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# THE SOWER.

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

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

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## THE EDITOR'S NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

DEARLY-BELOVED FRIENDS IN THE LORD,—That mercy which has followed us year by year spares us still, and brings us still deeper in debt to the God of love whose favours we daily share, and on whom we are dependent for every good. How truly blessed are those of us who are enabled to lean upon Him as our Helper and Friend, and to find in Him such treasures of grace and goodness that we, at times, are compelled to rejoicingly exclaim, "The Lord is my portion, saith my soul, therefore will I hope in Him"! This experience of His loving-kindness "is better than life," with all its show of vanities and gains; and it is a blessed set-off against all its trials, sorrows, afflictions, and pains. You who know this great mercy of divine love and friendship, say, Could you live here in this sin-polluted world without it? Could you find peace and satisfaction in aught beside? No; neither do you desire to try to do so. Christ revealed to the soul, formed in the heart, and lived upon by faith, spoils the happy recipients to the world, and makes the world but dross to them. In Him they see real beauty, riches, and worth, and His fellowship is to them more desirable than the friendship of all the world beside. Yea, they can at times sweetly confess that, in their esteem, "He is altogether lovely."

Oh, for a closer walk with Christ after this manner, dear friends! Is it not to be desired? Should it not be sought? How hollow is much of the sounding religion of the day! How dry and bare much of the high profession of truth around us! Ah! the fruits and spirit found among these classes bear their own undeniable testimony that there is with them a lack of walking with God, for living fellowship with Him would certainly show different results! Oh, that we may seek the *spirit* of the religion of Christ, and never be content with the mere high-sounding name; but, as those who know something of His love, grace, and fellowship, may we daily and sincerely confess—

"Nought will content my heart  
But fellowship with Him."

In this centres our well-being, peace, and fruitfulness, and by this we shall give true evidence of genuine discipleship, for "if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His," but "as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." If this precious "root of the matter" is found in us, humility, graciousness, tenderness of heart and conscience, and true charity will grow therefrom, and the ointment will surely give a goodly smell, which will graciously affect all whose taste and scent have

been changed, so that our fellowship will be desired, and not shunned, by them. Surely the grace of Christ should render its possessors gracious, and their company and fellowship desirable to those who are seeking to drink into the same spirit. Then, where these things are lacking, we may well fear as to the quality of the root.

Beloved, let us examine *ourselves*, and try our own spirit, and then, arriving at a true experience of the Spirit of Christ, we shall be able to "try the spirits" of those who talk about truth and grace. God grant that our spirit and walk may ever commend our profession of His name, as being in full accord with Him who is "meek and lowly in heart." This will make us none the less jealous for His truth and honour, nor less concerned for the success of His Gospel, and for the peace and prosperity of His Church, for these things are the natural outcome of His love to us and our love to Him and His. This was blessedly manifest in apostolic times. Oh, the ardent breathings of soul, and the earnest labours for the salvation of souls, by those who wrote of, and taught the certainty of, the salvation of all Christ's spiritual seed (*e.g.*, see Acts xxvii. 19—22, and 29; also Rom. ix. 1—5, and x. 1, &c.). These parts of the Word prove that the religion of Jesus does not lead its possessors to settle down in a doctrinal knowledge of the election of the Church to certain salvation, to the neglect of any means appointed for the spread of the Gospel, and the calling of the chosen seed, neither do they encourage lukewarmness on the subject. But while we know, and gladly recognize, that the whole work of salvation is the Lord's, we are also enjoined by Him to "preach the Gospel to every creature," and to be "instant in season and out of season" in doing so, as we know not which word may prosper, or whether all may alike prove to be good. The same rule applies to every means in which the Word of God to men is used; and the same divine power which renders preaching effectual to salvation can make a magazine, tract, or a word spoken "at a venture," the saviour of life unto life where such success may be little anticipated. God is a Sovereign in these matters, but He has commanded the use of agencies, and has also promised to bless them; therefore it becomes those who profess to love and serve Him to be diligent in their use, prayerfully leaving the result with Him "who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will."

Here, then, is the answer to all who may object to the use of such means as Sunday Schools, the distribution of truthful magazines, tracts, &c. We are commanded to sow the seed (Eccles. xi. 6), and leave our work with Him who can only make it to grow. To be lax with regard to these things, when the enemies of Christ are most assiduous in their work of sowing

tares, manifests a want of true feeling for the good of our fellow-creatures, and the glory of Him whose servants we profess to be. This is not the day for apathy, supineness, and carping opposition as to the use of any Scriptural means among the saints of God. The foe is pressing upon us, and the Lord Himself said, "If the good man of the house had known in what watch the thief would come, he would have watched, and would not have suffered his house to be broken up" (Matt. xxiv. 43). And shall we, because we know the Lord keepeth His Israel, fly in the face of such admonitions, with a "What is to be will be" careless fatalism, and so leave the enemy to advance unopposed?

Oh, brethren, as you view the dreadful spread of Rationalism among Nonconformists, Ritualism in the Church of England, with Popery and infidelity surging on in their rear, and as you think of your families and the future generation—what they will have to meet at the hands of these foes, if God allows our neglect to bring down His judgments—do not carp at and oppose those who wish to watch against the thief, who is even now seeking to break up the house, but rather seek to strengthen and encourage any right effort to spread truth and oppose error; and, as those who are "on the Lord's side," may you ever stand clear of any conduct which may prove a stumbling-block to such as desire to wage war against error and darkness. The day with many is declining, therefore what our hands may find to do in the Lord's vineyard, may the Lord help us to do it with our might, for we are stewards, and must give account to Him who made us such.

Our late severe affliction has been a time for considering these things, and we can assure you that, when face to face with death, the matter of stewardship is not a trifling one. No self-congratulations, no applause of men, will stand in judgment with Him who searches the heart. Oh, to be right with God! What an inestimable blessing is this! And to have that peace in our breast which flows from His favour and the Spirit's witness, what a treasure on a dying bed! May we seek thus to stand before Him while we live; and if our walk with Him in life is one of fellowship and peace, He will stand by us in death, and when our great foe would judge us as those who are already condemned.

Dear friends, we have felt the great blessedness of having the Lord nigh at hand, and of being enabled to cast ourselves and our all at His dear feet, with a heartfelt "Not my will, but Thine be done."

Ah! friends, there are times in the lives of the saints when they feel that true religion—the greatest thing known upon earth—goes into a very small compass, and this will surely be so when

death and eternity seem close at hand. Others may be captiously criticising the words of preachers or writers, splitting hairs in doctrine, fighting party battles, and contending for mastery ; but oh, how vain, empty, and contemptible, to a soul standing on eternity's brink, are all these ebullitions of party bigotry, even though clothed with the painted garb of "truth," when viewed in the light of that all-essential point, "Am I His, or am I not?"

Ah ! reader, we bless God that, while His truth is as dear to our heart as ever it was, no fighting over dry bones of doctrine will ever suffice to fill the place of the love of God in Christ to us. Oh, the mercy of having that seal upon the heart, and of feeling its constraining and self-subduing power, laying us low at the dear Redeemer's cross, mourning for Him whom we have pierced, and hating our sins as we look by faith upon His wounds and blood, yet beholding Him, even there, as "the Chief among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely One," we becoming dead to all the world, and that being dead to us. We then can sing—

*"Here it is I find my heaven,  
While upon the Lamb I gaze ;  
Love I much—I've much forgiven—  
I'm a miracle of grace."*

Oh, may this Heavenly Lover thus favour us more frequently, then we shall feel carnal things to be too unsavoury for our spirit to delight in them, and the language of our heart will be, as we look upon the worldling's pleasures and treasures—

*"Far from my heart be joys like these,  
Since I have known the Lord."*

Heaven will be a blessed home for all such. They will never weary in His service in His upper temple. The congregation there will never break up, nor will the Sabbath of rest and peace ever come to an end.

Dear tried, afflicted, tempted, downcast, yet struggling souls, hope on ! Your God is the God of patience and of salvation. He is strong, though you are weak ; and He is faithful, though you are unbelieving ; neither does He change His mind, for "having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end." He will not be at rest in His glory, and leave you behind, but where He is, there He declares He wills His people shall be. May He give us grace to "endure hardness," make His strength perfect in our weakness, and grant us to prove, through all life's rugged paths and stormy conflicts, that all these changes and seeming ills are working together for our good, by

loosing us from the world, and driving us nearer to Him and our rest above.

Dear readers, we shall soon have spent our allotted days below. One and another of our beloved friends in the Lord are being taken from our company, and others are standing on the margin of the river, expecting the call for them to pass over. We have felt to be very near, and even as we write this we are reminded that our reprieve may not be a long one. While we have been laid low, two faithful, useful, and much-loved friends have been taken from our side, and from the places they filled in the Church of Christ below, to the promised kingdom and the prepared mansions. Ours is the loss, and theirs is the gain. We hitherto are spared; and if it be the will of our divine Master to still prolong our stay below, oh, that we may be helped to serve Him more devotedly and His cause more profitably, and thus render to Him in hearty return the thanksgiving which such manifested mercy demands from us, the unworthy recipient thereof! We thank all our praying friends for their kind sympathies expressed and shown in our affliction, and for the many prayers put up on our behalf. We have felt these to cheer us greatly, even in our times of severest suffering. We believe that dear friends at home and those abroad have importuned the God of heaven constantly on our behalf, and that He has given us to realize and enjoy the answers of peace and covenant blessing in our soul which He has promised in His Word.

Go on, dear friends, in pleading for us, and for the Lord's rich blessing on our work; then, whoever may try to stand in our way, and speak ill of our efforts, with Jehovah's smile upon us, their frowns and calumnies will not harm us, for "if God be for us, who then can be against us?" Many may seem to be so, but He who knows our heart and their intentions is the Judge of both, and will surely do what is right, and prosper what He approves. All this the end will make manifest, when many who now walk boldly and proudly on in their own way, seeming to be favoured of the Lord, will find, to their surprise, that their mistake is a grievous one.

Oh, you prayerless and careless ones, what will become of you when God reckons with you? "Having no hope" is your case now; and, living and dying strangers to regeneration, repentance, and pardon, you can have no part with Christ in heaven. Oh, may the Holy Ghost shake your guilty souls, break your hard hearts, and bring you to Christ, whose blood cleanses every penitent comer from *all sin*.

Seeking ones, still call upon Jesus, who saves His people from their sins, and you shall find peace through the blood of His cross.

Now, dear readers, we again ask your continued and, if possible,

increased help. You have, by your kindness, laid us under great obligations. Accept our sincere thanks, and remember us in prayer. Still also give us a helping hand, and may the God of peace bless us each, and bring us safely to His kingdom at last, is the prayer of

Yours in Him,

THE EDITOR.

### THE AFRICAN STRANGER.

MANY years ago, at a meeting of the Society for the Benefit of Poor Natives of Africa and Asia, and their Descendants resident in London, the following pathetic narrative was related :—

A woman (Mrs. R—) had been married to a man nearly of her own colour. A daughter was the fruit of their marriage ; and, the husband going to sea, that child was the solace and idol of the mother. The poor woman could read the Bible, but was a total stranger to the way of salvation, careless about the state of her soul, never attended any place of worship, and never bowed the knee to God. He was pleased to afflict and to remove the desire of her eyes, and her heart was overwhelmed with sorrow. Her husband afar off on the sea—the object of her fondest delight a breathless corpse ! Unacquainted with the Fountain of living waters, now that the cistern was broken, she sat down in despair, and refused to be comforted.

Mrs. R— then lodged at the west end of the town, and some of her countrywomen informing her that many Africans were interred in a burying-ground near the New Road, White-chapel, she deposited the remains of her child there. The burying-ground is connected with a place of worship, and as the door of the former is generally open on the Sabbath Day, the bereaved and agonized mother travelled many a Sabbath from her distant lodging to that ground, sat on the grave, and watered it with her tears. This periodical course of hopeless mourning continued for several months.

When her husband came home, he sensibly felt their common bereavement, but being equally a stranger to the only Source of consolation, he merely endeavoured to dissuade his wife from visiting the spot which harrowed up her soul. His endeavours were ineffectual. A few weeks afterwards, he again went to sea, and perished. This event made her cling to the grave of the infant with more poignant sorrow. For three long years, week by week, she went and she wailed. But the days of her desperate grief were ended through occasion of a circumstance, apparently accidental, and in itself trivial, yet important in its issue, and wisely ordered by the Supreme Disposer of events.

One Sabbath, the door of the burying-ground was shut, and



Mrs. R——, ashamed to go through the chapel, took her station on the opposite terrace, which commanded a view of the grave. There she stood, pensive and silent; there she looked, and there she also wept.

On the following Sabbath, the door was again shut, and Mrs. R—— asked leave of the vestry-woman to pass through the chapel, a request which was instantly granted. Having sat on the grave, and wept, as usual, she returned through the chapel towards the end of the sermon, and, stopping a few minutes in the passage, her attention was roused and arrested by some sentences from the pulpit, addressed to sinners. Her conscience was awakened, and grief for the loss of her child gave place to the cry, "What shall I do to be saved?"

Mrs. R—— being sober, honest, and industrious, had hitherto reckoned herself a good moralist, and free from heinous guilt and deep depravity; but now she obtained a sight and sense of both. She went home extremely agitated, and filled with the terrors of the Lord. On reading the Bible, the arrow of conviction struck deeper, and her agony of soul was increased. She read, and pondered, and prayed, but found no relief. Without a guide, without a spiritual friend and comforter, she continued for weeks nearly in a state of distraction.

Here Mrs. R——, overcome with the remembrance of painful sorrows and more painful convictions, made a pause, while she related the story to the writer, and the tears trickled down her cheeks. Recovering fortitude, "It was the shadow of death," said she, with a smile, "but the shadow of death was turned into the morning."

The dawn appeared in the following manner:—

Mrs. R—— opened her case to one of her own countrywomen, who was somewhat serious, but ignorant, and who advised her to consult a godly lady of considerable rank. Mrs. R—— took the advice, waited on the lady, communicated the state of her mind, and was heard with the most patient and condescending attention. The lady counselled her to read the Bible, to persevere in prayer, and to attend the dispensation of the Gospel; and, thinking that she saw the commencement of a good work, took this African stranger by the hand, and said, when they parted, "Farewell, sister."

These words pierced her inmost soul, excited a variety of emotions, stopped utterance, except by a flood of tears, and produced the reflection, "If such be the kindness of this good lady to me, what must be the power of divine grace on the heart, and what the love of Christ to sinners?"

Mrs. R—— returned to her lodging, fell on her knees, implored mercy through Jesus Christ, and was enabled to believe and

receive the soul-reviving words, "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions, for Mine own sake." "Healing oil," to use her own emphatic expression, "was poured all over my wounded and torn soul."

Going, next Lord's Day, to the chapel where she had been first convinced, the minister was directed to preach on a similar subject, if not on the same comfortable passage, and the spiritual cure was greatly promoted.

Mrs. R—— added, while her dusky features beamed serenity, and her eyes were suffused with tears of joy, "I went to weep over a dead child, and I found a living Saviour!"

This excellent woman lived for many years in full communion with the Church of Christ, and, by purity of life and a godly conversation, gave satisfactory evidence that she had been "washed in the blood of the Lamb."—*From an old Magazine.*

#### AN EXTRACT.

*"As many as walk according to this rule, peace be on them, and mercy, and upon the Israel of God."*—GALATIANS vi. 16.

THE soul can never be settled in a holy peace till it be turned from its sins. A wicked man's soul is in a mutiny. One affection wars against another, and all against the conscience, and the conscience against all. But where the heart is framed to the obedience of God's will, there is peace. Whilst we are in our sins, there is ever a fear of the war which is between God and us; and there is a war in ourselves, conscience disallowing our practices, and our practices disliking the conduct of conscience, so "there is no peace to the wicked." But when the Lord Jesus hath taken us in hand, and begun to cure us, and frame us aright, and show us His wonderful grace in turning us from our sin, here is matter provided for serenity and peace.

**"CASTING ALL YOUR CARE UPON HIM; FOR HE CARETH FOR YOU."**

(1 PETER v. 7.)

SOONER than one of God's saints should be forgotten, *He* would forget the government of the world; and would suffer the nations to take their course rather than lose sight of one of His little ones. As long as a rose of His planting blooms on earth, this desert is to Him a delightful garden, and He leaves heaven to tend and nourish this plant. And happy are ye who are the weak of the flock—the poor and needy above others! It would seem that you lie the nearest to His heart.

## THE GUIDING PILLAR.

*"And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light; to go by day and night. He took not away the pillar of the cloud by day, nor the pillar of fire by night, from before the people."—Exodus xiii. 21, 22.*

THE "exodus" was only the beginning  
 Of countless tender mercies by the way;  
 God went before His people He had chosen,  
 With fire by night and with a cloud by day.  
 He took it not away, that cloudy pillar,  
 Although they oft provoked Him so to do;  
 Ungrateful though they were for all His kindness,  
 The pillar led them all their journey through.  
 It must have looked so cool and so refreshing—  
 That cloudy pillar in the heat of day;  
 And then at night, its shadows no more needed,  
 Became a fire to light them on the way.  
 Just what they needed—wonderfully fitted  
 To meet the varying wants of every hour;  
 But oh, how little did they prize the token  
 Of His unerring wisdom, love, and power!  
 God's leadings often crossed their inclinations—  
 The pillar went too fast or went too slow;  
 It stayed too long to suit their restless temper;  
 Or when they wished to stay it bade them go.  
 It kept them so uncertain of the future;  
 It wrote, "If God permit," on every plan;  
 It seemed to mock the wisdom of the wisest,  
 And make a child of every full-grown man.  
 To bear such discipline aright, they needed  
 Far more humility than they possessed;  
 More self-abandonment, and more devotion,  
 A will surrendered, and a heart at rest.  
 And so they murmured—murmured very often;  
 Their sullen hearts rebelled against the light;  
 And had not God been strong and very patient,  
 They never would have found their way aright.  
 Now these things happened to them for "ensamples";  
 We find them "written for our learning" here.  
 O Israel! Israel! how can I condemn thee?  
 Thy condemnation were my own, I fear!  
 Yet, O my Father, Thou wilt not forsake me;  
 Oh, do not answer any wilful prayer;  
 Subdue my rebel heart and make it willing  
 To hearken to Thy voice whilst tarrying here.

—Selected.

MEMOIR OF JANE WEBSTER, OF BARROW-ON-SOAR,  
LEICESTERSHIRE.

ALTHOUGH our dear sister had been the subject of strong convictions from her childhood, and many secret prayers, with hopes and alternate fears—also a diligent hearer and, I may say, a lover of the truth—yet it was not until the commencement of her last illness that her lips were opened to speak of what the Lord had been teaching her for so many years.

In November, 1888, it was necessary to have medical advice, and when the nature of her disease was communicated to her, this sweet promise was applied to her heart—"The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but My kindness shall not depart from thee." She said she felt sure she was going into the furnace, and so it proved.

Her complaint being tumour, an operation was considered necessary. On January 7th, 1889, before the operation was performed, the Lord blessed and strengthened her with this Word, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be," and with many other precious promises and hymns. Although expecting the operation soon to take place, she felt constrained to sing the hymns all through, commencing with "Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness," also, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me"; and she was wonderfully supported all through the trial.

When able, the first message she sent to her friends was, "Oh, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together!"

She rallied for a time after the operation, and though the Lord had so favoured her, yet questionings continued to harass and perplex her, and she wanted a clearer assurance of her interest in Christ.

About June, her symptoms again became alarming, and she was told another tumour was forming. She was very much affected, and said, "I feel I am face to face with death"; and repeated the text, "Lord, look upon my affliction and my pain, and forgive all my sin." It was said to her, "If that is the desire of your heart, the Lord will not turn a deaf ear to such a prayer." She replied, "I am sure it is."

About this time she came to Leicester, intending to return home in a few days; but she was taken suddenly worse, which compelled her to stay with her friends at Leicester till her death. In this she saw the wonderful providence of God in thus overruling that she should be placed amongst her relatives, and where she could be visited by ministers and Christian friends to whom she was deeply attached. She much enjoyed visits from Mr. Hazlerigg (her pastor) and Mr. J. P. Wiles.

She continued getting worse in health, but as her affliction in-

creased, the Lord convinced her more and more of His mercy and loving-kindness by giving her many sweet helps and promises, and opening her understanding into the great truths of the Gospel; and though she had times when she was tried with fears and doubts, yet, in the main, it might truly be said, her "peace flowed like a river."

One day, Isaiah lxi. 10 was applied to her—"I will greatly rejoice in the Lord; my soul shall be joyful in my God; for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness." At this time she was very happy. She had a glimpse of "the King in His beauty." She said, "Blessed affliction, blessed tumour, that has brought me so near to my God and Father in heaven! This is worth being born for, and going through a life of suffering, to learn such precious truths, and to know that my Redeemer has really borne my sins 'in His own body on the tree.'" She repeated again and again the verse—

"Drove out of myself, my own righteousness loathing,  
To Christ, my dear Saviour, for shelter I go;  
He graciously feeds me, and gives me a clothing,  
And ne'er will forsake me—ah! never—ah! no!"

Another time she said, "I am so assured of my interest in Christ. It will be sweet dying. I long for the time to come when I shall be with my precious Jesus.

"Eternal mansions—bright array—  
Oh, blest exchange! transporting thought!  
Freed from the approaches of decay,  
Or the least shadow of a spot."

Another time, Deuteronomy xxxiii. 27 was sweetly applied to her soul—"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." It was a great comfort to her, and she was enabled to rest upon it as long as she lived. She often said, "I have enjoyed heaven below in my soul, and I shall go there when the work of grace is done."

The long hymn of Rutherford's, commencing, "The sands of time are sinking," was a great comfort to her. She often repeated and sang verses of it, also the verse—

"I, too, amid the sacred throng,  
Low at His feet shall fall;  
Join in the everlasting song,  
And crown Him Lord of all."

When she slept a little, she generally awoke with some sweet portion—something to give praise to her precious Saviour. She would say—

"Oh, could I sound His praise so loud  
That heaven and earth might hear!"

At another time she said, "My heart is ravished with the love of Christ. This room is a sacred place!" and her countenance beamed, bespeaking the love and peace she felt in her soul. She said, "Oh, why should such mercy and favour be shown to such a poor, unworthy sinner?" This was indeed the time of her espousals. The abundance of the blessing seemed more than her poor, weak frame could bear. After this her weakness so increased that her mind began to wander, and she said but little for a few days. This subsided, and her consciousness again returned, when she spoke of clouds between the Lord and her soul.

She was one day weeping over the lines in Toplady's hymn—

"His loving-kindness will break through  
The midnight of my soul."

She was ardently longing for the renewal of the same bright shining she had so blessedly enjoyed before, and the Lord did mercifully shine upon her again, and filled her with desire to be for ever with Him.

Very quietly and calmly she settled all her worldly affairs, and chose the bearers for her funeral, the grave she wished to be buried in, and the verse for her funeral card. Then she said, "Now I have nothing to do but to die, and enter into rest."

The last day of her life was one of much suffering from pain and restlessness, but though she was not able to converse, her faith and hope were fixed. She repeated, as well as she was able—

"The blood, and righteousness, and love  
Of Jesus will we plead;  
He lives within the veil above,  
For me to intercede."

She commenced the next verse, "Sure ground and sure foundation too," but was not able to finish it. She requested her sister to repeat the verse again and again, while the restlessness was upon her—

"O Christ, He is the Fountain,  
The deep, sweet well of love!  
The streams on earth I've tasted;  
More deep I'll drink above.  
There, to an ocean fulness,  
His mercy doth expand;  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Emmanuel's land."

She was conscious and knew all her friends until about a quarter of an hour before she departed. She then quietly passed away, to be "for ever with the Lord," aged forty-six years.

A. M.

## A VISIT FROM THE LORD.

DEAR PASTOR,—Many thanks for your kind encouraging letter. "A word in season, how good it is!" I should like to see more of this amongst us, but instead of this, many seem to prefer to add to each other's woe. I know you must feel at times to be in a very unsettled, trying position, and, like myself, are considering where these stormy winds are going to blow you to. What an unspeakable mercy we have a skilful Pilot at the helm of all our affairs, overruling the raging of the storm! But how often we feel that, although He is in the vessel, He seems to be asleep; and we, like the poor disciples, are full of fear lest we should make shipwreck.

I had such a peculiar exercise of mind last Friday. I was like poor Ephraim, bemoaning myself, feeling myself to be a poor wretched sinner, clogged with a body of sin and death, feeling neither fit to live nor fit to die. While I was thus bemoaning myself, the Lord broke in. While I was feeling myself the vilest sinner out of hell, the words came with such sweetness and power, "Thou art all fair, My love." "Thy clothing is of wrought gold." What a sight all at once I had of how I stood in a precious Christ! The bitter sense of sin and shame at once left me, and I saw how my Heavenly Father could look upon me with perfect satisfaction and approbation, because of my being clothed in that precious robe of Christ's righteousness. How it melted my hard, impenitent heart down in love, praise, and adoration of Him who is to me "the Chiefest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely"! Yea, "as the apple tree among the trees of the wood," so was my Beloved to me. "I sat down under His shadow with great delight. His fruit was sweet unto my taste. He brought me into His banqueting-house, and His banner over me was love." I then felt I was in the right place, and that all His dealings with me "were righteous altogether." And although I have found that the Lord has brought me into a land of famine, He still can keep my soul alive. The barrel of meal has not wasted, nor the cruse of oil failed.

I desire to speak these things to the honour and glory of that faithful, covenant-keeping God who has in all ages, and ever will, supply the need of all His people.

"How can we sink with such a prop,  
Who holds the world and all things up?"

May the Lord give you and yours an abundant outpouring of His Spirit, that you may go on your way prospering and rejoicing in Him, and in Him alone, is the fervent prayer and desire of  
Your brother in tribulation,

November 2nd, 1889.

JOHN MARRIOTT.

## AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

*"Is the Lord among us, or not?"*—EXODUS xvii. 7.

PASSING events indicate that the time has now come when the Israel of God may well make this solemn inquiry. Too many take it for granted that, because there is much professed zeal for the glory of God, a head-knowledge of, and strict adherence (in sentiment) to, the doctrines of grace, that therefore the Lord must be among us. But it is *not* so. The late Mr. Philpot testified strongly against dead Calvinism, and the same evil exists in the Churches now. This is evident by the malice, wrath, clamour, and evil-speaking which are only too disastrously manifest. Such corruption is the fruit and effect of *death*, and proves a lamentable absence of the sweet and sovereign power of the grace of the doctrines. The Spirit of Christ does not lead to these things; and His Word declares—"If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His." "Sin shall not have the dominion over you." Well, then, may we ask, If grace does not *reign*, where is it? "Is the Lord among us, or not?"

We need light and life divine, enabling us by His Word to discern, and by His grace to depart from, the evils we mourn. We need the putting forth of the power of the Holy Spirit, enabling the true preachers of the Word to preach "Christ and Him crucified"—"Jesus only." Alas! in the prevalence of a Christless profession, we see the fruits of a Christless testimony.

Well, therefore, may we ask, "Is the Lord among us, or not?" Now, the question may be a right one, although in the circumstances connected with the text at the head of this paper, it was decidedly wrong. We will look at the matter from both points of view. We dare not take things for granted.

First, *the inquiry may be right*. It undoubtedly is so, if it be the effect of the promptings of the Spirit within, leading to a sincere desire to know how matters really stand. The Lord honours that sincerity of heart which is the work of His good Spirit. And if we see any reason to doubt whether or no we have the Lord's presence, He Himself will make us anxious about it, and this will bring us to inquire.

Now, it does seem to us, there is very much reason to question whether the Lord is among us in a way of blessing and approbation. Where is His *power* in the ministry? And if the voice of the shepherd should be heard in the ministry of the Gospel, graciously enforcing the precepts of the Word, so confused in judgment are the sheep in general, that we fear it would scarcely be heeded by them. But in such case, it will assuredly be heard in chastening, for "they *shall* hear My voice." "Hear ye



the rod, and who hath appointed it." The strife, jealousies, slander, and malice which prevail, echo loudly the very voice of God in His Word. "The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways." It is no uncommon thing for the Lord to make the sin of His people its own punishment, and this He is doing at this day in many of our Churches. In chastisement He withholds in great measure the sweet influences of His gracious Spirit. Oh, that, in tender mercy, He would give unto Israel true repentance to turn to the Lord, and endue His sent servants with needed wisdom in the present distress! Until the mouths of the ministers of the Gospel are opened in a tender, faithful, gracious manner—without fear on the one hand, or party spirit on the other—to plainly, boldly, and affectionately show unto Israel her sin, there seems to us but little prospect of improvement. There is, however, a hard, legal way of preaching the word of reproof, which is nearly as injurious as the almost total ignoring of the preceptive part of the Word, which has tended to produce the evils we deplore. A meek, tender, and loving spirit is needed. This the Lord can give. But assuredly, there is too much reason to doubt whether the Lord is among us in the sensible liftings up of the light of His countenance, wherein alone is favour and life.

Further, our question is certainly right if it arises from a felt sense of inability to rely upon our own judgment as to how the case may be. Sometimes evidences seem so conflicting. Certain signs may not be wanting that the Lord is with us, but other circumstances and feelings, almost more weighty and numerous, may directly lead to the opposite conclusion. Confused in judgment, the child of God knows not how to decide the matter, and so is obliged to appeal to the higher tribunal—"Is the Lord among us, or not?" We are prone to err in judgment. We dare not take things for granted, but would besiege the throne of grace with our earnest, honest inquiry—"Is the Lord among us, or not?"

Remembering that the inquiry is not always a right one, we note—

Secondly, *that it was wrong in the circumstances of the case connected with the text.* The children of Israel thought the Lord could not be with them, because the way was so rough and trying. Even that which was essential was withheld. At Rephidim "there was no water for the people to drink." Destruction seemed to await them, for if the deprivation continued, they must have perished. Thus questioning the Lord's presence—

" They murmured often by the way,  
Because they judged by sight;  
But were at length constrained to say  
The Lord had led them right."

It was carnal reason, hardness of heart, and unbelief which led them to "tempt the Lord." Their cavilling proved that they distrusted His will, questioned His goodness, were ready to deny His providence, and be indifferent to His former kindnesses. All this was wrong. Notwithstanding their provocations, the Lord could and did manifest His presence among them, by correcting them for their folly, appearing on their behalf, and giving them a full and decisive victory over all their foes, proving His faithfulness to His covenant purpose. All issued in the glory of God and the good of His chosen.

Leicester.

E. C.

### HUMILITY.

"God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble. . . . *Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord,*" &c.—JAMES iv. 6—10.

THESE words may admonish us to labour for humility, to think basely of ourselves, and to be lowly in our own eyes, and so shall we be more acceptable to God. Our Saviour Christ hath ever been lovingly affected towards those that were of a humble mind. When the good centurion had such a base conceit of himself, that he thought not himself worthy that Christ should come under his roof, oh, how highly our Saviour commendeth him! The deeper the well is, the sweeter the water; so the more humble any man is in his own conceit, the more acceptable he is to God. And as the sun, the higher he is in the firmament, the shorter shadows he maketh, so virtue and grace, the higher and more eminent it is, the less ostentation it maketh.

"YE ARE MY FRIENDS: I HAVE CALLED YOU FRIENDS."

(JOHN xv. 14, 15.)

THIS is the great difference between them who are *only servants* in the house of God, and those who are so *servants* as to be friends also. The same commands are given unto all equally, and the same duties are required of all equally, inasmuch as they are *equally servants*. But those who are no more but so, know nothing of the *secret counsel*, love, and grace of God, in a due manner. Hence all their obedience is *servile*. But they who are so *servants* as to be *friends also*, they know what their Lord doth. The secret of the Lord is with them, and He shows them of His covenant. They are admitted into an intimate acquaintance with the "mind of Christ," and are thereon encouraged to perform the obedience of *servants* with the love and delight of *friends*.

## BIBLE HOPE, THE SOUL'S ANCHOR.

(HEBREWS vi. 19.)

IN looking at our text, let us ask three questions. First, what is the meaning of "hope" in the Scriptures? Secondly, what are we to understand by it *here*? Thirdly, how is it the soul's anchor?

In answer to the first question, we may briefly notice that Bible "hope" is *not* what is often understood by the word—a doubtful, uncertain state of mind, alternating between confidence and fear. The "hope" of Scripture is "sure and steadfast"—a confident expectation of unseen but promised good. So says the Apostle (Rom. viii. 24)—and "we are saved by hope," "a good hope through grace," resting on God's Word, and patiently waiting for Him to fulfil it.

But "hope" also bears the meaning which we often give it in common conversation. We speak of a good son as the hope of his widowed mother, and of a clever statesman being the hope of his country in time of difficulty and danger; for the person or thing in which we trust we call our "hope." So the promised Messiah was the "Hope of Israel" in ancient days. They looked and waited for Him. They "saw the promise afar off, and were persuaded of it, and embraced it"—confessed themselves pilgrims and strangers here, and looked for the heavenly home, where Jesus and His people shall for ever dwell. And, now that He has visited and redeemed His loved ones, and returned again to glory, His Church is "looking for that blessed hope," His glorious appearing, and the full redemption of all for whom He shed His blood.

What, then, is the "hope" of our text? The former verse explains it. It is "the hope set before us" in the Gospel—"the promise which He hath promised us, even eternal life, through Jesus Christ the Lord." And having promised to bless His people with all blessings in Jesus, He has confirmed His counsel by an oath, that by two unchangeable things—His counsel and His oath—they "who have fled for refuge to the hope set before them in the Gospel might have strong consolation."

What a striking word to set forth God's promise and purpose is "counsel"! We sometimes, in the warmth of our feelings, promise without due consideration, and afterwards find ourselves unable to perform our word. But God is always represented as having "taken counsel" with *Himself*; and, in the fulness of His wisdom and knowledge, purposing and promising, saying, "My counsel shall stand, and I will do all My pleasure."

This, then, is the anchor of the believing heart. It was Abraham's anchor when God's promise concerning his "seed" seemed

humanly impossible of fulfilment. He still believed God, and was "fully persuaded that He was able to perform what He had spoken," while of His truth and faithfulness he had not the slightest doubt.

Beneath the surging billows of the angry sea, the anchor of a ship must find solid ground to rest in, or the best anchor will "drag," and be useless. The anchor must be strong, and the vessel must be secured to it with a firm rope or chain, and then the storm may be outbraved.

Thus, hope in the heart, like the cable, binds the believer to the Word of God, and that Word, being always fast linked with His glorious character and everlasting name, is "sure and steadfast" indeed. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but His Word shall never pass away." "The mouth of the Lord hath spoken it," and in Jesus all God's promises "are yea and amen," that God may be glorified in His people's salvation.

If, however, we prefer to regard "a good hope" in the heart as "an anchor of the soul," a little narrative, believed to be authentic, may serve as an illustration.

Many years ago, a God-fearing captain, before commencing a voyage from America to Antwerp—a long journey in those days—decided to take a long, new rope and a "kedg," or small anchor, besides the anchors and cables already provided. All went on favourably until they reached the Bay of Gibraltar, and then they encountered a terrific storm, and their large anchors were swept away; but strangely enough they found the vessel steadied by the little kedg, with its new rope, and, by God's mercy, weathered the tempest, while hundreds of ships were wholly or partially wrecked around them. But *how* they were saved was a total mystery until, when the storm was over, they tried to pull up their little anchor, and found it fast linked to an old, heavy Spanish anchor that had long been firmly embedded at the bottom of the sea. The kedg held the old anchor, and the strong old anchor held the kedg and the ship which was attached to it.

And thus, if we are hoping in Jesus as He is revealed in the Word of God, our little hope, secured by His promise and His glorious name, will

"see the tempest overpast,  
Brave every storm, and live at last."

In the words of the beautiful motto, "I hold, and I am held"; so believers cling to the Word of their God, but He assures their safety by keeping fast hold of them.

Literally speaking, anchors are generally wanted for *stormy* weather only, and for ships to *remain at rest*; but God's anchor

is always needful for the soul, and it most progresses towards heaven when the anchor is most firmly held.

The warning given in Hebrews ii. 1, about the danger of "letting slip what we have heard," really means, *drifting away*, like a ship loosing from her moorings. And we know that the professing Christian Church, after standing the storm of Pagan persecution, drifted away gradually to all the errors of Popery in the calm weather of royal patronage and favour.

So *we* are exposed to many a danger from mists, and fogs, and sunken rocks of error and temptation, as well as from the rougher blasts of trial and sorrow.

Oh, that our hope may ever rest in God's sure promise and in Himself, in the Most Holy Place within the veil, where Jesus lives for ever, and where all who love and serve Him shall for ever dwell—

"And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across their peaceful breast,"

where "hope" shall be lost in sight and possession, and "love is all, for God is love" !

H. S. L.

### THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

CONVERSATION-HOLINESS is another way in which God and His people walk together, called, the way of God's commandments, which the Psalmist said he would run when God should enlarge his heart (Psa. cxix. 32). Herein the saints are commanded to walk (1 Peter i. 15)—"But as He which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation." And it may be distinguished from heart-holiness, or the new nature, in the souls of the saints, communicated out of Christ's fulness by the Holy Spirit, this being the principle from whence it proceeds. All holy actions must have a holy principle from whence they flow, a holy rule to which they are conformed, and a holy end to which they are directed. Love to God is the principle, His Word the rule, and His glory the end. Conversation-holiness extends itself to thoughts, words, and actions. Holy thoughts are the walk of a holy soul with God immediately ; holy words and actions, so far as before men, is walking with Him remotely.

And that God and the soul sweetly walk together in this way of holiness is plain. "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all. . . . If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another" (1 John i. 5, 7). "God is light." *Light* here, as I conceive, is put for *holiness*, and we may read it thus—God is holiness, and in Him is no darkness. And if we walk in holiness, or in the holy Jesus, deriving all our holiness out of Christ's fulness, conforming all our actions to the rule

of His Word, and directing the end to the glory of God in Him—if we thus walk in holiness as He is holy, “we have fellowship one with another.” The holy God is in the holy Jesus only to be beheld and enjoyed in a saving, soul-transforming manner. God is in Christ only to be obeyed, and in Him only doth He accept our services. It is the holiness of this temple sanctifies all our performances. And if we thus “walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another”—God with us, and we with God. We familiarly walk together in the sweetest friendship. So Isaiah lxiv. 5—“Thou meetest him that rejoiceth and worketh righteousness, those that remember Thee in Thy ways.” “Thy ways,” not only because Thou hast appointed them for Thy people to walk in, but also because that there Thou wilt familiarly walk with them; and, generally speaking, those that walk most holy are most favoured with God’s sensible presence. In this way of conversation-holiness God walks with His people—

First, by teaching them His statutes, which the Psalmist so often prays for (Psa. cxix.).

Secondly, by heart-attracting, soul-transforming discoveries of the glory of His holiness, and the excellency of all His righteous precepts. And—

Thirdly, by free and full acceptance of all their holy performances.

In the first, He walks with us as the Lord our God, that teacheth us to profit, leading us in the way where we should go (Isa. xlviii. 17).

In the second, He sets His own holiness before us as a pattern, and gives us to see the excellency of all His holy ways, to raise and ennoble our spirits. “Be ye holy, for I am holy” (1 Peter i. 16)—“Perfect, as your Father is perfect” (Matt. v. 48). And—

In the third, He walks with us as a tender, gracious Father, pitying all our weakness, pardoning all our sinfulness, and continually accepting all our services with the highest complacency and well-pleasedness (1 Peter ii. 5).

And the saints answerably walk with God herein—

First, in that, from His efficacious teaching, they wait for and receive direction to walk in His ways (Psa. cxxiii. 2), turning their feet to His testimonies (Psa. cxix. 105).

Secondly, under shining discoveries of the glory of His holiness, and of all His righteous precepts, they purify themselves, even as He is pure (1 John iii. 3), and love His law exceedingly (Psa. cxix. 97), esteeming all His precepts concerning all things to be right, and hating every false way (ver. 128). And—

Thirdly, in that, while God opens His free and full acceptance of all their performances, their hearts are thereby enlarged to run

the way of His commandments, always abounding in His work and service (1 Cor. xv. 58). And—

Further, this conversation-holiness extends itself unto a walking with God in every place, station, relation, and circumstance of life, whether spiritual, natural, or civil, in the Church, family, or commonwealth. Hence every man is exhorted, in that calling wherein he is called, "therein to abide with God" (1 Cor. vii. 24); and servants in particular, to obey their masters in singleness of heart, as to the Lord, knowing that therein they serve the Lord Christ (Col. iii. 22—24), which holds true in all other relations whatsoever. And oh, with what unspeakable pleasure doth a holy soul walk with God in all relative duties, rejoicing that the Lord hath commanded them, that so it may perform them under that very notion of obedience (Psa. cxix. 111). There is not a common action of life but it would interest God in (1 Cor. x. 31). Oh, how easy is Christ's yoke, and how light His burden, to the saints, walking with God under the sweet constraints of His love (Matt. xi. 30; 2 Cor. v. 14). Wisdom's ways are to them pleasantness, and all her paths are peace (Prov. iii. 17). They are not their own (1 Cor. vi. 19); and "whether they live, they live unto the Lord; and whether they die, they die unto the Lord; living and dying, they are the Lord's." (Rom. xiv. 8). They count all that part of their life lost in which they do not live unto God—all their time lost that is not spent for His glory. Yea, there is such a holy eagerness in their souls after walking with God, that makes them count all their former walk with Him not worth the name. There is still set before them such an intensive, extensive, and perpetual way of walking with God in holiness, which their feet have yet never traced, that makes them "forget the things that are behind, and reach forth after those which are before"; and the more holiness any soul attains, the more eager it is in its pursuit after it. Thus the great Apostle Paul counts not himself to have attained, but still presseth forward, that, if it were possible, he might attain to the very resurrection of the dead—to be as holy as if he were raised from the dead (Phil. iii. 11, 12). This path of the just shines forth with an attracting glory at the soul's first entrance into the way of holiness, but the further it advanceth therein, the more the path shines (Prov. iv. 18); so that it passeth on from glory to glory, perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord (2 Cor. iii. 18).

Again, this Gospel-holiness, in which the saints walk with God, is of a far higher kind than was to be found in perfect Adam's heart. It flows from a higher fountain, is influenced by higher motives, and is directed to a higher end. Not love to God only, as the God of nature, but as the God of grace in Christ, is the fountain whence this flows (1 John iv. 9, 19). Not common

bounties only, but distinguishing grace and mercy, displayed in a crucified Jesus, are the influencing motives of this (Eph. ii. 4, 5 ; Gal. ii. 20). Not the glory of God as the God of nature only, but as the God of all grace and mercy, and Father of glory, is the end to which this is directed (1 Peter v. 10 ; 1 Cor. vi. 20).

Oh, what a noble thing is Gospel-holiness ! Not to obtain life do the saints walk herein, but to glorify God for the eternal gift of it to them (1 John v. 11). With what high and heavenly freedom do they hero walk with God under the sheddings abroad of His love in their hearts, which casteth out bondage-fear (1 John iv. 18). They obey now, not as servants that work for wages, but as thankful children, blessed with the inheritance (Gal. iv. 7), that shall abide in the house for ever (John viii. 35). Oh, happy souls who, being delivered out of the hand of all their enemies, thus serve God in holiness, without fear (Luke i. 74, 75).

Thus much for the way in which God and His people walk together, taken both comprehensively and distributively ; or the lesser paths, comprehended in Christ, the Great Way. I proceed to take a little notice, that for a soul to walk with God doth not only suppose a mutual agreement, and also a way in which both walk, but—

Thirdly, a continued course, or series of steps taken therein. God not only begins to walk with us in Christ, but He goes on with us in Him as our everlasting Friend. "The gifts and calling of God are without repentance" (Rom. xi. 29). God never repents that He has called Christ to the office of interposing and atoning Mediator (Prov. viii. 22 ; Psal. cx. 4), that so He might have an everlasting way wherein He might walk with us to the honour of all His divine perfections ; nor doth He repent that He hath given Christ to us, as our everlasting Way to walk with Him in. God's heart was so full of love towards us from everlasting that He held a council within Himself how He might honourably walk with us, maintaining an everlasting friendship ; and in the triumphs of boundless love He breaks forth, exulting in this project of infinite wisdom—"I have found David My servant ; with My holy oil have I anointed him" (Psal. lxxxix. 20). And He is the Lord Jehovah, that changeth not (Mal. iii. 6). Time makes no alteration in His heart ; no, nor His people's sins neither. Not all our lowness, baseness, vileness, and daily provocations, can wean His heart from us. He has chosen such foolish, base, vile, provoking worms as we to be His everlasting companions (1 Cor. i. 27, 28 ; Isa. lxii. 5). He hath desired to walk with us (Psal. cxxxii. 13)—us, not our vileness, yet it is us, notwithstanding our vileness. Oh, amazing grace ! And because He hath thus loved us, He goes on to purify us more and more (Isa. i. 25)—to make us meet for fellowship with Him



who is a God of purer eyes than to behold iniquity (Hab. i. 13). He well knew all the perverseness, obstinacy, and rebellion of our nature (Isa. xlviii. 4—8), and that we should be no better than those whom His soul hates (Mal. i. 2, 3); and yet, in everlasting kindness, He resolved to walk with us (Isa. liv. 8).

Oh, this prepared Way! Christ is (if I may say so) a Way cast up, where all difficulties and obstacles are removed. Here God can walk with us according to His own heart, in infinite love and grace, goodness and mercy, power and patience, wisdom and faithfulness; and accordingly He doth—"For Israel hath not been forsaken, nor Judah, of his God; though their land was filled with sin against the Holy One of Israel" (Jer. li. 5).

ANNE DUTTON.

### LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR CHILD,—I have complied with your request, and I should have liked to have been able to have sat down and written to you when your scrap came this morning. It did so soften and melt my hard heart in gratitude to the Lord for His goodness to me and to you, and I will tell you for why. My heart was so enlarged and drawn out to the Lord one night, on my knees, *for you*, that I felt the Lord would be with you and bless you in some way, for He has said, "They that honour Me I will honour." And it is honouring Him when we are not ashamed of His truth and ways, for it is a great honour He has put upon us in condescending to look upon us in our low estate, by putting a cry in our hearts after Him, the chief and only good, and in permitting us to approach unto Him.

And now, my dear child, seek to Him for wisdom to guide and instruct you in all truth, and beg much for the Holy Spirit's influence to keep you humble, watchful, upright, and sincere before Him, or the enemy will take advantage to puff you up with pride and self-conceit, which God abhors.

We have wicked and deceitful hearts, in league with Satan; and, on the other hand, he will try and stop your mouth from speaking of the Lord by many crafty suggestions that you are a hypocrite, and will call in question what you talk about, representing it as only being something to appear in the eyes of others, and a good deal more, because he hates the light of God's truth. But do not listen to him. Speak what you know and have felt of its effects upon your own soul, and leave the result with the Lord; for if you should meet with another poor soul or two who, like yourself, are discontented, distressed, and in debt, you will be glad to gather to the spiritual David, and He will become a Captain over you.

Your affectionate mother,

Swindon, January, 1876.

ELIZA BRIGNELL.

## THE CALVINISTIC PROTESTANT UNION.

## EAST SUSSEX BRANCH.

ON the evening of Wednesday, November 27th, a second meeting, under the auspices of the Calvinistic Protestant Union, was held at Horsebridge, when Mr. W. Sinden, of Regent Street Chapel, London, gave his very interesting and instructive lecture on "Protestantism, Past and Present." The room was crowded. Not only were all the seats occupied, but all standing room had to be utilized, and a spirit of solemn earnestness filled many hearts.

After singing a hymn, reading, and prayer, Mr. Harbour, of West Street Chapel, Brighton, who occupied the chair, rose and said :—

"Protestant friends, the times we live in are very eventful, and we shall need to bestir ourselves. It is evident that the final battle between us and Rome will have to be fought in England. The Papists have their eye on it, and Cardinal Manning has said their mission is to 'bend or break an imperial race,' and that they may expect most trouble from the Calvinists. This is true, for indeed, if you examine into it, all the martyrs were Calvinists to a man. Jerome, Huss, Hooper, Ridley, Latimer, all held the grand truth of the sovereignty of God's grace. The object of Popish teaching is to keep Christ in the grave, but the child of God worships a *living* Christ. 'Walk about Zion, and go round about her; tell the towers thereof; mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces, that ye may tell it to the generation following.' Her towers are as perfect to-day as ever. Her bulwarks are in the covenant of God's grace, and they remain immovable; and from that covenant flow all divine blessings to His Church still. Luther said—

"I, living, stopped Rome's breath;  
I, dead, will be Rome's death.

"How is this? The doctrine of justification by faith, which Luther preached, strikes at the foundation of the Papacy. Popery is only revived Paganism. Instead of Mars, Jupiter, &c., they set up the breathen god, repeating the sacrifice. But Christ has 'by one offering *perfected for ever* them that are sanctified.' It strikes at the priesthood of Christ, which is the foundation of His other offices. We, as Protestants, will have no prophet but Christ, no altar but Christ, no priest but Christ, no king but Christ. Popery is revived Paganism; Protestantism is revived Christianity. As Dr. Wylie says, a 'principle,' a divine graft, and there can be no union or conciliation between the two seeds.

"I am glad to see so many young friends here, as you will be

called upon to fight the battle. I am getting old and grey, and shall probably be in the grave, but you will have to meet it."

Mr. Sinden then gave his lecture, tracing the rise of the secular power of the Popes, which began in adjudging difficult cases, submitted to the bishops of Rome, and went on increasing till the "mitred man looked down from the throne of his glory." He was struck with one thing. God had His incarnate Son, and Satan must have his. As our Lord was the incarnation of God, so the Pope is the incarnation of the devil, to whom he has given all those "kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them," which he promised to our Lord if He would fall down and worship him.

Mr. Sinden traced the Church of Christ through all the ages in Milar, Lombardy, and the Southern and Cottian Alps, and in England, Bohemia, and Germany, to the time of Henry VIII., giving a vivid picture of her conflicts and victories, narrating with pathos her sufferings and persecutions, and revealing the very wonderful providence of God over her in all times and circumstances, and, by His presence with her, conquering or battling her mightiest foes, manifesting the same omnipotent power and watchful care in these Gospel days as when He brought her out of Egypt "by signs and by wonders, and by war, and by a mighty hand, and by a stretched-out arm, and by great terrors."

There was rapt attention in the audience, who felt to be listening, as it were, to a new book of Bible history.

In conclusion, Mr. Sinden urged his hearers to drop all party politics, to be neither Conservatives nor Liberals, for the Papists make use of whichever happens to be in power for their own ends, but to be pre-eminently Protestant—Protestants first, and Conservatives or Liberals afterwards.

The meeting concluded with the Doxology.

*Upper Dicker, Sussex.*

JOHN DUNK, *Hon. Secretary.*

[We heartily rejoice in the lively interest thus shown by our friends who have formed this branch of the Union. We wish them every success, and hope that others will be constrained and encouraged to "go and do likewise."—ED.]

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The Protestants of Hackney are up and doing. They have already had eleven lectures in connection with the Hackney Calvinistic Protestant Union.

On November 29th, Mr. Ormiston, of Bristol, gave a lecture on "Mary Worship" at the Young Men's Christian Association Hall, Mare Street, Hackney, when the hall was filled to its utmost capacity, this being one of the grandest meetings they have held.

(Other lectures are to be delivered on Protestant subjects, and the friends hope they may have at them as large gatherings of sympathizers as before.

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*Tarrytown, July 31st, 1889.*

DEAR FRIEND,—Please accept the enclosed £2, with my unfeigned thanks, for your kindness in sending me the “Report of the Calvinistic Protestant Union.” I assure you that there is nothing more interesting to me than the glorious work in which you are engaged. From my inmost soul I do desire that the Lord may bless your united efforts to check the power of the subtle agents of a foreign ex-potentate, determined by every possible stratagem to obtain political ascendancy. My only hope is that, when they shall be just on the point of accomplishing their nefarious design, the Lord will stretch forth His all-powerful arm, and sink them “as lead in the mighty waters.”

“In Gabriel’s hand a mighty stone  
Lies—a fair type of Babylon;  
‘Prophets rejoice, and all ye saints,  
God shall avenge your long complaints,’  
He said—and dreadful, as he stood,  
He sunk the millstone in the flood.  
Thus terribly shall Babel fall—  
Thus, and no more be found at all!”

In the “Report,” I noticed with great sorrow of heart a reference to the apathy and supineness that exist, even among many true Christians, in regard to this movement. To be unconcerned while the crafty serpent is steadily penetrating into the very heart of the country is truly alarming. It is certainly very soul-satisfying to hear a good sermon, and to be blessed with a pew in the chapel; but let them remember that the moment the enemy shall have gained the power at which he aims, their ministers will be suspended or martyred, their chapels taken possession of, and they themselves left to prove that they have been unconcerned to their own hurt. Oh, the wiles of this hydra-headed monster, whose feet take hold on hell, and whose ways are movable, that we may not know them!

I have from my childhood been familiar with the “Book of Martyrs.” My mother used to read it to us, and show us the pictures representing the cruel tortures that were inflicted on the innocent, simply because they were Christians. This astonished me, and inspired within me a burning hatred to that system of religion that could be guilty of such cruelty. Oh, that every mother in the land had thus initiated their offspring in this gigantic mystery of iniquity, then there would be an uprising

far superior to that which we now behold. Many a time, as I have myself read the sufferings of those blessed and holy martyrs, have I shed tears of sorrow and sympathy over them. My parents have told me that, many years ago, the "Book of Martyrs" was chained in the churches, that any one might have the opportunity to read it. But where is it now? Since my childhood, the Lord has caused me to feel the fangs of this crooked serpent, and to suffer from those hated principles beyond endurance; and I am sorry to say from experience that these very principles are too prevalent among many Protestants—Protestants, I fear, only in name.

In this highly-favoured land, what numbers are slumbering quietly on this volcano, not realizing that at no distant period it may suddenly burst forth and overwhelm them! Some, however, are awaking from their slumbers, and beholding this crafty serpent stealthily moving onward to take possession of the Government. What gigantic efforts have been made to remove the Bible from the schools! There is, however, much opposition to it, and I hope they will never be able to shroud us in midnight darkness—the only element in which they can thrive. By excluding the Bible, we exclude the God of the Bible; and by excluding the God of the Bible, we exclude the blessings therein contained.

"Well may we prize the treasure Luther found,  
 Long hid in caves of darkness underground;  
 And may it be our ever-blessed lot  
 To find therein a plant that withers not.  
 Fain would the wicked crush this blessed Book;  
 Fain would they hide it in some secret nook;  
 Fain would they spread the shadows of the night,  
 That midnight darkness might obscure its light.  
 Unless we build upon this blessed Book,  
 In vain for wisdom we shall ever look;  
 A crop of wormwood will disgrace our field,  
 And grapes of gall our vines will surely yield;  
 For where the holy pages are forgot,  
 There Satan is, and there the Lord is not."

May the Lord crown your united efforts with His blessing,  
 and His name shall have all the praise.

Yours in the love of the truth,  
 ANN COPCUTT.

THE love of a hypocrite, like the Israelitish bush, is not burning while it is blazing.

THE sinner's determinations are like ice, which thaws in the sun, but freezes again in the shade. What! shall we vow against our sins, and then sin against our vows?



**OLD JENNY MURPHY.**

## OLD JENNY MURPHY.

IN olden times, when Paganism possessed the minds of the people, and idolatry reigned, the followers of the despised Nazarene could only be found in secluded nooks, "in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth." Time rolled on, and "the name everywhere spoken against" became a mighty power in the earth. Laws were enacted, and at the mention of the name of Jesus every knee *must* bow. To speak of Jesus, and to boast of attachment to the so-called "holy religion," was fashionable; but those in whose hearts a precious Christ was found, and whose only boast was in that Blessed One who was responsible for their safe conduct to glory, were but thinly strewn. Led by God the ever-blessed Spirit, they "counted all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Him by whom they were crucified unto the world, and the world unto them." They were indeed "things despised." Persecuted and tormented, they sought in solitude the presence and grace of their loving and adorable Lord, who makes every sorrow work for good, and spreads the rich banquet of His sovereign, electing, never-failing love, and feeds with fruits immortal the souls of His blood-bought people.

In these our days, when religion is more or less fashionable, those whose affection is fixed on things above, who "confess that they are strangers and pilgrims upon earth," whose hearts are one with a despised Jesus, are oftentimes found in the most unlikely spots. "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?" (James ii. 5.)

"Poor and afflicted, Lord, are Thine;  
Among the great unfit to shine;  
But, though the world may think it strange,  
They would not with the world exchange."

In a poverty-stricken nook of the populous city of Manchester, resided the old woman whose name forms the heading of this sketch. Bending to the earth beneath the weight of age and affliction, and surrounded by unhappy associations, she manifested a composure and peace of mind which was maintained by direct communication with His Sacred Majesty in the court of heaven. Her husband, son, and daughter were in the world, and revelled there in the most profligate and dissipated manner. This was a sore grief to one whom grace had taught to tread the beaten path of tribulation which leads to the pilgrim's home above. Like David, the burden of her song was, "I am a stranger with Thee" (Psa. xxxix. 12). Oh, precious, blessed truth! A stranger *with* a precious Jesus! Unspeakable mercy! Mark, it is not a

stranger to Him. "The world knoweth us not, because it knew Him not" (1 John iii. 1).

" 'Tis the treasure I've found in His love  
That has made me a pilgrim below."

It was in the winter of 1856 I first met old Jenny. Through a narrow passage I wended my way, and on arriving at her door I knocked, when a voice from the interior cried, "Open the door, and come in." Obedient to the summons, I entered. Near to the fire, and bent nearly double, sat the poor old creature.

"Well, and what is your business?" she inquired.

"I am seeking for a sinner," I replied, "whose heart longs after Jesus, or one who may be seeking to know Him."

"Sit you down, and draw up to the fire," she cried. "Why, I thought there were none of your sort about this part!"

"God knows best what His people want, when they should have their wants supplied, and the means for the supply of them. Jesus, who is 'Head over all things to His Church,' will send His messengers at the right time, and to the right place."

"Aye, we believe that sometimes, when we are in health and strength, and we can get out to church, to praise and worship Him, and hear His blessed Gospel preached; but when sickness and affliction come, and we cannot get out to hear God's ministers, and nothing but sin and ungodliness is dinned into our ears from those around us, it is different then. God takes some of His ministers away—He knows best why—and others come not near us, and the old proverb seems to be true, 'When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window'; then, like Jeremiah, we are ready to cry, 'My strength and my hope is perished from the Lord' (Lam. iii. 18); and with David, when a little hope springs up, 'Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men' (Psa. xii. 1). But, bless His holy name, He proves better to us than all our fears. How good He is to let us hear and learn such nice hymns at church, which just describe what we feel, and what we could not say without them! This is one—

"When gathering clouds around I view,  
And days are dark, and friends are few,  
On Him I lean who, not in vain,  
Experienced every human pain:  
He sees my wants, allays my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears."

"Where did you learn to love such truths as these?"

"God taught me them at St. Jude's Church, in Canal Street," she answered. "I was living in Canning Street then. The



Scripture-reader called, and invited me to the Sunday night service at the church. I went, and oh, mercy of mercies, *God met me!* *Me*, a poor miserable sinner! That night proved to be 'the time of love.' I went there ignorant of God's great love, careless about my never-dying soul, a proud, guilty rebel, and a despiser of His goodness; and yet, for all that, He singled me out. His own dear sent servant, Mr. Walker,\* was the minister who preached, and he took his text from the seventeenth chapter of Judges and the last verse—'Then said Micah, Now know I that the Lord will do me good, seeing I have a Levite to be my priest.'

"But how could such a text as that be the means of awakening you?" I asked.

"Eh, bless you! That is God's Word as well as the rest. As the minister explained it, I could see that I was a Micah. I had not 'a Levite to be my priest,' but I had lots of things to look at instead of the one Mediator, the one Sacrifice once offered on Calvary's tree. I thought I was an honest, decent sort of a woman, and that, by doing and striving as well as I could, God could not do anything else but receive me. I was a proud, conceited Pharisee. I could do very well without Jesus then. I was ignorant of God's righteousness, and I wanted to establish my own righteousness, and I was too proud to submit to the righteousness of God."

"Were you able to submit to God's plan of saving sinners that night?"

"Oh, dear, no!" she answered. "I could see that I was a guilty, undone, miserable sinner. My comeliness, like Daniel's, was corruption, and my righteousness was as filthy rags. I was a foolish old woman. I thought I was somebody; I found I was worse than nothing. I saw that night that Jesus was something more than a name. His glory, as described by the minister, and showed to me by the Holy Spirit, made me miserable, and filled me with trouble. There was no place but hell fit for such a sinner as me. I got home as soon as I could when the service was over, and I got my Bible, and looked for something that would give me a little comfort, but I could find none. My husband came home drunk, and cursed me for an old hypocrite, and my children laughed at me; but all the cursing and laughing in the world could not drive out what God had put in. I kept in that way for some time, and I was laughed at, which hurt me very much."

"But what gave you peace and rest at last?" I inquired.

"Well—aye, and it was *well*. One Sunday night, I was at

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\* Dr. Walker, who was then Incumbent of St. Jude's, Manchester.

church, and the minister, Mr. Walker, bless him, made use of those words in his sermon, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest' (Matt. xi. 28). Oh, dear, when I heard those words, my poor soul was drawn in such a way as I cannot describe, and it did run! It could do nothing else but run to Jesus. I felt that He had took all my sins, and that He had given me His righteousness. I found that true religion was something that was brought home to the heart, Jesus' love warming it. Eh, when I could see that 'He loved me, and gave Himself for me,' I thought I should have danced, but God did not let me look so foolish. Dark days have come since then, poverty has taxed and tried me, a drunken husband and careless children worry me. Well, they only make the company of Jesus, who is the Friend of sinners, all the sweeter when He comes. You cannot tell how glad I am to see you. I thought I was not going to see another of the family till the Lord was pleased to take me, and that cannot be long."

Poor, dear old soul! She little knew how her heartfelt confession warmed and cheered my soul. Not another was to be found in the same street who could talk after that fashion; and how could they? The two or three who made any profession at all are well described in the language of the Lord by Isaiah—"This people draw near Me with their mouth, and with their lips do honour Me, but have removed their heart far from Me, and their fear toward Me is taught by the precept of men" (chap. xxix. 13). These people were too nice and respectable to take notice of a child of God, a King's daughter, in a hovel. Base insinuations concerning Old Jenny's character were falsely dealt out by some of these "respectable scandal-mongers," which all arose from the drunkenness of her husband, and the loose character of the son and daughter. He who hath declared, "He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of His eye" (Zech. ii. 8), settled matters with the defamers of His poor child.

Poor old Jenny! She never went half-a-dozen yards from her own door afterwards. Her sufferings increased, and for a period of several months she was not able to move without intense pain. In all her sufferings—and she never complained of one too many—she was wonderfully sustained. She was comforted oftentimes with the presence of a blessed Sympathizer. She rejoiced in the knowledge of Him whom Isaiah describes in these sweet words—"In all their affliction He was afflicted, and the Angel of His presence saved them; in His love and in His pity He redeemed them; and He bare them, and carried them all the days of old" (chap. lxiii. 9). She felt honoured in being truly a suffering member of the suffering body of Christ. The experience described by Paul in 2 Corinthians i. 5, was greatly exemplified in

her—"For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ."

The last time I saw her upon earth, she was suffering acutely from pain in her back. Her poor body found no rest, but her soul experienced sweet composure "leaning upon her Beloved." I read for her, part of Lamentations iii., and in our conversation upon it she exclaimed several times, "Jesus did suffer indeed! He allows me to keep Him company! I cannot grumble, for there are no sufferings like His! Thy bloody sweat! How astonishing that Jesus should notice such a mass of corruption as I am!"

I knelt by her bed-side and begged of the Lord to continue His sustaining grace to His poor afflicted one. She pressed my hand closely at parting, and the next I heard of her, she was gone home.

Her sufferings were many and great; she considered them few and light. To the land of light and love she is gone, and oh, what a change! No longer the recipient of "cold, cold charity," she lives in "the old palace at home with the Lord."

"We gladly let thee go  
From a suffering Church beneath  
To a reigning Church above;  
Thou hast more than conquered death;  
Thou art crowned with light and love."

She was truly one of God's "hidden ones" (Psa. lxxxiii. 3)—hidden from the world, but not hidden from Him whose foundation (His covenant love in Christ) "standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are His."—*Remembrancer*.

## OBITUARY OF JOHN PAYLING, OF BOTTESFORD, LEICESTERSHIRE.

HE was brought, when young, to feel himself a poor, lost sinner. At first he joined the Wesleyans, but was brought out from them to hear the true Gospel, and was mercifully delivered through precious faith in a dear Redeemer. He had the privilege of living in the service of two God-fearing masters. One was the late Mr. Thorpe Smith, when a farmer. He was a humble, quiet, upright man, not a great talker, but a consistent Christian, fearing God above many, loving to hear the Lord's sent servants when able, and much enjoyed the reading of sermons of departed ministers. He was a lover of the *Gospel Standard* and the SOWER.

The last time he was at chapel on a Sunday evening before

being taken ill, while speaking in prayer, he expressed a hope or trust that he might soon be taken to his eternal rest. A friend, on hearing it, felt it a shock to him, and thought, "Oh, but we cannot spare you yet!" there being but one more to conduct the meeting.

His loss is much felt. He was greatly afflicted, at times, for fourteen years, with an internal complaint, and while at work in a garden was taken ill, and after ten days of acute pain he felt willing to go to the hospital. The following day, he underwent a most painful operation. For a time, hopes were entertained of his recovery, but when he became worse, he told the nurse he should like to go home to die. She said, "Oh, you startle me!" He said, "I am not afraid to die." While there he had a sweet view, by faith, of the heavenly city.

After ten weeks he was brought home. He then felt too feeble to converse, and desired few to see him, but for some days previous to his departure he was kept in a quiet frame of mind.

When first taken ill, he said to a friend he felt "no condemnation." On his return home, this friend called to see him, but he took no notice of him till he said, "We are like the pilgrims, when they came to the land of Beulah. You have not much further to go. You are on the borders of heaven," when the dear soul brightened up, and said, "Yes!" loudly.

The night before he left this vale of tears, his dear, afflicted wife did not notice that he was worse. She laid down to rest by his side, and when she awoke, about two o'clock, his spirit had just fled, apparently in his sleep, the Lord mercifully fulfilling that precious promise in Isaiah xxvi. 3—"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee."

The Lord grant us to live the life of the righteous, and die their death. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

His mortal body was committed to the grave, "in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection," in Bottesford churchyard, where a goodly number of saints are resting, on Saturday, November 16th, 1889, aged sixty-six years.

"Blessed, blessed is the man  
Whom God has made to see  
Salvation is the gift of God,  
And that entirely free.

"Then let me live and let me die  
A debtor to free grace,  
And as a sinner freely saved,  
May I behold His face!"

M. STATON.

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## THE PRAYER-MEETING.

I MINGLED once with a little band,  
And we joined in the hymn of praise ;  
For we sang of the love of Zion's King,  
And the mercy He displays.

And then we were bent in lowliest form,  
And a saintly name was there :  
'Twas Moses, and he, from his grace-taught heart,  
Poured forth the breath of prayer.

And again rose our voices in gladsome strain,  
For we sang of a fountain free  
Which sprang from Immanuel's opening veins ;  
Oh, sinner, it sprang for thee !

Then a namesake of him who found for his head  
A pillow on Jesus' breast,  
In earnest imploring for favour and faith,  
The throne of our Father addressed.

Then, catching his fervour, a brother beloved  
Again represented our need,  
And petitioned our ever-beneficent Friend  
To grant us a blessing indeed.

Oh, sweet was the sound of that simple song,  
Though sung in a foreign land ;  
For it told of our home, and my spirit glowed  
With love to that little band.

And sweet was the heavenly influence shed  
By the hallowed voice of prayer,  
And holily passèd the time, for Thou,  
O God, wert present there.

And yet, even here, this scene of joy  
Was dimmed by the shade of sorrow,  
For the sigh and the tear burst forth as we thought  
We must part with each other to-morrow.

Oh, earth, thou canst darken our brightest delight,  
And blend our chief pleasure with sadness ;  
But, ere long, we hope thy cold clime to exchange  
For a country of glory and gladness.

For there shall no parting our feelings distress,  
And sighing and tears be known never ;  
But with Jesus, our dear Elder Brother, in bliss,  
We shall triumph for ever and ever.

E. M. L. P.

## JOSEPH'S BLESSING.

I WILL give you a few hints from Joseph's blessing (Deut. xxxiii. 13—16). "And of Joseph he said, Blessed of the Lord be his land, for the precious things of heaven, for the dew, and for the deep that coucheth beneath." Joseph was raised up of God to be a type of Jesus Christ, in His sufferings and glory, which is plain to me from Genesis xlix. 23, 24—"The archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him, and hated him; but his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob (from thence is the Shepherd, the Stone of Israel)." God had designed to advance Joseph to royal honour in Pharaoh's court, to be the very next in the throne, set over all the land of Egypt, which was apparently done when, in royal apparel, with kingly majesty, Pharaoh made him ride in his second chariot, while they cried before him, "Bow the knee!" This wonderful effect of divine providence was to render Joseph a lively type of Christ, in His mediatorial glory and kingdom, whom God hath highly exalted, even to sit down with Him in His throne (Rev. iii. 21), arrayed with glory and honour as sovereign Lord of heaven, earth, and hell, and caused to ride prosperously upon the Word of truth, while the royal proclamation is made before Him in all places of His dominion, "Bow the knee!" (Phil. ii. 10.)

But before Joseph was advanced, God made some intimations thereof to him, which, when he acquainted his brethren with, they hated him for it, though the salvation of their temporal lives depended thereon (Gen. xxxvii. 5). So Christ, when He came unto His own nation, the Jews, acquainting them that He was by His Father advanced to be their Messiah, they "received Him not" (John i. 11); and the more they saw the glory of His Messiahship break forth, the more they hated Him (chap. xv. 24), although it was impossible for them to have salvation in any other (Acts iv. 12).

Joseph was shot at and sorely grieved, hated and sold by his brethren, before his advancement; and Christ first suffered and then entered into His glory (Luke xxiv. 26). The Jews reject Him (John xviii. 40); Judas selleth Him (Matt. xxvi. 15); His disciples forsake Him (ver. 56); the assembly of the wicked enclose Him (Psa. xxii. 16). Thus was He hated and sorely grieved in this hour and power of darkness (Luke xxii. 53). But, as Joseph's bow "abode in strength, the arms of his hands being made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob," so did Christ's. His Father strengthened Him by His supporting presence, even when His comforting presence was withheld; and He

called Him to conflict with the combined wrath of heaven, earth, and hell.

Joseph's brethren thought they had done enough to hinder his advancement when they had sold him into Egypt, and men and devils thought, when they had got Christ crucified, they had fully put an end to His glory and reign. But oh, how did the infinite wisdom of Jehovah "take the wise in their own craftiness" (Job v. 13), and not only disappointed the designs of the enemy, but effectually overruled them for His own glory and His people's good !

"From thence is the Shepherd, the Stone of Israel." "From thence"—from the wisdom and power of God overruling the malice of Joseph's brethren. And from that very time of their hating and selling him into Egypt did God begin to advance him, as the typical "shepherd and stone of Israel," upon which account Joseph has the name, to sustain and feed the Church of God in Jacob's family, who, when the time of famine came on, must have died for want had it not been for an advanced Joseph. But when they were reduced to a starving condition, having heard that there was corn in Egypt, they came, bended suppliants to the lord of the land, who not only supplies their wants, but, to their amazing wonder, opens himself in the nearness of his relation—"I am Joseph, your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt. Now, therefore, be not grieved that ye sold me hither, for God did send me before you to preserve life, to preserve you a posterity in the earth, and to save your lives by a great deliverance" (Gen. xlv. 4, 5, 7). "Ye thought evil against me, but God meant it for good, to save much people alive. Now, therefore, fear ye not. I will nourish you and your little ones" (chap. I. 20, 21).

And as it was with Joseph the type, so with Jesus the glorious Antitype. "From thence is the Shepherd, the Stone of Israel"—really "from thence"—from the infinite wisdom of Jehovah overruling the rage of hell—and from that very time, when men and devils in their hatred triumphed over Christ, God began to exalt Him, the foundation of His kingly throne being now laid in His priestly blood. "He humbled Himself unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name that is above every name : that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow" (Phil. ii. 8—10). This crucified Jesus, God "exalted as a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance unto Israel, and remission of sins" (Acts v. 31) ; and God, having raised Him from the dead, set Him at His own right hand, and sent down the Holy Ghost from the ascended Saviour to glorify Christ in the Church. Now He is openly laid as the Foundation-stone in Sion, and declared to have "all power in heaven and earth," given Him as the Great Shepherd of Israel ;

and when there ariseth a mighty famine in His brethren's land, and they come as bended suppliants to this great Lord, having heard of life for them in a once crucified, but now exalted Jesus, when they are just ready to perish, oh, with what gladness they receive this word (Acts ii. 41), and how transcendent is their joy when He manifests Himself to them as their Friend and Brother, telling them that, "because He lives, they shall live also" (John xx. 17).

Yea, with what an amazing glory doth infinite wisdom and grace shine in their view, while they see Jesus, their Brother, now alive that was once "delivered unto death for them by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, even when by wicked hands He was crucified and slain" (Acts ii. 23). Thus it appears that Joseph was a type of Christ.

To proceed, then. "Blessed of the Lord be his land." Joseph's land was Joseph's inheritance (Josh. xvi. 4). Christ's inheritance is His people (Deut. xxxii. 9). Joseph's land was eminently blessed in relation to him as his, and Christ's people are transcendently blessed in relation to Him above all the world beside (Deut. xxxiii. 29), and this by Jehovah, who alone is that self-existent Being which is infinitely able to give being to all His creatures, and to all, their happiness (Psa. lxxxiii. 18; Isa. xxvi. 4); and by Him also, as having engaged Himself by covenant, and so infinitely faithful to all His gracious engagements (Exod. vi. 3—6).

"For the precious things of heaven"—a comprehensive phrase wherein are summarily contained the particular blessings after mentioned. Joseph's land was blessed as his with all the natural influences of the heavens. Christ's people are blessed in Him with all spiritual blessings in the heavenlies (Eph. i. 3).

"For the dew." The natural dew which fell upon Joseph's land, to refresh the plants and herbs, almost scorched up by the heat of the sun, was a great blessing, conducing to its fruitfulness. But the heavenly distillations of Christ's Spirit and grace which fall upon the saints, to refresh and keep them green and flourishing under all the scorching heat of persecution they meet with from sin, Satan, and the world, are a more transcendent blessing, conducing to their more abundant fruitfulness, for, while God is as the dew to Israel, He grows as the lily (Hosea xiv. 5).

"And for the deep that coucheth beneath." The natural waters of the sea, that great deep, conveying themselves through veins and caverns of the earth, were a further blessing unto Joseph's land, which sets forth the transcendent blessedness of Christ's people, in that the infinite, unfathomable deep of divine love, through the crucified flesh of Jesus, conveys itself into their souls, to water their roots. And the blessedness of the saints



herein is indeed unspeakable, even when, as "the deep that coucheth beneath," it runs underground out of their sight. It is the secret conveyances of this love that keep the saints' roots full of moisture. It is this supplies them with a sufficiency of sap to endure the scorching heat of persecution, which not only withers the leaves of others, but dries them up at the roots. At times, indeed, in its exuberant fulness and freeness, it breaks up above ground in our sight, and flows forth abundantly; but even then it is a deep that still "coucheth beneath"—beneath all dispensations, and beyond all our apprehensions. It is but the surface of this great deep that we behold—or rather, a visible effect of that love that abides in the heart of God towards us, which, in the infinity of its depth, will for ever be beyond the search of created understanding (Eph. iii. 19).

Oh, who can set forth the saints' blessedness, as interested in this unfathomable, knowledge-passing love? They are for ever secured from drying up at the roots, because this immense deep that waters them is inexhaustible, and the channels through which it runs (the merits of Christ, the everlasting covenant, the free and absolute promises) can never be stopped.

"And for the precious fruits brought forth by the sun" (ver. 14). Joseph's land was greatly blessed with the sweet, warming, quickening influences of the natural sun, to bring forth and ripen the precious fruits that grew thereon, which sets forth the unspeakable blessedness of the saints under the transcendent influences of Christ, the Sun of Righteousness (Mal. vi. 2), by whose supernatural life and heat arising upon them in bright beams of glorious light, all the precious fruits of the Spirit are brought forth, and ripened in their hearts and lives for God (Phil. i. 11).

"And for the precious things put forth by the moon." Joseph's land was blessed not only with the sweet, warming influences of the sun, but also with the moistening influences of the moon, some precious plants and fruits being brought forth more eminently by the moon, as others by the sun (as naturalists tell us), which may set forth the saints' blessedness under the influence of that light the Lord is pleased to afford when it is night with them. They bring forth a variety of precious fruits in various seasons. Some are winter, others summer fruits. Some are brought forth by the warming daylight influences of the Sun of Righteousness, others by the cooling influences of the moon, or the lesser light afforded in the night dispensation.

