and commenced to weep. The friend spoke of the many precious promises that are recorded in the word, and his countenance seemed to brighten up; and the dear Lord again lifted upon him the light of his countenance. After this he gradually got weaker in body, and Satan was kept at a distance from him. On May 15th he took to his bed, and on the following Sunday he was much worse. It was with difficulty we could understand what he said. He spoke of the kindness of the friends, and said he was sorry to give us so much trouble. On the Monday night he repeated distinctly, "Rock of Ages cleft for me." At four o'clock on Tuesday morning we thought he was going, but he revived again, and said, "It's all right now!" A little while after he said, "Let me go, for I have no fear of death now!" My dear mother said to him, "You have often given out that hymn,—

'Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by thy help I'm come;'

can you say it now?" He repeated the first three words, but his strength failed him. Again she said, "You have often wondered if at eventide it would be light!" He replied, "It is," and "I have seen Jesus!" Several of the friends came in to see him on the Tuesday night, to whom he said, "Good-bye." Mr. Taylor saw him at nine o'clock, and my dear father knew him. Mr. T. said, "My dear friend, you will be in heaven before us!" He replied, "Ah," and his face beamed with delight. The last words he said were "Higher! Higher!! Higher!!!" We believe he remained conscious to the last, although he could not speak. He passed away on the Wednesday morning at a quarter to nine o'clock, to be for ever with the Lord in eternal glory, there to behold him as he is, and to be like him. He was a most kind and an affectionate husband, and father. We miss him very much, but we do not sorrow as those that have no hope; but we rather rejoice that he is taken out of this world of suffering to be for ever with Christ, which is far better than tarrying here below. May our last end be like his! He was interred at Harpurhey Cemetery by Mr. Gruber, Mr. Croft and Mr. Wadsworth taking part in the service. There were a great number of friends present, who had assembled around his tomb to pay the last tribute of Christian esteem to their departed friend and brother, and to see his mortal remains well laid to rest. The 466th hymn was sung in the chapel, and the 463rd hymn was sung at the grave side. M. J. TAYLOR.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

DECEMBER, 1901.

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

## THE PRAYER OF FAITH ANSWERED.

SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON PREACHED AT TRINITY CHAPEL, ALDERSHOT, BY MR. BENNETT (PASTOR), ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 5TH, 1901.

“And Cornelius said, Four days ago I was fasting until this hour: and at the ninth hour I prayed in my house, and, behold, a man stood before me in bright clothing, and said, Cornelius, thy prayer is heard, and thy alms are had in remembrance in the sight of God”—(Acts x. 30, 31).

My friends, how this proves that when God begins a work of grace in a poor sinner's heart prayer must of necessity be the labour in which he will be engaged. We know not when God began a work of grace in this poor man's heart. The Lord hath not seen fit to give us any account of how, when, or which way he began the work, but from the sweet and blessed account here given it is manifest there was a work of grace. It might have been that Cornelius from day to day had been begging God to have mercy upon him; perhaps he could not tell what was the matter with him. I look back to the early part of my experience, and in the first attacks of my conscience, I could not tell sometimes whatever was the matter with me, or what I wanted. That I wanted mercy I knew well; but, then, in what way God might shew me mercy I could not understand, for my sins were of such a dreadful cast and colour, I could not see in which way I was to be brought into the liberty of the Gospel. Now, we know nothing of the experience of Cornelius, except what is here set forth. And it is in answer to Peter's question. Peter, as an honest, God-fearing, faithful, servant of God, when he went amongst those assembled together, wanted to know for what intent he had been sent for. He did not want to know in order to suit the subject—nothing of the kind. He put the question, and our text is a part of the answer God constrained Cornelius to give: “Four days ago I was fasting.” Who could say what

anxious care those four days brought to that poor dear man. But the angel communicated to his soul, that God had heard his prayers and noticed his alms—not meritoriously. I do not apprehend it was received as such, but when the angel said, “Thine alms are had in remembrance in the sight of God,” I do not believe the Lord suffered Cornelius to believe it was an act of merit his prayer was heard. God was pleased to bow the heavens and hear his prayer. You will remember, perhaps, one part of the prayer of the church set forth by Isaiah, and poor Zion was in an exceeding low state of soul, there is no doubt about that, when she cried out, “Oh that thou wouldest rend the heavens, that thou wouldest come down, that the mountains might flow down at thy presence.” Ah! my friends, when a poor exercised, guilty sinner, or a needy sinner, if God hath not seen fit to bring him forth into the liberty of his dear truth; if still under bondage, fear and guilt—how he will want God to remove that mountain that stands between him and a holy God. It is an extraordinary prayer, and who can tell how solemnly Cornelius prayed? He says, “Four days ago I was fasting until this hour; and at the ninth hour (about 3 o’clock in the afternoon) I prayed in my house, and, behold, a man.” That was an angel of God. God saw fit to send. He appeared, as in the Old Testament times, in the form of a man; but it was clear it was an angel of God. You will remember what the Holy Ghost, through Paul, brought forward in writing to the Hebrews. Speaking of angelic spirits he says, “Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?”

Now, here was one sent from the Holy God of heaven to do the gracious God’s business and service, to come to this poor praying man. Perhaps he might have bowed the knee before God, but in whatever position he prayed, he prayed in the spirit. If you feel as I do sometimes, you are like what dear Berridge says about prayer—“We squint and peep another way.” In our prayers our hearts are all over the world, we travel here, there, and yonder, and oh! the many things that cause exercise to some of God’s children. But it would appear as though his whole soul was engaged, and look at Cornelius, and I have measured my prayers by this dear man’s prayer till I have been ashamed of myself, for it appears nothing less than an answer from the mouth of God would satisfy him. Whatever he wanted, and I am bound to believe he wanted pardoning love to be shed abroad in his soul; he wanted to be delivered out of his captivity, he wanted a blessed freedom as in the presence of God, so that he could

honestly commune, have intercourse, and converse with God. Abraham, you know, was favoured of God sometimes with that communion with his divine Lord. How the Lord condescended to show himself in the form of humanity and held converse with Abraham! told him his mind, and then what did he do? Calls Abraham his friend, and God made this known to him by a communication. You and I should not think of communicating to any person we met with, anything that was of a particular nature that we were passing through; but if we had a known bosom friend, one who knew something of the same things and the same exercises and same trials that we have felt—for instance, if that person knew what guilt was—we should feel at liberty to communicate our exercises and trials to him. I have been glad to do that in years that are past, and again when I have been puzzled, or when I have been passing through anything that has had to do with the teaching of God, where God has been exercising me, and I have dropped in with others who were my seniors, and I have dropped a few things to get at whether they knew anything about them; and how it has filled one's soul with encouragement sometimes when we have found that older saints have been the road before us. I remember once speaking to an aged pilgrim in my youth. She asked me how I was getting along. I said, "I do not know, I am so tried I cannot say whether I have anything in my heart more than carnality and sin," and the poor woman broke forth and dropped a few words, and what a union I felt ever afterwards unto that poor pilgrim. She was one of the late Thomas Hardy's hearers in her early days. What an encouragement and confirmation to my tried youthful mind, when I found an aged pilgrim had been that road, exercised with the same exercises, tried with the same trials, burdened the same with sins and wanderings of heart!

Now, my dear friends, God knows the 'why' and the 'wherefore' that Cornelius should have been in this agitated state, or rather anxious state, for it was not excitement. Ah! there is a great difference between excitement of the flesh and the exercises of the soul under divine teaching! He had something of the mind of the Lord about the vision, so that he had to send for a servant of his to communicate and tell him what he should do. And when Peter came, these are some of the words he said to him:—"Four days ago, I was fasting until this hour; and at the ninth hour I prayed in my house, and, behold, a man stood before me in bright clothing. And said, Cornelius." Have you ever asked the

question, how did the angel know the name of Cornelius? I do not know, nor do I want to know, how much wisdom angelic spirits possess. If God communicates anything through them for my soul's profit, I am content to receive it just as God sends it; and Cornelius seemed to be in that humble state, though he was astonished when he heard from Peter's mouth, after he had told him. Then God's message through Peter was to be brought forth. What for? What for? Why, for the people's profit, that they might know, as I have many times wished, that the same truths we may be helped to set forth and testify about, that God would bless them in like manner; for I believe God's poor servants are obliged to speak faithfully the same truth God communicates to them, and the same experience the Lord has given them to realize concerning what he hath done for their immortal souls. They do not stand to speak about many things that might interest the mind—the carnal, the fleshly mind. No, they want to speak out the plain, naked truth of God, just as God communicates it to them. It required something with Peter's Jewish heart, it wanted something to reconcile him to go to the Gentiles; Peter thought they were unclean, out of the secret of God's love and mercy, and out of the secret of his communication. Hence Peter required something out of the hand of a gracious God before he could have been made willing to have gone and preached to the poor Gentiles, for they were, in the estimation of Jews, even as dogs. Well, for this poor Gentile, Cornelius, and those about him, Peter was the mouth-piece; he was the man more especially tried and exercised, and consequently applied to to make known his petition, to groan out his sorrows. Oh! yes, we must sometimes groan them out, for we cannot at all times put them into words. David could not and on one occasion he was so troubled he could not even speak to the Lord; but Oh, what a mercy God can hear the secret sigh and the secret groan! and there is one blessed portion that assures our souls that the Holy Ghost, as a spirit of intercession, works in God's people and helps their infirmities "with groanings which cannot be uttered," cannot be expressed in any audible sounds. But the dear child of God brought into the same experience, as that in which Cornelius was, not the circumstances: it does not need that everyone should be brought into the same circumstances of life. The Lord knows how to bring his people into profitable exercises, so that he will draw prayer from them; he will put them, sometimes, if we may so speak, into a vice, in order that they may pray unto him, whether in sighs, cries or

groans, just as it pleaseth the Lord. Sometimes God's poor children (I have met with some) have felt as though they never prayed aright in their life. Who can tell but that Cornelius might have been exercised in like manner until that dear angelic Spirit of God came down to communicate to him what he did? He might have thought his prayer had never entered the ear of God. But, as I have said, I believe that portion in the Revelation, where there is this one remarkable expression, so that whenever I am speaking about prayer and the exercises of God's people who fear they do not pray aright or like God's family, I have quoted the portion where John saw a bottle called a vial, and it had a perfume, an aroma, and that bottle, perhaps, contained your prayers, your insignificant cries, your groans; the prayers of the saints were in that bottle. Why, the fact of such a figure being brought forward shows God's infinite compassion in hearing the groans, sighs, and cries of his people. Montgomery expresses it as—

“The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.”

You are weary of the internal groan or sigh. The Lord knows all about it; and these prayers prayed out of a heart made tender and contrite before God I believe in; one groan of the spirit of prayer is ever weighty in the ears of the Lord. If he does not answer directly, we must not despair. Abraham had to wait five-and-twenty years before God heard and answered him concerning Isaac; and see how God's promise was all fulfilled, in Christ, the seed of Isaac, that all nations should be blest in him; especially that nation that God singles out, and peculiarly sets apart as his own choice—that nation of all nations: for out of all nations will some people be gathered. John saw the innumerable multitude which seemed to astonish him, and he said, “Sir, what are these?” And he said, “These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.” Ah! friends, none of us know how many of the black race, how many of our poor fellow creatures with coloured skins, are there or will be there. The colour of the skin makes no difference, for the work God carries on is much deeper than the skin. It is deep down in the heart where God creates and gives a soul new life by his grace; it is in the heart, not the ear or head; and in the poor living soul called by grace, black or white, Jew or Gentile, God will make his grace to be felt, his love to be known, his purpose to be fulfilled, and grace will get the glory too. “And Cornelius said, Four days ago I was fasting until this hour; and

at the ninth hour I prayed in my house." I do not quite understand, but I believe he intended to convey to Peter he had been fasting four days to the time the angel spoke to him to that hour; "And at the ninth hour I prayed in my house." Oh, my friends, if you have a weight upon your conscience—guilt, misery, or trial—that you cannot manage, may God help you ever to carry it before the Majesty of heaven! He is able to hear prayer now as much as ever he was in the days of Peter and Cornelius, for he remains the same unchanging God, with all the compassion towards poor sinners now as much as he had compassion upon poor Cornelius; therefore he says, "And, behold, a man stood before me in bright clothing and said, Cornelius, thy prayer is heard, and thine alms are had in remembrance in the sight of God," not in the sight of himself. Oh, I have many times come to the conclusion in my own mind I would give it all up, but then the Lord gives a little familiarity and sets all right; I want power, I want divine wisdom to be given; I want a heart freely to feel this before the Lord, so that I might feel assured the Lord hears and answers my petition. We do not want to live upon frames and feelings, nor do we want to come before God in a merely formal way. Yet we cannot make alive our own souls, or keep them alive in communicating any spirituality. Alas! what poor, helpless creatures we feel we are; such poverty of spirit, such an emptiness of soul, and such a prayerless state of experience! I thought I should be more spiritually minded, but all my help must come from God. As much as Cornelius felt all his help must come from God, so I feel my help must come from God, whether in thanksgiving or in begging. And poor Cornelius now had a blessed satisfaction of knowing that his prayer was heard and his alms had in remembrance in the sight of God. Oh, I cannot help thinking of dear Cornelius: his soul was almost ready to leap out of his body when he knew the Lord had been paying attention to his cries and tears! I do not suppose for a moment he wanted to hear about his alms: he would not be proud about them; but "Thy prayer is heard," is coupled with "thine alms are had in remembrance in the sight of God." I have felt it is a mercy when God's dear people have been constrained to do anything for their poor, for those they have known; well, the Lord notices it, not meritoriously, my friends, but to prove what the Lord says:—"It is more blessed to give than to receive." Now Cornelius had this double blessing, so to speak: what he had been inclined and constrained to do, as well as his prayer had gone up before, gone as a

remembrancer to put God in remembrance in days to come, as well as present; and to give Cornelius the blessed satisfaction and seal. And as to what we have said about merit, I do hope there is not a soul upon the face of the earth that would hate and abominate meritorious works more than I, when brought before God, or attempted to be brought before God, for I feel that blessed truth by Hart—

“But as to man’s merit, ’tis hateful to me.”

And I believe the song of the workmonger is hateful to God, not making the living soul hate a workmonger but to hate his meritorious works, not hate poor sinners; no, he wants to carry out the law, and love his neighbour as himself, and Cornelius by this blessed satisfaction communicated to him, even by “Thy prayer is heard.” Is there a poor soul in God’s house who would like to hear the same words? “But,” say you, “I don’t pray like Cornelius, or feel such spirituality of mind as he had.” If you feel a drawing towards God, and constrained to pour out your prayer to God, if you feel you must cast yourself upon him, you are identically in the same position, and the Lord shall arise for your help, and make known the purposes of his love to your heart. Some of God’s dear, tried people I sometimes meet,—it has really caused pain in my own heart to see them,—have sunk into a state of despondency, and feel they shall never hear the voice of God, and feel his pardoning love sealed; but when they hear the voice of God speaking in a way of mercy, oh, how many of them have lived to prove they have been labouring under entire deception and mistake! Oh, that wretched, abominable unbelief that drags our souls down to such a state and shuts us up in the prison of unbelief! But oh, when the Lord speaks, the power of unbelief cannot hold us. Perhaps, some of you have been *there*: I have, more than once or twice: once, I recollect, dear Covell, after he had been sitting under my ministry, and knew a little of my exercises, came to me at Forest Hill, and said, “I told you it would be all right.” He said, “I have preached my last sermon hundreds of times, and I have thought I should pray no more. But how long does it last? The time comes and I am helped again and again.” My friends, when the soul is feeling sunk under fear, one word from the mouth of God will put “crooked things straight, rough places plain.” Although the Lord has seen fit to communicate in times past, yet, when the fresh trial comes, it causes fresh cries and fresh desires that God would afresh come and bless the soul. Now, the angel goes on to say, “Send therefore to Joppa, and call hither Simon, whose surname is Peter; he is lodged

in the house of one Simon a tanner by the sea-side: who, when he cometh, shall speak unto thee. Immediately therefore I sent to thee; and thou hast well done that thou art come. Now therefore are we all here present before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of God." As though Cornelius was ready to say, I want thee to be faithful to us: tell us all thou knowest what God is to our poor souls, give us to hear the naked truth of God, whatever might follow. I think I can imagine a little of what dear Cornelius meant in his showing his wants and his anxious care, and that anxiety going on.

May God help you never to give up your praying, being instant in season and out of season. If we poor worms who preach consulted with flesh and blood when to go up to God's house, you may depend upon it we should stay away or go somewhere else; but we have to go out whether in bondage, misery, happy or otherwise, for the exhortation is—"In the name of the Lord." We are wont to pray in the dark. May God help you never to give up your praying, sighing, crying, and groaning till God shall appear for you. Amen.

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### "AND THEY REMEMBERED HIS WORDS."

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My dear Friend,—I cannot find words to express the feelings of my heart at this time. What a wonder-working God is our God! Who but he upon whom the government of our minute affairs rests could so order our circumstances, and do for us as he does? Oh! that I had grace to trust him at all times, and feelingly to believe those things which I hope I do, yea, am compelled to believe. My dear friend, he has, indeed, ever stood by me, and brought me many times through fire and water into a healthy place; and I feel and hope that he will do so again, and that I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.

This has been a long and dark affliction. I have felt so destitute of those divine favours which produce quietness of mind and submission to the will of God. There have not been any particular feelings of rebellion, but such a feeling of death, so that, at times, my religion has seemed to be nothing but hypocrisy, and my attempts to worship God but as mockery. I have, however, felt a little encouraged occasionally in hearing others pray for me when I have not been able to pray for myself. That portion for September 30th in "Ears from Harvested Sheaves," was a source of comfort to my mind when you read it, and I have not sunk quite so low since. It was like a ray of light breaking through a dark cloud. On Monday evening last, I read the last chapter in Luke's gospel and the eighth verse was very helpful to me: "And they remembered his words." The disciples,

when their Lord was taken from them, and for the time being forgot all that he had said unto them, did not call to mind those gracious words which had proceeded out of his mouth, and which had often cheered their sorrowing hearts and strengthened their faith and drew their affections unto himself. Now, though I do not say that forgetfulness or unbelief in the case of the disciples, or in ourselves, is a mark of grace, yet the grief of heart produced by such forgetfulness is a mark of God's children, and proves them to be walking in the footsteps of the flock, in that way in which they have walked who have gone before, and are now "through faith, brought off more than conquerors through the blood of the lamb." Thus the "long cloud of witnesses" shews the same path to heaven, yet the flesh is seeking another way. Many dream of reaching heaven through the name of Jesus Christ, but sinners born again know that it must be through his cross that they will obtain eternal glory. Cross and crown in a godly man's experience are so united that they cannot be separated. Each must drink his cup of sorrow here, and shall have his share of glory there. After reading the chapter through, I had such a sweet remembrance of "his words." The various promises and the circumstances connected with them, his faithfulness to them in days past, I was enabled to plead before the Lord, and I was further enabled to commit my way unto him in such a manner as I had not been able to do for a long time. I felt something like the poet when he said :

" 'Cast,' he said, 'on me thy care,  
'Tis enough that I am nigh ;  
I will all thy burdens bear,  
I will all thy needs supply.' "

Then when I received your kind letter, oh ! what a confirmation it was of God's goodness and faithfulness towards those that fear him. I feel sure, my dear friend, that you would have rejoiced with me, in praising a good and gracious God on my behalf, thus feeling a measure of that fellowship set forth in the hymn :

" When one can feel a brother's sigh,  
And with him bear a part ;  
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,  
And joy from heart to heart."

I did intend to mention a few of the promises to which I have referred, and something of the exercises and circumstances connected with them, but I must forbear or I shall tire your patience.

Please accept my sincere thanks for all the kindness I have received from you, and for the interest you take in my welfare. May the Lord bless you with a gracious manifestation of his love and mercy to you, and may he reveal the Lord Jesus Christ unto you, and your eternal interest in him that it shall cause you to say, 'It is enough,' 'My Lord, and my God.'

"That faith may, 'Abba, Father' cry ;  
And God the kindred own."

The Lord be with you and bless you, is the prayer of yours  
sincerely (I hope, in the truth), S. CURTIS.

Leatherhead, Surrey, October 10th, 1901.

[The above letter was written to Mr. Shillingford.—ED.]

*DIVINE PROTECTION.*

All his saints are in thy hand.—DUET. xxxiii. 3.

At best we little understand  
The power, the greatness of that hand,  
Which rules the Universe.  
We judge the Lord with finite minds,  
Nay, sometimes *question* his designs :  
Our thoughts are so diverse.  
Yet did we better comprehend,  
How many cherished doubts would end,  
How many needless tears !  
Oh do thou Lord thy might reveal,  
That we more confidence may feel,  
And shun dishon'ring fears.  
His hand our every weight sustains,  
And to eternity maintains  
A firm, a lasting hold.  
How safe then every child of thine,  
Whose life, *held* in that hand divine  
Secure, its leaves unfold !  
His hand appeases every pain,  
Appoints our joy, our loss, our gain ;  
*Each* circumstance controls.  
There is no sorrow but he knows,  
Plans its beginning, marks its close,  
And every grief consoles.  
His will our *every* step decrees,  
Provision makes for *all* our needs,  
However num'rous they.  
His wisdom shines in each design,  
His love and faithfulness combine,  
To *keep* us on our way.  
How groundless then each rising fear,  
How faithless every murm'ring prayer,  
Whate'er before us lies.  
We want our path so plain indeed,  
That we to *trust* should never need,  
Or *graces* exercise.  
But "higher than our thoughts are his,"  
And as we learn how wise he is,  
We mourn each foolish whim.  
We *prove* that *all* his ways are best,  
That come what may *secure* we rest,  
Safe, ever safe, in him.