The Jewish Church in the night dispensation of the Old Testament, under the moon-like influences of types and shadows, brought forth fruit to God; but the New Testament Church in a more eminent way, under the transcendent influences of the risen

Sun of Righteousness, in the broad daylight of the Gospel. Thus John saw a wonder in heaven—"a woman clothed with the sun, having the moon under her feet" (Rev. xii. 1), which might be a representation of the Gospel Church shining forth in the glory of Christ, the Sum and Substance of all shadows, having the moon of Old Testament ordinances under her feet (as some great men of God have thought).

But, though the privileges of the Church under the Gospel day are much advanced, when compared with what it enjoyed under the night of the law, yet even the Gospel Church hath its nights as well as days still. It is needful for them at times to be "in heaviness through manifold temptations" (1 Peter i. 6), and when it is night with them (Psa. xxx. 5), the Lord doth not leave them without light suitable to the dispensation they are under. "Their moon shall not withdraw itself" in such seasons (Isa. lx. 20).

And the Church is blessed by the heavenly influences of the night, as well as those of the day, for both jointly conduce to her abundant fruitfulness.

"And for the chief things of the ancient mountains, and for the precious things of the lasting hills" (ver. 15). These mountains and hills it is very probable were mountains of spices, said to be "ancient" as being from the beginning of the creation, cast up by God Himself, and "lasting" for their perpetuity, and, as such, were an eminent part of the blessings of Joseph's land, and fitly served to represent the transcendent blessedness of the saints, as standing upon the high acts of God's grace in His covenant settlements, which gloriously secure their fruitfulness. These may be compared to mountains for firmness, to "ancient mountains" for antiquity, inasmuch as they bear upon them the date of everlasting, as it denotes eternity before time commenced; and to "lasting hills" because they endure through time and to eternity the same.

And oh, the unspeakable blessedness of Christ's land—His people as standing in the grace of the everlasting settlements (Rom. v. 2). The saints are blessed for the chief things of these "ancient mountains," for the precious things of these "lasting hills," such as adoption, justification, sanctification, and glorification (Rom. viii. 29, 30). And oh, the fragrant fruitfulness of Christ's land as blessed in these respects! What revenues of glory arise to Him thereby! As they are adopted, He inherits a people near to God (Psa. cxlviii. 14); as justified, a righteous people (Isa. lx. 21); as sanctified, "an holy nation, a peculiar people" (1 Peter ii. 9); and as glorified, in the absolute settlement of it upon them. He inherits a people that He shall possess for ever, as a crown of glory and a diadem of beauty (Isa. lxii. 3). And,

as Christ's glory is great, so the blessedness of the saints is unspeakable herein; and the fruit they are ordained to bring forth hereby, to the glory of God, is effectually secured (Job xv. 16).

(To be continued.)

**"IF ANY MAN HAVE NOT THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST,  
HE IS NONE OF HIS."**

(ROMANS viii. 9.)

HATH our Lord given Himself to redeem us from all iniquity, that He might purify us unto Himself, as "a peculiar people, zealous of *good works*"? How can it appear we are of this happy number? Merely because we have peculiar notions in our heads from the rest of the world? No, truly; for unless we have peculiar affections in our hearts, which the men of the world are strangers to, and are peculiarly distinguished in our lives and conversations from them, truly we shall have reason to suspect whether we are of God, or of the world, for if there is nothing peculiar in our outward walk, in sacrificing our lusts, and dying to sin from love to Christ, verily, it is a sad evidence that there is no peculiar love to Christ in our hearts. It is the essential character of those who are justified by faith that they "walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." Suppose our dear Lord were to call to us from heaven, and assure us that we should live many years upon earth, what Christian would say, "I thank Thee, Lord. I love to live at a distance from Thee. I prefer the gratifications of my corrupt sense, to communion with Thee in my heart; and now I shall have a long season to walk after the flesh, and to indulge myself in the delights of sense"? It matters not whether any would say this with their lips, if the conduct of their lives loudly proclaims it. But our blessed Lord doth really speak to us in the very last words that ever we shall hear from Him, till we see His blessed face in glory, and hear Him pronounce, "Come, ye blessed!" and "Go, ye cursed!" Hear the Son of God. Behold, He speaketh to me who writeth, and to thee who readeth—"Surely I come quickly" (Rev. xxii. 20). "Come"! To what end? Most awfully glorious—most tremendously dreadful! Rejoice with trembling, for "the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them who obey not His Gospel."—*Mason*.

No wonder that Christ is so much undesired, when He is so much undiscerned.

"WHERE THE WORD OF A KING IS, THERE IS  
POWER."

(ECCLESIASTES viii. 4.)

IN Eastern countries, kings have possessed in all ages of the world, and many still possess, absolute, unlimited power. Let any man offend a king, and at a word from him, the head of the offender lies at his feet.

The cruelty of many kings has been equal to their power, but the King of whom I am about to write is pre-eminent in goodness as well as in power. It is written, "Behold, a King shall reign in righteousness" (Isa. xxxii. 1). Again, "Behold, thy King cometh unto thee : He is just, and having salvation" (Zech. ix. 9). "Nathanael saith unto Him, Thou art the Son of God ; Thou art the King of Israel" (John i. 49). "King of kings, and Lord of lords" (1 Tim. vi. 15).

Reader, do you love the Bible ? If so, you read of this King from Genesis to Revelation. If the last novel, or the news of the day, stand before this blessed Book, the language of your heart to this King is, "Depart from me ; for I desire not the knowledge of Thy ways" (Job xxi. 14) ; and thou servest him who is "king over all the children of pride" (Job xli. 34).

John the Baptist said of Jesus, "Behold the Lamb of God !" but when in prison, in darkness and doubt, he asked, "Art Thou He that should come, or look we for another ?" The Lord answered, "The blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised" (Luke vii. 22). Here is power. He meets a man with his hand withered, paralyzed, dead, so to speak. He bids him stretch it forth. He does so. By whose power did the blood flow back, and the muscles swell ? Surely it proceeded from this King. Lazarus lies dead in the tomb. Jesus goes thither, weeps, prays, and cries out, "Lazarus, come forth !" The corpse revives, rises, and walks forth to the light. Who need ask, "Whence came the power ?"

Were I to attempt to mention half of the mighty—yea, the almighty—feats of King Jesus, time would fail to tell them, but I say, they are to be found from one end of the Bible to the other.

"The Lord looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand, and seek God. They are all gone aside, they are all together become filthy : there is none that doeth good, no, not one" (Psa. xiv. 2, 3). "Who is this that cometh from Edom, . . . travelling in the greatness of His strength ? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save. I looked, and there was none to help ; . . . therefore Mine own arm brought salvation unto Me" (Isa. lxiii. 1, 5). This is He of

whom it is written, "Thou shalt call His name Jesus: for He shall save His people from their sins" (Matt. i. 21).

Now, reader, have you been brought to see yourself as God sees you—"out of the way," "filthy," "destitute of good," and condemned by God's holy law? Are you now, like the publican, smiting your breast, and crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" or, with Job, "Behold, I am vile"? You may read in His Word of His character and of His power, and be much enlightened in your judgment respecting the subject. But if you have never, in some measure, been broken, lost, and condemned, you have never yet felt one true desire after Him who "healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds" (Psa. cxlvii. 3). But if you have felt sick, and been healed—lost, and saved—by Him, you know that it is not by any might or wisdom of your own, but by Him alone, and you will not glory like the rich man in his riches, or like the strong man in his might (Jer. ix. 23), but in the Lord, who has said, "I will put My laws into their hearts, and in their minds will I write them" (Heb. x. 16). Thus, on the one hand, boasting will be excluded; and on the other, there will be no "sleeping on doctrines sound." "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom"; and Jesus said, "Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness." If these things abide in us, we are living monuments of His gracious power. But those who have only empty notions in the head, and whose hearts the Lord has never opened, go their own way, and, like Balaam, may say, "I shall behold Him, but not nigh" (Num. xxiv. 17).

J. JENKINS.

### "HOPE THOU IN GOD."

THE following lines having been once blessed to the soul of a good man, were again made precious to him when his wife repeated them in his dying moments—

"Say not, my soul, 'From whence  
Can God relieve thy care?'  
Remember that Omnipotence  
Hath servants everywhere.

"His method is sublime;  
His heart profoundly kind;  
God never is before His time;  
He never is behind."

PERCEIVING of Christ bespeaks our knowledge, but receiving Him bespeaks our faith.

## A TOKEN AND ITS TEACHING.

"SHOW me a token for good" was the prayer of holy David "in the day of his trouble," when the "assemblies of violent men sought after his soul." This was not, as is sometimes supposed, a petition that he might be indulged with some inward and evidential sign of his interest in the salvation of God, precious though such experimental indications are to all to whom the Lord is dear. It rather expressed his desire that his God would originate some providential event, so striking and significant that even his enemies might observe it, and "be ashamed" (Psa. lxxxvi. 17).

Nor was David alone in prizing such manifestations of our Heavenly Father's preserving and protecting care. Full often still doth faith cry, "Show Thy marvellous loving-kindness, O Thou that savest by Thy right hand them that put their trust in Thee." Full often do grace-taught hearts view with astonishment and gratitude, events that demonstrate how comprehensive is His wisdom, and how wonderful His love; and full often do trembling lips tune anew the strain—"By *this* I know that *Thou* favourest *me*."

Such tokens are, moreover, occurrences, small in themselves, which owe their interest and significance to their connection with other objects of paramount importance. The transmutation of the rod of Moses into a serpent (Exod. iv. 3, 4); the action of the dew upon the fleece that Gideon left exposed (Judges vi. 36—40); the murmuring of the wind in the tops of the mulberry trees at Rephaim (2 Sam. v. 24); the return of the shadow ten degrees upon the dial of Ahaz (Isa. xxxviii. 8), were but trivial incidents *in themselves*, yet how precious as indicating the presence and good-will of the great God of heaven and earth! They manifested that He was, in the plenitude of His power and grace, on the very premises that His troubled people occupied, and assured them of His intention to do greater things for and by them. They read infinite love in the changed rod, the drenched wool, the whispering leaves, and the retreating shadow, and their faint and fluttering hearts grew calm and strong.

"Now all these things happened unto them for ensamples," and what true child of God has not sought and obtained some such little signs of His loving-kindness who pitieth us "like as a father pitieth his children," and treats us with such marvellous condescension and consideration?

An anecdote, the authenticity of which is unquestionable, pleasingly exemplifies these important truths.

About a hundred and twenty years ago, the late Joseph Hart was ministering to the congregation assembling in Jewin Street

Chapel, London. His career had been singular ; his experience almost unparalleled ; while his knowledge of the letter of the Gospel, combined with his acquaintance with its savour and power, must have given to his sermons a weight and unction of which we can form some idea from his pathetic and heart-searching hymns. For the brief period of about seven years only he was permitted to feed the blood-bought flock of God, and in May, 1768, his voice was hushed in the silence of death. The people who gathered round him were, we are sure, for the most part, true and tried Christians, for none but such would, or could, appreciate a ministry so solemn and Christ-exalting.

One of their number, Mrs. Hannah Porter, had, in 1766, been recently bereaved of an affectionate husband, after only ten days' illness ; and it devolved on her to maintain herself and her four little children by her unaided industry. Having some knowledge of the ivory-turning business (which her husband had followed), she ventured, in the fear of God, to take the premises at No. 446, Strand, and to open them as a shop in this line.

Doubtless her expectations were far from ambitious. Very possibly she knew and acquiesced in her pastor's own lines—

“ Great things we are not here to crave ;  
But if we food and raiment have,  
Should learn to be therewith content.  
Into the world we nothing brought,  
Nor can we from it carry aught ;  
Then walk the way your Master went.”

To “ provide things honest in the sight of all men ” was, however, no easy task for the young widow. The times were hard, the necessities of life were scarce and dear, and the struggle for existence severe on every hand.

One morning, her trouble was unusually great. Her taxes were over-due, and she had received a pressing demand for them, and an intimation that the collector would call that day, and she had not wherewith to pay him. “ In her distress ” she had earnestly besought the Lord to help her, and send her what she so urgently required for this purpose. It was at this juncture that a token for good was shown her, and in a way so singular as to be worthy of record.

On that very morning, a young woman entered the shop to purchase some trifling article, for which she threw down the price in copper money, and immediately departed. As Mrs. Porter was about to put the coins in her till, some peculiarity in one of the halfpence attracted her attention. She sounded it, and it returned a dull, hollow noise. She sounded it again, and, to her surprise, it parted into two, proving to be really a most ingeniously-made box, in one of the halves of which, nestling in

a receptacle expressly prepared to contain it, was a quarter-guinea—a small gold coin then current.

Her first anxiety was to restore this precious little curiosity to the person who had parted with it, in evident ignorance of its value. Going to the door, she looked out, but the young woman had disappeared. The singularity of the circumstance then began to impress the widow's mind. Following as it did her earnest prayer for divine help, she was led to recognize the hand of God in the matter. Her faith was strengthened and her heart assured that He would not fail her in her present and pressing trial. Nor was she disappointed. Ere long, other customers came in, the price of whose purchases more than made up the sum she required. The young woman never returned to claim her treasure, and all endeavours to trace her failed.

Providence continued to smile on Mrs. Porter's business, nor did circumstances ever compel her to part with what had proved so signal a token for good.

Not long since the halfpenny, preserved as a precious relic in the family, was shown us. It laid beside another of the same date, and, save that the image and superscription were unusually clear, presented no external features of interest. It still easily parts asunder, disclosing a quarter-guinea of George III., dated 1762.

Christian reader, hast thou learned the secret of a life of faith in thy Heavenly Father? He "is good : a stronghold in the day of trouble ; and He knoweth them that trust in Him." Dost thou trust in Him, with patient confidence "committing thy way unto Him" in all things? Then He will not leave thee to thyself in sorrow's gloomy hour, but show thee in some way how near and dear thou art to Him. Art thou a stranger to His salvation? Then how poor thou art! What wilt thou do in the day of thy calamity, "when other helpers fail and comforts flee"? May it be His pleasure to show thee that thou art a poor helpless sinner, and to bring thee to His beloved Son, that thou mayest obtain mercy through Him.

Our story has, moreover, a postscript. Among the children of that gracious woman was a little boy who, in due course, grew up and became a manifested child of God ; and it was from the lips of his daughter, who herself has long been favoured to know and love the Lord, that we learned what we have related. Grace, it is true, is not hereditary. It does not run in the blood, but how often it does in the line! Godly parents are thus encouraged to bring their loved ones to Him who has said "one generation shall praise His name to another, and shall declare His mighty acts."

*Islington, London.*

W. J. S.



## HINTS FOR THE WISE.

*To the Editor of the Sower.*

DEAR SIR,—My mind has been somewhat exercised of late upon the subject of public worship.

The first thing I shall try to speak a little of is, that part of the service which we hope is prayer. I quite think there should be order, and that prayer should occupy a certain portion of the time; yet I cannot help thinking that it should be short and comprehensive.

In old times, the congregation used to stand in the time of prayer, and turn their faces to the wall, or their backs to the minister, as the case might be. Thus the whole congregation, of say three to five hundred, rising from their seats and turning round, made considerable noise, if not confusion. To obviate this, it was thought better that they should remain sitting.

Now, was this step with the times a step in the right direction? Would it not have been better that the people should still rise? From a variety of causes, I am aware that nature is tired and exhausted. The consequence is that, while the minister stands to pray, some in his congregation fold their arms and sleep.

My next point is, prayer-meetings in lieu of full service or preaching on the Lord's Day afternoons. Formerly, ministers were few, and meeting-places far between. The ministers then were hardy plants, preaching morning and afternoon at their own places, and sometimes walking for miles to preach elsewhere in the evening. There are yet a few of that class, who preach three times on the Sabbath—and often the third sermon is the best. This, of course, applies more to country places and people.

My third point is, the afternoon prayer-meetings, as conducted in the town chapels. I should think it very strange if some three or four people came and begged at my door, one after another, for a quarter of an hour each, and scarcely needed anything they asked for, and went away quite unconcerned as to whether I relieved them or not. Yet this is how we often worship a precious Jesus!

At our prayer-meetings, too, there are so many to pray that we can scarcely find time to read half a chapter of His Word; yet perhaps it would be more God-honouring, edifying, and instructive to read even ten chapters, and only one speak in prayer.

It may be as well to say a word on singing. Doubtless all will admit the fact that the more congregational this part of public worship can be conducted the better, although in country places this latter mode seems less practicable than in towns. This may be partly owing to the departure from the old and easy

tunes. We have in several instances seen evils from a choir of both sexes, who have conducted the singing almost to the exclusion of the congregation, when, through one or two taking offence at some remarks of the minister, or from other reasons, and the disaffection spreading, several absent themselves, and so the whole company becomes disconcerted, and the singing almost breaks down, even if the minister's faithfulness be not intimidated at the fear of breaking up the choir.

I hope my readers may receive this in love, not regarding the poor, mean instrument ; and if they ask who I am, I am "A reed shaken with the wind, a bruised reed not broken, a smoking flax not quenched."

[With some hesitation we have given the above insertion. Our correspondent's remarks may prove suggestive, though they are by no means exhaustive. We happen to know better specimens of prayer-meetings in town, and more creditable singing in the country, than those to which he refers. We hope the instances he has in view are exceptional. We believe with him that *prayer*, whether offered by the minister or by Church members, should be "short and comprehensive." The stream of confession and supplication soon runs out, and when other matter supplies its place, it is not unfrequently dishonouring to God, and distressing to His people. It should be our aim to *pray* in prayer, not omitting thanksgiving, although we think that that chiefly should be regarded in our singing, which should be hymns of *praise*. Perhaps Solomon's injunction may be a hint to the wise—"Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine heart be hasty to utter any thing before God : for God is in heaven, and thou upon earth : therefore let thy words be few" (Eccles. v. 2).]

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### "THE RIGHTEOUS SHALL BE IN EVERLASTING REMEMBRANCE."

(PSALM cxii. 6.)

CONSIDER the greatest, wisest, richest, learnedest of all who have lived ; if they were not for Christ and His Church, what glory doth remain to any of them ? How much soever they magnified themselves, or were flattered by others, who now will honour them ? Do they not all lie buried ingloriously ? But now look into God's Book, and read all chronicles, and you shall find that all they who have set their hearts to God's work, and have been for the Lord and His Church and kingdom, their memorial is honourable and blessed in all ages. They are still eminent and glorious, and shall be so to the world's end, and in heaven to all eternity.

## THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

*"Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked: I counsel thee to buy of Me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich," &c.—REVELATION iii. 17, 18.*

ALTHOUGH the Revelation be a compendium of intricate visions and obscure prophecies, containing almost as many mysteries as words, yet that cloud overshadows the prophetic part only, which begins where this chapter (with the doctrinal part) ends. Here the waters are found no deeper than in other places of the Scripture; but if we go a little farther, they become an overflowing flood. Hitherto we touch ground, but a step further delivers us into the deeps, which are above the head of the tallest Christian. Here the Spirit speaks doctrinally and perspicuously; but in the following chapters mystically and in great obscurity.

Seven epistles are found in this doctrinal part, immediately dictated from heaven, and not by John, to the seven Churches of Asia, to instruct, correct, encourage, and confirm them, as their several cases required.

My text falls in the last epistle, sent to the Church of Laodicea, the worst and most degenerate of all the rest. The best had their defects and infirmities, but this laboured under the most dangerous disease of all. The fairest face of the seven had some spots, but a dangerous disease seems to have invaded the very heart of this. Not that all are equally guilty, but the greatest part (from which the whole is denominated) were lukewarm professors, who had "a name to live," but were dead; who, being never thoroughly engaged in religion, easily embraced that principle of the Gnostics which made it a matter of indifference to own or deny Christ in times of persecution—the most saving doctrine that some professors are acquainted with. This lukewarm temper Christ hated. He was sick of them, and loathed their indifferency. "I would," saith He (ver. 15), "thou wert cold or hot"—an expression of the same amount with that in 1 Kings xviii. 21—"How long halt ye between two opinions?" and is manifestly translated from the qualities of water which is neither cold nor hot, or lukewarm, a middle temper between both, and more nauseous to the stomach than either of the former. "Cold" is the complexion and natural temper of those that are wholly alienated and estranged from Christ and religion. "Hot" is the gracious temper of those that know and love Jesus Christ in an excelling degree. "Lukewarm," or tepid, is the temper of those who have too much religion to be esteemed carnal, and too little to be truly spiritual—a generation that is

too politic to venture much, and yet so foolish as to lose all. They are loth to forsake truth wholly, and more loth to follow it too closely. The form of religion they affect as an honour; the power of it they judge a burden.

This is that temper which the Lord hates, and this was the disease of Laodicea, which Christ, the great and only heart Anatomist and soul Physician, discovers in verse 17, and prescribes a cure for it in verse 18; so that the words resolve themselves into two parts, namely—

First, a faithful discovery of, and secondly, a proper remedy for, the disease of Laodicea.

1. Their disease is faithfully discovered to them, both in its symptoms, cause, and aggravations.

First. Its symptoms—an unconcerned, indifferent, regardless spirit in matters of religion; neither hot nor cold; the true temper of formal professors, who never engaged themselves thoroughly and heartily in the ways of God, but can take or leave, as times govern, and worldly interest comes to be concerned.

Secondly. Its cause and root, which is the defect and want of the truth and power of inward grace, noted in these expressions, "thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked"; that is, "thou art destitute of a real principle, a solid work of grace." These five epithets do all point to one and the same thing, namely, the defectiveness and rottenness of their foundation. The two first, "wretched and miserable," are more general, concluding them in a sad condition, a very sinful and lamentable estate; the three last, namely, "poor, blind, and naked," are more particular, pointing at those grand defects and flaws in the foundation which made their condition so "wretched and miserable."

First, *poor*; that is, void of righteousness and true holiness before God. These are the true riches of Christians, and whosoever wants them is poor and miserable, how rich soever he be in gifts of the mind, or treasures of the earth.

Secondly, *blind*; that is, without spiritual illumination, so as neither knowing their disease nor their remedy; the evil of sin, nor the necessity of Christ.

Thirdly, *naked*; without Christ and His righteousness. Sin is the soul's shame and nakedness. Christ's pure and perfect righteousness is its covering or garment. This they wanted, how rich soever their bodies were adorned. These were Laodiceans; that is, a just and righteous people (according to the notation of that word), whose garments with which they covered themselves were made of the home-spun thread of their own righteousness.

Thirdly. The disease of Laodicea is here opened to them in

its aggravations—"Thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing ; and knowest not," &c.

To be really graceless and Christless is a miserable condition ; but to be so, and yet confidently persuaded of the contrary, is most miserable. To have the very symptoms of death upon us, and yet tell those that pity us, we are as well as they, is lamentable indeed !

Oh, the efficacy of a spiritual delusion ! This was their disease,—gracelessness ; and the aggravation of it was their senselessness.

2. We have a proper remedy prescribed (verse 18)—"I counsel thee to buy of Me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich," &c. ; in which we have to consider, first, what is prescribed for the cure ; secondly, where is it to be had ; thirdly, how to be obtained.

First. What are the remedies prescribed ; and they are three—"gold," "white raiment," and "eye-salve." First, "gold," the cure of poverty—yea, "gold tried in the fire"—that is, grace that hath been variously proved already ; and the more it is proved, the more its truth will be conspicuous. The next is "white raiment," the remedy against nakedness ; and lastly, "eye-salve," the effectual cure of blindness. Under all these choice metaphors, more choice and excellent things are shadowed, even spiritual graces, real holiness, more precious than gold ; Christ's imputed righteousness, the richest garment in all the wardrobe of heaven ; and spiritual illumination, the most excellent *collyrium*, or "eye-salve," that ever was, or can be, applied to the mental eye or understanding of man in this world.

Secondly. Where these precious remedies may be had ; and you find Christ hath the monopoly of them all. "Buy of Me," saith Christ in the text. He is the repository of all graces. Angels, ministers, ordinances, cannot furnish you with them without Christ.

Thirdly. How they may be obtained from Him—"buy of Me." On this place, Estius and others build their doctrine of merit, which is to build a superstructure of hay and stubble upon a foundation of gold. The exigence of the very text itself destroys such conceits, for what have they that are poor, wretched, miserable, and want all things, to give as a price, or by way of merit, for those inestimable treasures of grace ? Buying, therefore, in this place, can signify or intend no more than the acquisition, compassing, or obtaining these things from Jesus Christ, in the use of such means and methods as He hath appointed ; and in the use of them we merit grace no more than the patient merits of his physician by coming to him, and carefully following his prescriptions in the use of such medicaments

as he freely gives him ; and that place, Isaiah lv. 1, from which this phrase seems to be borrowed, fully clears it—"He that hath no money, let him come and buy wine and milk, without money and without price."

From all which, these three observations fairly offer themselves to us—

1. That many professors of religion are under very great and dangerous mistakes in their profession.

2. That true grace is exceeding precious, and greatly enriches the soul that possesseth it.

3. That only is to be accounted true grace which is able to endure all these trials appointed, or permitted, for the discovery of it.

The first doctrine naturally rises out of the scope of the text, which is to awaken and convince unsound professors.

The second, from the use the Holy Ghost makes of the best and choicest things in nature to shadow forth the inestimable worth and preciousness of grace.

And the third, from that particular and most significant metaphor of "gold tried in the fire," by which I here understand a real and solid work of grace, evidencing itself to be so in all the proofs and trials that are made of it ; for whatsoever is probational of grace, and puts its soundness and sincerity to the test, is that to it which fire is to gold. In this sense it is used in Scripture—"Thou hast tried us, as silver is tried" (Psa. lxxvi. 10) ; "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" (Zech. xiii. 9) ; so that, whatsoever it is which examines and tries grace, whether it be sound and sincere, that is the "fire" Christ here speaks of ; and such grace as abides these trials is the "gold" here intended.

*(To be continued.)*

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Few can see that, in religion, what are considered great things are really very little, and what are considered little are really very great. How few can see that a broken heart, a contrite spirit, a humble mind, a tender conscience, a meek, quiet, and patient bearing of the cross, a believing submission and resignation to the will of God, a looking to Him, and to Him alone, for all supplies in providence or in grace, with a continued seeking of His face, and desiring nothing so much as the visitations of His favour, a loving, affectionate, forbearing, and forgiving spirit, a bearing of injuries and reproaches without retaliation, a liberal heart and hand, and a godly, holy, and separate life and walk, are the things which, in God's sight, are great.—*J. C. Philpot.*

## LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—The other Sunday evening, while listening to our venerable pastor, those words came to my mind, "Perfect love casteth out fear." Now, I ask, have you any love to the Lord? Say you, "I believe there is a God"? So do devils "believe, and tremble." But can you say, "Yes, I do hope that Christ, having been made perfect, has become the Author of my salvation"? Well, remember, "it is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing."

I will call your attention to Judas, as a solemn illustration of this truth, for he was numbered with the Apostles, and had obtained a part of their ministry, but he had no part in the grace of "the Spirit that quickeneth." How solemn are the words of the Psalmist—"Let his habitation be desolate, and his bishopric let another take"! And what was the end of that man? Why, he fell headlong, and burst asunder in the field he had purchased with the money of iniquity.

Look now, dear friends, at the blessed contrast. David, when he had lost all, and when the men who followed him talked of stoning him, "encouraged himself in the Lord his God." How could he? Why, because the Spirit of God was upon him.

And so it is with every heaven-taught believer. His heart goes up, in time of temptation, to God, in humble pleading and true adoration. Hence, His "strength is made perfect in their weakness."

The Psalmist says, "It is God that girdeth me with strength, and maketh my way perfect." I am sure it was so with three examples we have in the Old Testament, namely, Noah, Job, and Daniel.

What a delightful satisfaction to "know whom I have believed," and to know that the Lord has said, "He that walketh in a perfect way, he shall serve Me," for "greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world," and then to have our love to Him made perfect *by Him*. Hence the Church of the living God on earth is "perfect through My comeliness, which I had put upon thee, saith the Lord" (Ezek. xvi. 14).

My dear young friends, if thus blessed, what should be our deportment? Should we boast of our goodness? No.

"Had I an angel's purity,  
Yet even this I would deny,  
Nor good confess in name or thing,  
Except in Christ, my Lord and King."

What, then, should be our adornment? A meek and humble spirit. Oh, that it may be said that your path is "as the path of

the just, even a shining light, that shineth more and more unto a perfect day"! But do not be unmindful of the truth that "every good and perfect gift," even the gift of perfect love, "cometh from above." Watch, therefore, and pray that you may be clothed with that perfect robe of Christ's righteousness.

"'Twas wove by everlasting love,  
And brought by Jesus in."

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." May this be your high privilege; and I will say my prayer is, that "the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God that your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it."

"Pause, my soul, adore and wonder!

Ask, 'Oh, why such love to me?'

Grace has put me in the number

Of the Saviour's family:

Hallelujah!

Thanks, eternal thanks to Thee!"

Yours very sincerely,

R. F.

## THE PROTESTANT CRUSADE AT BRIGHTON.

THE Bishop of Chichester has addressed to the inhabitants of Brighton, Hove, and Preston, a pastoral letter in reference to the general Mission to be held for the united parishes, commencing on February 1st. The Bishop's letter has been printed, and circulated from house to house in the district, being prefaced by a letter signed by the incumbents of the Brighton churches. Three names, however, are conspicuous by their absence, namely, the Rev. J. G. Gregory (Emmanuel Church, Hove), the Rev. G. Hewitt (St. Luke's, Pentonville), and the Rev. W. T. McCormick (St. Matthew's Church). We understand that these three clergymen withheld their names because the Bishop's letter contains teaching with which they, as Evangelical clergymen, cannot agree. In particular, they object to the following passage, as implying baptismal regeneration in a Romish sense—"This Mission is for all, . . . for all are partakers of the same fallen nature; all have their special temptations; all, by the mercy of their Heavenly Father, have been made His children—children, it may be, who have wandered far from Him, but children still, heirs of the kingdom of heaven."



We are sure that, in this brave stand for the truth, these gentlemen will receive the warm support, sympathy, and prayers of every decided Evangelical. Our Brighton friends will, we doubt not, watch with keen interest the work of the approaching Brighton Mission. There is only too much reason to expect that it will be used by the local Romanizers for the purpose of entrapping the unwary into the confessional, and generally in promoting the principles of those who hate the Reformation. We shall be glad to receive a list of the Mission preachers when published.—*English Churchman*.

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### [ THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL'S WARNING TO THE CHURCH.

SPEAKING at Plymouth recently, Sir Edward Clarke said—"If attacks were made upon the Church and the House of Lords, it would not be because of any objection to the principles those bodies represented, but because of practices which offended the judgment and outraged the conscience of the people themselves. The true defenders of the House of Lords and the Church should now be the peers, the bishops, and the clergy themselves. If the peers generally imitated the members of that House in the neighbourhood of Plymouth in their devotion to the public service, there would be no fear of the permanence of the House of Lords; but if young peers took to outraging the conscience of the people by getting up prize fights on a Sunday evening in the streets of London, they were striking a greater blow at the hereditary peerage of England than could be counteracted by any amount of public speaking, or even by the most conspicuous example of public virtue. If bishops, too old and too ill to perform their duties, were seen clinging with tremulous hands to emoluments they did not earn, and to dignities they no longer supported, and if the clergy were found neglecting the interests of their people, giving themselves to other occupations and enjoyments, leaving the real wants of the people unattended to—or, still worse, quarrelling over things which were non-essential, but about which strong feeling and passion were excited—it was by such things that the Established Church would be weakened in every part of the country, because it was useless defending an institution by argument, if there was a conscientious feeling in the minds of the people that those who belonged to that institution were not doing their duty."—*English Churchman*.

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GOOD nature is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance which is more amiable than beauty.

The Sower, March, 1890.



"THEY RUSHED IN VERY HASTILY." (See page 63.)

*E. Jewett*

## LAWRENCE SPOONER.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF HIS CONVERSION AND TRIALS. A RECORD OF DAYS OF PERSECUTION.

It was my mercy to be born of Christian parents, who not only professed the form, but felt the power, of godliness. My revered father gave me the best instructions, but, my parents dying when I was young, I was left to the care of some Christian friends, who greatly valued me for my father's sake, I being his only son.

As I grew up I became very careless about my soul, wasted precious time, fell into bad company, and was addicted to drinking and other excesses, to the great grief and concern of those who had the oversight of me. I dread to tell particulars, but one thing, among many others, hath since distressed me exceedingly, namely, that I tempted a poor, harmless, inoffensive man to drink to excess. He is since dead, and when I think of his precious, immortal soul, it even pierces and rends my heart, and for aught I know, will follow me with sorrow to my grave. I did as badly by others, but they, having a greater share of natural reason, were more capable of viewing the danger, and withstanding the temptation. Besides, they are still living, and who can tell but the grace of God may reach them before they die?

Thus I walked in the ways of my own heart for several years, and was suffered to run such lengths in vanity and sin, and to cast such slight on the wholesome counsel of my friends, that they were ready to give me over for lost. Some of them even ceased to pray for me, particularly one good woman, who, after conversing in a very serious, solemn manner with me, said she had left off mentioning me at the throne of grace. This expression affected me for a while very much, for I all along retained a high opinion of the prayers of the righteous, though, alas! had little or no desire to pray for myself.

At times, indeed, I was under convictions of sin, and a secret dread of the divine wrath, which put me upon prayer, and making promises in my own strength, of forsaking my wicked companions and leading a new life. But these impressions soon wore off, and, to my shame be it mentioned, I grew as bad—nay, worse—than before. Oh, matchless mercy! love unsought! boundless grace indeed! which spareth such a wretch as I, who ran such lengths in wickedness, and sinned so wilfully against God and the dictates of my own conscience.

Being invited by two friends to go with them to visit some godly men, at that time in prison for conscience' sake, at length I consented. The morning they set out they sent for me, but, as the weather was wet, and being willing to make excuses, I declined the journey. Soon after they were gone I felt great

ramorse, attended with such reflections as these—"Sure I shall be condemned at the last day because I refuse to visit prisoners who are confined for Jesus' sake, whilst I live in ease and pleasure." This conviction wrought so powerfully that I immediately took my horse and followed them.

I no sooner entered the prison but I was much affected with seeing these servants of the Lord, insomuch that I could not refrain from tears, though I would fain have concealed them. They soon beheld it with joy, and the conversation of one of them especially made a deep impression on my mind.\* On taking leave of those good men, I desired a share in their earnest prayers, and when I came home, began to pray for myself, which till now, alas ! I had seldom done for several years. I bowed my knees in secret before the Lord, but such was the dreadful hardness of my heart that I knew not what to say. However, as enabled, I prayed for softening grace, that I might see the evil of sin, and be helped to mourn over it, and that the Lord would bring me to the knowledge of my miserable, lost state and condition.

I was under many fears lest this concern should wear off, as formerly, but these fears made me cry with more earnestness to the Lord that convictions might be continued, and that I might be as a brand plucked out of the fire. I now loved to be alone in the house, or in the field, where I have many times spent great part of the night in fervent supplication, deep examination, and soul-searching exercises, begging that I might see more and more of the evil of sin, and be led to the blood and righteousness of the Saviour.

I was much affected with free grace, and unmerited, unsought-for mercy. Those have been wonderful words (Isa. lxxv. 1), "*I am sought of them that asked not for Me ; I am found of them that sought Me not.*" And now I began to love the company of good people, whose society I had for a long time shunned, but their conversation now was very sweet and delightful to my soul. Soon after, my former wicked companions began to assault me with great violence, striving with all their might to turn me aside from the Lord and His people ; likewise my inbred corruptions began to struggle, and seemed to rage more than ever ; and Satan set upon me with no small fury, tempting me to leave off prayer, and for some little time he prevailed. But still such thoughts as these would follow me—"Where can I go ? Whither, oh, whither can I fly ? Those that are afar off from God must perish," &c., which

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\* The person referred to was one Mr. Pardoe, a useful minister in those parts, who afterwards wrote him several very friendly and affectionate letters, which were greatly blessed to his further conviction and establishment. This was about the year 1675.

brought me again upon my knees, with shame and confusion of face, before the great Searcher of hearts.

At length He who loves to pity souls had pity on me. The Lord heard my voice, and my cry came up before Him. My fears were quickly turned into faith, my despair into hope, and my darkness into light; my sorrow was turned into joy, my pain into ease, my bondage into liberty, and my storm into a sweet calm. In short, my fetters were all knocked off, and my poor imprisoned soul set at liberty. My wounds were all healed with the balm of the covenant; my filthy garments taken away, and there was given me change of raiment. Now was mine head lifted up above all mine enemies, my heart was filled with joy and gladness, and a new song put into my mouth. "Bless the Lord, O my soul!"

In this delightful frame I gave myself up to the Church, where I quickly had the sweet sealings of the Divine Spirit. These words were impressed with great power soon after my entering on a public profession (Matt. xxv. 23)—"*Well done, good and faithful servant.*" This was followed with that exceeding great and precious promise (Heb. xiii., part of the fifth verse), "*I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.*" My heart was now even ravished with a sense of the love of God in Christ Jesus, and so rich were my entertainments in the kingdom of grace, that I seemed to be in a new world. "Old things were now passed away; behold, all things were become new."

But this sweet frame was short. It pleased the Lord gradually to withdraw Himself, and to abate these sweet refreshments, and to mingle some bitterness therewith, till, at last, He suffered me to fall into very deep exercises and distress indeed, which continued about the space of one whole year, during which season I was sorely buffeted and tempted by Satan, and especially to three things. One was, to entertain horrid, blasphemous thoughts.

Notwithstanding all my formerevidence of unseen things, so frail is human nature when tempted, that I began greatly to question the state of my own soul, the truth of the Holy Scriptures, the reality of a future world—yea, and I may say, the very being of a God. Oh, none can conceive but those who have experienced the same, what distress and terror my poor soul was now in. I was like a person falling into an overwhelming distraction; and such a sense of sin, and dread of the terrible majesty of an angry Almighty God, soon followed, that I feared divine justice would immediately strike me dead, or the earth open and swallow me up. Yea, with reverential tears I write it, I thought the very air began to wax hot about me.

It is impossible to express what I felt; but God knows my heart, I had rather undergo the most exquisite torments that mortal creatures can inflict than feel the like again. I seemed as

though I had been with Israel upon Mount Sinai, and had heard the giving forth of that fiery law which made even Moses "exceedingly fear and quake."

"Let atheists tremble and bold sinners fear  
Who may hereafter this relation hear."

Another temptation was concerning my love to my dear Saviour, and to call in question His love towards me; and so fiercely were Satan's fiery darts cast at me, that I was forced to make a perpetual verbal resistance, which, with the ardent striving of my spirit, and the season of the year, so affected me that I think I may truly say I was almost smothered with the heat, having hardly time to lift up my head for a little air, as I lay struggling on the ground. During this sore conflict I frequently replied to Satan, saying, "I hope I shall love Him. I hope I shall—I hope I shall." At last, through great mercy, this word, "*I believe I shall*," was put into my mouth, whereby my courage increased, and the power of the temptation very sensibly abated.

But a third assault in this sad season was that of spiritual pride. I no sooner perceived this coming upon me, but I think I should have run through a burning fire to have found a place of shelter; but, since that could not be, I immediately retired, using these words a great number of times during my resistance of the adversary, "*Lord, hide me, hide me! Oh, remove pride from me!*" &c. But this conflict, through mercy, was shorter than those I had before met with.

During the continuance of those sore temptations I frequently retired into the fields, where I have spent a great part of the night in earnest cries and strong wrestlings with the Lord, till at length I conceived some small hope. By degrees my spirit revived, the cloud broke, the day began to dawn, and the "Sun of Righteousness" arose with fresh "healing in His wings."

And I hope these sharp conflicts were profitable on many accounts. Hereby I was perfectly cured of those atheistical thoughts which used to trouble me. I was likewise helped to engage in the duty of prayer, both in my closet and family, with greater reverence and seriousness, and with more awe of the Divine Majesty, which was henceforth inscribed on my heart in the deepest characters. I also saw more of the plague of my own heart, appearing to myself nothing else but an emblem of spiritual Babylon—the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird.

One thing especially these fearful combats taught me, namely, never to desire a sight of sin without a view of the Saviour. I had many times entreated, with as much vehemence and earnestness as ever I asked anything almost, that the Lord would give

me a greater sight and sense of sin, and open to my view all the corrupt channels of my heart. He answered my request, but so terribly in righteousness that it made me ever after very careful how I asked for such discoveries. In short, I was hereby taught to pity the tempted, as well as prepared for those future trials I was to pass through, which I shall now briefly relate, to the glory of God and the encouragement of others.

In the year 1683, on the first day of October, we had a considerable meeting at my house, not only of our own friends, but also several from other societies near us, who were assembled together to hear a very worthy minister, that came many miles to preach the Gospel among us. While he was engaged in prayer, two informers came in, unknown to us all, and, after being silent a while, one of them began to speak aloud, and to disturb the assembly.

A little before he began to speak, I had a sudden strong impression on my mind that some informer was there, and that, in case he gave us any disturbance, I should go to him, and endeavour to prevent him. Accordingly I went, and, calling them both aside, desired them not to interrupt us in our worship, adding that, if aught was done contrary to law, they knew what advantage they had against house or hearers. They told me they wondered I would keep such unlawful assemblies at my house. I replied, I was not careful to answer in that matter, having rules for our practice long before these laws of the realm were made, wishing them again not to interrupt the meeting. They then desired to know the preacher's name, and said they would depart. This I refused, yet they withdrew without any further interruption.

A few days after, they went in great triumph to the meeting of justices, to inform against us, and, calling on one of our society by the way, told him, with an air of contempt, that they were going about our business. But the justices only gave them for answer that they would consult with their fellows, and appoint them a time to come again.

Perceiving the enemy now likely to come in like a flood, we concluded to set a day apart for solemn humiliation, fasting, and prayer. At the close of this meeting two questions were debated—the one, whether we should continue our meetings at the usual place, and keep them openly as before? The other, whether we should dispose of our goods privately, or, if God in His providence should permit, suffer them to be seized?

With regard to the former question, it was determined to keep our meetings as usual, not only as the place was most commodious, but lest our seeking more privacy should embolden our enemies; and that word was brought to my mind (Isa. li. 12),

*"Who art thou, that thou shouldest be afraid of a man that shall die? and of the son of man, which shall be made as grass?"* As to our goods we determined nothing. Only these queries were proposed to consideration—Whether those great and precious promises made to such who suffer for Christ and His Gospel are not beyond any of God's creatures here below? Whether those practices which most use in a time of suffering are not plainly forbidden in the Word? And whether any affliction that befalls the people of God is not for the trial of their faith and for their profit? And, if so, whether Christians may not take joyfully the spoiling of their goods?

Having thus "by prayer and supplication made our requests known unto God," and committed the keeping of our souls, our bodies, and our substance to Him, as to a faithful Creator, we agreed to wait upon the Lord, to keep in the path of duty, and to strengthen the feeble-minded, to support the weak, and to show ourselves patient towards our enemies.

The next Lord's Day, the informers went to break up another meeting, but, missing their aim, they came to ours about the conclusion of the same, while we were commemorating the death and sufferings of our blessed Saviour. They rushed in very hastily—I suppose, thinking to have surprised us. They began to speak very confidently what they pleased, but, perceiving the minister make no pause, nor any of the people rise from their seats, it gave a check to their boldness. After they had sat some considerable time, and one of them especially appearing to be under convictions, they withdrew, and our meeting ended in comfort and peace.

After this they disturbed our worship but once, when they kept silent till prayer was ended; then one of them, in a confident manner, began to cast several severe reflections, to which I was helped to reply. A short debate passed between us, on which they seemed ashamed, and in a confused manner they all quitted the place, from which time our meetings were not interrupted.

(To be continued.)

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THE condition of our life, what is it but a rose, a grass, a picture, a play, a sleep, a dream, an image of death?—*Ambrose.*

RENDER Christ lovely in the eyes of others by adorning His Gospel, and "walking worthy of Christ" (Col. i. 10). It is an honour to a master to have good servants. And how doth it proclaim Christ to be lovely and glorious, when they that profess Him are eminent for godliness (1 Peter ii. 9). Christ appears lovely in the holy lives of His people.—*Thomas Watson.*



## A FEW THOUGHTS ON ISAIAH XLII.

THIS chapter is closely connected with the preceding and following ones, and two or three special features are noticeable in them—the folly of idolatry, into which sin Israel had fallen, and for which they were carried into captivity; the promise of deliverance to those who trusted in the living God; and the assurance that a great and glorious Saviour was coming, who should “redeem His people from their sins” and spiritual enemies, and bring them not a temporal, but an everlasting salvation.

“Behold,” says the Lord in the last verse of chapter xli., “they [the makers and worshippers of idols] are all vanity”; and then, by way of utter contrast, He cries again, pointing to His beloved Son, “Behold My Servant, whom I uphold; Mine Elect, in whom My soul delighteth: He shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles.” “Meek and lowly in heart,” He shall not destroy those feeble ones who seem like bruised reeds, worth no one’s care, or like dimly burning flax, all smoke, and yielding neither light nor warmth; but rather will He heal the bruised and broken, and fan the spark into a sacred flame. He shall open blind eyes, release imprisoned captives, and though the hosts of earth and hell stand arrayed against Him, He shall not fail nor be discouraged till His great work is done.

In the seventeenth verse, the utter confusion and shame of those who trust in false gods is again referred to, and the blind and deaf are bidden to look and listen to the Almighty One who gives spiritual sight and hearing to all who seek His aid.

And then the question is asked—“Who is blind, but My Servant? or deaf, as My Messenger that I sent? who is blind as He that is perfect, and blind as the Lord’s Servant?”

Some have applied these words to Israel, as the professed servants of God, who were yet indifferent to His words and works. Still, I would rather think they apply to Christ, because seldom, if ever, in the Old Testament do we find God calling any one His “servant,” or His “messenger,” who was not really so. To Job, to Moses, and others, the term was constantly applied, and Nebuchadnezzar, another who received that title, learned to reverence and worship the Most High, Lord of heaven and earth.

Emphatically, Jesus was God’s great Servant, His Prime Minister, the Messenger whom He sent to proclaim glad tidings of salvation. But how did the Jews receive Him when He came? With scorn and hatred. The cruel hand was raised to smite, and the slanderous tongue was ever ready to traduce the Holy One of God! Yet, strangely enough, their charges often manifested forth His glory in an unexpected way. “This Man receiveth sinners and eateth with them,” said the proud Pharisees.

And what more expressive title to describe His glorious grace can we desire than this? He was the Friend of sinners. He came to call them to repentance, "to save them from their sins," and so the Name above every name in earth and heaven has been given to Jesus—the "Saviour."

The accusation written over His cross described Him as "Jesus, the King of the Jews." And was He not the Son of David, and the King who shall for ever govern all the true children of Abraham with the sceptre of His love?

So, in our subject, we may regard Him as *the Man of one purpose*, from which nothing could turn Him. He came to do His Father's will. He had a "baptism to be baptized with," and was straitened till it was accomplished.

Like a racer who seems blind and deaf to all around him, as he runs to reach the prize, so the Lord Jesus never turned aside to look or listen to anything that fain would hinder Him in His course. They tried to make Him a King by force. He hid Himself from them. Herod would have driven Him out of his territory, but met the undaunted answer, "I must walk to-day and to-morrow, and the third day I shall be perfected." Peter would dissuade Him from the path of bitter suffering, but Christ rebuked him for his untimely, though well-meant, sympathy, in the same spirit as when He afterwards said, "The cup that My Heavenly Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it?"

Thus, "for the joy that was set before Him, He endured the cross, despising the shame"; and the Lord is well-pleased for His righteousness' sake, for He has "magnified the law, and made it honourable"—magnified it by perfectly keeping it. Nothing else can really honour any law, human or divine. The majesty of the law may be upheld by punishing offenders, but the real goodness of the precept is far better displayed in the peace and purity of law-abiding subjects. So, in His life, God's law appears drawn out in living characters, and never before was it so clearly manifested that the commandment is "holy, and just, and good," and that the perfectly righteous man is the embodiment of all that is tender, gracious, and sweet.

The rest of the chapter foretells not only the captivity of Babylon, but seems unmistakably to point to the unparalleled sorrows of the Jews in after days, consequent on their rejection of God's Messiah, and responsive to their own awful imprecation—"His blood be on us and on our children!" And, as we read their subsequent history, so much of which seems written in blood and tears, must we not recall the Prophet's question, while we offer no excuse for man's cruelty—"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 it hath set him on fire round about, yet he knew not; and it burned him [and he bitterly felt the pain], yet he laid not to heart" the sin for which he suffered?

The Jews were sickened and cured of their old love of idolatry when they returned from Babylon, but to this day partial and widespread blindness has fallen upon them, with regard to the Lord Jesus Christ. Still the scattered people generally despise and reject Him; but brighter days will dawn on that long-darkened race. He left their devoted city, Jerusalem, with the solemn words, "Behold, your house is left unto you desolate, for I say unto you, Ye shall not see Me henceforth, till"—and here a ray of heavenly sunlight gleams upon the gloomy scene—"till ye shall say, Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord."

So the "Light of the Gentiles" shall be "the glory of His people Israel," "the Saviour of the world," and the vast multitude, gathered from every kindred, and nation, and tribe, and tongue, shall join the sacred chorus, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive honour, and blessing, and power, for ever and ever! Amen."

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### PUBLIC WORSHIP.

"Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house."—PSALM xxvi. 8.

GOD had once but *one* house, where He in His special presence dwelt. "He desired it for His habitation" (Psa. cxxxii. 13). His people were glad to go up to meet Him there (Psa. cxxii. 1). This "place of His feet" God made glorious (Isa. lx. 13). While His people served Him, He was there to hear their prayers and accept their praises; but when, through sin and disobedience, they rendered only external service, He said, "Who hath required this at your hand, to tread My courts?" (Isa. i. 12.) Under these circumstances, they adored the building—the *house* of His habitation (Isa. lxvi. 1). But those who desired God's manifest presence, and dreaded His absence, still "loved the *habitation* of His house," which term expresses the *act* of inhabiting. His glory "filled the house" at the dedication of the temple by Solomon (2 Chron. vii. 1). But when, through Israel's sin, Jerusalem was laid waste, *Ichabod* was portrayed in the very ruins.

Finally, another house was built, and God promised that the glory of that house should exceed the glory of the former house (Haggai ii. 9), because Jesus Christ, who was prefigured by it (John ii. 19—21), was to come suddenly to it (Mal. iii. 1). He did so, and purged it, saying, "It is written, *My house shall be called a house of prayer*" (Luke xix. 46). But, when He took a

final leave of it, He changed the pronoun, saying, "Behold, *your* house is left unto you desolate" (Matt. xxiii. 38), and henceforth no place was to be regarded as "the habitation of His house," except where God the Father would be worshipped (John iv. 21—24), and where Jesus is "in the midst" (Matt. xviii. 20). To this, the "ransomed of the Lord" come—not to the typical, but to the true Mount Zion—not to the earthly, but "to the heavenly Jerusalem"—not to a city kept by dying man, but to the city inhabited by the living God (Heb. xii. 22). No mere local building, no mere carnal edifice, but to an assemblage of believers who "hold fast the confidence and the rejoicing of the hope firm unto the end," and who form a part of that house where Moses is no longer a servant, but over which Christ is a Son (Heb. iii. 6). In this, grace and truth are found, for it is built up by grace (Acts xx. 32), and is "the pillar and ground of the truth" (1 Tim. iii. 15). This "spiritual house" is composed of "living stones" (1 Peter ii. 5), all of which are laid upon the one Foundation, "the Chief Corner-Stone," which gives stability, durability, and beauty to the entire building, and is "fitly framed," and *grows* as no earthly structure could, to a holy temple, "a habitation for God through the Spirit" (Eph. ii. 20—22).

Now, that these parts may knit together, there must be in each "a contrite and humble spirit," for in none other will God dwell (Isa. lvii. 15). There must also be the indwelling of Christ in the heart by faith (Eph. iii. 17), and such will be "rooted and grounded in love"; and these, "being knit together in love, and unto all riches of the full assurance of understanding, to the acknowledgment of the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ," will be comforted (Col. ii. 2), and will "comfort one another" (1 Thess. iv. 18), in anticipation, not of successive Lord's Days, but of "the day of the Lord," when "He shall come to be glorified in His saints, and to be admired in all them that believe" (2 Thess. i. 10). Then that "holy city, the New Jerusalem," will ever have the glory of God and of the Lamb to lighten it (Rev. xxi. 2, 23), and its name shall ever be, "*The Lord is there*" (Ezek. xlviii. 35).

"Increase, O Lord, my faith and hope,  
And fit me to ascend  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And Sabbaths never end!

"There shall I sing, and never tire,  
But sound immortal lays;  
And with the bright seraphic choir,  
Sound forth Immanuel's praise."

GAD.

## JOSEPH'S BLESSING.

*(Concluded from page 42.)*

"AND for the precious things of the earth, and fulness thereof" (Deut. xxxiii. 16). Joseph's land was not only blessed for "the chief things of the ancient mountains," which were precious by way of eminence, but also "for the precious things of the earth, and fulness thereof"—for all kinds of influences and productions the rich soil of the earth affords. And so Christ's people are not only blessed with all spiritual blessings in the heavenlies, suitable to the glory of their heavenly state, as the offspring of Christ, the Heavenly Man, but also with all "the precious things of the earth." In being heirs with Christ, they are heirs of God, and of all that He is and has. The world is theirs, and the fulness thereof (1 Cor. iii. 22). It was made for Christ and the saints, and they, with Him, inherit all things (Heb. i. 2; Rev. xxi. 7).

"And for the good-will of Him that dwelt in the bush." This was a blessing indeed, which, extending to all the rest, did exceedingly enhance their worth, and is last mentioned as the corona and glory of them all. This distinguished Joseph's land from the common earth, and put a peculiar glory upon it.

And as in the type, so in the Antitype. All the saints' blessings, as flowing from, nourished by, and crowned with, "the good-will of Him that dwelt in the bush" (their own covenant God and Father, dwelling in Christ and them for ever), make them transcendently full and glorious. This is a blessing so high that it even puts a glory upon divine love itself. While the boundless love of Jehovah's nature appears clothed with the sovereign good pleasure of His will, with what an amazing glory doth it shine! How doth grace shine in its absoluteness, sovereignty, freeness, and distinguishing glory, while Jehovah proclaims all His goodness to His people, and says, "I will be gracious to whom I will be gracious" (Exod. xxxiii. 19). Here it appears to be not of necessity of nature, but of the highest freedom of will, which begets the highest admiration and adoration in the saints.

In God's dwelling in the bush there was a display of a high freedom of will and great condescending love which, put together, might well be called "good-will." *Good*, for the exceeding kindness of it; and *will*, for the absolute freedom of it; and *good-will*, as the highest love was clothed with the highest freedom. And for this "good-will of Him that dwelt in the bush" are the saints blessed in all their blessings. Oh, the unspeakable sweetness this puts into every favour, whether of the "upper or nether springs" (Joshua xv. 10).

"Let the blessing come upon the head of Joseph"—or coming, "let it come upon the head of Joseph"—and so upon his land

in relation to him, which sets forth the order in which God communicates all blessings to His people, as well as the abundant freeness and fulness thereof. They are first given to Christ, as the prime Heir of all things, and then to us in Him, as heirs with Him. We are blessed in His blessedness. The Father hath blessed us with all blessings in Christ (Eph. i. 3), so that our right depends upon His title, and is thereby exceedingly secured to us.

And as we are blessed in Him in respect of right, so also in respect of communication. God communicates all grace and glory, with every good thing, to the Man Christ first, and then through Him to all His seed, and our highest blessedness is but a derivation out of His fulness, which heightens it yet the more. And as all blessings come first upon Christ, and then upon us, in and through Him, so in this way coming, they come freely, fully, and perpetually.

"And upon the top of the head of him that was separated from his brethren." The blessing being said to come upon the top or crown of Joseph's head, may denote the utmost and highest degree thereof; and as it comes upon the top or highest part of his head (so that he is all over blessed), so also upon him as "separated from his brethren"—first, by God's special designation, setting him apart to an exalted state of glory above them; and secondly, as separated from them in his sufferings, which God ordained both to go before, as also to be a means of his future advancement, that so the glory thereof might shine the more conspicuously.

And as the blessing came upon the head of Joseph, the type, as "separated from his brethren" in both these respects, so upon Christ, the glorious Antitype—first, upon His Person, as "separated from His brethren," being by the Father chosen from among the people, set apart, and exalted to the office and glory of Mediator and High Priest (Psa. lxxxix. 19; Heb. v. 5), upon which account He is most "blessed for ever" (Psa. xxi. 6). But then, secondly, the blessing comes upon Christ's head, not only in the right of His being the alone Mediator, but also in the right of His Mediatorial obedience unto death, when "separated from His brethren," as the one great Sacrifice of atonement, for "of the people there was none with Him" (Isa. lxiii. 3), and in both these respects as Mediator and Head of the Church, as Redeemer and Saviour of the body (Eph. v. 23).

How doth the blessing, coming, come upon Christ and His for ever! "To every one of us," says the Apostle, "is given grace according to the measure of the gift of Christ" (Eph. iv. 7)—the gift *to* Christ, as well as the gift *of* Christ, for He first received, and then gave gifts (Psa. lxviii. 18). And "now that

He ascended, what is it but that He also descended first into the lower parts of the earth? He that descended is the same also that ascended up far above all heavens, that He might fill all things" (Eph. iv. 9, 10), God having so ordered it, in infinite wisdom, that He who was Lord of all, as God-Man Mediator, the great Head of the Church, should yet empty Himself of all His glory, and "become obedient unto death, even the death of the cross" (Phil. ii. 8), that hereby He might not only satisfy justice, but also ascend to glory, and take possession of all blessings for us, in order to communicate to us, in the right of His meritorious obedience, which, being superadded to His Personal right, was, as for the more abundant glory of the Mediator, so for the strong consolation and more abundant security of the heirs of promise.

Thus the type and the Antitype agree in that Joseph was first "separated from his brethren" by God's special designation of him to an exalted glory above them, and again by peculiar sufferings; and in both these respects the blessing came upon his head. So Christ was first "separated from His brethren" when "set up from everlasting" in the office and glory of Mediator (Prov. viii. 23), and again, when God smote the Shepherd, and the sheep were scattered (Zech. xiii. 7); and upon both these accounts the blessing comes upon Christ and His for ever. But yet there was this difference between Joseph and Christ—Joseph's afflictions preceded his advancement only as means wise Providence made use of to bring about and illustrate the same; but Christ's sufferings preceded His glory, not only as means to bring it about, and as a foil to set it off, but also as a meritorious cause thereof, so that, upon the account of His being "separated from His brethren" in this respect, the blessing, coming, comes indeed!

I shall attempt to give a few hints upon the next verse, it being also a part of Joseph's blessing—or rather, a prophetic description of his blessedness.

"His glory is like the firstling of his bullock" (ver. 17). All Joseph's glory was "like the firstling of his bullock"—the Lord's—and offered upon to Him, which was the prime excellency thereof (Exod. xiii. 12). And all the glory Christ had with God, as Mediator, "before the world was" (John xvii. 5), how did He offer it up in flames of love to His Father when with delight He came to do His will (Psa. xl. 7, 8). Did God glorify Him in calling Him to be an High Priest? (Heb. v. 5.) He faithfully laid it out to His honour. He magnified His law, and made it honourable (Isa. xlii. 21), both in its preceptive and penal part, by His great obedience to it, both in life and death. Did the Father crown Him as High Priest with glory and honour? He dedicates it unto the Lord—offers up Himself a Sacrifice—"tastes death for every man"—that God might be glorified and

His people saved (Heb. ii. 9). And as Christ's glory was the Lord's on the cross, so also on the throne. There is no glory Christ possesseth now in heaven at God's right hand but what He employs it in His Father's honour. When He told His disciples what great things He would do for them in His exalted state, He gives the glory of God as the reason of it. "Whatsoever," says He, "ye shall ask in My name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son" (John xiv. 13).

"And his horns are like the horns of unicorns." Horns, especially the "horns of unicorns," which are eminent for strength (Num. xxiii. 22), are an emblem of power and kingly majesty (Psa. lxxxix. 24), which, literally, may denote the strength and greatness of Joseph's glory; and spiritually, the glory and strength of Christ's kingdom.

"With them he shall push the people together to the ends of the earth," which sets forth, literally, the victory Joseph, in his offspring, should obtain over his enemies the Canaanites, in driving them out and possessing their land; and spiritually, the complete conquest Christ and His people obtain over all His and their enemies.

"And they are the ten thousands of Ephraim, and they are the thousands of Manasseh," which literally sets forth the strength of Joseph's glory in his numerous and victorious offspring, and also may point it out as an increasing glory, in that "ten thousands" are ascribed to Ephraim his younger, and but "thousands" to Manasseh, his first-born, son; which, when applied to Christ, sets forth the strength and glory of His kingdom in the abundance of His spiritual seed. Solomon says that "in the multitude of people is the king's honour" (Prov. xiv. 28), and King Jesus has a multitude of loyal subjects, so great that "no man can number" (Rev. vii. 9).

It also sets forth the increasing glory of His kingdom. The Jewish Church, like Manasseh, was the first-born, and Christ had His "thousands" among them, but He hath His "ten thousands" in the Gentile Church, though, like Ephraim, the younger son. Christ had His "thousands" under the law, but His "ten thousands" under the Gospel. "From the womb of the morning He had the dew of His youth" (Psa. cx. 3), and more eminently will have as the glorious day dawns, when the fulness of the Gentiles shall be brought in, and a nation born at once (Rom. xi. 25), for "of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end" (Isa. ix. 7).

And as they, "the ten thousands of Ephraim, and the thousands of Manasseh," were the horns by which Joseph pushed the people, his enemies, so it sets forth the honour Christ puts upon His children in employing them under Him, as the Captain of their



salvation, to fight all His battles, and the victory He obtains in them and by them, for Jacob is His "battle-axe and weapons of war; with thee," says He, "will I break in pieces the nations, and with thee will I destroy kingdoms; and with thee will I break in pieces the horse and his rider; and with thee will I break in pieces the chariot and his rider; with thee also will I break in pieces man and woman, old and young, the young man and maid, the shepherd and his flock, the husbandman and his yoke of oxen; and with thee will I break in pieces captains and rulers. And I will render unto Babylon and to all the inhabitants of Chaldea all their evil that they have done in Zion in your sight, saith the Lord" (Jer. li. 20—24). Oh, then, Christ's enemies shall be "pushed together to the ends of the earth" indeed, and His horns, in the thousands and tens of thousands of His saints, appear like "the horns of unicorns," and His glory in that great day openly shine forth as the Lord's, when the Son delivers up the kingdom to the Father, that God may be "All in all" (1 Cor. xv. 24—28).

Again, I look upon Joseph to be a type of the Church, which appears from Psalm lxxx. 1—"Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, Thou that leadest Joseph like a flock." As a type of Christ, Joseph had this name of the "shepherd of Israel" given him (Gen. xlix. 24), and here, as a type of the Church, the name of the flock that Israel's Shepherd leads. And the Church goes by the name of Joseph—Amos vi. 6; ix. 18, as in several other places. And if taken in this sense, then Joseph's land sets forth the saints' lot or portion of privileges, both in the Church and in the world, and the blessing in every part of it may fitly be applied thereunto, inasmuch as the saints are blessed in all their blessings, and what they seem to enjoy in common with others is under a peculiar blessing to them. And the "thousands" and "ten thousands" of Joseph's offspring may set forth the abundant fruitfulness of the saints, both in grace and good works. And their being compared to "horns," sets forth their royal dignity, as made "kings and priests unto God" (Rev. i. 6), and also the royalty and strength of faith, and every grace of the Spirit, with all the weapons of their spiritual warfare, by which, as being mighty through God, they obtain a complete victory over all their enemies, even to the "captivating of every thought into the obedience of Christ" (1 John v. 4; 2 Cor. x. 4, 5). And in that Manasseh, the elder, had "thousands," and Ephraim, the younger, "ten thousands," it may set forth the extensive fruitfulness of the saints, both as to nature and grace, and also the increasing fruitfulness thereof. Nature, or the natural endowments of the man (which, in respect of grace, is the first-born image), the saints employ for God; and nature, as used by and for grace, has

its "thousands," but grace, in the pure and high actings thereof, its "ten thousands."

Again, it may set forth the rich increase of grace in the saints. The first fruit they bring forth to God, when grace is young, hath its "thousands," but the productions of its elder years "ten thousands." And all the saints' glory, both in nature and grace, here and hereafter, is the Lord's, and by them dedicated to Him, which they esteem the highest part of it, "for as of Him, and through Him, so to Him are all things: to whom be glory for ever. Amen" (Rom. xi. 36).

*Great Gransden.*

ANNE DUTTON.

"MY MEDITATION OF HIM SHALL BE SWEET."

(PSALM civ. 34.)

WHILE early in the morning, Lord,  
I meditate upon Thy Word,  
Oh, what a feast for me is spread,  
My soul to feed with living bread!

The smitten rock with water flows  
Throughout this wilderness of woes;  
And here by faith we're led to trace  
The heights and depths of sovereign grace.

This grace is free; God makes it o'er;  
'Tis "without price," and suits the poor;  
While these are fed from day to day,  
The rich are empty sent away.

Christ was foretold through all the Word;  
Was seen by faith, was loved, adored;  
From hence my pleasures now arise,  
As here set forth before mine eyes.

From this vain world I've been redeemed,  
Which once I loved and much esteemed;  
Nor would I now my steps retrace,  
Since I have known redeeming grace.

Attracted by the God of love,  
My conversation is above,  
From whence I look for Christ to come  
To take His dear redeemed ones home.

Redeemed from all the ills of time;  
For ever there with God to shine;  
Mortal no more, they never die;  
Eternal, now they live on high.

## CHEERING WORDS FROM AFAR.

*Sunbury, Victoria, December 3rd, 1889.*

DEAR SIR,—I have been a reader of the GLEANER for many years, I trust both with pleasure and profit to my soul ; and, when reading the last October number, I came to the piece by "E. C.," upon "The Little Captive Maid," it was to me as "good news from a far country."

I said then that I would send a few lines to the Editor, as an encouragement, proving that his labours were not in vain ; but not knowing his address, and seeing your name, calling the attention of the readers to the state of the Editor's health, is the reason for my sending this to you.

When I was reading the piece named, it took me back nearly thirty years, when I left the gold-fields here, and went to Melbourne, on my way to New Zealand, to the gold-fields there. When I got to Melbourne, the news was not good, and my friends advised me to stay until some better news came. As they were what are called religious people, I went with them to what was termed the church. When I was young, I had to go to the kirk three times on Sunday, and to the Sabbath School also, and then read the Bible before I went to bed, after which the Bible and the Sunday cloth were put away until the next Lord's Day. This was in pious Scotland.

My friends in Melbourne were General Baptists. Their chapel was being repaired, and the service was then held in the theatre. When I entered it, I knew as much about vital religion as the ox in the field did, and my friends knew very little more.

The minister took the same text as "E. C.'s" piece is upon. This is an outline of what he said—although they had taken the maid from all that was near and dear to her, they could not take her from the God of Israel. No ; she had faith in Him, and in Israel's Prophet.

My friend, this was the first sermon I ever heard with any feeling. I was then in a worse state than Naaman, for I had a leprosy, both within and without, that all the waters of Jordan would never cleanse me from. No, nothing but the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ could make me clean ; and, bless His holy name, He did make me feel the need of that blood. I had no desire to go to New Zealand then, but returned to the place from whence I came. The poet says—

"There is a period, known to God,  
When all His sheep, redeemed by blood," &c.

Now, the day of my redemption was drawing nigh, and, as God had appointed the time and the place, I had to be there. There

are times that can never be forgotten by those that have passed through them. I have had to walk in many a crooked path since those days, but I know they were the paths the dear Lord knew would be best for me, and to His honour I will say that goodness and mercy have followed me. It has not been my lot to be placed much where the Gospel is preached, but I have realized what dear Philpot said, in introducing his "Meditations"—that God can and does bless the souls of His people by reading the writings of His servants, equally with the hearing by the ear. My soul has often been as a watered garden, in reading the writings of the Lord's servants. It was so a few nights ago, in reading a sermon of Mr. Philpot's, in the *Gospel Pulpit*, from Hebrews ii. 8—all things under the feet of Jesus. When faith is in exercise, we then can take hold of the blessed truths contained in the Word. If not, it is but as a dry breast to us.

My friend, we are told to "cast our bread upon the waters, and we shall receive it after many days." May the dear Lord enable you to send forth the bread of life, and all those who write in the magazines of truth, for who knows what piece may catch the eye of some mourners in Zion, and be to them as balm to their troubled souls?

I send you my mite to help the GLEANER.

Wishing you every covenant blessing in Christ,

I am, yours truly,

Mr. Wilmshurst.

JAMES MUNRO.

[We assure our kind correspondent that his labour is not lost, for we feel cheered and encouraged by his testimony, and we trust others will, too. We find in his case that the Holy Spirit's teaching is the same in one part of the world as in another, and it leaves its mark in whatever heart it is bestowed. This brings the subjects of it into union with each other, even though they may never have seen each other in the flesh. "None but Christ, none but Christ," is our Gospel, and we believe our friend Munro has been taught to love the same; therefore we say, "Grace be with thee, and with all who thus love our Lord Jesus in sincerity. Amen."—ED.]

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SPIRITUAL liveliness, spiritual comforts, spiritual victory, are the effect of the faith that rests on the Word of God, that trusts God's testimony respecting His Son.

DOCTRINE is good, and sound doctrine the very foundation of faith, hope, and love; but the doctrine which does not lead to holiness of heart and life is a snare, a mockery, and a delusion.—*J. C. Philpot.*

## THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

*(Continued from page 53.)*

MANY professors of religion are under very great and dangerous mistakes in their professions.

All flattery is dangerous ; self-flattery is more dangerous ; but self-flattery in the business of salvation is the most dangerous of all. To pretend to the good we know we have not, is gross hypocrisy ; to persuade ourselves of the good we have not, though we think we have it, is formal hypocrisy ; and this was the case of those self-deceivers in the text (Rev. iii. 17, 18).

My design in this discourse is, not to shake the well-built hopes of any man, or beget groundless jealousies, but to discover the real, dangerous flaws in the foundation of many men's hopes for heaven. Everything is as its foundation is, and *debile fundamentum fallit opus*—that failing, all fails.

There is a two-fold self-suspicion, or fear, in God's own people. The one is a fear of caution, awaking the soul to the use of all the preventive means for avoiding danger. This is laudable. The other, a groundless suspicion of reigning hypocrisy, tending only to despondency. This is culpable. By the former, the soul is guarded against danger ; by the latter, it is betrayed into needless trouble, and debarred from peace.

Good men have sometimes more fear than they ought, and wicked men have less than they ought. The former do sometimes shut their eyes against the fair evidences of their own graces ; the latter shut their eyes against the sad evidences of their sin and misery. This is an evil in both, but not equally dangerous, for he that shuts his eyes against his own graces and privileges, loseth but his peace and comfort for a time ; but he that shuts his eyes against the evidences of his sin and misery, loseth his precious soul to all eternity. Of this latter sort of self-deceivers the world is full, and these are the men I am concerned with in this point.

Oh, that some men had less trouble ! and oh, that some had more ! If the foolish virgins had been less confident, they had certainly been more safe (Matt. xxv.). If these glorious professors in Matthew vii. 22, had not shut their eyes against their own hypocrisy, Christ had not shut against them the door of salvation and glory. Ananias and Sapphira, Hymenæus and Philetus, Alexander and Demas, with multitudes more of that sort, are the sad instances and proofs of this point. It is said (Prov. xxx. 12), "There is a generation that is pure in their own eyes, and yet is not washed from their filthiness." Through what false spectacles do the men of that generation look upon their own souls ! The men of that generation are multiplied in this generation. Never

was any age overrun with a generation of vain, self-cozening, formal professors, as this generation is.

Three things I shall endeavour to do.

1. To give evidence beyond contradiction to this sad truth—among professors are found many self-deceivers.

2. To assign the true causes and reasons why it is so. And

3. Improve it in those particular inferences the point affords.

That there are multitudes of such self-deceivers among professors will appear—

First, by this—that there are everywhere to be found more professors than converts—unregenerate professors, whose religion is but the effect of education. Christianity, by the favour of an early providence, was the first comer. It first bespoke them for itself. These are Christians of a human creation, rather born than new-born believers.

Now, all these are self-deceivers, and hastening to damnation, under the efficacy of a strong delusion. “For if a man think himself to be something, when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself,” saith the Apostle (Gal. vi. 3). Surely our birth-privilege, without the new birth, is nothing—yea, worse than nothing—as to our last and great account. That which stands for a great sum in our arithmetic, it is nothing; it is but a cipher, you see, in God’s. “Except a man be born again,” saith the lips of truth, “he cannot see the kingdom of God” (John iii. 3).

Poor self-deceivers, ponder these words of Christ. You have hitherto thought your civil education, your dead and heartless duties, enough to denominate you Christians before God. But go now, and learn what the Scripture meaneth; and be assured you must experience another manner of conversion, or else it is impossible for you to escape eternal damnation.

Secondly, it is too manifest by this, that many professors are only acquainted with the externals of religion, and all their duties are no more but a compliance of the outward man with the commands of God. This is the superficial religion which deceives and betrays multitudes into eternal misery. True religion seats itself in the inward man, and acts effectually upon the vital powers, killing sin in the heart, and purging its designs and delights from carnality and selfishness, engaging the heart for God, and setting it as a bow in its full bent for Him, in the approaches we make to Him. But how little are many professors acquainted with these things!

Alas! if this be all we have to stand upon, how dangerous a station is it! What is external conformity but an artificial imitation of that which only lives in the souls of good men? Thus was Jehu deceived. He did many acts of external obedience to God’s command, “but Jehu took no heed to walk in the

law of the Lord God of Israel with all his heart " (2 Kings x. 31), and this was his overthrow.

This also was the ruin of those formalists (Ezek. xxxiii. 31). They came and sat before the Lord as His people; the Word was to them as a lovely song, mightily charmed with the modulation of the Prophet's voice, and his lively gestures; but all the while their hearts went after their covetousness. And what abundance of such Pharisaical, superficial religion is everywhere to be found!

Thirdly, it appears by this, that every trial made by sufferings upon professors, blows away multitudes, like dry leaves in autumn by a stormy wind. Many fall from their own steadfastness in shaking times. Prosperity multiplies vain professors, and adversity purges the Church of them. "Then shall many be offended" (Matt. xxiv. 10).

This the Scripture everywhere marks as a symptom of hypocrisy—"A generation that set not their hearts aright, and whose spirit was not steadfast with God" (Psa. lxxviii. 6). "But they went out, that they might be made manifest that they were not of us" (1 John ii. 19). "For when tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the Word, by-and-bye he is offended" (Matt. xiii. 21). But should one have told them, in the days of their first profession, that all their zeal and labour in religion would have ended in this, it is likely they would have replied, as Hazael to the man of God, "But what, is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?" (2 Kings viii. 13.) *Quantum mutatus ab illo?*

Oh, how unlike is their dark and dirty evening to their glorious and hopeful morning! These professors have more of the moon than of the sun—little light, less heat, but many changes. They deceive many—yea, they deceive themselves—but cannot deceive God. During the calm, what a flourish do they make, and with what gallantry do they sail! By-and-bye you may hear *horrendas tempestates*, and soon after you may see *flenda naufragia*—dreadful shipwrecks after a furious storm; and no wonder, for they wanted that ballast and establishment in themselves that would have kept them tight and stable (1 Peter iii. 17).

Fourthly, it is too apparent by this, that many professors secretly indulge and shelter beloved lusts under the wings of their profession. This, like a worm at the root, will wither and kill them at last, how fragrant soever they may seem to be for a season. Gideon had seventy sons, and one bastard; but that one bastard was the death of all his seventy sons.

Some men have many excellent gifts, and perform multitudes of duties; but one secret sin, indulged and allowed, will destroy them all at last. He that is partial as to the mortification of his

sins, is undoubtedly hypocritical in his profession. If David's evidence was good for his integrity, surely such professors will never clear themselves of hypocrisy. "I was also upright before Him, and kept myself from mine iniquity," saith he (Psa. xviii. 23). This is the right eye, and right hand, which every sincere Christian must pluck out, and cut off (Matt. v. 29, 30), which is a metaphor from surgeons, whose manner it is, when the whole is in danger by any part, to cut it off, *ne pars sincera trahatur*—lest all perish.

Their suppressing some lusts raiseth their confidence; the indulging of one razeth the foundation of their hopes; and thus they deceive themselves.

Fifthly, this also manifests the self-deceits of many professors, that the secret duties of religion—or at least, the secret intercourse of the soul with God in them—is a secret hid from the knowledge and experience of many professors.