K. STAINES.

A LETTER  
BY MR. W. SMITH, OF TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

*To the Editor of the GOSPEL STANDARD.*

My dear Friend,—I send you an account of the experience, and death of Mrs. Kemp. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Braybon, an account of whose experience and of the death of her mother she wrote, and sent to the "Gospel Standard" last year. I have just read over the account I enclose of Mrs. Kemp, and it brought the same feeling into my soul that I felt towards her the last time but one when I went to see her at her home. On that occasion, I spent a blessed time with her in conversation, reading, and prayer. When I was about to leave her, I was constrained to say, from a spiritual love I felt towards her, "Mary, we shall meet one day in heaven." She answered, "I believe we shall." In reading this account of the Lord's goodness and mercy to her, the same feeling sprang up again in my heart, which constrained me to say with tears—"Oh, Mary, thou art in glory, and I shall soon be there too!" There is no union like the spiritual union of the saints, which they feel one towards another in the person of their Living Head. There are none upon earth so rich as the poor saints, however temporally rich they may be. Earthly riches fade away, and leave those that possess them very destitute and poor; but not so the riches of the saints of God; for "they have the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." Although their fare here, in this life, may be mean, their riches are immense. For "eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of (the carnal) man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." "But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit." To be brought to confess, and mourn over our sins, and repent of them with that repentance which is unto life, and forsake them, is the work of the Holy Spirit in our hearts. And it is his work to take of the things of Christ Jesus and reveal them unto every troubled and seeking soul. So that by faith in Jesus the soul thus led and taught, may receive those comforts and blessings which are promised to all such; which gives peace and joy in believing, and a hope that they will one day see Jesus face to face and sing with the spirits of the just made perfect, the song of Moses and the Lamb, for ever and ever.

I hope you are well in health. We are both fairly well, through mercy, wishing you much of the Lord's gracious presence and blessing in your arduous work. My memory begins to fail me, so, please, excuse all mistakes, and with our united Christian love to you, I am, my dear friend,

Yours affectionately,

WM. SMITH.

4, Norfolk Road, Tunbridge Wells,  
January 11th, 1901.

A LETTER BY MR. J. KEYT, TO MR. WARBURTON,  
OF TROWBRIDGE, WILTS.

Beloved in the Lord, and for the Truth's sake,—Your kind reception of me, a poor stranger, in the vestry at Gower Street, upon your return home on Wednesday evening, the 13th inst., renders it unnecessary for me to make any apology for thus addressing a few lines to you. The last year you were in town, I had written a sheet, intending to convey it to Trowbridge; but my heart failed, as I had never spoken to you, although I have heard you occasionally for many years, and have cordially embraced the sacred truths you have been enabled to bring forth. I have learned in part, under divine teaching, the inestimable value of the gospel of Christ, and have felt it to be the power of God unto salvation to me, the most unworthy of sinners. More than fifty years have gone by since it pleased God to pass by and look upon me when polluted in my blood, and said unto me, "*Live:*" and thus, by his life-giving voice was my poor soul quickened when dead in trespasses and sins, according to the riches of his free, sovereign, and discriminating grace. To give you a detail of his gracious work, together with the way my wandering feet have been led, and the changes that have passed over me, would be an almost endless theme, and at the age of seventy-six would prove an unequal, though a delightful task for me to undertake. Suffice it just to state, that after it pleased the Lord to convince me of my sinful and lost estate, I began to enquire who could show me the way and means by which to obtain the relief and deliverance I so much needed. After many turnings, windings, and wanderings hither and thither, it came to pass that in the year 1794 I heard of a certain coalheaver that was said to preach the gospel, and in process of time I heard him in Monkswell Street Chapel, and such, eventually, were the blessed effects that attended his ministry, that I was constrained to leave the church where I had been a member for some years, and was enabled to cleave with purpose of heart to this despised, but blessed servant of God. His testimony and labours, under the divine blessing, were made the means of bringing my poor bewildered soul out of a labyrinth of darkness, bondage, and distress; and under his ministry, I was fed and nourished until the close of his pilgrimage.

My pathway, in the all-wise providence of God, from first to last hath been an interchange of manifold afflictions, temptations, tribulations, and poverty, intermingled with divine instructions, abounding consolations, gracious deliverances, and strength equal unto my day. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits." Now, if you, dear sir, take in the gross this bundle of experience into due consideration, it will not be wondered at when I tell you that your ministry and my experience make a blessed joint together, and I am persuaded in my own mind that it is no less than "the unity of the Spirit in

the bond of peace." Thus I felt when sitting under your farewell sermon (from 1 Peter iii. 12), which was precious to my soul. I have lately had to wade through some sore temptations, and have been grievously tried with the corruption of my depraved nature, and with many days of darkness, which at times has sunk me down amazingly. During the previous Tuesday, I was much depressed in spirit while sitting solitary and alone, when at length my trouble found vent in these words: "O Lord, why hast thou forgotten me, why dost thou cast me off, why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?" This was followed by a soft melting sensation, which enabled me to breathe out in supplication the last three verses of the 43rd Psalm, and this produced, for a season, sweet tranquility and peace. But the next day (Wednesday), I was down again, and as dead and stupid as a beast! This continued, at intervals, most part of the day—in the evening I got leave to pour out my burdened heart, and was enabled to beg hard for a blessing, and that I might obtain a token for good under your preaching that night, for though it rained hard I must needs come, and bless the good Lord! he gave me an answer of peace in the joy of my heart, and this constrained me to come and acknowledge it to you afterwards. I believe, and am sure, that the matter you were enabled to bring forth on that night was the real truth of God, and the genuine experience of his children. But the essential point is, to see and know it for one's self: the precious doctrines of the everlasting gospel, however clearly described, will be of no avail without an application of their substance by the blessed Spirit to the heart, righteousness imputed and righteousness imparted are then sweet indeed! This leads both preacher and hearer into the essence of the beloved disciple's language (see 1 John i. 1-4). Such an experience as that which the apostle thus describes contains the substance of that covenant promise: "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him; and he will show them his covenant," yea, and their personal interest in it also. Yet, notwithstanding all that I have briefly touched upon, I can assure you, my dear friend, in reference to myself, that to the present hour I feel just as you have described: poor, needy, helpless, base, vile, ignorant, and altogether unworthy as I was at the time when spiritual life first entered into my soul; and I believe that unless we are first brought to feed on the bread of tears, and to drink the wine of astonishment we cannot truly enter into the meaning of the Lord's declaration: "Without me, ye can do nothing." But when our dear Saviour condescends to bless us with the communication of the grace of the Holy Spirit, we are then entertained with choice provision and far richer fare, being led (according to our measure of faith) into the full participation of what is contained in Isaiah xxv, where the gospel feast on Mount Zion is so fully set forth, and likewise the happy guests brought to partake of this heavenly banquet, and these chosen and highly-favoured guests are such as are the spiritually poor,

the maimed, the halt, and the blind, and they are all such helpless creatures in themselves that they must be "watered every moment, and kept both night and day," in order to preserve them alive; and the blessed Master of Zion's assemblies hath in faithfulness engaged that "these things will he do for them, and not forsake them."

I do not know what my beloved friend may make of this poor scrawl but my aim and desire is to convey to you the cordial reception in my heart of the truths you have advanced, and the testimony you have borne among the poor disciples in London, for of a truth the "Food of the Lord is precious in these cloudy and dark days," there being so little "open vision." Now, as I may not have the pleasure to see your face again in the flesh, I have ventured to send you this poor sheet, such as it is, and shall conclude it with the language of the widow of Zarepath to Elijah upon the resurrection of her son (1 Kings xvii. 24). "Now by this I know that thou art a man of God, and that the word of the Lord in thy mouth is truth." With my cordial love to all at Trowbridge that love our Lord Jesus Christ, I remain, yours affectionately,

J. KEYT.

London, May 18th, 1885.

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#### CAPTIVITY THROUGH BACKSLIDING.

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As with the captives taken in war, as I have described, so it was with the daughters of Zion (as in Isa. iii. 17, margin, and Nah. iii. 5, 6.), when they departed from the Lord. And such is the lot, more or less, of those who backslide from the Lord, and are taken captive by Satan. They are stripped of all their joys, all their comforts. When made sensible of their state, they hang their harps upon the willows by the river, whither they have gone in the hope of refreshing themselves; but their throats are parched, and they cannot sing. "Ah, ah!" say their enemies, "so would we have it." They feel that they have forsaken the Lord, and they fear that he has forsaken them. But, no! His fatherly hand is upon them. He will chastise them for their folly, humble them in the dust at his feet, and cause them to return with weeping and supplications; but his loving-kindness he will not take away. The prey shall be taken from the mighty, yea, from the terrible one. "The captivity of the just shall be delivered" (Isa. xlix. 24, 25, margin).

We read that Satan goes about,—goes *about*; as though he were continually going round the walls of the city, looking for unwary ones taking their evening walks in the cool and enticing groves outside. And therefore it is that we are exhorted to beware of Satan's wiles. The very words "wiles" and "devices" imply the cunning way he will go to work, and show the determined nature of his malice; and it is worthy of remark that it was the *heel* the serpent was to bruise (Gen. iii. 15.), as though

implying he would be constantly *following* the people, trying to trip them up. The Arabs to this day have a maxim: "The serpent knows his own ways, and how to bite the heel." But this forms no excuse for those who are entrapped. I can speak for myself. I have never been taken captive without feeling that the cause was in myself, and condemning myself for my folly. Indeed, the sin itself gives the warning, just as the hum of a mosquito warns of the approach of the little pest, and bids us beware before it stings us. And sometimes I have felt so determined not to leave my stronghold, and have resisted every attempt to entice or draw me outside the city, and *yet* have gone astray, that it seemed as if the enemy had not contented himself by lurking about the walls, but had penetrated into the very heart of the city itself, and seized me ere I was aware. We may not be living in any actual sin, and God forbid that we should; but be at ease in Zion, in a lukewarm state, not on our watch-tower, but engrossed with our worldly affairs. And seldom do we stop here.

Satan soon sees the breach in the wall, and takes advantage of the opportunity. Where are we then? We soon give proof that our old hearts are what they ever were,—a nursery for everything which is evil; and an unspeakable mercy it is if we are not left to give proof of it in an open way. Dare any of us say we never *have* given that proof? I dare not; and though I have, through the Lord's sovereign mercy, proved that where sin abounded grace did much more abound, yet the more I have been made to experience this, the more I have abhorred myself and repented in dust and ashes; and the more I have felt the absolute necessity of the upholding and protecting hand of God, the more I have been determined, as I have thought, so far as in me lay, to "keep my heart with all diligence." I have heard some good men say that they have given up vowing and promising. I wish I could, in a right way; but I might as well attempt to fly. I often charge my heart and tongue too, and as often feel how useless it is so to do.

This is indeed no child's play, but earnest work, and very different from our state when slaves to sin. We cannot turn to the right hand or to the left without, sooner or later, feeling deep remorse; until at length our souls loathe the swine's food set before us, and, like the prodigal, our eyes are cast towards our Father's house, and we say, "I will arise and go to my Father, and say, I am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants." I *know* what I am writing about. When my soul was set at liberty under the Gospel, as I shall show by and by, I had no more doubt that God intended me to be a minister than I had of my own existence. The whole Bible seemed to be opened up to me. I purchased a little book, Clarke's "Scripture Promises," and every promise appeared to be mine. Yes, and I could expatiate on them too. If I read, "The Lord is good to them that wait for Him, to the soul that seeketh Him,"

I saw that there was a *waiting*, and a *seeking*. I saw that there was a God omnipotent, able to perform what He had promised, and that He not only promised to *do* good to the waiters and seekers, but that He *is* good to them,—good now, and will be good for ever. If I read, “Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness,” I saw that the promise was not only made for the future, but that the assurance was given for the present,—they are blessed. If I read, “The Lord heareth the poor, and despiseth not his prisoners,” not Satan’s; and I believe one of the sweetest days I ever had in my life was the one in which that passage first struck my mind, and when I was led to meditate upon it; and I thought that *that* must be the first text that I should preach from. I pictured to myself crowded and admiring congregations, and fancied, in the pride of my heart, that I should far outstrip my dear father as he outstripped (many) of the ministers in his day or since. But I soon learnt the truth of what my father says in his “Nazarene’s Songs:”

“Young Christians oft please their vain mind  
 With wonders they hope to perform;  
 But soon they come limping behind,  
 Their courage all fail’d in a storm.”