To attend the ordinances of God in the seasons of them, they know; to pray in their families at the stated hours thereof, they know; but to retire from all the world into their closets, and there to pour out their hearts before the Lord, they know not.

To feel somewhat within paining them like an empty, hungry stomach, until they have eaten that hidden manna, that bread, in secret (I mean, refreshed their souls with real communion with the Lord there), this is a mystery locked up from the acquaintance of many that call themselves Christians; and yet this is made a characteristic note of a sincere Christian by Christ Himself, in Matthew vi. 6.

Oh, reader, if thy heart were right with God, and thou didst not cheat thyself with a vain profession, thou wouldst have frequent business with God, which thou wouldst be loth thy dearest friend, or the wife of thy bosom, should be privy to. Religion doth not lay all open to the eyes of men. Observed duties maintain our credit, but secret duties maintain our life.

It was the saying of an heathen about his secret correspondence with his friends, "What need the world be acquainted with it? Thou and I are theatre enough to each other." There are enclosed pleasures in religion which none but renewed souls do feelingly understand.

Lastly, how many more profess religion in these days, than ever made religion their business! Philosophy tells us, there is a main business and a by-business. The same is found in religion also.

There are that "give themselves to the Lord" (2 Cor. viii. 5), whose "conversation," or trade, "is in heaven" (Phil. iii. 20), the end or scope of whose life is Christ (Heb. xiii. 7, 8), who give religion the precedency both in time and affection (Psa.



v. 3 ; Rom. xii. 11), who are constant and indefatigable in "the work of the Lord" (1 Cor. xv. 58).

And there are also that take up religion rather for ostentation than for an occupation, who never mind the duties of religion but when they have nothing else to do ; and when their outward man is engaged in the duties of it, yet their heart is not in it. They hear, they pray, as Chrysostom speaks, but their souls, their thoughts, and minds, are abroad. It is not their business to have fellowship with God in duties, to get their lusts mortified, their hearts tried, their souls conformed to the image of God in holiness. They pray as if they prayed not, and hear as if they heard not ; and if they feel no power in ordinances, no quickening in duties, it is no disappointment at all to them, for these were not their designs in drawing nigh to God in these appointments.

And thus you see what numbers of professors deceive themselves.

(*To be continued.*)

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## REVIEW.

*Recorded Mercies.* Blackheath : E. Wilmshurst.

God's mercies are "new every morning" (Lam. iii. 23), and yet "they have been ever of old" (Psa. xxv. 6), for His mercy is "from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him" (Psa. ciii. 17). This encircling bond of eternal love may not always be seen as a "wall of fire" (Zech. ii. 5), yet, like the sun in the firmament, when concealed by clouds and fog, it is ever there. This is the security of the saints.

"Though sometimes unperceived by sense,  
Faith sees Him always near ;  
A Guide, a glory, and defence ;  
Then what have you to fear ?"

There are times when God seems to open His hand in providence and His heart in grace, and then His children admiringly exclaim, "Oh, how great is Thy goodness which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee ; which Thou hast wrought for them that trust in Thee before the sons of men" (Psa. xxxi. 19). And so striking are sometimes the instances of His favour, that others rejoice with them, even as "Jethro rejoiced for all the goodness which the Lord had done to Israel" (Exod. xviii. 9), while the happy objects of His love and care "abundantly utter the memory of His great goodness, and sing of His righteousness" (Psa. cxlv. 7).

In these latter days, the love of many has "waxed cold" (Matt. xxiv. 12), and several in our Churches seem "to bite and devour one another" (Gal. v. 15). This displeases God,

quenches the Spirit, delights Satan, and breaks up the fellowship of the saints.

It is therefore refreshing to meet with an old traveller on the way to the "kingdom of God," who can tell us by her pen, in a terse, clear, and savoury manner, of God's faithfulness in maintaining her lot through many years of affliction and trial.

God has His "hidden ones" (Psa. lxxxiii. 3). Jane Andrew is one of them, and she now, at the advanced age of seventy-four, has consented to come out of obscurity by writing a short record of her life, which she has spent with one who is her brother "in the flesh and in the Lord," obtained from her through the request of Miss Anna Smart, of Cranbrook, who has very neatly and methodically put the papers together, and brought them forth to the public in a very compact little book.

Beside jottings from the life of the author, it has some nice incidental matter; also, a little reminiscence of the late Mrs. Daniel Smart, who was Miss Andrew's faithful friend, and also mother of the compiler.

We have great pleasure in recommending it, for it is a God-honouring testimony, and much calculated to strengthen the faith of the Lord's tried family to cast all their care upon Him who is a "very present help in trouble." And if any are anxious to know "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?" let them mark His footsteps at this little home in Cornwall. Soon Jane Andrew and her devoted brother Robert will get beyond this world of tribulation, and will no longer need wilderness fare, but we believe that she, when dead, will still speak to many by the few pages of "Recorded Mercies."

We have not a fault to find with the book except its brevity. Still, it is a rare little shilling's-worth, and tells us more of the faithfulness of God than many books we have read of larger dimensions and pretensions. We hope another edition will soon be called for.

## "HAVING NO HOPE, AND WITHOUT GOD IN THE WORLD."

(EPHESIANS ii. 12.)

BEING without Christ, you are destitute of all good. You are without life—without grace—without peace—without pardon—without comfort—without righteousness—without heaven—without salvation—without the favour of God—without the presence of God—without the life of God—without the image of God—without the Spirit of God; and being thus without God, you are without all true good and true happiness. According to the old and true maxim, "*Sine summo, nihil bonum*"—"Without the chief good, there is nothing good."

## LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR CHILD,—I thought I must just pen a few lines, but a long letter I feel I cannot write. I have been so cast down and distracted with the innate evils and depravity of my fallen nature that, sleeping and waking, I am so filled with it that it causes me to “groan, being burdened”; and really to-day I wondered how the Almighty had borne with me, and suffered me to live, and I thought it impossible for any child of God to be the subject of such direful evils.

This evening, the enemy suggested that it was an evil spirit from God sent to trouble me, but this led me inwardly to cry to the Lord, and plead the blood of Jesus Christ, that “cleanses from all sin,” and the devil cannot stand that. He is obliged to draw back. Oh, what a mercy the Lord is above him, and that there is such a precious remedy provided for sin-smitten souls! I am sure it would be for my comfort if I could at all times fly to the blood, the precious blood of Christ.

But there is such timidity and fear, under a sense of the guilt of sin, that we are often drawing back, instead of flying the faster to the Lord Jesus Christ. What an infinite provision God has made, in His dear Son, to meet the needs and wants of poor, guilty sinners! And yet we want so much entreating to go to Him, until we feel we must sink and die without Him. But it is as Mr. Hart says—

“Afflictions make us see  
What else would ’scape our sight—  
How very foul and dim are we,  
And God how pure and bright.”

But you know we cannot value the remedy unless we feel the disease, and what a very great mercy, as dear Tiptaft used to say, to be brought to feel we are sinners, and not left to wrap ourselves up in our own righteousness or good deeds, and think we are on the road to heaven, when we are really on the broad road to hell!

Well, I am filling up my paper, though I felt I had nothing to draw with, and the well is deep; but I have compared it at times, in my own mind, to a spring of water that has had all manner of rubbish cast into it, but the water finds its way through all that is thrown in to choke it, and it comes bubbling through all.

I was very pleased with the letter which you wrote to your brothers, and rejoice that the Lord enabled you to defend His truth, and be faithful to your own soul. The Lord will honour His own truth, and who can tell but He might own it in

sending home conviction to their hearts ? May He grant it, if His heavenly will ; and if not, you have delivered your own soul in writing faithfully what you know of the truth.

With my kindest love to you, believe me,

Your loving mother,

Swindon, January, 1876.

ELIZA BRIGNELL.

### PASSING NOTES.

THE Rome correspondent of the *Standard* says :—" On the Feast of San Biagio, passers-by near the church dedicated to the ' Divine Love,' near Piazza Borghese, might have noticed an unusual crowd at the spot, but not many persons probably knew the reason of it. In the church there is a monument in honour of the miracle-working San Biagio, who was the especial protector and healer of the throat. Those desirous of protection go to have their throats anointed at the saint's monument, and eat some holy bread, which is specially prepared. This year, owing to the great prevalence of influenza, and the mortality following from throat and chest diseases, the attendance of people at the church was unusually great."

MR. CONNELLAN, the converted priest, is now working in his native parish in Connaught, holding well-attended cottage meetings, and praying and expounding the Scriptures in the homes of the people, where he is heard gladly. An Irish contemporary finds in this fact, evidence that " though the Roman Catholic mind were hermetically sealed against Protestantism, it certainly is not hermetically sealed against the Gospel." The avoidance of controversy, as far as possible, and the simple preaching of the Gospel, is the best way to reach the Irish people. The testimony which Mr. Connellan's work affords shows that the Gospel, unhampered by sectarianism, is found to be potent even in districts where Popery has held sway.

PASTOR CHINIQUEY writes from 23, Laval Avenue, Montreal :—" This last year, in spite of my eighty years, I have lectured in more than 160 towns, villages, and cities of Canada and the United States. In every place I have found one, ten, twenty, and sometimes more, French Canadian families converted from Romanism. . . . I have a work which is very dear to my heart—to help those priests who want to give up their errors, and accept and preach the Gospel in its purity. Their number is increasing every day, and it is to me they generally come for help."

## THE CALVINISTIC PROTESTANT UNION.

## IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

It appears that there has been a growing feeling among the friends of the Calvinistic Protestant Union that the time had arrived when something more practical in the work of organization should be done than had hitherto been attempted.

In order to accomplish anything in this direction, it was felt that the society must have an Organizing Secretary.

The Secretary of the parent society having received communications from some of the branches upon the subject, brought the matter before a meeting of the General Committee, held at Finsbury Pavement, London, on Wednesday evening, January 29th, when it was proposed, seconded, and carried unanimously—"That Mr. S. J. Abbott, Hon. Secretary of the Brighton Branch of the Calvinistic Protestant Union, be appointed Organizing Secretary to the Society." Much good has, by the blessing of God, been already accomplished by the efforts of the Union.

A young lady, who had made arrangements for entering a nunnery, and whose sister had already taken the veil, was so influenced by a lecture, given under the auspices of the Union, that she abandoned the idea of taking the fatal step. Another lady, who had the disposal of a living in the Church, was so influenced by the literature circulated by one of the branches of the Union that, when the living became vacant, she refused to appoint a Ritualist, and gave the living to an Evangelical.

But, besides such cases, the energy and activity of the Union have been the means of stimulating and putting fresh energy into some of the older Protestant societies, and have thus, in some places, aroused such a strong Protestant feeling as has not been known for many years. We therefore trust that all lovers of truth, who see the danger into which we are running, by giving our power to the beast of Rome, will do their best to support the movement.

The object is, to form branches in all districts where there are causes of truth, so that the friends may, by their united efforts, make their influence felt; and also, by lectures, and the circulation of sound literature, enlighten their fellow-countrymen as to the real nature of Popery.

Funds, which are greatly needed, will be thankfully received by Mr. Hull, Editor of the SOWER, 117, High Street, Hastings; Mr. W. Sinden, 37, Ashley Road, Crouch Hill, London, N.; Mr. W. J. Martin, 2, Tressillian Road, St. John's, London, S.E.; Mr. S. J. Abbott, 130, Springfield Road, Brighton; Mr. W. Harbour, 7, Clifton Street, Brighton; and Mr. Miller, 8, Pevensey Road, Eastbourne.



"STRIPPED OF ALL MY GOODS AT ONCE." (See page 87.)

## LAWRENCE SPOONER.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF HIS CONVERSION AND TRIALS. A RECORD OF DAYS OF PERSECUTION.

(Concluded from page 63.)

PERCEIVING they had got nothing by coming thus among us, and knowing that we had already forfeited as much, or more, than some of our personal estates, they had recourse to their main design, which was to strip us of our outward substance, in order to enrich themselves. Accordingly they went again to the justices at their next meeting, and laid a fresh information, by which means they obtained warrants for one hundred pounds, sixty of which were laid upon me; besides which, several other warrants were at the same time issued out for lesser fines, &c.

Information thus given and the warrants produced, occasioned no small consternation in the neighbourhood. Nothing but utter ruin was now expected, unless the course of law was stopped, or my goods secured. My neighbours discovered great concern both for my person and family; several who were in no way related to me were greatly afflicted, insomuch as it broke their natural rest. These blamed me at the same time for endangering my person and property, by continuing to keep open meetings, and refusing their counsel, which was to get my goods secured; and some of my dear Christian friends were also ready to join in with them, chiding me for my rash, unreasonable conduct, and telling me that they could direct me to more safe, yet lawful, methods. And, to say the truth, when it came to the trial, I had enough to do to silence the bold reasonings of my own flesh and blood.

Amidst the hurry and confusion of my mind under these circumstances, I constantly sought the Lord for wisdom and prudence to direct my affairs, desiring I might take especial heed of hasty proceedings, knowing that he that believeth, must not, in these cases, make haste. I had also some passages of Scripture strongly impressed on my spirit, from whence I firmly believed that the Lord would so bridle mine enemies that they should not have their full designs against me, particularly Isaiah xxxvii. 29, "*I will put My hook in thy nose, and My bridle in thy lips, and I will turn thee back by the way by which thou camest.*" Such support and comfort these words afforded that amidst all my sorrows I was even ready to sing for joy.

"When God supports, who then can cast us down?  
His smiles are life, but death attends His frown."

When the officers came to execute the warrant, I suffered them

to enter my house without the least opposition, and, when I had read it, I spoke to this purpose, that, although I had done nothing to deserve such a seizure, yet, forasmuch as I made conscience not to conform nor submit to the laws I lived under, I would quietly bear what God should permit them to do. I confess this was trying to me, who had always lived in great plenty of outward things, and who had relations of some account in the world, to see myself stripped of all my goods at once, which I had honestly provided, having at the same time a family of small children about me. My neighbours also discovered great concern upon this occasion, but especially my wife, who, poor heart, burst into tears, to think that her house should be plundered, and all her goods seized, and sold in her sight; yet, after a while, she recovered herself, saying, that, if it was the will of the Lord it should be so, she desired to submit.

My goods being thus seized, and an inventory taken, the officers gave us a strict charge that nothing should be removed. They cried them the next market-day at Lichfield. My wife was present at the time. All sorts of cattle, hay, and household goods to be sold very cheap, &c. When they were at first proclaimed several ill-minded persons began to covet them, and offered to buy, but, as God would have it, a terror soon fell on the minds of most, and the people in general so discouraged one another that not a single person appeared at the sale.

This enraged my adversaries so much the more, and put them upon driving all my cattle that were fit for the market to Lichfield, which was about a mile distant. It was with great difficulty they forced them out of the field, and, when they brought them to market, no man would buy them; after which they drove them to another market, but sold them not there.\*

Finding their hopes thus frustrated, they obtained leave of the justices to fetch my goods to Lichfield, and there sell them at their leisure, urging the shame and disgrace they should fall under in case they were not sold, and that Lawrence Spooner himself would laugh in their faces, &c. Accordingly two of them came to my house, and, giving me very lofty language, began to rifle the rooms, demanding the keys of the chests and coffers, which my wife with some reluctance delivered, to prevent their being broken in pieces. But when they had got possession of my effects, they could not hire waggons to carry them away, though they proffered double the price of carriage. At last indeed they procured two teams, which were very weak, and the ways being then bad, they were for some time by that means hindered; then

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\* At last it pleased God to permit the bailiff of the hundred to purchase them.



they importuned a neighbour, who was no friend to dissenters, to come over his ground, but prevailed not. Thus Providence prevented their designs till those men with whom they had agreed refused carrying the goods at any rate.

Notwithstanding all these difficulties, they hoped, ere long, without fail to compass their end. In the meanwhile they drank exceeding hard; and one of them said, in the hearing of a person of credit, "Come, fill us a thousand jugs, we will have them all paid for," and boldly sang, "*One hundred pounds will buy a soul from hell,*" &c. My friend replied, it was not best to drink too hard, for they might not be able to accomplish their designs. He answered, although they had received no money as yet, they should hereafter; adding, that the king would place a loyal subject in my house shortly, and then asked what would I do.

But I desire with awful reverence to mention the following circumstance: This same person, either by excessive drinking, or, as some have thought, by a secret stroke from God, declined, by little and little drooping away, and soon died. Before he died he was smitten with a wounded conscience, and almost in his last words said, "God forgive me; I have greatly injured those I have informed against, which troubles me more than anything I have ever done in my life," bidding those present to mark his setter on, saying that divine vengeance would certainly follow him, and much more to the same purpose. This being noised abroad, it greatly daunted some daring sinners, and so awed the minds of all that none durst buy any sort of goods belonging to me nor come to fetch anything out of my house.

The informers growing quite weary of this way of striving, some of the justices took me in hand, and were fully determined to have the warrant executed, especially as they had met with so much trouble in this affair, and I had never in person, or by others, sought any favour from them; my character as an honest man was alone in my favour, notwithstanding which, when they had heard that we still kept our meetings as usual, they threatened the constable, and, at last, which I long expected, I was summoned before them.

The next morning I set forth attended by a Christian friend, and as we rode along spake to my companion as follows: "Could we now see the heavens open, and God Almighty sitting as on a throne, governing all the world, and holding both men and devils in chains, saying to them, as to the sea, 'Hitherto shall ye go, and no further, and here shall your proud waves be stayed,' how fearless should we be to-day of those persons before whom we are going to stand"; adding, moreover, that, although sense could not see this, yet faith discerned it; and, through grace, of this truth we had a most convincing evidence; for when we came to the

place the constable presented the warrants, saying that I was there, upon which the justices, after consulting together, returned this answer, that he might take me home again, for they desired not to see me.

I returned with great admiration. And that very evening the society had appointed to meet in order to take their leave of me, expecting it would be a night of sorrow, and that I should be sent to prison the next morning. But the Lord made it a season of great comfort and joy, not only as I was so wonderfully restored, but also in sending a precious servant of His providentially among us, who preached that night from Jer. ix. 7, "*Therefore, thus saith the Lord, Behold, I will melt them, and try them, for how shall I do for the daughter of My people?*" He spake so affectionately and powerfully from the words, showing God's gracious ends and designs in trying His people's faith and patience, that it greatly affected us all; and I could not forbear singing, after such an unexpected deliverance as this—

"O world of wonders, what a providence  
That I should thus be brought from thence?  
My foes enthralled, myself set free!  
To spread His praises in my liberty!"

After these things had passed, my enemies knew not what course to take in order to hinder our meetings, and to revenge themselves on my person, or goods. They were like men tied hand and foot, and could do me no more mischief; therefore from this time, through mercy, we had rest; and so remarkable was the providence of God that my adversaries themselves met with abundance of trouble throughout the whole of this prosecution. The chief informer complained he lost by me, the constable was charged with being bribed from a due execution of the warrants, and the justices were wearied with about two years' perplexity in this affair. So that I may say with the Psalmist (Psa. ix. 15, 16), "*In the net which they hid is their own foot taken: the Lord is known by the judgment which He executeth: the wicked is snared in the work of his own hands. Higaion. Selah.*"

At last King Charles the Second died, which put a stop to sufferings for the present, and, although after two years they were revived, and I endured many hard things for conscience sake, yet after all the storms were over, and my enemies had done their utmost, I think I lost not from first to last above thirty pounds, for which I had so comfortable a crop of experience that I have the greatest reason to forgive them, and do heartily pray that God would not lay it eternally to their charge. Most gladly would I serve the worst of my enemies, especially in what concerns their souls. This I find to be the very life of Christ, who always

went about doing good. And the perfections of the glorious Deity perhaps are not imitable in anything more than in this, "for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust" (Matt. v. 45).

In the midst of my trials I had many precious promises and secret supports and comforts from above, that strangers intermeddle not with, insomuch that I durst not have exchanged my condition with the greatest men in the world, who lived at ease and were free from sufferings; and, as I had the promises to stay and support me all along, so I have since seen them fulfilled in a way I least expected. I mean in the Lord's blessing me abundantly with all sorts of temporal blessings, so that what I lost is more than made up. My cup is not only full, but it runneth over. I have found such a manifest difference in my temporal estate that it does not seem to be the same inheritance, but one far more large and fruitful. I have enough, and enough of all kinds of earthly comforts, and perhaps something considerable to spare, notwithstanding my yearly expense—I mean something where-with I can show kindness to the Lord's ministers and His poor people.

In short, my mind since these exercises has been more calm, comfortable, and composed, and I have had Christ Jesus my Saviour more constantly in my heart and eye than ever before; so that I have come out of this wilderness leaning upon Him, who I hope and trust will still guard and defend me from men and devils, and at last present me without fault before Him with exceeding joy." LAWRENCE SPOONER.

*Note.*—This excellent man lived several years after his sufferings, and was not only an exemplary Christian, but a useful minister, much known and valued in those parts. He died and was buried at Curborow, near Lichfield, where he was born, and in which place he had always dwelt; but his age and the year of his death I cannot recover. Well would it be if godly men both in and out of the Church, would thoroughly expose the subtle craft of Ritualism, which, fully grown, may again take up the sword of persecution as in the days of Lawrence Spooner.

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I ADMIRE the lamb in the closet, but the lion best becomes the pulpit.—*Huntington.*

A LITTLE eating prepareth a weak stomach, and setteth an edge upon the appetite to eat more. To this purpose David prayed before prayer, "Let my prayer be set before Thee as incense, and the lifting up of my hands as an evening sacrifice. Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth: keep the door of my lips" (Psa. cxli. 2, 3).—*Ambrose.*

## CHRISTIAN ENCOURAGEMENT.

[The following letter was written to a friend in the ministry, by one who has recently left affliction and sore conflict behind, and gone to be "for ever with the Lord." He will be greatly missed by many of the Lord's family, but with him "it is well."—ED.]

*Lee, Kent, May 4th, 1888.*

MY DEAR BROTHER in the noblest of all families, namely, those that are born and taught of God,—I have been intending but put it off from day to day, to write you a few lines, to say how much I enjoyed your discourse last Lord's Day. I had not been able to go to chapel for some six months, and was therefore glad I had the opportunity of hearing you for the first time.

So few preachers in the present day are in the real liberty of the Gospel, and they appear afraid to declare the sovereignty of God. I was, therefore, glad to find that you were so clear upon it. Is Christianity the work of God or the creature? I well know the plague of my own heart, and can truly say that there is nothing I am so afraid of under heaven as myself. But my desire is to more fully realize my interest, and a sweet enjoyment in the unalterable decrees of Jehovah, so that the will, the affections, the desires, and the judgment of the mind may be all brought into active exercise under the influence of mighty faith, which is His precious gift. I want what *I* cannot create—faith enough to open and maintain a perpetual, a constant, and an habitual fellowship with Jehovah on the ground of His own promises, believing they are all as secure as His throne, and as immutable as His nature, and looking for that fulfilment because God has said it.

The faith of God's elect will not receive, will not confide in anything that has not the warrant of Divine authority, and if the faith of God's elect has taken possession of our hearts, the testimony of Scripture with regard to all the doctrines of grace will be received in our creed.

I know I am a sinner, and I never expect here to get beyond the prayer of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" but I always regret that many good men spend so much time in their sermons—often two-thirds—upon our creature doings, and not unfrequently is there no sweetness about it, or any allusion to the believer's security. I grant it is necessary to define character, but that comforting doctrine, *election*, which is the Gospel itself, lies at the root and foundation of *everything*. If it is abandoned, you may as well commit the Bible to the flames. This grand truth is as clear as a sunbeam on the page of inspiration; it displays the glories of sovereign love, and it has cheered and comforted the hearts of His people in all ages.

Then the everlasting oneness arising out of it. "Holy union," *what theme can be sweeter?* On these precious truths the security of the Church is built, final perseverance and preservation are assured as a natural consequence, and no real fellowship, I am bold to say, can be enjoyed with the Lord Jesus Christ without a saving knowledge of these things, which mighty grace effects.

May the covenant God of Israel be with you, the love of God be shed abroad in your heart, the precious blood of Christ be sprinkled upon your conscience, and the unction of the Holy Spirit be sweetly melting your soul.

Yours affectionately in Him,

GEORGE A. NORTHOVER.

# THOUGHTS ON THE DEATH OF MRS. GURR, JUNR., OF THE DICKER, SUSSEX.

ANOTHER saint to glory gone;  
Another safely gathered home,  
Before God's throne to stand;  
There she now dwells with Christ above,  
Where all is peace and joy and love,  
Ever at God's right hand.

Methinks that I can see her too,  
As glory bursts upon her view,  
What rapture fills her breast!  
Her aches and pains have disappeared,  
No sigh, nor groan, from her is heard,  
But all is peace and rest.

Adoring at her Saviour's feet,  
She joins the chorus passing sweet—  
The sacred theme is love.  
No note of discord mars that song,  
Harmony reigns throughout the throng,  
No jarring sounds above.

While here she often sighed and mourned,  
But now to joy her sorrow's turned—  
She is for ever blest.  
No mortal can conceive her joy,  
'Tis perfect bliss without alloy.  
And everlasting rest.

Oh, take me, Lord, to that blest home,  
Where sin and sorrow are unknown,  
When from this body free.  
Then there amid that happy throng,  
Redeeming love shall be my song  
Throughout eternity.

H. DUNK.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF PAST EXPERIENCES.

## THE BEGINNING.

THE commencement of a work of grace in the soul of a sinner must necessarily be known only to himself and God; and very often for a prolonged period, the cause of his trouble and the nature of the exercises of his mind are hidden from his own eyes. In such a case, it is not till years have brought increased knowledge of spiritual things that he can trace with any satisfaction the first workings of the Spirit of God upon his heart. To be suddenly cut down in the midst of a career of sin is the more conspicuous conversion, but it is not less satisfactory and real when the beginning (which was small and gradual) becomes clearer and clearer in the light of subsequent experience.

For many years the writer of this has been exercised about recording an account of some of the wonders God has wrought for him, both in grace and providence, and he is impressed to write this paper, leaving it in the Lord's hands as to whether it shall see the light or not; and whether it shall be followed by others or no, future leadings must determine.

From a very early age my soul was exercised about eternal things. This concern arose in the following way. One Sabbath morning the minister whose services my parents attended, spoke from the words, "Jacob have I loved, and Esau have I hated." My attention was aroused by the description he gave of the difference between the two characters, and as he proceeded I perceived to my great dismay that *my* character was *not* that of the loved Jacob, but rather that of the hated Esau. The fear of perishing took possession of my heart, and I lay awake that night weeping, because I felt I was destitute of the marks and evidences which the children of God possessed; and if so, I knew I was among the wicked with whom God is angry every day. Oh, how I did desire and long to be found amongst the children of grace; and how impossible it seemed that one like me could ever be numbered with them!

This desire to be right for eternity was deepened by the death of a relative, and I was made to feel that the most important concern of my life was to have my sins pardoned. In those childhood days it was an abiding impression on my heart that I should not mind dying if only I could know my sins were forgiven.

This longing was interwoven with my thoughts, feelings, and desires almost as far back as I can remember, and my favourite hymn was that which most sweetly described the blessedness I sought, but often feared I should never attain—

“ How high a privilege 'tis to know  
 Our sins are all forgiven ;  
 To bear about this pledge below,  
 This special grant of heaven.”

It was thus I began to seek for mercy. Sometimes I derived a little encouragement, hope, and help from the preached Word ; and many hundreds of times did I repeat the sweet lines of Mr. Hart's—

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

These were, as I hope, the first steps of a very chequered pilgrimage, some brief records of which I am constrained to pen down. How the Lord appeared to me must be left to the next portion.

#### A WORD FROM THE LORD.

Some years rolled away after I began (if I am not deceived) to seek the Lord, as narrated in the preceding portion. Amid the many changes through which I passed, it was often a great trial to me that there seemed so little that was *definite* in my religion. There were also long seasons of backsliding in heart, followed by darkness and depression. Much of what I then felt I did not, at the time, understand at all.

On the whole, however, I had been kept looking to the Lord, and waiting upon Him, and He had preserved me in some measure of separation from the world. The society of God's children was preferred to that of all others. Sometimes, too, I was raised to a good degree of hope. Nevertheless, I had not received what I wanted. At length a change took place, and it was a change for the worse.

Whilst serving my apprenticeship, I began to drink more deeply into the spirit of the world, though not without many checks of conscience, and much inward unhappiness. The result of associating more freely than I needed to have done with the worldlings by whom I was surrounded was a rapid decay in the little religion I once seemed to possess, so true is it that “evil communications corrupt good manners.” This went on for some time, till the growing consciousness of being wrong overwhelmed my spirit with misery and wretchedness.

At last, I came to the conclusion that my profession, such as it was, had been wholly hypocritical. Finding myself unhappy in the world, tempted by Satan, driven to and fro by fears and feelings—yet within there was something that loved sin—my case seemed strange and contradictory, and I gradually began to feel more and more convinced that I was not—could not be—a child of God. The hope against hope I had sometimes tried to en-

courage, that perhaps after all it might be well with me, grew fainter and fainter. I resolved to try and give up religion altogether, and began by neglecting prayer, and seeking to accustom myself to join in the frivolous and profane talk of my companions in business. Then I tried to persuade myself that perhaps there was no God, no hell, and no hereafter. What hypocrisy I felt my profession of religion was !

With these feelings, I one day went to business determined no longer to be a hypocrite, but to come out in my true colours as a worldling. Accordingly, in foolish jesting, and even profane oaths (for the first time—and this means last time—in my life), I passed the day. However, the attempt to be a worldling was a very miserable one. I might try to give up religion, but religion would not give me up. I felt God's Word condemned me at every turn, conscience did her office, and when I left the place of business, it was with an intolerable load of guilt upon my conscience, which seemed ready to break my heart. I found, if there was no reality in religion, there was a great reality in the misery of sin. As I pursued my way, meditating terror, the thought darted into my mind, and seized hold of my imagination, like a lion springing on his prey, that I might as well know the worst of it, for the torments of hell could not be much more unbearable than what I was then suffering—and perhaps, too, there was no hell. There was no hindrance, but somehow, just then came a powerful inward suggestion or thought, to try the throne of grace *once more*—though but, as it were, for the last time. Straightway, a cry for mercy broke from my distracted soul ; it was indeed the hour of my extremity.

Immediately, like a flash of light, there came a whisper from the skies, "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty." "What ! Mine, Lord ?" "Yes, thine." My soul was raised from the pit of despair, the precious promise allayed my fears instantaneously, and I went on my way rejoicing in the hope that I should some day see the King in the beauty of His pardoning grace and infinite love and mercy.

I went to rest that night in sweetest peace. But, alas ! alas ! when I awoke on the following morning, to my great amazement, even before I had opened my eyes, I found my happy feelings had gone—gone entirely. There was nothing but a dismal blank, a collapse of all the hopes which had so greatly cheered the previous evening.

(To be continued.)

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IDLENESS is the Dead Sea that swallows up all virtues, and the self-made sepulchre of a living man.



"THE FOOL HATH SAID IN HIS HEART, THERE  
IS NO GOD."

It has been said, "Let him that hath a dream tell a dream, and let him that hath My Word speak My Word."

In meditating on what I purposed giving under the above heading, I feel I must relieve my mind of such matter as seems to come first. Last week we were hoping or expecting that the Lord was about to open a way for us whereby we might be relieved of the distressing care and anxiety as to how we were to be provided with shelter, food and raiment. This same way has, however, entirely closed up; but before it came to my knowledge, and when at my work the other day, these words came into my mind, "As the small rain and as the dew upon the tender grass"; "I will give you a mouth and wisdom, which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist." This seemed strange to me, and not at all what I was seeking or expecting; with them also came a very sweet and softening influence, causing a profusion of tears to flow.

In the evening, when sitting by the fire, the words returned to my mind in the same manner. After this, I told my wife what had passed during the day, and she searched and found them; and, from their connection, I thought I had nothing to do with them, so I dismissed them as well as I could and thought no more of them until a little before daylight the next morning, when, as I was paddling through the mud and water across the fields to my work, the same words recurred, bringing such happiness with them that I could but weep and forget everything else. Glad I was to be at work alone, as wherever I went that day these words of Him who spake as never man spake followed me. I could as well stop the waves of the sea, as stop the tears flowing from my eyes. I will not say that this was the work of that Comforter of whom Jesus said, "He shall take of the things which are Mine and show [or reveal] them unto you." Also, "He shall bring all things to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you." Although Elijah, when he had taken shelter in a cave, apparently forsaken of his God, sought Him in all the great and mighty elements of nature—the fire, the whirlwind, &c.—yet he found Him in none of these, but in the still small voice.

I may here mention some of the present and immediate effects; remembering as I do so, that when John's disciples came to Jesus, saying, "John has sent us to ask, Art Thou the Christ, or do we look for another?" Jesus knowing that John sought for the fruits and effects (as he said to others, "Bring forth fruits meet for repentance"), said unto them, "Go ye and tell John what

things ye do see and hear ; how that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, and unto the poor the Gospel is preached." Nor have any who speak in the name of Jesus need to be at much pains to prove whether they are called and qualified, because, "Where the word of a King is, there is power," and there will be signs following.

And even this which I write shall be a savour of life unto the living, and a savour of death and condemnation to the spiritually dead ; also, to the living it shall be a savour of life unto that life which God has put in the soul, and a savour of death unto that body of sin and death which by nature they possess, or otherwise it is as salt without savour, fit only to be cast out and trodden under foot of men.

But to return to the effects produced in the heart on the day mentioned. Since it has pleased Almighty God to lead me into great depths of poverty and affliction, I have, as might be expected, received many deep wounds, which may take a lifetime to heal ; and often from such as David spake of, when he said, "If it had been an enemy, I could have borne it." Nevertheless, for all such I could, at the time referred to, but wish they may meet in that sweet haven of rest, where swords and staves will be wanted no more. Indeed, I could then pray for my enemies, and do good to them which spitefully used me.

Although at this time I could not tell from one week to another how soon I and my family might be houseless and homeless—nor did I know, from day to day, how we could get a bit of food to eat—yet I think I was almost, if not quite, the happiest creature on the whole earth. If I had been in heaven, I should have left behind me all my poverty and rags, so that I should look better, but I think I could not have been much happier. Now, this may be considered a foolish thought, yet if I was in hell itself, I think I must say, "Bless His dear name." Unhesitatingly I challenge all the sceptics in the world, who, though they be among the great and rich in all their splendour, yet they never felt as happy as I have at times in the depths of trials, suffering, and affliction. Truly we must say—

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

Having written a little of the present, I can say nothing whatever of future fruits and effects ; but I know that God, who gave wisdom to Solomon, is, as the Apostle said, no respecter of persons.

For certain reasons, I have thought I would now give an account of a somewhat remarkable dream, without any positive assertion that it was from God, but leave my readers to judge of that.

A short time ago, I dreamed that I visited a factory where a great variety of goods, in the way of food and other things for household uses, were manufactured. All the goods looked clean and wholesome. However, I felt much dissatisfaction in my mind, because the premises were most dingy and miserable looking; and I thought, if people knew what sort of place these goods were prepared in, they would not use them. I also thought that when I returned I would expose this state of things; but when I was coming away, I saw a well of the most foul water I had ever seen, and, worse than all, a man came with a water-pot to draw. At this I was quite disgusted; but looking on the other side, I saw another man pouring clean water into the well, and as he did so the foulness vanished, and the well was purified. I thereby learned the secret of bringing a clean thing out of an unclean. Yet one thing did astonish me, that only the same quantity of water was taken from the well by one as was poured in by the other. I awoke with the impression that this did portray a human heart, and confess I did entertain some humble hope that some good might come forth even from a heart so ignorant and brutish as mine, but nothing more than is absolutely put there by the God of all goodness, even the Father of lights, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift.

T. GILBERT.

A GOOD man once said that God, when He converted a sinner, laid His Spirit in pawn to that soul, so the Spirit is the soul's earnest of its inheritance; and so, when we die, Christ receives His own with usury. So, my dear souls, let your troubles be what they may, obey God's voice. God says, "Give me thy heart." The blessed Jesus will have it, for you can do nothing in mending it, and He says, "Commit the keeping of your souls into my hand." Pray Him to keep it, and He will keep yours as well as Paul's till that day. He likewise says, "Offer up your bodies, which is your reasonable service." Pray, my dear souls, let Him have them; and He likewise says, "Commit thy works unto the Lord, and thy thoughts shall be established." Obey His voice, for He gave Himself for us that we should give ourselves to Him. And then, says faith, "Ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price" (1 Cor. vi. 19, 20). Then let what enemies will come against me, says faith, the battle is not mine, but God's; "and we must turn the battle to the gate," said David, and that gate is Christ.—*Huntington*.

## A VISIT TO BETHANY.

*Saffron Walden, June 4th, 1846.*

DEAR SISTER IN THE LORD,—The sympathy of creatures can afford you but little relief under your trial. I must therefore at once endeavour to direct your mind to our Great High Priest, Who is “touched with the feeling of our infirmities.” When He dwelt on earth as the “man of sorrows,” He visited the afflicted family at Bethany, and mingled His tears with those of the bereaved sisters. And though, in His glorified state, He has “fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore,” His interest in His members is not weakened, nor is His love to them diminished. He loved Lazarus and his sisters, and yet He deferred His visit until Lazarus was in the grave, and Martha and Mary were weeping under an apparently irretrievable loss.

How mysterious His conduct appeared both to His own disciples and to the Jews, who came to the afflicted house to comfort the bereaved! When “Jesus wept,” some of the Jews said, “Could not this Man, which opened the eyes of the blind, have caused that even this man should not have died?” But when Lazarus came forth from the sepulchre, the mystery was solved. It was then manifest that the death of Lazarus was intended to give an opportunity not only for the display of the Redeemer’s power over the grave, but also for the manifestation of the love of our Lord, which love was then more fully exhibited than it would have been by curing Lazarus of his sickness. The believing household increased in the knowledge of their almighty Lord and Saviour, and their faith in Him was greatly strengthened.

You are fully assured that it was in love to your late husband that Jesus removed him from the trials, conflicts, and sorrows of this state, and called him up to the heavenly kingdom, to behold the unutterable glories of the Lord Jesus Christ, and to mingle his praises with the songs of perfected spirits. But perhaps the thought arises, “Could this heartrending event be in love to *me*?” This question will be best answered by asking another: Can infinite, immutable love act unkindly towards any of its objects? He has done as it pleased Him. His pleasure is infinite love guided by infinite wisdom. When we look at the things that are seen, and draw our conclusions from thence, we can see neither love nor wisdom in the trials we endure. But we walk by faith, not by sight. The Lord will hereafter make it quite clear that love guided His hand in every stroke, and that, however painful the chastisement to those who endure the same, it was for their profit. And even under the suffering, the Lord is faithful to His promises not to lay upon His people more than He will enable them to bear. The Lord has taken away from you a source of

comfort which He afforded you for a season, that you may seek and find your whole comfort in Himself, the unwasting Fountain of felicity.

May you, my afflicted sister, be enabled to rejoice confidently in Him, of whom it is said, "Thy Maker is thine Husband; the Lord of Hosts is His name."

We think the arrangements proposed as to the funeral are the best that can be made. The grave will be prepared as directed, and we think Mr. Whitehead's suggestion, that the interment be before the morning service, is a proper one, and therefore propose ten o'clock for that purpose.

My dear wife unites with me in every expression of sympathizing feeling with you.

I remain, dear sister, yours in the Lord,

*To Mrs. Searle.*

J. D. PLAYER.

[Mr. and Mrs. Searle were members at Mr. Player's chapel, and resided at Royston. They both loved the pure truth, would go many miles in search of the same, and opened their house whenever they could get the writer of the foregoing letter to preach, or other good ministers; and seed then sown still appears, to the glory of God. Mr. Searle was a very retiring, godly man, his walk and conversation corresponding with his profession. He was called to an early grave, and his partner, aged twenty-nine, followed him only a few months after to her eternal rest.—R. F. R.]

#### LINES WRITTEN AFTER SANCTIFIED AFFLICTION.

Oh, sweet affliction, thus to be  
A means of blessing unto me;  
Oh, blessed Jesus, thus to meet,  
Revealing love, in converse sweet.

Oh, precious sympathy, to melt,  
While tracing sorrows Jesus felt;  
Oh, sacred moments, heavenly hours,  
Absorbing all my mortal powers.

I felt the goings out of prayer,  
As breathed into the heart with power;  
Faith did the promises embrace,  
As though fulfilled, so strong the grace.

Oh, sacred peace, which filled my mind,  
Nor Satan could a footing find;  
Sin drowned in love's astounding deep,  
I sheaves from sorrow's field did reap.

I felt sweet love within arise,  
To those by God made truly wise;  
I for the tried and weak did pray,  
And words of comfort longed to say.

I felt sweet gratitude alive,  
Self-pity then could not survive ;  
And fretful thoughts were all cast down,  
While Jesus' love the whole did crown.

Thus I, a lump of sinful dust,  
Was brought to feel a humble trust,  
That God would work for me in all,  
And I into His hands did fall.

Oh, safe position, Jesus' feet,  
A taste of heaven is this retreat ;  
Beyond the earth it lifts the heart,  
Nor would it e'er from Christ depart.

I felt the wish, by God inspired,  
To spread His fame, nor e'er be tired ;  
I to His glory longed to live,  
Nor cause for stumbling ever give.

But, oh, this clog of sinful flesh,  
I have to cope with it afresh ;  
By Satan tried, I coward feel,  
Nor with a single foe can deal.

To feel in self there's nought but sin,  
And have no heart the prize to win ;  
Oh, what a trying change is this,  
Alas ! I'm then a wilderness.

I feel so strange, with Jesus gone ;  
I mourn and wander on alone ;  
Yet for His coming oft I sigh ;  
Absent from Him I would not die.

In Jordan's flood I Christ shall need,  
To give my soul support indeed ;  
While earth recedes may glory dawn,  
'Till heaven's fair shore I land upon.

Then will I praise my glorious Lord,  
By angels and by saints adored ;  
I'll cast my crown at His dear feet,  
Who made me for His presence meet.

*Hastings.*

M. C. D.

### STRENGTH TO DIE.

I HAD a godly father ; a truly gracious man. I was with him in his last illness. Up to that time he was uncertain in his mind how it would end with him. Shortly before his death he called me to his bed-side, and said, "Cornelius, I have got now what I have been praying for these thirty years ; the Lord has visited me with the knowledge I have so long wished for. I am going to Him, and I have strength to die." In this blessed frame he departed.

## ABRAHAM'S TRIAL AND TRIUMPH.

(GENESIS xxii.)

SOME time ago a sermon was published entitled "Abraham's Mistake," and a good deal of discussion and explanation followed. There evidently was a mistake somewhere, but it was made, not by Abraham, but by the critic who thought he could put an old narrative in a new light. For Hebrews xi. 17, 20, leaves us in no doubt about the intention of this trial or the gracious power through which the patriarch endured and conquered; "By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac . . . accounting that God was able to raise him up, even from the dead; from whence also he received him in a figure." "He that had received the promises offered up his only begotten son." Herein lay the deepest and most mysterious part of the trial. God's assurance that Abraham's seed should inherit Canaan, should become numerous and strong, and that in him multitudes should be blessed, had been believed implicitly by Abraham, but all as it were centred in Isaac; if he, the child of promise, were destroyed, how could the word of God be fulfilled? Yet he staggered not through unbelief; strong in the Lord, he went forward, believing, that in spite of all human impossibilities, "God was His own interpreter, and He would make it plain." In looking at our subject two practical lessons at once suggest themselves to us, by way of *caution* and *exhortation*.

The *caution* suggests itself thus—God's command to Abraham is perfectly unique, and furnishes no precedent for future times. Before the Scriptures were written, God spoke to His people in various ways; in visions, dreams, or by an audible voice; and these oral commands were in many cases private directions, addressed personally to those who received them. The Scriptures, on the contrary, the written law of God, His great statute book, the Bible, sets forth His will concerning all His people and His creatures generally till the end of time. To this written law, and this inspired testimony our appeal must ever be made, and all our desires and impressions must be tested by the general and uniform teaching of God's Word; and whatever thought is not according to that which is written there—however forcibly it may impress us—must be regarded as dangerous and wrong.

Then too we should remember that God's command to Abraham, even had He permitted it to be literally carried out, would not have involved him in the commission of sin, because sin in its very essence is disobedience to God, self-will, forgetfulness of Him to whom we owe our all. And none of the causes that have led to the shedding of human blood were present here; neither anger, selfishness, nor careless indifference; he loved his Isaac as

his own life, but as a sacrifice to the Lord, at His own bidding, he could offer him up, assured, however, that he would again behold his living son restored to him by Almighty power and love.

But we hear a solemn *exhortation* speaking to us from this subject, "Whatsoever was written aforetime was written for our learning," and Abraham's example bids us do whatever God commands, and believe all that He tells us.

It is the fashion with too many people now to pick over the Bible, and whenever they come to any teaching that seems difficult or painful to them, not only to say, "this is a hard saying, who can hear it?" but to go further and assert that some parts of Scripture are out of date, while they even call in question the inspiration of others.

"So did not Abraham," neither did any of that great "cloud of witnesses" that surround us, as we read the sacred pages which record the trials and triumphs of the believers who have gone before. They knew that "every word of God is pure," and they revered and acknowledged the authority of all that the mouth of the Lord had spoken.

May we follow their example, and having first made sure that everything we believe and practise is according to Holy Scripture, let us fearlessly say with the Apostle, "Yea, let God be true, and every man a liar" who dares to contradict His Word.

This incident is emphatically called Abraham's trial. "The Lord trieth the righteous," and thus He tested His servant's obedience and faith. Yet it certainly seems to have been to Abraham a special revelation of God's great redemption, a sublime panorama, depicting the work of the Lord Jesus Christ in almost the very place where He cried, ages afterwards, "It is finished!"—accomplished—the glorious work is done. It was an "object lesson," illustrating how God would not spare His own Son, but would deliver Him up for His people; and yet further, how, like the ram caught by its horns in the thicket, Jesus would die instead of them.

We cannot tell how much his understanding grasped concerning "the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow," but Christ's own testimony is very emphatic and expressive, "Your father Abraham rejoiced to see My day: and he saw it, and was glad" (John viii. 56). And surely this was the time when he saw that heavenly vision, while the words of blessing in which the divine Angel of the Covenant declared His acceptance of His servant had special reference to the coming day of His incarnation, for now, for the first time, the promise was addressed to Abraham, "*In thy seed* shall all the nations of the earth be blessed; because thou hast obeyed My voice." This "seed," Paul tells us, is "Christ," and in Him all nations were to



be blessed, made happy, honoured and exalted; or, as the alternate rendering says, "All nations shall *bless themselves* in Him"; as we read in Psalm lxxii. 17, "Men shall bless themselves in Him: all nations shall call Him blessed"; another way of saying, His people shall make their boast in the Lord, and exalt and triumph in His name, glad of the honour to obey Him, as well as thankful for deliverance from eternal death through His blood.

Thus was the Gospel preached of old unto Abraham, and he was found among the blessed people who know the joyful sound; he walked in the light of God's countenance, rejoiced in His name, and was exalted in His righteousness.

And this sacred vision in the mount of the Lord was given as the reward of obedience. "Because thou hast obeyed My voice." God's promise itself went before Abraham's obedience, and had been repeated again and again; but "in keeping His commandments there is great reward"; and, as Hart sings—

"Those only that fear Him His will can discern,  
For, living so near Him, His secrets they learn."

Precious lessons were learned by the Patriarch in this time of trial. He learned the sweetness of Divine sympathy, how the Lord not only pities but feels with His afflicted ones in all their afflictions; the faithfulness of Him who never fails or forsakes those who trust in Him; and the power and wisdom that "know how" to deliver out of trial.

And while we ponder this deeply interesting narrative, may each heart echo Cowper's lines—

"Jesus, I love to trace  
Throughout the sacred page  
The footsteps of Thy grace,  
The same in every age:  
Oh, grant that I may faithful be  
To clearer light vouchsafed to me."

H. S. L.

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So, then, when enemies come to us, say we, as the three children did to the king of Babylon, "We are not careful to answer thee in this matter" (Dan. iii. 16), for, says the soul, "I cannot answer any enemies; if they demand anything, go to my heavenly Husband; He pays all for me. He paid law and justice, too, for me; and, as all fulness dwells in Him, there is enough to pay all demands;" and, if you have peace with God through Christ, then let faith produce his receipt to any enemy who asks after it, which is this, "He that believes is justified freely from all things." That is your receipt—mark it. When ye thus live, then ye live indeed.—*Huntington.*

## DIVINE FAITH AND ITS EFFECTS.

*"These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth."*  
—HEBREWS xi. 13.

IN the beginning of this chapter it is written, "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Again: "By faith Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house; by the which he condemned the world, and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith."

Now, the faith here spoken of is a wonderful thing, a rare thing. It is not that which hundreds of people call faith, which any man can exercise or not as he pleaseth; that faith is as plentiful and as common as were the frogs in Egypt; but, like them, it crawls on the earth, and it never did, and never will, lift the heart and affections of its possessors one inch above the earth and its concerns. But this divine faith here spoken of, which is of the operation of God—the fruit of His Spirit—how blessedly it elevates its possessors. "The youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall: but they that wait upon the Lord [through this faith] shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint" (Isaiah xl. 30, 31).

"These all died in faith, not having received [or realized] the promises." All the promises seem to be summed up in these words—"I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people" (2 Cor. vi. 16). They saw "them afar off" (true faith brings distant things near); "and were persuaded [convinced] of them." There are many persuasions in the world; one says, I am of this persuasion, another I am of that. Some, like Agrippa, are almost persuaded to be Christians, others are almost persuaded to be atheists; many have been persuaded to join nearly all the sects in Christendom, one after another, but all are utter strangers to the persuasion of those spoken of above, save those who are partakers of the like precious faith.

Reader, were you ever convinced by God's Spirit, that you are a transgressor against His holy law, so as to cry with David, "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me"? or with Job, "Behold, I am vile"? if not, these promises are nothing to you. You may be convinced in your judgment of the truth of the Gospel, but if you have felt no soul-sickness, you feel no need of Christ as a Physician; and you may

go, as thousands do, to the very gates of heaven, but never enter there.

"And embraced them." This is an act of love, of familiarity, and intense desire; as it is written, "Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life" (1 Tim. vi. 12). "I found Him whom my soul loveth: I held Him and would not let Him go" (Sol.'s Song iii. 4). Many there are who can talk fluently about the promises, and profess a deep interest in them, who never felt one real desire after them; but the "children of promise" (Rom. ix. 8) embrace them, as some "embrace the rock for want of a shelter" (Job xxiv. 8).

"The saints, in all this glorious war,  
Shall conquer though they die;  
They see the triumph from afar,  
And seize it with their eye."

"And confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth." In the present day we hear a great deal about confessing to Popish or to Ritualist priests; and it is a mystery how people can lay aside their common sense and discretion so far as to divulge all the secrets of their life to men whose assumption and presumption must be plain to all, except to the wilfully blind. This is nothing but receiving the "mark of the beast" (Rev. xiv. 9). But the faith of God's elect leads to far better confession, for "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation" (Rom. x. 10).

J. JENKINS.

### "HAVING OUR HEARTS SPRINKLED FROM AN EVIL CONSCIENCE."

(HEBREWS x. 22.)

EVERY man is a little world within himself; and in this little world there is a court of judicature erected, wherein, next under God, the conscience sits as the supreme judge, from whom there is no appeal. *That* passeth sentence upon us—upon all our actions, upon all our intentions; for our *persons*, absolving one—condemning another; for our *actions*, allowing one—forbidding another. If *that* condemns us, in vain shall all the world beside acquit us; and if *that* clear us, the doom which the world passeth upon us is frivolous and ineffectual.

THE vain glory of this world is a deceitful sweetness, a fruitless labour, a perpetual fear, a dangerous honour. Her beginning is without providence, and her end not without repentance.—*St. Augustine.*

## THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

*(Continued from page 80.)*

AND if we seriously inquire into the grounds and causes of this self-deceit among professors, we shall find these four things conspiring to delude and cheat them in the great concern of their salvation.

First. The natural deceitfulness of the heart, than which nothing is more treacherous and false : "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked" (Jer. xvii. 9). The heart is the greatest supplanter, the most crafty and subtle cheat of all, that deceives us as Jacob did his brother, to whose name this text alludes. It defeats us of our heavenly heritage, as Jacob supplanted him in his earthly one, while we are gone a hunting after earthly trifles. And wherein its deceitfulness principally appears you may see by the solemn caveat of the Apostle, James i. 22, wherein he warns us to beware, that in hearing the Word we deceive not ourselves by false reasonings ; namely, by making false syllogisms ; whereby they misconclude about their spiritual and eternal estate and condition, and befool themselves.

The time will come, when a man's own heart will be found to have had the chief hand in his ruin ; and what Apollodorus did but fancy his heart said to him, some men's hearts will tell them in earnest, when they come to the place of misery and torment : "I have been the cause of all these, I have betrayed thee into all these torments ; it was my laziness, my credulity, my averseness to the ways of strict godliness, mortification, and self-denial, which have for ever undone thee. When thou satest under the convincing truths of the gospel, it was I that whispered those atheistical surmises into thine ear, persuading thee that all thou heardest was but the intemperate heat of an hot-brained zealot ; when the judgments of God were denounced, and the misery thou now feelest forewarned and threatened, it was I that whispered what the tongue of another once spake out, 'I will believe it when I come thither.'"

Surely this is a great truth which was observed by the wisest of men, "He that trusteth in his own heart, is a fool" (Prov. xxviii. 26). And thousands of such fools are to be found among professors.

Secondly. Satan is a chief conspirator in this treacherous design. "We are not ignorant," saith the Apostle, "of his devices" (2 Cor. ii. 11) ; his sophistry and slights, his trains and methods of temptation, which are thoroughly studied, and artificially moulded and ordered ; even such systems as tutors and professors of arts and sciences have, and read over to their

auditors ; as one judiciously observes \* to be the import of that text, Eph. vi. 11. Nor is it to be wondered at, considering his vast knowledge, deep malice, and long experience in the art of cheating, together with the great corruption and proneness of the hearts of men to close with his devices, and believe his impostures, that so vast a number of souls are taken "captive by him at his will" (2 Tim. ii. 26).

It is the god of this world that blinds the minds of those that believe not (2 Cor. iv. 3, 4) ; "the god of this world" (so called by a Mimesis) who leads a world of poor, deluded wretches to destruction, having first blinded their minds, that is, deluded, and with his hellish art practised upon their understanding, that leading and directive faculty, which is to the soul what eyes are to the body.

I remember Basil brings in Satan thus insulting Christ : "I have them ! I have them ! for all Thy blood and miracles, Thy wooings and beseechings, Thy knockings and strivings ; † I have cozened Thee of them at the very gates of heaven : for all their illuminations, and tastings of the power of the world to come, I have shipwrecked them in the very mouth of the haven."

Thirdly. The common works found in unregenerate souls deceive many, who cannot distinguish them from the special works of the Spirit in God's elect. See that startling Scripture (Heb. vi. 4) where you find, among the common operations of the Spirit upon apostates, that illumination which gives perspicuity to their minds in discerning spiritual truths, and that frequently with more distinctness and depth of judgment than some gracious souls attain unto ; besides, it is the matter out of which many rare and excellent gifts are in admirable variety, which are singularly useful to others, as they are exercised in expounding the Scriptures, defending the truths of Christ by solid arguments, preaching, praying, &c., and make the subject of them renowned and honoured in the Church of God, whilst, mean time, they are dazzled with their own splendour, and fatally ruined by them.

These you find also tasting, as well as enlightening ; so that they seem to abound not only in knowledge, but in sense also ; that is, in some kind of experience of what they know, for experience is the bringing of things to the test of spiritual sense. They do taste or experience the good that comes by the promises of the Word, and discoveries of heaven and glory, though they feel not experimentally the transforming efficacy of these things upon their own souls.

Now, that illumination furnishing them with excellent gifts

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\* Dr. Goodwin's "Child of Light."

† This is only to be understood as referring to the general call by the Word of the Gospel (see Matt. xxii. 16).

(as before was noted), enabling them to assent to Gospel truths, which the Scripture calls faith (Acts viii. 13); and working in them conviction of sin (1 Sam. xv. 24); reformation of life, (2 Peter ii. 20); and touching their affections also with transient joy in the discovery of those truths.

And this taste, which comes so near to the experience which the sanctified souls enjoy, seems to put their condition beyond all controversy, and lay a foundation for their well-built confidence. Nothing is more apt to beget and nourish such a confidence than the melting and workings of our affections about spiritual things; for, as a grave divine\* hath well observed, such a man seems to have all that is required of a Christian, and to have attained the very end of all knowledge, which is operation and influence upon the affections. When they shall find heat in their affections, as well as light in their minds, how apt are they to say (as these self-deceivers in the text did), they "are rich, and have need of nothing!" Now, of all the false signs of grace by which men cozen themselves, none are so dangerous and destructive to souls as those that come nearest true ones; never doth Satan more effectually and securely manage his cheats, than when he is transformed into an angel of light.

Among this sort of self-deceivers, how many gifted men, and, among that sort, some employed in the office of the ministry, will be found, whose daily employment being about spiritual things, studying, preaching, praying, &c., do conclude themselves sanctified persons, because they are conversant about sacred employments, as if the subject must be, because the object is sacred. Oh that such would seriously ponder these two scriptures, "Many will say unto me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name? and in Thy name have cast out devils? and in Thy name done many wonderful works?" (Matt. vii. 22); and, "Lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a cast-away" (1 Cor. ix. 27).

Lastly. To add no more, this strengthens self-deceit exceedingly in many, namely, their observations of, and comparing themselves with others. Thus the Pharisees (those gross self-deceivers) "Trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others" (Luke xviii. 9). Their low rating of others gave them that high rate and value of themselves. And thus the proverb is made good, *Regnat luscus inter cæcos*; He that hath but one eye is a king among the blind.

Thus the false apostles cheated and befooled themselves; "But they measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves among themselves, are not wise" (2 Cor. x. 12). God

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\* Mr. A. Burges.

hath not made one man a measure or standard to another man, but His Word is the common beam or scale to try a man.

These men are as sharp-sighted to note other men's evils as their own excellencies ; to eye the miscarriages of others with derision, and their own performances with admiration.

They bless themselves when they behold the profane in their impieties ; " God, I thank Thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican " (Luke xviii. 11). Oh, what a saint am I in comparison of these miscreants ! The Pharisee's religion, you see, runs all upon nots ; a negative holiness is enough to him ; and the measure he takes of it is by comparison of himself with others more externally vile than himself. A Christian may say, with praise and humility, I am not as some men are ; but though he knows nothing by himself, yet he is not thereby justified (1 Cor. iv. 4). He neither rakes together the enormities of the vilest, nor the infirmities of the holiest, to justify and applaud himself as these self-deceivers do. And these are the causes and occasions of that general deception, under which so great a part of the professing world bow down and perish.

3. In the last place, I shall improve this point variously, according to the importance and usefulness of it, with as much brevity and closeness of application as I can. And,

*Use 1.* Shall be for caution to professors. Before I tell you what use you should make of it, I must tell you what use you may not make of it.

First. Do not make this use of it ; to conclude from what hath been said, that all professors are but a pack of hypocrites, and that there is no truth nor integrity in any man ; this is both intolerable arrogance, to ascend the throne of God ; and unparalleled uncharitableness, to judge the hearts of all men.

Some men are as apt to conclude others to be hypocrites, by measuring their hearts by their own, as others are to conclude themselves saints, by comparing their own excellencies with other men's corruptions ; but, blessed be God ! there is some grain among the heap of chaff, some true diamonds among the counterfeit stones ; the devil hath not the whole piece ; a remnant according to election belongs really to the Lord.

Secondly. Do not make this use of it, that assurance must needs be impossible, because so many professors are found to be self-deceivers.

That assurance is one of the great difficulties in religion, is a great truth ; but that it is therefore unattainable in this world, is very false. Popish doctrine indeed makes it impossible ; but that doctrine is practicably confuted in the comfortable experience of many souls ; all are commanded to strive for it, " Give diligence

to make your calling and election sure" (2 Peter i. 10). And some have the happiness to obtain it, "For I know whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day" (2 Tim. i. 12).

Let the similar works upon hypocrites resemble as much as they will the saving works of the Spirit upon believers; yet God doth always, and the saints do sometimes, plainly discern the difference.

Thirdly. Do not make this use of it, to conceal or hide the truths or graces of God, or refuse to profess or confess them before men, because many professors deceive themselves and others also, by a vain profession. Because another professeth what he hath not, must you therefore hide or deny what you have? It is true, the possession of grace and truth in your own souls, is that which saves you; but the profession or confession of it, is that which honours God, and edifies; yea, sometimes is the instrument to save others; it is your comfort that you feel, it is others' comfort to know that you do so. Ostentation is your sin, but a serious and humble profession is your duty (Rom. x. 9).

*(To be continued.)*

### AN EXTRACT.

"GOD hath not called us unto uncleanness, but unto holiness" (1 Thess. iv. 7). The Author of it is the Holy Spirit. He breathes holy desires into the soul, communicates holy feelings, inspires holy affections, and works in us by His own power and grace that inward "holiness without which no man shall see the Lord" (Heb. xii. 14). In my judgment, there is no greater mark of the lax, loose, Antinomian spirit of the present day than the disuse and neglect of the word "holiness." Men are afraid of the word, as if it were bordering on legality. That holy life for which our Puritan ancestors so contended, and of which they gave so bright an example, is rarely enforced, and rather sneered at, as if it were Pharisaic self-righteousness. But they may live to prove the truth of those solemn words, "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still" (Rev. xxii. 11). Let men, then, say what they will, and act how they may, the calling of the Holy Ghost is a high calling, a heavenly calling, a holy calling, and the end of it will be the salvation of the soul, and an "eternal weight of glory." —*J. C. Philpot.*

THERE is nothing among us more rife than the name "Christian," or the Christian name; and nothing among us more rare than the Christian man.—*Venning.*



## LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

DEAR FRIEND,—In reply to yours of yesterday, it is quite convenient for you and your father to stay at our house the little time you are at Leicester, therefore we shall expect to see you both on Saturday next, if the Lord permit.

I perceive by yours that you are often cast down, no doubt from indwelling sin, for this alone is quite sufficient to cast a man down every day of his life ; for if a man loses sight of his sinfulness, it would be a strong evidence of being hardened through the deceitfulness of sin. It is life and light that makes manifest the hidden evils of the heart, and this sight will cast down any quickened soul, and keep it low in self-abasement and humility. It is only such that the Lord exalts to a place of safety in the Lord Jesus Christ. This is not exaltation in great enjoyments, which is a slippery place, but in brokenness of heart, in contrition of spirit and humbleness of mind, having fellowship with a suffering Saviour. Real exaltation is sitting at the feet of Jesus Christ, and learning of Him, day by day, self-denial, and bearing the cross, enduring hardness in the holy warfare—conflicts with the world, the flesh, and the devil ; and these trials will endure to the end of our life.

These trials are not easy to flesh and blood. We naturally are hankering after ease, comfort, peace and rest, *without the tribulation*. But this cannot be. Was this the case, I am persuaded we should quickly lose every breath of spiritual life, and be as dead to God as a stone—dead in every exercise of duty and conversation. Nothing promotes spiritual life so much as sanctified afflictions. This brings grace into exercise, especially prayer. Sharp trials, under the hand of God, are the very life and soul of prayer. At these times there is no complaining of deadness and reluctance to prayer. No ; because this is the very spring of prayer ; “ I found trouble and sorrow, then called I on the name of the Lord.”

It is ease and prosperity that are death to prayer, not tribulation. I have heard complaints about deadness in prayer, but the real cause has not been spoken of, nor the sin of it sufficiently loathed, lamented, and confessed before the Lord.

Miss Yeomans unites with me in love to you and your father and mother and sisters, also to Mr. Pickering.

Yours affectionately,

Leicester, March 2nd, 1852.

THOMAS YEOMANS.

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THE blood of the Redeemer, applied to the soul by His Spirit, is “ the one thing needful.”



DR. ROWLAND TAYLOR ON HIS WAY TO THE STAKE.

## DR. ROWLAND TAYLOR AND HADLEIGH.

AT Hadleigh, in Suffolk, the very spot may be seen where Dr. Rowland Taylor consented rather to give up his life than his most holy faith. I was glad to find myself in the old decayed town, now more like a large straggling villago than a town, with here and there an ancient house still standing, with figures and dates in *bas relief* upon the plaster walls, or the timbers and casement frames of the gable ends rich with carving. "Perhaps this was the mansion of Sir Henry Doyle," I said to myself, as I walked through a wide doorway into a little garden court, the sides of which were formed by the old mansion; "here in this passage is the side door usual in such houses. What a noble staircase of oak do I see through this open door! What delicately reeded carving seems to line the interior of this window, looking only into the court! and that rude figure with a drawn sword in one hand and a grim giant's head in the other, standing out in relief from the wall above, is surely David with the head of Goliath; an ornament in character with the pious tastes of Hadleigh in her glorious days, when 'she was one of the first towns in all England that received the Word of God'; and when it was also said of her that her inhabitants seemed rather a company of learned, godly clerks than of rich clothiers. Perhaps this was the mansion of Sir Henry Doyle, the wealthy clothmaker, and the companion, and perhaps beloved friend, of the godly Rowland Taylor, with whom he was wont to visit the alms-houses, and other houses of the poor, once every fortnight; for he taught by his deed, and led others to do the same, 'what a great treasure alms is to all such as cheerfully, for Christ's sake, do it.'

"Perhaps Doningham, the butcher, who so bravely refused to set up the fagots round the stake, lived in that old low tenement with an open shamble upon the lower storey, for I see the name is still known in Hadleigh; that a concourse of wondering and sorrowing persons once stood on either side of these now silent streets, when the sad procession passed along, a prisoner going to the place of execution, with the sheriff and his catchpoles, and many other willing and wicked comrades in their deed of blood. Yet what a holy dignity did show itself in the bearing and the words of that poor maltreated prisoner! How he seemed the shepherd still, calm and faithful amidst his trembling flock! And if his visage was marred, and his raiment disordered, and the accompaniments of shame and guilt were about him, surely he was made more like, in an humble degree, to the great Shepherd of the sheep, when they led Him, despised and rejected of His *own*, to the slaughter! The people, who had so long caught the glad sound of the glorious Gospel of the grace of God from

his lips, were not to be daunted by the presence of frowning and armed men; but as he went along they cried, saying, 'Ah! good Lord! there goeth our good shepherd from us, who so faithfully hath taught us, so fatherly hath cared for us, and so godly hath governed us. Oh, merciful God, what shall we poor scattered sheep do? What shall come of this most wicked world! Good Lord, strengthen him and comfort him.' And he evermore turned and spoke to them the same words, no doubt long remembered by that sorrowful flock: 'I have preached to you God's Word and truth, and am come this day to seal it with my blood.'"

I went into the church with no common feeling of reverence; the church where Rowland Taylor had "so truly taught his flock, whom he most heartily loved." Over the rector's pew I found his epitaph, graven on an ancient plate of brass:—

"GLORIA IN ALTISSIMO DEO."

"Of Rowland Tailor's fame I shew,  
An excellent devyne,  
And doctor of the civill lawe,  
A preacher rare and fine.

"Kinge Henrye and Kinge Edward's dayes,  
Preacher and parson here,  
That gave to God contynuall prayer,  
And kept his flocke in fear.

"And for the truthe condemned to dye  
He was in fierye flame,  
Where he received patyentlie  
The torment of the same.

"And strongly suffered to th' ende,  
Which made the standers by  
Rejoice in God to see their frende  
And pastor so to dye.

"Oh, Tailor, were thie myghtie fame  
Uprightly here inolde,  
Thie deides deserve that thie goode name  
Were siphered here in golde."

"Obiit Anno Dni. 1555."

What a noble tower is this of the rectory house, built in the reign of Henry VII.! Perhaps the spacious chamber over the gateway was the study of Rowland Taylor, where, according to his custom, he sat at his book, studying the Word of God, when he heard the bells ring, and arose, and went into the church, supposing that something had been there to be done, according to his pastoral office, and found the Popish priest of Aldham at the altar of his own church, beset round about with drawn swords and bucklers.

As I went up the street leading to Aldham Common, I passed the row of alms-houses, and saw, perhaps, the very window through which the kind pastor threw in his last little store of money. He had put the money that remained from the alms kindly bestowed upon him in prison into a glove, and as he passed along he gave it to the poor alms-men, standing at their doors to see him ; and coming to the last of the alms-houses, and not seeing the poor that there dwelt ready at their doors, as the others were, he asked, "Is the blind man and blind woman that dwelt here alive ?" It was answered, "Yea ; they are within." Then threw he glove and all in at the window, and so rode forth.

And now I stood on the very place where Taylor suffered. I had turned away from the steep and narrow lane with violet banks on either side, and birds singing on the green hedge-rows, and come out upon Aldham Common—common no longer, but though wide and open fields, all of them enclosures. There, on that spot, is still the huge, rough stone, with the quaint, but most expressive words deeply cut upon it :—

1555.

"R. Tayler, in defending that was goad,  
At this place left his blode."

And there, too, is a monument erected by a former rector and the parishioners of Hadleigh in later times ; for they loved the memory of that honest shepherd and blessed martyr, Rowland Taylor. I should have liked a monument in a better taste, as to form or architecture ; perhaps according to the Old English style, with a rude grace about it, somewhat suited to the blunt old English character of Taylor. But it is not well mannered in me to find fault with what was done with so good a motive. The monument is dedicated not only to the memory of Rowland Taylor, but of his curate, Richard, or Sir Richard Yeomans, who suffered also under the same fiery persecution, and died at the stake in the City of Norwich.

How affecting the description of Taylor's coming at last to Aldham Common, and when there, of his uncovering his head, which had been clipped by the insulting Bonner much like as a man would clip a fool's head. And when the people (for a great multitude was gathered there) saw his reverend and ancient face with a long white beard, they burst out with weeping tears, and cried, "God save thee, good Dr. Taylor ; Jesus Christ strengthen thee, and help thee ; the Holy Ghost comfort thee." And then he would have spoken, but as soon as he opened his lips one or other of the yeomen of the guard thrust a tip-staff into his mouth. Alas ! what bitter sufferings were his ! and yet borne with a

hearty and resolute mind ; what zeal, which supported him to say, with a loud voice, at the very stake, "Good people, I have taught you nothing but God's holy Word, and those lessons that I have taken out of God's blessed book the Holy Bible ; and I am come hither this day to seal it with my blood !" That zeal was not more hearty than his matchless patience, his gentleness, and meekness. He went to the stake and kissed it. He bore the insolent taunts, the blows, and wounds of his savage murderers with the spirit of his Master, Christ. As he lived, so he died, knowing no fear but the fear of offending his most gentle and gracious Master.

This, then, is the very spot where Taylor suffered ! How sweetly the God of nature and of grace can spread the aspect and the calm of peace over the place where the woe and the wickedness of man had saddened all things. And there, instead of savage shouts and cries and groans of sorrow, instead of crackling flames and low, deep prayers, from one writhing in bodily torture ; instead of faces bathed with streaming tears, instead of murderous looks, instead of the red glare and choking smoke, and the poor disfigured corpse fallen into the fire, what sights and sounds were present to the eye and ear. The clear, sweet song of the lark was heard above, and the bleat of the lamb from some quiet pasture. The bare branches were pushing forth their fresh green leaves, and the young and springing blades of wheat had just begun to hide the dark earth of that once trampled and blood-stained field. As I stood there in silent thought, and noted all these things, and among them saw the light and tapering spire of Hadleigh Church rising up from the valley beneath, and quietly pointing to the clear blue depths of heaven, I blessed His goodness who is thus wont, even in this fallen world, to bid the very spirit of peace succeed to the dark and dreadful ravages of man.

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IN waiting upon God for direction, when in any particular matter His will is not clearly discerned, it seems to me that the time of uncertainty should be between us and Him. A bustling, unresting spirit, that talks too much about its perplexities, and goes first to one and then to another for advice, dishonours God. How many a difficulty about guidance, which we are sometimes tempted to charge upon God, arises from our own weakness, our short-sightedness ! We should let the world see that we have One Counsellor, and that we depend upon Him ; and when we are in doubt, let there be very few words with man, and many with God. We shall then come out of every cloud with a settled, quiet mind that will glorify Him before men.—*Mrs. Pennefather.*

## A CONVERTED SLAVE.

THE sacred volume does not contain a large account of Onesimus but, from what we are informed, there is much that is interesting and instructive, and especially do we discover in this young man the sovereignty of God, who hath a set time to favour Zion, and the means form part of the Divine plan.

Onesimus was no more than a common slave, but probably did not realize the hardships attendant upon slavery, for he was highly favoured with opportunities of gaining religious instruction in the service of his excellent master, Philemon, who professed and adorned the Gospel, having a Church in his house, and being distinguished for his love and faith toward the Lord Jesus and toward all saints.

It would appear also that Philemon ministered in the Gospel, for Paul addresses him as his dearly-beloved and fellow-labourer. The humblest servant in such a gracious family doubtless enjoyed peculiar advantages of a spiritual kind, but no external means can change the heart. Onesimus retained his situation without any apparent benefit from the prayers, instructions, admonitions or example of his godly master; and not only was he thoughtless but destitute of all principles of honesty, for he betrayed his trust in Philemon's service, and then absconded, most likely, with stolen property.

From this feature of his conduct we might have apprehended there was but little hope of one who had been permitted to run to such an extent into sin and degradation; but God's ways are not our ways, neither are His thoughts our thoughts; for had Onesimus received the just recompense of his iniquity, or been left to follow the inclinations of his own heart, without the restraining influence of the Holy Spirit, the consequences must have been eternal woe and banishment from God. But may we not each and all adopt the language of the Psalmist, "If Thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquity, O Lord, who shall stand? But there is forgiveness with Thee that Thou mayest be feared"?

Onesimus having basely deserted his master, probably became a wanderer and a vagabond, and thus learned by sad experience that the way of transgressors is hard. In this state, under the controlling influence of Divine Providence, his steps were directed to Rome; and there, by God's own appointment, he was brought under the ministry of Paul, who, though a prisoner of Jesus Christ for the truth's sake, was permitted to preach the Gospel in his own house. Time, place, and instrumentality, in the matter of conversion, are all fixed by the Lord.

What the motives of Onesimus were for attending the Apostle's ministry we know not, but the event was blessed to him; the

wretched rambler was suddenly arrested, an arrow of conviction from the Lord pierced his heart; he acknowledged and confessed his guilt, and in deep self-abasement he pleaded for and obtained mercy and forgiveness through that Saviour of whom he then heard. Thus, by Divine grace, he was enabled to renounce the hidden things of dishonesty, and desired to serve God in righteousness and true holiness. He was more than reformed, he was made "a new creature in Christ Jesus: old things had passed away; all things had become new."

In Onesimus we have one of the many instances of that mighty power of Divine grace which God has given us in the Gospel. He can save those whose cases to us appear desperate, for the Lord is merciful and gracious. He can pardon the most aggravated sins and wash away stains of the deepest dye. He can turn the most stubborn rebel into a faithful subject; accumulated offences and confirmed habits of wickedness are no obstruction to the exercise of His mercy and the influences of His Spirit on those whom He hath ordained everlastingly to be saved.

But some may be disposed to ask, "Why does the Lord permit the objects of His choice to proceed so far and continue so long in their evil courses? Why does He not prevent the mischief they bring upon themselves and their connections?" Should we not rather exclaim, "O man, who art thou that repliest against God?" Instead of giving way to curious inquiries and presumptuous questionings concerning His all-wise dispensations, we should, by God's grace enabling us, leave these matters with Him who is "too wise to err and too good to be unkind." Many of His reasons are wisely concealed from us, but that which He has so graciously condescended to reveal to us demands our highest admiration, love, and praise; and even when His ways appear to us strange and unaccountable we may rest assured that He doth all things well; and to this end, for our encouragement, we have on record, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

We learn also that such is the sovereign providence of God, that He can never be at a loss for means to accomplish His purposes. Onesimus fled from the advice and counsel of his godly master, but in his flight (though this evidently was no part of his intention) he came under the ministry of Paul, who was made instrumental in God's hand in leading him to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus."

Paul, who at this time calls himself "Paul the aged," in his letter addressed to Philemon, seems to have been most affectionately interested in Onesimus, whom he so lovingly commends to the favourable notice of the master whom he had so shamefully wronged and who had suffered through his former treachery.



That Paul was satisfied as to the reality of the conversion of Onesimus is without doubt, for he commends him to the Colossians as a faithful and beloved brother who was one of them.

Onesimus, doubtless, was willing to return to the master he had so cruelly wronged and deserted; and, although he probably could not restore to Philemon what he had wronged him of, yet he acknowledged his obligation to do it. Paul admitted, in his letter to Philemon, the demands of the master, and taking upon himself the obligation of the servant, expressly confirmed the intention and the duty of his convert. Thus the Apostle writes: "If he hath wronged thee, or oweth thee ought, put that on mine account; I Paul have written it with mine own hand, I will repay it." We may notice also that Paul was not anxious to part with Onesimus, for in his letter he says, "Whom I would have retained with me, that in thy stead he might have ministered unto me in the bonds of the Gospel."