And of what Jeremiah says, “It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps” (Jer. x. 23). And Paul again: “Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.” I went outside the city gates and was taken captive. I fell into a sad back-sliding state. The sting made my conscience smart for some years; and from that time to the present (1876), though I have been called upon to freely use my pen, I have never had one serious thought of ever becoming a parson.

“I’ve inward turn’d my eyes upon myself,  
 Where foul offence and shame have laid all waste;  
 Therefore my soul abhors this wretched dwelling,  
 And longs to find some better place for rest.”

Now if there was no danger of the enemy taking us unawares, the divine exhortations to *watch* would be useless: “Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.” The watchman said, “I stand *continually* upon the watch-tower in the day-time, and I am set in my ward whole nights” (Isa. xxi. 8). Day as well as night it becomes us to watch. We know that unless the Lord keep the city the watchman waketh but in vain; but the Lord will be enquired of for these things to do them.

It is because Satan has been despoiled of his goods, which he held in peace, that he seeks every opportunity to harass those of whom he has been deprived, just as is the case with the Ishmaelites and the Jews. The Ishmaelites to this day maintain that Hagar was Abraham’s lawful wife, as indeed she was, and Ishmael his eldest son and heir, and that he was despoiled of his father’s lawful property by Isaac. Therefore it is that they

are most bitter against their half-brothers, and annoy them in every possible way. At one time Isaac had sway in the East; but now Ishmael rules. When a man in the East has experienced some heavy loss or has a great trouble upon him, he often exclaims that he is in captivity, which would be equal to our saying, "We are in distress." Thus it was with Job (as in xlii. 10.). He was never in reality a captive, yet his captivity was "turned." And how sweetly does David speak of the same (in Ps. xiv. 7.)—"When the Lord bringeth back the captivity of His people, Jacob shall rejoice." What captivity? Not a natural captivity, as the people at the time were free; but a spiritual captivity. The people had "all gone aside"; they had back-slidden and done "abominable works"; and some had gone so far as to say, "There is no God." This had caused great distress to the Church, and she longed for the salvation of Israel, and that their captivity might be "turned." And, if I may judge from my own experience this captivity is more distressing than even our bondage under the law. I am sure I have suffered more pangs from a captivity caused by my having departed from the Lord than I ever did before I knew him; and I have been constrained to say, "I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him." And yet at the time I was labouring under it, I thought nothing could be more distressing than the felt bondage under the guilt of a broken law.

If Satan can but entangle a true citizen, it matters not to him whether it be by a cart-rope or a mere thread. Indeed, *small* sins, if I may use the word, are his most dangerous traps. We can see and often avoid glaring sins,—large man-traps, just as we can hear the noise of a rattle-snake; but small sins Satan often covers over in so genteel a way that they are hardly seen at all; but once in, it is frequently all over. We go on and on, like a snowball, increasing in size at every roll. "Man knows the beginnings of sin, but who bounds the issue thereof?" Oh, beware, then, of little sins! A cloud apparently not larger than the crown of your hat will hide the sun from view. A very small viper can give a death-bite, a very small thorn cause a festering wound. How prone we are to despise the day of small things even in this respect. How slowly, yet how surely, does a moth destroy a garment!

How often do some, instead of fleeing from even the appearance of evil, see how near they can approach to actual sin without bringing guilt upon their consciences; but this is presumption, and, to say the least, shows a hardened state.

The perfume of a rose soon dies, but its thorn causes excruciating pain. And how enchanting some sins appear! "How beautiful the butterfly, when its wings reflect the rays of the sun; but as soon as the sun withdraws, she dies." How different with the bee, ever on the alert, "labouring hard," as Watts says; and she lives winter and summer. Sin, I have sometimes thought, is like

the cement, which the Romans used in the building of their castles, as in the one, for instance, at Scalloway. It was soft as ordinary mortar when first used, but it became harder and harder every year. I have seen some really harder than the stone itself. So, that which is soft to-day, and, as it were, easily formed, may become hard to-morrow, and harder still the next day, until we take it as a matter of course, and it becomes hard as the nether millstone, requiring a divine sledge-hammer to break it.

O, that we may ever beware, then, of *little* sins, however sweet they may seem; for, depend upon it, sin, in some way or other, carries with it its own punishment, and, sooner or later, will cause a festering sore. "There is more bitterness," said an old minister, "in sin's ending than there is sweetness in sin's acting. No candle can burn clearly with a thief in it; so none can shine as Christians while they nurse evil. If a Christian sin for profit, he will never profit by sin. Those who see nothing but sweetness in its commission will find nothing but woe in its conclusion." How often we are tempted just to *look at that*. "That! O, that is nothing!" But it is though! It is the thin end of the wedge, which, when once in, Satan will probably drive home with his heavy mallet.

Even gross sins are sometimes dressed by Satan so as to hide their enormity and make them more enchanting; just as slave concubines in the East are often most gorgeously dressed, as I have seen, that their appearance may add to the voluptuousness of their masters. But there is the serpent underneath. Dress or feed it as you may, it is the serpent still; and the youngest serpent is just as poisonous as its parent. Satan goes about, not only to see whom he can devour, but whom he can accuse, like a malicious foe who does all he can to annoy a person because he will not submit to his dictation. When he has succeeded in drawing our affections away from our dearest Object, and thus bringing us into a state of captivity of mind, he is the first to accuse us.—Extract from "Slavery, Captivity, Adoption, Redemption." By John Gadsby.

#### SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LORD'S DEALINGS WITH MRS. KEMP, OF TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

(Concluded from page 497.)

I remember that I was much exercised the day the baptizing took place, and had many fears, lest, after all, I was taking a wrong step. The temptations of the enemy were strong, and I did not know how to resist them. Not that I was accused of doing wrong, but I did not know what I was to say and do. I felt more fit to be shut up in some obscure place, away from every one. However, the Lord appeared for me, and oh, what love I felt flow out towards him, for I found him, to be a friend indeed! What a soft heart I felt within, and what humbling feelings came over me, so that I "wept to the praise of the mercy I found," and

if there had been a thousand people present, it would have been all nothing to me! I had lost sight of the creature altogether, and my heart and affections were taken up with beholding the dear Redeemer, and the words came so sweetly, "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days, so shall thy strength be" (Deut. xxxiii. 25). I said, "Lord, let it be thy way in which I have to travel." The next morning I said, "Lord, have I done that which is right before thee?" I inwardly felt that I had, but I wanted a word from him, for his gracious words delight my heart, and bring true peace and joy. I was so favoured in my soul that I am unable to describe the great blessing I received from the hand of the Lord. I did not enjoy what I have heard others speak of when at the Lord's table, but I had the command given me—"Do this in remembrance of me," which I hope to do as the Lord shall be pleased to help me by his Spirit.

A few weeks after, there was such a gracious desire sprang up in my heart for the Lord to lead me aright, but at the same time there was a felt shrinking from trouble; and not many days after these words came with a crushing power: "God shall smite thee thou whited wall!" I tried to think of past favours, and blessings received, but all was dark within. But how I hoped that I was not that character! It was as though a cloud covered all, and prayer was restrained. I learnt the meaning of these words, "He shutteth out my prayer," and things from within and without seemed to conspire against me, and what I passed through for a few months I can never describe. The Bible I found to be a sealed book, and in going to and from the house of God, was with me like the door upon its hinges; and although others were blessed in the courts of the Lord's house, I must confess I felt with the poet when he said—

"Thy saints are comforted, I know,  
And love thy house of prayer;  
I sometimes go where others go,  
But find no comfort there."

Being in this dark, lifeless statè, how I feared that I should be left to say something that would hurt Mr. Smith's feelings, or the feelings of the friends. I felt so tempted by the enemy, that I have groaned out my feelings before the Lord and entreated of him not to let me say anything to hurt the feelings of His people. One day, the words came to my mind, "A door of hope shall be opened in the valley of Achor." This gave me some hope that I was not deceived; but my burden remained, and I wondered what the next trial would be, and alas, it was one I never expected; I felt it to be so heavy that I thought I must sink beneath it. I would have chosen anything but that. One night it was as though my senses were going from me, and I was sinking into despair. I thought if the Lord's hand was but in any of these heavy trials I should have some hope, Oh, if he would but open a way for me in his good providence, how thankful I should be!

But there appeared to be no way left. Indeed I was brought to my wits' end, and the Lord only knows what I had to endure from within and without. I felt that if I could but pray to the Lord that would relieve me; but I could no more pray than I could create a world.

The next morning, to my great surprise, a letter came to me from Beckenham to say I was to go in two days to live there. What a change came over me, and what a desire I felt all *at once* for a thankful heart, that I might thank the Lord for opening this way so unexpectedly for me. When coming in the train, the thought of leaving the Lord's people, and Mr. Smith's ministry troubled me, but these lines came with some sweetness and sustained me:—

“Soon shall I pass the vale of death,  
And in his arms shall lose my breath;  
Yet then my happy soul shall tell,  
My Jesus has done all things well.”

When I arrived at Beckenham and found that there was no place of truth there, I sank in my feelings fathoms deep, and thought how I have feared all along of going astray, and so bringing a reproach upon the cause of truth! Now, I am come to the place where I fear I shall be overcome by this wicked heart of mine, and with an alluring world. Oh, the sighs and groans, that went out of my heart, and yet I was in the same dark state of mind as I had been in for some time past! One morning I was thinking—what is the difference between me and the world? I really could see none! and it appeared that I was given up to the world, when these words came very acceptably into my mind, “But ye are not of the world.” Now, for a few moments I was able to plead before the Lord for him to preserve me, while in the world, from the spirit of the world: and my soul was sweetly answered with these words, “Sin shall not have dominion over you, for ye are not under the law, but under grace.” Oh, what a craving I felt for the Lord to come again and bless me, and make all these crooked things straight; and for a time I felt a little comforted and supported! But oh, how low and dark I soon felt myself to be, so that I lost sight of the promises, and the many temptations, and the powerful workings of indwelling sin set upon me as though they would overwhelm me! But the Lord very mercifully kept me from going astray outwardly, which I felt to be no small mercy. One morning, when deploring my sad state before God, these words came forcibly to my mind:—

“To him, every comfort I owe,  
Above what the fiends have in hell;  
And shall I not sing as I go?  
My Jesus has done all things well.”

This caused me to turn from my miseries to look at my mercies, which, temporally, were more in number than the hairs of my head: and then I thought, “I am out of a deserved hell!” which is a favour past describing. I could now say—

“ Begone unbelief, my Saviour is near ;  
And for my relief will surely appear ; ” etc.