Paul, though an Apostle, rejoiced over the conversion of Onesimus, who was only a poor slave, and whose conduct had been so dishonourable, for he did not urge against him his poverty or his crimes, but believing him to be born of God, he embraced him as a fellow-heir, earnestly interceded for him with Philemon, and with the overflowings of godly parental affection, exulted over him as his own child in the faith. Do we not observe with what tenderness and fervour Paul commends this young convert to Philemon, as he says, "I beseech thee for my son Onesimus;" and, "If thou count me therefore a partner, receive him as myself"? Doubtless Philemon complied with this request to its full extent—pardoned the returning slave, treated him with affectionate regard, and rejoiced at the change.

But some may object to such cordiality and kindness with which such converts are usually received by Christians. Yet if "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth," shall not the saints on earth participate of the same disinterested pleasure?

The grace of God will teach us that we were by nature the children of wrath even as others, and dispose us to say: "'It is meet that we should be merry and glad, for this our brother was dead and is alive again, and was lost and is found.'"

May we likewise be enabled by Divine grace to lay aside all envious resentments, and without referring to past circumstances that would in any way gender strife, if only we are united together in the bonds of the covenant, and called in one hope of our calling, may we, as brethren and followers of the Lord Jesus, love one another with a pure heart fervently.

M. G. INGATE.

## DIVINE LEADINGS.

TRUST in the Lord, for He is good ;  
Commit to Him thy way ;  
'Tis He that has my Helper been,  
And kept me till this day.

My times are in His loving hands ;  
He has done all things well.  
It is of Him that I would boast,  
And of His mercy tell.

'Twas by His gracious Spirit that  
I first was led to see  
My sinful, lost, and undone state ;  
No hope, I thought, for me.

I felt I was a sinner vile,  
Unworthy of God's care ;  
But, in His own good time, He spoke,  
And told me not to fear.

The Lord, in mercy, heard my cry,  
And peace He did impart ;  
He said He came to save the lost ;  
He healed my wounded heart.

Then, for a time, I could rejoice,  
And sing redeeming grace,  
But soon that happy time was gone,  
I could not hear His voice.

And many painful years have passed  
Since that sweet time of praise ;  
Sometimes I felt I could not pray,  
It was but groans and sighs.

But, blessed be His precious name,  
He did again appear ;  
And, both in providence and grace,  
Has dried the falling tear.

The way the Lord is pleased to lead  
Must surely be the best ;  
And what are all our sufferings here,  
To that eternal rest ?

Not one good thing have I to plead ;  
What can a sinner do,  
Who feels that my desert is death,  
And everlasting woe !

Black, in myself, as Kedar's tents !  
But washed in Jesus' blood !  
Complete without a spot, I stand  
In Christ, the gift of God !

I trust that I have heard His voice,  
 And felt His love within;  
 And sometimes, too, at His dear feet,  
 His hands and side have seen.

"Behold My hands! behold My feet!  
 Behold My bleeding side!"  
 I surely then did hear Him say:  
 "It was for you I died."

'Tis here my trembling soul would hide,  
 Beneath His love and blood;  
 And feel the Spirit witness bear,  
 That I am born of God.

His precious promise cannot fail,  
 But is for ever sure!  
 And by His grace I trust I shall  
 Unto the end endure.

My few remaining days I would  
 Leave to His gracious will;  
 And may He teach me, while below,  
 To know more of Him still.

Oh! could I feel more love to Him,  
 For all that He has done!  
 For 'tis through Jesus' precious blood;  
 Yea, Christ, and Christ alone!

*Glensford, March, 1890.*

A LITTLE ONE.

WHEN we have stretched our conceptions as far as we can, concerning the pardoning grace of God, we are as much below its real extent as the distance of the heavens is from the earth. So He plainly tells us who will not nor cannot deceive us, and therefore, there is not the least room left us to admit a scruple concerning the pardon and salvation of the chief of sinners. His promise is a sufficient security, for He cannot violate it.—*Brine.*

SEE you a man rich in grace, oh, trade with him if you can, to improve yourselves by him; and the rather because you know not how soon death may snatch him from you; and with him all his stock of grace is gone from you too, except that you made your own whilst you conversed with him. But, alas! instead of holy, profitable, soul-improving communion, some are sullenly reserved, some are negligently lazy, some are litigious and wrangling, more apt to draw forth the dross than the gold—I mean, the corruptions than graces of others. And how few there be that drive a profitable trade for increase of grace, is sad to consider.—*Flavel.*

# "WHAT SAITH THE SCRIPTURE?"

(ROMANS iv. 3.)

THERE never was, perhaps, a time when the force of such a portion as the above demanded the attention of every thoughtful mind more than at the present crisis. Faith in the Scriptures is the great bulwark in the defence of our liberties, our happiness, our prosperity and blessedness, nationally, politically, socially, and individually; and in proportion as the Word of God is regarded, so will be the state and condition of any people. Ages past proclaim this fact, and we have God's own Word for it—"Them that honour Me I will honour." Follow the teaching of divine truth, and there will be blessedness and peace. Wherever the Bible is planted and regarded, there will the moral and the spiritual aspect be visible; it will change the whole appearance of things; families and individuals will reap its pleasant fruits.

Without confining my present thoughts to the subject which called the words from the pen of the Apostle—namely, "justification by faith"—though the principle may run through all that may be said, a wide field of thought opens before the mind, in the face of all that is taking place around us on every hand, when we are being besieged by error and false teaching, and by the corruption of morals, insomuch that our foundations are tottering—namely, the stability of our throne, our government, our social life and institutions; and we are often led to ask the question in our own minds, "Where are we going to be landed?" When the heavens seem to be gathering black over us, and the storm cloud seems ready to burst over our heads, it is now time for us—the remnant of God's people, who sigh and cry for the abominations that are at work on every hand—it is time for us to fall back upon the words which head these thoughts, and ask ourselves, and each other, "What saith the Scripture?" And this shall throw a light on our pathway, and set things in their true light, and inspire our timid, trembling hearts and minds, and give us rest. Oh, beloved, what a place of retreat is offered to us in this blessed Word of Jehovah, whose Word can never fail, who can never lie, whose very name is a strong tower of defence from the enemy!

Let us then for a little time dwell on these words, "What say the Scriptures" in reference to the signs of the times. And surely in this the Scriptures give no uncertain sound, as witnessed by Prophets and Apostles, and our Lord's own teaching. The conflict between truth and error, the powers of darkness with the powers of heaven in the last times, and the approach of the end, all this is clearly portrayed in the Scriptures, and this leaven of wickedness was prophesied of as coming on, and even at work, in

the Apostles' days. And as the Apostle John said, "Even now are there Antichrists among us." And this element has been at work, and shall work until the Lord shall come and destroy it from the face of the earth, and put an end to that which stands out against His authority and rule, and against His saints, which shall usher in that period when the triumphant march of the King of kings shall be proclaimed in the glorious language of the nineteenth of Revelation, "Alleluia : for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

That we are approaching and drawing on towards this close of events great and thinking minds are agreed ; and as to this it does seem that there is a falling back on the important and weighty claims and teaching of the Scriptures, and it is forced upon us by the prophetic language of the Apostle Paul in his description of the existing state of things towards the end. Let us see what his description of the last times is : "This know also, that in the last times [or days] perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, trucebreakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, highminded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God ; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof" (2 Tim. iii. 1—5). In the first chapter of his Epistle to the Romans, the Apostle gives the debased characters and dispositions of the rejecters of God. Here, in Timothy, he gives us the characters of the rejecters of God in a more refined form, and this seems to carry with it a great weight in favour of the near approach of the time of the end, the time when the Lord will come to vindicate His own authority, and that universally ; and here surely we who through sovereign grace are called out and separated from the world of the ungodly, who are under the power and dominion of Satan—we have in the Scriptures a bright light shining, and tinging the dark cloud of evil foreboding and threatening, and which invites us to look up, and see that our redemption draweth nigh. And while oppression and tyranny abound, the consoling language of Scripture meets us, "Be patient therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord. Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and bath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain. Be ye also patient ; stablish your hearts : for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh" (James v. 7, 8). We have also in Jude those precious words, "But ye, beloved, building up yourselves on your most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost, keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life." And what is this but the

Scriptures of truth as the foundation of all our hopes, as holding forth the Person, the work, the atonement, the death, the resurrection, and the glorification of Christ, as God-man Mediator, and the sovereign, unchanging love of God in Christ, and the work of the Holy Spirit in us and for us? which truths are now being disputed and denied, and the knowledge of salvation called in question by professed preachers of the Gospel. What are the real features of the present time but a true exposition of the words of the Apostle—a form of godliness without the power, conformity to the world, and calling in the aid of the world to the help of the Lord by means of bazaars, concerts, and the like, with Mammon enthroned in our pulpits and in our churches; in general, a departure from the faith and the simplicity of the Gospel? If we fall back on the question, "What saith the Scripture?" we have the answer in its predictions of what is to be the character of the last times in these very evils.

Now, mark another. "Lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God." Can we do violence to our own eyes, and say this is not the feature of the present time? Look at our steamboats, our railways, places of amusement, &c., the thousands upon thousands who crowd and take advantage of the facilities offered them by these means; then from this let us turn our thoughts to the prayer-meeting, where we should expect to see professing Christians uniting together to strengthen each other's hands by prayer and praise, and what do we see but a very scanty gathering? Oh, what a contrast to the scene depicted in the Acts of the Apostles, iv., vi., xii., xix., and xx.! From lovers of pleasure let us look at the other characters named; but, without dwelling on them all, let us not fail to notice one in particular, and that is a very sorrowful one indeed—disobedient to parents. It has been often noticed, and it is a prevailing evil, the casting off by children of parental authority. Why those tears, those sorrows, which often rend the hearts of loving parents? Is it not because of the obstinate waywardness of their children, despising their counsel, their entreaty, and their warnings? Ah! pleasure, dress, and late hours bear their own fruit.

But who and what do we discover behind the scene, and what is the propelling force and power of all the evil now at work but the power of Satan, leading captive to eternal ruin souls that serve him—wickedness opposed to righteousness, error against truth, the powers of darkness combined in various forms against the powers of heaven? And have we not, in our own land, those to rule over us who are now yielding to the evil spirits that are abroad? This power is grappling with our throne, it is grappling with our government; yea, we see learning, science, and earthly wisdom bowing down to do homage to the beast of

Rome and Papal supremacy. Truly may one say we are left with this curse, for "children to rule over us."

Well, dear fellow Christian, is there no balm in Gilead for us poor, despised, rejected followers of the Lord? Surely there is, for what say the Scriptures to us? "Fear not, little flock." Let us, then, try and trace out a few things the Scriptures reveal to us for our comfort and encouragement. We have been dwelling upon the combined forces of evil led on by satanic influence, and we are brought almost to a face to face struggle with these forces. We feel that we are but poor, defenceless sheep in the midst of wolves, and, but for an overruling Providence and a power above men and devils, we should be swallowed up. May we not, therefore, take up the language of one of old, "He that is our God is the God of salvation"?

The words of David in the second Psalm give us a beautiful idea where we are to trace our safety: "Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing? The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against His anointed, saying, Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us." Could they carry out their designs? No. "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision."

Again, in Psalm xxxvii. 12, 13, we have individual comfort to fall back upon. "The wicked plotteth against the just, and gnasheth upon him with his teeth." Ah! what then? "The Lord shall laugh at him: for He seeth that his day is coming." The Church, then, and individual believers as well, have Omnipotence in their favour. No weapon that is formed against them shall prosper. He that led forth His people like a flock by the hand of Moses and Aaron, saying, "Touch not Mine anointed," He it is still "who sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are but as grasshoppers"; He it is who, from the beginning, has fought His people's battles for them. He has led forth His troops, He has brought forth His forces against the oppressors and the enemies of His people. He whose weapons of warfare are those destructive elements, fire and water, thunder and lightning, snow and hail, storm and tempest, with these has the Lord discomfited the armies of the wicked; yea, the bowels of the earth have trembled and quaked, and sent alarm through their hosts, and the Lord's people have looked on, and gathered up the spoils (see Joshua x. 11). Deborah sings, "They fought from heaven; the stars in their courses fought against Sisera"; and the Prophet Habakkuk strengthened his faith by going back over the past ages, and recounting the doings of the Lord. He calls to mind the combined forces of the five kings against Joshua, and the victory of the Lord over them.

Shall we regard these things now as merely things of the past, and fail of their comfort? Is not the Lord, who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, the same now as then? Is not His Word the same? Yea, it is for His people through all time, for our instruction, for our comfort, and for our edification. The angel of the Lord still encamps round about His saints. "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end," and the Lord's Word is a living, standing reality now as ever. God is still the Hearer and the Answerer of prayer. Let us then seek at all times and under all circumstances by prayer to engage the Lord on our side, as those who have gone before us did, Prophets and Apostles; and let us follow the example of the saints through all ages, and cry unto the Lord in our troubles and our times of need, and may this prove to be our stronghold. "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man; it is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes."

"Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord, and the people whom He hath chosen for His own inheritance." Oh, may the Word of the Lord be more and more a choice morsel for us, and may we be found more frequently meditating in His precepts! Thus may the Spirit of God influence us that we may be more habitually pondering over its sacred pages, and by faith eat and drink, to our souls' satisfaction, of the provision of the Gospel, and be constrained to say, "Oh, how sweet are the words of Thy mouth! Yea, sweeter than honey to my soul." Then would our presence in the means of grace bear witness for us, that we loved the habitation of God's house, and the place where His honour dwelleth. Then would the testimony of God's people be more convincing to the world of the reality of their faith and their hopes, and thus by their practice would they declare that they were "strangers and pilgrims on the earth."

"Finally, brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might."

*Penmon, December 23rd, 1889.*

J. S.

IF the woman who touched His (Christ's) garment, in faith, obtained virtue from Him to heal her issue of blood, shall not those who cleave to Him continually derive virtue from Him for the healing of their spiritual defilements?—*Dr. Owen.*

WOULD you know whether you have got Christ's righteousness on you? Depend upon it you have if you have got rid of all your own, for whom Christ strips He clothes (Zech. iii. 4). Christ puts no new cloth upon our old garments, lest the rent is made worse.—*Huntington.*



## THE LOVE OF GOD.

WHEN God was pleased to adopt unto Himself the family of Abraham, He thereby most plainly testified that He did not embrace the whole of mankind with an equal love.

When, again, God rejected Esau, the elder, and chose Jacob, the younger brother, He gave a manifest and signal proof of His *free love*, of that love with which He loves none others than those whom He *will*. Moses declares aloud, that one certain nation was beloved of God, while all other nations beside were passed by, and disregarded, as to any *peculiar* love of God for them. The Prophets everywhere testify that the Jews exceeded and surpassed all other nations in excellency and importance, for no other *reason* than *because* God freely loved them.

Again, Christ is not addressing the whole human race, nor, indeed, the whole Jewish nation, but God's little chosen flock alone, when He says, and not in vain, "Fear not, little flock : for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom" (Luke xii. 32). By which Christ intimates that none experience the favour of God unto the hope of eternal life, but those whom He has rendered acceptable and well-pleasing unto Himself by His only begotten Son.—*Calvin*.

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BEWARE, my dear souls, of the world, and be not again entangled with the yoke of bondage, and be not of that number that, God says, draw back to perdition, but of them that press forward in faith, to the saving of the soul. My dear friends, beware of Christian talkers, for they are the bane of the Church. A man may have all the truths of the Gospel in his head, but that will not do, because the Scriptures say, "The kingdom of God is not in word, but in power" (1 Cor. iv. 20). A man may have a gift of prayer and be a hypocrite, but God's children have the spirit of prayer as well as the gift. A child of God may cry to Christ when he cannot speak ; a hypocrite may speak when he cannot cry. View these things, and the Lord give thee understanding. A hypocrite may cry to God in trouble, but at the same time his heart is never taken from the world. Such cries God will not hear, because the world has their hearts (Hos. vii. 14 ; Micah iii. 4). But to the poor in spirit and to the meek-hearted God says He will up because of their deep sighings, and deliver them from the hands of him that is stronger than they. "But," say you, "our souls have got many enemies." Yes, I know it, and there is but one Friend. I know the world, the flesh, and the devil are your enemies, and I am glad of it, for woe to your souls if you are at friendship with either of these three.—*Huntington*.

## A FEW THOUGHTS ON GOD'S MORAL GOVERNMENT.

(PSALM xviii. 25, 26.)

OUR text at first sight may suggest a difficulty, for while we can readily admit that God is merciful, pure, and upright, how can we understand that, with the froward, the perverse, and rebellious He will show Himself froward? The answer, however, is easily found in His own warning, "If ye walk contrary to Me, I will walk contrary to you," for "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." And further, it is an undoubted fact that our judgment of others is largely influenced by our own conduct. We are so apt to "measure other people's corn by our own bushel"; if our own course is straightforward, and our intentions kind, we do not readily impute evil motives to others; but shift, selfish, or crafty people are always suspicious, fearing that they will be paid back in their own coin, and be treated as they have treated those who have been in their power. So we find God saying to the wicked, in Psalm l. 21, "Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself." And thus our own cherished and indulged feelings often colour our conceptions of the Almighty,

"As Flora's wreath, through coloured crystal seen,  
The rose or lily appears blue or green;  
But still the imputed tints are those alone  
The medium represents, and *not their own.*"

We may find an illustration of these points in the first human family. When God had instituted the offering of sacrifices for sin (as I think we are warranted in believing He did immediately after the Fall), we find Abel, in the obedience of faith, bringing the firstling of his flock, his heart was upright and sincere, and his offering was accepted. But Cain was froward, perverse, and self-willed. We can fancy him saying, "God made the fruits of the ground as much as the lambs of the flock; my brother is a shepherd and I a husbandman, why may I not offer my own property as he offers his?"

Cain exercised what he imagined to be the right of private judgment, and the Lord exercised His right as Lawgiver and King, and rejected the offering and him who brought it; and Cain was bitterly angry, for he thought that he had been unfairly treated; so he vented his rage upon the unoffending brother, and again bitterly complained when his sin had found him out.

King Saul affords another instance of this same self-will, or frowardness. On being set to destroy the Amalekites, he choose to disobey part of the command of God. And his disobedience was not prompted by any feeling of humanity; he did slay all the people, it was only the king that he spared, not out of mercy,

but that, like the conquerers in other lands, he might have a royal captive to grace his victory. And the Prophet's message shows how exact the retribution was : "Because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, He hath also rejected thee from being king."

But the greatest complainers are generally those who are in fault. Ahab accused Elijah of being the "troubler of Israel," and the only servant who called his master "a hard, austere man" (in the parable of the talents and the pounds) was the one who neglected his trust and failed altogether in his duty ; all the rest, however different their own abilities, or the amount of their success, found him merciful, faithful, and good.

We may, however, find the contrast of our text illustrated among God's own people. Lot is expressly called a righteous man, and yet in that memorable separation between Abraham and himself, how merciful, as well as pure and upright, did the Patriarch show himself, and how frowardly Lot acted ! And then mark how mercifully God dealt with His servant, for when that separation had taken place, He said to Abraham, "Lift up thine eyes, and look around far as your sight can reach, for all this land shall be the inheritance of thee and of thy seed." But Lot, on the contrary, found all his pathway filled with thorns and briars. To save and to increase his wealth, he chose the fertile plains of Sodom and Gomorrah. Surrounded by wickedness, and vexed as he was by what he saw and heard, he made no attempt to remove, till forcibly expelled by the angels commissioned to destroy the guilty cities. He went in full, he came out empty, his property lost, and his family broken up. What a ruined, disappointed man was Lot for the rest of his life ! And the sad blight remained even then, for through many succeeding ages his daughters' posterity, the Moabites and Ammonites were among the bitterest enemies of Israel.

And coming closer still, David's own life is a striking comment on his words. Take him for all in all, he was an upright man, made faithful by the grace of God. His life-long desire was to honour the Lord, who had so greatly honoured him, and how faithful did he ever find his heavenly Friend ! With regard to Saul especially (to whom this song of gratitude for the most part refers), David was merciful and kind to his enemy—pure from his blood when opportunities of revenge seemed to present themselves so plausibly to him, and not self-righteously, but in a spirit of humble thankfulness he could say, "The Lord rewarded me according to the cleanness of my hands in His eyesight." Yet David more than once acted frowardly, and with what disastrous results, the history of his life plainly shows us. He was forgiven freely and fully, but still God did not prevent the reaping of

what had been sown, in a providential sense ; indeed, the whole Bible exemplifies the principle here laid down, and the teaching of Christ Himself asserts it continually. "The merciful shall obtain mercy ;" "the pure in heart shall see God ;" "those who forgive shall be forgiven ;" but "if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Heavenly Father forgive your trespasses." And in that most remarkable passage, John xiv. 23, "If a man love Me, he will keep My words : and My Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." The Lord ever deals graciously with His people. "His mercy is on them that fear Him, from generation to generation," and all His gracious rewards are the free gifts of His love. But since "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace," they are happiest who are helped to walk humbly with their God, and to cleave with purpose of heart to their Lord and Saviour.

May we ever seek the mercy of God, and the purity and uprightness which only He can give, that thus we may show forth the praises of Him, who, we trust, has "called us out of darkness into His marvellous light" ; and, conscious that in many things we stumble, and in all things, at our best, fall short of the glory of God, may we increasingly prove that "the blood of Jesus cleanseth us from all sin," and that "the Lord is good, and ready to forgive, and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon Him."

H. S. L.

THE Lord will train up His servants in that precious life of faith, which is the most honourable and the most happy life in all the world, "For we walk by faith, not by sight," (2 Cor. v. 7). The life of sense, the life of reason, is a low life, a mean life ; the life of faith is a noble life, a blessed life. When Elisha demanded of the Shunamite, what he should do for her, whether he should speak for her to the king, or the captain of the host ; she answered, "I dwell among my people ;" that is, I dwell nobly and happily among my people ; I have no need to make any suit to king or captain ; and this she accounts her greatest happiness (2 Kings iv. 15, 16). And indeed it is the greatest happiness in this world, to live much in the exercise of faith. No man lives so free a life, so holy a life, so heavenly a life, so happy a life, as he who lives a life of faith. By divine withdrawals, the soul is put upon hanging upon a naked God, a naked Christ, a naked promise. Now the soul is put upon the highest and the purest acts of faith, viz., to cleave to God, to hang upon God, and to carry it sweetly and obediently towards God ; though He frowns, though He chides, though He strikes, yea, though He kills (Isa. lxiii. 15, 16 ; Job xiii. 15).—*Brooks*.

## THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

*(Continued from page 111.)*

HAVING showed you in the former section what use you ought not to make of this doctrine, I will next show you what use you ought to make of it; and surely you cannot improve this point to a better purpose than from it to take warning, and look to yourselves, that you be not of that number who deceive themselves in their profession. If this be so, suffer me closely to press that great apostolical caution (1 Cor. x. 12), "Let him that thinks he stands, take heed lest he fall." O professors! look carefully to your foundation; be not high-minded, but fear; you have, it may be, done and suffered many things in and for religion; you have excellent gifts and sweet comforts; a warm zeal for God, and high confidence of your integrity; all this may be right (for aught I, or, it may be, you know), but yet it is possible it may be false also: you have sometimes judged yourselves and pronounced yourselves upright; but remember, your final sentence is not yet pronounced by your Judge. And what if God weigh you over again in His more equal balance, and should say, "*Mene, tekél*"; Thou art weighed in the balance and art found wanting"? what a confounded man wilt thou be under such a sentence! *Quæ splendent in conspectu hominis, sordent in conspectu Judicis*; Things that are highly esteemed of men, are an abomination in the sight of God; He seeth not as man seeth.

Thy heart may be false, and thou not know it; yea, it may be false, and thou strongly confident of its integrity.

The saints may approve thee, and God condemn thee: "Thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead" (Rev. iii. 1). Men may say, "There is a true Nathanael": and God may say, "There is a self-cozening Pharisee."

Reader, thou hast heard of Judas and Demas; of Ananias and Sapphira; of Hymeneus and Philetus; once renowned and famous professors, and thou hast heard what they proved at last.

Take heed their case be not thine own. Do they not all, as it were, with one mouth cry to thee, O professor! "If thou wilt not come where we are, do not cozen thyself as we did: if thou expectest a better place and lot, be sure thou get a sincere heart: had we been more self-suspicious, we had been more safe"?

I would not scare you with needless jealousies, but I would fain prevent fatal mistakes. Do not you find your hearts deceitful in many things? Do not you shuffle over secret duties? Do not you censure the same evils in others which you scarce reprove in yourselves? Are there not many by-ends in duties? Do not you find you are far less affected with a great deal of service and honour done to God by others, than with a little by yourselves?

Is it not hard to look upon other men's excellencies without envy, or upon your own without pride ?

And are you not troubled with a busy devil, as well as with a bad heart ? Hath not he that circuits the whole world observed you ? Hath he not studied your constitutional sins, and found out that sin which most easily besets you ? Hath he less malice against your souls than others ? Surely you are in the very thicket of temptations ; thousands of snares are round about you. Oh, how difficultly are the righteous saved ! How hard to be upright ! How few, even of the professing world, win heaven at last !

Oh, therefore search your hearts, professors, and let this caution go down to your very reins, "Let him that thinks he stands, take heed lest he fall."

Away with rash, uncharitable censures of others, and be more just and severe in censuring yourselves. Away with dry and unprofitable controversies, and spend your thoughts upon this great question, "Am I sound, or am I rotten at heart ? Am I a new creature, or the old creature still, in a new creature's dress and habit ?" Beg the Lord that you be not deceived in that great point (your integrity), whatever you may be mistaken in. Pray that you be not given up to an heedless, careless, and vain spirit, and then have religious duties for a rattle, to still and quiet your consciences.

Surely, that ground-work can never be laid too sure, upon which so great a stress as thy soul and eternity must depend. It will not repent thee, I dare promise, when thou comest to die, that thou hast employed thy time and strength to this end. Whilst others are panting after the dust of the earth, and saying, "Who will show us any good ?" be thou panting after the assurance of the love of God, and crying, "Who will show me how to make my calling and election sure ?"

Oh, deceive not yourselves with names and notions ! Think not because you are for a stricter way of worship, or because you associate with, and are accordingly denominated, one of the more reformed professors, that therefore you are safe enough. Alas ! how small an interest have titles, modes, and denominations in religion ! Suppose a curious artist take a lump of lead and refine it, and cast it into the mould, whence it comes forth shining, and bearing some noble figure, suppose of an eagle ; yet it is but a leaden eagle. Suppose the figure of a man, and that in the most exact lineaments and proportions ; yet still it is but a leaden man ; yea, let it bear but the figure of an angel, it is but a leaden angel ; for the base and ignoble matter is the same it was, though the figure be not. Even so, take an unregenerate, carnal man ; let his life be reformed, and his tongue refined, and

call him a zealous Conformist, or a strict Nonconformist ; call him a Presbyterian or Independent, or what you will : he is all the while but a carnal Conformist, or Nonconformist ; an unregenerate Presbyterian, a carnal Independent ; for the nature is still the same, though the stamp and figure his profession gives him be not the same.

Oh, my friends, believe it, fine names and brave words are of little value with God. God will no more spare you for these, than Samuel did Agag for his delicate ornaments and spruce appearance ! Either make sure the root of the matter, or the leaves of a vain profession will not long cover you.

To be deceived by another is bad enough ; but to deceive ourselves is a thousand times worse.

To deceive ourselves in truths of the superstructure is bad ; and they that do so shall suffer loss (1 Cor. iii. 12). But to deceive ourselves in the foundation is a desperate deceit, and shipwrecks all our hopes and happiness at once.

If any man lose his money by a cheat, it troubles him ; but to lose his soul by a cheat will confound him. If a man lose an eye, an ear, a hand, a foot, yet *Omnia Deus dedit duplicia*, as Chrysostom speaks :—God hath given these members double, so that there is another left ; *animam vero unam* ; but the soul is one, and only one ; and if that be damned, you have not another to be saved.

Oh, therefore, be restless till it be, and till you know it be, out of eternal danger !

In conclusion. If so many professors of religion be cheated in their profession, let all that are well satisfied and assured of their integrity bless the Lord whilst they live for that mercy. Oh, it is a mercy that no unsanctified soul can have ; yea, and it is a mercy that many gracious souls cannot obtain, though they seek it with tears, and would part with all the pleasant things they have in the world to enjoy it.

This is that mercy that gives souls the highest pleasure this world is acquainted with, or the state of this mortality can bear ; for let the well-assured soul but consider what it is assured of—Christ, with the purchases of His blood. Oh, what is this ! “I am my Beloved’s, and my Beloved is mine” (Sol.’s Song ii. 16) ; what a vital, ravishing, overpowering efficacy is in that voice of faith ! Let it but look back a few years, and compare what it was with what it is now ; it was far off, it is now made nigh (Eph. iii. 12, 13) ; it was not beloved, but is now beloved (Rom. ix. 25, 26) ; it had not obtained mercy, but now hath obtained mercy (1 Peter ii. 10). Or let the assured soul look forward, and compare what it now is and hath with what it shortly shall be made and put in possession of. “Beloved,” saith the apostle, “now are we the sons of God ; but it doth not yet appear what we shall be : but we know

that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is" (1 John iii. 2).

I say, let the assured soul but steep its thoughts, by meditation, in these subjects, and it will be impossible to keep him from the most agreeable transports of joy and delight.

Oh, what a life have you in comparison of other men! Some have two hells, one present, another coming; you have two heavens, one in hand, the other in hope. Some of your own brethren in Christ, that have been, it may be, many years panting after assurance, are still denied it; but God hath indulged so peculiar a favour to you. Bless ye the Lord, and make His praise glorious.

\* \* \* \* \*

What cause have the poorest Christians to be well satisfied with their lot! To others God hath given Ishmael's portion, the fatness of the earth; to you Isaac's, the graces of the covenant: their portion is paid in brass, yours in gold. Many of you are poor in the world, but "rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which God hath promised" (James ii. 5). What is the dust of the earth to the fruits of the Spirit? You are troubled that you have no more of the world; it may be, if you had more gold, you would have less grace. You consider not how many are poor and wretched in both worlds, moneyless and Christless too; you do not consider you are nearly come to that state in which all your wants will be fully supplied; where you shall not need the treasures of the earth, and have your desires satisfied out of the treasures of grace and glory.—*Flavel.*

#### PRAYER-MEETING RESOLUTIONS.

1. I will make it a matter of conscience to attend. "Not forsaking the assembling of yourselves together." 2. I will endeavour to bring others. "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good." 3. As I enter the room, I will ask the Saviour's presence. "We would see Jesus." 4. I will not choose a back seat. "How pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." 5. I will not so seat myself as to keep others from the same pew. "Be courteous." 6. I will endeavour to fix my attention upon worship and the Word. "This people draweth nigh unto Me with their mouth, but their heart is far from Me." 7. My prayers and remarks shall be brief. "For God is in heaven and thou upon earth; therefore let thy words be few." 8. I will avoid critical thoughts of others who take part. "Judge not." 9. By Christ's grace dwelling in me, I will daily try to live as I pray. "Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord but he that doeth the will of My Father."—*Golden Censer.*



## LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAREST CHILD,—Your sorrowful letter to hand, and I am not much surprised at its contents, for after feasting comes fasting, according to God's Word, as recorded in Ecclesiastes, "In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider; for the Lord hath set the one against the other, that man should find nothing after him."

You know we like things smooth and easy to our flesh, and when that is the case we should be making our nest, and never wanting to go out of it; and when our souls have been comforted and cheered with a little love, joy, and peace in believing, our mountain stands strong, and we think we shall never be moved or doubt again; now we feel sure the Lord has a favour towards us, or He would never have shown us such things and drawn out such love to Himself, to His ways, and His people. While this lasts we are happy and content with whatever comes in our way; all seems right outside as well as inside; but grace, though the smallest, is to be tried, and so the Lord is pleased again to withdraw the light of His peace-speaking countenance, and down we sink into ourselves again. Now is the time for the enemy of our souls, with the unbelief of our hearts, to get at their old work, and oh, what dreadful havock is made by them! Very often we sink lower than we ever have before, trembling and fearing that all is a delusion from beginning to end, that we shall be given up of God, and be made manifest to be nothing but awful hypocrites.

This, and a great deal more than I can put down on paper, will be working in the soul, till it is filled with horror and confusion. With nothing but moans, sighs, and groans bursting from the oppressed soul, fearing almost to call upon the name of the Lord, yet longing to empty our distracted, guilty, and heavy-laden heart into His gracious ear, in hope of obtaining that help that He alone can give—yet we can no more do it than we can make a world, until a little of the sweet drawing influence of the blessed Spirit begins to operate and draw the soul to the "feet of Jesus"—begging Him to look upon us once more, for the glory of His own name; He is pleased to listen to our broken petition, put up in much fear, and if not fully delivered, we are helped with a little help.

Now, my dear child, the Apostle Peter, by the Holy Ghost, says, in addressing the believing Church, "Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial that is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you," "that the trial of your faith, being more precious than gold which perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise, and honour, and glory at

the appearing of Jesus Christ." But perhaps you will say, like your poor fearful mother, "I am afraid my faith is not of the right sort, that it is not of the operation of the Spirit, and God's Word says, 'Whatsoever is not of faith is sin.'" Well, there are many fears in our hearts that arise about faith, but if there was not faith at work we should not believe the threatenings or dread the punishment due to sin, nor love the provision God has provided in the Gospel of His dear Son, so that the longing desires of our souls are to be found in Him—the Lord Jesus Christ—for we see and feel that, apart from Him, all is death, eternal death. This, then, causes all the warfare between flesh and spirit; and when we are under the power of unbelief, the evils of our nature and the temptation of Satan all at work together, and the Lord Jesus is out of sight, it is dreadful work; but I do believe it is all needful to show us how low we are sunk by nature and practice. But the Lord "will keep the feet of His saints," and He will see that there is no load upon the soul heavier than He will enable it to bear; and oh, if we could but keep in view and in mind what He underwent to procure the salvation of such guilty rebels against Him, who had never done us anything but good! Yes—

"He took the dying traitor's place,  
And suffered in his stead;  
For man—oh, miracle of grace!  
For man the Saviour bled.

"Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut its glories in,  
When God the mighty Maker died  
For man the creature's sin!"

And the Apostle, taking the matter up, says, "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." And you know, my dear child, we must suffer if we would reign with Him. Oh that we may be counted worthy to suffer with Him and for Him! and oh that He would make all grace to abound in us and towards us, for His own glory and the good of our never dying souls! I do think, my dear child, in your right mind, you would take Moses' choice, "rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than enjoy the pleasure of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the treasures of Egypt."

Now, may the Lord bless you, and lead you into all necessary truth, and give you grace to endure, "as seeing Him who is invisible," and strength to roll your heavy burden upon His almighty shoulders, for He alone is able to bear it for us. We should sink under the weight of our accumulated guilt, but

"He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by and through Him."

May the Lord bless you, for His holy name's sake, is the desire of  
Your affectionate Mother,

*Swindon, February 15th, 1876.*

ELIZA BRIGNELL.

## CALVINISTIC PROTESTANT UNION.

### THE LOCAL BRANCH BEGINS WORK IN EARNEST.

THE inaugural lecture of the Hastings branch of the Calvinistic Protestant Union was held last Friday evening in the Brassey Institute. The subject of the lecture was "Protestantism, Past and Present," and the lecturer was Mr. W. Sinden, of London. It was of happy augury, and proof of the real hearty union of the various sections of the Protestant faith, that the platform represented the Establishment (Rev. W. Hamlyn), the Presbyterian Church (the Chairman, Dr. Walker), the Particular Baptists (Mr. Hull), and the Independents (the Lecturer).

Letters of regret that they could not attend were sent by several clergymen and others.

The Chairman (Dr. Walker) opened the proceedings by giving out the first verse of the hymn, "O God, our help in ages past," which was heartily sung. He then called on Mr. Hull to read and pray. The portion chosen was the forty-sixth Psalm, and the prayer sought God's blessing and guidance upon the proceedings of the evening, and the proposed work of the Union.

The Chairman then made an appropriate speech in introducing the lecturer, and the subject he was to speak on. He called attention to the very great advantages which their country in particular and the world in general had derived from the maintenance of Protestant principles, and he would defend those principles to the last for other and more spiritual motives. He would be unworthy of his nationality and of his forefathers, who had bled and died in defence of those sacred principles, if he had not responded to the duty placed upon him and taken the chair that evening. They did not fight against Roman Catholics as individuals, but against the system. He had known Roman Catholics whom he very much respected; men of the highest integrity and honour; but in giving away their liberty of conscience to the priest they made a great mistake. One of his assistants, a Roman Catholic, possessed personal qualities which endeared him to himself (Dr. Walker) and other friends; but on questions of conscience he admitted to him that he would "give way at once to the priest." There was no such practice in the true Protestant Church. They were bound to think out for themselves the practical questions of life. That power of

possessing liberty of conscience is indeed the essence of the whole matter. After some other observations,

Mr. Sinden commenced his lecture, which was delivered with considerable power and vigorously applauded. Starting with the so-called donation of Constantine, he showed the gradual reduction of the whole of Italy to the sway of the Roman Pontiff. Then the witnesses of the Waldensian Church were noticed, and it was stated that the candidates for their ministry served an apprenticeship as travelling missionaries for three years, supplied with useful and beautiful articles manufactured in their own valleys, and carrying also in their packs manuscript portions of the Word of God, which they sold or gave away at various places which entertained them. They also carried the Word with them in another way, as they learned by heart the whole of the four Gospels and all the Epistles. The conflicts and struggles of the Albigenses next occupied attention, and the scene was shifted to England—the submission of John to his barons dealt with. Then the patriot Wycliffe, the translator of the Bible and the terror of the begging friars and his bishop judges was noticed. Again the lecturer returned to the Continent to tell of John Huss, whose violated safeguard has always stamped Rome's plighted faith as valueless, while his martyrdom, with that of Jerome of Prague, influenced John Ziska to oppose the imperial forces with a success almost miraculous. The work of Luther, his monastic life, his visit to Rome and his conversion, led on to the period of the English Reformation, and the lecturer passing the Stuart dynasty under review, spoke of the action of the Jesuits, then as now working in the dark to the destruction of all who submit to them. At last the glorious revolution was reached, and the mention of William of Orange's motto, "The liberties of England and the Protestant religion I will maintain," caused a prolonged outburst of applause. The lecturer said in concluding, that bowing and dressing and such boys' play was nothing to him if it did not symbolize something, but it all did symbolize the false worship of the Church of Rome. The lecturer then read a request that Mr. Wilson Noble be requested to oppose the Religious Disabilities Removal Bill, showing the safeguards that were now threatened were the last two between the Papists and the throne itself. The request was adopted by all but one present at the meeting, and the lecturer concluded his address.

The first resolution was proposed by the Rev. W. Hamlyn, "That the best thanks of this meeting are due and are hereby given to Mr. Sinden for his able, powerful, instructive, and comprehensive lecture." Mr. Hamlyn remarked that the lecture was actually a lecture on Church History, that the advance of

Ritualism and Romanism was largely due to the apathy of Protestants, and that this apathy was in a great measure the result of want of information, and that Mr. Sinden's lecture was one that would supply the needed information.

Mr. J. Trimming in a few words seconded, and the resolution was carried.

Mr. Hooper, in proposing a vote of thanks to Dr. Walker for presiding, drew attention to the meaning of the word "Protestant," and read Cowper's magnificent impeachment of Romanism.

Mr. J. Abbott (organizing secretary of the Union) seconded, and Mr. Sinden put the vote to the meeting, which passed it with entire unanimity.

The gathering was then dismissed with the Benediction, and a liberal collection was found in the plates, thus proving the appreciation of the audience was something real.—*Hastings and St. Leonard's News*, April 4th.

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### WHISPERERS.

WHO are whisperers? Not those who in low, hushed notes are speaking, lest the slumbers of the sufferer should be disturbed. Yet that they have an office and work distinct from any other none can doubt. What saith the Scripture? "A whisperer separateth chief friends." Estranged hearts, alienated friends, wounded spirits—yea, and broken hearts, too—are among the handiworks resulting from their labours. It is not the outspoken slander of the "talebearer" or the tattling of the gossip that is referred to here. These have their own work; but that of the "whisperer" is something less tangible. Only the quietly-dropped hint or sly inuendo, which may be turned to anything which the hearer of it chooses to suppose most probable. The *next* retailing of this will give it form and shape, size and proportion; and, alas! for human nature, when does the interpretation ever *favour* those who are the victims of the "whisperer"? We may boldly affirm—never! Meanwhile, the whisperer "wipeth his mouth," saying, "What have I done?" and he retreats into the shade, leaving the many-tongued voice of slander to perfect the work he has begun.

God save us all from this great sin? Its recompense is not spoken of in immediate connection with its work; yet that whereof the Psalmist speaks, where he says, "What shall be given unto thee; or what shall be done unto thee, thou false tongue? Sharp arrows of the mighty, with coals of juniper," this also is the undoubted recompense the "whisperer" may look for.—*Selected*.



"IGNATIUS FOUND INVISIBLE COMFORT IN HIS HOUR OF TRIAL."  
(See page 142.)

## MARTYRDOM OF IGNATIUS.

THE Papacy issued a decree that all Christians should be compelled to join in devotion to their deities. This command they of course disobeyed, and consequently a fierce persecution was commenced against them.

Ignatius, knowing that he could not escape without deserting his post, and thinking it the better part voluntarily to present himself rather than to wait until he was arrested, appeared in the presence of the Emperor, and then fearlessly maintained the truth of the faith which the Christians professed in "the one God, the Maker of the world, and in His only Son, Jesus Christ, who, though crucified under Pilate, had destroyed him that had the power of death."

The Emperor, deeply incensed, declared that he would tolerate no opposition to his will, nor allow his orders to be resisted by a despised body of Christians. Accordingly, by his command, the old man was cast into prison and subjected to the most merciless torture. It is recorded that his body was torn with scourges, and his feet burnt upon hot coals. Ignatius found invisible comfort in his hour of trial.

Ignatius received his sentence with the strongest emotions of joy and gratitude; the honour of suffering for the name of Jesus had long been the object of his desire. He took leave of his beloved and destitute flock with tears of joy and grief, and earnest prayers to the Great Shepherd of the sheep. Having embarked at Selucia, the holy man with some difficulty prevailed on his conductors to permit him to land at Smyrna, for the purpose of taking an affectionate leave of his friend Polycarp, who was pastor of the Church in that city. He was met at Smyrna by the elders and other brethren of different Asiatic Churches, in particular by Onesimus, the pastor of Ephesus, by Damus of Magnesia, and Pollybius of Tralles. With the greatest fervency he prayed with, exhorted, and encouraged them, imparting to them, as it were, his zealous and ardent soul. To each of these three Churches he wrote a very affectionate epistle, in a genuine strain of evangelical and primitive piety. These, as well as two other epistles to the Churches at Rome and Smyrna, are still extant, and are believed to be genuine.

On his arrival at Rome he was met by many of the Christians of that city. He addressed them, and prayed for them in his usual devout and tender manner.

He was soon taken to the amphitheatre, where he was torn in pieces, and devoured in a few moments, by the furious animals, who had been enraged to madness by being famished for that purpose. This event was on the feast of the Sigillaria, which

terminated the celebrated festivals of Saturn. This answers to the 23rd or 24th day of December.

Thus terminated the mortal course of this truly illustrious and venerable Christian. The leading and capital feature in his character appears to have been a genuine apostolic zeal and simplicity. In his epistles, his style is plain and unadorned, but sententious, weighty, and full of meaning; and his sentiments exhibit a mind deeply impressed, and, as it were, inspired by the reality, glory, and importance of salvation from sin and misery by the free grace of God, through the precious blood of the Lamb that was slain, the ever-living Saviour, God over all, blessed for ever. By his constant prayers and unwearied exhortations, as well as by his animating letters, he manifested a fervent, unremitting affection for his brethren in Christ, and a solicitous zeal for their purity and prosperity. After his condemnation to the barbarous death which he suffered, he ardently anticipated the last tremendous conflict. Though cruelly treated by the soldiers who conducted him to Rome, he practised the Christian lesson for rendering good for evil. The following brief extract from his epistle to the Church at Rome, may give us some conception of his ardent love to Christ, and his fortitude in suffering for His sake:—

“The prisoner of Christ Jesus, I hope to salute you in person, if the will of God shall dignify me with that end. But I fear your affection lest it should injure me. Ye cannot do me a greater pleasure than to permit me to be offered to God, while the altar is yet ready. Only pray that I may be strengthened inwardly and outwardly, that I may not be called a Christian merely, but may be found one in reality. I beseech you, do not exercise an unseasonable benevolence towards me. Suffer me to be the food of wild beasts, that I may be found with God. I am God’s wheat; by the teeth of those furious animals I would be, as it were, ground, that I may be found the pure bread of Christ. Now I begin to be a disciple. All things, visible and invisible, move me not, let me but obtain Jesus Christ. Let fire, let the cross be my portion; let the fierce beasts attack me; let them tear, let them divide me; let them gnaw my bones, let them separate my limbs, let them grind my whole body to dust; only let me be found in Jesus Christ.”

Thus the Church of Christ at Antioch was deprived of its faithful and holy overseer in the Lord. Only the bare names of the three pastors who succeeded him are preserved; these were Heron, Cornelius, and Eros; and they occupy a period of sixty-three years.

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PRAYER is the task and labour of a Pharisee, but the privilege and delight of a Christian.



"REMEMBER ME, AND VISIT ME."

(JEREMIAH XV. 15.)

REMEMBER me, O gracious Lord,  
I'm sinful, weak, and vile;  
Oh, drop some kind and loving word,  
And give another smile!

Remember me; the way is dark,  
Yet would I look to Thee;  
In safety steer my shattered bark  
Across life's troubled sea.

Remember me, when some hid snare  
Would catch my heedless feet;  
Oh, come with Thy preventing care,  
And grant Thy mercy sweet!

Remember me, for help I cry;  
Oh, look upon my case!  
In pleasure or adversity  
Grant all-sufficient grace.

Remember me, O Lord, I pray,  
In dark temptation's hour;  
Let not my wand'ring footsteps stray;  
Oh, keep me by Thy power!

Remember me when sunk in grief,  
Bowed down with heavy woe;  
And kindly bring me sweet relief,  
And tender pity show.

Remember me when joys depart,  
When friends shall faithless prove;  
Constrain this bleeding, aching heart  
To anchor in Thy love.

Remember me when at Thy throne  
I scarce can raise a cry;  
Oh, hear my breathing, or a groan,  
And help me from on high!

Remember me, whate'er my lot,  
Where'er my path may be;  
Oh, gracious God, forget me not,  
For good remember me!

LYDIA.

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CHRIST'S love must needs exceed all the love of the children of men; for He was the very love of God clothed in flesh and blood. This is He "that was red in His apparel, that treadeth the wine-press."—*Saltmarsh*.

## A YOUNG DISCIPLE.

THE HISTORY OF CALEB VERNON, WHO DIED NOVEMBER 20TH, 1665, AGED TWELVE YEARS AND SIX MONTHS.

THE following remarkable narrative of the seventeenth century having come into our hands, we think, as stewards of such records, we should not do right to withhold from our readers an account of such intrinsic worth, as setting forth the power and fruits of the Holy Spirit's teaching, therefore we give it, as published, for the magnifying of the grace of Christ rather than for the making of proselytes. At the same time, as some few of our friends might question the advisability of publishing it in a complete form, a few remarks may not be out of place.

First, consider the period. It was not easy to make a profession of Christ's name in those days. He had need have much grace that would be valiant for the truth in such times.

Secondly, who in the present day would think of so severely catechising so young a child as he was upon doctrinal points? Yet he stood the test, accompanying it, too, with a most satisfactory reason of the hope which was in him, clearly demonstrating that the Holy Spirit had been his Teacher.

However, this case must, we think, be regarded as exceptional. Perhaps few know the Lord as he did, so early, and fewer profess His name so soon, while fewest of all would think it prudent to take the step Caleb did, with death staring him in the face. We can only add, "According to your faith, be it unto you;" and at the same time pray that "like precious faith" may be the happy portion of many of our dear young readers, so that they, like Caleb Vernon, may know the Lord, live in His fear, be filled with His love, die in His favour, and be gathered into the kingdom of heaven.

Caleb Vernon, the remarkable child whose history we propose to relate, was the son of Mr. John Vernon, a Baptist minister, who, during the civil wars, preached the Gospel in Ireland. He was a member of the Church in Dublin, and probably an elder at the time when Mr. Thomas Patient was the pastor; and in the year 1653, was the bearer of some interesting letters to the Baptist Churches in London.\* It is not known where Mr. Vernon exercised his ministry in England, but we find that soon after the Restoration in 1660, he was a prisoner with many others for the cause of Christ in Newgate. After his liberation, he resided at Epsom, where he practised as a physician, for the support of himself and family, but was soon obliged to leave it on

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\* Ivimey's "History of English Baptists," p. 239.

account of the persecutions he endured. He then settled at Ewel for some time, and afterwards he moved to Newington. During the time of the plague in 1665, he was much employed in his profession in London, and we find his name amongst those of other Baptist ministers to some papers in 1674.\* But we have no account of either the time or the place of his death.

Caleb was born in the Inns at Dublin, 1653. His parents gave him this name, to express their desire, that, like the son of Jephunneh, he might "follow the Lord fully" (Num. xiv. 24) in this period of general defection among the professors of religion. Being a very timid child, he was not sent to school till seven years of age; yet so much had he profited by the instruction received at home, that at four years of age he could read the Bible distinctly; and when but six, was well acquainted with many parts of its history; while a constant regard to divine precepts, and an affectionate attention to the will of his parents, even at this early period, marked his character, and regulated his behaviour.

Soon after he went to school in the year 1660, he was greatly afflicted with a violent ague. His father's imprisonment also greatly distressed him; and it was thought that the terror occasioned by the soldiers who had apprehended his father, contributed to increase his affliction.

It was now that he began to have a deep sense of the solemnity of death, and much feared, if he should die, that his soul would be miserable. As his disorder increased, his convictions of his sinful and undone state by nature increased also, and for several months he manifested great concern about his eternal welfare. When he was about ten years of age, he began in good earnest to approach God in private, earnestly seeking the salvation of his soul. His sentiments and feelings will be best judged of by the following letter, written at this time to a friend of his father's, who was a minister in London:—

"DEAR SIR,—I received your kind letter, for which I thank you, and desire the book which you sent me may be made of good effect to my soul, and that my soul may be filled with the love of God; being ready for the day of His coming to judge the world in righteousness, when the kings of the earth shall tremble, and the rulers be astonished at the brightness of His coming; when He shall come with His holy angels in power and glory, to judge the earth in the valley of Jehoshaphat. Oh that my soul was fit for His coming, that I may be like a flourishing flower in the garden of Eden, prepared for the Lord Christ! This is a

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\* Ivimey's "History of English Baptists," p. 232.

trying day ; the Lord is searching Jerusalem with candles, to find out outside professors, who do make clean the outside of the cup and platter, when their hearts are full of deceit. Oh that we might be comforting one another with His coming, putting on the breastplate of faith, and laying aside the traditions of men ! Oh, how near is His coming, even at the door ! therefore we should be watching, for we know not what hour He will come. My brother J—— and cousin D—— thank you for your kind letters.

“I remain,

“*Mr. R. D——, April, 1663.*

CALEB VERNON.”

Mr. D—— was so surprised at the Scriptural knowledge which was manifested in this letter, that he suspected it could not be his own language ; he therefore sent him the following answer :—

“DEAR CALEB,—I received thine without date, but not without serious desire of the best things, and of thy beginning to be instructed in them ; which made thy letter very acceptable and welcome to me, being willing to hope that what comes under thy hand, is not only notions in thy head, but something of truth in thy heart, which I desire may be more and more wrought in thee. Thy lines savour of an honest heart, and seem to come from an older head than thine own ; yet being informed, from such as I can credit, that it was thine own writing, I shall make no further inquiry than to have it confirmed from thyself in thy next to me, whether indeed thou hadst not privately the help of another before the writing of thine above-mentioned unto me. It is a large desire expressed in thine, to be filled with the love of God ; and my heart's desire for thee is, that the Lord will fulfil that petition for thee, together with that mentioned Ephesians iii. 16, 19, which I desire thou mayest often peruse, ponder, and be helped to pray in the same spirit of truth. The coming of Christ is hastening indeed, as thy letter expresses. ‘It is but a little while, and He that shall come, will come, and will not tarry’ (Heb. x. 37). And it is a question worth all our inquiry, ‘Who may abide the day of His coming?’ (Mal. iii. 12). Many there are that shall not, and few there are that will be found blameless and harmless, without rebuke, at that day, which yet is and shall be the portion of some (Phil. ii. 15, 16). I shall, at present, only desire thy answer unto two or three brief questions, following :—

1. What thou dost understand by the coming of Christ ?
2. What thou understandest by His judging the earth ?
3. What is it to be an outside professor ?
4. What the traditions of men are ?
5. Whether the answer thou shalt return to the above-said questions be thy own apprehensions, without any help from others ?

“A true and plain answer to these things will be a further

satisfaction about thy last letter, and I hope no disadvantage to thee, who, by the serious thought of these things, mayest be brought to a better understanding in them. Thus, with my dear love to thee, and thy brother John, and cousin Deborah, and all the rest, desiring you may be all taught and instructed in the truths of Christ as they are in Him, 'whom to know aright is eternal life' (John xviii.)

"I remain thy assured friend, that desires thy spiritual and temporal welfare,

*"London, 6 3rd Mo., 1668.*

R. D."

To these inquiries he immediately replied, without any study or assistance :—

"DEAR SIR,—I received your kind letter, wherein you have desired me to write unto you an answer to some certain questions which you have hinted in your letter, which I shall answer as (I hope) the Spirit of grace shall declare to me; for I know, and am assured, that the Lord will declare His Spirit unto them that love Him, which indeed I may truly say I have not done, but have erred against His Word, for which I have great cause to mourn; but I hope He may be my God, who will be a God to them who truly seek after Him 'in spirit and in truth'; who did put those words in my mouth which you desired me to send you word of, and nobody else. But as for the coming of Christ, I understand it to be two ways: First, His coming in the hearts of His people, to purge and purify them; secondly, His coming on the earth, when He shall set all His people at liberty, and shall destroy all kingdoms that will not obey Him, and He shall set up Himself a kingdom (Dan. ii. 44). And by His judging the earth, I understand, when all, both quick and dead, shall stand before His presence; when He shall sever the bad from the good; and shall say to them on His right hand, 'Come, ye blessed of My Father;' but unto them on His left hand, 'Go, ye cursed, into hell fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.' And to be an outside professor, I understand it to be one who makes a show of Christ, but they be not so in their hearts. And I understand the traditions of men, to be following after the lusts of the devil, rather than the commands of God, which things I have been told of. I would desire you to excuse me for not dating my letter; and desire you would write unto me to unfold them to me more than I can do, which I hope may be made of use to my soul.

"So I remain, your much-obliged friend,

*"Ewel, May 12th, 1663.*

CALEB VERNON."

About this time, his father removed from Ewel to Newington. Here being delivered from the hostility the family had ex-

perienced, Caleb went more cheerfully to school, where he made considerable progress in Latin, and began to learn Greek. But as the opportunities of hearing the Word were uncertain in the winter at Newington, and his father's employment being much in London, the family were removed thither. Caleb being now provided with able teachers, made so great proficiency in the above languages, that all his masters said they had never a scholar at his age more apt to receive instruction, nor had they ever occasion to use any correction.

Enjoying greater opportunities of hearing the Word in London, Caleb grew up in divine knowledge, as a tender plant by the rivers of water. In his reading he manifested an enlightened mind and a tender conscience; he was disgusted with the absurdity and fiction respecting God and a future state, which he met with in heathen authors at school, and he was uneasy and distressed till, at his father's request, the master permitted him to read in others.

For some time after this he manifested great delight in learning, but a circumstance happened which abated all his zeal in these pursuits. Being employed by his master to write an English poetical exercise, wherein he had pertinently introduced some Scriptural expressions, his master wished him to expunge them as inelegant. This so astonished and discouraged the child, that he never after took any delight in those exercises, but earnestly entreated his father that he might be brought up in his profession. With this his father had intended to comply, but the design was prevented by the affliction which now seized him, and which terminated in his death.

He was soon after removed to Battersea for the benefit of his health; and now his spirituality of mind began eminently to abound. The savoury manner in which he conversed with those about him of the love of Jesus Christ, constrained them to admire the grace of God which had been displayed towards him. And though at this time the plague raged in London, with very little abatement, yet he desired to be removed back again, that he might enjoy the precious Word of God; and, as he said, might sympathize with the Lord's poor and suffering people, who were visited by that afflictive and fatal malady.

A circumstance which happened on his return very much increased his seriousness. The honest waterman who took the children in his boat to the City, carried Caleb in his arms from the water to the house; in doing this he caught the distemper, fell sick, and, in a few days, died of the pestilence.

The same day in family worship his father read the ninth chapter of Ecclesiastes, and made some pointed remarks on the tenth verse—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy

might ; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest." This was attended with such effect, that the minds of Caleb, and his brother and sister, were greatly impressed by it. Caleb being desired to ask a blessing on his food, refused, saying he feared he could not perform it acceptably. But immediately his heart smote him, and the next day, with great humility, he offered to do it as well as he could ; thinking, as he said, that it belonged to the adoption to cry, "Abba, Father !" and to a Christian, not to be ashamed of Christ.

His conduct in this instance produced a very humbling effect on his brother and sister, who were older than himself. They concluded that the first fruit of true conversion was to call on the Lord in truth, and not to be ashamed to confess Him, and they soon after gave proof of faith in Jesus, made a public profession of love to Him, and were, with great pleasure, received members of the Church.

Caleb now entreated his parents that he might have a little closet to himself, that he might more uninterruptedly seek the Lord in secret. This, to his great satisfaction, they complied with ; but his affliction increasing, he was prevented from frequenting it, for from this time he was confined to his bed, there to enjoy that divine support and those consolations which alone could cheer the wearisome nights that were appointed him.

His mind was now so spiritual that his mother, admiring his knowledge of divine things, resolved to write some of his conversations without his observing it.

"Mother," said he, "I begin to see the vanity of all things in this life ; it is a troublesome world, and if I were assured of the love of God, I would choose rather to die than live."

About the beginning of November, 1665, the month in which he died, after having intermitting fits during the night, he said to her in the morning, "Mother, I have seen the face of God ; and God hath, as it were, taken me into His arms, and assured me of His love." He mentioned these Scriptures as the source of his enjoyment : "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out." "Why art thou cast down, O my soul ?" &c. "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils ;" adding, God had showed him that he should not trust to man for his healing, but look unto Him, and trust in Him. He then said, "Before this enjoyment I was very restless, and could not lie still in one place ; but afterwards I had great ease, and could lie very quiet, though I had no sleep." He appeared to feel deeply on account of his vileness, and exclaimed, "I see now how I was by nature plunged in sin and iniquity, but my Lord Jesus Christ hath been a ransom for me." This last sentence he uttered with the greatest earnest-

ness. During one of his fits, he exclaimed, "This is my comfort in my affliction, 'Thy Word hath quickened me.'"

He had many fainting fits on the 5th of this month, but his faith and hope were so powerfully supported, that he joyfully said, "Mother, 'my flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.'" He rejoiced exceedingly in the idea that God was his God, saying, "How sad would it be with me now, if God were not my God!"

On the 7th his fits were as violent as before. He once exclaimed, "What shall I do?" but he immediately checked himself, by saying, "I know God will help me, and I will trust in Him." Calling his mother to him, he said, "I am very sick, but God makes it easy to me. I am made so joyful by the light of God's countenance, that though I am as weak as ever in my body, yet I can lie still and magnify the Lord greatly for His grace, in choosing me who was so vile by nature." He added, "God hath taken away all my slavish fears; and whereas it was so that I could not endure to be in a room by myself, I care not now how much I am alone." He blessed God for his afflictions, saying, "'These light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.'" And added, "'These are they which came out of great tribulation,'" &c. The tenderness of his conscience was now so apparent, that he lamented in a conversation with his mother that once, when he lived at Ewel, he had refused going to bed as she commanded him, and earnestly entreated her forgiveness. She replied, she had both forgiven him and forgotten it; and she hoped God had pardoned it, and all his other sins, through Christ, by whose blood sin was done away on behalf of those who believed on His name.

(*To be continued.*)

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A FEIGNED humility, a soft manner, a smooth tongue, a retentive memory, and a seat in a Calvinistic chapel, make up the religion of hundreds.—*J. C. Philpot.*

THOSE are the most excellent and heroic acts of faith, that are most abstracted from sense and reason. He that suffers his reason to usurp upon his faith, will never be an excellent Christian; he that goes to school to his own reason, has a fool to his schoolmaster; and he that suffers his faith to be overruled by his reason shall never want woe. When reason is strongest, faith usually is weakest. But now the Lord, by forsaking His people for a time, makes them skilful in the life of faith, which is the choicest and the sweetest life in this world.—*Brooks.*



## RECOLLECTIONS OF PAST EXPERIENCES.

*(Continued from page 95.)*

## THE COMING OF THE KING.

AWAKING on the morning after having received, as I had hoped, such a gracious word from the Lord, to find my comfort all departed, the first feeling was one of utter desolation. All seemed a blank. Then, as I arose to dress, the conviction darted into my mind, and rapidly gained ground, that the passage referred to had recurred to me at the moment by a merely involuntary effort of memory, and therefore the encouragement, happiness, and hope derived therefrom were purely fancied. The adversary came in like a flood with his fiery suggestions, "You see now religion is all a delusion. The word from the Lord is only fancy. The distress and the deliverance, the trial and the help, the tribulation and the application, are all alike the effect of a morbid imagination." This seemed conclusive. I now knew, as I thought, by my own experience of what professed children of God talked so much about, that there was no reality in it; and being thus caught in Satan's snare, I therefore resolved with full determination to have nothing more to do with religion. In this frame of mind I went (prayerlessly of course) to business, and passed through the day; but there seemed nothing worth living for. I felt like a person lost on a vast common in a night of thick gloom and darkness. In losing my religion, I felt I had lost all, and knew nothing to take its place. With no religion there can be no peace. Fear and dread and wrath began to consume my heart, and as the day wore on I grew more and more wretched. The thought kept constantly flashing through my mind, that even if the deliverance was wholly imaginary, there might be a God, and there might be a hell. If this were the case, none so likely to incur the wrath of God, none so fit for the flames of hell as myself. Thus I returned home at night as miserable as one could be. Pray I could not, and all hope seemed cut off.

It was Saturday, and I felt I could not go to chapel the next day. However, I went with my friend, but paid not the slightest attention to any part of the service. In the afternoon I tried to read a tale-book, out of sheer desperation, but I thought my breast-bone would have broken, so miserable did I feel, all ground for hope seeming to be cut off. I wanted to let religion alone, but religion would not let me alone. The time for evening service drew near. I went to the house of God, but not to pray nor yet to praise. Worship was out of the question. I could not understand myself. All I knew was, I felt full of sin and

despair and misery. I tried to be as oblivious of the service as I had been in the morning. However, when the minister announced his text, somehow my attention was attracted. It was Zechariah ix. 9—"Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout aloud, O daughter of Jerusalem: behold, thy King cometh unto thee: He is just, and having salvation." He began by describing the character, and to my astonishment, in a loud voice, he described—*me!* Yes! he went into my peculiar path, showed my sins, turned me inside out, and then wound up his message as far as I was concerned by shouting out at the top of his voice, "I tell thee, sinner, that over those mountains and hills of sin and guilt thy King cometh *to thee*, and He does not come empty-handed either, both hands are full—having *salvation for thee.*" He spoke as though he wanted "heaven and earth to hear"—and well he might! It was a glorious Gospel sermon, and was the means of bringing peace to a poor, miserable, despairing, prayerless sinner; for surely the King did then come with the word, riding in the chariot of the Gospel, and delivered me at once from the power of the enemy, from all my sins, fears, follies, and darkness, and broke the chains with which for so long I had been bound and held fast.

This is how (unless I am altogether deceived) the King came to me, and thus did I see Him in the beauty of His salvation.

#### A LITTLE HELP.

Some years after this sweet deliverance, the Lord in His providence had removed me to the great Metropolis. It was a most gloomy, foggy, and depressing day. I was engaged in a business I could not help positively loathing, and for which I was altogether unfitted in temperament, disposition, and by reason of a physical infirmity. Things that day weighed very heavily upon me. Sins, too, which I had hoped were pardoned, "returned and remained." The Lord's face was hid, a thick cloud rested on my mind, heart, circumstances, and prospects. With these feelings I started, towards the conclusion of the day, to walk to a distant part of the town, my object being to visit a friend. Indeed, I *was* cast down and altogether disheartened. Hopes seemed to be frustrated, prayers unheeded, recollections of the past afforded no comfort in the present distress, and gloomiest forebodings respecting the future filled my breast. Fears ran high, faith was out of sight. *Sin, sorrow, and wretched self-pity*—that trinity of evils—had possession of my heart. The day was rapidly drawing to a close, when suddenly the fog lifted, the clouds broke for a moment, and just as I was passing a large open space, one bright ray from the setting sun shot athwart the scene. It was but a momentary gleam, but the words immediately darted into

my poor dejected heart with some measure of sweetness and power, "At evening-time it shall be light."

Literally, after that one short flash of brightness, the night rapidly closed in, with fog and gloom; but the recollection of the "cheering ray" was precious, and the wayfarer journeyed on greatly comforted.

So, spiritually, the precious beam of light from God's own Word (though the path grew no smoother for years) afforded hope and help in many a subsequent day of trial. It has often seemed a precious privilege to have this little piece of ground upon which to build a hope that the end will be right.

*(To be continued.)*

### AN EXTRACT FROM AN OLD MAGAZINE.

THE WORD OF GOD ILLUSTRATED, CONCERNING A SCRIPTURAL  
CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

TO THE EDITOR,—The ministration in divine things, or acting as an ambassador for the Governor of the universe, has always appeared to me a matter of the most solemn and awful consideration; and, having many years ago met with a short comment on the sixth chapter of Isaiah, by that great and good man, Archbishop Leighton, it made a deep impression on my mind. As I believe it is not in the hands of many, I beg leave to give it a more general circulation, through the medium of your Magazine, and I have often wished that it were hung up in the study of every minister, or of all those who are about to enter upon the sacred office, that they would read it, with much prayer to the King of kings, that He may let them know whether He has commissioned them to go upon His business or not.

I am, yours,

*London, March 24th, 1806.*

JAMES CREIGHTON.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON'S COMMENT ON ISAIAH vi. 5, &c.

"Then said I, Woe is me!" He is not lifted up with the dignity that he should be honoured with such a vision of God. On the contrary, he is struck with humble, holy fear. This is mostly the exercise of those souls who are admitted nearest to God, even astonishment and admiration that such as they should be regarded and raised to that height; and a holy fear, in a sense of their unholiness.

The mother and nurse of pride is ignorance of God. A slight glance of Him will make the best of men abhor themselves; and still the nearer the sight of Him the lower conceit will there be

of self, and the deeper sense of vileness. Impurity well discovered to a man is half cured ; the light that discovers it is followed by a burning coal, which purges it away. The Holy Spirit is that purifying fire ; a touch of it cleanseth the hearts, and lips and all, and kindles that affection in the soul which cannot die out. This fire hath two effects : it works purity and activity ; it takes away sin, and puts in spirit and life for obedience. The former is effectual towards the latter ; the more the soul is cleansed, the more alive and able it is made for service. It is in a healthful temper, and goes readily to any work ; outward discouragements and difficulties are then nothing. Oh, how sweet it is to be actuated by love ! with a pure intention and desire of doing God service ! Other motives, or the mixtures of them, are base ; and, though God may sometimes make use of such persons, yet He sees within, and knows what spring makes the wheels go ; and He gives them their reward here, somewhat, possibly, of that which they seek (success, and credit, and a name) ; but the after-reward of faithful servants they need not look for, or expect, for they receive their reward, and can they expect more ? Many a " Here am I " comes from other incentives than an altar coal ; and so they may burn and shine for awhile, but they soon die out in a snuff ; the heavenly altar fire alone keeps in, and returns to heaven, where it was kindled.

There is many a hot, furious march, under the semblance and name of zeal for God, which loves to be seen, like Jehu. Such persons may flatter themselves into a conceit in the heat of action to think it is for God ; while He sees through it, and judges of it as it is, a zeal for self and their own interest, and He gives them accordingly some hireling journeyman's wages, and turns them off. But, oh, where the heart is purely actuated by a desire for His glory, and seeks nothing else, for all such remains that blessed Word, " Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into thy Master's joy ! "

This, then, is to be sought for, especially by ministers and eminent servants in public stations ; yea, by all those who offer any service to God : a readiness from love. Something of this there is in all those who are truly His, though it be held down in many, and almost smothered with rubbish ; but where this spirit of love is, it wastes that opposition daily, and groweth in strength, becoming more quick and ready, more freed from self, and actuated by the will of God, like those glorious bright spirits who excel in strength, stand ready for all His will, and employ all their powers to do His commandments ; and the more like them we are here, the more lively hope have we to be shortly with them, and to be wholly as they are.

" I said, Here am I ; send me. " The soul turned to Christ may,

in some cases, doubt what is His will ; but when that is once discovered, there is no deliberation whatever to do it or not. He does not say, " If the service be honourable or profitable, then will I do it." No ; but " Whatever it is, if it be Thine, and Thou appoint me to it, here am I ;" and this makes the meanest work of this station excellent.

" Then said I, Here am I." What a strange change in the Prophet, who was so lately an undone man, and here presently a ready messenger ! Something of this most persons find who are called to the high work of delivering messages from God. . Sometimes a sense of pollution benumbs and strikes them dead, and anon, again, they feel the flame of love kindled with that coal which quickens them to such a readiness, and such free offers of themselves to service, as to those who understand not the reason of it would seem presumptuous forwardness ; and there may be in some minds, at one and the same time, a strange mixture and counter-working of these two together, a sense of unfitness and unworthiness, drawing back, and yet the strength of love driving forward, thinking thus, " How can I, who am so filthy, so vile, speak of God ? Yet He hath shown me mercy. How, then, can I be silent ?"

" Send me." Isaiah cries out of polluted lips, as Moses complained of stammering lips. And this is fit to precede, first, a sense of extreme inability and indignity ; and then, upon a change and call, ready obedience. A man once undone and dead, and then recovered, is the only fit messenger for God.

In such a one, love overcomes all difficulties, without and within, and in His work no constraint doth he feel but that of love, and where that is no other will be needed ; the sweet, all-powerful constraint of love will send thee all-cheerful, though it were through the fire or the water. No water can quench it, nor fire outburn it ; it burns hotter than any other kindled against it : after the touch of that coal there is no forbearing.

" But His word was in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary of forbearing ; I could not stay" (Jer. xx. 9). Yet he says, " Send me ;" though he had so ardent a desire and readiness to go, yet he will not go unsent ; but humbly offers himself, and waits both for his commission and his instructions.

[The above are weighty words, and worth serious consideration.  
—Ed.]

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THE Lord's eternal counsels and purposes of love towards His people are a great deep, a fountain of infinite sweetness ; in them are heaps of love and treasures of grace.—*Pearse*.

## THE OLD MAN AND THE NEW.

BY JOHN BRADFORD, THE MARTYR.

A MAN that is regenerate and born of God consisteth of two men (as a man may say), namely, of the old man and of the new man. The old man is like to a mighty giant, such a one as was Goliath, for his birth is now perfect. But the new man is like to a little child, such a one as was David, for his birth is not yet perfect until the day of the general resurrection. The old man, therefore, is more strong, lusty, and stirring than is the new man, because the birth of the new man is but begun now, and the old man is perfectly born. And as the old man is more stirring, lusty, and strong than the new man, so is the nature of him clean contrary to the nature of the new man, as being earthly and corrupt with Satan's seed; the nature of the new man being heavenly, and blessed with the celestial seed of God. So that one man, inasmuch as he is corrupt with the seed of the serpent, is an old man: and inasmuch as he is blessed with the seed of God from above, he is a new man. And as, inasmuch as he is an old man, he is a sinner, and an enemy to God, so, inasmuch as he is regenerate, he is righteous and holy, and a friend to God, the seed of God preserving him from sin, so that he cannot sin, as the seed of the serpent, wherewith he is corrupt even from his conception, inclineth him, yea, enforceth him to sin, and nothing else but to sin. So that the best part of man before regeneration, in God's sight, is not only an enemy, but enmity itself.

One man, therefore, which is regenerate, well may be called always just, and always sinful; just in respect of God's seed and his regeneration: sinful in respect of Satan's seed and his first birth. Betwixt these two men, therefore, there is continual conflict, and war most deadly. The flesh and old man, by reason of his birth that is perfect, doth often for a time prevail against the new man (being but a child in comparison), and that in such sort, as not only other, but even the children of God themselves think that they be nothing else but old; and that the Spirit and seed of God is lost and gone away, when yet, notwithstanding, the truth is otherwise; the Spirit and seed of God at the length appearing again, and dispelling away the clouds, which cover the sun of God's seed from shining, as the clouds in the air do the corporeal sun: so that sometimes a man cannot tell by any sense that there is any sun: even so our blindness and corrupt affections do often shadow the sight of God's seed in God's children, as though they were plain reprobates. Whereof it cometh that they, praying according to their sense, but not according to the truth, desire of God to give them again His Spirit, as though they had lost it, and He had taken it away. Which thing God never doth

indeed, although He make us to think so for a time : for always He holdeth His hand under His children in their faults, that they lie not still as others do, which are not regenerate. And this is the difference betwixt God's children, which are regenerate, and elect before all times in Christ, and the wicked cast-aways, that the elect lie not still continually in their sin, as do the wicked, but at the length do return again by reason of God's seed which is in them, hid as a sparkle of fire in the ashes : as we may see in Peter, David, Paul, Mary Magdalene, and others.

For these (I mean God's children) God hath made all things in Christ Jesus : to whom He hath given this dignity, that they should be His inheritance and spouses. This our inheritor Christ Jesus, God with God, light of light, co-eternal and consubstantial with the Father and with the Holy Ghost, to the end that He might become our Husband (because the husband and the wife must be one flesh), hath taken our nature upon Him, communicating with it and by it in His own Person, to us all, His children, His Divine Majesty (as Peter saith), and so is become flesh of our flesh, and bone of our bones substantially ; as we are become flesh of His flesh, and bone of His bones spiritually ; all that ever we have pertaining to Him, yea, even our sins ; as all that ever He hath pertaineth unto us, even His whole glory. So that if Satan would summon us to answer for our debts, or sins, in that the wife is no suitable person, but the husband, we may well bid him enter his action against our Husband Christ, and He will make him a sufficient answer.

For this end (I mean that we might be coupled and married thus to Christ, and so be certain of salvation, and at godly peace with God in our consciences) God hath given His Holy Word, which hath two parts (as now the children of God do consist of two men), one part of God's Word being proper to the old man, and the other part of God's Word being proper to the new man. The part properly pertaining to the old man is the law : the part properly pertaining to the new man is the Gospel. The law is a doctrine which commandeth and forbiddeth, requiring, doing, and avoiding. Under it, therefore, are contained all precepts, threatenings, and promises, upon conditions of our doing, and avoiding, etc. The Gospel is a doctrine which always giveth, requiring on our behalf, not as of worthiness, or as a cause, but as a certificate unto us, and therefore under it are contained all the free and sweet promises of God.

In those that be of years of discretion it requireth faith, which also is given (Eph. ii. 8), and which is promised to those who *feel* to lack it, but who ask it of God (James i. 5), not as a cause, but as an instrument whereby we ourselves may be certain of our good Husband Christ, and of His glory : and therefore,

when the conscience feeleth itself disquieted for fear of God's judgment against sin, she may in nowise look upon the doctrine pertaining to the old man, but to the doctrine only that pertaineth to the new man ; in it not looking for that which it requireth, that is faith, because we never believe as we should ; and which it giveth, that is, on God's grace and eternal mercy and peace in Christ. So shall she be in quiet, when she looketh for it altogether out of herself, in God's mercy in Christ Jesus ; in whose lap if she lay her head (saith St. John), then is she happy, and shall find quietness indeed. When she feeleth herself quiet, then let her look on the law, and upon such things as it requireth, thereby to bridle and keep down the old Adam, and to slay that Goliath, from whom she must needs keep the sweet promises of the Gospel of Christ.

Thus I have given, in few words, a sum of all the divinity necessary for a Christian conscience.

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### THE FEAST OF PENTECOST.

(LEVITICUS xxiii. AND ACTS ii.)

THREE times in the year all the men of Israel were to appear before the Lord at Jerusalem—at the feasts of the Passover, of the Harvest, and of Tabernacles.