For about three weeks I was favoured to enjoy sweet communion with the Lord, and while it lasted I felt that I was right with the Lord for heaven and glory. I was enabled to call him my precious Lord and Saviour, which I thought was very wonderful for a poor thing like me to do ! I had a wonderful sight, by faith, of his temptations and sufferings, and as I viewed him, by the eye of faith bearing the weight of sin that was laid upon him, and the curse of God that was due to it, I wished that I had never called mine trouble : I could see very clearly, indeed,

“ His way was much darker and rougher than mine ;  
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer, and shall I repine ? ”

Oh, what a holy hallowed feeling filled my soul, and I felt as though Christ Jesus and I were one ! I chose to die, to be free from this sinful body, so that I never might sin against the Lord any more, in thought, or in word, or deed.

I lived in Beckenham about four years and was much helped in hearing Mr. Prince at Forest Hill, where I attended. Sometimes I found it very trying to walk the distance, yet when he has brought out the things in his ministry with which I had been exercised through the past week, it caused love, and union to spring up in my heart towards him ; especially at that time when he preached unto, “ the strangers, scattered abroad greeting. ” I was much encouraged, and at that time I met with much opposition from within and without, which led in the end to my leaving Beckenham. I have proved in these temporal matters that we must not always look at second causes, nor should we blame those that try to do us harm. It was the Lord’s will that I should leave, and I feel persuaded that our slightest circumstances are subject to his control ; and he permits things to take place for the fulfilling of his eternal purposes ; though the working out of these things are often very mysterious to us, yet when we can look back upon the way that we have come everything appears straight, and we would not have anything altered. These words were much on my mind : “ Though the Lord give you the bread of adversity, and the water of affliction, yet shall not thy teachers be removed into a corner any more, but thine eyes shall see thy teachers : ” (Isaiah xxx. 20). How I begged of the Lord that I might be so placed in providence that I might hear his blessed gospel oftener, as I could only go to Forest Hill on the Lord’s-day evening, and it was late when I reached my home ! I felt that I would be content with less wages, if I could but have my spiritual privileges. But what a poor, fickle creature I am ! When there was a way opened for me to attend the means of grace three times on the Lord’s day, and also during the week, yet my pride would not permit me to stay there. But it was so different in every respect to the other. While there, I first became acquainted with my husband, which was a great exercise of mind to me. One day in

particular, feeling the matter to be of such weight and importance, I fell upon my knees before the Lord and asked him to show me his will, and not suffer me to follow my own, contrary to his. While so engaged before him these words came to my mind with weight and power: "My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure," which impressed me that the Lord would guide me aright in the thing that I was asking of him. But I was soon tried again, for there were so many things, and suggestions raised up, that it was difficult to know what the right thing was for me to do. However, the words followed me about: "My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure." Then things of a temporal nature would arise, such as where employment was to be found, etc., when these lines came with a little sweetness—

"The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower."

We were married on August 1st, 1884, and we felt persuaded that we had taken the right step; and the Lord sanctified our marriage by blessing our souls the while Mr. Smith was speaking to us. I felt that the Lord had been with me up to the present time, and I could trust him for the future, both for life and death.

But there were more exercises of mind to come yet. My husband, after a time, could get no employment for three months. Every door seemed shut. How tried I was, and the enemy said to me, "What trouble you have brought upon your husband now, as he always had employment before." But the Lord was pleased to open a way for him to get employment for a time, but I was laid aside through illness, and when I got better he was out of employment again, and thus we went on for a year, and the Lord alone knows how many were our fears, and our exercises of mind and he knew how much we desired to pay our way. . . . I was much cast down through many causes; one day in particular I was so dark in my mind, and looking at one thing and another, and when by myself I felt the long distance some that I loved lived from me, I was so wearied out that I lay down for a while, when these words came to my mind, "He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not." (Isaiah liii. 3.) Oh, how I wept in thinking of the grief of the Lord Jesus, and my mind was so taken up with him for a while that I forgot everything that is earthly! Oh, to think that I should help to bruise that dear Man of Sorrows; and that he bled and died for such a sinner as I: and that I should not only hide my face from him when in a state of nature, but even that I should have done so since I have known something of his love. My sins, how black they appeared! yet what sorrows he endured on my account! My mind was so taken up with the contemplation of the Man of Sorrows that I was unable to move for a time.

After my confinement I was in a very weak state of health for some months; and while I was at Frant for a change, I became

very low in my mind, and the enemy thrust sore at me and tempted me very much to put an end to myself. He came in upon me like a flood, and what with the temptation, and my extreme weakness of health, I could scarcely walk about. But the Lord was pleased to rebuke Satan, and strengthen me in body; but I still found it to be a pathway of trial. There was always something to exercise my mind, and, if not outwardly, there was enough and to spare in my evil heart.

On the first Lord's day in July, 1892, while I was walking from Frant to chapel, I had a sunstroke, which caused me to suffer in my head for a long time; and I have suffered from the same cause, more or less, ever since. What a death that sunstroke cast upon all things here below to me! In the year 1893, my eldest girl was very ill, and we quite feared we should lose her, but she was in mercy restored to us. In 1895, our little boy was taken ill with a fever, and the following year he was taken worse, and died on January 26th, 1897; but we had good reason to believe that his soul was freed from all sorrow and pain, and taken to heaven. His death was a great trial to us. [Mrs. Kemp goes on to relate other heavy trials she had, one after another, from children dying in infancy; but adds:] Since I have been so weakly, I have felt it to be a great mercy the Lord has so dealt with me. These words were much upon my mind some time ago: "When this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory." (1 Cor. xv. 54.) It was opened up to me in this way:—that I was not to expect anything less than for this corrupt body to be brought down, but a good hope, through grace, beyond the grave was given me. When I was taken worse these lines were brought to my mind with power and sweetness—

"Himself shall be thy helping friend,  
Thy good physician; nay, thy nurse;  
To make thy bed shall condescend,  
And from the affliction take the curse."

The Lord has been faithful to his word and promise, and I desire to bear with patience my every cross, and to be resigned to his will, knowing that he has a just right to do with me as he pleaseth.

Here Mrs. Kemp closes, and her husband goes on to say:—

"My dear wife was a great sufferer the last eight months of her life; her complaint being an internal one, and most painful to bear; but the Lord greatly favoured her with much patience and resignation to his righteous will. She was much favoured at times with the Lord's presence, and had no fear of death, but felt that to die would be her eternal gain.

Mr. Smith visited her several times in her affliction, and his visits she much appreciated. The night before she died she repeated the following lines:—

“I soon shall reach the harbour,  
 To which I speed my way ;  
 Shall cease from all my labour,  
 And there for ever stay.

Sweet Spirit, guide me over  
 This life's tempestuous sea ;  
 Keep me, O holy Lover,  
 For I confide in thee.”

After this she lay for some time in a state of repose, and we thought the Lord was about to take her to himself, but she revived again and asked to be lifted up, when she said, “Dear Lord, do take this poor vile sinner to thyself.” At the same time she begged earnestly for patience to wait the Lord's time. She suffered much pain until within an hour of her death, when she passed away, without a sigh or groan, to be for ever with the Lord, on August 24th, 1900, leaving three children and myself to mourn over our heavy loss. But I desire to bless the Lord for his support and comfort granted me in this heavy trial. I have many times thought that if I were called to pass through such a trial as this it would crush me ; but blessed be the Lord, he is faithful to his promise, *i.e.*, “Thy shoes shall be iron and brass ; and as thy days, so shall thy strength be.” (Deut. xxxiii. 25.)

The following letter was written by Mrs. Kemp to Mrs. Tutt, twelve days before her death, and was the last she wrote :—

My very dear Friend,—I thank you so much for your kind letter, which I have read many time over, also the enclosed verses which are very expressive and sweet to me. I should have written to you before, but I cannot write at all times. Yesterday and this morning I have been favoured with a sweet feeling of calmness and love to the Lord, and to his ways, and his people. You, especially, have been much on my mind of late. And how I have been enabled to trace the Lord's loving-kindness towards unworthy me ! How he has preserved me in his fear ; and supplied my every need, and when one door has been closed another has been opened, so that I have had every comfort and nourishment that has been necessary ! Such goodness and mercy at times quite overcomes me. When I was taken worse, that sweet verse came with power,

“Himself shall be thy helping friend,

Thy good physician ; nay, thy nurse,” etc.

And I must say that he has fulfilled it far beyond my expectation. I am feeling very weak and ill, and the pain and sickness is most trying to bear ; yet the Lord helps me to bear it and he comforts my heart with the belief that I shall soon be where there is no more pain, sickness, sin, or sorrow. At such times I can, with dear Fawcett, pray—

“Let my few remaining days,  
 Be devoted to thy praise ;  
 May the last, the closing scene,  
 Be both tranquil and serene.”

Only think, my dear friend, that you and I should be blessed with grace here, and glory hereafter! What can we say? Only weep to the praise of the mercy we have found. There are thousands of our fellow creatures who live and die without any saving hope in the righteousness of Christ. I have felt all through my affliction a great desire to be submissive to the Lord's will, and I have sometimes felt it has been given to me. Then when I see so much wants doing, together with the thought of leaving those nearest and dearest to me, my dear friend, it needs more than nature to cope with it all. How much I should like to have a few hours of your company again, which favour I have often enjoyed. I know you would come and see me if you could, but you have a trial to get here. Still, I hope to see you again if the Lord wills, if not, it will not be long at the longest before we hope to meet and never part again. Give my kind love to the dear friends around you, and accept the same yourself. From your very affectionate, but unworthy friend,

M. KEMP.

August 12, 1900.

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#### NOT FORGOTTEN BY THE LORD GOD OF GRACE.

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My very dear Friend,—I ask your forgiveness for my long silence to you. It has not been because my feelings are altered towards you, for they are not; except it be, that the longer I know you the more I love you for the humility, sincerity, and affection I have found in you. But I have had so much employment of late, both for the head, and heart, and hands, that I could not possibly find time to write to you; and, indeed, I have got very far behind with all my correspondents, having heaps of unanswered letters lying by me. But I do desire to bless the Lord from my heart for his goodness and mercy made known to you. When I was permitted to go and see you, I have felt my soul humbled, and melted in me, by your testimony concerning what the Lord had done for you; and, moreover, you are not forgotten at the mercy seat by me, and I feel quite satisfied in my mind that you are not forgotten by the Lord God of grace, neither will he let you quite forget him. I thank you for your letter. I have been reading it over and over again to-day, and it warms my heart afresh. Do not imagine that you trouble me by your writing to me. On the contrary, I feel it a real pleasure to receive a few lines from you, because I love you for Jesus' sake. For I feel persuaded that Jesus Christ has loved you, and given himself for you; and how then can I avoid loving you, when I have a good hope that we are brethren in Christ? And, indeed, all our people at my house feel a love to you from what they find in your letters. Especially my poor afflicted one, who would send her Christian love to you if she knew of my writing to you. But at present she is not at home, which is a circumstance I could not tell of for nearly nine years past! But a fort-

night ago last Monday, we took her to Hornsey, a place about four miles from London, where I hope, if it pleases the Lord, her health may be considerably improved, and that for her future benefit and comfort. I feel that all my times are in the Lord's hand. I have a cup of sorrows here, but I hope that there is a cup of joy for me hereafter. Please present my Christian love to your wife, and any friend who may enquire after me, and presenting the same to yourself, believe me, my dear friend, to remain your unworthy, but grateful and affectionate friend,  
 September 10th, 1857. JAMES SHORTER.

SOME OF THE LORD'S DEALINGS IN PROVIDENCE AND GRACE WITH MRS. CHARLOTTE THORPE, OF EAST-BOURNE.

*(Concluded from Page 391).*

BUT, as time went on, there were so many things that we stood in need of, but which we could not procure without our getting into debt; and this I felt I could not do; not but that anyone would readily have given us credit under our then painful circumstances. However, God has only promised to supply our needs, and he has done that for us up till now; and faith says he will continue to do so. And I was enabled to believe in and rest upon God's faithful promise; and to the honour and glory of a triune Jehovah, our needs were supplied, but not all our wants. I often think that we want many things which God in his infinite wisdom sees fit to withhold from us, which if granted might prove a curse rather than a blessing. But I have ever found that the greatest blessings I have ever had, had to be eaten with bitter herbs; and often they have come in a cross-handed way; and not from that quarter I have expected them.

At the end of thirteen weeks my husband again went to his work, but continued very lame for some time, and was often afraid that he would be obliged to give up. However, he had just strength enough given him to keep on with his daily labour. I went on now in a tolerably smooth path as regards temporal things, but often much tried in my mind about the eternal safety of my poor soul. Sometimes I picked up a crumb under the preached word; and was encouraged to hope that I was walking in the footsteps of the flock. But I must pass over many little helps I received by the way, as I find it very trying now to write much at one time.

In the summer of the year 1855 I went to Bolney to stay a few days with the family I lived with two years before I was married. I received from them very great kindness, but they were church-going people, and did not like my change of religion as they called it. And, although I had left their service about nine years, yet I found they still continued as a duty to read night and morning the same form of prayer as they did when I

lived with them. When Sunday came, Mrs. Weeks (the lady of the house) said that I could go to church with the servants; I thanked her for her kindness, but was obliged honestly to confess that I had given up going to the Church of England, and went now to chapel. She seemed hurt in her feelings, but, as it was church time, there was nothing more said, and the subject was never mentioned afterwards, as I expected it would be. During my visit, they treated me with great kindness, and when I left Mr. Weeks drove me to the station, and came into Brighton with me, and paid my fare, and gave me five shillings when we parted. As we were riding to Hassocks Gate he (Mr. Weeks) asked me if I should like to live with them again? I told him that I thought I should, but, if such a thing came to pass, I should have to attend the chapel, as I had given up going to church! He said that he would not object to that, or interfere with that matter at all. He said that I suited them well as a servant; and, if my husband was a steady man, he might suit them as a carter. "Will you and your husband come to us if I send for you at Michaelmas?" I said, "I will consult my husband about it, and will give you an answer when you write to us." Mr. Weeks wrote to us at the time mentioned and my husband went to see him, and agreed with him to enter upon his service on the 29th September, 1855, and at the time agreed upon we left; which was the place of my birth, and, if not deceived, it was the place of my spiritual birth also. I felt some regrets at leaving, for the place was a sacred spot to my soul. It was there that the Lord convinced me of my sin, and brought me out from an ungodly world. I sometimes questioned whether we had taken a right step in leaving our former place; but my eyes were, I hope, up unto the Lord for him to guide us aright, and that his dear presence might go with us, and that we might be instructed by him in all things that were necessary for us to know. We had to live in a small farm house, and here I found one thing granted me that I had long desired; viz., that I might live alone in a quiet, retired spot. There was not another house near to us, and I often did not see anyone to speak to for a week or more, and I did not see a female except when I went to chapel, which was once a fortnight, on Sundays; but sometimes there was a week-evening service, as a Mr. Tatham came once a month until his death, which took place after we left, and then Mr. Hallett came there once a month for an evening service. We were nearly two miles from the chapel, but we soon felt quite at home with the friends there. And, if not altogether deceived, I believe the Lord still led me along in spiritual things, and gradually deepened the work of divine grace in my heart, by creating within me hungerings and thirstings after God, yea, the living God; and a clearer manifestation of his love and mercy towards me. O, how I did long to lay hold of him and say, "My Lord and my God!" But I feared to presume.

In the following March, 1856, my second daughter was born. Mr. Weeks, according to his promise, never interfered about our going to the chapel, but it was a grief to Mrs. Weeks that we did not attend the church. When the chapel was closed she offered to give me a ride in her carriage to hear a Mr. Dale in the church, whom she thought much of, and she was sure I should like him if I would but go and hear him. Well, I thought I would not condemn the man without hearing him first; so I went several times to hear him. But I could not get on with his preaching; it brought guilt upon my conscience, and shut my soul up in bondage; so that I could not go to church to please her, or anyone else, any more, whatever I might have to suffer for the truth's sake. I felt persuaded that God would give me strength to bear up under whatever I might have to suffer for the truth.

In the beginning of the year 1857 we removed to Chates Grove Farm, Bolney, to take the management of the dairy and poultry until Mr. Weeks sold the farm and left it altogether. At Michaelmas we had found it to be a hard struggle to get through the year thus far; flour was more than two shillings a gallon, and our wages were fourteen shillings per week, one shilling and sixpence we had to pay for rent, and, being five in family, we had to exist upon twelve shillings and sixpence, but the foreman lived in the same house, and I was paid for doing for him, and there were other small privileges, which we were grateful for. Providence now, for a short time, seemed to smile upon us, and our nest seemed to be very comfortable. But leanness entered into my soul. I could not find that nearness to the Lord which I had done, nor that thirsting after him, nor those ardent desires and longings that I had formerly felt working in my heart. The foreman, who lived in the same house as we did, was a very worldly man, full of what the world would call fun. I was often caught, before I was aware, smiling at his foolishness, and to my shame I say it. The word says that "fools laugh at sin"; and if foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child the rod of correction must be laid on to drive it out. I had to smart for my folly, and, under the hidings of God's face, I sank in my feelings as I thought out of reach of his mercy. Just at that time we had notice to leave at Michaelmas Mr. Weeks's employ, as the farm would go into other hands. This was no small trial to us; but it was nothing to be compared to the soul trouble I had to endure. I was harassed night and day by the enemy. No tongue can tell, or pen can describe, what I passed through for three weeks; and how to do my work I did not know; but I kept it all to myself. Indeed, I could not tell anyone the temptation I was then labouring under. I greatly feared that I was a deceived character altogether. I was stripped of every spiritual comfort, and there was not a single promise in the Bible that I could lay hold of. My

prayers were only sighs and groans; and often I was sorely tempted to put an end to my miserable life. For three weeks Satan harassed me in various ways to do it; and, if he cannot gain his end one way he is not at a loss to try another, and so I found it. O, how I cried, groaned, and sighed to the Lord for him to keep me in the hour of temptation from falling a prey to the devil! But for a time the Lord appeared to pay no regard to my cries, and, as Jeremiah says, "He shut out my prayer." O, what a trying place this is to be brought to, none but those that have travelled through the same path can understand what it is to be tempted to self-destruction! In the midst of these sore temptations I was one night busy with my housework, when I felt as though I must take away my life, and, as my three children were in bed, Satan laid a scheme for me to do it, and no one would know. O, the power the enemy had over my poor mind that night no tongue can tell. I felt as if I must go and drown myself; indeed, it was as though I could live no longer. But in the midst of this turmoil and desperate struggle that was going on within me, there came a rap at the door, which was quite an unusual thing at that hour of the night, when I was greatly surprised to find that it was my youngest brother from London who had called to see me. I was very pleased to see him, for I believe the Lord had called him by grace not long since. I little knew then that the Lord had sent him to be the means in his hands of delivering my soul out of the hands of the enemy; but so it was, for before we retired to rest my brother read a chapter, and engaged in prayer, and, strange to say, that when I arose from my knees I felt quite another person in my feelings, my burden was gone, and the Lord broke in again upon my soul with such liberty and power that I cannot describe. Now, had I told my brother all my trouble, and the dreadful temptation that crushed my poor mind to the ground, he could not have pleaded with the Lord for me more earnestly than he did at our evening sacrifice. But he knew nothing about what I was passing through; but the Lord did, and to him be all the praise and glory for thus delivering my soul as it were by the skin of my teeth.

I feel that I must say a word or two here to encourage any poor, tried, and tempted soul not to give up crying unto the Lord when under the power of temptation: For he will appear for his own dear children and deliver them out of all their troubles. I am a living witness to that. But some will be ready to say, that they are afraid they are not one of the Lord's children? but a hypocrite, and a deceiver. If I were one of the Lord's family, say they, I know he would appear for me, and not suffer me to fall and bring a disgrace upon his cause of truth, which I so dearly love. Well, I have been in that spot many times in a day, and have had to groan out my heart's feelings before the Lord, and, although at the time I did not feel

that I was praying, I believe now that I prayed then as I had never prayed before; and God answered that prayer to the joy of my soul.

I longed to tell my dear brother what I had been labouring under, and that the Lord had sent him to deliver me out of the temptation of the devil; but I could not do so, and I do not think I ever named it to anyone, until just before I went before the church: then I mentioned it to my brother, who remembered the time very well, and the sweet liberty he had in prayer at the throne of grace for me.

. . . . . After this, I was very ill, and suffered from abscess, which gave me great pain of body, so that, I believe, I did not close my eyes in sleep for several nights and days. My brother John wrote to me about the same time I was so ill. I had not written to him since his visit, a few weeks previously, therefore he did not know that I was so ill. And, if he had known, he could not have written more to the purpose, or more in accordance with my present feelings. He closed his letter with this verse:—

“Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain;  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain” (Gadsby 320).

O, how it led me back to look at the way the Lord had led me in the wilderness; and the dark places I had travelled in during my rough journey since I hope I have known the Lord. I felt that there was a needs-be for the affliction that I was suffering from, and a blessed hope sprang up in my soul that the Lord was with me, and that I should be raised up again to show forth God's praise. I felt able to leave myself with the Lord, and a falling into his gracious hands. I was troubled with abscesses for several months, and then they entirely healed up, and I have never had one since. During this long and painful illness I had two doctors provided for me; one (Doctor Weeks), was brother to our employer, and when I got better neither of them would take a farthing from us for their services; for which great kindness we felt truly grateful. Mr. Weeks gave up the farm to a Dr. Downing, whom we were with for two years. He was an Irishman, and a Roman Catholic; but he never interfered about our religion, and we never had a better employer. But the farm did not answer his purpose, and he gave it up, and it was with regrets on both sides that we parted. We quite hoped that the incoming tenant would keep us on, so that we should not have to move; but, strange to say, when he came to the sale he told us that he should bring his own cart with him, and some of his workmen, and all the old hands were paid off next day, which was the beginning of January, 1859. I felt much cast down, as I feared we should not be able to get another situation very soon, as it was mid-

winter, and everything looked very dark around us. I had many misgivings whether the Lord would provide for us now we were brought into such an extremity. Our wages had only been twelve shillings per week, and out of that we had to pay one shilling and sixpence a week for rent, and being out of a situation it was most trying for us, and we had nothing in hand; and there were six of us in family, but we did not owe anyone a penny. But I knew we must get in debt for my husband had got no work to do, and there was nothing coming in. It was a heavy trial to us both, but my husband was very quiet, and I have no doubt his heart was full of grief, as he had never been out of employment a single day since he had been able to work. However, the Lord who knew all about us, and what we stood in need of, opened a way for us to go to Lowell Farm, Cuckfield; a farmer there was in want of a carter, and my husband engaged to take his situation as carter for thirteen shillings a week, and pay him two shillings a week for rent. We entered upon his service on the Wednesday, and were only two days out of employment. But I must pass over many trials that we had to wade through, both in providence and in grace, which often drove us to our wits' end, when I have thought that God's mercy must be clean gone from us, but we seemed now to travel along for a time without being so deeply exercised as we had been. But I soon began to fear that I was not walking in the footsteps of the flock, for "it is through much tribulation we must enter the Kingdom," and as the hymn says—

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

But God has never permitted me long together to settle down in ease and quiet, but has frequently emptied me from vessel to vessel, which I trust has made me "Sick of self, and fond of him." I find that he has not called his people to play but to fight; and this has been my experience for many years.