These feasts were not only connected with historical facts, they were also harvest thanksgiving services ; the Passover was connected with the waving of the first *barley* sheaves before the Lord ; fifty days later, when they had gathered in most of the wheat, loaves of wheaten bread were presented as a thankoffering, while the feast of Tabernacles ushered in by the Day of Atonement, commemorated the ingathering of all the precious fruits of the land in the autumn of the year.

And all three, as harvest festivals, are beautiful pictures of Gospel truths : the first two, of past and present realities ; and the third, of what is yet to come, when Jesus " shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied," and all His redeemed shall stand before His throne, clothed in festal array, with palms in their hands, crowns of joy upon their heads, and sweetly uniting in one eternal song of praise.

The Passover was literally as well as typically identified with the death of the Lord Jesus : He ate the paschal lamb and drank the festal wine with His disciples ; and then the Lamb of God poured out His own precious blood, and gave Himself a sacrifice once for all, to take away His people's guilt.

He compared Himself to a " corn of wheat," but I don't think we shall do wrong in first thinking of the barley sheaves of the Passover, before we pass on to the wheaten loaves of Pentecost.



Barley, though a good and nourishing food, was always regarded as less valuable than wheat. Barley bread was the food of the poor—coarse, and little esteemed among the richer classes. And does not this just represent the views of the world generally concerning Jesus at the time of His death? “Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?” even a good man once inquired. He was poor, and they despised and rejected Him, though they could not deny that both His words and deeds were mighty; but their question, “Have any of the *rulers* believed on Him?” clearly shows the state of their minds concerning Him. He had no worldly position; His followers were few and undistinguished, and they had but little spirituality of character; altogether, it was “a day of small things” with His new kingdom. And we can easily understand how His enemies, led on by Satan, thought that if only He were put to death with disgrace and ignominy, His feeble followers would soon be scattered, and His little cause become a thing of the past. But just as surely as wheat followed barley in the fruitful fields of Canaan, and the feast of Pentecost succeeded the Passover, so was the Church of Christ to have its Pentecostal blessing, as the direct result of the death and resurrection of the Lamb of God—of that Christ who “is all and in all.”

And this was in exact fulfilment of His own predictions and promises, “Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone”—a *solitary grain of wheat*—“but if it die, it bringeth forth *much fruit*.”

“It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send Him unto you” (John xvi. 7). “Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto My Father” (John xiv. 12). How gloriously the resurrection of Jesus was demonstrated by the resurrection power manifested in the Apostles themselves, and in the messages they delivered! The three thousand converts of that day of Pentecost just following the Saviour’s ascension into heaven, like the wheaten loaves then placed upon the Temple altar, were first-fruits, and the pledge and earnest of the whole harvest that shall be gathered into the heavenly garner. We find from Leviticus xxiii. 17, that these loaves were to be baked with leaven, an utter contrast to the paschal feast, which must be eaten with unleavened bread. Perhaps the idea implied is that of ordinary and not special bread; and we know that those who were called by grace on the day of Pentecost represented men in general—they came from all the surrounding regions; many of them were Gentile proselytes to the Jewish faith; but, like the creatures in the sheet of

Peter's vision, they were no longer common and unclean, for the Lord had claimed them and set them apart for Himself.

The unbelieving Jews at Thessalonica rendered unwilling tribute to the power of the Word preached by the Apostles, "The men that have turned the world upside down are come hither also" (Acts xvii. 6). And one short sentence uttered by the Jewish council, might well describe the whole history of Christ's kingdom and the attitude of its enemies towards it: "What shall we do unto these men? for that indeed a notable miracle hath been done by them is manifest to all . . . and *we cannot deny it.*" A miracle greater than any bodily cure, repeated in a thousand different ways, as heathens cast away their idols—Jews their prejudice—magicians the valued books that cost them so much money, and yielded them so much wealth and fame—and evil doers of every sort learned to do well. "Thus mightily grew the Word of God and prevailed." Like its great Author, it proved itself to be wheat of the finest and most productive kind, incorruptible seed that liveth and abideth for ever.

"Is Christianity a failure?" may be asked by professed Christians in modern days, when all sorts of worldly plans are tried in the hope of getting the world converted. Nobody asked such a question, when to name the name of Jesus involved suffering, loss, and even death.

The Apostles simply went with their Master's message wherever He sent them, and the secret of their success was rightly guessed by their judges, "They had been with Jesus;" and this was not simply a memory of the past, they realised the fulfilment of His word, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

May we be animated by the same Divine Spirit, and, following their faith and practice, we also shall prove that Jesus still lives to quicken and to save—that "His Word has still its ancient power;" and they who go forth "bearing precious seed," though they may weep and be discouraged, yet they "shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them."

"The precious grain shall ne'er be lost,  
For grace ensures the crop."

H. S. L.

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THE beams of Christ shine with grace and love upon the souls of His people, like the sun in the spring-time, in whose light there goes a virtue which causes the earth to spring and blossom: so do the souls of the saints under the Sun of Righteousness now; grace, mercy, and salvation, is in the light thereof; and love, joy, peace, with all the fruits of the Spirit, do appear.—*Saltmarsh.*

## THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

*"Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile."*—JOHN i. 47.

EVE, the mother of us all, when charged with disobedience, answered, "The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat." Guile, deceit, and all manner of sin, were derived from Satan, who, in the form of a serpent, tempted our first parents to their ruin. Since then, mankind have been full of guile: "Wickedness is in the midst thereof; deceit and guile depart not from her streets" (Psalm lv. 11). The Son of God, when on earth, stood alone among the sons of men, "holy, harmless, and undefiled." "Who did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth" (1 Peter ii. 22). Of whom then does the Psalmist speak, "Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile"? They are those only whose iniquities were imputed to, or "laid upon," Christ, therefore they are upright in heart, are delivered from the rule of sin, and depart from iniquity; yet there are none upon earth entirely free from it, even after regeneration, for it works within and strives against the will, but it is not allowed (Romans vii. 15). Peter exhorts to lay it aside (Peter ii. 1); and Paul says, he had "renounced the hidden things of dishonesty, not walking in craftiness." While a sinner is dead in sin, these things rule and reign within him, but if through grace he is turned from the error of his way, and grace reigns in his soul, through that grace he renounces and lays it aside; and though the Canaanite still dwells in the land, he dwells there as an alien and an enemy.

How is it, then, that many who claim to be "Israelites indeed," manifest more guile and deceit in their conduct than others who disavow religion altogether? Is it not because, while they name the name of Christ, their hearts are utter strangers to His grace? Ananias and Sapphira pretended to give up all for Christ; Judas Iscariot pretended to care for the poor, and at last sold his Master for a handful of silver, and betrayed Him with a kiss; Balaam pretended to desire the death of the righteous, but died fighting for God's enemies. Jesus said to Nathanael, "When thou wast under the fig-tree, I saw thee." Perhaps Nathanael had retired there for meditation and prayer, unknown to all but one all-seeing eye. Poor solitary one, when thou withdrawest to the lonely field, the stable, or barn, at early dawn or evening twilight, to lift up thy heart to Him who hears and answers prayer in His own time and way, He sees thee; and though thy burdened heart can only express its wants in sighs and groans, remember, that—

“Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear;  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.”

The woman of Canaan could but say, “Lord, help me!” and, when seemingly rejected, said, “Truth, Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs.” Truly,

“The feeblest prayer, if faith be there,  
Exceeds all empty notion.”

But ye who constantly draw near unto God with your lips, while your hearts are far from Him (Isaiah xxix.); ye who give utterance to great, swelling, plausible words in the synagogues and at the corners of the streets, that ye may be seen, and heard, and admired of men, mark this—He sees you, and He says, “Verily, they have their reward.” Ye who sit in the house of God as the people of God, while your heart goeth after your covetousness (Ezek. xxxiii. 31); ye who kindle a fire, and walk in the light of the sparks thereof; God, who beholds you afar off, shall be a swift Witness (Mal. iii. 5) against you, and He has said already, “This shall ye have at My hand, ye shall lie down in sorrow.” But He says, “To this man will I look, even to him that is poor, of a humble and a contrite spirit, and that trembleth at My word.” Poor sinner,

“Does thy heart for Jesus pine,  
And make its secret moan?”

If so, it may be said of thee, “Behold an Israelite indeed!”

J. JENKINS.

## LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am always glad to hear from you; you are always kind; but the old sore runs still in your strict adherence to your work of mortifying sin, though you have some right views that this can only be accomplished by the Spirit. Dr. Owen says, “If we have not the Spirit of Christ, we cannot mortify sin.” Conversion of the soul comes first, and then mortification and self-denial. If the Spirit of Christ *be in you*, you have the effectual means of mortifying sin; but they who are in the *flesh* have no power; all their attempts at mortification without the Spirit of Christ will be vain. They labour in the fire, and are consumed by their legal convictions, but are never the nearer to getting deliverance from their corruptions. When the Spirit of Christ comes to this work, He will be as a refiner’s fire, and will take away the dross; but there must be silver at the bottom,

or the refining will do no good. If you have an eye of faith to look on Christ, whom your sins have pierced, this will lead to mourning and mortification. A sense of His pardoning love will lead to many cries for help from the right quarter. Papists tell you to pinch the flesh ; Dr. Johnson tells you to put no sugar in your tea ; the Pharisees tell you to make the outside of the cup clean ; but our Saviour asks whether men gather grapes from thorns ? *Make the tree good, then that spiritual and divine union with the Lord Jesus Christ will produce the right self-denial !* The foolish attempts to mortify sin by fleshly resolutions will only bring disquietude and self-pity, and gall the soul into perpetual bondage, and in this way perpetually divert it from the right point, or the right way of coming to Christ ; for, as Owen observes, “Men are ready to say, is not *this* sin and *that* to be mortified ? and to deceive themselves with the delusion that their condition is good because of a work of the flesh which they call self-denial.” But whoever attempts to get the mastery of his sins without an *interest* in Christ, will find it a fruitless way of seeking for salvation. When the Lord lays the axe to the root, then falls all false confidence, and Christ alone is the sure refuge ; but while we have one particle of strength, we will show our too great readiness to help on in this great salvation. I have often been alarmed at your hints of giving up in a kind of despair, because you see how vain your attempts are to conquer sin. How much better to come to self-despair, and rise in earnest seeking to the Lord Jesus Christ to do that for you and in you which you have so vainly attempted. Owen tells us we are not aware that the whole house is on fire, while we are vainly employed in stopping up a small hole ; and that to break a man from his sins, and not to break his heart, is effecting very little. No sin can be killed without an interest in Christ Jesus !

Without the Spirit, there is no mortification of sin, and, of course, a total ignorance of the righteousness of Christ.

May the Lord give you the true liberty which is found in Christ Jesus ; and, under the sweet influence of that constraining power, may you learn to put off the daily cravings of the old man, and thus manifestly walk in the Spirit, and not fulfil the lusts of the flesh.

Yours, &c.,

Pulverbach, Nov. 8th, 1844.

JAMES BOURNE.

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No righteousness besides the righteousness of Jesus (that is, the righteousness of God) is of any avail towards acceptance. To be a moral man, a zealous man, a devout man, is very short of being a Christian.

## CALVINISTIC PROTESTANT UNION.

THE annual meeting of this Society was held on Friday evening, in the Library of the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, E.C. The building was well filled notwithstanding the inclement weather. W. L. Holland, M.A., Vicar of All Saints', Hatcham, occupied the chair, and was supported by C. Stirling, Vicar of New Malden; Mr. W. Walsh (Editor of the *Protestant Observer*); A. J. Baxter, of Eastbourne; W. Harbour, of Brighton; J. Boorne, of Greenwich; Mr. E. Wilmshurst, of Blackheath, and W. Sinden, Secretary.

The Secretary read the Report for the past year, which was only the third of the Society's existence, showing that a considerable amount of work had been done. Nine local branches have been formed since the Society commenced operations, and during the past year upwards of seventy public meetings have been held, and a very large quantity of sound Protestant literature has been circulated far and wide. The Society, however, is much crippled for want of funds, and the Secretary, at the conclusion of the Report, made an urgent appeal for help, saying that the income ought to be at least doubled during the ensuing year.

The Chairman gave an excellent address upon the sovereignty of God, from the words, "The Lord reigneth," showing that Satan and all evil were under the control of the Almighty, and could work no further than He permitted: that He brought forth good out of evil, and made even "the wrath of man to praise Him." That the Lord, in dark, troublous times, brought forth His champion. As the encroachments of the Midianites and the idolatry brought forth Gideon, the darkness and the superstition of the Church of Rome brought forth Wycliffe, Luther, Calvin; so the present increase of Ritualism and Romanism was bringing forth men to do battle for God's truth, and God would eventually bring forth good out of that which in itself was an unmixed evil.

C. Stirling, M.A., moved the first resolution adopting the Report, and spoke of the admirable work accomplished by the Society, considering the short period it had been in existence, and of the necessity of taking a stand upon the Word of God from which to oppose the bigotry and intolerance of Rome. It was Rome that hated liberty, as our forefathers who framed our present constitution perfectly understood, though it was represented in these days that Protestants were intolerant and Roman Catholics were anxious for freedom. There never was a greater delusion. Remember, said the speaker, the claim of Rome that she is the only true Church, that she is invested by the Lord Jesus Christ with unlimited power, and that all who refuse submission to the Pope of Rome are to be punished

with confiscation of goods, exile, or death. The venerable gentleman concluded by urging those present to make the present state of the Church of England and the country a matter of prayer to Almighty God, beseeching Him for His deliverance.

W. Walsh, who seconded the resolution, said he had never heard of a society which had done so much work with so little money. He considered the Society had very strong reasons for its existence. Its work seemed to be to call attention to the fact that the most powerful barrier against the inroads of Rome was Calvinism. Calvinism was not, as was popularly supposed, a narrow-minded, bigoted system, but, on the contrary, was a most Catholic system. Witness that meeting, where Churchmen, Congregationalists, and Baptists met on common ground. Of course, it was bounded and limited, but it was only by the Word of God. The great opponents of the Church of Rome had always been Calvinists. Luther was one, though not by name. Let those who doubted read his works on the Freedom of the Will and on the Epistle to the Galatians; and coming to our own country, we saw that Calvinism had produced nearly every one of our Protestant reformers and martyrs, our Puritan forefathers too, and Oliver Cromwell, who, though we might not agree with all he did, was, without doubt, a great statesman.

A. J. Baxter spoke, as a Dissenter, of the attitude of Non-conformists generally with respect to the Ritualistic movement, which he considered was a scandal to the very name of Dissent. How was it, said he, that, with all the history of the past, the sufferings of their forefathers—not at the hands of Evangelical Churchmen, but at the hands of Ritualists of the type of Archbishop Laud, who slit the noses, cropped the ears, and branded the cheeks of the Dissenters—how was it they had no kind word to help on the struggles of Evangelical men in the Church against the aboundings of error? He could not resist the conclusion, though he had been a long time coming to it, that Dissent swarmed with Jesuitical workers.

W. Harbour gave a few genial, hearty words, expressing his sympathy with the work of the Calvinistic Protestant Union, and the pleasure he had felt in assisting the movement from time to time.

J. Boorne, in moving a resolution expressing sorrow that the Government should be seeking to restore negotiations with Rome through an envoy from this country, gave a few weighty remarks upon the state of England, and said the Ritualistic ponds were hatching tadpoles, which would rapidly develop into Romish frogs.

E. Wilmsburst seconded the resolution in a brisk little speech, pointing out how applicable to England were the words addressed

to Hezekiah, after he had opened negotiations with the ambassadors of Babylon, and that the judgment then pronounced would be ours. He said that the constitution of England was like a Russian sledge pursued by wolves (Jesuits); and our Government from time to time threw over some bulwark to pacify them, but it only made them pursue with redoubled vigour. They meant to have the throne, and if they obtained that, then Britain would fall.

A vote of thanks to the chairman and speakers brought a most interesting and enthusiastic meeting to a close.

Subscriptions and donations to the Society will be thankfully received by Mr. W. Sinden (Hon. Sec.), 37, Ashley Road, Crouch Hill, N.

[We hope many readers will become subscribers.—ED.]

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### DOING THE RIGHT THING.

THE genuineness and deep-rooted nature of the Protestant movement in Brighton may be realized from the fact that a prayer meeting convened under the auspices of the Calvinistic Protestant Union, "To seek the blessing of God upon the work of the Union, and entreat Him to prevent the Religious Disabilities Removal Bill becoming law," brought together on Friday evening, April 25th, an audience numbering about 500. The Brighton branch of this society generally have an attendance of from 700 to 800 to hear their lectures. But it was thought by some Protestant friends to be a bold and risky venture to announce a prayer meeting to be held in the Town Hall. And when we consider how poorly attended prayer meetings are as a rule, and the general unfavourableness of the evening on which this one was called, it is a striking evidence that the Protestant movement in Brighton has been raised upon a solid basis.

No doubt our readers are aware that the Bill referred to has been withdrawn.

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### BLESSING A LITTLE IMAGE.

A CORRESPONDENT writes from Broadstairs to *Keble's Margate Gazette* as follows:—"I was glad to see that an 'old visitor' went to see, as well as to hear, the abominable things that are done in what is called Holy Trinity Church [Broadstairs], but I fear that he did not see the other abominable things that they do, or he might have said, 'The Lord has forsaken the earth; the Lord seeth us not.' I regret to say that our minister had an image brought into our little church, and placed it upon the table, and then kissed and blessed it. I have spoken to the minister about



it, and he told me he blessed it for a lady and sent it away. When St. Paul went to Athens he saw an inscription to the Unknown God. I think that that pretty little image which our minister blessed must be that Unknown God."

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### WHOLESALE SECESSIONS TO ROME.

"QUITE a wave of secession seems," writes a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "to be passing over the troubled waters of Anglicanism. Only the other day the Rev. C. W. Townsend, M.A., the Principal of the Oxford University Mission at Calcutta, followed the example of the Rev. Luke Rivington, M.A., the head of the similar mission at Bombay, and submitted to the Catholic Church; and now it is stated that the Revs.\* William Tatlock, M.A., R. Beasley, M.A., George Clarke, M.A.—formerly attached to such well-known High churches as Christ Church, Clapham (where the Sarum as distinguished from the Roman ritual is carried out in its entirety), Helmsley (Yorkshire), and St. James-the-Less, Liverpool—have been 'received.' Moreover, since the beginning of Lent no fewer than one hundred members of the Church of England have joined the Catholic communion in one parish in North London; and at Brighton, always a centre of Ritualistic activity, the converts are estimated at nearly 500. The Redemptorist Fathers at Clapham (whose monastery, by the bye, is the identical house in which the British and Foreign Bible Society was originated) have altogether 'added to the Church' upwards of 1,000 persons."

Such are the fruits and results of Ritualism.

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THE dealings of God with His people, though similar in the general, are nevertheless so various, that there is no chalking out the paths of one child of God by those of another, no laying down regular plans of Christian conversion, Christian experience, Christian usefulness, or Christian conversation.—*Hart*.

"As to the second, to wit, Mr. Superstition and his charge against me, I said only this, 'that in the worship of God there is required a divine faith'; but there can be no divine faith without a divine revelation of the will of God. Therefore, whatever is thrust into the worship of God that is not agreeable to divine revelation, cannot be done but by a human faith, which faith will not be profitable to eternal life."—*Faithful in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."*

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\* Revs. (!!!) indeed!—*Ed.*



**"METHINKS I SEE HER NOW, WITH A BIBLE ON HER KNEES."**

(See page 172.)

## AN OLD EVERTON TESTIMONY.

JUST opposite to my father's house stood the village church. It was the custom of the overseers to meet there once a week to pay the poor. On the Saturday, we children watched the grave men with much official consequence going to the vestry, bearing with them a great bag containing many coppers, and soon followed by a string of paupers, who would wait in the churchyard and gossip among the tombs till their turn should come to receive their parish pay. Amongst these was a figure more bent and decrepit than the rest. During the following week we sought out her cottage, and well do I remember it now, covered with thatch, overgrown with patches of green and golden moss. The low doorway opened on the rough earthen floor within. In the window generally stood several plants, sometimes a balsam, or one or two geraniums, and the middle plant I specially remember. It grew in an old black teapot with ruined spout and broken handle. The proper name of this plant I never knew, but the cottager called it "Creeping Jenny," and as I greatly admired it, a slip was kindly given me by my poor friend; for Deborah Darman was very poor as regards this world's goods, but "rich in faith and an heir of the kingdom." After the first visit, we often administered to her necessities, and it was a pleasure to see her thankfulness. She would say, "I thank God for putting it in your heart to come and see a poor old creature like me," her eyes filling with tears. "It was God that did it. I'll thank Him first, and then I'll thank you."

We, as children, would often gather her a few sticks for her fire in the cold wintry weather, on purpose to go and see Debby in her primitive little cot, and to listen to her words of Christian counsel. How many days of joy and sorrow, of pleasure and of pain, have passed since those winter visits. Yet even now the remembrance of it swells the heart with tenderness, and dims the eyes with grateful tears. To a young minister who visited her, she said, "Well, my Christian friend, you have set out well; but that is not enough. You must go on well, and end well, then comes the crown." One day, having more than one dinner sent her, she was quite overcome, and for a time could not eat a morsel, exclaiming, "Oh, the goodness of God! How many times I have had no dinner at all, and now I have more than I can use."

Not long since I went to look at a spot alike connected with my own child life and with the higher life of this old dame. Stambourne Green, Essex, no longer answers to the name it still bears. It was once an open green or common, over which the donkeys, pigs, ducks and geese of the villagers had a free run and

feeding ground. My own inducement to go thither was to see the spot where John Berridge used to preach to a crowd of rustics. Tradition in the village still points out the spot where Berridge stood to preach. It is in front of a blacksmith's forge, where the bellows heave to urge the fire, and the anvil rings to the stroke of the hammer, as they did the day that John Berridge stood before it, though the workmen that then used them are, like himself and his hearers, passed away for ever. Mr. Berridge was never acquainted with the case of Debby, though he knew that his work was not without fruit. Many for miles round would never have heard the Gospel but for these itinerant labours; and having heard it, several of his converts, though otherwise ignorant and unlearned, were made his fellow-helpers in the Lord, and several for years after were the only pastors in sundry villages thereabouts. Though many complained of his irregularity, he did but make the episcopal exhortation the rule of his operation, "to seek for Christ's sheep that are dispersed abroad."

"And thine it was to see Christ's power displayed  
On souls that were by grace His captives made.  
Oft the distressed soul applied to thee,  
To ask how they from bondage might be free;  
Weeping, they saw thee point them to the Lamb,  
Who bore on Calvary their sin and shame."

One of these helpers in the Lord, Caleb Price, lived, as pastor of a little flock, to a great age, and from him I have heard many quaint stories of Berridge.

Some portions of the history of Deborah Darman connected with this Stambourne Green, were learned in sundry visits to her cottage. To an inquiry about her early days, and how she came to know the Lord, she replied, "Ah! missy, 'tis wonderful how the Lord works! I remember the time well; there was a great talk that John Berridge, a Church parson, was going to preach on Stambourne Green—a most unlikely thing, as folks said, for a real parson to do—and I thought I should like to go and see the fun. I was a silly, gaping maulther, then, fond of going to fairs and dances, and I went that day with a lot more. But I heard what I never heard or knew before, and I began to be very serious about it. When I went home, my father asked me where I had been. I told him to hear Berridge preach. He was very angry with me. He saw something strange in me, and thought the parson had made me "glum," and asked what business I had to go and hear such stuff; and then, with an oath, said, 'If ever you go again, I will well beat you.' Well, in about a month, Berridge came to preach again on Stambourne Green, and I went to hear him.

When I got home, my father was in a dreadful rage, and he kept his word, for he beat me with a thick stick till I dropped down, and could not stand. He said he would knock all that nonsense out of me. I remember I was not able to turn over in bed for some days after it."

All the stripes, however, failed to beat out what God had taught her; for from that time, stumbling and suffering, imperfect as her knowledge was, she had been convinced of her sin and danger, and had been led to that precious blood which cleanseth from all sin. She had found the Saviour, whose presence became her solace and her stay.

As her religion did not depart, so neither did her father's displeasure against it. To escape her father's hard usage, she married young, and without sufficiently considering that the injunction was, "only in the Lord"; she pierced herself through with many sorrows, for her husband turned out a most ungodly man, and behaved very ill to her on account of her religion. But when I first knew her, she was an aged widow, living in the cottage I have described, with only the "parish pay," yet I never heard her complain. Her humility and peace were unaccountable to most of her neighbours, but there were those who believed in a peace which, though familiar to experience, passeth all understanding; they were sure she had learned obedience to the Bible precept, "Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God." Methinks I see her now, with a Bible on her knees, and spectacles on her nose, God's blessed sunlight streaming in through the diamond panes of the little window, casting on the irregular mud floor strange patches of brightness and shadow. And, best of all, God had lifted up the light of His countenance, and caused His face to shine, giving "peace," the pledge of the peace of heaven.

John Berridge knew nothing in this world of the effect of those Stambourne Green Services; he knew nothing of the great change which passed upon Debby, as she stood with her kindred group of companions, or of the suffering she was afterwards called to endure down to old age; and nothing withal of the sustaining faith of this poor woman, and her endearing and grateful recollection of that servant of God who preached the Word of faith to her ear, whilst the gracious Spirit of the Lord bore the message to her heart. Yet the Lord knew it all.

Before she fell asleep, our family had removed, and I never knew anything of her last hours. I only know she is gone. Poor dear old Debby! Friend of my childhood, thou art gone to thy rest. Thy sorrows are all over now. Rich in the faith of the kingdom of grace, thou art now rich in the fruition of glory.

## THE PRAYER-MEETING.

I WAS dreadfully tired and worried,  
The week had been full of care,  
So over my work I hurried,  
And went to the house of prayer.

My poor husband's health was failing,  
It was little that he could earn,  
And young Jackie, climbing a paling,  
Had given his ankle a turn.

The weather was hot and broiling,  
It was washing-week with me, too,  
And I guess my temper was boiling,  
For it rose as seldom it do.

I'd spoke sharp to my daughter Mary,  
Who'd tried all my labour to share,  
So although I was tired and weary,  
I crept to the house of prayer.

'Twas the regular week-end meeting,  
And old Deacon Weston led  
(He mostly did the leading,  
And was looked to as the head).

He read a long Psalm of rejoicing,  
By David o'er vanquished foes,  
But that I felt I had no voice in,  
Though 'twas all very good, I suppose.

And then the good Deacon he led us  
In prayer in his usual way,  
Thanking God that His wisdom had made us,  
And guided us up to that day.

He thanked Him for "peace like a river,"  
For "grace given," by which "we'd been kept,"  
And I sighed, as I thought with a quiver,  
How my anger o'er reason had leapt.

He praised Him for store above measure,  
For bounties that strewed all the way  
(The Deacon, they say, at his pleasure,  
Could buy half the town any day).

He prayed a long spell for the pastor,  
For souls as his hire and seal,  
And that he, in the steps of his Master,  
Might press on with courage and zeal.

He prayed that the Church and its members  
Might be knit like the heart of one man,  
That their love might leap up from dull embers,  
Like a fire under breath from a fan.

He prayed that the Sunday School, also,  
Might Marys and Timothys train;  
But, ashamed as I felt that it was so,  
I thought only of Jackie's bad sprain.

He prayed for the world altogether  
In the arms of the wicked one lain;  
And I found myself wondering whether  
God couldn't the evil restrain?

He prayed for the Queen and the missions,  
For all sorts and conditions of men,  
And ending his numerous petitions,  
Finished off with a double "Amen!"

We'd more singing, and then Deacon Warren  
And several more brethren prayed,  
But the words so familiar seemed barren—  
I was quite out of tune, I'm afraid.

We'd to "draw from the wells of salvation,"  
The Scriptures search line upon line,  
And overcome "strong bulls of Bashan,"  
"Like giants refreshed with new wine."

We'd to "mount up on wings like the eagle,"  
And never grow weary or faint;  
Our high calling was priestly and regal,  
Nought less was becoming a saint.

And now the last singing was finished,  
And shortly the meeting must close;  
And my troubles and cares, undiminished,  
Forbade hopes of peaceful repose.

I had eagerly watched for some token,  
But nought seemed just suited to me;  
And I felt sad and almost heartbroken,  
And as wretched as wretched could be.

I felt I'd been hard on dear Mary,  
Yet somehow—I couldn't say why—  
'Twas things going cross and contrary  
Seemed more to deserve blame than I.

The good Deacon stood up for the blessing,  
And I sadly half rose from my knees,  
When a voice (it was old widow Lessin)  
Broke silence with passionate pleas.

She'd a son in the 'sylum at Ryall,  
Another bedridden at home,  
And a daughter—her bitterest trial—  
Gay, dressy, and given to roam.

"O Lord, our great Father!" she started,  
 Then she paused, as if troubles pressed sore;  
 "Thou knowest"—the words through me darted,  
 And I heard scarcely anything more.

Yes, there was the message I'd waited—  
 "Thou knowest"—that's all we can say  
 At times when, with cares overweighted,  
 We neither can worship nor pray.

"Thou knowest" my cares!—then I'll bear them;  
 My strength!—then right onward I'll press;  
 My few joys!—then, if need be, I'll spare them;  
 My failings!—I'll freely confess.

Yes, my blessing had come; though I tarried,  
 I'd surely not waited in vain;  
 Small now seemed the burden I carried,  
 And light my afflictions and pain.

A warm kiss made it right with dear Mary,  
 And I soothed little Jack for the night;  
 E'en my husband grew hopeful and cheery,  
 Seeing me look so happy and bright.

T. BROWN.

[We insert the foregoing quaint lines, sent us by a godly friend, with some reserve, as neither their matter nor their style meets our entire approval. Some wearied and worried women, however, may here read their vexations of life; and it is with the hope that they may look, not to untried ministers, nor to unexercised deacons, but to the Lord for help, that we allow these lines to find a place in our pages.—ED.]

THERE are several titles that proclaim Christ's glory; but the name of Jesus imports our redemption. By others we know Him to be God, by this we know Him to be our Mediator.—*Venning*.

SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS and legal-holiness rather keep the soul from, than draw it to Christ. They who seek salvation by them, pursue shadows, mistake the great end of the law, and err from "the way, the truth, and the life."

BE not discouraged, though men of glorious gifts fall away; for the poorest Christian, that hath but the smallest measure of grace, shall never fall away. The gifts of a formalist may quickly wither, for they have their root in nature; but the graces of a true Christian shall never perish, because they have their root in Christ. A Christian's life is hid in Christ—hid in Him as in a root, as in the Fountain of life.—*Christopher Love*.



## A YOUNG DISCIPLE.

THE HISTORY OF CALEB VERNON, WHO DIED NOVEMBER 20TH, 1665, AGED TWELVE YEARS AND SIX MONTHS.

*(Continued from page 151.)*

THE servant of a worthy friend of his father, who was in prison, coming to see him, he desired she should tell her master that he loved him as the Lord's prisoner, and he was sure God would deliver His prisoners. Being asked how he knew that, he replied, "I have the Lord's Word for it, which says that 'He will bring them from the east, and from the west, from the north, and from all places whither they have been carried away captives,' and I am sure not a tittle of His Word shall fail, till all be accomplished;" adding, "he was sure the enemies of the Lord would be destroyed," and mentioned part of the forty-seventh chapter of Isaiah to prove it, desiring her to tell her master that he was in the place where He would have him to be, and desired him to stand fast in the Lord, and not give way to any adversary; and also to desire her mistress to be content, and not faint, but consider that the Lord was able to make up to her all her losses.

His father having provided two larks for him, he invited his parents and his brother and sister to sup with him; asking his father "whether it was not Levi that made a feast to invite his kindred to Christ when he was converted?" Caleb gave thanks before and after supper in a very savoury manner, blessing the Lord for His goodness to him. His father took this opportunity to speak to him respecting the time when he had first known convictions of sin. He replied, he thought the work was never effectual, till the time of his last coming to London; he had prayed many times before, yet he thought he was not right, but since he had spoken with him and prayed for him, of late he was fully convinced of his undone state by nature, and had been much supported by the gracious declaration, "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37); "Come unto Me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden," &c. (Matt. xi. 28); "And sinners shall be converted unto Thee" (Psa. li. 13). He observed, that God had mercy for such as had been transgressors and sinners.

About this time, his eldest brother and sister were proposed to the Church in order to communion. This appears to have led Caleb to think upon the subject, and often, in the course of the week, he mentioned his desires of being baptized and admitted into Church fellowship. He lamented that no one would take him to the congregation, being persuaded that he should be able to bear the fatigue, and to witness for the Lord before His

Church. But this was refused, as he had not been well enough to sit up for an hour at a time for many days past.

Being disappointed in this desire, he wished his father would propose that some of the congregation might be appointed to hear him as he lay in the bed. In compliance with his wish, twelve faithful brethren were appointed by the Church to attend on him, and hear him relate his experience of a work of grace upon his heart, giving liberty to as many of the members as chose to accompany them.

Before they arrived, which was the 12th of November, his mother went to him to apprise him of their coming. Earnestly addressing her, he said, "Mother, I pray you, do not hinder me, for I know God will be with me, and enable me to be baptized; and I do not think I shall be worse, but rather better in my body, for I am assured God will not suffer any to receive hurt in doing what He hath commanded them; but, however, if I should die in it, I would not omit it, for I would do what I could." On her coming up to him again, before the friends appointed were come, he said, "Mother, I think I have seen a vision since you went, and God hath exceedingly comforted me, and given me such strength, that if the maid would have suffered me to rise, I am persuaded I could have come to the congregation myself." When about twenty of the members came to him, he said that he much wished to have come to them, being persuaded he should have more strength for that than for common occasions." Whilst sitting up in his bed, and all the friends standing around it, he spoke as follows:—"God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not." Thus it hath been with me in two sicknesses. God spoke to me first in my sickness in London, about five years ago, and afterwards at Ewel, about two years since, when I grew serious, and it stayed with me some time; I betook myself to prayer in private, and think I had some communion with God therein.

"But after I came to Newington, and went to school, I fell into company, and did again lose those convictions, falling to play among my school-fellows, as if those convictions had never been, and now you see that made good in Job, 'The bones which were not seen stand out.' Since which time God hath more than ever set me into a serious consideration of my condition, which began when I was in London at my father's house, before I went into the country; but I had not so much the savour of it there, though I was not without some thoughts of it, and I think I had some communion with God there, yet I lost much of that time. But since I came again to London, things have been more powerfully revived upon my soul, and when I heard that word from my father, speaking from that Scripture, 'What thou findest in thy

hand to do, do it with thy might,' &c., he did afresh set me into a pursuit after God, and I have been seeking after Him, and desire to follow Him fully."

Here he paused, and the following conversation took place between him and the company present :—

Q. What have you to say to us by which we may judge of your true faith in Jesus Christ, as a qualification for the Lord's ordinances ?

A. God hath said, "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."

Q. What do you understand by coming ?

A. To Christ, by believing.

Q. How will you come, and what need do you see of Christ ?

A. I know I am lost and undone by nature ; that Scripture hath been much upon my heart, "And are by nature children of wrath, even as others" (Eph. ii. 3) ; also, "In Adam all died ;" "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." I am sensible of this. That verse in the fifty-first Psalm hath been of great use to me, "And sinners shall be converted unto Thee." And if sinners shall be converted to Him, there is hope for such a one as I, and it is my encouragement to expect good from God.

Q. What sin are you sensible of that you should make use of that word, "Sinners shall be converted unto Thee" ?

A. I saw I was a sinner in Adam before, and had spent my time very childishly, and played away my convictions, and had been light and trifling, which was my great sin.

Q. What did you do when you saw yourself such a sinner ?

A. I applied to God by prayer as well as I could, as a poor soul that needed Christ.

Q. What was the effect of that ?

A. God relieved me, and directed me to Christ.

Q. How long were you under a sense of sin, before you received this satisfaction in Christ ?

This he answered by repeating much of what he had said when they first entered the room. He was further asked,

Q. To what extent have you received Christ ?

A. As King, Priest, and Prophet.

Q. What have you received from, and expected of Christ as a Priest ?

A. He has been an acceptable sacrifice for me, and interceded for me.

Q. What do you expect from Him as a King ?

A. To rule me and defend me.

Q. Will you be subject to Him in all things ?

A. I desire to do so, for I am sure it is my reasonable service.

Q. What do you expect from Him as a Prophet ?

A. That He, and none else, may instruct me and guide me.

Q. Why do you make a profession of faith to the brethren ?

A. That I may be baptized, and joined to Christ's fold.

Q. What views have you of baptism ?

A. That Scripture has been of use to me, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." Christ's example is a pattern to us, as is also that of Philip and the Eunuch. Philip said, "If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest." The case of the jailor also has instructed me.

Q. How can you think of engaging in such a work in such a condition ?

A. I will trust in God, and do what I can.

Q. What if you should die ? It may be you may die in the water.

A. Death is mine if I die in it ; it is the work of God, and I shall make it known that Christ hath some that will follow Him in difficulties.

*Father.*—Though, child, it will be so easy to you, it will be a trouble to us ; we cannot so easily part with you.

*Child.*—If I should die, God can make it up to you, and I shall go to heaven.

*Father.*—The Lord will accept a man according to that he hath, and not what he hath not.

*Child.*—I am sure I have strength to be baptized, and God will give me more.

*Father.*—The same promise that was made to them that prayed in the temple, when God gave them ability to be there, was made to them that had respect thereto, when His hand hindered their attendance ; and that which might justify Timothy being a member to be at Melitum, when he was sick, might excuse others who are unable to do what they would, wherein God will accept the will for the deed.

*Child.*—Indeed, father, I know I have strength, and could have come down to-day, if any one would have taken me up, and God will give me more strength.

*Father.*—What do you propose by baptism ?

*Child.*—I would obey all the commandments of Christ. It is said, "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins."

*Father.*—Do you expect righteousness by baptism ?

*Child.*—Oh, no.

*Father.*—What do you intend by being baptized ?

*Child.*—To put on Christ, and be obedient to Him in all things, that I might be buried with Christ in baptism, as an evidence of my dying to sin and living to righteousness.

It being declared by all that heard him that they were satisfied

in the point of his faith, it was agreed to spread the difficult case of his baptism before the Lord in solemn prayer.

*November 13th.*—He was much better to-day, and said, "God had more strengthened him in order to doing his duty;" and once said, "God bade him go forward." And though he seemed very weak, yet he desired to be laid in bed in the room, where prayer was to be made all that day. He attended with great reverence, enduring his fits with great patience, and usually indeed when he was worse in body, he would forget the sense of it, by remembering how well he was made in his soul, admiring much that God was his God.

In the evening he eagerly inquired, "Father, pray have you come to any conclusion to-day about my being baptized?" Fearing to discourage him, his father replied, "Child, we have not been without some serious thought of it, and some do much incline to it; we intend yet to consult about it seriously, if you cannot be satisfied to defer it." "I pray you, father, do," saith he, "for indeed I cannot be satisfied; I would fain be in Christ's fold."

*November 14th.*—He was much weaker, but was still very desirous of being baptized, though he had not been up for many days before, except as he was removed from one bed to another. His father asked him, how he could think to set about such a work, seeing he was not able to be out of his bed for a moment? Though he was reduced to a mere skeleton, he cheerfully answered, "He did believe that God would help him to rise, and do that work, and give him strength; and he had some already, so that he was able to rise now if his father would have him." Thinking it might convince or refresh him, his father consented, and he was taken up in warm blankets, and sat upright, supported by pillows nearly two hours, in which time he had very gracious converse, and with cheerfulness said, "Father, 'the Lord is my strength, of whom should I be afraid?' Indeed, you are my dear father, but I have a dearer Father in heaven. How great mercy have I that I should have such a tender father on earth, and in heaven also!" Seeing his little sister by him of five years old (which the rest used to call mother), he said to her, affectionately, "Nancy, the Lord make you a mother in Israel. Oh, how do I long to see Christ formed in you!" And looking to his father, he said, "Why, indeed, father, she had very many good expressions in the country, and would say to the maid in a morning, 'What a mercy it is that we are alive, and so many thousands taken away at London, and so many little children!'"

*November 15th.*—His father went into the country, and meeting some Christian friends, he took that opportunity of consulting them about the propriety of baptizing him, telling them his great strait in the case. These friends, one excepted, who desired that

if he could be persuaded from it by his father, he might, were unanimously of opinion, that his desire should be complied with, leaving the issue with the Lord, as no reasonable objection could be brought to oppose it. His father, after much serious consideration respecting it, thinking the child would not die comfortably, resolved to yield to his request.

Mr. Vernon accordingly employed a person to search diligently for a house near the river, where it might be on the next day most conveniently performed. As he returned home, he called on a medical friend to consult him on the subject, who was of opinion that he could not be carried to the river alive. Sensible of the great reproach that would follow if he died in going through the ordinance, Mr. Vernon resolved again to attempt to dissuade Caleb to defer it. On entering his room for this purpose, he found that though he was much weaker in the course of the day, yet he was increasingly impatient to perform this duty before he died, and had been ardently wishing his return. He eagerly desired to know from his father whether he had consented to his request, and when he was informed that himself and many of his friends countenanced it, he rejoiced greatly, and smiling upon his mother, said, with great ardour, "Mother, to-morrow I shall go abroad to the glory of God, and I know He will strengthen me." His father now told him that a worthy friend yet dissented, who would come presently to confer with him. On hearing this, his rejoicing was checked, but he readily consented he should come. Being arrived, he expressed himself satisfied with his faith, but mentioned some reasons why he thought it right to defer his baptism. Amongst other things, he said, "All Judæa went out to be baptized, but he never heard that any were carried out." To which Caleb answered, "Christ bade His disciples go and teach all nations, baptizing them, but never said, 'If they be sick and weak, do not baptize them ;'" and persisted in declaring his persuasion that God would assist him. When he thought that some of the company were still opposed to his being baptized, he wept, and said, "Well, if my father is not satisfied that I am a proper subject, I will not." Finding him discouraged, the gentleman said, "We will wait till to-morrow, and if the weather be as tempestuous then as it is to-day, and you find you have not strength to go, you will then be satisfied." To which he replied, "Yes, if I have not strength ; but I know God will give me strength." His father observing his deep dejection, assured him that they had no desire to put it off, and desired him to commit the matter to God by prayer. Sitting up in the bed, he prayed very pertinently to the occasion, beseeching the Lord to strengthen him, His poor unworthy servant, to perform His will to His honour, and help him against all the temptations of Satan. He

prayed also for Zion's prosperity, for the revival of the cause of the Lord, that those who professed His name might maintain a good profession, and if it were His will to give him a good day to-morrow to witness to Him, and order it for His glory.

(*To be continued.*)

### TURNED TO STONE.

AT Knaresborough, in Yorkshire, there is a dripping well, which possesses the marvellous property of turning everything into stone, the fact being that it encases whatever objects its waters fall upon with a stone-like material. The reason of this process of petrification is that the surrounding rocks, through which the spring percolates, are composed of magnesium limestone, and the lime becomes dissolved in the fresh water. Thus charged with mineral matter, all things the water comes in contact with are covered with a shield of stone. This is precisely like the stream of the greatest part of profession at the present day. It is one continued flow of talk—partly foolish controversy, partly idle gossip. There is a great boast of love to the letter of the truth, but so far from producing a softening, refreshing, and fertilising effect, the opposite is the case. Those who are in the perpetual drip, drip, drip of what is ostensibly living water—but which is really a dead form—do but grow harder and colder. So far from ministering life, such profession and such preaching do but minister death; and the dead love to have it so, and thus become “twice dead.” How truly awful to be left to petrify in a dead form of religion! This always leads to a preference for a dead ministry. Like loves its like. Such as these are the greatest enemies a living, Spirit-taught minister of the Gospel has to meet with. To them even *his* testimony must needs be a savour of death unto death, because of the hardness and impenitence of their rocky hearts. They grow more and more hardened against reproof, more and more impervious to the Gospel, and more and more obstinate in the rejection of the life and power of vital godliness. Hardness, deadness, and coldness therefore, as a consequence, characterise these stony professors. From all such (whether in pulpit or pew) may the Lord deliver His Church by graciously accomplishing in their cases the new covenant promise, “I will take the stony heart out of their flesh, and will give them an heart of flesh” (Ezek. xi. 19).

*Leicester.*

E. C.

I CARRY about with me a burden intolerable, which I could not support did not He who sustains heaven and earth uphold me.

## THE WEAPON CALLED "ALL PRAYER."

A FEW THOUGHTS ON EPHESIANS VI. 18.

THE Bible might be called the universal prayer-book of the Church of God ; from beginning to end it is filled with encouragements to, and examples of, effectual, fervent, prevailing prayer. Its narratives continually tell us how this or that "poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and delivered him from all his troubles and his fears," so giving an added emphasis to the exhortation, "Trust Him at all times ; ye people, pour out your heart before Him : God is a Refuge for us." But one of the fullest and most beautiful exhortations to prayer is contained in our text. Praying at *all times*, with *all prayer*, for *all saints*, and watching thereunto in *all perseverance*.

The context gives a graphic description of the foes and perils of the Christian life, and the armour provided by God for all His warriors, while our text shows us how the strength and wisdom so urgently needed are to be obtained. Bunyan had evidently studied these words experimentally, when he tells us how Christian, in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, could not use his sword, the Word of God, to much advantage, and so betook himself to the weapon "all prayer."

"All prayer" may mean either earnest prayerfulness, or the fact that "in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving," our requests may be made known to God. The privilege of prayer is quite unlimited in this respect, that the smallest thing that concerns us is not beneath His notice, and the greatest, hardest matter can never be too hard for Him. "He telleth the number of the stars, and calleth them all by their names" ; not simply enumerating, but marshalling and controlling that mighty host ; and at the same moment, "He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds" ; while Jesus gave the yet more wonderful assurance to His disciples, "Even the very hairs of your head are all numbered" ; for, as I once heard a minister remark, "Omnipotence means, not power to do great things, but power to do everything," and to do everything that pleases Him at one and the same time. What an encouragement to prayer !

Supplication means *entreaty*, we are told, and earnest prayer is begging, imploring ; like the poor man who besought with tears the healing grace of Jesus for his afflicted child ; or like Jacob, when, wrestling with the Angel, he cried, "I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me." Is this kind of prayer always necessary ? Doubtless it is, and never more so than when it does not seem to be. Our "unguarded hours," when no special need is felt, no danger realized, are the most liable to "surprising harm."

And this brings us to the remarkable expression in our text,



praying always “in the Spirit.” Spiritual life is life in the Spirit of God, as Christian life is life in Christ. Just as baptism means immersing the body in water ; just as we live, and move, and have our being in the atmosphere, the air that surrounds our earth ; so the Christian’s vital breath, the native air of the regenerated heart, is the grace, the influence, the saving power of the Holy Ghost.

And however much our experience may fluctuate, however cold and dull we may too frequently be, every reviving breath of holy influence, every rising desire after God, goes to prove the grand assurance of the Gospel, that all who have been born of the Spirit possess a life that never dies, a life that is continually fed by its Divine Author, the Spirit of Christ, the Breath of God.

I was much struck by an illustration I heard once, comparing prayer to the diver’s headgear, through which peculiar contrivance he was enabled, while under water, to *ex-hale* the air he *had* breathed, and *in-hale* fresh, pure air ; and so by prayer we breathe out our sins, and wants, and sorrows, and breathe in the invigorating, healthful blessing of the Lord.

And then our text speaks of persevering watchfulness for answers to our prayers ; plainly showing that there may be delay where no denial is intended, and, further, that God’s answer may be different from our expectation or desire, and yet be the true meaning of what we have been taught by His Spirit to ask Him for. And we may remember here the Psalmist’s striking figure, “Behold, as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress ; so our eyes wait upon the Lord our God, until that He have mercy upon us” (Psa. cxxiii. 2).

True prayer is, and must be, personal, yet how much the social element enters into it almost everywhere in the Bible. Here, too, we find “all saints” mentioned, while Paul’s reference to himself included the desire that many of Christ’s other sheep might be gathered through his instrumentality, and that, though himself a prisoner, the Word of the Lord, which no tyrant’s chains can bind, might have free course, might run and be glorified. How his desires and their prayers were answered, the following Epistle to the Philippians declares. The persecutions that befell him resulted in the progress of the Gospel, and in cruel Nero’s own palace true converts to the faith were made, loyal, loving, and warm-hearted, so that he could conclude that letter with the interesting words, “All the saints salute thee, chiefly they which are of Cæsar’s household.”

Thus may we pray, thus watch thereunto in all believing perseverance, and we too shall find that the Lord’s hand is not shortened, nor His ear heavy ; we too shall “see the grace of God, and be glad.”

H. S. L.

## THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

THE children of God and the children of the devil—pure gold and vile dross—are manifest, as in hatred of sin, so in their troubles and sorrows about sin.

All trouble for sin argues not sincerity; some have reason to be troubled even for their troubles for sin. So have they,

First, that are only troubled for the commission of some more gross sins that startle the natural conscience, but not for inward sins that defile the soul. Judas was troubled for betraying innocent blood, but not for that base lust of covetousness that was the root of it, or the want of sincere love to Jesus Christ (Matt. xxvii. 4, 5). Outward sins are sins *majoris infamiae*, of greater scandal; but heart-sins are oftentimes *majoris reatus*, sins of greater guilt. To be troubled for grosser sins, and have no trouble for ordinary sins daily incurred, is an ill sign of a bad heart.

Secondly. A graceless heart may be much troubled at the discovery of sin, when it is not troubled for the guilt of sin. "As the thief is ashamed when he is found, so is the house of Israel ashamed" (Jer. ii. 26). Hence it is that they stick not to commit ten sins against God, to hide one sin from the eyes of men. It is a mercy that sin is the matter of men's shame, and that all are not arrived to that height of impudence to declare their sin as Sodom, and glory in their shame. But to be ashamed only because men see it, and not, with Ezra, to say, "O my God, I am ashamed, and blush to look up unto Thee" (Ezra ix. 6), ashamed that Thou seest it, is but hypocrisy.

Thirdly. A graceless heart may be troubled for the rod that sin draws after it, but not for sin itself: as it provokes God to inflict rods.

But the troubles of upright ones for sin are of another kind and nature.

First. They are troubled that God is wronged, and His Spirit troubled by their sins. So the penitent prodigal, "I have sinned against Heaven, and in Thy sight" (Luke xv. 21). Against Heaven; that is, against Him whose throne is in heaven, a great, glorious, and infinite Majesty; a poor worm of the earth hath lifted up his hand against the God of heaven.

Secondly. They are troubled for the defilement of their own souls by sin. Hence they are compared, in Proverbs xxv. 26, to a troubled fountain. You know it is the property of a living spring, when any filth falls into it, or that which lies at the bottom of its channel is raised, and defiles its streams, never to leave working till it hath purged itself of it, and recovered its purity again. So it is with the righteous man, he loves purity

in the precept (Psa. cxix. 140), and he loves it no less in the principle and practice; he thinks it is hell enough to lie under the pollution of sin, if he should never come under damnation for it.

Thirdly. They are troubled for the estrangements of God, and the hidings of His face from them because of their sin. It would go close to an ingenuous spirit to see a dear and faithful friend, whom he hath grieved, to look strange and shy upon him at the next meeting, as if he did not know him; much more doth it go to the heart of a gracious man to see the face of God turned from him, and not to be toward him as in times past. This went to David's heart after his fall, as you may see, Psalm li. 11, "Cast me not away from Thy presence, and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me;" that is, Lord, if Thou turn Thy back upon me, and estrange Thyself from me, I am a lost man; that is the greatest mischief that can befall me.

Fourthly. Their troubles for sin run deep to what other men's do. They are strong to bear other troubles, but sink and faint under this (Psa. xxxviii. 4). Other sorrows may for the present be violent, and make more noise, but this sorrow sinks deeper into the soul.

Fifthly. Their troubles for sin are more private and silent troubles than others' are, "their sore runs in the night," as it is Psalm lxxvii. 2. Not but that they may, and do, open their troubles to men (and it is a mercy when they meet with a judicious, tender, and experienced Christian to unbosom themselves unto), but when all is done, it is God and thy soul alone that must whisper out the matter. *Ille vera dolet, qui sine teste dolet.* This is a sincere sorrow for sin indeed, which is expressed secretly to God in the closet.

Sixthly. Their troubles are incurable by creature comforts. It is not the removing some outward pressures and inconveniences that can remove their burden; nothing but pardon, peace, and witnessed reconciliation, can quiet the gracious heart.

Seventhly. Their troubles for sin are ordinate, and kept in their own place; they dare not stamp the dignity of Christ's blood upon their worthless tears and groans for sin. *Lava lachrymas Domine*;—Lord, wash my sinful tears in the blood of Christ,—was once the desire of a true penitent (Augustine). And thus our trouble for sin shows us what our hearts are.

The behaviour and carriage of the soul with respect to subjection to the commands of sin, shows what our estate and condition is. This will separate dross from gold. All unregenerate men are the servants of sin, they subject themselves to its commands. This the Scripture sometimes calls a "conversation in the lusts of the flesh" (Eph. ii. 3); sometimes the "selling of themselves to

sin" (1 Kings xxi. 20). Now, as a judicious divine (Dr. Reynolds) observes, though the children of God complain with Paul that they are "sold under sin" (Rom. vii. 14, 15), yet there is a vast difference between these two. The saints are sold to it by Adam, but others by their own continued consent. But to show you the difference in this matter, I conceive it necessary to show wherein the reigning power of sin doth not consist, and then wherein it doth; that you may plainly discern who are in subjection to the reigning power of their corruptions, and who are not. Now there be divers things common both to the regenerate and unregenerate, and we cannot say the dominion of sin lies in any or in all of them, that is, abstractly and simply considered.

First. Both one and the other having original corruption dwelling in them, may also find this fountain breaking forth into gross and scandalous sins. But we cannot say that because original corruption thus breaks forth into gross and scandalous sins in both, therefore it must needs reign in the one as well as in the other. A righteous man may "fall before the wicked," as it is, Proverbs xxv. 26. He may fall into the dirt of grosser iniquities, and furnish them with matter of reproach. So did, David, Peter, Abraham, and many more of the Lord's upright-hearted ones, whose souls, nevertheless, sin did not reign over by a voluntary subjection to its commands, nor must this embolden any to sin with more liberty.

Secondly. Though an upright soul fall once and again into sin, though he reiterate the same act of sin which he had repented of before, yet it cannot merely from thence be concluded that therefore sin reigns over him, as it doth over a wicked man that makes it his daily trade. I confess, every reiteration of sin puts a further aggravation upon it; and it is said we should repent and sin, and sin and repent; but yet you read, Proverbs xxiv. 16, "A just man falleth seven times, and riseth up again." Job's friends were good men, yet he tells them, "These ten times have ye reproached me" (Job xix. 13). This indeed shows a heart that greatly needs purging, for it is with relapses into spiritual, as it is with relapses into natural diseases. A recidivation or return of the disease shows that the morbid matter was not duly purged; but though it shows the foulness, it doth not always prove the falseness of the heart.

Thirdly. Though the one may be impatient of the reproof of his sin, as well as the other, yet that alone will not conclude sin to be in full dominion over the one, as it is over the other.

It is a pity any good man should storm at a just rebuke of sin; that such a precious oil as is proper to heal, should be conceited to break his head; but yet flesh will be tender and touchy,

even in good men. Asa was a good man, and yet he was wroth with the prophet who reproved him, as you find, 2 Ohronicles xvi. 10 ; yet I doubt not but their consciences smite them for it, when pride suffers not another to do it. A reproof may be well-timed and ill-managed by another, and so may provoke, but they will hear the voice of conscience in another manner.

Fourthly. Though in both, some one particular sin may have more power than another, yet neither doth this alone conclude that therefore that sin must reign in one, as it doth in another. Indeed, the beloved lust of every wicked man is king over his soul ; but yet a godly man's constitution, calling, &c., may incline him more to one sin than another, and yet neither that nor any other may be said to be in dominion ; for though David speaks of his iniquity, that is, his special sin (Psa. xviii. 23), which some suppose to be the sin of lying, from that intimation, Psalm cxix. 19 ; yet you see in one place he begs God to keep him from it, and in the other, he tells me he kept himself from it, and both show he was not the servant of it.

Fifthly. Though both may sin against knowledge, yet it will not follow from thence, that therefore sins against knowledge must needs be sins in dominion in the one, as they are in the other. There was too much light abused, and violence offered in David's deliberated sin, as he confesses, Psalm li. 6, and the sad story itself too plainly shows ; and yet, in the main, David was an upright man still, though this consideration of the fact shrewdly wounded his integrity, and stands upon record for a caution to all others.

We have seen what doth not infer the dominion of sin, in the former particulars, being simply considered : I shall next show you what doth, and how the sincere and false hearts are distinguished in this trial. And,

First, assent and consent upon deliberation notes the soul to be under the dominion of sin. When the mind approves sin, and the will gives its plenary consent to it, this sets up sin in its throne, and puts the soul into subjection to it ; for the dominion of sin consists in its authority over us, and our voluntary subjection to it. This you find to be the character of a wicked, graceless person—"He deviseth mischief upon his bed ; he setteth himself in a way that is not good ; he abhorreth not evil" (Psa. xxxvi. 4).

The best man may fall into sin through mistake, or be precipitated into sin through the violence of temptation ; but to devise mischief, and set himself in an evil way, this notes full assent of the mind ; and then not to abhor evil, notes full consent of the will ; and these two being given to sin, not only antecedently to the acting of it, but also consequently to it, to

like it afterwards, as well as before ; this puts the soul fully under the power of sin ; what can it give more ?

This (Mr. Caryl saith), in direct opposition to the Apostle (Rom. xii. 1), is to present their bodies a dead sacrifice, unholy, and abominable to God ; acceptable to the devil, which is their unreasonable service : all men by nature are given to sin, but these men give themselves to it.

Secondly. The customary practice of sin subjects the soul to the dominion of sin ; and so he that "is born of God doth not commit sin" (1 John iii. 9). Fall into sin, yea, the same sin, he may, and that often ; but then it is not without reluctance, repentance, and a protest entered by the soul in heaven against it ; so that sin hath not a quiet possession of the soul ; he is not the servant of sin, nor doth he willingly walk after its commandments. But so do its own servants ; it is their daily practice, "They proceed from evil to evil" (Jer. ix. 3).

Thirdly. Delight in sin proves the dominion of sin. So the servants of sin are described, Isaiah lxvi. 3, "They have chosen their own ways, and their soul delighteth in their abominations."

Look, as our delight in God is the measure of our holiness, so our delight in sin is the measure of our sinfulness. Delight in sin is the uppermost round of the ladder, and much higher the soul of a sinner cannot go, till it be turned off into hell : "It is a sport to a fool to do mischief" (Prov. x. 23). Never merrier than when he hath the devil for his play-fellow, saith Mr. Trap upon that place.

Fourthly. Impatience of Christ's yoke and government, argues the soul to be the subject of sin. This is clear from the Apostle's reasoning in Romans vi. 17, 18, "But God be thanked, that ye were the servants of sin, but ye have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine which was delivered you. Being then made free from sin, ye became the servants of righteousness." Where you see plainly, that no man can have his manumission or freedom from sin, that comes not into Christ's service, and yields himself up to His obedience.

So, then, to fret at Christ's laws, that tie us up from our lusts, to be weary of all spiritual employments as a burden intolerable, never to be in our element and centre till we are off from God, and plunging in the world and our lusts ; this is a sad note of a soul in subjection to sin.

*Object.* But may not an upright soul find some weariness in spiritual things ?

*Sol.* Doubtless he may, for he hath flesh as well as spirit ; and though the spirit be willing, the flesh is weak : he is sanctified but in part, and his delight in the law of God is but according to, or "after, the inward man" (Rom. vii. 22). But he sees

another law in his members; that is, contrary inclinations. However, if he be weary sometimes in the duties of godliness, to be sure, he is more weary out of them, and is not centered and at rest till he be with his God again: but the carnal heart is where it would be, when it is in the service of sin; and as a fish upon dry land, when engaged in spiritual duties; especially such as are secret, and have no external allurements of reputation to engage him to them.

But what surprisals or captivities to sin so ever may befall an upright soul, yet it appears by these eight following particulars, that he is not the servant of sin, nor in full subjection to it. For—

First. Though he may be drawn to sin, yet he cannot reflect upon his sin without shame and sorrow; which plainly shows it to be an involuntary surprise. So Peter wept bitterly (Matt. xxvi. 75). And David mourned for his sin heartily. Others can fetch new pleasures out of their old sins, by reflecting on them; and some can glory in their shame (Phil. iii. 19); some are stupid and senseless after sin, and the sorrow of a carnal heart for it, is but a morning dew; but it is far otherwise with God's people.

Secondly. Though a saint may be drawn to sin, yet it is not with a deliberate and full consent of his will: their delight is in the law of God (Rom. vii. 22). They do that which they would not (verse 16); that is, there are inward dislikes from the new nature; and as for that case of David, which seems to have so much of counsel and deliberation in it, yet it was but a single act; it was not in the general course of his life; he was upright in all things, that is, in the general course and tenor of his life (1 Kings xv. 5).

Thirdly. Though an upright soul may fall into sin, yet he is restless and unquiet in that condition, like a bone out of joint; and that speaks him to be none of sin's servants: as, on the contrary, if a man be engaged in the external duties of religion, and be restless and unquiet there, his heart is not in it, he is not at rest till he be again in his earthly business; this man cannot be reckoned Christ's servant: a gracious heart is much after that rate employed in the work of sin, that a carnal heart is employed in the work of religion. This is a good rule, *Ea tantum dicuntur inesse, quæ insunt per modum quietis*; That is a man's true temper, wherein he is at rest. Poor David fell into sin, but he had no rest in his bones, because of it (Psa. li. 10—12). If his heart be off from God and duty for a little while, yet he recollects himself, and saith, as Psalm cxvi. 7, "Return to thy rest, O my soul."

Fourthly. Though a sincere Christian fall into sin and commit evil, yet he proceeds not from evil to evil, as the ungodly do (Jer. ix. 3), but makes his fall into one sin a caution to prevent

another sin. Peter by his fall got establishment for the time to come. If God will speak peace to them, they are careful to return no more to folly (Psa. lxxxv. 8). "In that ye sorrowed after godly sort, what carefulness it wrought! Yea, what fear!" (2 Cor. vii. 11.) It is not so with the servants of sin, one sin leaves them much more disposed to another sin.

Fifthly. A sincere Christian may be drawn to sin, but yet he would be glad with all his heart to be rid of sin; it would be more to him than thousands of gold and silver, that he might grieve and offend God no more; and that shows sin is not in dominion over him; he that is under the dominion of sin, is loth to leave his lusts. Sin's servants are not willing to part with it; they hold it fast, and refuse to let it go, as that text expresseth it, Jeremiah viii. 5. But the great complaint of the upright is expressed by the Apostle according to the true sense of their hearts, in Romans vii. 24, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

Sixthly. It appears they yield not themselves willingly to obey sin, inasmuch as it is the matter of their joy when God orders any providence to prevent sin in them: "Blessed be the Lord," (saith David to Abigail), "and blessed be thy advice, and blessed be thou, which hast kept me this day from coming to shed blood" (1 Sam. xxv. 32, 33).

Here is blessing upon blessing for a sin-preventing providence. The author is blessed, the instrument blessed, the means blessed. Oh, it is a blessed thing in the eyes of a sincere man to be kept from sin! he reckons it a great deliverance, a very happy escape, if he be kept from sin.

Seventhly. This shows that some who may be drawn to commit sin, yet are none of the servants of sin, that they do heartily beg the assistance of grace to keep them from sin; "Keep back Thy servant also from presumptuous sins," saith the Psalmist (Psa. xix. 13); "let them not have dominion over me;" that is, Lord, I find propensions to sin in my nature, yea, and strong ones too; if Thou leave me to myself, I am carried into sin as easily as a feather down the torrent—"O Lord, keep back Thy servant." And there is no petition that upright ones pour out their hearts to God in, either more frequently or more ardently, than in this, to be kept back from sin.

Eighthly, and lastly. This shows the soul not to be under the dominion of sin, that it doth not only cry to God to be kept back from sin, but uses the means of prevention himself; he resists it, as well as prays against it; "I was also upright before Him, and I kept myself from mine iniquity" (Psa. xviii. 23). So Job. xxxi. 1, "I have made a covenant with mine eyes." And yet more fully in Isaiah xxxiii. 15, "He shaketh his hands from



holding of bribes, and stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood, and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil." See with what care the portals are shut at which sin useth to enter. All these things are very relieving considerations to poor souls questioning their integrity under the frequent surprisals of sin.—*Flevel.*

### PROTESTANT NOTES.

THE Vicar of St. Martin's, Brighton (C. Hardy Little), somewhat surprised his congregation on Sunday afternoon, June 8th, by preaching a sermon in support of Auricular Confession and Priestly Absolution. The remarkable thing about the discourse was the high praise which it bestowed on the notorious Society of the Holy Cross. A lengthy report of the sermon appears in the *Sussex Daily News*, and from this we learn that Mr. Little declared that "he was proud to say that he was a member of the Society of the Holy Cross." He then proceeded to whitewash "The Priest in Absolution," the author of which was, he admitted, "a rough man, wanting in delicacy of feeling." The Vicar of St. Martin's has certainly brought prominently before the Brighton public the great question of the Ritualistic Confessional. But we have no doubt that our Protestant friends in the town will be found quite equal to the occasion. It will never do to leave Mr. Little's sermon unanswered; and it has afforded an excellent opportunity for a public lecture, in which both the secret Society of the Holy Cross and the "Priest in Absolution" may be exposed to the light of day. If this be done, Mr. Little will soon regret that he preached a sermon on Confession and Absolution.

The sermon has caused great excitement in Brighton, and has led to the following spirited letter from W. T. McCormick, Vicar of St. Matthew's, Brighton, which appeared in the *Sussex Daily News* :—

*St. Matthew's Vicarage, Brighton, June 10th, 1890.*

"SIR,—I was painfully surprised to hear the sermon that was preached last Sunday at St. Martin's Church, in favour of the Confessional in the Church of England. It was evidently a reply to a published sermon that was preached in St. Matthew's a few Sundays ago. I did not expect that a clergyman in Brighton would stand up before his fellow Englishmen and advocate the use of that disgusting book, 'The Priest in Absolution,' a book that was condemned by the House of Lords and by the Bishops of our Church. Would the same clergyman be willing to get up and read the questions proposed in that manual before an audience of his fellow-men? I think not. In the Confessional questions are put

and suggestions made, of which many hear-only for the first time in their lives. One widow lady told me a short time ago that undue pressure was used with her in order to compel her to go to the Confessional in a Ritualistic church not 1,000 miles from Brighton, and that when she yielded and went, such questions were put to her that she was indignant, and left the church, declaring that she would never enter it again. Compulsion therefore is used. On Sunday last, one of my Sunday-school teachers, who was in the habit of attending another Ritualistic church in this town, told me that when she wanted to go to the Holy Communion, her Vicar refused to allow her to come until she first came to Confession. I am thankful that last Sunday's sermon has been published, and I hope it may be widely read, that Englishmen may realize their position. It is enough to make the blood of Englishmen boil with holy indignation, that their wives and daughters should be subjected to the abominable and corruptive influences of the Confessional. I would rather see my daughters carried to their graves, than that they should frequent the Confessional boxes to be found in some of our Ritualistic churches. May God in His infinite mercy save us from the inroads of Father Confessors.—Yours, &c.,  
W. T. McCORMICK.

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ON the Maltese Marriages Question, "A Malta Protestant" writes:—"A battery sergeant-major (R.A.), a Church of England man, got engaged to a Roman Catholic girl; they got tired of waiting for the Papal dispensation, and, each declining to be married in the Church of the other, were finally married on, so to speak, neutral ground by the Baptist minister. Now, as soon as this new law passes, this marriage becomes null and void, and the children illegitimate, for Sir Lintorn Simmons has bound the British Government to make such marriages illegal, prospectively and retrospectively. This is one of many similar cases, and to say, as Lord Salisbury does, that the effect is *nil* as regards marriages between Catholics and non-Catholics, is saying what is not the case."

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LORD SALISBURY AND ENGLISH PROTESTANTISM.—IS  
ENGLAND TO BE GIVEN TO THE POPE?

"A CONSERVATIVE CHURCHMAN" writes to the *Daily News* as follows:—

"Although a Conservative, I have come to the conclusion that English Protestant sentiment will receive no consideration from the Government of Lord Salisbury. Ireland is not to have Home Rule, but England is to have Rome Rule! First we have the

importation of Monsignor Persico, to assist us in governing our Irish fellow-subjects. This was not in accordance with the best English tradition. Then, as a reward for Rome's services in this 'mission,' we have the abortive proposal to establish a 'Catholic' University in Ireland, by means of which the higher education of Ireland was to be handed over to a clerical faction. Now we have a Concordat with Rome (the result of Sir Lintorn Simmons' mission to the Vatican), by which 'Henceforth (I quote your Jewish contemporary, the *St. James's Gazette*) it has been agreed that a marriage between Catholics, or between a Catholic and a non-Catholic, is not to be valid until it has been celebrated according to the Council of Trent' (?). Let your Englishmen note this—a marriage between the Queen's subjects not to be valid without the approval of Rome! I wonder what so sound an English Churchman as Sir Walter Barttelot will say to this? I wonder what the hundreds of thousands of English Churchmen will think of it? Further, Lord Salisbury has had the opportunity of appointing seven English and Welsh Bishops since his entrance upon the office of Premier. Here is the record: Lord Alwyne Compton, Bishop Wordsworth, Bishop Moorhouse, Bishop Jayne, Bishop Westcott, and the two Welsh Bishops. Of the seven, two are Broad Churchmen—Moorhouse and Westcott; the remaining five are High Churchmen. Four of these are nonentities, or second-rate men—one only, Bishop Wordsworth, of any note; the others appointed simply because they were High Churchmen. Not a single Low Churchman appointed."

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Commenting on the above letter of "A Conservative Churchman," the *Daily News* remarks:—

"After the brief account we gave the other day of the negotiations of Sir Lintorn Simmons at the Vatican, our readers will not be surprised that some Conservatives are beginning to ask where Lord Salisbury is leading them. We publish a letter from one of them to-day, who sends us his name and address. We do not identify ourselves with everything he says against his own friends, but we are not surprised at his protests. When his party were in Opposition, there was a constant endeavour to make political capital against the Liberal Government out of any Ministerial communications with the Vatican, even when these were of the most informal character, and by no means committing this country to diplomatic relations with two Courts in the same kingdom and city. There was quite a remarkable super-sensitiveness then on the part of the Tories to what was talked about as Rome rule. Precious little regard has Lord Salisbury had to this sensitiveness of his own supporters, for he has boldly invoked

the aid of the Vatican by two special missions to the Pope; and if our readers will turn to the correspondence of Sir Lintorn Simmons with the Papal Court, they will find him actually treating with the Vatican as if it were one of the Powers recognized at the Court of St. James's. In a letter to Cardinal Rampolla, on March 26th, he writes that Her Majesty's Government are desirous that a full understanding should be established with the Vatican, and that no cause of difference should arise to place even partially the influence of 'the two Powers' in antagonism to each other. As Lord Granville said at the beginning of the Parliamentary Session, there is a legal as well as a political question involved in these Vatican negotiations. We have an ambassador in Italy, with whom the Pope will not consent to negotiate; and long ago, Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell were of opinion, with Lord Granville, that a Special Envoy could not be sent without the sanction of Parliament. A Bill to render direct relations with the Vatican possible was introduced, but spoiled by the House of Lords, like so many other measures, and rendered unworkable. It was afterwards repealed with other obsolete Acts; so there is a question of the legality of these missions to the Vatican. But even if there were no such question, the action of the Government in surrendering Crown patronage to the Pope, and in acknowledging the Vatican's right to declare what marriages are valid in Malta even where non-Catholics are concerned, may well give the Ministerialists occasion for surprise."—*English Churchman*.

[We protested against Mr. Gladstone's Ritualistic and Popish proclivities, when he was in office, and we feel bound to do the same with respect to Lord Salisbury, whose conduct can but fill his Protestant supporters with disgust, as they see him even outstripping Gladstone in the Romeward race. Dear friends, see to it that your Protestantism stands before politics.—ED.]

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It is said that great dissatisfaction exists among the leaders of the Evangelical party at the way in which Lord Salisbury exercises his ecclesiastical patronage, and it is not unlikely that some definite steps will shortly be taken to determine upon a course of action at the next general election.—*Baptist*.

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CHRIST and the saints are not one as the oak and the ivy that clasps it are one, but as the graft and stock are one: it is not an union by adhesion, but incorporation. Husband and wife are not so near, soul and body are not so near, as Christ and the believing soul are near to each other.—*Flavel*.

## LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—As you mention me so kindly in yours to my dear husband, I feel I must send you a line to say, that the interest you took in me during the time the afflicting hand of the Almighty was upon me, I was very pleased to hear of, and I truly hope it was the good Spirit that led you in this way to plead for me, and then it would not be in vain. It was indeed a heavy trial. "My hope," as Job says, "was removed like a tree, and I forgot prosperity." I thought the Lord had utterly cast me off, and nothing but misery and destruction lay before me. I could take no comfort, and hardly dared to open God's Word, feeling sure I should only read my condemnation. Many sad and sore temptations beset me in this season of darkness, and I can only ascribe it to the preserving care of God, that I continue to this day. "I was brought low," yet I hope I may say, "He helped me." My bodily strength was much reduced, but the Lord has graciously raised me up, and I do desire to render a tribute of praise to Him for His goodness, in the dark season of which I have been speaking. Since my recovery, I think I can see that God did not leave me in it, though, for the most part, I looked upon myself as a wretched castaway, as a hypocrite in Zion, whom the Lord had discovered, yet there was a little feeling at times, that perhaps the Lord would restore my soul, and that perhaps this was the enemy, who, for my sins, was permitted thus dreadfully to assail me; and what gave me a great hope it was so, was upon finding many of his predictions did not come to pass, so that a passage that now and then came to my mind seemed fulfilled, "Thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee." But though the Lord has thus restored me, I have very many fears. I see so much in myself that is contrary to God and godliness, that I know not what to think; and when I compare myself with God's people (those whom I know to be such), I fear I have not with them partook of that living water which is in them "a well of water, springing up to everlasting life," because I see not those blessed effects I wish to see.

Then, again, I hope the Lord does look upon me with compassion, and draws my affections to Him, giving me to feel His love in the unspeakable gift of His dear Son, and helping me to look to His precious blood for pardon and cleansing.

But I must conclude, desiring your acceptance of my kind regards, which I beg also to present to your father, mother, and sister.

I am, your sincere and affectionate friend,

MARY MORGAN.

*Leicester, June 26th, 1856.*



**"I WAS BOUND APPRENTICE TO A GOOD MAN." (See page 201.)**

## A MIRACLE OF GRACE.

SOME time ago an elderly woman came to my door, and asked me if my name was Francis. I said, "Yes." She said she was requested to call on me, and request me to be so kind as to visit a young man who was very ill. I consented, when she left his address and departed.

Having attended many sick and dying persons, and generally finding the distress to arise from the alarms of natural conscience at the approach of death, and that such persons at these seasons look anywhere rather than to Jesus for relief, so they often send for one they suppose to be a saint, in order to make him a mediator between God and them, and their prayers a bridge to bear them over the stream, knowing of no better atonement for sin than this. Hence their language is, "Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out." I mention this, not as an excuse, but as the real ground of my discouragement and backwardness in attending to many calls of this sort that I have had, and do have continually.

The promised visit, through a multiplicity of concerns, and those very feelings, was delayed for perhaps two or three days, when the old woman came again to my house, and, after apologizing for troubling me, said that the young man was still very desirous of seeing me. I made an apology for my non-attendance, and promised her I would be with him soon.

I accordingly went. Upon entering the room, I saw a young man sitting in an armchair, apparently in a deep decline. I sat down by him, and conversed very seriously with him about his never-dying soul, and endeavoured, in as plain a way as possible, to speak of sin, its nature and consequences, and of the way of salvation by Christ Jesus. He listened with great attention, but scarcely said one word. Upon committing him into God's hands in prayer, with all that had been said to him, and about to leave the room, he pressed my hand, and looking earnestly in my face, said, "I hope, sir, it will not be long before I see you again." I replied, "If the Lord please, I will see you again soon."

A few days had elapsed after my visit when I again beheld the old woman making up to my door. She addressed me thus, "Sir, I hope you will excuse my troubling you, but the young man feels very anxious to see you again." I said, "Tell him I will shortly call upon him."