I have often been greatly encouraged when sitting under the preached word, and I have had many helps to my soul in hearing Mr. Blanchard. He wonderfully traced out my path, and his preaching was food to my soul. But I have ever been such a leaky vessel, I cannot retain those blessed truths of the Gospel long together, unless the Lord is pleased to fasten the word in my heart as a nail in a sure place.

At length, after four years' service under Mr. —, the Lord opened a way for us to leave that part of the country. We had not felt at home all the time we were in that situation. But it was with many regrets we had to leave the cause of truth, and the dear friends we had been privileged to meet with the last eight years at Bolney Chapel. A circumstance occurred some little time before we left which was a great trial to me for several days, but the Lord so over-ruled it for my good, that it turned

out to be one of the greatest blessings I ever received from the Lord.

It is now many years since I trust the Lord inclined my heart to begin to write the above, and many have been the changes I have seen during that time. Yet I have been upheld till now, and, as Newton says,

“He who has helped me hitherto  
Will help me all my journey through;  
And give me daily cause to raise  
New Ebenezers to his praise.”

August, 1874.

CHARLOTTE THORPE.

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## REVIEW.

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“ON PILGRIMAGE: OR, HELPS FOR WEARY WAYFARERS.” By Edward Carr (Minister of Providence Chapel, Bath). London: E. Wilmshurst, Blackheath, S.E., and 23, Warwick Square, E.C. Croydon: Farncombe & Son, 76, South-bridge Road. 1901. Price: One Shilling and Sixpence.

Solomon, by divine inspiration, tells us that “of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh” (Eccles. xii. 12), and we doubt not but that he is perfectly true, and knew it from personal experience. When we reflect upon the wonderful progress that has been made in printing, in this country and in other lands, since its invention, we can hardly wonder at the mighty influence, either for good or for evil, exerted thereby. And the “making of books” still continues, so that we may justly say, ‘there is no end to the literature now presented to the public.’ But though the reading of books has been, and ever will be, productive of a vast amount of good, we must ever bear in mind that there are books and books—good books and books which have, most undoubtedly an evil influence. The reading of the former is a blessing to the reader, while that of the latter often demoralizes the mind of the reader and becomes a source of misery to him in his future life, and possibly leaves him in the end a disappointed and ruined man. How necessary it is then, that both young and old should be careful in the choice of what they read, for they may very soon, and unintentionally, too, select that sort of literature which may do serious harm to them for life. Many promising young men have had to date their downfall (humanly speaking), to the influence that the reading of pernicious books has had over their young minds, and if the mind of youth be warped, or poisoned before it is fully matured, or grounded and settled in what is truth, it is often difficult for such a person to be convinced of the error of his way, or to shew him the great mistake he has made for want of good sound judgment at the beginning of his career.

Books now-a-days are made to meet the requirements, and tastes of all classes of people, and so far as they are made useful

to them in their respective callings, in helping them to live and act honestly in the world, we have nothing to say against them, providing that books of a secular nature do not engross all their spare time and attention, and fill their minds so full of the things of this world that there is no room for better things, or for reading the Bible. But it is not so much books relating to men's professions, businesses, trades, and their every-day lawful callings that we wish to particularly notice here, we are more concerned about the safety, and the eternal welfare of our fellow-creatures, and the many books that are scattered abroad in the earth professedly to enlighten, instruct, and to guide them into the pathway to heaven. But by far the greater number of religious books that are now published are (in our judgment) very far from the truth, and therefore they are very misleading, and calculated to do much serious harm to all those readers who endorse the sentiments therein set forth. What a great blessing it is then, for any poor sinners of Adam's lost and ruined race to have bestowed upon them a spiritual eye, a circumcised ear, and an understanding heart! Such a one will have a discerning mind, by which he will be able to discern between good and evil, between truth and error, and between that which is of the flesh, and that which is of the Spirit. And he will be able to discover the grand difference between having a knowledge of the truths of the gospel in the head, and possessing the gospel of Jesus Christ in the heart. When the grace of God is implanted by the Holy Spirit in the heart of a poor sinner, there will be, more or less, found there spiritual wisdom, and understanding, which will be to him of more value than gold or silver, yea, it will be far better to him than all the wealth of nations; because he will be able by such blessed graces of the Spirit, to understand much of the mind and will of God as set forth in his word, concerning himself, his ways, and his people. Moreover, the Spirit of God within him will lead him from time to time into those great mysteries of sin, and grace, and into man's ruined state by the fall, with its awful consequences in connection therewith, and into the glorious plan of salvation by grace, which Christ has achieved for his people, by the shedding of his most precious blood, which is called the "blood of atonement," and "the blood of the everlasting covenant." Thus a knowledge of these great subjects, from an experimental acquaintance with them in his own heart, will furnish him with spiritual matter sufficiently to enable him to speak a word in season from time to time to him "that is weary, and heavy laden," and "who knows the plague of his own heart," or to write a book upon divine things, as our esteemed friend Mr. Carr has done, the title of whose book is now the subject of our consideration: "On Pilgrimage: or Helps for Weary Wayfarers." There is something very pleasant to one's feelings in those two words "On Pilgrimage", especially when we know that they refer not so much to a temporal journey as they do to

a spiritual one. But to give an accurate description of a child of God setting off "On Pilgrimage" to that better land, which is called the 'Canaan above,' the author must have a good knowledge of the road, and of what the weather-beaten Christian traveller is expected to meet with as he journeys onward to that celestial city, where all true pilgrims are to arrive, and to be forever at rest. Now, our esteemed friend, Mr. Carr, according to his own showing in this interesting book, appears to be well acquainted with the road the Christian pilgrim has to travel, and for the better guidance of the reader (whom we hope *will be*, if he is not now, "On Pilgrimage"), he has set forth in the contents of the book twenty-four subjects on which he has written, sparing no pains in so doing to make them clearly intelligible to the reader. The first important subject which he is led to unfold is "The Pilgrim's Regeneration," which we consider is the proper place to begin at, as that is where God by his Spirit begins with all his chosen family, whom he calls his sons and daughters, and has promised them to be their Father; and also says, that they shall be his people. We will quote then, the author's remarks on "The Pilgrim's Regeneration":

The Lord Jesus Christ declared to Nicodemus the fundamental truth, "Ye must be born again," or "from above" (John iii. 7, marg.). This being born again is the entry into "newness of life" (Rom. vi. 4). The latter expression used by the Apostle Paul in reference to the solemn fact that by nature, according to the life of the flesh, all are "dead in trespasses and sins" (Eph. ii. 1). The spiritual life is called a *walk* (Eph. iv. 1; 2 Cor. v. 7; Rom. viii. 1; Col. i. 10; &c.). "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living" (Matt. xxii. 32), therefore a resurrection or deliverance from death, and the imparting of a new life is necessary, before a soul can walk in that path to glory which the eye of the vulture (the keen-eyed, unclean professor) hath never seen, nor the lion's whelps (Satan's children) trodden (Job xxviii. 7, 8).

This we consider a good starting point, and we fully endorse that grand old doctrine: "Ye must be born again." Nothing can be known, felt, or seen aright until we are "born again" or "from above," and we believe that this important subject should be as opportunity serves, set forth, and impressed by all ministers of truth upon the minds of their hearers; as it would be impossible to be too familiar with such a blessed doctrine; for it is the very life of the soul, and the beginning of all true vital godliness. But our worthy author, as he leads the pilgrim onwards, finds it necessary to mention the pilgrim's shoes. "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass." Thus he says, on page 14:—

"Shoes are put on in readiness for travelling. By them the the pilgrim is prepared for the path, which we have seen above is already prepared for him. None are prepared for this journey but those "whose feet are shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace" (Eph. vi. 16). This is a being made humbly willing to follow the divine leading in obedience to the divine call, according to the word of the Lord as applied with power to the soul, and apprehended by precious faith, as "By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should afterwards receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and he went out, not knowing whither he went" (Heb. xi. 8). Shoes afford protection to the feeblest members of the body. They protect and adorn the

feet, which are the lowest, nearest the earth, and most subject to defilement of all. The spiritual analogy is not far to seek. The weakest and feeblest members of Christ's mystic body most need defence, and for such strongest protection is provided. Grace, love, and mercy abound in everything ordained to meet the pilgrim's necessities."

How very true is this, which is fully confirmed by this portion of the Word of God—"Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days, so shall thy strength be" (Deut. xxxiii. 25)! But the author, further on, in tracing out the pilgrim's pathway, and in describing the many painful things he has had to experience, and the darkness felt in his mind, on page 54 says:—

Again, how painful and distressing it is when there is "no light" upon the Word of God! Some might question whether it ever is so. But the Saturday's travail, the hours of agonizing wrestling at the throne, the deep dependency, the occasional utter inability to find text or subject, the spiritual sinking fits and the mental fainting fits to which ministers of the gospel are peculiarly subject, all testify to the fact. At such a time, the Bible is a sealed book. Its utterances and its meaning are enwrapped in impenetrable darkness. Its light seems to be quenched. One may turn over the sacred pages in a helpless, despairing sort of way, and find—*nothing*. It appears a blank of darkness wherein is "no light."

This quotation is a piece of sound Christian experience, well known to the Lord's tried family, but especially to those of his humble servants who have to take their stand in the first ranks, and are expected to be instant in season and out of season; and always ready to speak a kind word to the sorrowful, the careworn, and the tried children of God. The book is well got up, and we believe it would be an excellent present to place in the hands of the rising generation at Christmas, and on New Year's day.

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## Obituary.

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JOHN THOMAS WOLSTENHOLME.—Our late dear friend passed away on April 16th, 1901, aged 28 years. He was a member of the church at Goodshawfold, Lancashire.

The Lord permitted him to wander upon the dark mountains of sin and folly until he was about 21 years of age. And he was, as dear Kent says,

"At peace with hell, with God at war,  
In sin's dark maze they wander far,  
Indulge their lust, and still go on,  
As far from God as sheep can run."

It was about the year 1894 the Lord was pleased to pluck him as a brand from the burning, and set his sins before him as a great mountain; so that he felt he stood before God a condemned sinner. "The pains of hell gat hold upon him, and the sorrows of death compassed him about." The thunderings of Sinai made him exceedingly fear and quake! so that he found no hiding place for his guilty, and condemned soul. He has told me that at that time he was afraid to pass a lodge on the road, fearing that he

would be left to take his own life. He retired to bed one night earlier than the rest of the family, but before he had been there long, he arose and returned to the family, saying "that he dare not go to bed again, as if he did, he was afraid he should open his eyes in hell." His parents, thinking that a change might do him good, took him to a neighbouring farm on the hill side; but before long he left the house, and was found in a field weeping most bitterly. The first time (after this took place) he came to the chapel, the minister in his discourse was led so to trace out his state and condition that he thought some one had told the minister all about him. He now obtained much help for his soul whilst sitting under the sound of the gospel; as the Lord led some of the ministers to set forth his experience in a remarkable manner. He also found the hymns to be meat and drink to his soul, especially this one:

"Ere long a heavenly voice I heard,  
And Mercy's angel-form appear'd,  
She led me on, with placid pace,  
To Jesus, as my hiding-place."

His bodily weakness caused him great trouble, as well as the strong convictions of sin, which he felt in his heart. He would often say,

"O, thou hideous monster sin,  
What a curse hast thou brought in!" etc.

In the year 1898, when giving in his experience, he said that he was compelled to come. "They shall come" appeared to have got hold of him. His testimony commended itself to the hearts of the friends, and he was unanimously received by them as a candidate for believers' baptism. He knew what it was to "suffer persecution for righteousness' sake," and to meet with the frowns of the professing world; which, we believe, arose chiefly from the Lord stamping his image upon him, and caused him to sigh and cry for the sins committed, and the abominations done in the land. Truly, he was a living epistle, known and read of all men; and a wonder unto many. He was a man of a meek and quiet spirit, and walked humbly before the Lord. He was a lover of peace, and took a deep interest in the welfare of the church of which he formed a part. At the close of the year 1899, he was engaged to be married, but as he felt a persuasion in his mind that his dissolution was drawing near, he postponed the marriage, and for some weeks he was expecting his dismissal from this world. But time went on, and he began to think that the enemy of his soul had beguiled him in this matter; so on Lord's-day morning, July 22nd, 1900, he was married; and about a month later he wrote to me the following letter:—

Stanley Building, August 23, 1900.

Dear Friend and Brother,—I am taking the opportunity of writing a few lines to you, hoping that they may be of some little profit to each of our souls. I have been in trouble of late, but

I feel the cause of it to arise chiefly from myself, in yielding to the allurements of Satan and the world. Oh! he (Satan) is a powerful and cruel enemy! My prayer to the Lord is that he will give me grace to overcome the temptations, and to withstand the fiery darts of this wicked foe. I have been reading the seventh chapter of Luke's gospel, which has given me some little comfort. But, like the centurion, how unworthy I felt of the least of his (the Lord's) great mercies. Indeed, I feel quite unworthy of the Lord's notice. . . . Though I am at times brought into such low places, and feel something like Job, almost ready to curse the day of my birth; yet I must confess, there are times when I am constrained to say, "though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." [Here the letter abruptly closes.]

It pleased God to lay him on a bed of affliction, suffering from influenza, which gave him much pain, so that he had great cause to pray to the Lord for the grace of patience. The darkness of his mind was often intense; so that he feared, like Jeremiah, "the Lord had shut out his prayer." And like Moses, the man of God, he would hold up both hands to the Lord in the watches of the night, and pray earnestly for himself and for those who ministered unto his necessities. He told them on one occasion, what a blessing it was for him to know God, for "to know him is life eternal." He also spoke of the glories of the resurrection morning, with emphasis, from these words: "The dead in Christ shall rise first."

He often turned his face to the wall, like Hezekiah, and prayed. He desired but little company, except the company of those whose conversation was well seasoned with divine grace, and he much liked for all such to read and pray with him. He continued to take a deep interest in the spiritual welfare of the Church, and was anxious to know if a candidate for baptism, who went before the Church, had given satisfaction to the friends. And on the day the baptizing took place he was desirous of knowing if the Lord had been with the friends during the service. He said to his wife, about the time the baptizing was taking place, that he felt he should like to go through it again. His dear wife was much affected when he spoke of leaving her. But he would try to comfort her by saying, "The Lord will provide for you; he has told me so." He was very jealous of his own heart, lest it should be drawn aside from its resting place (Christ Jesus). He gave many a solemn warning to the worldlings, and many gracious messages from his dying lips were delivered to the friends about him. He spoke of the blessings of free and sovereign grace to the utmost of his strength. His wife said that at times he had been in great pain of body, but was afraid to turn over on his other side, lest his mind should be drawn from the Lord toward some worldly object. When asked by the friends how he was, he would reply, "I am in the Lord's hands," or "I am waiting for the Lord." He frequently asked his wife to read

to him a psalm or a hymn: the twenty-third psalm was a great favourite of his. When asked if he would like to get better, he would reply, "I am willing for the Lord's will to be done." He also said that he felt to need the Lord more now than ever he had done before. He became worse, and wandered in his mind during the night at intervals, praying for patience. On the morning of the following day he was a little easier, until about two o'clock in the afternoon, when he became unable to speak. His breathing was much worse, and unconsciousness followed, from which he did not recover until, just as he was dying, he opened his eyes and smiled, and then passed peacefully away into the joy of his Lord. It was said afterwards by some that saw him that he looked more peaceful in death than he did when in life.

W. HOLT.

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MRS. HOLDGATE.—On June 18th, 1901, at her residence, "Balderstone," Chatswood, near Sydney, N.S.W., Mary Ann, the beloved wife of Mr. Thos. Holdgate, peacefully fell asleep in Jesus, aged 61 years, after a long and painful illness, borne with much patience and resignation. Our dear friend suffered from an internal complaint, and about two years ago underwent an operation, which at the time was thought to have been successful. But in the end it was not so. The operation was the means of much prayer and anxiety, and when visiting her the nurse told us, that before consciousness was fully restored, and while yet under the influence of the anæsthetics, the patient was heard singing,

"O, bless the Lord my soul!"

Our departed friend was the daughter of godly parents belonging to one of the churches of truth in England, which was in connection with the "Gospel Standard." Her father's teaching and example greatly impressed her mind. She had a brother whose experience and blessed end appeared in the "Gospel Standard" for March, 1894, whilst that of her father appeared in the same periodical for February, 1879. Our dear friend gave evidence of possessing the fear of God from her childhood, and desiring to realize her interest in Jesus, at times feeling in her heart a great love to him, and delighting in the services of the Lord's house, and attending places of truth. It was her privilege to hear many of the Lord's ministers, whose blessed testimonies were often sealed upon her heart. She left England and came to Sydney to meet her husband (who had arrived some time previously,) about eleven years ago, and with him became a member of the Strict Baptist Church in Castlereagh Street, Sydney, and very much appreciated the ministry of the late pastor, Mr. D. Allen, and after his death, that of his successor, Pastor Beedel, the writer, to whom she felt a great union. Often after hearing him preach, she would say, "If he is right, then I am right!" One Lord's-day morning in particular, after hearing well, when this verse of the last hymn was being sung:

“The soul that on Jesus has lean’d for repose,  
*I will not, I will not* desert to his foes ;  
 That soul, tho’ all hell should endeavour to shake,  
*I’ll never, no never, no never, forsake :*”

she felt it was so sweetly applied to her soul that she shed tears of sacred joy. Our dear friend was confined to her bed for about eight months. About six months before she died, the doctor who attended her said she could not live more than a week, and her end after that time was daily expected. But to the astonishment of all she lived for six months, or more. The doctor said it was a mystery how she lived in the condition she was. But it was to prove that “there is an appointed time for man upon earth,” and that “the Son of God might be glorified thereby.” Although she was passing through such a fiery furnace, it was clear to the eye of faith that that God who was with the three Hebrew children, so that not so much as the smell of fire passed upon them, was also with her to sustain, and support her in her great sufferings. We visited her frequently, and found, that although her faith was sorely tried, yet, by the help of God, she could not give up, nor could she cut herself off. She would say, “If the Lord had meant to destroy me, why has he shown me the things that he has?”

She was very fond of the “Gospel Standard,” and whilst sitting up in bed she would read the obituaries in all the numbers she possessed ; and she said to me, that she did so on purpose to see if she could find a case similar to her own, or one that in any way was similar to it, and when she did find one, how pleased and encouraged she was ! Then she was anxious to see how it was with them at the end, and finding that they all landed safely, she was encouraged to hope that it would be well with her.

Having a great love to the house of God, and having been so long absent from the means of grace, she expressed a great desire for some of the friends to hold a service in her room, so that she might once more mingle her prayers and praises with them in the worship of God. This desire was granted, and some of the members of the church willingly assembled together, according to her desire. We asked her if she had any special hymn she would like to have sung, and she chose this one :

“Hear, gracious God, a sinner’s cry,  
 For I have nowhere else to fly ;  
 My hope, my only hope’s in thee ;  
 O God, be merciful to me !”

While singing the hymn the meeting was turned into a *Bochini*, and the hymn was scarcely sung through : we then prayed, and read a part of the first chapter of the Song of Solomon, and as we read the first eight verses it was the one all-absorbing desire of the dear departed to know that she was in “the footsteps of the flock.” We endeavoured to trace out those footsteps of the flock scripturally and experimentally, and the Lord gave her to

see that she had been walking in them for many years past ; though, at times, they had been hidden from her sight. The next time we visited her after this short service, she asked us if we, or the other friends, felt anything at the service ; and on being answered that the hymn sung was just the feelings, and the experience and language of our hearts, and that while singing it the Lord, we believed, was present, with his soul-melting power to seal it upon our hearts, she replied that it was so with her, but she had wanted to know first if we had felt it too ! Then she said, "The Lord was there !" We thought at the time it was a test which we seldom hear of. During the time she was laid aside, she read a whole volume of the late Mr. Philpot's sermons. She much appreciated his faithful and searching ministry ; though at times, she said they left her with but very little spiritual religion, and so much of the flesh had to be taken away, as, she said, "It dies hard !" She also read Mr. E. Carr's "Musings," which we took her. These she much enjoyed, and in return gave us his "Chequered Pathway," which found an echo in our own soul, so much of our own experience being traced out. She also read the experience of Mary Lord, in which she found many of her own exercises set forth.

But coming to her last days : We were with her just before she passed away. As we entered the room, the nurse said that she was so low and weak, she feared she would not know us, or be able to speak ; but when we spoke to her, she recognized our voice and the Lord gave her strength to say, "It is well." Then, after an interval, she said, "Underneath are the everlasting arms." Later, she said, "Come, Lord Jesus, come !" which were her last words. And thus in the embrace of those everlasting arms the spirit of our dear sister was taken up to heaven to be "for ever with the Lord," and the poor body was left to be laid in the grave until the resurrection morn, at Gore Hill Cemetery, on Thursday, June 20th, 1901, attended by her sorrowing husband and a circle of mourning friends. There were many of the railway officials and employees present to show their sympathy with Mr. Holdgate. On the following Lord's day, special notice was taken of the departed one at the Castlereagh Street Chapel from the words—"Alleluia : for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth" (Rev. xix. 6).

F. BEEDEL.

[The late Mrs. Holdgate was a member of the church at Cardiff for some few years previous to her removal to Australia ; and had before joining us here been in fellowship with the church at Blackburn. She was commended to us as a person whose religion was real, and had the stamp of heaven upon it ; and it has greatly rejoiced us to receive so blessed an account of her last days on earth. I think no words of mine are needed to commend it to your notice. The little narrative speaks for itself. Should you insert it, the friends here will be pleased to read it for themselves when it appears in the "Gospel Standard."]

S. FARMER.