I went, and entered into a long discourse with him. While I was speaking, he several times interrupted me to ask questions of such a nature as to revive my heart, and induce me to hope that God had taken him under His tuition, and that my labour would not be in vain in the Lord. The inquiries he made were

to this effect : " Whether God ever left His people to spend all their days in sin, and then saved them at last ? What real repentance was ? How we might know that we were not deluded ? " &c., &c. This furnished me with text and sermon, and my tongue was as the pen of a ready writer. I said in my heart, " I shall have no more need of the old woman coming after me, but, if spared, I will see you again soon. " I went to prayer with him, and he appeared to join with me in heart. Upon leaving the room he took me by the hand, and, with great earnestness and affection, said, " Sir, you will not make it long before you come again ? " I answered, " No ; if God spare me, I will see you again very soon. "

On my third visit I perceived his very eyes brighten on my entering the room. He said, " Sir, I am very glad to see you. " I sat down, and discoursed with him ; and he opened his heart more freely than he had done before, saying, " I am a poor, sinful, vile young man ; I am but twenty years and a half old ; and I have spent these years in sin, and never, till the hand of God was laid heavy upon me, did I feel the least concern about my soul. I will hereafter tell you all about it. At present, if I speak my mind, I cannot help saying (strange as you may think it), I now and then have a little hope : *I, even I*, do sometimes entertain a hope of being saved ; and sure I am that if ever Christ saves such a wretch as I, there can be none in all heaven that will have cause to sing louder. But I have a very important question to ask, which, if you should be enabled to answer, will afford me great relief. It is this. As I before observed, a *little* hope now and then breaks in upon my mind, amidst ten thousand fears lest my hope should be but presumption ; at such a time, and when in possession of this hope, I am preparing perhaps to go to rest, and being bolstered up in the bed (for I cannot lie down) I endeavour to commit myself into the hand of God, praying that if He should take me before the morning, I may be found saved in the Lord. When I feel this hope, I can *pray* and *praise*, *love* and *adore*, and can bear anything which the Lord lays upon me, continually wondering that I am out of hell ; and at times the Lord appears to hear my prayer, and grant me a comfortable night ; but the next morning perhaps, instead of feeling humble and thankful, and disposed to pray, I often find my heart as hard as a stone, and can neither pray nor praise, though sensibly loaded with favours. Here, then, is my difficult question, Could this happy frame overnight have been from the Lord, and I feel so dull, hard, and stupid the very next morning ? "

" My dear friend, " said I, " before I attempt to answer your question, permit me to ask you a very plain one. Do you think, supposing that you could retain the happiest frame of mind that



ever you had from morning till evening, and from evening again till morning, incessantly and uninterruptedly—do you think this would atone for one of your sins?" To which he replied, putting his hand into his waistcoat pocket, "I think this will answer that question." Upon which he presented me with a piece of paper, which I unfolded, expecting to see something in writing, instead of which there was presented to my view a pair of scales, marked out after this manner: In one scale was the broken law, and in the other three tons weight, as proposed to answer its demand, which he makes to appear so insufficient that the broken law weighs the whole up, and is not by any means satisfied with it. Then turning to the other side of the paper I saw another pair.

Struck with surprise, which I endeavoured to conceal, I said, in a seemingly indifferent way, "Who marked out these?" He replied, "I did, sir." I inquired, "What was your motive for doing it?" He answered, "I will freely tell you. My mother, with whom I live, knows not God, nor the way of salvation. I frequently feel a very great concern about her eternal welfare; and, as I have expressed to you before, I dare not say I am without hope (wretch as I am), but that, by the sovereign grace of God, I shall be saved at last, though this hope is accompanied with a thousand doubts. Wishing to communicate to her, in as plain a way as possible, the sole ground of my hope of life and salvation, it came into my mind the other day, while sitting in my chair, to make use of this simple hieroglyphical representation of the same to show that it was not upon the ground of my *prayers, tears, and repentance* that I hoped for mercy, but that it was entirely drawn from a hope of interest in the *blood and righteousness of Christ*." At such a testimony as this my very heart and conscience replied, "*Thou art saved!*" and I secretly blessed God that I had been called to visit him. Surely this third visit was a useful one to my own soul, nor do I think it was unprofitable to him. At length we parted, but not without difficulty, for I hardly knew how to leave him, and he was unwilling to let me go. After committing him into God's hands, which I did with hearty thanksgiving, I left him for that time.

I very shortly paid him another visit, when, upon my entering the room, he smiled on me with something of heaven in his countenance, and holding up his hand, which was little else besides skin and bone, he exclaimed, "Look at this thin hand, sir, although I appear such a poor, pitiable object, I would not exchange situations with the most blooming youth in the land; for I am persuaded (nor can I help believing it) that this very body of mine will be eternally glorified with Christ." I replied, "If you were to doubt it yourself, I could not dare to doubt con-

cerning you." We instantly fell into a most profitable discourse, in the course of which he said, "I one day promised to tell you how I first came to have any real concern about my soul. I was bound apprentice to a good man, but was loosely and wickedly inclined, and being very discontented in my situation, I proposed to go to the East Indies. It was at length agreed to. I went, and being then far from home, and from the eye of all my friends, I endeavoured to take my fill of sin, though, at the same time, instead of being happy, my evil courses brought me in such a crop of misery that I often envied the brutes their happiness. In this my sinful course I took a violent cold, and felt sensibly the seeds of death entering my poor body; but so far was I from repentance, that I think I became still more hardened. At length I embarked for England again, and by the time I set foot on the English shore, all probable expectation of recovery was gone. I came home to this house, where you now see me, as far in my heart and affections from God as hell is from heaven. I got worse daily, but, awful to relate, I determined to brave it out, and tried to persuade myself that I should shortly be restored to health. As a proof of the same, as I was one day sitting in the room, being very ill, I told my mother I would walk to Peckham, which is more than two miles distant. My mother said I could not, and must not, undertake such a journey; and indeed, at the time, I was hardly fit to be trusted to cross the road by myself. However, I would go; and somehow, or other, with much pain of body, reached the place, after which I daringly presumed to walk home, and in returning experienced such pain that I was strongly tempted to throw myself into some water, and drown myself, in order to escape from my misery, but God prevented this. On reaching home I sat down almost dead. After recovering myself a little, I cried out, 'Mother, bring me my violin, I will play a tune,' and added, 'I shall get well soon, and then I will go and see a play.' All this, sir, I did to outbrave death, which was evidently fast approaching.

"I had not long made these speeches before I was seized with a cough, which, though not violent, occasioned the breaking of a blood-vessel, from which instantly issued a vast quantity of blood from my mouth and nose. The bleeding continued for a considerable time, and resisted every application to stop it. While in this deplorable situation, with a dread of hell in my conscience, and held up by my friends, the blood still streaming from me, agitation depicted in their countenances, and all were waiting in expectation that I should presently drop into the cold arms of death, a friend came suddenly in, who, beholding me in this miserable situation, exclaimed, 'Oh, Thomas, cry for mercy! Thousands as vile as you have, and have been heard too. You

cannot be the worse for that, if you are none the better.' Being in possession of my senses, I heard him, and feeling the force of his words, I put my poor hands together, with my mouth and throat full of blood, and lifted up my heart to God, and said, 'O Lord, have mercy upon, and save a poor dying worm!' when, behold, the moment after I had uttered these words the bleeding stopped—I bled no more! I can remember nothing further, for my senses directly left me. What further transpired I knew not till about three weeks afterwards, when the Lord was pleased to restore to me the full exercise of my mental powers. From this solemn, yet merciful circumstance, I was led to inquire after a knowledge of salvation, at which time, hearing that there was a godly man living not far off, of the name of Francis, this occasioned me to send for and request to see you."

I found, about my fourth visit, something which crowned all the rest, being the most solemn, and yet animating display of the almighty power, discriminating grace, and boundless love of Him who took the name of Jesus because He would save His people from their sins. May the same gracious and wonder-working Lord be pleased to grant that the following anecdote may be the means of striking terror into the hearts of some that are yet His enemies, so that instead of rushing upon the thick bosses of His buckler, they may, after the wonderful example here set before them, fall into the arms of Him against whom they have sinned, and cry for mercy! Amen. Oh, how richly was I repaid for the time I spent with this young man!

About the time just mentioned, three of his old associates and companions in iniquity called to see him, and said, "How are you, Tom? We were very sorry to hear you were so ill, so we thought we would come and see you." "Well," replied he, "I am glad to see you; sit down." When they were seated, he addressed himself to them thus, calling them by their names:—"You and I have been fellow-helpers of each other in sin and shame. I have strengthened you therein, and you have strengthened me, and had it not been for sovereign mercy I had now been in hell; and if the same sovereign mercy prevent not, you will be there each one of you—soon. Now, neither of you, I suppose, has heard a Gospel sermon in all your life, but you shall have one from my mouth before you go. I, your old friend and companion, was fully bent upon my own ruin, as you are this day. God has had mercy upon me, apparently, in my very last moments, has brought me down at His feet, a sinner just as I am, and bid me ask mercy and salvation. And He that inclined me to seek has been found of me; He that bade me pray has heard my prayer, and has at length delivered my soul from eternal death, and made me a witness of His abounding grace.

God grant that each of you may be brought here too, and then you will find that which will bring in more happiness than all your sin can do; but dying as you now are, you will die eternally. Now you have heard a Gospel sermon. God bless it to you! Farewell." I heard this not from himself, but from one that was present when the sermon was preached; and I also heard that they seemed very glad when it was ended.

I visited him many times after this, to the joy and comfort of my own soul, and I believe of his also. Just before his death, he named those whom he wished to follow him to the grave, and desired to be buried in Bunhill Fields, because in that ground were so many monuments of grace like himself, with whom, he said, he hoped to dwell everlastingly. He also told me, that he had requested a particular favour of his executors, that, as he had six hundred pounds coming to him if he had lived six months longer, when he should have completed his twenty-first year, he hoped they would grant him a head and foot stone, but he wished nothing on it besides these words, "*Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?*" This request, I am very sorry to say, was not granted. But, though the all-wise providence of God permitted the denial of the stone, He is able, with His own pen, to inscribe the writing on the table of our hearts, and make the memory of this dear youth the means of preventing many a daring and presumptuous sinner from defying Omnipotence—the Pharisee from trusting in his own righteousness, and induce the poor, self-condemned, miserable sinner to drop into the arms of sovereign mercy as he did, and prove Him to be what He was then, is now, and for ever remains to be—mighty to save, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever! Amen.

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In vain men talk of living faith,  
When all their works exhibit death;  
When they indulge some sinful view  
In all they say, and all they do.

The true believer fears the Lord,  
Obeys His precepts, keeps His word;  
Commits his works to God alone,  
And seeks His will before his own.

A barren tree that bears no fruit,  
Brings no great glory to its root;  
When on the boughs rich fruit we see,  
'Tis then we cry, "A goodly tree!"

Never did men, by faith divine,  
To selfishness and sloth incline;  
The Christian works with all his power,  
And grieves that he can work no more.

## "RULE OR RUIN."

It is a sad and depressing fact that some of our Churches have members the principle of whose lives is expressed in the above words. We have seen the "rule or ruin" brother. We have talked with him, prayed for him, tried in a thousand ways to bring him to a better mind, but all in vain. He is very sweet-tempered, devout and zealous, until his path is crossed, and then comes the choice between *his* way or a fight and a fuss.

Any plan which does not originate with this troublesome brother meets with his opposition, irrespective of its merits. Any movement about which he is not consulted is likely to come to grief, if he can compass such a result. He does not say this much, but, what is worse, his actions declare his sentiments most emphatically. At the very time when the Church demands unity, harmony, and co-operation, the personality of this unlovely brother is thrust into prominence, and everything else must be made subordinate to him.

If one should suggest a thought that might not be embraced in his self-defined law, he is up in arms, crying, "*Danger*; the craft is in danger." Such a man sees nothing but himself, loves self, works for self. He never thinks of a sacrifice for the good of the cause or the glory of God. He is never better satisfied than when in the midst of confusion. No matter how Churches are destroyed, fellowship broken, and the cause bleeding, that so he can have the credit of saving something from the wreck. But let no one be surprised; there was such a man in olden times, and his posterity is legion. Diotrephes (3 John, 9) was his name, and he has bequeathed his spirit to his descendants. Let us draw a little more closely, and look at the modern Diotrephes.

1. He is a very conscientious (?) man. His favourite argument is, that he cannot conscientiously do or submit to certain things, but he loses sight of the fact that anybody else has a conscience.

Yet there is no device to which he will not resort for the accomplishing of his ends, even to the sacrifice of those who have treated him as a friend. Yea, he will even take advantage of that very friendship to seek the destruction of the friend for his own elevation. He is *conscientious* (?)—yes, very. He will, to show that he is acting from principle, tell how good the friend has been, but principle is above everything else (?).

There were certain things which the Apostle John desired the Church of which Diotrephes was a member to do. Diotrephes, in all probability, had his conscience aroused on the occasion. It is very possible that he questioned the principle involved. He did

not know but that the Apostle John was interfering with their Church independence, or the method of doing what was required did not suit him, therefore he was sincerely and piously and bitterly opposed to any such proceeding. The man who is all the time parading his conscience as the excuse for making trouble in a Church needs to have his conscience enlightened.

2. This modern Diotrophes is also like his ancient ancestor in that he is very fond of talking, and his special effort is in his private intercourse with the members. Oh, how he does love to talk to them! He wants to carry his point, and the grass grows upon no path leading to them until he has marshalled his forces. Nor is this the worst of it. His talk is apt to be spiteful and malicious. He carries with him a large supply of gall, and he is exceedingly skilful in its use; by open accusation, by gentle insinuation, by fervent demeanour, by pious tone, by a marvellous love for the Church, he seeks to elevate himself and to depreciate and injure others.

3. Again, this brother is often disrespectful and severe when his own plans are in danger of defeat. Sometimes a pastor is cut to the quick by his malicious and unfeeling accusation. The Apostle John is regarded as the most lovely and inoffensive of the Apostles, and yet Diotrophes of old, because he loved to have the pre-eminence, refused to receive the Apostle John, and persisted in prating against the beloved Apostle with malicious words.

Let no pastor be discouraged. If so prominent and lovely a man as John received such treatment, the preacher in modern times need not be disappointed at a similar experience.

4. But this Diotrophes is very selfish. We are told that in olden times he refused to do certain things himself, and forbid those who would have done them. He put himself before the Church, before the Apostle John, and before the Lord Jesus Christ. He was so fond of pre-eminence that he made it his god, and he would have sooner destroyed the usefulness of the Church than submit to the will of others. Oh, is it not a sad thing that there are men who would sooner ruin everything good in a Church, and wreck, so far as they are capable, the cause of Christ, than yield to the will and the opinion of others?

We cannot but believe that there is wisdom in the providence which permits the existence of such men in the Church, but it requires an immense deal of faith to accept such a statement. Several questions arise.

1. Is such a man as Diotrophes a Christian? It is not for man to judge, and yet we may frankly say that where a man regards himself and his opinion as more important even than the peace of the Church and the prosperity of God's cause,

there is very great reason to fear that he is in the gall of bitterness and in the bonds of iniquity. We do not hesitate to say that there are men to-day who occupy high positions in the Churches, who, we fear, are the enemies of Christ and children of the wicked one.

2. What is to be done when a Church is afflicted with such a member? Yes, what? Well, the first thing to do is to pray. If God should send upon the Church a blessed revival of religion, it might melt the heart of this ambitious brother and make him humble; but the hope is not well grounded, for we have known men who in the midst of a revival feared that their influence would be destroyed, and went immediately to work to break up the meeting and to prefer their own pre-eminence.

It seems to us that the one thing to be done is, for the membership of the Church, as such, to stand boldly for the right and for the truth. If the large number of the members of any Church are being led by one man at his will, it becomes important that they should ask themselves the question, whether after all they are not doing wrong, either as to their method or their spirit. Love should reign in the Church. There should be candour and openhanded dealings and frankness and humility. When in the Church of Christ the methods of political intrigue are introduced in order to accomplish certain ends, it is time to call a halt, in order that the carnal tactics of such self-conceited, troublesome hypocrites may be exposed.

Perhaps some suspicious reader is saying, "Do you mean *me* in the above?" Not unless it fits you. If it does, you are the one meant. "If I am the one meant, did you write this with the hope that it would do me any good?" No, we did not. Diotrephes lived and died Diotrephes, so far as we know; and we have no instance of the reformation of such. The object is *rule or ruin*, and so it is. Ruin all opponents first; a failure in that, then ruin the Church; and if that fails, he ruins himself. No, Diotrephes, we do not expect to do you any good, rather we shall incur your displeasure more; your insulted dignity will be poured forth in a more bitter and vindictive strain; you know you are meant, and you know that other people will know that you are described, and you will only have your wrath stirred the more. But we do hope to be of use to those who have lost all thought of glorying in self and only seek to glorify God. We say to such, Are you cursed with a Diotrephes? Go to the good Lord in prayer; ask Him to bring to nought his counsel, and to turn to good all his evil. At the feet of the Master is a safe retreat from all foes. Do not pay railing for railing. The Lord hath said, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay." Follow, with

faith in Him, where the Lord leads, and all is well. The Lord may for a time permit such men to be a scourge to His Church as a chastening for indolence, formality, self-confidence, time-serving, and creature exaltation, but judgment *will* come, and that most justly.—*Selected.*

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## THE CONFLICT OF DESIRE.

*“When I would do good, evil is present with me.”—ROMANS vii. 21.*

I WOULD both meek and patient be,  
Like the dear Lamb of God;  
But pride's rank weed springs up in me,  
And this procures the rod.

I would be watchful, and would wait  
At all times on my King;  
But oh, how oft my careless state  
Does grief and sorrow bring!

I would love Jesus day by day,  
And sit at His dear feet;  
Yet sometimes wander far away  
Where sin and folly meet.

I would in God's own Word delight,  
And meditate therein;  
Yet am encompassed with the night  
Of ignorance and sin.

I would resigned, submissive be  
To all His sovereign will;  
And still rebellion troubles me—  
Oh, that I could “be still”!

I would be trustful, and would cast  
My cares upon the Lord;  
But unbelief still holds me fast,  
Discrediting His Word.

I would look up with single eye,  
Where grace does e'er abound;  
Yet oft look down some help to spy  
Where help cannot be found.

I would desire on Christ to lean,  
Lean on Him as my Friend;  
Yet something often comes between,  
And then my comforts end.

I would the Holy Spirit's might  
Should ever crush within,  
By His own sacred love and light,  
The power and strife of sin.



## A YOUNG DISCIPLE.

THE HISTORY OF CALEB VERNON, WHO DIED NOVEMBER 20TH, 1665, AGED TWELVE YEARS AND SIX MONTHS.

(Continued from page 182.)

*November 16th.*—The morning appeared calm and sunshine, contrary to expectation, which gave him great pleasure, and he was very impatient to go. A person said in his hearing that, at the place where he was to be baptized, an aunt of hers had been stoned by the soldiers upon a similar occasion, but this by no means discomposed him, and he appeared to be humbly and composedly trusting in the Lord, and resolved to do His will.

Soon after noon he was placed in a coach, lent by a friend for the occasion, accompanied by his father and mother. Two other coaches, besides many persons on foot, followed. When arrived at the place, with his brother, who was to be baptized with him, he found himself much refreshed, having partook of some food by the way. Whilst he was getting ready, his father spoke to the company from Acts xxi. 14, "And when he would not be persuaded, we ceased, saying, The will of the Lord be done." He took this opportunity to relate all the measures which had led to this event, and proved that the ordinance of believers' baptism was the will of God. He spake of the command for it, of its signification, and of the ends proposed in it, expressing his desire that his sons might find it the communion of the death and resurrection of Christ; that they might so put Him on, that they might thenceforth be, as it were, new dyed with Christ, and walk in newness of life. Caleb being ready, was carried down into the water to the administrator, who received him into his arms: feeling him so light, as he was reduced to a mere parcel of bones, the minister felt somewhat alarmed, but Caleb, addressing him, said, "I am not afraid." He was very speedily and conveniently baptized, and was received by his father, who was standing with a warm blanket, in which he was immediately wrapped. As soon as he could speak, he said, "I am very well, father." About half an hour after he sat up very cheerfully, and solemnly returned thanks to God before them all, for assisting such dry bones in His service, alluding to the dry bones of the house of Israel, mentioned by Ezekiel. He likewise prayed earnestly for Zion, desired the repairing her waste and desolate places, and particularly that they who had on that day, and lately, put on Christ, might stand fast, and never bring any dishonour upon such a holy profession.

Being placed again in the coach to return home, he manifested great happiness and delight, rejoicing in the goodness of the Lord, who had enabled him to perform His will. And addressing

his father, said, "Now it will be seen that God is greater than man." On the way he took some refreshment, and appeared better than for several days before, telling his parents that "he had very great joy in communion with God coming out of the water, but was not able to express it, as his breath failed him from some water going into his mouth," which he pleasantly said, "he had forgotten to shut." When arrived at home, he was laid in the bed, and throughout the remaining part of the day experienced no return of his fits, a circumstance which was now become very unusual. Some friends, at his desire, supped in the room, to whom he said, "Now I hope Mr. B—— (meaning the person who objected most to his baptism) will be convinced that the power of God is greater than the wisdom of man;" adding, "I was never so well in my soul in my life, and I am better in my body for being baptized." During the night, he again told his father and mother "he thought he saw the glory of God when he came up out of the water, and was very sweetly refreshed, though he was not able to express it."\*

*November 17th.*—This day was appointed by the congregation as a day of thanksgiving, on account of the mercy of God manifested in restoring upwards of fifty of them from the plague, and in adding more than twenty to the Church, such as it was hoped should be saved, to repair the breach made by the death of twenty-eight members by this destructive malady. Some of those who had recently joined the Church were the children of the surviving members, which occasioned to their parents pleasure similar to what the Apostle John felt, when he said, "I have no greater joy than to see my children walking in the truth."

Mr. Vernon attended this meeting, with the design to gratify the Lord's afflicted remnant with the account of Caleb being so

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\* The anxiety which he had felt to be publicly baptized, and to be united with his friends in Church communion, was not, as is too often the case now-a-days, the effects of pride, and the result of man's persuasion; on the contrary, doubtless from right and kind motives, his relatives and advisers did all they could to deter him from his purpose, but humbling grace constrained him, though, to all but himself, his physically weak and prostrate condition seemed an insurmountable barrier. Taken from a warm bed to a cold baptistry, might, as his friends feared, cause sudden death, and then what a charge would have been brought against the administrator, and what a stigma would have been cast upon this little community! But nothing would move this young convert from his fixed determination to do what he desired before he died. And this, not because he thought any part of his soul's salvation depended upon it. No, he desired it not to secure righteousness, but to show his obedience. With matured faith and manly courage he was enabled to go through it, and God honoured him with His felt presence and blessing. Neither he nor the cause of Christ sustained injury, nor were his friends' fears realized. On the other hand, all were "not a little comforted."

much revived, and so happy since his baptism. But on the same day God was pleased to check their joy, and prevent their being lifted up, in renewing a fresh sentence of death upon him, by his general indisposedness and inclination to fainting, so that his mother feared he would have departed. She had, indeed, apprehended that he was worse in the morning, and asked Caleb if his father should stay with him; to which he replied, "No, mother, I had rather he should go about the work of the Lord; and he desired his father that he might be prayed for, that as he had put on Christ, so he might grow up in Him among His people." After Mr. Vernon was gone to the meeting, he lay for some time as if he was dying; and Mr. B——, the physician before mentioned, coming in, said, he thought his time was drawing on, and that there would be very little alteration seen in him till he died. But about noon, he suddenly revived, to the great admiration and joy of his mother, to whom he said, "I am pretty well, but troubled with shortness of breath." He now desired to dine with his mother and sister, and eat heartily. Addressing his mother, he said, "I have resigned myself to the Lord, and life or death are alike to me, but my greatest trouble, if I should die now, is the scandal that I am afraid will be cast on my father and mother, by the world which lieth in wickedness, who will say, they have killed me by having me baptized; whereas I am not the worse, and I know if I die now, I should have died if I had not been baptized." He added, "I am willing to live, if it please the Lord, that I might serve Him among His people." When his father returned in the evening, he found him, as he thought, drawing near his end, but on applying some refreshing medicines, with the Lord's blessing, he was so much restored, that he became cheerful and able to converse. His father asked him, "whether he was not sorry he had been baptized?" He answered, "No; I would not but have been baptized for all the world. I am sure I have got no hurt by it; but have been very ill to-day." His father then asked him if he now thought he should recover? "I know not," said he, "I have resigned myself to God, and He is able to restore me." At his desire, his father prayed with him, and commended him to the Lord, leaving him very cheerful. He had but little rest during the night, and in the morning told his mother that he had been twice dying, but desired his father might be told he was still alive. When his father came to him, he found him in a sweet composed frame, and desirous of conversing. "Father," said he, "how doth the world lie in wickedness! Wisdom now calls to her children, 'How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity, and fools hate knowledge?'" He added "I find myself greatly comforted in God; I was once without Him, and now see what was my danger if God had cut the thread

of my life. I wish now to warn others, and do good whilst I live." At breakfast-time he enlarged upon the sure mercies of God to his soul, praised Him for enabling him to do His will, and for the tenderness of his parents towards him; begged the Lord would not suffer it to go unrewarded, and that if his life was spared, he might be enabled to acknowledge it; and admired the divine goodness that he should have a tender Father in heaven, and affectionate parents on earth, in such a condition.

His father now told him the congregation had condescended to appoint a Church meeting with him that evening, that he might have the privilege of enjoying the Lord's supper, that to the eye of his faith, Jesus Christ might be evidently set forth, crucified before him for his consolation. He heard this with great thankfulness, and said he would lie still to preserve his strength for that purpose. When the time arrived, his father spoke briefly from John x. 9, "I am the door; if any man enter in, he shall be saved." Caleb sitting up in his bed, attended with much diligence, partook of the elements with great reverence, and humbly desired thanks might be returned to the congregation for the love and care which they had manifested.

*November 19th.*—This being the first day of the week, his father stayed at home with him, and enlarged upon the latter part of the words which he had spoken from the evening before, namely, "And shall go in and out, and find pasture." From this Scripture Mr. Vernon enlarged on many things connected with a person's going out of himself, the world, &c., and entering in by Christ as the door, and what he found in Him to feed upon, especially upon the new covenant in Christ's blood. When he concluded, Caleb said, "God hath comforted me greatly with what hath now been spoken." Going comfortably to rest, he desired he might not be interrupted by company, saying, "he would keep his strength till the next day, when he expected some friends to pray with him in his chamber, and he hoped to be benefitted by it."

(*To be continued.*)

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THE sun in the firmament shines only in the day-time, but the Sun of Righteousness shines in the night, in the night of desolation and affliction (Psa. cxii. 4).—*Thomas Watson.*

It is not the nature of our sins, nor their number, nor their aggravations, can hinder our pardon and salvation, since a sacrifice of immense value has been offered to God for their atonement. He who is the "mighty God, is mighty to save; able to save even to the uttermost;" so that no guilt is so great, but the death of the Son of God is sufficient to atone for it.—*Brine.*

## THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

THOSE that God loves best, are usually tempted most; witness David, Job, Joshua, Peter, Paul; yea, and Christ Himself, who, as He was beloved above all others, so He was tempted above all others. He was tempted to question His Sonship; He was tempted to the worst idolatry, even to worship the devil himself, to the greatest infidelity, to distrust His Father's providence, and to use unlawful means for necessary supplies; and to self-murder. Those who were once glorious on earth, and are now triumphing in heaven, have been sorely tempted and assaulted. It is as natural and common for the choicest saints to be tempted, as it is for the sun to shine, the bird to fly, the fire to burn. The eagle complains not of her wings, nor the peacock of his train, nor the nightingale of her voice, because these are natural to them; no more should saints of their temptations, because they are natural to them. "Our whole life," says Austin, "is nothing but a temptation." The best men have been most tempted, therefore hold thy peace.

Secondly. Temptation, resisted and bewailed, will never hurt you nor harm you. Distasted temptations seldom or never prevail; so long as the soul distastes them, and the will remains firmly averse against them, they can do no hurt; so long as the language of the soul is, "Get thee behind me, Satan," the soul is safe. It is not Satan's tempting, but my assenting; it is not his enticing, but my yielding, that mischiefs me. Temptations may be troubles to my mind, but they are not sins upon my soul, whilst I am in arms against them. If thy heart trembles and thy flesh quakes when Satan tempts, thy condition is good enough. If Satan's temptations be thy greatest afflictions, his temptations shall never worst thee nor harm thee; and therefore, if this be thy case, hold thy peace.

Thirdly. Temptations are rather hopeful evidences that thy estate is good; that thou art dear to God, and that it shall go well with thee for ever, than otherwise. God had but one Son without corruption, but He had none without temptation. Pirates make the fiercest assaults upon those vessels that are the most richly laden; so does Satan upon those souls that are most richly laden with the treasures of grace, with the riches of glory. Pirates let empty vessels pass and repass without assaulting them; so does Satan let souls that are empty of God, of Christ, of the Spirit, of grace, pass and repass without tempting or assaulting them. When nothing will satisfy the soul but a full departure out of Egypt, from the bondage and slavery of sin, and that the soul is firmly resolved upon a march for Canaan, then Satan, Pharaoh-like, will furiously pursue after the soul with horses and chariots,

that is, with a whole army of temptations. Well, a tempted soul, when it is worst with him, may safely argue thus—"If God were not my Friend, Satan would not be so much my enemy. If there were not something of God within me, Satan would never make such attempts to storm me. If the love of God were not set upon me, Satan would never shoot so many fiery darts to wound me. If the heart of God were not towards me, the hand of Satan would not be so strong against me." When Beza was tempted, he made this answer, "Whatsoever I was, Satan, I am now in Christ, a new creature, and that is it which troubles thee. I might have so continued long enough, ere thou wouldst have been vexed at it; but now I see thou dost envy me the grace of my Saviour." Satan's malice to tempt is not sufficient ground for a Christian to dispute God's love upon; if it were, there is no saint on earth that would quietly possess the Divine favour a week, a day, an hour. The jailer is quiet when his prisoner is in bolts; but if he be escaped, then he pursues him with hue and cry. You know how to apply it. Men hate not the picture of a toad; the wolf flies not upon a painted sheep; no more does Satan upon those he has in chains; therefore hold thy peace, though thou art inwardly tempted, as well as outwardly afflicted.

Fourthly. Whilst Satan is tempting thee, Christ in the court of glory is interceding for thee. "And the Lord said, Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat; but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not" (Luke xxii. 31, 32). Satan would fain have been shaking him up and down, as wheat is shaken in a fan; but Christ's intercession frustrates Satan's designed temptations. Whenever Satan stands at our elbow to tempt us, Christ stands at His Father's to intercede for us: "He ever liveth to make intercession." Some of the learned think that Christ intercedes only by virtue of His merits; others think that it is only done with His mouth; probably it may be done both ways, the rather because He has a tongue, as also a whole glorified body, in heaven; and is it likely that that mouth which pleaded so much for us on earth, should be altogether silent for us in heaven? Christ is a Person of the highest honour; He is the greatest Favourite in the court of heaven. He always stands between us and danger; if there be any evil plotted or designed against us by Satan, the great accuser of the brethren, He foresees it, and by His intercession prevents it. When Satan puts in his pleas, and commences suit upon suit against us, Christ still undertakes our cause; He answers all his pleas, and non-suits Satan at every turn, and in despite of hell He keeps us up in the divine favour. When Satan pleads, "Lord, here are such and such sins that Thy children have committed;

and here are such and such duties that they have omitted ; and here are such and such mercies that they have not improved ; and here are such and such ordinances that they have slighted ; and here are such and such motions of the Spirit which they have quenched," divine justice answers, "All this is true : but Christ has appeared in their behalf : He has pleaded their cause ; He has fully and fairly answered whatever has been objected, and given complete satisfaction to the utmost farthing ; so that here is no accusation nor condemnation that can stand in force against them." Upon which account the Apostle triumphs in Romans viii. 34, "Who is he that condemneth ? it is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again ; who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." Christ's intercession should be the soul's anchor-hold in time of temptation. In the day of thy temptation, thou needest not be disturbed or disquieted, but in peace and patience possess thine own soul, considering what a Friend thou hast in the court of glory, and how He is most active for thee, when Satan is most busy in tempting thee.

Lastly. All temptations that the saints meet with shall work much for their good ; they shall be much for their gain. The profit and advantage that will redound to tempted souls by all their temptations is very great.

Now this will appear to be a most certain truth by an induction of particulars.

First. By temptations God multiplies and increases His children's spiritual experiences, the increase of which is better than the increase of gold. In the school of temptation God gives His children the greatest experience of His power supporting them, of His Word comforting them, of His mercy warning them, of His wisdom counselling them, of His faithfulness joying in them, and of His grace strengthening them. "My grace is sufficient for thee" (2 Cor. xii. 9). Paul never experienced so deeply what almighty power was, what the everlasting arms of mercy were, and what infinite grace and goodness were, as when he was under the buffetings of Satan.

Secondly. All their temptations shall be physical ; their temptations shall be happy preventions of great abominations. "Lest I should be exalted ; lest I should be exalted" (2 Cor. xii. 7), is twice in that one verse ; he begins with it, and he ends with it. If he had not been buffeted, he might have been more highly exalted in his own conceit, than he was before in his ecstasy. Ah ! tempted souls, you say you are naught, very naught, but had it not been for the school of temptation, you might have been quite naught before this time. You say you are sick, you are even sick to death ; why your sickness had before this time killed you, had not temptations been physical to you. You

are bad under temptations, but, doubtless, you would have been much worse had not God made temptation a diet-drink for you.

Thirdly. Temptations will much promote the exercise of grace. As the spring in the watch sets all the wheels going, and as Solomon's virtuous woman set all her maidens to work, so temptation sets faith on work, and love on work, and repentance on work, and hope on work, and holy fear on work, and godly sorrow on work. As the wind sets the mill at work, so the wind of temptation sets the graces of the saints going. Now faith runs to Christ, now it hugs a promise, now it pleads the blood of Christ, now it looks to the recompense of reward, now it takes the sword of the Spirit. Now love cleaves to Christ, now love hangs upon Christ, now love will fight it out to the death for Christ. Now hope flies to the horns of the sanctuary, now hope puts on her helmet, now hope casts her anchor upon that within the veil. Grace is never more acted, than when a Christian is most tempted. Satan made a bow of Job's wife, of his rib, as Chrysostom speaks, and shot a temptation by her at Job, thinking to have shot him to the heart; *Curse God and die*: but the activity of Job's graces was a breast-plate that made him temptation-proof. The devil tempting Bonaventure, told him that he was a reprobate, and therefore persuaded him to drink in the present pleasures of this life; "For," says he, "thou art excluded from future joys with God in heaven." Bonaventure's graces being active, he answered, "No, not so, Satan. If I must not enjoy God after this life, let me enjoy Him as much as I can in this life."

Fourthly. By temptations the Lord will make you more serviceable and useful to others. None so fit and able to relieve tempted souls, to sympathize with tempted souls, to succour tempted souls, to counsel tempted souls, to pity tempted souls, to support tempted souls, to bear with tempted souls, and to comfort tempted souls, as those who have been in the school of temptation. "Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort: who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God" (2 Cor. i. 3, 4). By temptations God trains up His servants, and fits and capacitates them to succour and shelter their fellow brethren. "One tempted Christian," says Luther, is more profitable and useful to other Christians, than a hundred," I may add, than a thousand, "that have not known the depths of Satan, that have not been in the school of temptation." He that is master of arts in the school of temptation, has learned an art to comfort, to succour, and gently to handle tempted and distressed souls infinitely beyond what all human arts can reach unto. No



doctor equal to him that has been a doctor in the school of temptation ; all other doctors are but illiterate dunces to him.

Fifthly. It is an honour to the saints to be tempted, and in the issue to have an honourable conquest over the tempter. It was a great honour to David, that he should be put to fight hand to hand with Goliath, and in the issue to overcome him ; but it was a far greater honour to Job and Paul, that they should be put to combat in the open field with Satan himself, and, in the close, to gain a famous conquest over him, as they did. It was a very great honour to David's three mighty men, that, in jeopardy of their lives, they brake through the host of the Philistines, to bring water to David out of the well of Bethlehem, and did effect it in spite of all the strength and power of their enemies, though it were to the extremest hazard of their blood and lives ; but it is a far greater honour to the saints to be furnished with a spirit of strength, courage, and valour, to break through an army of temptations, and in the close to triumph over them ; and yet this honour have all the saints. "But God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able ; but will with the temptation, also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it" (1 Cor. x. 13). "And the God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly" (Rom. xvi. 20). "I write unto you, fathers, because, ye have known Him that is from the beginning. I write unto you, young men, because ye have overcome the wicked one. I write unto you, little children, because ye have known the Father. I have written unto you, fathers, because ye have known Him that is from the beginning. I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one" (1 John ii. 13, 14). "We know that whosoever is born of God, sinneth not" ; that is, that sin that is unto death, or he sinneth not as other men do, delightfully, greedily, customarily, resolvedly, impenitently ; "but he that is begotten of God, keepeth himself, and that wicked one toucheth him not" (1 John v. 18). The glorious victory that the people of God had over Pharaoh and his great host, was a figure of the victory that the saints shall obtain over Satan and his instruments, which is clear from Revelation xv. 3, where we have the song of Moses and of the Lamb ; but why the song of Moses and of the Lamb, but to hint this to us, that the overthrow of Pharaoh was a figure of the overthrow of Satan, and the triumphal song of Moses was a figure of that song which the saints shall sing for their overthrow of Satan ? As certainly as Israel overcame Pharaoh, so certainly shall every true Israelite overcome Satan. The Romans were worsted in many fights, but were never overcome in a set war ; at the long run, they overcame all their enemies ; though a

Christian may be worsted by Satan in some particular skirmishes, yet, at the long run, he is sure of an honourable conquest. God puts a great deal of honour upon a poor soul, when He brings him into the open field to fight it out with Satan; by fighting he overcomes, he gains the victory, he triumphs over Satan, and leads captivity captive. Augustine gives this reason why God permitted Adam at first to be tempted, that he might have had the more glory in resisting and withstanding Satan's temptations. It is the glory of a Christian to be made strong to resist, and to have his resistance crowned with a happy conquest.

Sixthly. By temptations the Lord will make His people more frequent and more abundant in the work of prayer. Every temptation proves a strong alarm to prayer. When Paul was in the school of temptation, he prayed thrice, that is, often. Days of temptation are days of great supplication. Christians usually pray most when they are tempted most; they are most busy with God, when Satan is most busy with them; a Christian is most upon his knees when Satan stands most at his elbow.

Augustine was a man much tempted, and a man much in prayer. "Holy prayer," says he, "is a shelter to the soul, a sacrifice to God, and a scourge to the devil."

Luther was a man under manifold temptations, and a man much in prayer; he is said to have spent three hours every day in prayer; he used to say, that prayer was the best book in his study.

Chrysostom was much in the school of temptation, and delighted much in prayer, "Oh," says he, "it is more bitter than death to be spoiled of prayer; and hereupon," as he observes, "Daniel chose rather to run the hazard of his life, than to lose his prayer."

Seventhly. By temptations the Lord will make His people more and more comformable to the image of His Son. Christ was much tempted, He was often in the school of temptation; and the more a Christian is tempted, the more into the likeness of Christ he will be transformed. Of all men in the world, tempted souls do most resemble Christ to the life, in meekness, lowliness, holiness, heavenliness. The image of Christ is most fairly stamped upon tempted souls. Tempted souls are much in looking up to Jesus; and every gracious look upon Christ changes the soul more and more into the image of Christ (Heb. xii. 1, 2; 2 Cor. iii. 18; Heb. ii. 17, 18). Tempted souls experience much of the succourings of Christ; and the more they experience the sweet of the succourings of Christ, the more they grow up into the likeness of Christ. Temptations are the tools by which the Father of spirits does more and more carve, form, and fashion His precious saints into the similitude and likeness of His dearest Son.

Lastly. Take many things in one. God by temptations makes sin more hateful, and the world less delightful, and relations less hurtful. By temptations God discovers to us our own weakness, and the creature's insufficiency in the hour of temptation to help or to succour us. By temptations God will brighten our Christian armour, and make us stand more upon our Christian watch, and keep us closer to a succouring Christ. By temptations the Lord will make His ordinances to be more highly prized, and heaven to be more earnestly desired.—*Brooks.*

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### OLYMPIA FULVIA MORATA.

OLYMPIA FULVIA MORATA, an Italian lady, was one of the earliest and brightest ornaments of the Reformation. She was brought up in the Court of Ferrara, under a very eminent and learned father, who was preceptor to the young princes of that house; and she formed a very particular intimacy with the princess, their sister, being both of the same age, and both educated together. Her literary abilities astonished every one; for she could declaim in Latin, converse in Greek, and was a critic in the most difficult classics. But divine grace afforded her far more valuable accomplishments than these. Upon the death of her father, the affairs of his family necessarily called her from court; and about this time a learned physician of Germany, a Christian man and a Protestant, made his addresses, and married her. With him she retired from Italy, and upon seriously and diligently reading the Scriptures, to which she had formerly been a very great stranger, it pleased God, not only to convert her from Popery to Protestantism, but likewise to translate her "from the kingdom of darkness, into the kingdom of His dear Son." From henceforth all her joy was in that superior learning which, beyond the minute objects of time and sense, consists in the knowledge and enjoyment of eternal and divine concerns. To this effect she wrote to the princess, her fellow pupil and friend—"When, by the particular goodness of God, I was delivered from the idolatry of my own country, and had retired with my husband into Germany, the change made by His grace upon my heart, could I express it, might seem almost as incredible to you, as it is astonishing to me. The dislike which I once had to the Scriptures, from which I had been kept, and been taught to keep at the greatest distance, was turned into the greatest delight and pleasure I had in the world; and now my soul is principally engaged in this most blessed study. Here, I may say, is my happiest and sweetest comfort. My thoughts, my industry, my concern, are fixed upon this object; so that the world, which once I too fondly admired, and all its

joys and pursuits, which then employed and took up my time, are become not only indifferent, but even contemptible to me."

The end of such a life was answerable to its beginning. After much trouble and danger from the wars, then carried on in the empire, she at last settled with her husband at Heidelberg. Here it pleased God to call her from the world. Her joys upon the views of this change were as extraordinary as the troubles of her life which preceded it. She was almost distressed when her friends indulged any pressages of her recovery; and told them that the Lord had pleased to give her a short course, but full of agitations and troubles; and that she could not desire to return to them again now that she seemed so near the port. Upon being asked whether she had any doubts upon her mind respecting her spiritual state, she answered, "For these last seven years, during which I have known God, and embraced His truth, I have seldom been free from some assault or other of Satan against my faith and hope, but now, as though his darts were expended, he troubles me no more in this respect; nor have I any other impression at present on my soul, but an inexpressible peace and tranquillity with God, through Jesus Christ." She expressed herself without a doubt upon her state as a child of God. A little before her departure, waking out of her slumber, she looked with a smile of unusual cheerfulness and affection upon her husband; and upon his asking her the cause, she replied, "Oh, I have now had a view of my rest in a most delightful and excellent place, shining with glory and brightness, altogether unutterable." Upon her husband telling her she had reason, indeed, to look so happy, since in a very little space her spirit would fully enjoy all she had been seeing, she had only strength to answer, with a smile of the utmost complacency and delight, "I am nothing but joy, but now I know you no more." It was all she could speak, before she was graciously dissolved to be with Christ. She died at Heidelberg, in October, 1555, and only the twenty-ninth year of her age.

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THOUGH all men seek, more or less, to recommend themselves to God's favour by their works, yet "to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness."

WHENCE is it that the doctrines of special election, of efficacious grace in regeneration and conversion, of justification by the imputed righteousness of Christ, and of the infallible perseverance of the saints, though so clearly revealed and so strongly proved in the Word of God, are, notwithstanding, so generally denied, opposed, and ridiculed? Because they give all the glory to God, and will not allow man so much as to boast a little.—*Sladen*.

## LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR JAMES,—Remembering that this is your birthday, I would express to you my best wishes, that the God of your father may be *your* God and Guide, even unto death. And it is my ardent desire that you may know how frail you are, not in body only, but that every power of the soul is ruined by the fall, so that, under felt necessity, you may flee to the Strength of Israel for refuge from the wrath to come, and for wisdom to direct you in *all* matters. See David's charge to his son Solomon (1 Chron. xxviii. 9). Say not, "If I am not elected, it is of no use for me to seek." That is as much as to say, "Depart from us, we desire not the knowledge of Thy ways." "*Secret* things belong unto the Lord, but those that are revealed unto us and to our children." And those things are to be found by true seekers in His most Holy Word, and it declares that such never sought in vain; and that, "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved;" and that He "will give His Holy Spirit to them that ask Him," that Spirit that maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of God. And if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us. The serpent-bitten Israelites in the wilderness were directed to look unto the brazen serpent, and life attended every look. See what the great Antitype said about it (John iii. 14—21); and may the Lord bring these things home to your soul with divine power, and make you sit at His feet as a little child, in earnest prayer to be taught of Him who is "able to make you wise unto salvation" by His Word, "through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

I can only leave you with Him who "searcheth the hearts, and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts"; knowing, "If thou seek Him, He will be found of thee; but if thou forsake Him, He will cast thee off for ever."

That yours may be the better portion, is the earnest prayer of your fond mother,

*Walsall, August 22nd, 1877.*

M. E. GREGORY.

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THE god which ignorant men, and such as are not instructed by His Word and Spirit, do serve, is not the true God, but an idol and fancy of their own.—*Hildersam.*

THAT God goes on daily to purge our corruption out of His true members. He is continually about, cleansing them one way or other. [He purgeth it.] The leper, in the old law, when his leprosy began but to heal, was pronounced clean, because then he went on still to heal, and his leprosy to shale off.—*Goodwin.*

# ANGLICAN NUNS.\*

## STARTLING STORIES.

WE have always regarded Father Ignatius—or Abbot Ignatius, as he now calls himself—as an intensely earnest, but intensely wrong-headed man, who is altogether unfitted to command, because he could never learn how to obey. So mild is the episcopal oversight now exercised by the bishops, as compared with the arrogant prelacy of Laud and Sheldon, that, had they been living a hundred and fifty years ago, it is certain that there would have been no Methodist schism; and had they been living at the Restoration, it is highly probable that there would have been no secession on Black Bartholomew's Day. Father Ignatius, however, is a law to himself, and to such others as can be brought directly under his influence. Of late certain eminent churchmen, whose Protestantism is unquestionable—as for example the Bishop of Rochester and Archdeacon Farrar—have been bitten by the idea of the establishment of brotherhoods and sisterhoods in the Church of England, whose members shall be committed for a term of years, or for life, to vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. Many years ago Father Ignatius seized hold of the same idea, and has diligently worked it out. Very opportunely a lady, who has spent seventeen years in convents over which Father Ignatius has had more or less control, has published her experiences. We cannot, of course, vouch for the details of the story told by Sister Mary Agnes, O.S.B., but in its main outlines it shows every mark of truthfulness; and the lady possesses a written testimonial of the very highest character from the Lady Superior of the convent at Feltham, where she formerly resided. Her book, moreover, though dealing deadly blows at the conventual system, shows no animus against Father Ignatius himself; on the contrary, it shows that its authoress still regards him with respect and even with affection.

## THE WORK OF FATHER IGNATIUS.

Mr. Lyne, to give him his proper name, is chiefly known to the people of London by his occasional preaching expeditions, mainly conducted in halls which are beyond episcopal jurisdiction. His discourses are so intensely evangelical, that he disarms the opposition of not a few Low Churchmen and Nonconformists. His missionary expeditions, however, are usually remunerative, for his intense earnestness leads not a few devotees to contribute liberal gifts

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\* "Nunnery Life in the Church of England: or, Seventeen Years with Father Ignatius." By Sister Mary Agnes, O.S.B. Price 3s. 6d. post free from E. WILMSHURST, Blackheath, London.

towards his works at Llanthony. How is the money expended? Sister Mary Agnes declares that sometimes, at high functions, as much as £60 is expended in costly exotic flowers to adorn the altar, and that bottles of Eau de Cologne are poured thereon, "to waste for Jesus Christ," in absurd imitation of the woman who brought a precious alabaster box of ointment. If these things are so, it is high time that the Charity Organization Society called upon Father Ignatius to produce a balance sheet. The alleged waste of money, however, is a trifle to the waste of energy in weary round of infinitesimal duties and vigils. And this in turn is a trifle to the terrible anathemas of this self-constituted Pope, who submits to no authority but his own, and to his abominable rules of obedience, which compel gently nurtured women to be literally walked over as doormats by those who enter the sacred precincts of the abbey church over which he presides. Sister Mary Agnes does her utmost, out of respect to Father Ignatius, to avoid making any attack upon him; but, if her testimony is true, it is almost impossible to wholly acquit him.

#### CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

According to the statements of Sister Mary Agnes, the Pharasaic spirit fostered by the conventual life sometimes takes the most repulsive form of inhuman cruelty. To the child victim—and to ourselves also—it makes not the slightest difference whether the torturer is a brute sodden with drink, or a Mother Superior adorned with a crucifix. We commend the following story to the attention of Mr. Benjamin Waugh, the children's champion:—

"I remember well two dear children, Ada and Alice. They were sent to the convent by their father, a tradesman in Hereford, who doubtless thought it a great privilege to have them there. Alice was only three or four years of age. Mother — had charge of them, and she would lash them both with the 'discipline' for the most trifling offences." A 'discipline' is a knotted whip of seven cords, and this infernal instrument of torture was frequently applied to a child under four years of age by a "holy!" Mother Superior. "I often found little Alice holding her arms and crying, and would say to her (if no one was near to hear me) — 'What's the matter, darling?' She would hold up her little red arms and sob, 'Mother — gave me the splin' (the child was too young to say discipline). Little Ada, too, would constantly be carried to her cell, which was next to mine, and there laid on the bed, and lashed on her bare flesh by Mother —. . . Once, being in my cell, I heard this Mother scolding Ada dreadfully for touching the ink, and spilling a little. (Poor child! She had been trying to write a letter to her father, whom she worshipped.)

The Mother then made this dear child lie down, and gave her seven lashes with the 'discipline' on her bare flesh—in all 49 cuts. Later in the day I went to look at the table, expecting to find it spoilt, but there was only one spot of ink on it about the size of a pea."

If this story be true, we can only express our regret that this child torturer has not been subjected to the discipline of six months' hard labour in the Monmouth county jail.

### THE FLOGGING OF WOMEN.

Mother — is, after all, only a natural product of the conventual system. According to the account of Sister Mary Agnes, the Lady Superior (quite a different person from Mother —) was quite as bad. She writes :—"It was quite a common thing to have our ears boxed by the Lady Superior. In consequence I became quite deaf in one ear, and consequently was often unable to hear the orders given me. One day I was coming down from nones, and the Mother commanded me to stay where I was, and not to return to work, and then said, 'You have got the devil in you, and I am going to beat him out.' I was commanded first to strip. I saw the 'discipline' with its seven lashes of knotted whipcord in her hand, and I knew that one lash given was in reality seven. Now, my first thought when commanded to strip was, 'I can't,' then I began to strip to the waist, but when I came to my vest, shame again overcame me. 'Take that thing off,' said the Mother Superior. I replied, 'I cannot, reverend Mother; it is too tight.' The nun who was present was told to help me to get it off. The Mother then ordered the nun to say the 'Miserere,' and while it was recited she lashed me several times with all her strength. . . . Even three weeks after she had disciplined me I had a very sore back, and it hurt me greatly to lie on it (our beds were straw put into sacks). There was a looking-glass in the room I now occupied, and I looked to see if my back was marked, as it was so sore. Never shall I forget the shock it gave me. I turned quickly away, for my back was black, blue and green all over."

We commend this story to the special attention of the Bishop of Rochester and Archdeacon Farrar, who are quite old enough to know that slaves make tyrants; they will observe, if they will read the book, that the only crime of the victim was that she knew that the "Mother Superior" was a "desecrated virgin," *i.e.*, had been honourably married at the altar of the Church of England, and had a child. The miserable tyrannies of conventual life are no new thing in the Church of England; it is almost a generation ago that a Sister in an Anglican Sisterhood testified



in a court of justice that she had to lick the floor of a convent for some trifling offence. But when Protestants like Canon Farrar and Dr. Thorold openly advocate the establishment of communities of men or women, it is time to ask whether they have duly considered that the inmates thereof almost inevitably become crushed slaves or cruel tyrants, alike offensive to the sweet reasonableness of Christ ?—*Echo, June 6th.*

### WEIGHTY SAYINGS, BY THE LATE COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

THE servants of God should be as bold for their Master, as the servants of the devil are for theirs.

O Lord, what I give Thee doth not please Thee, unless I give Thee myself. So what Thou givest me shall not satisfy me, unless Thou give me Thyself.

O Lord, who givest grace to the humble, give me grace to be humble.

He loves God too little, who loves any thing with Him which he loves not for Him.

So speak to God as though men heard thee; so speak to men as knowing God hears thee.

We should meditate on Christ's cross till we are fastened as close to Him as He was to the cross.

By how much Christ made Himself the more vile for us, by so much the more precious He should be to us.

He who takes up Christ's cross aright, shall find it such a burden as wings to a bird or sails to a ship.

It is a great honour to be almoner to the King of heaven. To give is the greatest luxury. How indulgent, then, is God, to annex future rewards to what is so much its own recompense.

To be libelled for Christ is the best panegyric.

Where affliction is heavy, sin is light.

Sin brought death into the world, and nothing but death will carry sin out of it.

The best shield against slanderers, is to live so that none may believe them.

He who avenges an injury acts the part of an executioner; he who pardons it acts the part of a prince.

Why are we so fond of that life that begins with a cry and ends with a groan?

Men do not generally feel sin to be a curse; men may easily say, "We have erred and strayed like lost sheep, &c.," but there is a wide difference between the repeating of the words, and the feelings they are supposed to convey.



"LOOKING AT HIS DEAR WIFE WITH NEW EYES, NEW VIEWS,  
NEW THOUGHTS." (See page 228.)

### “IS ANYTHING TOO HARD FOR GOD?”

By the providence of God, I was directed to W—— to preach the Gospel. On the Monday, after having spent the Lord's Day with the people, my wife and I were taking a walk just without the town, when, observing a rather ancient but pleasant house, surrounded by a garden, we could not but admire the beauty of the situation. While thus occupied, I perceived two women walking in the garden. One of them approached, and kindly desired us to enter, and walk round it. The invitation was accepted, and we remained there for half an hour or upwards. Spiritual conversation was introduced by a remark made by the friend who introduced us into the garden. “There is,” she said, “something of the hand of God to be seen even in creation.” This served me for a text, and from it I began to preach. We fell at length into spiritual discourse, and became as well acquainted as though we had known each other for several years.

Of this little walk and interview with one of the Lord's dear people, in so unexpected a way, I often thought and spake of with pleasure. This house, I found, was put under the care of a man and his wife, the latter of whom was one of the persons who invited us into the garden. Several times since my first visit I have been called to spend the Sabbath at W——, and as I generally stay two or three days, I have usually called here before I have left the town, and have found the discourse truly profitable.

Upon discoursing with the good woman, I soon found that she was one that had been chosen in the furnace of affliction; and in a furnace so tremendously hot, that my very heart ached to hear the relation. Her trials arose from an ungodly man—her husband—whose conduct towards her was hardly to be exceeded in cruelty, unless he had murdered her outright. It did not appear that he had any dislike to her either as a woman or a wife, but perceiving God had called her by His grace, and blessed her with irreversible blessings, had favoured her with the earnest of heaven in her soul, and given her that peace in believing that none can give but Himself, and when given, none can take away; and finding the reverse in his own mind, namely, the earnest of hell in his conscience, and a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation which shall devour the adversary; instead of being provoked to a holy jealousy, and seeking an interest in the same grace, he madly flew in the face of Omnipotence, and fought more like a fiend than a man both against God and his dear wife, for the Lord's sake. As an evidence of this and in proof of the state of his mind, I shall relate the following anecdotes concerning him.

When at breakfast, or taking tea, he would often rise without any provocation, or assigning any reason for what he was about to do, and dash all the tea-things to pieces, and break everything in his way. At times he would exclaim, "What is the Lord, and what do I care for Him? He has never done anything for me," &c. At one time in particular, she had made the place clean and comfortable on the Saturday, and, as usual, on the Lord's Day morning went to chapel. While she was absent, he was employed in devising means to provoke her, if possible, to swear, which if he succeeded in, he thought he should be happy. In order to accomplish his object, he scattered a quantity of filth over the room that she had taken much pains to make neat and clean; then taking a pair of his very dirty shoes, he endeavoured with them to grind it into the boards, and thus to make the room in which they were to dine as filthy as a pigsty. When he had done this he took his seat in the same room, and waited her return, hoping to reap the fruit of his labour. After the conclusion of the service she returned home. I was as eager to know the result as he had been while sitting and waiting. "Well," said I, "how did it operate on your mind when you saw the room?" She replied, "The moment I entered I looked round it, but felt no more resentment against him than I do now against you. My heart sank, and my bowels yearned over him. I said to myself, 'Poor creature! what a state his poor mind must be in to be thus employed!' I did not ask why he had done thus, but got some water and cleaned it as well as I could; after which I got the dinner ready, which was a small piece of roast meat. According to my custom, I carved, and cut him the nicest piece I could find, adding to it gravy. &c. I said, 'My dear, have you got what you like?' In an indifferent way he made an answer, 'Yes;' but just before he took up his knife and fork he burst into tears, exclaiming, 'Surely never, never in all this world was there such another woman as you, or such a man as I am! I have been labouring to the utmost to put you out of temper, and provoke you to speak unadvisedly with your lips, and, if possible, to make you swear. But oh,' continued he, 'is it possible that you can have any esteem or regard for me?' 'My dear,' said I, 'it is not possible that I can do any other than love, pity, and pray for you.' After repeatedly asking her forgiveness, she replied, "My dear, you are forgiven by me, but oh, may you remember that the sin is not so much against me as against God. May He be pleased to enable you to ask forgiveness of Him." This passed over, and at length wore off, but still he remained the same man.

"Some time after this, coming in one evening, he asked for something—I think it was his slippers. I said, 'I will get them

for you directly.' Going across the room to fetch them, he gave me a violent blow on the side of the head, which forced me against the wainscoat, after which I fell to the ground, when he instantly took up a knife, and with imprecations too awful to be uttered, swore he would drive it into my heart up to the very haft. I think this shook my whole frame so powerfully that I did not get over the shock I then felt for more than a year.

"Such was my life for full thirteen years, till at last I thought I must give him up, and pray for him no more, for I thought he was assuredly a lost man. I had not long come to this conclusion before a portion of Scripture struck my mind, which rather encouraged me, and incited me to renew my prayers."

Just as the case became lost to her, God took it up. Our extremity is generally God's opportunity. By one single stroke was this Goliath brought down—not to receive the wages of his sin, but to be made a miracle of sovereign grace, which took place in the following way. Very shortly after this, God laid him upon the bed of affliction, and he became dangerously ill. She informed me that several persons belonging to the meeting where I occasionally preached, went to see him, prayed, and discoursed with him, but all apparently to no purpose. At length the Rector of the parish, a very worthy man, and one that loves to go about doing good, hearing of his illness, paid him a friendly visit, and talked to him in a very affectionate but plain manner, after which he offered up an extemporary prayer. Before he departed, he presented Mr. B—— with half a dozen tracts, addressing him thus: "Perhaps, my friend, while lying on your bed, when free from pain, you may be able to read one or two of these tracts, which when you have done, if you should find any of them any way useful, when I come again I will bring you some more." This exhortation was attended to, and in reading one, entitled, "The Prodigal Son," did God effect this wonder of wonders. In this glass he clearly saw his own face, and before God, acknowledged, "I am the man." He covered not his sins by excuses, or vain promises of amendment on condition God would spare him, but cried for mercy in the name of Jesus. His anguish for a time was great, his tears were many, but the hope of mercy and salvation soon began to dawn upon his soul; the consequence was, he wept and rejoiced, he sighed and sang, he groaned and he triumphed. Looking at his dear wife with new eyes, new views, new thoughts, he knew not how to forgive himself, though forgiven of God.

Still continuing very ill, when lifted in and out of bed, his first cry was, "Where are my tracts?" (especially alluding to the Prodigal) which being carefully placed under his pillow, he was

satisfied. At length God mercifully restored him to his health, and made him a living witness for the truth of His Word, that our Jesus is *mighty to save*, and also for the power of His Gospel ; for which reason we are not ashamed of it, seeing it is the power of God to our salvation.

This pleasing news I heard something of about a year ago, but having been lately called again, by the providence of God, to W—, I made it my business to repair to the house, and see both Mr. and Mrs. B—. The interview I had with these dear people yielded great satisfaction to my soul, and, I hope, will never be forgotten by me.

As the Lord has been pleased to call me to labour in word and doctrine for the glory of His name and the good of His Church ; not only by labouring publicly (which He has made it the delight of my soul to do), but, like Paul and others, privately from house to house, endeavouring to convey the savour of His name in every place, which is a part of my high calling as a minister ; and in which employ I have found as much pleasure and advantage, and as much the sensible approbation of God as in anything I was engaged in : when, therefore, in the pursuit of this duty, I hear anything worth relating, I make it a point not to keep it secret, but according to my Lord's example, to publish it upon the house-tops ; especially when I can say, as I truly can in this case, "I speak that which I do know, and testify that which I have seen."

G. FRANCIS.

## THE EFFECTS OF GRACE UPON ITS RECIPIENTS.

### FROM "LIGHT SHINING IN DARKNESS."

WE are sanctified by the Spirit of God, who reveals God's secret purposes of grace to us, and applies the great atonement to the conscience ; and who, by His powerful operations, regenerates and renews us, which is called "the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost." Under these operations the soul is cleansed, renewed, and the faculties of the soul are turned to God ; the will submits and chooses the better part ; the whole heart relents, and repents towards God, and becomes soft, broken and contrite ; the mind begins to be heavenly, and to mind heavenly things. Such have life and peace ; the affections go after God, and are placed above, and the conscience acts an honest and just part for God.—*Huntington*.

[This is certainly the doctrine of the Gospel of Christ ; for if grace does not make its recipient gracious in spirit, of what value can it be ? (See Eph. iv., 20 to 32).—Ed.]

## A SERMON BY MR. WILLIAM TIPTAFT,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL AT ABINGDON, BERKS. WRITTEN AT  
THE REQUEST OF A FEW FRIENDS DURING HIS LAST ILLNESS.

*"Beloved, let us love one another : for love is of God ; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God."*—1 JOHN iv. 7.

MY brethren, in this dark day of profession it is a mercy to be well exercised as to what our own state is before God. We have never-dying souls ; there is no escaping death and the judgment day. What is my own state ? And I would appeal to you. What is your own state individually ? Could you meet death ? Have you a particular sort of religion, that you have bought in the fire ? The many are on the broad road, and the few on the narrow. If you can tell what God has done for your soul, look at others around you—how dark, and blind, and ignorant of all real religion. Where grace is, what a wonderful difference it will make ! No salvation without grace.

The Apostle John was a great advocate for the precious gift of love, called charity in 1 Corinthians xiii., which is love. Whatever religion, however, great professors may make, they would not be in heaven without that great gift, love. Paul says, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maran-atha." What a very great distinction is made between those who love Christ and those who love Him not ! No man can have this precious gift of love without having the Spirit of God.

John says, "Beloved, let us love one another : for love is of God ; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God." The great doctrine of the new birth is here set forth—so little preached in this dark day of profession—and yet no man can be saved, except he be born again. Christ preached the new birth to Nicodemus, three times in five verses, and yet how many Church people and Dissenters do not hear it preached so often in a year ! Christ says, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again." How few comparatively of those who profess religion know really the new birth ! Such can say what God has wrought by grace on their souls, but not many wish to hear about it. Such preachers are called narrow-minded who contend for the great change. If they are to be in heaven they must be made fit for heaven, and they cannot be without having an experimental knowledge of divine things. "Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof : from such turn away." Toplady gives a particular description of a minister of truth ; they are scarce now, but such would preach

the new birth ; his remarks are searching for bishops and Dissenting masters of colleges, if they had life in their souls. Top-lady says, as to what is wanted, "A sufficient degree of Gospel light and knowledge, an ardent love of souls, and a disinterested concern for truth, a competent measure of ministerial gifts and abilities, and above all, a portion of divine grace and experience, a saving change of heart, and a life devoted to the glory of God, are essential pre-requisites to an evangelical discharge of the sacred function."

John says, "Beloved, let us love one another." To whom amongst you can the word "beloved" really belong? "For love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God." Who amongst you profess to know such a religion? You must have the Spirit before you can have the fruits of the Spirit; love is a precious fruit. What a particular account John gives, chapter i. 12, 13, "But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name: which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." No relationship can bring about this great work, no man can do the least himself, nor can ministers or teachers without the power of God, and whether Jews or Gentiles, they were all dead in sins. "And the Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved." "And as many as were ordained to eternal life believed." Those who were born of God, and blessed with a true faith, such received Him, and "to them gave He power to become the sons of God." How sovereign is God's power, and He will have mercy on whom He will have mercy: those who are born again and really know it. Now ministers of the truth may say, "Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God."

"Poor sickly nature wants  
A portion here below,  
For earthly food she pants,  
And what the mines bestow;  
No spark of heavenly love is found  
Till grace manures the barren ground."

My brethren, those destitute of this precious gift, love, must certainly perish. How the apostle speaks of praying for the Ephesians, for he had heard of their faith in the Lord Jesus and love to all the saints; and the Colossians, he and Timothy prayed for them, when they were blest with faith in Christ and love to all the saints. Those of you who are blest with such a religion, are you thankful to be interested in the prayers of God's ministers? Can you speak of such a religion that commends itself to the real saints? You need the love as well as the faith;



if you have no love, your religion will come to nothing. John warns them of the many false prophets, and they were to try the spirits, and so it will be to the end of time, many blind leading the blind, and but few preaching the glorious Gospel. The dead professors do not like to hear how few have a religion of the right sort, that will stand when the world is in a blaze; those that separate the precious from the vile, as ministers of Christ, will be hated and despised. It is the truth that offends.

My brethren, John says, "Beloved, let us love one another." Paul, in Hebrews x. 24, 25, says, "And let us consider one another to provoke unto love and good works: not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is; but exhorting one another; and so much the more, as ye see the day approaching." In the Acts of the Apostles, what love and liberality were manifested! "Great grace was upon them all." John says, "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren;" and also, "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren. But whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" John speaks as if real love will surely produce fruit. James draws the same conclusion: "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 to the body; what doth it profit?"

"Where self prevails and nature reigns,  
The hand will grasp its own till death;  
But gracious men forego some gains,  
To show and recommend their faith.

"In Jesus' footsteps let me tread,  
And not depend on Gospel talk,  
But by His loving Spirit led,  
Adorn the Gospel by my walk."

You here present, who profess to be amongst the beloved, such as John addresses, do you love the brethren, and can the brethren love you, and are you anxious to be blest more and more with the experience Hart describes?

"We pray to have our faith increased,  
And, O celestial Dove!  
We pray to be completely bless'd  
With that rich blessing, love!"

If you are so highly favoured as to wish love increased, you will have it tried in various ways, and where there is real love

all such are included in God's covenant, they experience the new birth, and also are interested in various characters, in which God is described in His Word to His people. Those who profess to be born again stand on a high ground of profession; you profess to know what real repentance is, real faith, real love, and real prayer, and to be blest with the fear of God, for "the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and He will show them His covenant." You profess to know about a divine calling, and your election, Christ's righteousness imputed; having the fruits of the Spirit, you are manifested as God's people: "By their fruits ye shall know them." Christ says, John xiii. 35, "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another." How many have their heads well furnished with Gospel mysteries, yet at the same time destitute of that precious fruit, love! A grain of that love is worth more than all the gold in the world in the eyes of a child of God, whose soul is blessed, so that he can sing the 103rd Psalm—

"Love all defects supplies,  
Makes great obstructions small;  
'Tis prayer, 'tis praise, 'tis sacrifice,  
'Tis holiness, 'tis all."

Berridge says, "The more we feel our own misery, the more we learn to value Jesus; and the more we see of Him, the more we trust in Him; and the more we can trust Him, the more we shall love and obey Him. To know Jesus was the top of Paul's ambition, and is the joy and crown of each believer; it is the pinnacle of human glory, and according to the Lord's own account, it is eternal life."

Berridge was a preacher in the Church of England last century; not many such preachers now, either in or out of the Church; the Spirit's work on a sinner's soul is too little preached.

My brethren, John says, "Beloved;" will that word apply to you, as it did to the Thessalonians? "Knowing, brethren beloved, your election of God, for our Gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance." What a wonderful difference in receiving the Gospel in word only, and receiving it in hearts prepared by God, as the Thessalonians did! It might be profitable to be well exercised as to how you received it—if you were called with a holy calling—are you received by God's children as beloved brethren? because they know your election by your calling. May you bless God for what you know of the truth, having experienced its power? If you can really speak of such a religion, you are highly favoured, and may you be more and more grateful for such divine blessings. You will not like to hear ministers who would rob Christ

of His glory ; those rightly taught will like to hear ministers speak of what they have tasted, felt, and handled, and they like to hear how very vile and sinful man is by nature, knowing that you are debtors to restraining grace as well as saving grace.

Brethren, the beloved are represented by John as wishing to love one another, and that gift is of God. "Ye yourselves are taught of God to love one another," says the Apostle Paul, and such are born again and are brought to know God. Peter contends earnestly for this precious gift, love. "And above all thing have fervent charity among yourselves, for charity shall cover the multitude of sins." In preaching from these words last spring to a large church in Sussex, where divisions were, they having lost their aged pastor, I told them I felt nothing in my breast against any one respecting receiving the Lord's Supper. What a searching verse is the last in Matthew xviii. : "So likewise shall my heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother their trespasses." O Lord, make me right and keep me right in religious matters ! Paul says, "For our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, we have had our conversation in the world, and more abundantly to you-ward."

My brethren, do you profess to know God ? "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth, for the Father seeketh such to worship Him." Are you among the true spiritual worshippers ? Are you brought to know Christ and the Spirit's teaching in your soul, and do you know, if you stand not in Christ in the great day, God will be to you a consuming fire ? Can you call God your Father ? If you can, I hope that you are very grateful ; and can you, as sensible sinners, knowing your own wicked hearts, say, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God. Therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew Him not" ? Have you been blest with the Spirit of adoption ? Do you know that you were redeemed by Christ from under the law "that you might receive the adoption of sons, and because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father." Do you know the forgiveness of sins and communion of saints ? Can you say with Newton—

" Lord, make us truly wise,  
To choose Thy people's lot,  
And earthly joys despise,  
Which soon will be forgot ;  
The greatest evil we can fear  
Is to possess our portion here " ?

What great love the Apostle Paul had for Christ, and how he earnestly prayed that the Ephesians might be favoured in a similar manner! He prayed "that God would grant them, according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man; that Christ might dwell in their hearts by faith; that they, being rooted and grounded in love, might be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that they might be filled with all the fulness of God." Paul was more anxious that they might be rich in faith and love than with worldly honours and riches. My brethren, are you anxious that God's people might love one another more, and do you long that such a blessing might rest upon you? Love is of God; do you pray fervently for it? Such are born of God and know God. Can you say that you believe that He has put His fear in your hearts, as such a treasure? What a very great mercy to be so rich with God's great blessing! Will God hear and answer your prayers? Has He been a kind and merciful God to you many years in this wilderness world? Have your afflictions been sanctified and proved blessings, so that you could find that it was through fire and water into a wealthy place? Many of God's people have great trials in temporal things. Mr. Huntington says that the *poor* children of God see both sides of God's face, whilst those who are in easy circumstances, who fear God, can only see one, as a God of grace. Those who will be in heaven must go *through* much tribulation, and not round it; those in the furnace know it has been good for them to be afflicted; there are more blessings than can at first be seen. How we murmur and fret and then submit; What a precious gift is patience! When our souls are blest there is no murmuring about the past, nor fretting about the future. It is a great mercy to have a grain of godly sincerity, as if we were anxious to go to heaven whatever trials and troubles might attend our path. In Hebrews xii. 14, we read, "Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." I have wished to have that holiness, whatever it might be. "Buy the truth, and sell it not." What is bought in the fire is valued. It is a particular religion to have the heart and tongue together. The Lord will work and none shall hinder. Having the heart fixed on Christ must be God's work.

"Thy sweet communion charms the soul,  
And gives true peace and joy."

Those whose affections are fixed on Christ have a particular religion. Many can talk about it, but so few can tell what God has done for their souls. Very many want to hear of a smooth

and easy path to heaven, for they know that they are "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." You here present that can say that you are not condemned as loving the pleasures and profits of this life more than God, give grace the praise, when you can say "the love of Christ constraineth you" in such trials, snares, and temptations. Paul says, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." And he also says, "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." What a very great mercy to have the least evidence of this love of God!

"The Father's love in this we find,  
He made His Son our sacrifice,  
The Son in love His life resign'd,  
The Spirit of love His blood applies."

What blessings and mercies God bestows upon vile worms like ourselves! "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly. O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee." "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble; and He knoweth them that trust in Him." "But let all those that put their trust in Thee rejoice. For Thou, Lord, wilt bless the righteous; with favour wilt Thou compass him as with a shield." "I know that the Lord will maintain the cause of the afflicted, and the right of the poor." You know what love you have for God, and what love He has for you. "He will keep the feet of His saints," and "precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." It shall be well with the righteous; many are their afflictions, "but the Lord delivereth them out of them all." My brethren, if you can prove yourselves real saints, what blessings belong to you! Have you that hope Paul describes, "which maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in your hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given to you," "We love Him because He first loved us." "Not unto us, O Lord, but unto Thy name give glory, for Thy mercy and Thy truth's sake."

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FAITH never goes beyond Christ, neither does it ever stop short of Christ.—*Ormiston.*

## A YOUNG DISCIPLE.

THE HISTORY OF CALEB VERNON, WHO DIED NOVEMBER 20TH,  
1665, AGED TWELVE YEARS AND SIX MONTHS.

(Concluded from page 211.)

*November 20th.*—He was very comfortable in the morning, and breakfasted cheerfully with his father and a friend. During prayer, he attended very reverently, and appeared to be much filled with the love of God; oftentimes saying to his mother, "God loves me, mother," and sometimes, "I love the Lord."

In the afternoon he said to his sister, who was about seven years of age, "Mary, come hither; have you got any good by being prayed for to-day?" She answered, "I hope I have." To whom he replied, "Mary, if you were to die now, what do you think would become of you?" "I do not know," said the little girl. "But," said he, "it is your great concern to follow God that you may know," enforcing the advice with several observations. This conversation, it was conceived, led his sister to be very thoughtful, and to ponder his sayings in her heart.

After supper, he earnestly prayed that "God would strengthen him, His poor creature, that he might never be ashamed to confess Him before men, whoever they were, and that his parents might be helped to resign him up to God."

*November 21st.*—He was much grieved during the day at being disturbed with the noise of his little brothers and sisters, saying, the Word of the Lord saith, "To him that is in affliction, pity should be showed by his friends, but you take the ready way to hurt me." After supper, he exclaimed, "Oh, the sweetness of the love of God! Did you experience it as I do, you would esteem it more than all the pleasures you can enjoy." And addressing the little ones, he said, "Oh, my dear sisters, I long to see you converted! Oh, think of the damned in hell! Seek the righteousness of Jesus Christ, and make sure of the love of God; what will you do upon a sick bed without it? Oh, my dear sisters, my bowels yearn for you; I hope, I am sure of the love of God; and if I die this night, I shall go to the Lord, and be with Him for ever. Oh, that you knew the sweetness of the love of God as I do! Christ will make you 'fair without compare.'" Calling to mind some verses of Mr. Charles, he repeated the following:—

"If comeliness I want,  
His beauty I may have;  
I shall be fair without compare,  
Though crippled to my grave.

“ And if above it all,  
To Christ I married be,  
My living springs, O King of kings,  
Will still run fresh in Thee.”

*November 22nd.*—He was happy throughout the day, thankfully owning the supports he had received from God, and earnestly praying, if it was the Lord's will, to serve the Lord faithfully in his generation. To his parents he said, “God is very good to me indeed; the Lord loves me, I am sure. Oh, how am I refreshed! but if God was not my God, what should I do now?” On his mother asking him in the evening how he had been, he said, “Indeed, mother, I have been supported very much to-day. Oh, this is a troublesome world, a vain world! I can now triumph over death; God hath enabled me. I would not now be without what I enjoy for the world.” He afterwards mentioned these Scriptures: “Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend,” &c.; and “Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours.”

*November 23rd.*—He complained of some weakness in his body, but said he was strong in God. At breakfast with his father, he said, “Oh, father, God freely supports me; I would not be without the love of God now for all this world. If I die now, I hope I shall meet with you in heaven, which is best of all.” His father said, “Dost thou think thou shalt die?” He answered, “I cannot tell, father, but I expect it, for I have resigned myself to God.” While his bed was making, he found it troublesome, his bones almost piercing through his skin; he uttered an impatient word, which he had not done before, saying, “It is better now for me to die than to live.” His father said, “Nay, child, be not weary of the Lord's hand, who hath done such great things for you.” Caleb felt the reproof, and earnestly prayed that he might be pardoned for the rash word he had spoken, humbly begging more patience, that he might be kept from repining, and owning the great goodness of the Lord to him, His poor unworthy servant.

*November 24th.*—This morning he was rather cheerful, but eat little for breakfast, on which he said, “I do not live by bread alone.” He conversed at different times very spiritually, and manifested great resignation to the will of God. After a fainting fit, he praised God as his God, who had dealt wonderfully with him, and said he would trust in Him, repeating Psalm xciii. 26, “My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.” At night, taking leave of his mother, he said, “Good-night, I will go to sleep in Jesus.”

He continued much the same on the next day, but on the 26th he was greatly afflicted in his mind for having, as he thought, disobliged his father. Addressing his mother, he said, “Mother,

will God charge the temptations of the devil upon me?" She answered, "No; being not consented to, they were not his sins, nor would they be charged upon him." On being asked what temptation he had been exercised with, he replied, "To curse God, and die, but," said he, "I have resisted it." But still he lamented his disobedience to his father, saying he thought it would grieve him whilst he lived. His mother sought much to comfort him, and his father coming in soon after, he told him of his sin and trouble. On his father assuring him that he was not displeased, he recovered his cheerfulness, and acknowledged very sensibly the great goodness and mercy of God as his God.

*November 27th.*—He was much revived this morning, and earnestly prayed that he might be enabled to resign himself to God; yet desired, with submission, that he might live, and warn others to serve Him; that he might follow God fully while he lived. He expressed great thankfulness for the support he had received, and prayed that they might be continued, especially to his soul, to the praise of the Lord.

*November 28th.*—He was very weak to-day, and not willing to eat. In the night, after a fit of coughing, he said, for the first time, "Now I think I shall die." He consented that his father might be called about three in the morning, and said to him, "Father, God be with you; I am going now." Observing him to weep, he said, "Father, do not weep, but pray for me; I long to be with God." He desired his father to pray with him, and seemed to join fervently in his petitions. His mother entering the room, he said, "Farewell, dear mother, now I am going;" and to a friend, "Farewell, dear sir." Afterwards he was in much distress from the phlegm almost choking him; and thinking his father was about to give him some medicine, he exclaimed, "Oh, father, what shall I do?"—but immediately lay back, and looking up, said, "God—God," endeavouring to say more, but expired. Thus he yielded up his spirit into the hands of that Saviour whom he had loved and trusted, the 29th of November, 1665, when he was twelve years and six months old.

#### CONCLUSION.

Thus, reader, you have been informed of the tender mercy of God manifested towards a child, who experienced the truth of that gracious declaration, "I love them that love Me; and those that seek Me early shall find Me" (Prov. viii. 17). You have beheld the evidences of true religion. Having depended on the Saviour for life and salvation, he anon wished to regard His enjoined precepts. He did not call Him Lord! Lord! and not do the things which He said. He loved Christ, and kept His commandments, and in keeping them he had a "great reward" in



enjoying the pleasures of a good conscience. Recollect, reader, you too must die ; though you may only be a child, you may soon die ; and, in order to your dying happy, you must know experimentally what is meant by "repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ." Oh, that you may hear His words, "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near." Whosoever comes to Jesus Christ as this child did, "by believing," will never be cast out. Oh, that the Scripture which was made so useful to him, may rest on your heart and mind, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might ; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest."

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## THE PARABLE OF THE WHEAT AND THE TARES.

(MATTHEW xiii.)

It has been truly said that the first prophecy of the Bible is an epitome of the world's history ; the struggle between darkness and light, evil and good, Satan and Christ, the children of the wicked one, and the children of God ; conflict involving deep suffering, yet issuing in the final overthrow of evil and the evil one, and the triumphant glory of Jesus and His people. The serpent and all his devices crushed, and the Son of Man, the Seed of the woman, the Captain of salvation, made perfect through suffering and conquering by death. And when the Saviour was here, what a perfect knowledge He manifested of all the hostility that He should personally encounter, and the opposition that would be offered to His cause and interest in the world, while with equally perfect confidence He predicted the ultimate triumph not only of Himself, but of all those also who believe on His name.

The parable of the wheat and the tares is a marvellous picture, drawn by the Master-hand of the Divine Artist ; its lights and shadows, so true to life, so solemn and mysterious, only serve to heighten the glory of its most prominent feature—the joy that was set before Him, and the blessedness that awaits His people. "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Who hath ears to hear, let him hear."

This parable shows us a field—two sowers—two kinds of seed growing together for awhile, then separated for ever, the ripened wheat safely garnered, the developed tares ignominiously destroyed. This field is the world, where Jesus came to sow the Word of God ; and those who received into their hearts this living, immortal seed became children of God through faith in His dear Son. But very soon false professors began to appear, and Christ's servants wondered why they came among the true disciples, but the Master

explains beforehand the reason why, "This is the work of the enemy of God and man." The evil one, since he cannot root up the plants that the Lord's right hand has planted, tries to blight and choke them to the utmost of his power; like Balaam, who, when he could not curse the Israelites, corrupted them, and caused thousands to fall a prey to God's displeasure against their evil deeds, thus weakening the people he had no power to utterly destroy.

But why, when the servants discovered the tares, might they not root them up? The answer was, Lest they would root up the wheat with them; and this seems to imply, that not only might the true wheat be sometimes mistaken for the noxious darnel, but also that the two might often be so twined together, that the good grain might be torn asunder by the separation; so both were to grow together till the time of harvest, and then when both were fully developed, the work might be safely done.

What a solemn and suggestive picture of the Christian world to-day. That tares are growing amongst the wheat is obvious enough; the spirit of the world is far too evident for its presence to be ignored, and the principles of evil and error are found on every hand.

But when we come to *persons*, we are at once confronted by the Saviour's words, "Judge not, that ye be not judged"; and again, "Judge nothing before the time." Christ's personal disciples were ready enough for the uprooting work, as we find again and again, but they were not competent, neither are we. God will see to this Himself.

We may—we must—discern and discriminate between right and wrong, truth and falsehood; the Word of God must be our sure guide-book, and the Spirit of truth Himself our Teacher; but only "the Lord knoweth them that are His" with infallible certainty, until that great revealing day, when all that is now hidden shall be made known.

And thus our subject bids us examine ourselves, whether we be in the faith; and as we hear the Saviour's exhortation, we would breathe it back again in prayer to Him and say, "Search me, O God, and know my heart, try me and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

And how glorious is the prospect of the Church of God, when, separated from all false professors, and divested of all the frailties and imperfections that now cling to her, she shall be like her Lord, perfectly pure and bright, reflecting His glory, and showing forth His praise! May we share this blessedness, and, till He come, be found looking to and trusting in Him alone.

H. S. L.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF PAST EXPERIENCES.

*(Continued from page 154.)*

## A PROVIDENTIAL INTERPOSITION.

I HAD entered into business responsibilities with hopeful anticipations, although under some disadvantages. After doing my best for three years, I sold the business I then had, in order to take one in a small market town in another part of the country, where I hoped the prospects would prove more favourable. However, it was soon manifest that, speaking after the manner of men, a great mistake had been made. There was scarce enough business to pay rent and taxes.

As the weeks went on it grew more and more evident that ruin was staring me in the face. What to do I knew not. The only course open was to try and sell the business as speedily as possible. Many groans and earnest prayers for direction went up to the Lord. How could I find a customer? I could not deceive people as I had been deceived. Who would knowingly take a shop with next to no trade? One morning I had risen early and started for a walk before breakfast, full of trouble, despondency, and gloomiest forebodings. I had good cause to be sad. Having used all means at command in seeking to sell the business unavailingly, there seemed no way of escape. I felt overwhelmed with anxiety for the present and fear as to the future, and tried to pour out my heart to the Lord and lay my case before Him. Suddenly and most unexpectedly I was arrested by a word, which seemed to drop right into my heart, "A great door and effectual is opened unto me, but there are many adversaries." I paused and mused on the matter. All doors were closing fast. The word, however, came with an assurance that God would open another speedily, and I felt a strong conviction at the time that it would be in an entirely different direction. At least it indicated—and faith was strengthened to receive it as indicating—that a way would be made out of my difficulties, impossible as it seemed. But I knew all things are possible to Him, into whose hands I had many, many times sought to commit my cares. Very shortly after this the Lord (in a most remarkable manner) did send a customer, who agreed to take the business off my hands on the fairest terms. It was a wonderful answer to prayer. However, I was then face to face with another difficulty. When the transaction should be completed and our home given up, what to do, or where to go with my family, I knew not.

In coming to that place, I had been permitted to take a step which apparently led to certain ruin and disaster, and yet, as the sequel will show, the going there proved the first link in a chain

of circumstances which resulted in the most marked accomplishment of the Lord's purposes of mercy towards me.

### THE MINISTRY.

From an early age, my mind had been exercised about the ministry. These exercises grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength. For upwards of fourteen years, the thought of preaching scarcely ever left me night and day. I was, at the time I now refer to, nearly twenty-seven years of age, and, through natural diffidence, a deep felt sense of unworthiness, and a slight hindrance once put in my way, I had never even joined a Church. No one knew what was passing in my mind, and what I had gone through for many years, both in regard to spiritual trials, and also the ministry. The fear was almost always with me, that my feelings about the latter might merely arise from the "preaching fever," of which complaint I used to hear a good deal that I have since seen was quite true. It was at all events a constant petition with me, from the time I was fourteen years old, that I might never be permitted to run without being sent. When my soul was most favoured in prayer, meditation, or hearing, at such seasons I found thoughts of the ministry, and desires for it, most active in my mind. The burden of the word of the Lord grew heavier and heavier. At last I used to beg and entreat the Lord either to remove the burden or let me die. In those days there seemed no other alternative. Business trials, rendered very heavy by family responsibilities added to this weight of secret sorrow, bowed me down greatly.

When I removed to the country town referred to before, finding much encouragement from the minister there, I was constrained to be baptized. Soon after this took place, the word was applied, under the circumstances described in the preceding section, "A great door and effectual," &c. I could not but feel a secret persuasion at the time that it related to the ministry. Now my friend the pastor of the place where I had been baptized had won my confidence, and had learnt somewhat of the exercises of my mind; but I was very much surprised one day when, in the midst of the anxiety about the disposal of my business, he called upon me, with a request from his Church to speak for him the following Sunday morning. What to do I knew not. The circumstances were so peculiar, I could form no judgment on the matter. In seeking divine direction about it, there seemed no alternative but to go as requested, and leave it in the Lord's hand to manifest His will. I felt at liberty in begging, if it were *not* His will I should be a preacher of the Gospel, that He would graciously shut my mouth, show me my mistake, and *take the burden off my mind*. If the contrary were the case, I was helped

to pray He would make it very plain and clear by granting some special token of His approbation.

The morning came. With much fear and trembling, I ascended the pulpit in the little chapel. After reading and attempting to say a few words in prayer, I gave out my text. When I had spoken a few minutes, I began to feel confused and dark. Almost involuntarily, before quite stopping, I took out my watch to look at the time, expecting it would be about twenty minutes past eleven. It was five minutes to eleven! I resolved to tell the friends, when the sentence I was then uttering was concluded, that I must leave off, as I was unable to say any more, when it seemed to me as if a stream of light came pouring down upon me, and instead of stopping, I found myself proceeding with my subject, which was opened up to my understanding, and the Lord granted me such comfortable liberty in speaking, that when (after what seemed only a very short time) I again looked at my watch, I found to my astonishment, it was nearly twelve o'clock. This was the beginning of a very chequered and mysterious path, a few further details of which may follow, if the Lord will.

*(To be continued.)*

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#### A REMINDER.

A SHEPHERD had a flock of sheep,  
Some strong, some sick, some lame;  
His great concern was how to feed  
And nourish them the same.

The strong could always come to feed  
On hill, or dale, or glen;  
The sick and lame could not attend—  
Such food was not for them.

The Shepherd's love to all the sheep  
Was equal, good and kind;  
It grieved Him very much indeed  
When any lagged behind.

So anxious was He none should lie  
In helplessness to grieve,  
He took them food He had prepared  
Their spirits to revive.

Just so the pastor of a flock  
Not only seeks them food,  
But tries, by sympathy and prayer,  
To do his people good.

If any old or sickly be,  
And cannot walk or run,  
He takes some handfuls of the food  
And visits them at home.

## THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

As long as we live here, we are in a state of trial; and how many trials soever have been made upon us already, yet still there are more to come; and we know not what we shall prove in future trials, though God hath kept us upright in former trials. No, this is none of my meaning, nor doth such a conclusion necessarily follow this assertion, for a Christian that hath rightly closed with Christ at first, and been faithful in the duties of active and passive obedience hitherto, may be assured, upon good grounds, of a victory before he come to the fire of his remaining trials. So was the Apostle (Rom. viii. 35, &c.)—"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through Him that hath loved us." Here is an assured triumph before the combat. So Job xxiii. 10—"But He knoweth the way that I take: when He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." He appeals to God for the sincerity of his heart so far as he had hitherto gone in the way of religion, and thence concludes, that whatever trials God should bring him to for time to come, he should come forth as gold. And this confidence of a gracious soul is built not only upon experience gained in former trials, but upon faith in the power, promises, and faithfulness of God, which are engaged for him in the covenant of grace, to keep him in the greatest dangers that befall him in this world.

He believes the power of God is able to make him stand, though he hath no power nor might in himself to overcome the least temptation—"You are kept" (as in a garrison) "by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation" (1 Peter i. 5). When Christ hath once taken possession of the soul by His Spirit, He fortifies it by His power, as in a garrison; that, using the means, it be surprised or betrayed no more into the enemy's hand, so as finally to be lost.

He builds this confidence also upon the promises of God, which are as his security in future dangers; and how are all the pages of the Bible bespangled with such promises, as the firmament is with bright and glorious stars! Such are these of the first magnitude—"Christ shall confirm you to the end, that you may be blameless in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ. God is faithful, by whom ye are called unto the fellowship of His Son Jesus Christ our Lord" (1 Cor. i. 8, 9). And no less satisfying and sweet is that, "And I will make an everlasting covenant with them, that I will not turn away from them, to do them good; but I will put My fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from Me" (Jer. xxxii. 40). And of the same nature is that also,

"My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me, and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand" (John x. 27, 28).

If there be a hypocrite in sheep's clothing, he hath no part or lot in this promise; but it secures the whole flock of Christ, great and small, against danger.

He also builds his assurance upon the faithfulness of God, which stands engaged to make good every line, word, and syllable of His promises to His people: so we find in 1 Corinthians x. 13, "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, Who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." And 2 Thessalonians iii. 3, "But the Lord is faithful, who shall establish you, and keep you from evil."

Add to this the constant prevalent intercession of Christ in heaven for His people, in all their trials; and thus you will see a sincere Christian need not to deny himself the joy and comfort of his assurance, upon the account and supposition of his future trials.

Nor do we here suppose, in this assertion, that inherent grace in the saints hath a sufficiency of ability in itself to endure the greatest and severest trials that can befall it in this world. It is certain that it shall be carried safely through all, but not in its own strength and ability.

This is a true observation of the learned Gerson, *Perfectiones sibi relictæ sunt pondera ad ruinam*; the most perfect creature left to itself will fall into ruin. This was exemplified in the angels that fell; and in Adam, though in a perfect state. Divine preservation is the prop which supports the best creature from ruin. Grace itself is but a creature, and therefore a dependent being; it is but a stream depending upon the supply of the fountain; if the fountain let not forth itself, what becomes of the stream? That is a true and judicious observation of the learned Dr. Ames, *Amesii Coronis*, Art. 5. The perseverance of believers, or the immutability of their condition, if we view the whole ground and reason of it, is not wholly from within, or wholly from without itself; but partly from the nature of the spiritual life which flows from Christ into them, and partly from the keeping, protection, and direction of God. That protection is always offered to this life of grace; and this life of grace always needs that protection. The best of men are but men at best, as one speaks. It was not Peter's grace and resolution that kept him, but Christ's care of him and intercession for him (Luke xxii. 32). "Be strong in the Lord," saith the Apostle, "and in

the power of His might" (Eph. vi. 10). "Without Me," saith Christ, "ye can do nothing" (John xv. 5).

Neither of these is that which I have before me to prove: but this is that which I aim at, that such seeming grace as was never yet brought to the trial, nor will be able to bear the trial, when God shall bring it thereto, must not pass for current (as too frequently it doth) among us. Such grace will neither comfort us now, nor save us hereafter: for,

First. Great numbers of persons in the professing world are deceived and destroyed by trusting to seeming and untried grace. This was the miserable condition of those Laodicean professors in the text; they reckoned themselves rich, but were really poor. All is not gold that glitters; their gold (as they accounted it) was never tried in the fire. If a man's whole estate lay in some precious stone, suppose a rich diamond, how is he concerned to have it thoroughly tried, to see whether it will bear a smart stroke with the hammer, or fly like a Bristol diamond under it! All that you are worth lies in the truth and sincerity of your grace; and till that be tried, you know not whether you be worth anything or nothing.

Reader, there are two sad sights in the world, which cannot but deeply affect every upright heart: one is, to see so many thousands of rational and ingenious men in the Romish Church, by an implicit faith in their guides, venturing their souls upon their bare word, never searching the Scriptures with their own eyes, but wholly trusting to the infallibility of a Pope or a council; when, in the meantime, they would fear to take their word for a sum of money, without some farther security. It is amazing to behold the soul-destroying, easy credulity of those men; but this is a stroke of madness and spiritual infatuation, judicially inflicted upon them, that the judgment which is written might be fulfilled in them, "God shall send them strong delusions, that they should believe a lie" (2 Thess. ii. 11).

And yet more amazing is that stroke of God upon multitudes of vain and formal professors even in the Reformed Protestant Churches, where no man is restrained from searching the Scriptures; nay, where men are so frequently and earnestly pressed, from Sabbath to Sabbath, to examine themselves, and prove their own work, that yet so many are content to leave all at hazard, and without any more ado, or further search in the matter, credit the report of their own deceitful hearts, and take all for granted, without due trial or examination of the matter.

Surely, no one thing sends down more souls daily to hell out of the professing world than this does. The five foolish virgins (that is, the unprincipled professors in the Reformed Churches) perished this way; they took it for granted all was well, because



they had lamps of profession as well as others, and saw not the cheat till the cry was heard at midnight, and their unfurnished lamps went out (Matt. xxv.).

Secondly. The promises of [final] salvation are made over to tried grace, and such only as will endure the trial ; so James i. 12, "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation : for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him." We must be first tried, and then crowned. "If a man strive for masteries, yet is he not crowned, except he strive lawfully" (2 Tim. ii. 5). He manifestly alludes to the Roman games, to which there were judges appointed, to see that no foul play was offered contrary to the law for wrestling ; and where it was found, the crown was denied them. Not to him that sets forth in the morning, with resolution and gallantry, but to him that holds out to the evening of his life, is the promise made (Matt. x. 22), "He that endureth to the end shall be saved." So Romans ii. 7, "To them who by patient continuance in well doing seek for glory and honour and immortality, eternal life." And once more (Heb. iii. 14), "We are made partakers of Christ, if we hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end." So that if you should endure some few slighter troubles, and faint at last, give out when a closer trial befalls you, all your labours and sufferings are in vain. Sincerity and final perseverance are the conditions of all special promises.

Thirdly. Every man's graces and duties must be tried and weighed by God in the great day ; and if they cannot endure those lesser trials to which God exposes them now, how will they endure that severe and exact trial to which He will bring them then ? No man can search his own heart with that exactness in this world, as God will search it in the world to come.

I may say in this case to you, as the Lord spake to Jeremiah, chap. xii. 5, "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 ?" This was spoken to encourage the Prophet to constancy in his work ; and as if the Lord had said, "Oh, Jeremy, do the strivings of the men of Anathoth, thine own town, dishearten thee ? Pluck up thy spirits, and faint not ; there are harder trials than these that thou must undergo at Jerusalem ; these are no more to what is coming than running with footmen is to the contending with horses, or the passing a small rivulet to the swellings of Jordan."

To allude to this. If our graces and duties cannot bear these lighter trials ; if a little lift of prosperity, or lighter stroke of

adversity discover so much falseness, rottenness, pride, and selfishness in the heart ; if we cannot resist the motions of corruptions, but yield ourselves to obey sin in the lusts of it ; if we can neither keep our hearts with God in duties, nor mourn for our wanderings from sin ; if a few scoffs from wicked tongues, or trials of persecution from the hands of men, will cause us to faint in the way, and turn back from following the Lord, what shall we do when "He comes whose fan is in His hand, and who will thoroughly purge His floor" (Matt. iii. 12) ; Who will try every man's work as by fire (1 Cor. iii. 13) ; search the secrets of all hearts (Rom. ii. 16) ; weigh every man to his ounces and drachms ? Surely we can take little comfort in that which is so unable to bear the severe trials of that day that it cannot stand before the slighter trials of this day.

Fourthly. True grace is willing to be tried, and nothing is more desirable to an upright soul than to know his own condition. If, therefore, we shun the trial, and are loth to search ourselves, or be searched by the Lord, our condition is suspicious, and we can take little comfort in it. It was David's earnest desire (Psa. cxxxix. 23) that God would thoroughly search his heart and reins, and see if there were any way of wickedness in him. False grace is shy of God's eye, it cares not to be examined ; but this is the delight of sincere ones : "Every one that doeth evil hateth the light, lest his deeds should be reprov'd ; but he that doeth truth, cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God" (John iii. 20, 21).

The reason is plain why hypocrisy cannot endure to come to the touchstone and test ; for hypocrites, having a secret consciousness of their own guilt and unsoundness, know that by this means their vain confidence would quickly be confuted, and all their reputation for religion blasted. But oh, if men dare not stand before the Word, as it is now opened and applied by ministers, how will they stand when it shall be opened and applied in another manner by Jesus Christ ?

O professor, if thy condition be good, thy heart right, thou wilt desire to know the very worst of thyself ; and when thou hast made the deepest search thou canst, thou wilt still fear thou hast not been severe enough, and impartial enough to thyself. Nothing will give thee more content than when thou feelest the Word dividing thy soul and spirit, thy joints and marrow ; nothing so much comforts thee under or after an affliction as the discovery it hath made of thy heart. Thou wilt seem to feel with what affection those words came from the Prophet's lips, "But thou, O Lord, knowest me, Thou hast seen me, and tried my heart toward Thee" (Jer. xii. 3). Oh, what a refreshing sweetness will stream through

thy heart, and all the powers of thy soul, when thou canst make the like appeal to God with like sincerity! And certainly, without such a disposition of the spirit toward the trial of our graces we can have little evidence of the truth of them.—*Flavel*.

### LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

DEAR FRIEND,—You will be anxious to know if I received your favour, so I send by return to thank you both for your very kind letter, and likewise the ——. We have had a trying time indeed. Little did I think, when I saw Mr. — give you the right hand of fellowship at "G. H.," that I should so soon have to enter the furnace. Oh for the patience which you spoke of! There is no such thing in me by nature, but the reverse. How peevish, fretful, discontented, and hard-hearted have I been! Hard thoughts of God, with self-pity, have often taken hold of me. These, with darkness of mind, are a proof to me that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing. My dear friend, when one is afflicted, and the end of one's life apparently in view, and the heavens appearing as brass in one's sight, 'tis not so easy to say, "Thy will be done," as some would have us believe. The devil has insinuated to me from the beginning—methinks it *must* be he—that these things are for my destruction, and truly it appeared many times it was so. I have laboured under the fear of death, and for many weeks could only say, "Lord, have mercy on me. I know what I deserve, but deal not with me according to my sins."

But I will not weary you with my complaints, hoping you may press on towards the mark for the prize of your high calling of God, and follow on to know the Lord. May you find free and sweet access to the throne of grace, which I often long for. I am a strange being. I often seem in the state which I heard Mr. Tombs describe once, "with about enough light to see my darkness, about enough life to feel dead, and about enough knowledge to discover my great ignorance," especially in the things of God. May the Lord grant you and me the pardon of our sins, bless us with the grace of humility, and keep our feet from falling further and further into woe. Believe me to be,

Yours faithfully,

*South Stoke, Wallingford, April 20th, 1888.* W. COSTIFF.

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If you are not living dependent on Christ Jesus there is not a sin into which any one can fall but the greatest saint may fall into.

## TOLERATION, EQUALITY, SUPREMACY.

THESE three, and the greatest of these is supremacy. Such undoubtedly is the true summing up of Rome's claims. Toleration few would deny them in this land of boasted liberty. Equality, however, is not to be treated so lightly. While, in the ordinary associations of life, they have a right to be treated the same as their fellow-men, yet, when we come to the government of a country, to give them equality would be the great stepping-stone to supremacy. We know there are some who do not see with us here; but undoubtedly that is owing to their forgetfulness of the fact that Rome's object in gaining supremacy is to bring us under the temporal power of the Pope. They may send word to the Queen, as the Duke of Norfolk did only recently, feeling sure that she will be glad "to hear of such heartfelt prayers being offered up for her in this most holy sanctuary [Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem] by her *subjects*"; but how can we reconcile such hypocritical craftiness with the words of (as some call him) "the most honoured and beloved ecclesiastic in England," Cardinal Manning, who says, "We have to bend or break that will [in England] which nations and kingdoms have found invincible and inflexible"?

We are thankful that this highly-favoured land is not at present under such thralldom, although our subjugators seem to be marching on apace. The indifference of many so-called Protestants in regard to this matter is cause for much sorrow, and we trust also for much earnest prayer to the Lord that He will appear on the behalf of His truth and people.

The following letter, taken from the *Echo* of Wednesday, July 16th, affords us a fair sample of what we may expect from Roman Catholics:—

SIR,—On one of my journeys through New Zealand, I travelled with a Roman Catholic priest. In course of conversation, he asked me how it was I was not a Roman Catholic. I replied, "For the simple reason that I object to put my thinking out as I do my washing—viz., for other people (*i.e.*, priests) to do." I did the former myself, and I quoted Lord Byron's famous lines—

" 'Tis a base abandonment of reason to resign one's right of  
thought,

The last and only place of refuge."

This settled the matter, and we commenced talking about the crops. What we might expect from a dominant and all-powerful Roman Catholic Church in this country was curiously exemplified in New Zealand in 1885, I think. Although every child in that

colony can claim free education and free railway to the nearest school, the Roman Catholic clergy clamoured so loudly for a separate grant, that the Government appointed a Commission to inquire into their demands. Many Roman Catholic clergy were examined and gave evidence. A shrewd member of the Commission put this very pertinent question to one of their leading prelates: "Supposing the great majority in this colony were Roman Catholics, and the remainder Protestants, would you grant a similar demand?" Answer, "No." "Why not?" "Because it is not the true religion." The Government instantly (and, as I think, rightly) quashed the Commission, stating that the mere publication in the papers of this reply would justify their refusal in the minds of all unprejudiced persons.

The Roman Catholic Church is the same as of old—it first clamours for toleration, then for equality, and then for supremacy; gaining which, alas! for liberty!—Yours, &c.,

W. BELL FREEMAN.

May the Lord stir up the minds of His people, so that they may earnestly entreat Him to work in our midst; and not only to pray, but to help in every possible way in the important work of spreading His truth and denouncing those things which are dishonouring to His name.

A. C.

CHRIST our Saviour only had all those offices unto which by God's ordinances men were anointed. Melchizedek was both a king and a priest (Gen. xiv. 18); David was both a king and a prophet (2 Sam. xxiii. 12); Ezekiel was both a prophet and a priest (Ezek. i. 3); but never was there any whom God anointed to all these three offices, but only our Saviour.—*Hildersam.*

YE may, indeed, be allowed to complain of your sins, for nothing else have ye to complain of; therefore complain and cry out as you will, "Oh, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from this body of death?" But withal, betake you to the same refuge that he did, and abide by it; "I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord!" Here you may triumph over all, both complaints and the causes of them.—*Coles.*

WE must be declared free from guilt and invested with a righteousness that will stand before the law of sinless perfection and entitle us to the kingdom of heaven. And if we have it not in ourselves, where must we look for it but as existing solely in the Person of Jesus Christ? Dependence, therefore, upon that righteousness, as wrought out by Him for believers, and appointed of God for sinners to trust in, is the precious faith of the Gospel, by which the soul is justified.—*Venn.*

**The Sower, October, 1890.**



*From a photograph by Messrs. Russell & Sons, East Street, Chichester.*

**DR. D. A. DOUDNEY.**

## DR. DOUDNEY.

As stated on the cover of last month's SOWER, an influential and successful meeting was held at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, on Wednesday, August 20th, at which a testimonial was presented to the venerable Dr. Doudney, on the completion of his jubilee as editor of the *Gospel Magazine*. Alderman Sir Andrew Lusk, Bart., made the presentation, which consisted of a cheque for £800, the gift of 1,050 subscribers, and an address. The Baroness Burdett Coutts was present, and expressed sincere gratification at being there to witness such a deserved recognition of the work of Dr. Doudney. We are glad that this fitting tribute has been paid to the labours of this aged servant of Christ, and we trust that his last days may be crowned with peace and joy.

We cull the following facts, relative to the life and work of Dr. Doudney, from the *British Protestant*, and trust they will be interesting to our readers :—

The genial and kindly features of the subject of our present Portrait, although familiar to many thousands of the Lord's people, will yet, we are assured, be welcomed by thousands more, whose only acquaintance with God's servant hitherto has been acquired through a perusal of his truly Evangelical and Protestant publications.

The name of Dr. Doudney in connection with the public maintenance of the distinctive doctrines of the Gospel of the Divine Grace has been before the world considerably upwards of half a century. Called early by the Holy Spirit to know the Lord Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour, and constrained by the Redeemer's love to dedicate himself to the spread of the pure Gospel amongst his fellow men, Dr. Doudney has now, in the eightieth year of his age, the satisfaction of reflecting on the exceptional favour granted him of entering the vineyard of his Master betimes in life's morning, and of having been faithfully and lovingly sustained while bearing the burden and heat of a lengthened day.

In fact, it may be said of this venerable servant of God that he has lived two distinct lives, each one of phenomenal influence and usefulness in the cause of the truth. Both in the field of Christian literature and in the preaching of the Word, Dr. Doudney's labours have, indeed, been abundant. The *Press* and the *Pulpit* have been placed by him under perpetual tribute.

Born at Portsmouth in March, 1811, his earlier years were spent at Southampton in acquiring a practical knowledge of printing—an art which, by the grace of God and under His providential leadings, eminently assisted him afterwards in his

prolific literary enterprises. In 1832 he removed to the City of London, and in 1838 started the now well-known "City Press" in Aldersgate. Soon afterwards the *Gospel Magazine*—a monthly free-grace publication, originally edited by the talented Christian poet and divine, Augustus Toplady—came into his possession. This faithful serial Dr. Doudney has edited ever since, the leading article in each month's issue, with but one exception, having been penned by himself during the entire fifty years of his directorship! It may be remarked as a fact replete with interest that it was for the pages of the *Gospel Magazine* that William Cowper wrote his touching hymn—

"Hark, my soul, it is the Lord;  
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;  
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee—  
 'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?'"

while Peronet's popular composition, "All hail the power of Jesu's Name," and Toplady's own imperishable, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," likewise appeared first in this Evangelical Magazine. In the able hands of Dr. Doudney the publication has maintained its own distinctive position amongst the numerous monthlies poured forth by the press during the past half century, and thousands throughout the world regularly look for the issue of the *Gospel Magazine* as supplying one of their principal "means of grace." Christ, and the glories of His redeeming love—the Holy Ghost, and His sovereign operations in the hearts of poor sinners and needy saints—the Eternal Father, in the display of His electing purposes and Covenant performances—the wilderness experiences, conflicts, hopes, and victories of the household and family of faith,—the coming kingdom and everlasting dominion of the Triune Jehovah, furnish, with unbroken continuity, the testimony of the pages of this more than centenarian Christian periodical.

The semi-pastoral duties which the editing of the *Gospel Magazine* during some six years entailed upon Dr. Doudney inspired in him an intense desire to enter the ministry of the Word, and to devote himself to the blessed calling of a shepherd of Christ's blood-bought sheep. For upwards of eleven years his ministerial labours were largely owned of God in the midst of a mixed Irish population, many of whom were Roman Catholics. While earnestly engaged in his pastoral work at Bonmahon, county Waterford, he established an Industrial Printing School, numbers of poor boys being therein taught the art of type composing, thus being equipped for future lives of both usefulness and personal profit. During his stay in Ireland



Dr. Doudney issued from this Industrial Press of his several works of permanent value to the Church of God, notably a reprint of the nine volumes quarto of the colossal "Bible Commentary" of Dr. Gill; Dr. Hawker's "Morning and Evening Portions"; Dr. Gill's "Cause of God and Truth"; Dr. Gill's "Exposition of the Song of Solomon"; Benjamin Keach's "Tropologia: a Key to Open Scripture Metaphors," and other works. When the fact is taken into account that the boys employed in this educational industry were selected from the ranks of the neediest of Ireland's children, the beneficence and utility of the enterprise originated and patiently superintended by Dr. Doudney cannot be overestimated.

In 1859, the steps of God's servant were remarkably directed to Bristol, to a sphere of labour amongst the teeming masses of the populous district of Bedminster. The work to be undertaken was indeed one of grave responsibility, all the organisation inseparable from a newly-formed poor parish having to be elaborated, including the raising of funds for the erection of a large church, of extensive schools, and of a vicarage house, added to the pastoral duty of gathering a congregation and securing a staff of earnest, spiritually-minded fellow workers. But what will not the grace of faith accomplish when its Divine Author is pleased to plant it in a humble and obedient heart? Such a faith, as the hymn has it—

"Laughs at impossibilities,  
And says it shall be done!"

Thus, at St. Luke's, Bedminster, the earlier years of the new pastor's efforts were triumphs of prayer, trust, and patience. The narrative of those eventful years of Dr. Doudney's life, as well indeed as the whole story of the Lord's dealings with him, has been told with particularity and characteristic candour by himself in three large volumes, entitled, "Retracings and Renewings"; "Credentials, Calls, and Claims of the Christian Ministry"; and "Led and Fed: a Record of Divine Guidance and Goodness"—to which our lack of space must refer the reader. Church, school, and vicarage were all in due time provided for the parish, and now for thirty-one years the glorious Gospel of the grace of God has faithfully sounded forth from the pulpit of St. Luke's, and the principles of the Protestant Reformation have been consistently and fearlessly enunciated by our beloved friend and brother.

We pray that the life and labours of this honoured servant of God may be yet a while lengthened for the benefit of the Church of God.

## SALVATION DESIRED AND SOUGHT.

(GATHERED FROM NOTES OF A SERMON BY THE EDITOR.)

*"Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation."*—PSALM xxxv. 3.

WHEN David uttered these words before the Lord, he was in a low place and trying case—his enemies were pressing upon him, and he felt unequal for the strife: for, in his affliction and adversity, the false conduct of those even who had previously walked and talked with him as a friend, was brought to light by their rejoicing in his adversity, and associating with the "abjects" and "mockers" who gathered together against him (see verses 11—16). These things taught him to cease from man, and turn to the Lord. To Him he therefore makes his appeal and refers his cause, feeling assured that what comes from His lips will be righteous judgment (see Psa. xvii. 1, 2). Therefore he confidently turns from the treachery and clamour of his enemies to the "strong Tower," and calls upon the name of the Lord. "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation."

Thus, dear friends, if you have a cause for the Lord, you will desire and seek His judgment thereupon; and perhaps you are here for that very purpose, and have been groaning out your feelings to the Lord as you travelled to the sanctuary, as David did, "'Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation.' I want Thy help, Lord, for I am in deep waters; my trouble and my pain are great and sore. 'Turn Thee unto me, and have mercy upon me; for I am desolate and afflicted. The troubles of my heart are enlarged: O bring Thou me out of my distresses. Look upon mine affliction and my pain; and forgive all my sins' (Psa. xxv. 16—18). I want the forgiveness of my sins by the sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ; I want the burden of guilt washed away; I want Thy tender mercies, restoring grace, and covenant love. 'Lord, remember me.' Oh, save me from the adversary of my soul, who hunts me to throw me down; save me from men who watch for my halting, and who magnify themselves against me in my adversity.

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

Oh, my friend, if these are your petitions, you most surely need the Man of God's right hand (Psa. lxxx. 17)—the Man that is the "Fellow of the Lord of hosts" (Zech. xiii. 7). Only "He is able to save to the uttermost"; and (blessed be His name!) He "ever liveth" to succour the tempted, and to save the poor and the needy, who "call upon Him in the day of trouble," and His Word declares that they shall not be forgotten, neither will

He in anywise cast out one who thus flees to Him for refuge, help, and salvation. To all such "this Man shall be the peace," His dying love and blood shall be a precious balm for their wounded hearts, and "in Him shall all the seed of Israel be justified, and shall glory." David trusted in God as his salvation; he had had former and blessed experiences of it, but in this time of trouble he wanted more than knowledge; yes, he needed the almighty and outstretched arm of Jehovah. Thus troubles are often sent to exercise us, and cause us to wait upon and for the Lord, that our eyes may see His salvation, and that we may be assured He is on our side. How anxiously such will wait! how persistently they will call upon the Lord! They want the answer, like Jacob (see Gen. xxxii. 11, 12). They do not want to be like the foolish virgins, who came when the door was shut, therefore they press Him for the promised blessing, that they may have the witness, and rejoice in the assurance of His love to them. They are shut up to this one hope, this one salvation.

Sinners in great trouble need a great Saviour. None but Christ the Lord, the "I AM," can save them. His blood alone can cleanse them from sin; He alone can deliver them out of trouble, silence the accuser, and satisfy their soul. It is a personal matter with all such. No general report of mercy will be sufficient for them. Their cry is, "Say unto *my* soul, I am *thy* salvation," and His answer and help are given accordingly, "I will surely have mercy upon him." "I have redeemed thee; thou art Mine."

Sinner, where art thou? in the secret, or out of it? If thou art ignorant of this personal salvation, the Word declares thou art "without Christ, having no hope, and without God in the world." Solemn state! May the Holy Ghost make thee feel it, and help thee to call upon God for mercy. To all who are crying unto Him, "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation," we would say, "Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord" (Psa. xxvii. 14).

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PHARISAIC zeal and antinomian security are the two engines of Satan with which he grinds the Church in all ages, as between the upper and the nether millstone; the space between them is much narrower and harder to find than most men imagine. It is a path which the vulture's eye hath not seen; and none can show it us but the Holy Ghost. Here let no one trust the directions of his own heart, or of any other man; lest being warned to shun the one, he be dashed against the other. The distinction is too fine for man to discern, therefore let the Christian ask direction of his God.

## A BRIEF MEMOIR OF HEPHZIBAH PAGE.

BORN FEBRUARY 11TH, 1849. DIED APRIL 10TH, 1890.

My dear sister was born at Bexhill, of godly parents. Before her birth, her mother had a great weight upon her mind, feeling that the child would be born for an eternity of happiness or misery; and, while wrestling with the Lord, she had a conviction that it would be a daughter, and that she would prove to be a vessel of mercy, therefore it was settled that her name should be Hephzibah ("The Lord delighteth in thee").

Our sister, like the rest of Adam's race, was "born in sin and shapen in iniquity," and for the few years of her early childhood was full of life and spirits. But at the age of nine or ten years, while she was staying with her grandmother, a circumstance arose which Hepsie never forgot. One day the poor old lady was in great distress through want of money. Poor little Hepsie felt the Lord could send it, and she went into a corner and asked Him to do so, which He soon did. This, for a time, caused a solemn awe to rest upon her spirit.

The next event I have heard her speak of, and which I remember, was a severe accident which befel her. She was sent one evening at twilight to help with some mangling. An old lady was turning the mangle, which was an old-fashioned heavy one, and my sister, while passing between the table and mangle, got jammed between the two, and the old lady, being confused, turned the handle the wrong way, thus making matters worse, and causing serious spinal as well as other internal injuries. She was sent into an hospital, but came out weaker and worse.

This accident was the means the Lord used to deepen His work in our dear sister's soul. Although very young, she felt death and eternity were solemn matters. She now felt the extreme vanity of everything short of Christ and His great salvation. After many trials, caused through her heavy affliction, a way was made for her to go to Greenwich for a change, and there in October, 1872, heard Mr. Boorne, of Devonshire Road Chapel, with special profit, from Hebrews xi. 24—26. She afterwards gathered help and encouragement, and at length found it a spiritual home. She has many special hearing times marked in her diary. In one entry she says, "I felt as if the Lord was at His servant's right hand, pouring matter into him, and the enemy at my right hand catching every word, lest I should get it." Again she enters, "Dined with Mr. Hull, enjoyed his conversation very much. He said, 'I expect you would give the Lord all your heart, Hephzibah.' I could indeed say I would, in all times and in all places." She speaks of hearing him very blessedly from

the 36th chapter of Ezekiel, 25th and two following verses. She felt a great longing to know more of the Lord and His ways. She mentions Mr. Hazlerigg, Mr. Brandon, and others who were made useful to her, and she speaks of a very memorable time under Mr. Ashdown, although before going she felt hard, and could not ask the Lord to bless her. Once, while staying at St. Leonard's she was in a very heavy trial, and while much exercised concerning it, the Lord gave her a promise which assured her that "as her day so her strength should be." Speaking of this trial, she says, "My earthly gourd withered and blasted in 1873; have been nothing but a poor wreck ever since."

In 1877 she lost her dear father, which was a very heavy stroke. She said she felt as though she could never eat or sleep again. In her diary about this time she complained of feeling dead, dark, and barren, and begged of the Lord to make her fruitful. She says, "Oh, what a poor lonely, destitute creature I have felt to be this day; Oh that I knew where I might find the Lord; I am a mass of sin and unbelief." Again she says, "I did have a little sweet feeling this morning from these words, 'A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief,' but it is so soon gone. Went to chapel in the evening, and felt I was the worst wretch there. Oh, what a little thing takes us off our guard, and we speak unadvisedly with our lips, and grievously sin against the Lord. Oh, these bodies of sin and death!" At another time she says, "Oh, what a season of darkness and rebellion reigns in my poor breast. If the Lord should reward me accordingly, I should be cut off without remedy. Oh that I had a quiet, contented mind, with all the difficulties and trials of the way. I do hope there are times when I would not have the way altered. But there is one special crook in my lot that I want to be enabled to bow to, knowing the Lord cannot do wrong. Oh, the hundreds of cries it has caused me! These words have, however, comforted me, 'Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.' And these, 'And Jesus, being wearied with His journey, sat thus on the well.'

Again, "'Praise God from whom all blessings flow' was my language last night. This morning it was 'Lord, help me!' I feel hemmed in on every side. Lord, Thou hast done great things for me in days that are past, and Thou canst make a way now, when there seems no way."

In 1885 she lost a loving mother, and in September of the same year she was carried upstairs, there to spend between four and five years of weary suffering. Her complaints were very complicated. A very painful nervous disorder deprived her of enjoying much communion with the Lord's people. She was, however, favoured to receive letters from dear friends at Greenwich, which refreshed her weary soul.

January 9th, 1886, she writes, "O Lord, do stand by me in this furnace; give me patience and strength to bear all Thy holy will. Thou hast been my Helper. Oh, forsake me not now when I most need Thee. Lord, I am such a fool, do Thou make me wise. I want to be sure on which side I stand, but must come to this point, 'There's nothing here can satisfy—nor gold, nor house, nor land;' there is nothing like Thyself to me when I am favoured with a feeling sense of Thy presence. Oh, grant me a real token, that I may recover strength before I go hence, and be no more."

September, 1886.—"Twelve months I have been a prisoner in my bedroom, but feel to-night I want some one to help me praise the Lord for all His mercies during that period. Lord, do help me to live as one that belongs to Thee. Thou knowest how grieved I often feel that I do not more show forth whom I love and desire to serve. Oh, that I could afresh roll all my concerns into Thy blessed hands."

November 2nd.—"Lord, what can or shall I do? Thou alone canst help a poor thing like me. Do help me to come to Thee. I am oppressed indeed; do undertake for me. O Lord, do help me in the furnace, do keep me from murmuring at the pain."

It is evident by her continual pennings, while able, that she did indeed "acknowledge the Lord in all her ways." Speaking of sin, she says, "All I say or do is mixed with sin. Oh, that cursed monster, sin! how it plagues and terrifies my poor soul. How many ways there are to sin no living mortal knows. Surely none can have the horrid thoughts I have—thoughts beyond all language to express. What with the daily conflict between my soul and sin and Satan, and a poor frail, weak body, my life is often a burden."

Again she says, "Lord, do what Thou wilt with me, but do save my poor soul." Again, "One more night of tossing up and down. What a mercy I am not in hell! Thou hast said many precious things to me lately; what art Thou about to do with me? Oh, I would say, 'Why tarry Thy chariot wheels so long?'"

She was often cheered by the Lord's appearing for her in providence, and many times begged of Him to support her dear sisters in nursing her. I spent part of every Sabbath with her, when health and circumstances allowed, for three years, and we have been mutually blessed in relating the Lord's dealings with our souls. I had many soul-humbling times in begging of the Lord to bless and support her. I felt once I would even forego a visit from the Lord for her to have one, as her case was so peculiarly trying—scarcely any rest night or day, and Satan,

her cruel foe, tormenting her in every possible way. She had long seasons of darkness and distress, and in one such time the Lord gave her these words as a sweet cordial—

“Beneath thy fainting head  
Thy Father and thy Friend  
His everlasting arms has laid  
To succour and defend.”

At another time these words were as a light upon her path, “Mysterious conflict, dark disguise.” This gave her a sweet persuasion that all was working together for good.

In February, 1889, she was seized with the prevailing epidemic, influenza, but the Lord very graciously prepared her mind for the trial. She said she had the words running through her mind—

“Awake, sweet gratitude, and sing  
The ascended Saviour’s love.”

She was not then in a frame of mind to use the words, but they were a forerunner of the Lord’s gracious appearing. She felt convinced she should not rally, and one Sunday evening when I was with her, I saw the tears rolling down her face, and she said, “What is that where it says, ‘Stronger and brighter shine’?” I repeated the verse, and she said, “That is mine. I believe I shall die a happy death; if so, I want you to write to Mr. Boorne, and tell him.” The Lord did indeed fulfil her expectations, blessing her soul with as much of His presence as she could well bear. She said, “I am as sure of being in heaven as though already there.” She wished to see many dear friends whom she had felt a union of spirit to, and in substance her language was, “Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul.” She spoke of an overwhelming time she had some years before, when the words were applied, “I have graven thee upon the palms of My hands, thy walls are continually before Me.” She often said, “I want to go home; I long to be gone.” She had suffered much through fear of death, and Satan had tried her about being put into a coffin and put in the earth, but these fears were entirely removed, and she told me she did not fear death any more than she should fear going into another room if able to do so.

One dear old saint visited her, and it was a Bethel visit to each of them. She was favoured with continued calm to the end, and on the Monday previous to her departure, in an interval of consciousness, I asked her the state of her mind. She answered, “‘Not a wave of trouble rolls across my peaceful breast.’” On Tuesday morning, when I went into her room and saw her

placid features, my heart melted with a verse of a hymn, words which I knew she would soon enjoy ; the substance was, "I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness."

On Thursday morning, a little before eleven, she dropped the clay tabernacle, and joined the everlasting song, "Unto Him who had loved her, and washed her in His own blood ; to Him be praise now and for ever. Amen."

Beloved saint, farewell !  
We give thee back to God,  
Who saw it meet that thou  
Shouldst bear affliction's rod.

Oh, happy, favoured soul !  
Thy pains and sorrows past,  
Thy trying journey now is o'er,  
And home is reached at last.

Oh, mercy rich and free,  
Which made thee fit to die,  
And with the Lamb to dwell  
For evermore on high !

We thank the matchless love,  
Reveal'd for dying strength ;  
Though death had been thy dread,  
It welcome was at length.

And now thou dost behold  
The Lamb who for thee died,  
Dost evermore rejoice,  
Yea, now art satisfied.

A happy freedom now  
From sin with all its train,  
Nor Satan's cruel darts  
Shall wound thy soul again.

Beloved one, farewell !  
The parting time has come ;  
Farewell, till that blest time  
When we shall meet at home.

M. C. D.

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JESUS is jealous. He will not have thy face seen. Let foolish virgins ramble abroad, seek thou thy love at home.—*St. Jerome.*

It is only here that you have your troubles and fears and castings down, for these things are all temporal ; they will vanish away anon, when eternal things take place. The one is limited, the other unlimited.—*Bentley.*



GRACIOUS EXERCISES OF ELLEN H—,  
WHO DIED APRIL, 1890.

I HAVE long thought that it seems as though the true Gospel ministry has nearly ceased. I conclude thus because the Lord has on earth such a few known sheep to feed. Then I find often that the most savoury Christians I know are laid aside on beds of sickness, or otherwise kept from the public assemblies. Some people seem to imagine the Lord only manifests His love in the four walls of a church or chapel, so called. In many of these places strife seems to prevail, and I quite believe the Lord now is saying to His saints, "Come ye apart, and rest awhile; for there are so many coming and going, there is no leisure to eat." "His flesh is meat indeed, and His blood drink indeed;" and in solitude He sometimes says to us, "Eat, O friends." How graciously the Lord times our chastening, and brings us, by His Holy Spirit's teaching, to learn the precious lesson of waiting. What a mercy He sets the "solitary in families," and brings brotherly love into exercise in our heart, though we can only pray for, and write to each other. I am on my bedroom sofa, with inflammation of the spine—a great trial to me, for many reasons; but our best Friend chooses our afflictions for us, and is too wise and too good to let us have our own way. The key of the house of David is on His shoulder, and, in our right mind, we do not want it in our hand. The perilous last days are now, and some of His children are, through grace, listening to the sound of His coming footsteps. I long for more communion with the Lord. After many years of sore bondage, feeling my wound was incurable, I was lifted out of all my misery while Mr. Wallinger was preaching from the words, "Looking unto Jesus." How perfect my cure seemed to me for a time, but what dark and dreary places I have had to wade through since; but my helps and deliverances always come from the blessed Spirit, enabling me to look clean away from self and surroundings, to Him, of whom the Father said, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

My needs are very, very great, and I more and more feel what a hell I carry within me; but sometimes the eye of faith is opened to see wisdom, righteousness, holiness, redemption, and then I can sing and rejoice. How sweet it is we all meet at the mercy-seat, and then I do love to remember, "He inhabits the praises of Israel."

The Lord is ever excellent in working, but unless He gives me grace to do it, I cannot quietly watch His hand, and wait His time. Anything I meddle with seems to go wrong, and yet through all the Lord is accomplishing His own blessed will. I often wonder why the children of God have so little feelingly of the light of

His countenance, but as we draw near our journey's end, perhaps we are enabled more to say, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." This is faith in exercise. As a minister once said, "Faith sits in the dark, and looks for the breaking of the day." The conflict does not lessen, but rather grows hotter, but we fight more steadily, knowing our Captain's eye is watching us, and that eye is infinite love. I said to a friend this morning, "The Lord's children cannot sink too low in soul, mind, or body, to get beyond His help; and He usually sees it needful that His children should thus sink, that they may learn their own helplessness, and His almighty power and grace. This will not be a pleasant road for the flesh, but it is "by these things we live." Another matter that tries me much and often is, *waiting* for answers to prayer. I believe—nay, I am sure—the Lord hears each cry and groan that the Holy Spirit gives, but continually I get weary with delays, and cease to hope; and when my *buried* petition comes to light, and my dear Master seems to whisper, "O thou of little faith!" I can only "bow the head and worship," and think I shall never doubt again. But the Lord regulates the furnace, and will mitigate it just at the right time. There are few now we can really commune with; as dear Joseph Irons used to say, they delight to dwell upon the experience of a Christian, more than upon Christian experience. I am increasingly sure the Lord Jesus Christ is a "place of broad rivers and streams," but we need the sweet anointing of the Holy Spirit to bring us into this sea, which "cannot be passed over," and, I fear, seldom get beyond "the ancles." I get weaned from all but my dear Bible. The Lord's abundant blessing includes much trial. Never mind; we can say, "Thou art with me" in each dark valley.

"The precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold," are esteemed as earthen pitchers by wordlings and professors. Happy those who, under the Holy Spirit's teaching, know they are incurably vile, and are made to embrace the Rock for want of a shelter; but we need perpetual teaching to keep us in our true place of safety and peace—the feet of Jesus, where Mary sat. The Lord usually weans His people from professors, and even from saints, and then whispers, "Come to Me." We have it once recorded, He was "weary with the journey," and we often feel weary with ours, but He knows well how and when to speak a word in season. How all these things endear our unchanging Lord to us; and when we see how literally what He told His disciples would be the sign of His coming, and the end of the world, is being fulfilled, we can sometimes, under the Holy Spirit's sweet anointing, rejoice that before very long the midnight cry will be heard. Beware of men. I want the single eye that

looks only to "the Christ of God," and not to the Jesus who is preached on all sides. The Word is full of promises which exactly suit my case, but I want the Lord to speak them into my heart. Oh, what helpless creatures we are! and we are increasingly made to feel this. Another gracious man has been taken to his eternal rest, Mr. R. Walker, of Wymeswold.

"Groaning prayers." Well, I know what they are; often my heart is so burdened, that I can only kneel at my bedside, put my head down, and inwardly breathe, "Lord, Thou knowest." And yet He has never left me in my deepest affliction. He often brings me to my "wit's end," but hitherto has made giant troubles bread to my poor soul. My nerves are shattered to pieces from long-continued and bitter sorrows. Alas! rebellion often raises its wretched head; but sometimes grace is given "to drop my vile head in the dust," and cry, "I have procured all for myself." A sinner once made a new creature by the Holy Ghost, has a life within that is always tending upwards. To that poor sinner, "to will is present, but how to perform that which is good he finds not." In all my distresses, guilt of conscience, and wretched transgressions, I struggle to the feet of the Lord Jesus, and try to tell Him He is the God of all grace. What a real battle is "the fight of faith," but we do not read that the Captain of the Lord's host ever quitted the camp of Israel. He is with us now, but our corruptions often make clouds that hide Him from our sight. When the Sun of Righteousness shone forth, when His work of salvation for His Church was finished, He shines on till they who are His ransomed ones see Him for ever. When the blind man was "cast out," Jesus found him, so let us take courage; let us try to remember, He is ever girded to wash His poor disciples' feet.

I have been very ill, and it seemed as if I was near my departure from earth, but it has pleased the Lord to raise me up to a little more strength. He has shown me how greatly I needed this affliction, and the large amount of dross required a hot furnace. At the beginning of my illness I was hard, dark, and rebellious, but He whispered to me, in His good time, "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten." He has made me to experience the truth of His word, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for My strength is made perfect in weakness." I have sometimes sunk very low, but underneath has been His gracious arm. On one occasion, when I had to go through a trial I felt I could not encounter in my state of weakness, I was helped by the account of the lion that warred against Samson; he rent him as if he had been a kid, "and he had nothing in his hand." I often wonder I cling to earth as I do; but I trust, when my hour for departure really comes, the Holy Spirit will richly anoint me, and enable me to

say, "Lord Jesus, come quickly." Often during my long life, I have been near despair, and yet I must say, whenever I have been brought low, the Lord has helped me. Once, when worn out with sorrow, I opened a book on the words, "And the iron did swim;" they gave me fresh energy to plead with the Lord, and soon His hand removed the trial no human power could touch. When He has brought our strength to utter weakness, the roaring lions will be as kids.

"Wits' end" is no pleasant place, but a very profitable one, for there we learn He is the God of all grace. In due time His help will come; and I believe the greater part of a saint's life is spent in waiting for the Lord's time of deliverance. Take courage, for we "shall yet praise Him"!

Our sister is now, without doubt, praising Him; in her last days she continually begged for the summons to come.

## "ONE LORD, ONE FAITH, ONE BAPTISM."

(EPHESIANS iv. 5.)

It is written in the Word of Truth, "No man can call Jesus Lord, but by the Holy Ghost." Under this divine teaching, the Psalmist said, "God is the Lord which hath showed us light." Manasseh knew the Lord was God (2 Chron. xxxiii.). The thief on the cross, who just before reviled Jesus, said to Him with his dying breath, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." Saul of Tarsus, when struck to the ground, cried, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do." The woman of Canaan said, "Lord, help me!" and many more have manifested this saving knowledge, which, though its beginning may be as the smoking flax, is like the white stone, and the new name, which no man knoweth, save him that receiveth it. Many claim an acquaintance with the Lord of life and glory, but He says, "Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven." Sinner, the only way thou canst savingly know this blessed Trinity of three Persons in one God is to be brought to realize the Saviour's own words, "He that hath heard and hath learned of the Father cometh unto Me," and to say with Job, "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee, wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." None but they who, in this time-state, are reconciled to God by the death of His Son, clothed in His righteousness, conformed to His image, crucified to the world, led by His Spirit to take up their cross daily and follow Him, can hope to share His glory hereafter; to all others He will say at the last, "I know you not." It is written, "Except ye be converted, and

become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven." Happy soul that can truly say, "I *know* in whom I have believed."

"One faith." A mere assent to the truths of the Gospel goes for the true faith with many. An apostle saith, "Thou believest that there is one God, thou doest well; the devils also believe, and tremble. But wilt thou know, O vain man, that faith without works is dead." Some worship a mortal man, set up in the place of God—bow down before dead men's bones, adore a morsel of bread, pollute the earth with moral charnel houses, where victims are sacrificed on the altars of Belial, and dignify all this with the name of "the true faith." To come closer home. Reader, where art thou? I ask you not whether you believe the doctrines of election and predestination, the new birth, &c. Many assent to all this, while their hearts are far from God. You may assent to what you will, but unless you are really born again, and "receive the kingdom of God as a little child," you have neither part nor lot in the matter. "Whosoever will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God" (James iv. 4), whatever he may profess.

"One Baptism." I was convinced of the divine origin of water baptism many years ago, but it is not the "one baptism" which Paul speaks of. John said, "There cometh One after me, He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." Again, "For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body" (1 Cor. xii. 13). It was not the water which made the eunuch go on his way rejoicing, but that "death unto sin, and new birth unto righteousness," the fruits whereof are obedience, righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. The poet says truly—

"There's curse and death in every stream  
Save in the Well of Bethlehem."

J. JENKINS.

HE who lives by the faith of the Son of God eateth His flesh and drinketh His blood. "He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life."

THUS is a man made righteous, even of God by Christ, or through His righteousness. Now, if a man is thus made righteous, then in this sense he is good before God, before he has done anything of that which the law calls good before men; for God maketh not men righteous with this righteousness, because they have been, or have done, good, but before they are capable of doing good at all. Hence we are said to be justified while ungodly, even as an infant is clothed with the skirt of another, while naked, as touching itself.—*Bunyan*.

## WHERE ARE THE DEAD WHO DIE IN THE LORD?

*"Man dieth, and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"—JOB xiv. 10.*

DWELL a moment longer upon this, which is perhaps the most important point to be noticed in the warranted reply. I speak of a living testimony of the power of the grace of God; a living testimony of the conquests of that grace in the soul; a living testimony of the purifying influence of that grace in the heart; a living testimony of the fruitfulness of that grace in the life. My hearer, do allow me here to indulge in a little severity; I feel there are many whose Christianity I should not like to deny, or even to doubt, who must have their evidences beclouded, and their testimony before the Church of the living God sadly obscured, by the worldly spirit, the carnal-mindedness, the neglect of means of grace, the fondness for the world, and the parley with what are called its innocent amusements, as they pass through the wilderness. I do not say these things shall unchristianize them, though I stand in doubt of them; I do not say these things shall cut them off, or blot them out of the Book of Life, but I do say that they lower their devotion, and awfully open the door for the tempter. Would you live happily, and die blessedly? Then see to it, that you live separate from the world, "not touching the unclean thing," then saith God, "I will receive you, even now, into close fellowship, communion, and intercourse, and finally into the glorious habitation provided for all the family. Oh, I want living testimony; the breathings of spiritual desire; the actions of the life influence; ordered and controlled continually by the power of grace within; and the walk, the converse, the character, the influence, among those who belong to Christ, showing forth and following out that mighty grace that is within the soul. Then we can tell where they are gone; though they are not gone there by the excellency of their virtues, or by the splendour of their talents, or the opinion of their fellow mortals, but by that mighty grace which made them what they are.

I pass on to glance at the warrant for the answer, from the inspired statements. My Lord says, "Where I am, there shall also My servants be." Now if I take but that one promise (a very blessed one) to illustrate this thought, it is a promise sufficient to warrant our answer. If I am Christ's servant, if I am really what every good servant ought to be to his master, making his master's interest his own; why, then my Lord says, that where He is, there I shall be. What right have I to dispute His Word? Why should I call it in question? Why should I

hesitate to claim it? As it regards His service, I do not know what your consciences will testify, but I bless God from my inmost soul, that, in my right mind, nothing is dear to me, nothing valuable, nothing worth my attention, nothing worth an hour's pursuit, but that which serves Christ; His interests are mine, and my soul would only stay on earth (God granting me my wish) as long as it can exalt and glorify His precious name, and be instrumental in extending His cause. Now, as He has condescended to give me this desire, to implant this feeling towards His service in my soul, so as to identify my life, my powers, my happiness, my prospects, with it, I expect with confidence to be where He is, because He says it, His own Word has left it upon record. Will you allow a familiar illustration? The centurion said to his servant, "Go," and he went; and to another, "Do this," and he did it. Suppose one of you to make a promise of this sort to a servant of yours: "I send you on such an errand, I entrust you with such a commission; I employ you upon such a business; go and perform it, and then you shall come and sit down with me in my parlour, and dine with me." The servant goes; he is furnished with the means by his master, he accomplishes the business, faithfully fulfils his embassy; he returns, tells what he has done. "Sit down with me," is your immediate reply, and he partakes of the repast, and the promise is fulfilled. The servant would not, while he was so employed, put a thousand ifs and buts in the way. "My master is a man of his word," he would think, "and he says it, and I know he will do it." Now, should not you and I give our Master as much honour. He has said, "Go and glorify My name, and by-and-by I will send a messenger to invite you home, and you shall sit with Me on My throne."\*

Methinks I see the pearly gates unfold,  
 The angel hosts divide, the vacant seat  
 Appear, and Jesus with His finger points  
 To it, and says, "Come, sit down here." I sit  
 A moment there, all glorious like Himself;  
 My seat I can't contain; I rise, I bow,  
 I cast my glorious crown before His feet,  
 And shout aloud, "Salvation to my Lord!"

—*Extract from a Sermon by the late Joseph Irons.*

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\* There are many "weaklings" in faith who do not doubt the Lord's promise to His servants, but they are not fully satisfied that it belongs to them. Happy are those who, like Mr. Irons, have the satisfactory witness within; and to all anxious seekers we would say, "Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord" (Psa. xxvii. 14).

## THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

A CHRISTIAN, indeed, hath a double principle that actuates him ; though he have a law of sin that moves him one way, yet there is in him also the law of grace, which thwarts and crosses that principle of corruption. So that as grace cannot do what it would because of sin, so neither can sin do what it would because of grace (Gal. v. 17).

The heart of a Christian, in the midst of ensnaring, sensitive enjoyments, finds indeed a corrupt principle in it, which would incline him to fall asleep upon such a soft pillow, and forget God and duty ; but it cannot. Oh, no ! it cannot do so. There is a principle of grace within him, that never leaves jogging, disturbing, and calling upon him, till he rise and return to his God, the true rest of his soul.

A false pretender to religion, an hypocritical professor, meeting with prosperity and success, grows altogether unconcerned about that interest of religion, and senseless of the calamities of God's people. Thus the Prophet convinces the Jews of their hypocrisy : they were "at ease in Zion, and trusted in the mountain of Samaria" (Amos vi. 1—6). And so, having a shadow of religion, and a fulness of all earthly things, they fell to feasting and sporting. They drank wine in bowls, and anointed themselves with the chief ointments, but were not grieved for the affliction of Joseph. They condoled not (*Gnal sheber*) over the breakings or tearing to pieces of Joseph. If they were out of danger once, let the Church shift for itself, they are secure in a warm nest. Let the birds of prey catch and devour that flock with which they sometimes associated ; they are not touched with it. Moses could not do so, though in the greatest security and confluence of the honours and pleasures of Egypt (Acts vii. 23). Nehemiah could not do so, though the servant and favourite of a mighty monarch, and wanted nothing to make him outwardly happy ; yet the pleasures of a king's court could not cheer his heart, or scatter the clouds of sorrow from his countenance, whilst his brethren were in affliction, and the city of his God lay waste (Neh. ii. 1—3). Nor, indeed, can any gracious heart be unconcerned and senseless ; for that union that all the saints have with Christ, their Head, and with one another, as fellow-members in Christ, will beget sympathy among them in their sufferings (1 Cor. xii. 46).

But as the fire of prosperity discovers this and much more dross in a graceless heart, so it discovers the sincerity and grace of God's people ; I say not that it discovers nothing but grace in them. Oh that it did not ! Alas ! many of them have had a great deal of dross and corruption discovered by it, as was noted



before. But yet, in this trial, the graciousness and uprightness of their hearts will appear in these and such like workings of it.

First. Under prosperity, success, and honour, the upright heart will labour to suppress pride, and keep itself lowly and humble; and still, the more grace there is, the more humility there will be. If God lift him up, he will lay himself low, and exalt his God high. So did Jacob, when God had raised and enlarged him. "I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which Thou hast showed unto Thy servant; for with my staff I passed over this Jordan; and now I am become two bands" (Gen. xxxii. 10).

Great was the difference in Jacob's outward condition, at his return, from what it was at his first passage over Jordan—then poor, now rich; then single and comfortless, now the head of a great family; yea, but though his outward estate was altered, the frame of his heart was not altered. Jacob was a holy and humble man when he went out, and so he was when he returned; he saw a multitude of mercies about him, and among them all, not one but was greater than himself.

I dare say every Christian, under prosperity, can at all times manifest like humility; but I am sure, what pride and vanity soever may arise in a gracious heart tried by prosperity, there is that within him which will give check to it. He dare not suffer such proud thoughts to lodge quietly in his heart; for, alas! he sees that in himself, and that in his God, that will abase him. Grace will make him look back to his original condition, and say, with David, "Who am I, O Lord God? and what is my house, that Thou hast brought me hitherto?" (2 Sam. vii. 18).

It will make him look in and see the baseness of his own heart, and the corruptions that are there, and admire at the dealings of God with so vile a creature. Oh, thinks he, if others did but know what I know of myself, they would abhor me more than now they esteem and value me.

Secondly. Prosperity usually draws forth the saints' love to the God of their mercies; that which heats a wicked man's lusts warms a gracious man's heart with love and delight in God.

These were the words of that lovely song which David sang in the day that the Lord delivered him out of the hands of all his enemies, and from the hand of Saul; and he said, "I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength;" (Psalm xviii., title and verse 1, compared). These outward things are not the main grounds and motives of their love to God: no, they love Him when He takes away as well as when He gives; but they are sanctified instruments to inflame their love to God; they boil up a wicked man's lusts, but they melt a gracious man's soul. Oh, in what a pang of love did David go into the presence of God under the sense of

His mercies, His melting mercies, when he thus poured out his whole soul in a stream of love to his God : "Is this the manner of man, O Lord God ? And what can David say more unto Thee ?" (2 Sam. vii. 19, 20). An expression that turns up the very bottom of the heart.

Thirdly. Prosperity and comfortable providences do usually become cautions against sin, when they meet with a sanctified soul. This is the natural inference of a gracious soul from them. Hath God pleased me, then hath He obliged me to take more care to please Him. Oh, let me not grieve Him, that hath comforted me ! So Ezra ix. 13, after "such a deliverance as this, should we again break Thy commandments !" What ! break His commandments who hath broken our bonds ? God forbid !

It was an excellent resolution of a Christian once, who received an eminent mercy at the same time he felt himself under the power of a special corruption ; "Well," saith he, "now will I go forth in the strength of this mercy, to mortify and subdue that corruption." I will not measure every Christian by the eminent workings of grace in some one ; but surely so far I may safely go, that sincerity knows not how to sin, because grace hath abounded, any more than it dare sin, that grace may abound.

Fourthly. A truly gracious soul will not be satisfied with all the prosperity and comforts in the world for his portion. "Not Thine, Lord, but Thee," is the voice of grace. When Providence had been more than ordinarily bountiful in outward things to Luther, he began to be afraid of its meaning, and earnestly protested, God should not put him off so. "The Lord is my portion, saith my soul" (Lam. iii. 24) ; and the soul can best tell what it hath made its choice, and whereon it hath bestowed its chief delights and expectations.

An unsound heart will accept these for its portion ; if the world be sure to him, and his designs fail not there, he can be content to leave God, and soul, and heaven and hell at hazard ; but so cannot the upright. These things in subordination ; but neither these, nor anything under the sun, in comparison with or opposition to God.—*Flavel*.

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THERE are great lives that fashion themselves in prayer. Their communion with God gives them somewhat of the dignity of their associations. All the belittling things of life are obscured and hidden under the august conceptions that engross the mind when it is holding fellowship with God. Outwardly, such a life is filled with the peace and warmth of the Gospel, and it is fruitful in spiritual results that shall be counted among the treasures of heaven.—*Leighton*.

## LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR CHILD,—I felt rather disappointed not receiving your usual weekly letter, but I suppose you scarcely know how to write to such a paradoxical creature as your mother ; such a changeable, in-and-out creature may well stumble you. But still, though the subject of many changes, I hope I do not belong to that class of whom Solomon cautions us to beware and not “meddle with those that are given to change” ; that is, I think, those who are continually changing from one sort to another, or one creed to another, or who can be anything to suit any party.

I did feel to be sunk very low when I last wrote, but at night, while sitting alone, such a feeling came over my mind, that I must fall into the Lord’s hands, guilty, helpless, and miserable, as I felt—regardless of my feelings, bad or good—my prayers, tears, and everything else ; for I felt sure that salvation was only in the Lord Jesus, and that it was free, needing nothing on our part. This I was enabled to do, and I really felt my burden of misery was gone—and such quietness followed upon it for a time.

But, you know I lose sight of Him, and back I go again into my old spot ; but yesterday morning the blessed Spirit was pleased to come again and testify of Jesus, just as I got out of bed ; and I got a glimpse of His glorious Person, as so suitable to my needs as a guilty sinner, that it drew my heart out in longing desires after Him ; and while it lasted, I could not but believe that I was indeed a partaker of divine life ; for I felt that hope was strengthened through believing—that faith and love were there to fix and centre alone in the Lord Jesus Christ. And oh, what sweet peace and quietness was brought again into my soul ! how I talked to Him, and felt such love to Him ! and, like David, I could encourage my soul to hope in Him, for He was the health of my countenance, and I did venture to say, “My God.” I really felt that I had no other that could do me any good, and I can say I want no other. I should have liked to have sat down and wrote to you under its sweet influence. I think my pen would have run along more freely than it does to-night.

Ah ! my dear child, what is all religion short of a manifested Christ ? How sweet it is to get a little glimpse of Him—after being tossed about upon the waves and billows of doubt and temptation to see Him coming, walking upon this troubled sea, with the sweet words of comfort and consolation, “It is I : be not afraid.” The waves and winds are still in a moment. All is peace when He is present, and every sight we get of Him makes our hearts long the more after Him ; and when He is out of sight, we enter into the feeling of the words of the poet—

“I miss the presence of my Friend,  
 Like one whose comfort's gone;  
 More frequent let Thy visits be,  
 Or let them longer last.  
 I can do nothing without Thee;  
 Make haste, my God, make haste.”

Oh, what a precious mercy it is that salvation is of the Lord, and that it does not rest in any way whatever upon us, or we should be sure to sink! Sin and Satan would be too mighty for us. Oh, what should I do? whatever would become of me, if the Lord did not come again and again to my help against the mighty foe, the devil? What power his awful insinuations have in us at times! And none can tell the horror it causes, but those that feel it. But I was enabled to tell him, “The blood of Jesus Christ cleanses us from all sin.” So that I know a little of the warfare within.

Oh, that I could feel thankful to the Lord for His abundant goodness to us as a family! while such numbers are suffering disease and death, we are spared.

With kindest love, I remain, your ever-loving mother,  
*Swindon, March 2nd, 1876.* ELIZA BRIGNELL.

## ENCOURAGING WORDS.

*Everton, April 29th, 1777.*

MY DEAR NELY,—I like your letters; there is a spirit in them which suits my spirit and yields refreshment. By reading them, I feel the Lord is with you; and while He is present you will have every needful thing, though, perhaps, not every desirable thing, unless your will is more centred in the will of Jesus than mine. A calm retreat seems a desirable thing, and often produces a calm; and if itinerant toils are painful to a weak body, and jarring societies often grievous to a peaceful spirit, there is, notwithstanding, such providential occurrences and such occasional sweetnesses attending the itinerant life, as are not to be found in any other. As one door shuts, another door opens for the Gospel; as one brook dries up, another flows for your relief, and the jarring in one society makes the harmony in another the more delightful. Ride along, therefore, as you have done, though it be hobbling on as I do, and let the Master point your course. Forget past troubles on your way, and, looking upwards, press forward, not doubting that a retirement, when absolutely wanted, will be granted—a harbour below or a haven above. Yet be afraid of nothing so much as an earthly port of your own seeking. You will surely find hidden rocks or quicksand there

When the voyage is over, you will not complain of the boisterous winds or scanty allowance on your passage, but rejoice you were honoured with a chaplainship to the ship's crew. Come, then, my dear Nely, weigh your anchor and spread the sails, and waft away over the ocean. The Lord help you to give your fear, as it springs, to the wind, and trust your ship with the Pilot. He often steers hard by rocks and shelves to quicken the mariners and set hands aloft, but He shows a masterly skill in saving the vessel from a wreck and bringing it safe into port. Then the mariners give three loud cheers or cheerful Hosannahs to Jesus, and enter the land, triumphantly bearing crowns on their heads, not of earthly lustre, but heavenly glory, the gift of God and the purchase of Jesus. Hallelujah!

When I go to London, all the spare money I have, and abundantly more, is wanted for the poor of those flocks who are besetting and almost overwhelming me day after day with their sad complaints. Neither have I leisure or strength to write letters in London, being wearied down with preaching and a number of visitants. The Lord Jesus be your Guide and Guard; may His cloud direct your course, and distil a gracious dew upon your spirit and upon your ministry.

I am, affectionately yours in the best bonds,

JOHN BERRIDGE.

*To Cornelius Winter, at Christian Malford,\* Wilts.*

WE put not the glory in the windows or panes of glass where it shines, and clearly too, but in the body of the sun, the fountain of light below; so pure and spiritual mortification is radically or principally in our fellowship and union with Him who killed sin in the body, and thus we are spiritually and mystically dead to sin.—*Saltmarsh.*

By the word grace we are to understand God's free, sovereign good pleasure, whereby He acteth in Christ towards His people. Grace and mercy therefore are terms that have their distinct significations. Mercy signifies pitifulness, or a running over of infinite bowels to objects in a miserable and helpless condition. But grace signifies that God still acts in this as a free agent, not being wrought upon by the misery of the creature, as a procuring cause, but of His own princely mind.—*Bunyan.*

\* Here it was that Mr. Winter preached to a few poor people, and also at Marlborough, for £30 per year; here he was ordained, as he says, in his little Bethel, and it proved a blessed day—October 2nd, 1777—for it was honoured with the conversion of a whole family.

SECESSIONS TO ROME FROM ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S,  
BRIGHTON.

THE [pervert] Philip Fletcher, whose name is familiar to our readers as a Roman Catholic priest, who was formerly a Ritualistic curate at Brighton, writes as follows to the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* of September 3rd :—

“I was one of the convert curates of St. Bartholomew's, Brighton, in the year 1878. Besides myself there were Father Greene and Father Parker (they are both Catholic priests now). Previous to our conversion, Father Fawkes, of the London Oratory, had been a curate at St. Bartholomew's, and went over, and so did Mr. Donaldson, who was also curate for a short time. The organist came with us, and he is now a priest. Father Baker, now with Father Greene at a London church, was a member of the choir, and is now a priest. Another member of the choir is a priest in the diocese of Northampton; and a member of one of the guilds at St. Bartholomew's has lately been ordained priest by the Archbishop of Glasgow. Yet another member of the choir is, like Father Parker and Father Farmer, a priest of the Society of Jesus. The master of the choir school is now treasurer of the Guild of our Lady of Ransom, an association of prayer and work for the conversion of England. A penitent of mine in Anglican days is now a Servite priest, and another is at the seminary, and will be ordained, if he lives, in a short time. This alone is a pretty good record, for remember that all these convert priest are making converts every year. This is where conversion tells—one convert almost always means many more, especially when the convert becomes a priest. Another clergyman, Mr. Parkes Smith, now dead, certainly became a Catholic through the St. Bartholomew conversions, and I believe Mr. Orby Shipley, who often helped us in our services, will say, if asked, that he was ‘one of us.’ Besides those who have become priests, there are numbers more who are now excellent Catholic lay people. It would, of course, take longer to enumerate these, and would be even difficult to remember all after twelve years’ lapse; but I know I could make a goodly list if necessary. Mr. Collis's limit of thirty is a case of the wish being father to the thought, but it certainly will not stand the test of statistics. If he means that only thirty ‘went over’ in the first month or two months, he may be right. What we converts have always reckoned (and said) is this—that in two years there must have been about two hundred converts who could trace their conversion to that of the leaders of the emigration. Of course that number has gone on increasing since, as the leaders have been busy making converts ever since. Among the poor people I know some went

back. I have no doubt that among the converts which the St. Bartholomew's clergy have made from dissent many have gone back. This is a universal experience. But those who came over from pure conviction, as most of us did, have remained true to our convictions, nor have we ever regretted the step we took. It is wonderful how the circles of conversion widen; only a few months ago I had a letter from a lady in India, who told me she used to come to St. Bartholomew's in our time, and she had since become a Catholic, whilst another wrote from Australia that she, who had never forgotten St. Bartholomew's, where she used to worship, had, with her children, been received into the Catholic Church in that distant land.

"All credit may be given to Mr. Collis and his assistants, who have worked faithfully from their point of view (a decidedly Protestant one) since the great migration; but though he may stop conversions now (one soul slipped through his fingers the other day, by the way), he can never hinder the harvest which is still being reaped, and has yet more sheaves to come in, due to that happy sowing time at St. Bartholomew's in 1878."

[Mark this language, ye true Protestants, of a Ritualist respecting the sowing of popish seed.—Ed.]

## SECESSIONS TO ROME FROM CHRIST CHURCH, CLAPHAM.

"A LOVER OF TRUTH" writes as follows to the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* of Wednesday, September 3rd:—

"As a parishioner of Clapham, permit me to state that it is well known here that for years Christ Church, Clapham, has been a prolific nursery for Rome. The statement Mr. Abbott made, that during 'the thirty-four years he has been vicar he cannot recall the names of six persons who have perverted to Romanism,' can only be accounted for on the assumption that, owing to his non-visitation of his parishioners for many years, he is totally unacquainted with the members of his congregation.

"Counting the various members of families, wives and children, it is safe to say that during the last thirty-four years quite a thousand (and not merely four hundred) souls have been added to Rome through the instrumentality of Christ Church, Clapham. Only a few months ago the organist of the Church, Mr. Gale, and a number of companions, were received into the Catholic Church by the Redemptorist Fathers close by, and a friend, also a Catholic now, told me the other day that when he mentioned his wish to be 'received' to one of the Oratorian Fathers at Brompton, the

priest exclaimed, 'Why, we shall have all the congregation soon.'"—*English Churchman*.

[Here we see what the Ritualists are doing, and it is notorious that the Bishops, with one or two exceptions, as well as Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone, are favouring them all they can in their Romanising work. Will Protestants support such politicians? Surely the destruction of the Church of England is hastening on, unless a reformation is speedily brought about within her pale.—ED.]

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## THE CALVINISTIC PROTESTANT UNION.

A BRANCH of this Union having just been formed for Windsor and the district, a public meeting under its auspices was held at the Town Hall, on Friday, August 22nd, when the secretary of the parent society, Mr. Sinden, delivered a lecture, entitled "Protestantism, Past and Present." There was a very fair attendance, and the chair was occupied by the Rev. Charles Stirling, M.A., vicar of New Maldon, Surrey. The proceedings, which throughout were of a very interesting and instructive description, were commenced with the reading of Luther's psalm, No. xlvii., and with prayer.

The Chairman, who has presided on several occasions over meetings of the Calvinistic Protestant Union, was glad to come and preside at one held so nearly under the shadow of Windsor Castle. Our lot, he said, was cast in perilous times, and we might depend upon it that these were the "latter days." The enemies of the true early faith were at work on every side; confusion, sedition, and insubordination were resulting from their machinations; and if as a people we were to be set free once more, he had been brought to the conclusion that it could only be by an act of divine interposition, by God in His infinite mercy and love condescending to hear and answer once more the petitions of His faithful servants. He therefore asked all before him to make it their earnest prayer that God would interpose for our deliverance; that He would manifest His power for the discomfiture of our enemies, and for the unification, the deliverance, and the defence of His Church. He asked his hearers, further, to look at the glorification that had just been offered to the late John Henry Newman, and to mark well, as a sign of the times, the extent to which the great ones of the earth, and high representatives of the Church of England, attended the Cardinal's funeral and took part in the superstitious rites that were there observed; and he earnestly besought those present to cling only to the Gospel in its purity and simplicity,



and to contend earnestly before all men for "the faith once delivered to the saints."

The lecturer, who sustained the unbroken attention of his audience for an hour and a half, took a comprehensive survey of the chief events of the centuries, and crowded into his remarks a very large amount of information, which he produced in attractive and pleasing form. His main object was to impart, especially to the younger persons present, a grasp of some true, sober, historic truths, with which, in an age like the present, he thought everybody ought to be well acquainted. He first of all went back to the days of St. Paul, and to the branch of the true Church which was then established at Rome; next saying that, not long after the Apostle's death, corruptions began to enter that Church. Persecution also broke over the Church, and its true members were driven for the most part into the catacombs, where, however, God preserved His truths among them. Their persecutors did all in their power to destroy the sacred oracles; and the very scarcity of the written Word was a powerful means in itself of leading to the first apostacy. Then arose the Emperor Constantine, who favoured the Christians, and henceforth began to grow that huge corporation which in our day is known as the Church of Rome.

After a most interesting review of historic events in connection with the development of Popery, the preservation of the Scriptures and of gospel truth among the Waldenses, &c., Mr. Sinden devoted the time he had to spare, to insisting that the ritualistic movement at present at work in the Church was a deliberate conspiracy again to Romanise it; and he explained that the work of the Calvinistic Protestant Union was to make known the history of Protestantism, and now to spread those simple doctrines of free and sovereign grace which were held and propounded by the reformers.

It was proposed by Mr. Brown, seconded by Mr. Bowerman, and carried, that Messrs. Brown (Chairman), Denton (secretary), Sears (treasurer), Wright, Bowerman, Lloyd, Bennett, Donath, Cornwall, and Jupp form a provisional committee to superintend the Windsor branch of the Union; and the meeting closed with votes of thanks.

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OH, how often are you in fear that the work of God in you will be destroyed by reason of indwelling sin and corruption, and the power of the world and Satan combining together against thee! And so it would, if the Lord had not a desire to His work, to complete and finish it, and that by the exceeding greatness of His power.—*Bentley*.



"HE GAVE ME THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF." (See page 232.)

## THE GERMAN EMIGRANT.

It was once my privilege to have connected with my charge a gracious old man, who loved to converse on the subject of experimental religion. He had a happy method also of illustrating topics of this nature by incidents belonging to the days of his boyhood, and the early settlement of the Churches in the West. I have heard him relate many things concerning the ways of God, which if written out might be interesting and profitable to the present generation.

The following is one of the remarkable stories which he told. He said—

In the days of my boyhood it was the custom of the people here in the West to live in log cabins. Our minister was an old man, and when he came to spend the night with any of his parishioners, it was his habit to ask the privilege of lying down at an early hour. When in bed, he would say to the younger members of the family, "Come, my children, gather round my bed; I am now ready to talk to you." He would then commence with us on the subject of religion in the most affectionate manner, and tell us interesting stories, designed to illustrate some important truth.

While thus reclining one night he gave us the following narrative:—

I was appointed one spring to attend a meeting of the General Assembly. Travelling one day through the mountains, on my way to Philadelphia, I passed by a smith's shop, at the doors of which I noticed a man who eyed me very closely. I had not travelled far from the shop when I heard a horse galloping up behind me, and, turning in my saddle, I discovered that the rider was the same individual who had scrutinized me. When he came opposite my horse, without any ceremony he said, "Be you a preacher?" "Yes," I replied, "I am." "Then," said the German stranger, for such I discovered him to be, "I be so glad to see you, I have been long wanting to see a preacher. I hear there be preachers out at Pittsburgh, and I had a mind to go and see one, but now the Lord has sent me a preacher. You must go home mit (with) me and talk mit me. I lives just over de hill dare; I keep you and your horse well; I won't charge you. You must come! Won't you?"

Taking into view the wildness of the region in which I was thus accosted, I hesitated a little about the course I should pursue; but the day being far spent, the man's countenance being honest, his whole manner being seemingly sincere, and remembering his language, "The Lord has sent me a preacher," I turned and went with him. After reaching his house he gave me the following

account of himself, in simple broken English. "I be born and raised here," said he, "in dese mountains, and for a long time I live like the Injins (Indians). I fights, I swears, and I gets drunk. I never reads the Bible, I never prays, and I never dinks (thinks) anyding good. I hears dare was a hell, but I don't care for it. On Sunday me and my brudders would go hunt deers and turkeys and coons. I was living in dis way when one Sunday night we went out to hunt. We did not hunt long before we saw a coon. It was on a very high tree, we had no gun mit us to shoot him, so I climed up de tree to shake him down. I could climb almost as good as de coon, and soon got on de limb (branch) where he was. I gave de limb one shake, but just so soon as you could dink, it broke, and down, down I comes. I cried, 'Lord, have mercy on me,' and so soon as I did dat, I catch a limb mit my hands. Dare I hung high up on de tree and no limbs under me. I tried to get up on de limb. I saw hell under me. I felt, if I let go, I would never stop till I would go right down to hell. I prayed, 'Lord, have mercy on me,' and He helped me to get on de limb. I held mit my hands. I came down from de tree, and just so soon as I come down I fell on de ground and had no strength. My brudders helped me home, but I could not sleep dat night. Oh, I had such ugly thoughts! I thought, 'What if dat limb I caught mit my hands had broke? de devil would now have me, and I would be burning in hell.' I got up in de morning and went to work, but it was not mit me as it used to be. I could not laugh and swear any more.

"Oh, I had such a load here! (pointing to his breast.) My brudders taught I was sick, and I was sick too; but dey did not know it was my sins made me sick. I felt how I was a sinner—something in my breast did not go away; but what could I do? I had never prayed, except when hung up on de limb of de tree. I had no Bible. I had never heard a preacher. I thought, 'I must get on my horse and go out to Pittsburg and see a preacher,' but I could not well leave home. I got a Bible. I thought, 'Now I will see what I must do to have my sins forgiven, and de load taken from my breast.' I open de Bible and read it much, but it only make my load heavier. Oh, it make me feel so bad! I saw nothing in de Bible for me but hell and destruction. It said de wicked are turned into hell, and that there is no peace to the wicked, and I knew I was wicked. It just pour its curses right on my head. Oh, I was now so miserable! I thought, 'If de Bible won't make me happy, what will I do?'

"I go now and wander in de woods and go on my knees behind de trees and pray, but it was no praying. I did not want to be where other people was; I did not like to hear them laugh; and

when they swear, it makes me feel so bad. When my brudders and me were in de fields ploughing, I would go to de oder side of de field from dem. I would plough awhile and den go into de woods and pray, but it was no praying. My brudders now thought I was crazy, and de fall on de tree had turned my head. I keep on dis way a great while. I thought I would die. I eats little ; I sleeps little ; I gets as poor as a skeleton. I still read de Bible, though it show me hell and seemed to burn me up. I thought, I must read it. I still tied to pray, but it was no praying. One day I thought I must surely die, I feel so very bad. I get de Bible, and read, and read, and dare I see Jesus ! I see Jesus standing between me and my sins ; my load den was gone. I had joy in my heart. Oh, I was so happy ! just so happy as I was miserable before. I would jump mit joy so high as de fence.

"Now I love Jesus, I loves my Bible ; for whenever I see my sins, I see Jesus standing between me and dem. I love to pray. I go too and tell my brudders dat I found Jesus—dat He had taken away my sins, but dey again thought I was crazy, for dey had never seen dare sins, nor Jesus in de Bible. Since I found peace I have been happy, but I have wanted very much to see a preacher, to talk mit me about Jesus."

You may readily suppose, my young friends (continued the old preacher) that I most cheerfully talked with him about that precious Saviour whom he had found so strangely. I tried to teach him more fully the way of salvation, and to confirm him in the faith he had embraced. In the morning I went on my journey, with my spirits refreshed, and the blessing of my German friend, and admiring the riches of the grace in Christ Jesus our Lord.

To me this narrative was truly interesting, it was so for the following reasons :—

1st. It shows that the Bible alone, without notes or comments, is sufficient to lead the sinner to Christ. Here was a man who had never read the Bible until he was awakened, who had never heard a Gospel sermon, and yet in his Bible he found Jesus. The Spirit alone was his Teacher ; He opened his eyes, so that he understood the Scriptures. Here, then, is an argument for the circulation of the Bible, powerful as the soul is valuable. It alone pointed one sinner, burdened under a sense of his sins, to the Lamb of God, and may it not point others ?

2nd. This narrative shows that the experience of the truly-awakened sinner is substantially the same under all circumstances. When this man was awakened, it was—

" On his heart the burden lay,  
And past offences pained his eyes."

He looked into the Word of God for peace, but at first, "When the commandment came, sin revived, and he died." He saw that "the law was holy, and the commandment holy, just, and good." What he at first supposed would immediately take away the burden from his heart, only made his sin appear exceedingly sinful. He saw in the Bible death before life, anguish of mind before peace, a burning hell before a glorious heaven, and a lost sinner before a Saviour found; and where is the child of God that may not see in these things some lineaments of his own experience?

Thirdly. We see in this narrative, how strangely some of the Lord's children are brought to a knowledge of the truth. Who would have supposed, when that careless, ignorant, and wicked German ascended the tree, he was coming where he would get a sight of hell, and of himself as a sinner? How great the change wrought, from the time he ascended till he came down! On the limb where he hung struggling for life, he hung all his carelessness about God and his soul. Truly he was brought in a way he knew not; he was led in paths he had not known, darkness was made light before him, and crooked things straight.

Fourthly. This narrative shows the care of the Great Shepherd for all His sheep. Here was a straying sheep wandering on the mountains, without any under-shepherd to bring him back to the fold; but human wisdom in spiritual things is folly. Far away as this single sheep was from the fold, he was pursued by the Great Shepherd, and brought back, and is now, no doubt, among those who are led by the same Shepherd unto living fountains of waters.

Fifthly. This narrative is interesting, if we take into consideration the circumstances under which it was given by the old minister, and the effect produced. Reclining upon his pillow, he told it to a circle of youth; one of these youths has since grown up to manhood, and passed into old age. His head is now white with the frost of many winters, and yet he has never forgotten the story of the old minister. He tells it with a warmth of feeling that shows it affected his youthful heart, and when he comes to that part where the German says, "I see Jesus standing between me and my sins," his eyes melt into tears.

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FAITH, like gold, must be tried in the fire, before it can be safely depended on.

HAPPY the people on whom the blood of Christ is sprinkled! This will screen and protect them, like the mark which the man clothed with linen set on the foreheads of God's chosen ones (Ezek. ix. 6), or like the line of scarlet thread which Rahab bound to the window of her house (Josh. ii. 18, 19).—*Hervey*.

“THOU ART MY HOPE, O LORD GOD!”

*To the Editor of the Sower.*

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed I send you a copy of a few verses I composed in a time of sickness, and when under a very severe trial in my temporal circumstances. The Lord was pleased to sustain me, though He kept me in a low place during the months the trial lasted; and, as He “comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God,” so it may be a little encouragement, if no better, to some little one in a similar distress. I am a living witness to the sovereignty of God in His providential dealings, and can testify that He is the Lord of Hosts; for meal after meal, and help after help, was provided in the most unlooked-for and unsought-for way, day after day. I say unsought-for, because I was enabled so to trust my tried Friend, that even our dearest relatives, who were frequently in and out of our house, as helpers in time of need, were quite unconscious of that need. I therefore desire to testify to the real, living, eternal truth of the words of Him who said, “Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.”

Lord, the care and anxious watching  
For Thy Word to be fulfilled,  
Seem to sap my very life-blood,  
And my fears will not be stilled.

Thou hast bid me cast my burden  
Into Thy all-powerful hands;  
And hast said Thou wilt sustain me—  
Writ in blood the promise stands.

Ah! great God; Thou holy Sovereign!  
When Thy power was laid aside,  
Then it was that every promise  
By Thy blood was ratified.

They are thus what Thou hast spoken,  
Therefore they shall ever stand,  
When the worlds of breathed existence  
Pass away at Thy command.

Oh, my soul, then why so fearful?  
Canst thou not Jehovah trust,  
Who hath for thee laid up treasure,  
Safe from thieves, or moth, or rust?

Lord, I would with faith behold Thee  
As my Saviour and my All;  
Trust Thy goodness and Thy mercy  
Me to answer when I call.

Lord, I feel myself so sinful,  
 Feel my sins so powerful yet;  
 Mind forgetful, heart deceitful,  
 Easy prey for Satan's net.

Yet, Lord, I would be Thine wholly,  
 Live for Thee, and work for Thee,  
 Take my food from rock or raven,  
 Live to-day and trust in Thee.

Give me, then, dear Father, courage;  
 Strengthen Thou my feeble heart.  
 Thoughts of Thee, Thou loving Jesus,  
 Be for ever in my heart.

When I feel my bark is tossing;  
 When the winds contrary be;  
 When in trouble, let me, Saviour,  
 Trust Thine all-sufficiency.

If I'm better than a sparrow;  
 If my hairs all numbered are;  
 If my Father clothe the lilies,  
 Will He not make me His care?

Help me to remember, Father,  
 Where from Thee I've help received;  
 Help me to look forward, knowing,  
 If I've need, 'twill be relieved.

Thy profound, unerring wisdom  
 Has from all eternity  
 Planned the work for all Thy children,  
 All their ways are set by Thee.

Help me humbly to remember  
 That my path is all arranged,  
 That Thou knowest all my goings,  
 That Thy plans can ne'er be changed.

*September 20th, 1889.*

W. I. N.

## CONSEQUENCES LEFT WITH GOD.

A PERSON, of the name of Kemble, who was condemned for heresy, in the reign of that merciless bigot Queen Mary, had some miles to walk from the prison to the stake. In this, his last journey, he had to pass through a crowd of weeping friends and neighbours; he went with all the tranquillity and fortitude of a primitive martyr, rejoicing in the Lord his God! The only words he spoke at the stake were, "The Lord perfect that which concerneth me!" Surely it may be said, "The voice of tranquillity, of rejoicing, and salvation, is in the tabernacle of the righteous: the right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly."



ANECDOTE OF THE LATE MR. CLOUGH, THE  
COLLIER.

I REMEMBER Mr. Clough telling me, some years ago, of his having to go and preach at some place in the north. The distance from his home was about fifteen miles. He had only three-halfpence in his pocket, and therefore had to walk all the way. After he had left home a snowstorm set in, and by the time he had got about seven miles on the road, the evening shades drew on, and the storm was so heavy that it was impossible to get through without being lost in the snow. He therefore made for a farm house near some village that lay before him. He went into the house, and asked for shelter until the storm abated. The good woman of the house, the farmer's wife, said, "Yes, come in and sit down. He did so, and after being seated a short time, felt faint, and asked the woman if she would sell him a pennyworth of milk. She said, "With pleasure," and brought it to him in a basin. He then asked her if she would also sell him a halfpennyworth of bread. This was all that remained of his travelling money for the entire journey, but he was to retain so much for the next day, as the good woman said, "I will give you a piece of bread, and you may keep your halfpenny in your pocket." When Mr. Clough had got his bread and milk together, he asked the Lord to bless it to the strengthening of his poor body, and the woman looked on with surprise at her guest. When he had eaten it he looked out at the door of the house, and the storm was still blowing, and the snow increasing. He returned to the hearth, and sat down again on his seat—which was a large old-fashioned piece of furniture like a sofa, or what the Yorkshire people call a "longsettle"—and he said to the farmer's wife, "Perhaps you would allow me to sit on this couch all night, if the storm continues. She said, "That I cannot promise you at present," but my husband will be in soon, and I will ask him."

Her husband had gone out into the barn to milk his cows, and fodder his cattle for the night; but as his wife said, he soon came in with his milk cans. After putting the milk into bowls in the cellar, he came and washed himself and put on his better clothes, and came and sat by the fire. His wife then said, "Here is a stranger come in out of the storm for shelter, and he has been asking if he may stay and lodge with us to-night, as it is not fit for anyone to travel in the snow and storm." Her husband looked at Mr. Clough, and said, "Well, you shall stay with us to-night, for I think you will do us no harm, by the look of you." Afterwards he said to Mr. Clough "Will you go with me to our chapel, as we have preaching there

this evening ? ” Mr. Clough said, “ Oh yes ! I will go with you with pleasure, but what sort of man is going to preach to-night ? ” The farmer said, “ He is a stranger coming from a distance, but he is what I call a milk-and-water sort of preacher, if you know what that means. ” Mr. Clough said, “ I think I understand what you mean. ”

They both went to the chapel, and, although a stormy night, the little chapel was full of people to hear the stranger that should have come, but he, as well as Mr. Clough, had been prevented by the storm and the snow. So there was a chapel full of people, but no minister to preach to them. The farmer turned round to Mr. Clough, and said, “ Would you have any objection, my friend, to giving out a hymn and praying for us ? We are put to the lock. ” Mr. Clough said, “ I will try and do what I can. ” So he went into the pulpit, gave out a hymn and prayed, and then gave out another hymn ; and when that was sung, he read a text, and preached from these words, “ Ye must be born again. ” Only a few of the people knew that Mr. Clough was not the man who was appointed to preach, but the thing was doubtless of God. The Lord blessed that preaching to the soul profit of the people, and to one man in particular, as Mr. Clough told me.

About nine years afterwards Mr. Clough was engaged to go and preach an anniversary sermon, about sixty miles away from the same place ; and when the service was over in the evening, a poor thin-looking woman, worn down with labour from attending to a brother of hers, who had been confined on a bed of affliction for many months, said, “ Will you come with me and see my brother, who is very ill ? ” Mr. Clough went, and as soon as he entered the sick man’s chamber, the poor man said, “ That’s the man ! that’s the man ! ” Mr. Clough said, “ What do you mean, my friend ? ” The sick man, who had not been able during six months to turn himself in bed, raised himself up in his bed and said, “ You are the man who preached in such a village, one stormy night, about nine years ago, and that was the time God saved my soul. ” Mr. Clough and the man wept and rejoiced together, as they rehearsed the lovingkindness and wonderful doings of the Lord. “ Wonders of grace to God belong. ” “ He must needs go through Samaria. ”

Soon after Mr. Clough commenced preaching, he had to baptize a woman, and during the week he sent his shoes to be mended, for he had only one pair, as, being a collier, he wore clogs. On the Saturday he found the shoemaker intoxicated and asked him for his shoes, but found the soles off. He went to bed distressed and wondered how this could be the Lord’s work, seeing everything seemed to be working so contrary. He perspired and rolled in bed until about eleven o’clock, when a man came to the door

and called out for Tom. He said, "I have a new pair of shoes here ; I have had them hung up about three months, and now I cannot get my feet into them. If they will fit you, I will give them to you," "He went away, and I never," said Mr. Clough, "had a better pair of shoes, nor a pair that fitted me better."

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### CALLED HOME.

DEAR MRS. BLINKHORN,—One of the friends at Salem thought you would like the enclosed, as you were, at one time, very intimate with my dear mother. You will see by the card she was called to her rest on Monday, May 12th, 1890. Doubtless you are aware that she has been a great sufferer, and more especially the last twelve months of her life. She used to repeat the verse on her card very often, only as it reads in the hymn-book—

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

Her spine became too weak to support her head properly, so that, for the last few weeks, she could not raise her head at all, and her cough and difficulty of breathing prevented her from lying down for more than a few minutes at a time. She used to look at me, so pitifully, and say, "Oh, I am so weary and tired! When shall I be at rest?" On one occasion, we had been trying to fix her in a more comfortable position, and, being very much exhausted, she said—

"There I shall bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest;  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast."

She was much blessed under a text we had preached from at chapel, of which I told her when I came home. It was, "When I see the blood, I will pass over you." She said, "Yes, that will do. I could die to-night on a promise like that, if the Lord would take me," and she repeated, with much emphasis—

"In that dread moment, oh, to hide  
Beneath His sheltering blood!  
'Twill Jordan's icy waves divide,  
And land my soul with God."

The day before she died, she said to a friend who came in to see her,

"Yes, I shall soon be landed  
On yonder shores of bliss."

The morning of the day she died, she asked us if we thought she was going, and when we told her we thought so, she looked enraptured, and said, "Do you really think so? Do you think I'm going home to-day—going home to rest? I'm afraid you're mistaken, it seems too good to be true; but if it is so, I hail the happy day. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not any of His benefits. He redeemeth thy life from destruction, and crowneth thee with loving kindness.'" I said to her—

"Jesus, the vision of Thy face  
Hath overpowering charms;  
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace  
If Christ be in my arms."

She said, "Yes; that's it, that is all I want." My brother-in-law (a Roman Catholic) came in to see her. She took his hand, and said, "Good-bye, Mr. M.—, and remember this, there's only one way to heaven. Jesus Christ is the only way, and you'll never get there in any other." She did not say much more afterwards, but sank into a kind of stupor, till about ten minutes past four in the afternoon, when, without a struggle or a groan, her spirit was called to enter that rest for which she had so often prayed. The expression of her face after death was beautiful. Every trace of suffering and pain was gone, and the only words that describe the expression are, "Perfect peace! Perfect rest!" She was buried on the following Friday, by Mr. Keeble, and we felt, in committing her body to the ground, that it was "in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection."

This is to me a great loss, more at times than I can bear to think of. As you know, she was my own dear mother, and I was her only child. I have been with her all my life, but I would not have her back even if I could. I know it is her eternal gain, and I have a hope that one day I may enter, through the worthiness and grace of Jesus alone, into that land where partings and death are unknown.

I hope you will pardon the liberty I have taken to write, but as I have often heard dear mother speak of you, and knowing you were both once very intimate, I thought you might be interested in hearing a little about her end. If you will kindly write me a few lines to say you receive this, I shall be much obliged.

My father wishes to be very kindly remembered to you. Trusting you are well, and with kind regards,

I am, dear Mrs. Blinkhorn, yours very sincerely,  
*Peterborough, June 23rd, 1890.* MIRIAM E. SPENCER.

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WHERE there is true faith there will be obedience and the fear of God.

## UNION WITH CHRIST IN HIS DEATH AND HIS LIFE.

(COLOSSIANS iii. 1—4.)

THAT the people of the Lord are "*near unto Him*" is the grand truth taught us throughout the Bible by many express statements, and in numerous striking figures.

In the new Testament especially, we find it in its utmost beauty, as we hear the Saviour saying, in His intercessory prayer, "Thou hast loved them as Thou hast loved Me; and I pray that they all may be one; even as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us: I in, them and Thou in Me."

Sometimes He compares Himself to the root and stem, and His people to the branches of the True Vine; or the thought of a building is presented, of which Christ is the Foundation and Chief Corner Stone, and believers are built upon and united with Him; while often the apostle Paul sets before us that most striking of all similitudes—a *human body*, alive and perfect in all its parts—every member in sympathy with all the rest, and the head caring and providing for the whole; and he says Jesus and His people are compared to this marvellous and complex human frame; for as the body is composed of many members, and these united form one person, "*so also is Christ.*" And connected with this last figure, we find those deep, mysterious declarations expressed so strikingly, as we think, in the Revised Version, that since Christ and His people are thus one, it behoved Him, the Head and Representative, to suffer for the members of His body, and take away their guilt; that, by virtue of this union, when He died for all His people, "*they all died*" in and with Him; and He died that they who live through His death should henceforth live unto Him, who died and rose again for them. (See 2 Cor. v. 14, 15.)

So in the 20th verse of the chapter preceding our text, we find Paul saying, \* "*Ye died with Christ . . . and having been buried with Him in baptism, wherein ye were also raised with Him, through faith in the working of God, who raised Him from the dead*" (12th verse); while the passage before us thus completes the argument, and enforces the precepts based upon it. "*If then ye were raised together with Christ, seek the things that are above, where Christ is seated on the right hand of God. Set your mind on the things that are above, not on the things that are upon the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ,*

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\* We give the quotation from the R. V., as explanatory of the figure used by the Apostle.—ED.

who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory." \*

The inspired Apostle's argument therefore is extremely forcible ; if we are the followers of Jesus, we are of Christ, belong to, and are united with Him, in His death, in His resurrection, and in His life on high. "In that He died, He died unto sin once"; therefore we are to "reckon ourselves to be dead unto sin:" "In that He liveth evermore, He liveth unto God," and so are we to judge ourselves, "alive unto God in Christ Jesus."

The purpose of God has predestinated His people to be conformed to the image of His Son, and when the work of grace is completed, they shall be like Him—perfect, pure, and glorious ; so in the period that lies between the past and the eternal future—in this present life, the scene of so many changes and conflicts—"every one that hath *this* hope in him"—the hope of seeing Jesus, and being like Him—"purifieth himself even as He is pure." And not only does a believing apprehension of union with Christ rouse and stimulate the Christian to shun evil, and follow after good, it helps, strengthens, and encourages him amid all his failures and defeats. The final victory is sure ; so he can say, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy ; though I fall, I shall arise" ; and even now the believer is more than conqueror through his Lord.

The story is told of one of our great men, that when a lad he was trying to solve a mathematical problem which continually baffled him, but he declined the proffered assistance of his tutor, with the remark, "I haven't mastered it yet but *I can* and *I will*." And so at length he did. May we not apply this illustration to our subject, though at first sight it seems to contradict what we so often feel, that of ourselves we can do nothing? Paul said, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me," and does not his firm, undaunted attitude always seem to add, "And *I will* in that strength press onward and upward, till the goal is reached and the prize obtained" ?

Setting the affections on heavenly things does not imply indifference to, or impatience of, the every-day duties of life ; we "run with patience the race set before us," while we are "looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith." The little things required of us are hallowed and dignified when they are done as unto the Lord ; the sufferer has grown strong and patient, the martyr calm and triumphant, as each has considered Him, received of His Spirit, and imbibed His grace.

But let us never attempt to lower the standard of Christian

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\* We give the Authorised Version of this verse, because we think it the best.—Ed.

life because we fall so far below it; that would be the surest way to sink lower still.

It has often been noticed in a child's copy book, that the first line or two of the page is better written than the last. Perhaps the little hand grew tired, or, as is still more probable, the young writer, who at first tried to imitate the fair "copy" at the top, left off looking at that, after a while, and followed his own imperfect imitation. Thus many of us have often failed; we have forgotten to keep on looking at our great Pattern; we have compared ourselves with ourselves, or with others, at best imperfect and faulty; and when once more we have been brought to the true testing point, have wondered to find how far we have gone astray; and there was no cause for astonishment after all.

But "He giveth more grace." May we continually seek it from Him, that while on earth we may live and walk as citizens of heaven, proving that our "treasure" is on high, because our "heart's" best affections are already centred there. And if we cannot reach the assurance that Christ is our life, and we are members of His body, yet we know that He has become the Author of eternal salvation to *all who obey Him*; and His own sweet Word, which cannot be broken, declares, "Where I am, there shall also My servant be." H. S. L.

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## RECOLLECTIONS OF PAST EXPERIENCES.

### THE OPENED DOOR.

IMMEDIATELY after my first attempt to speak in the Lord's name (having most providentially disposed of my business, as before narrated) we went to reside for a time with some relatives in a distant county. The path, providentially, was exceedingly trying; my prospects were very dark. I did not even know how I should obtain the bread that perisheth. Notwithstanding all my efforts, for some months no opening appeared in any direction. I received one or two invitations to preach, the last being for August 9th, 1877, at a village some twenty or thirty miles from where I then was. In fulfilling the appointment, I was greatly exercised. My burden was heavier than I could bear, and seemed that day to crush me to the ground. The Lord's face was hid; my soul was in deepest despondency. I feared I had been altogether deceived. In regard to providence, God's hand was against me. What to do, or which way to look, I could not tell. Then, in respect to the ministry, having no further engagement, it appeared as if that day would end it. Pondering over all these things, I could not but conclude I must have run without being sent of God, which added trembling and bitterness to my grief. My spiritual state, in such darkness and distress of soul, was sad

enough, and providence looked exceedingly gloomy and black; but I felt these things could have been comparatively easily borne had it not been for my folly in presuming to speak in the Lord's name. Oh, how I wished I had refused! In real anguish of mind, I left the vestry and went towards the pulpit. It seemed a long way that evening. I thought no poor criminal going to the gallows could be more full of fear, self-loathing, and desperation. The only encouraging thing was that the Lord knew I did not want to deceive His people, or be deceived myself. Going up the pulpit stairs, I did very earnestly entreat the Lord's pity and mercy, for it seemed as if I *must* be in the wrong path, because all things seemed against me. With these feelings I went through the first part of the service, my heart being oppressed with fear and dismay. However, just as I was reading the text I had thought of trying to speak from, the Lord, in much mercy, caused the following lines to drop upon my mind with some reviving power and comfort—

“The way I walk can not be wrong,  
If Jesus be but there.”

As I proceeded, these simple words of Mr. Hart's kept passing and repassing through my heart with ever-increasing conviction that the Lord *was* with me. It was as though the Lord Jesus stood behind me supporting me, and assuring me that His presence was the proof I had not been—and was not then—wrong in preaching the blessed Gospel. The many years' exercise about the ministry have been so interwoven with all other trials, that I felt if *this* were of God, all other things (being subordinate thereto) would come right. I returned on the following day, rejoicing in the gracious lift I had received, feeling blessedly certain the Lord would appear, though I could not think from what quarter deliverance would come, nor where a door would be opened. I kept this pretty much to myself, having to travel through these anxious, trying paths in respect to the ministry with but little human sympathy.

A very short time after this, I received an invitation to supply at a place about a hundred miles north of London, which I had never, to my knowledge, even heard of. Before the time came I sank very low in my soul's feelings. Every effort to obtain some means of a livelihood failed, for disappointment after disappointment met me on every hand. When I started from London on the Saturday, I felt I was the greatest fool that went out of London that day. Mortified pride, deep depression, and great perplexity as to the errand I was on, filled my mind with gloomy thoughts. The future I dared not think of. Thus, very miserable and sad, I arrived late at my destination. On Sunday morning,



at the chapel, I spoke from Solomon's Song viii. 13—"O Thou that dwellest in the gardens, the companions hearken to Thy voice: cause me to hear it." I could speak feelingly. I did indeed desire to hear His voice, for all paths were hedged up. I was like Israel at Pi-hahiroth. The Lord, however, helped me a little in speaking to the people; but after my return, I spent a few more unhappy weeks in seeking some means of getting a living for those dependent upon me.

At length, one morning, I received an invitation from the Church at the last-mentioned place to supply for them a certain term, with a view to the pastorate. By the same post came a request to supply another Church. Which of the two was the right way I hardly knew. However, Providence led and I followed. At the end of the term of probation, I accepted a unanimous call to the pastorate, where for five years I experienced many mercies, as well as learnt some lessons. Thus was a door opened.

#### HUMBLING LESSONS.

The year 1877 was an eventful one in my little history. Its commencement found me in business in a large town in the north of England. During the spring we removed to the country town (as narrated previously), where my mouth began to be opened in the name of the Lord. After leaving there, the summer was a season of deep perplexity and suspense, which was followed by the door opening as described in the last section, so that the end of the year found me entered on an entirely new life, amid new surroundings, far removed from all old associations. Thus commenced a pastorate lasting five years, during which I was exercised with "line upon line" of discipline, "precept upon precept" of instruction, with "here a little and there a little" of helps by the way. Some of the humbling lessons I had to learn were penned down at the time, and I feel led to subjoin a few extracts. In relation to the acceptance and commencement of the pastorate, I find I wrote as follows:—

*February 23rd, 1878.*—"Have this day seen the deacons. There is to be a Church meeting on Wednesday next. It is most likely I shall remain, and am in hopes that the result of the meeting will be quite satisfactory. My poor heart has been very much cast down the last few days, but I trust I feel a little better tonight. I do pray the Lord to help me and keep me from sinking under the weight of trials connected with the ministry and providence, which I sometimes feel more than I can bear."

*February 28th.*—"Thursday. I have this day received an unanimous call to the pastorate of the Church. It will be put before the congregation next Lord's-day, and if confirmed by them, I trust I shall not err in accepting the call. I do desire to be led right."

*March 3rd.*—"Lord's-day. The resolution of the Church has been unanimously confirmed by the congregation. There was not a dissentient voice. *I must accept.* But my poor heart is filled with a thousand fears."

*March 31st.*—"I have been more helped the past Sunday or two, though I feel very much is lacking. 'That which is wanting cannot be numbered.' Nevertheless, the Lord takes 'things that are not to bring to nought things that are,' that so His great name may be glorified. This day finishes my first engagement—the three months' probation. Next Lord's-day commences my stated labours."

*April 7th.*—"Lord's-day evening. Have this day commenced my labours as pastor. Texts: morning, John iii. 3; evening, Romans i. 16. Shut up in the former part of the day, more liberty in the evening. I now want to see *signs follow.* Personally, I want to be more sober-minded, more lowly, to walk more in communion with the Lord Jesus Christ, and to experience more quiet waiting upon Him day by day. I want to feel the Word resting more upon my mind, and to be less carried away by external things. Lord, make me an able minister of the New Testament, and set my affections more and more upon things above."

On reference to the books from which the foregoing entries are taken, I find I was greatly tried during the year 1878 in many ways. On May 23rd, I wrote as follows:—"Have felt very weary to-day. Preaching Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. But it is the deep exercises of mind I am called to pass through which distress me so much. Exercises caused by various things, as—1. The apparent want of success; there seems no result in my ministry. 2. The coldness and apathy the people manifest. 3. The little confidence the officers appear to place in me. 4. The constant struggle to keep out of debt which a limited income necessitates. This is most wearing. 5. Fits of deep despondency, so that I sometimes long for death, seeing nothing but trouble, and feeling myself such a fool that I cannot manage my own affairs, and doubt whether God is managing them for me. Things without look gloomy, and things within almost cause me to despair. 6. The lack of encouragement in the work. I go in and out, talk, and there is an end of it. 7. My own bad, vile, deceitful heart, which is more plague than all the rest of my troubles put together. 8. The temptations to infidelity (*and worse*) that sometimes assault my soul. 9. Anxiety about my children. I seem to have so little wisdom to train them properly. 10. My sad lack of spirituality. This I fear, is worse than all. Lord, help me! Lord, help me! Lord, help me!"

(*To be continued.*)

## THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

IT has been the common lot, portion, and condition of the choicest saints in this world, to be deserted and forsaken of God, *Psa.* xxx. 6, 7; *Psa.* lxxvii. lxxxviii.; *Job* xxiii. 8, 9; *Sol.'s Song* iii. 1—3; v. 6, 7; *Isa.* viii. 17; *Mic.* vii. 7—9. If God deals no worse with thee, than He has dealt with His most bosom friends, with His choicest jewels, thou hast no reason to complain.

God's forsaking of thee is only partial, it is not total. God may forsake His people in part, but He never wholly forsakes them; He may forsake them in respect of His quickening presence, and in respect of His comforting presence, but He never forsakes them in respect of His supporting presence. "My grace is sufficient for thee, for My strength is made perfect in weakness" (*2 Cor.* xii. 9). "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and He delighteth in his way. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down, for the Lord upholdeth him with His hand" (*Psa.* xxxvii. 23, 24). God's supporting hand of grace is still under His people. "My soul followeth hard after Thee: Thy right hand upholdeth me" (*Psa.* lxiii. 8). Christ has always one hand to uphold His people, and another hand to embrace them" (*Sol.'s Song* ii. 16). The everlasting arms of God are always underneath His people; and this the saints have always found, witness David, Heman, Asaph, Job, *Deut.* xxxiii. 27.

Geographers write, that the city of Syracuse, in Sicily, is so curiously situated, that the sun is never out of sight. Though the children of God sometimes are under some clouds of afflictions, yet the Sun of Mercy, the Sun of Righteousness, is never quite out of sight.

Though God has forsaken thee, yet His love abides and continues constant to thee. He loves thee with an everlasting love (*Jer.* xxxi. 3). Where He loves, He loves to the end (*John* xiii. 1). "But Zion said, The Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me." But was not Zion mistaken? Yes. "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, they may forget, yet will not I forget thee. Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of My hands; thy walls are continually before me" (*Isa.* xlix. 14—16). Look, as persons engrave the mark, name, or picture of those whom they dearly love and entirely affect upon some stone that they wear at their breasts, or upon some ring that they wear on their finger; so has God engraved Zion upon the palms of His hands; she was still in His eye, and always dear to His heart, though she thought not so. As Joseph's heart was full of love to his brethren, even then when he spake

roughly to them and withdrew himself from them, for he was fain to go aside and ease his heart by weeping; so the heart of God is full of love to His people, even then when He seems to be most displeased with them, and to turn His back upon them. Though God's dispensation may be changeable towards His people, yet His gracious disposition is unchangeable towards them. When God puts the blackest veil of all upon His face, yet then His heart is full of love to His people, then His bowels are yearning towards them. "Is Ephraim My dear son? Is he a pleasant child? for since I spake against him, I do earnestly remember him still; therefore My bowels are troubled for him. I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord" (Jer. xxxi. 20). The mother's bowels cannot more yearn after the tender babe, than God's do after His distressed ones. As Moses' mother, when she put him in the ark of bulrushes, wept to see the babe weep, and when she was turned from him, she could not but cast a weeping eye of love towards him; so when God turns aside from His people, yet He cannot but cast an eye of love towards them. "How shall I give thee up, O Ephraim?" (Hos. xi. 1.) Here are four several *hows*, in the text; the like not to be found in the whole book of God. "I am even at a stand; justice calls for vengeance, but mercy interposes; my bowels yearn, my heart melts; oh, how shall I give thee up? Oh, I cannot give thee up; I will not give thee up." God's love is always like Himself, unchangeable; His love is everlasting; it is a love that never decays or waxes cold; it is like the stone asbestos, of which Solinus writes, that being once hot it can never be cooled again.

Though the Lord has hid His face from thee, yet certainly thou hast His secret presence with thee (Psalm xxiii. 4; cxxxix). God is present, when He is seemingly absent; "The Lord was in this place, and I knew it not," says Jacob (Gen. xxvii. 16). The sun many times shines when we do not see it, and the husband is many times in the house when the wife does not know it. God is in thy house, He is in thy heart, though thou see Him not, though thou feel Him not, though thou hear Him not. "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee:" or, as it may be rendered according to the Greek, "I will not leave thee, neither will I forsake thee" (Heb. xiii. 5). Art thou not now drawn out to prize God, and Christ, and His love above all the world? Yes. Art thou not now drawn out to give the Lord many a secret visit, in a corner behind the door, in some dark hole, where none can see thee, nor hear thee, but the Lord? Yes. Are there not strong breathings, pantings, and longings after a clearer vision of God, and after a fuller fruition of God? Yes. Art thou not more affected and afflicted with the drawings of Christ, than thou art with the greatest afflictions that ever befel

thee? Yes. Austin, upon that answer of God to Moses, "Thou canst not see My face and live," makes this quick and sweet reply, "Then, Lord, let me die that I may see Thy face." Dost thou not often tell God, that there is no punishment equal to the punishment of the loss of Him, and no hell equal to that of being forsaken of God? Yes. Dost thou not find a secret power in thy soul, drawing thee forth to struggle with God, to lay hold on God, and patiently to wait on God, till He shall return unto thee, and lift up the light of His countenance upon thee? Yes. Well then thou mayst be confident, that thou hast a secret and blessed presence of God with thee, though God, in regard of His comfortable presence, may be departed from thee. Nothing below a secret presence of God with a man's spirit, will keep him waiting and working till the Sun of Righteousness shines upon him. If any vain persons should put that deriding question to thee, "Where is now thy God?" thou mayst safely and boldly answer them, "My God is here, He is nigh me, He is round about me, yea, He is in the midst of me." "The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; He will save, He will rejoice over thee with joy; He will rest in His love; He will joy over thee with singing" (Zeph. iii. 17). The bush, which was a type of the Church, consumed not all the while it burned with fire, because God was in the midst of it. It is no argument, that Christ is not in the ship, because tempests and storms arise.

Though God is gone, yet He will return again. Though your sun is now set in a cloud, yet it will rise again. Though sorrow may abide for a night, yet joy comes in the morning. A Christian's mourning shall last but till morning. "He will turn again, He will have compassion upon us" (Mic. vii. 19). "It was but a little that I passed from them, but I found Him whom my soul loveth; I held Him, and would not let Him go" (Sol.'s Song iii. 4). "In the multitude of my thoughts within me, Thy comforts delight my soul" (Psa. xciv. 19). "For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee. In a little wrath I hid My face from thee, for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer. 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. 7, 8, 10). God will not suffer His whole displeasure to rise upon His people, neither will He forsake them totally or finally. The saints shall taste but some sips of the cup of God's wrath; sinners shall drink the dregs. Their storm shall end in a calm, and their winter-night shall be turned into a summer's day.

There was a woman who was thirteen years under desertion,

which was so vehement, that, for the most part of her time, she was fain to keep her bed through weakness. A godly minister, who was affected with her condition, went to comfort her and to pray with her; but when he came and offered to do it, she shrieked out, utterly refusing, and forbidding him to pray with her. "For," said she, "I have too many abused mercies to answer for already"; yet he would not be put off, but prayed by her, and so prevailed with God on her behalf, that the next morning she was delivered from all her fears, and had such exceeding joy, that the like has rarely been heard of; the Lord that had been long withdrawn from her, returned at length in a way of singular mercy to her. There was another precious woman who was several years deserted, and hearing a godly minister preach, she of a sudden fell down, overwhelmed with joy, crying out, "Oh, He is come whom my soul loveth!" and for divers days after she was filled with such exceeding joys, and had such gracious and singularly ravishing expressions so fluently coming from her, that many came to hear the rare manifestations of God's grace in her; the lowest of her pious expressions did exceed the highest that ever the minister had read in the Book of Martyrs.—*Brooks.*

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### MY WANTS.

My wants are numerous, and not less sincere;  
I'm full of wants, but, oh, so often fear,  
Lest my desires should only natural prove,  
And that my love is not true heavenly love.

I sometimes feel within as dark as night,  
God only knows how then I long for light;  
When lifeless, hard, and cold in every part,  
I crave for God's warm love to melt my heart.

I want to feel more liberty in prayer,  
That I the children's privilege may share;  
And when I bend the knee and try to pray,  
I want the Lord to teach me what to say.

For, oh, I feel to be unable quite  
To think a thought, or say one word that's right;  
And yet I hope the Lord will hear my plea,  
Draw near, and manifest Himself to me.

What is true prayer? it may be but one sigh,  
Unseen by men, but known to God on high;  
No nicely-worded sentence does He ask,  
For were it so, then prayer would be a task.

But we may go to God just as we are,  
And tell Him every trouble, every care;  
His ear is open, He has power to save  
From whate'er woe or trial we may have.

I want a stronger faith, that I might see  
 Not only that Christ died, but died for *me* ;  
 At times my hopes are low, and then, again,  
 They rise like sunshine coming after rain.

I wish I had a clearer, firmer hope,  
 And did not in the dark so often grope ;  
 I look around, but lo, there seems to be  
 No hand to guide my soul to liberty.

I want a view of Christ, this would, indeed,  
 Supply my every want and all my need ;  
 I want a clearer sight to see behind  
 The cloud which hides the Saviour from my mind.

I want to say, with Paul, " He lovèd me,"  
 And gave Himself that I might go quite free,  
 To feel the sweet assurance I am His,  
 To know my lot will be eternal bliss.

I want the Lord to teach me what I want,  
 And if, in my own way, He does not grant  
 That which I ask for, may He let me see  
 The reason is, it is not good for me.

Christ took our nature when from heaven He came,  
 Therefore He knows the frailty of our frame ;  
 I know I have a sympathizing Lord,  
 Oh, for more grace to trust His faithful Word.

A. C.

### ON HOLINESS.

"HOLINESS," writes President Edwards in his diary, "appeared to me to be of a sweet, pleasant, charming, serene, calm nature, which brought an inexpressible purity, brightness, peacefulness, and ravishment to the soul. In other words, that it made the soul like a field or garden of God, with all manner of pleasant flowers : all pleasant, delightful, and undisturbed ; enjoying a sweet calm, and the gentle vivifying beams of the sun. The soul of a true Christian appeared like such a little white flower, as we see in the spring of the year : low and humble on the ground, opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory ; rejoicing, as it were, in a calm rapture, diffusing around a sweet fragrancy, standing peacefully and lovingly in the midst of other flowers round about, all in like manner opening their bosoms to drink in the light of the sun. There was no part of creature holiness, that I had so great a sense of its loveliness, as humility, brokenness of heart, and poverty of spirit, and there was nothing I so earnestly longed for. My heart panted for this, to lie low before God, as in the dust, that I might be nothing, and that God might be all."

## LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—I was pleased to receive your letter, for I had thought I should never get another line from you, by which I gather that the Lord is carrying on His work in your soul, and that He has taught you really to pray ; for as that beautiful hymn expresses it—

“Prayer is the soul’s sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed,  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.”

You know what your desires are, what the sighs and groans mean when you go before the Lord. It is that you may be found among His children ; and do you not find that the Psalms are a good prayer-book for you ? such as the 42nd, &c., and especially that one where he says, “Remember me with the favour which Thou bearest unto Thy people : O visit me with thy salvation.” It is more an evidence of grace to find your desires expressed in such language, your heart going with it, than if you were able only to use words freely. Of course it is very helpful to be able to express your desires, publicly or privately, in words, but in the Saviour’s ear there is music in a groan ; the heart and spirit is what the Lord takes notice of, more than words merely, because He knows man’s heart. And what a mercy He does ! “They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.” Some people’s religion dies before they do. What a solemn thought, for our religion to leave us when we most need it ! But those who wait upon God by prayer and supplication, He renews their strength, so they are helped on ; and it is thus that I, or any other of God’s people, have continued to this day—it is because God has renewed us from time to time. Perhaps you remember the account in “Pilgrim’s Progress,” (second part) ; when Christiana and Mercy got to the wicket gate, Christiana was let in, and Mercy left behind. Now she thought it was fulfilled, “One shall be taken and the other left” ; but seeing over the door, “Knock, and it shall be opened unto you,” she knocked, but she could hardly tell how, she was so distressed. But Christiana replied, “Why, I never heard such knocking before in my life ; we heard it all over the house.” Now, my dear friend, you think your poor groans and sighs are no good, but I believe the Lord will hear and answer, and bring you to a sweet realization of your interest in Himself.

A young woman was once about to speak something of what God had done for her, but she could not get on. The minister asked her when it was she said she last prayed. “Oh,” she said, “I did not say I prayed, I said *I tried to pray*.” And I often feel



to have got no further than trying to pray. I will try and pray for you, and you do the same, for Jesus has said, "If two of you are agreed . . . it shall be done." Watch the least desire and motion Godward, and do not fail to cherish and encourage it; also watch the motions and workings of sin, and seek strength and grace, not only to avoid and turn from it, but even from the appearance of evil. "They that will live godly in Christ Jesus" have a cross to take up, especially in these days. But oh, how much better to deny ourselves the paltry pleasures and baubles that many, even professors, follow after, and to have heaven at last as a free gift, than to have the short-lived pleasures of sin and this world with a never-ending hell. Oh, how solemn the thought, that we are each travelling, as fast as time can carry us, either to heaven or hell! Even here in this world the pleasures of a child of God in the blessed enjoyment of eternal realities, far, far exceed all the joys of the ungodly. I am glad you like the company of the Lord's people; get amongst them all you can—those who have tasted, handled and felt of the Word of life, and who delight to speak of God's goodness to them, while they take with shame the lowest place, and ascribe it all to God's rich, free, sovereign love and grace. I look back to some of the times when quite a youth, younger than you, when I used to creep into a room where a few met for prayer, and they were sweet and hallowed seasons.

Keep close to the Word of God. All teachers, preachers, and writers will have to stand or fall by this test, "To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this," do not receive it. The two most important things to know are, yourself as a sinner, and Jesus Christ as the alone Saviour; for, "None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good." And no poor needy sinner, under a felt sense of poverty, sinfulness and ruin, ever sought unto the Good Physician for help and cure in vain. No! no! But all such will one day have a new song put into their mouth, even praise unto our God. I trust and pray this may soon be your happy experience. I think I should then hear from you, for you would say with the Psalmist, "O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together."

With my best desires for your temporal and eternal welfare,  
believe me, yours, &c.,  
R. F. R.

[Dear young friends, we sincerely trust that this gracious, sympathetic, and encouraging letter may prove seasonable and profitable to great numbers who are waiting upon and for the Lord, for we can assure you that the expressions of our dear friend are the echo of our own heart's feelings respecting those who read these pages.—ED.]

## CALVINISTIC PROTESTANT UNION.

A LARGE meeting assembled last week in the Public Hall, Hastings, and with great interest listened to the address of Mr. Sinden, who showed that God raised Calvin, a man of vigour, for the special times in which he lived. His work was specially in France and Geneva; and France, in refusing the Reformation entrance, when it was knocking at the doors, lost that which enriches a nation wherever it falls. Le Fevre was shown to be in a sense a man to prepare the way for the greater who was to follow. Calvin's classical and legal training were but means in the hand of the all-wise God to fit him for the singular post which he was called to fill. The posting of the Protestant placards was spoken of as rash and not well-timed; but the last paragraph, "Truth is wanting in them (the Romanists), truth terrifies them, and by truth will their reign be destroyed," will be long remembered. The Calvinism of the Church of England Articles was shown to be an outcome of the intercourse of Calvin with the Protector Somerset, and later with King Edward VI. It was reasonable that the reproach that Calvin did not mark the beauties of scenery and the glories of nature, as seen in Alpine regions, should be met by the reply, that a general in the midst of crowded engagements has more pressing matters to deal with than those that occupy the poet and the painter.

Afterwards the following resolution was proposed by Mr. Horton, seconded by Mr. Mayo, and passed unanimously:—"That this meeting thanks the lecturer for his able and instructive address, and would ask of God to raise up in the present day like-minded witnesses who have passed from darkness to the true light."

A liberal collection met the expenses. Other lectures are arranged for the successive months of this year.—*English Churchman*.

## SHOCKING DISCOVERY IN A NUNNERY.

A MYSTERIOUS nunnery, commonly called the "Nunnery of the Buried Alive," at Naples, which has been closed against outsiders for four centuries, was opened on Saturday, by order of the Minister of Justice. Strenuous opposition was offered by the doorkeeper, and the police entered by the windows. Sixteen nuns were found within, in a state bordering on insanity. They were covered with rags, and their surroundings were of the most filthy description. Many had forgotten how to speak, and the demeanour of all of them was more that of animals than human beings. Those who were induced to talk expressed themselves perfectly resigned to their fate. The cause of the raid upon the

nunnery was the desire of the parents of a young girl who had entered the convent to recover her. She had been banished to the nunnery on account of a love affair objectionable to her family. The latter, being unable to communicate with her, had complained to the police, and an order from the Minister of Justice for her removal was obtained. She was found to be a mere skeleton, and her parents became half crazed at the condition in which she was discovered. The nunnery has been closed, and a strict investigation ordered by the Governor of Naples. The facts of this extraordinary affair are contained in a special despatch to the *Tagblatt*, which states that the case is attracting the widest attention in Naples.

A later telegram states that ten more nuns have been released from the subterranean dungeons of the "Nunnery of the Buried Alive" at Naples, which has just been opened by order of the Minister of Justice. Among them were eight young women who had been incarcerated against their will, by order of their parents. The police have been ordered to visit all nunneries in Southern Italy which are closed to the public. Cardinal Sanfelice left Naples to-day for Rome, to obtain instructions from the Pope on the subject. Immense excitement has been created by the disclosures.

The *Corriere di Napoli* says: In consequence of reports made to the Prefect of Naples, that serious abuses existed in the convent of the "Buried Alive," or "Hermits," he, with other authorities, yesterday (Oct. 3), suddenly repaired to the place to discover the truth for himself. In order to enter, the Prefect had to threaten to force the doors, such resistance was made by the vice-governor of the institution, Father Belli, General of the Order of the Teatius, and by the spiritual director, Father Masci. When the door was finally opened, the Prefect and authorities were received by two nuns, covered with very thick long black veils, who, when questioned, preserved a strict silence. Then it was explained that their vow prohibited them from speaking to others, and that they could only do so through their spiritual director. Father Masci, at the request of the Prefect, undertook to be the interpreter of the nuns' sentiment, and through him they informed the Prefect that "they were very happy, and would not change their position for all the kingdoms of the world." When the authorities then entered the great hall of the institution, the nuns fled scandalized to their cells, leaving their visitors alone. The Prefect asked Father Masci to persuade the nuns to come out, and after a great deal of trouble he succeeded in doing so. But at every question put to them, the nuns replied by a movement which meant that they would not answer even by a gesture. When pressed, they responded that

"they were very happy, and for all the kingdoms of the world would not change their condition." While the Procurator-General, the Procurator of the King, and the quæstor, who accompanied the Prefect, watched the strange scene, the latter succeeded in making three nuns listen to what he had to say, but they still persisted in their silence, probably from fear of breaking their vow. Then the Prefect ordered them all to take off their veils; the old ones hastened to do so, the young ones refused. From the expression of the faces exposed, the authorities divined the sufferings of these unfortunate recluses, who do not even live in a clean abode, the authorities having discovered that the rules of health are far from being respected. The impression made on the authorities is a very sad one; they seem convinced that the nuns did not speak because they were afraid of the two priests. The question whether the twenty-three nuns of the institution shall be taken away will now be gone into.—*English Churchman*.

[Oh, what devilish deceit, on the part of popish confederates, this shows up.—ED.]

### "GETTING READY" FOR ROME.

SIR,—I was at Winchester the other day, and visited the cathedral, to see how the Romanizers there were getting on with the reredos, a substitute for the Ten Commandments.

I found that the large golden cross had been taken down, but its place remained. Will it appear again as a crucifix? Over the Communion Table was a large picture of the raising of Lazarus.

Four of the niches for statues are already filled up. One contains St. Swithin, and the other St. Berinus. I asked the vergier whether these statues were copies of old ones, and he said, "No." I asked, why were new statues of Roman Catholic saints being put up in a Protestant cathedral? He laughed, and with a knowing look significantly answered, "We're getting ready."

In the "Lady Chapel" of this cathedral are some old pictures on the walls, and many of the subjects clearly prove (what is so apparent in Liguori's "Glories of Mary," approved by Dr. Manning) that the "Queen of Heaven," worshipped under the name of the Virgin Mary, is the patroness of wicked people. I send you proofs from the official explanation of the pictures.

1. A woman who died in sin, by intercession of B.V.M., allowed to return to the body, made her confession, and so obtained salvation.

2. A very sinful monk, being saved from perdition by B.V.M.,

on account of his exceeding devotion to her ! (So that his very sinful life was quite compatible with his exceeding devotion.)

3. A knight who plundered all passers-by, and yet performed daily devotions to the B.V.M., captured a holy man. Through his means it was made known that the knight was watched by a demon, who, if once those devotions were omitted, had power to destroy him. On learning this, the knight repented, and lived a good life.

4. A thief, hung for crime, was in consequence of his devotion to the B.V.M. kept by her unhurt, and was therefore released, and became a monk !

5. A worldly clerk was for his sins buried without the cemetery. The B.V.M., to whom he showed much devotion [!] appeared, and commanded the body to be moved. On opening the grave a flower was found in his mouth, and his tongue sound and whole.

From the above it is apparent that the V.M. of the Romish Church does not mind in the least a man being sinful so long as he is devoted to her !

With reference to the same subject, I send you a verse or two of a processional hymn used at Trinity Church, Winchester. It is called "New Jerusalem," and consists of sixteen verses, containing a lot of rubbish about "sugar and nard and balm abounding—nectar and ambrosia flowing—and musk and civet sweet," &c. Then we have :—

" Our Lady sings 'Magnificat'  
With tones surpassing sweet,  
And all the virgins bear their part,  
Companions, round her feet.

" 'Te Deum' doth St. Ambrose sing,  
St. Austin doth the like,  
Old Simeon and Zachary  
Have not their songs to seek. "

" There Magdalene hath left her moan,  
And cheerfully doth sing  
With blessed saints, whose harmony  
In every street doth ring."  
&c., &c.

W. P. PARTRIDGE, Deputy Surgeon-General.  
*September 23rd, 1890.—English Churchman.*

[With the exception of a few godly men in the Church of England, we fear the subtle conduct of her clergy proves that Satan is their head bishop.—ED.]



“BEING IMPRISONED AT FIRST IN THE CASTLE.” (See page 311.)

## FEMALE MARTYRS IN ENGLAND

WHO WERE BURNED FOR THE TRUTH DURING THE DAYS OF  
QUEEN MARY.

THE reader is aware that, during the reign of Queen Mary, many Protestants, of all ages, and both sexes, were burned because they refused to return to Popery. The accounts of the sufferings of several bishops, and others of note, have been published in a variety of forms, but the histories of some females who were burned towards the latter end of that reign are less generally known, although their constancy and faith teach a useful lesson to every believer in Christ. The particulars of some of these narratives are given in the following pages, and surely they will be read with interest by every British female.

In August, 1556, a blind woman, only twenty-two years of age, was burned at Derby; her name was Joan Waste, she was the daughter of a poor barber and ropemaker, and had been blind from her birth. Although He whose compassions fail not saw fit to send bodily infirmity, He gave light to her soul.

She learned to knit and to make ropes, "and in no case would be idle." After the decease of her parents, she lived with her brother; and during King Edward's reign daily resorted to church, to hear the divine service in the English tongue, and sermons explaining the real truths of the Gospel. Inestimable indeed must this privilege have been to a poor, illiterate, blind female. Her mind was gradually enlightened by the truths she heard. At length, she saved money enough to buy a Testament (not such an easy acquisition as at the present day). But she could not read. To supply this defect, she had recourse to an aged man, named Hurt, imprisoned for debt, and generally persuaded him to read her at least one chapter every day. These passages she treasured up in her memory. When he was unable or unwilling to read, she engaged others in his place, occasionally rewarding them with a few pence, and stipulating how often they should read each chapter. By hearing the Scriptures daily read her mind was richly stored with divine truth, and she could readily reprove sin from Scripture, as well as such abuses in religion as were prevalent in those days.

In Queen Mary's days, she continued steadfast in the faith, and was summoned to appear before the Popish bishop, who with his chancellor, assisted by several justices, sat in judgment upon her. The accusations stated that she did not believe the sacrament of the altar to be the real body of Christ, with similar charges. She said, she believed what the Holy Scriptures taught her; that she was a poor, unlearned, blind woman, and therefore desired them

not to trouble her with further talk, as, by God's assistance, she was ready to yield up her life in that faith.

The bishop and his chancellor continued to argue with her, and easily puzzled this poor woman. At length, she enquired whether the bishop would take it upon his conscience, that the doctrines he declared were true, and would engage to answer for her at the dreadful day of judgment. The bishop assented, but his chancellor interposed, reminding his lordship that "he might not undertake to answer a heretic!" She then said, that since they would not thus confirm their own belief in what they asserted, she would answer no further. Sentence was pronounced, and a writ for her burning was issued.

Dr. Draycott, the chancellor of the diocese, was appointed to preach a sermon on the occasion. Many of the neighbouring gentry were required to attend, and this poor blind servant of God was set before the pulpit. The doctor inveighed at some length against heresies, and said that this woman was not only blind of her bodily eyes, but also blind as to the eyes of her soul, adding, that like as her body was about to be consumed with fire, her soul would burn in hell with everlasting fire, and that it was not lawful for people to pray for her.

After sermon she was carried to a place called the Windmill Pit, her brother holding her by the hand. With his assistance she prepared herself for the stake. She desired the people to pray for her, and repeated such prayers as she was able, and cried upon the Lord Jesus with her last breath.

On the 19th of June, 1557, seven martyrs were burned at Canterbury, three men and four women, named Final, Bradbridge, Wilson, and Benden. The sufferings of mistress Benden deserve notice. She was imprisoned in the October preceding, for absenting herself from the Popish service, but after some time was set at liberty, and returned home to her parish of Staplehurst. On the next Sunday her husband required her to go to church, which she refused; upon this, he went, and gave such an account of his wife, that a neighbouring justice ordered the constable to take her to Canterbury jail. To complete her husband's infamy, he agreed with the constable to carry his wife to prison for a trifling sum of money. But she, unwilling that he should incur this additional guilt, went herself to the constable, and urged him to go with her. He wished to avoid the trouble, but at last consented to send his boy with her, and thus attended, she went to Canterbury, and surrendered herself to the jailer. Being imprisoned at first in the castle, she and a woman, named Potkin, lived for some time for twopence-halfpenny a day (provisions were then exceedingly dear); they did so, being told that when they were removed to the bishop's prison, they would



only be allowed three farthings each for their daily support. After Benden had been removed there, her husband went to the bishop, requesting her liberation ; but being refused, on account of her continuing steadfast in the faith, this unnatural husband informed the bishop that her brother had contrived to see his wife, and send her money. Upon this, she was put into a vault in the bishop's prison, called Monday's Hole, and orders were given to apprehend the brother if he appeared. The dungeon had one window, before which were pales so high that a man could hardly look over. The brother sought for her with considerable danger to himself, but in vain, as the place was little known. He continued his search for five weeks ; at length, one morning, as he was searching round the prison, he heard his sister's voice repeating a Psalm, and looking over the pales, saw her in the dungeon. He then put money into a loaf of bread, which he fixed on the end of a pole, and contrived to place it within her reach. She was only allowed a little straw to lie upon ; and as had been told her, the allowance for her sustenance was but three farthings a day. At that time provisions were nearly at their present price, owing to the dearth which prevailed. In this dungeon she was kept nine weeks, without being allowed to change her clothes, till she was almost devoured by vermin, and "at length she became most piteous and loathsome to behold." At first, the sufferer felt much afflicted, and was ready to expostulate with God for permitting such aggravations of her miseries. One night, while engaged in sorrowful musings, several passages in the Psalms occurred to her mind, such as, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul ? why art thou disquieted within me ? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him for the light of His countenance" ; and it pleased the Lord to apply these precious words with comfort to her soul. From that time she continued very joyful, amidst all her accumulated miseries. With her fellow martyrs, she met the terrible death prepared for them with faith and patience. The day before three men and four women were burned at Maidstone ; one of the latter was a blind girl, named Elizabeth.

Joyce Lewis was burned at Lichfield in the month of August, 1557. She was the wife of a gentleman, of Mancetter, and had been brought up in the vanities and follies of this life, professing the Romish faith, and living in reality without God in the world. But she could not find happiness in that course ; and the burning of Saunders, the Protestant vicar of Coventry, made a deep impression upon her mind. A man, named John Glover, lived near, and was well known as a gospeller. With him she conversed respecting the mass and other points which the Romanists set forth as necessary for salvation. By the Divine blessing upon

his instructions, she was led deeply to feel the guilt and burden of sin, and to seek for that peace which the world cannot give. Her heart, by degrees, was filled with love towards God, and she desired to serve Him according to His Word. Such a change in her usual habits caused her to be noticed, and she was speedily summoned to appear before the Bishop of Lichfield. The officer brought the citation to her husband, who, indignant that his wife should be charged with heresy, listened to the dictates of passion, he drew his dagger, and compelled the bishop's officer to eat the summons. For this rash act, he was cited to appear before the prelate, as well as his wife; his views were soon found to be very different from hers, and, having implored pardon for his rashness, he was dismissed. The wife also was allowed to depart, her husband being bound to bring her again to the bishop in a month's time, or to forfeit a hundred pounds. Glover advised her not to put herself forward rashly, or out of vain glory, and tried to persuade her husband to incur the penalty rather than deliver over his wife to certain death. But he showed whose disciple he was, for he refused to do so, and took his wife to the bishop, declaring that he would not lose or forfeit anything for her sake. She was then committed to a noisome prison. The bishop inquired why she would not come to the mass, and receive their sacraments. She answered, "Because I find not in God's Word those things which ye so strongly urge as most needful for salvation. If they were commanded in the Word of God, I would, with all my heart receive, esteem, and believe them." Reader, mark the reply of this Romish prelate. "If thou wilt believe no more than is in Scripture, concerning matters of religion, thou art in a damnable case!" This, however it may be concealed, is really the doctrine of Romanism. Mrs. Lewis boldly told him that his words were ungodly and wicked. After her condemnation, she continued a whole year in prison, the sheriff then in office refusing to put her to death, for which he was called to account, and even in danger of his life. At length the writ came for her burning. Being informed of this, she said, "When I behold the amiable countenance of Christ, my dear Saviour, the grim face of death doth not greatly trouble me."

All night she continued cheerful. God the Holy Spirit had evidently expelled the fear of death from her heart; she spent her time in prayer, reading the Scriptures, and in converse with some friends, who, contrary to the usual custom, were allowed to see her. But as the morning drew near, Satan began to trouble her with his fiery darts, questioning with her how she could tell that she was chosen to eternal life, and that Christ had died for her. Her friends pointed her to Galatians ii. 20, "I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

They also told her, "that her vocation and calling to the knowledge of God's Word was a manifest token of His love towards her, especially the Holy Spirit working in her heart that love and desire towards God, to please Him, and to be justified through Christ." By these considerations, but especially by the sweet promises of our Lord, she was enabled to quench the fiery darts of the wicked one.

At eight o'clock the sheriff warned her that she had but one hour to live. After that interval he returned, and permitted a friend to accompany her to the stake, for which he was afterwards severely called to account. She was then led forth with a number of armed men, and a great crowd followed. Having been so long shut up in a close and noisome prison, the length of the way and the change of air made her faint. The sheriff humanely allowed some refreshment to be brought. She took the cup, and said, "I drink to all them that unfeignedly love the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and wish for the abolishment of Papistry." Her friends, and most of the females present, pledged her, in the expression of that sentiment, for which many of them were afterwards compelled openly to do penance; for a priest was stationed to take down the names or description of all persons who spoke to her, or expressed sorrow for her fate. They were speedily summoned by the Romish prelates, but were set at liberty upon expressing regret for what they had done. One female, named Pennifather, wept at the sad scene before her, upon which two priests inquired, "Why she wept for a heretic, whose soul was in hell?" She replied, that she thought the blessed martyr was in a better case than they were; upon which she was committed to prison, and narrowly escaped sharing the fate of her friend.

When the fire was kindled, Mrs. Lewis lifted up her hands towards heaven, but neither struggled nor stirred. She suffered less severely than many of her fellow martyrs, the under sheriff, at the request of her friends, having provided materials for a fierce and quick fire—a painful, but in the days of queen Mary, a real proof of friendship.

William Munt was a husbandman of Muchbently, in Essex, and, with his wife, and Rose Allen, her daughter by a former marriage, absented themselves from the Popish service, and, with some other good persons, gave themselves diligently to reading the Scriptures, and calling upon the name of God through Christ. For this they were marked by the Popish persecutors of that day, and on the 7th of March, 1557, a Mr. Edmund Tyrrell, with several assistants, went to their house at two o'clock in the morning. Having got admission, they went into the chamber where Munt and his wife lay, and ordered them to rise, as they must go to Colchester Castle. The wife hearing this, and feeling

herself unwell, asked that her daughter might have leave to get her some drink. As the daughter returned through the house, Tyrrell met her, and desired her to advise her parents to be better Catholics.

*Rose.*—Sir, they have a better instructor than I am ; for I hope the Holy Ghost teaches them, and I trust He will not suffer them to err.

*Tyrrell.*—What ! art thou still in that mind, thou naughty hussey ? It is time to look after such heretics !

*Rose.*—Sir, with what you call heresy I worship my Lord God.

*Tyrrell.*—Then you will burn with the rest, for company's sake.

*Rose.*—No, sir, not for company's sake, but for my Christ's sake, if I am compelled thereto ; and I hope in His mercy, that if He call me to it, He will enable me to bear it.

Tyrrell then, turning to his companions, said, "Sirs, the gossip will burn, do you not think so ?" "Prove her," said one, "and you will see what she will do by-and-by."

Then that cruel Tyrrel, taking the candle from Rose, held her wrist, and the candle under her hand, burning across the back of it, so long that the very sinews cracked asunder, as those present saw. During this cruelty he called her bad names. To this she answered, that she thanked God she had no cause to cry, but rather to rejoice, and that he had more cause to weep than she had, if he considered the matter well. At last, when the sinews brake so violently, that all the house heard them, he thrust her violently from him, using the most vulgar and abusive language. But she, quietly suffering his rage, at last said, "Sir, have you done what you will do ?" He answered, "Yea, and if you think it not well, then mend it." "Mend it !" said she ; "may the Lord mend you, and give you repentance, if it be His will. And now, if you think it good, begin at the feet, and burn the head also. For he that set you to this work will one day pay you your wages."

Rose, when afterwards speaking to a friend of this cruel act of Tyrrel's, added, "While my hand was a burning, I had a pot in my other hand, and might have struck him in the face with it, if I would, for no one held me, to prevent it. But I thank God with all my heart that I did not." Being asked by another person how she could abide the painful burning of her hand, she said it was at first some grief to her, but afterwards the longer it was burned the less pain she felt.

Poor Rose was burned with her father and mother, and seven others, on the 2nd of August, 1557, at Colchester. Three others were females, one of them a young woman about her own age.

Cicely Ormes was the wife of a weaver of Norwich. Being present at the burning of Miller and Cooper, she publicly said,

"She would pledge them of the same cup that they drank of." Her words were reported to the chancellor of the diocese, who sent for her, and enquired her belief respecting the sacrament. "What is that," said the chancellor, "which the priest holdeth over his head?" She answered, "It is bread," upon which she was sent to prison.

On the 23rd of September, 1557, she was carried to the stake, where other martyrs had suffered. Having prayed, she addressed the people, saying, "I believe in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, three Persons and one God. This I do not, and will not, recant; but I recant utterly, from the bottom of my heart, the doings of the Pope of Rome, and all his Popish priests and shavelings. I utterly refuse, and never will have to do with them again, by God's grace; and, good people, I would you should not think that I expect to be saved, because I offer myself here to death for the Lord's cause, but I look to be saved by the death and sufferings of Christ; and this my death is, and shall be, a witness of my faith unto you all here present. Good people, those of you who believe as I believe, pray for me." She then kissed the stake, and said, "Welcome, the cross of Christ." When the flames were kindled, she added, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoiceth in God my Saviour." She folded her hands upon her bosom, and then looking upwards gradually raised them till the sinews of her arms were burned, and they fell, thus yielding her life unto the Lord as quietly as if she had been in a slumber or felt no pain.

We might give numerous accounts of other sufferers who were burned, of all ages and ranks, but we must only mention one, that of Perotine Cawches, who was burned with her mother and sister on July 13th, 1536, in the island of Guernsey. It was a case the atrocity of which exceeds all others. After the fire was lighted a fair man child was born, a bystander snatched it from the flames, but the Popish authorities ordered that it should be cast again into the flames, where it perished with its mother.

It is unnecessary to add any observations upon these narratives, the truth of which cannot be denied, and which clearly prove the fiendish cruelty of the Popish system, which is at this time the same as when it was in full power in our beloved and favoured country. Be thankful that such cruelties are not again practised in England as yet. No one at present can be burned on account of their religion; and never forget that it was living faith in the Lord Jesus Christ which supported these sufferers under their torments, and that unless you are also brought to repent and believe in Him, you will have to suffer what will be far worse than the pains they endured, for their sufferings, though severe, were short. Oh, that you may, by the instruction of the Holy

Spirit, consider these things seriously; and "seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith" (Heb. xii. 1, 2).

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"WHY ART THOU CAST DOWN, O MY SOUL?"

Oh, why, my soul, art thou cast down,  
And sorrows fill thy breast?  
Doth God, thy God, thy cause disown,  
That thou art so distressed?

Oh, why, my soul, art thou cast down?  
Do clouds obscure thy sky?  
Though now on thee He seems to frown,  
Still on His arm rely.

Oh, why, my soul, art thou cast down,  
Why nurse thine anxious fear?  
Jesus hath made thy cause His own,  
For you He'll still appear.

Remember still His acts of love,  
And mercies shown to thee;  
Yet faithful to thee shall He prove,  
And you His grace shall see.

Oh, why, my soul, art thou cast down?  
Think not He will forsake;  
Still hope in God, thy light and strength,  
He knows the way you take.

Oh, why, my soul, art thou cast down?  
Think not He has forgot;  
For He has pledged His faithfulness,  
His love it changeth not.

Oh, why, my soul, art thou cast down?  
Doth Satan press thee sore?  
A present help He'll prove, and thou  
Shalt wonder and adore.

Oh, why, my soul, art thou cast down?  
Though now He hides His face,  
You yet shall praise His love unknown,  
His wisdom and His grace.

Oh, why, my soul, art thou cast down?  
Go tell the Lord thy grief;  
Thy broken cry He'll not despise,  
But surely grant relief.

Oh, why, my soul, art thou cast down ?  
 Come praise His glorious name,  
 Whose love and power encircles thee,  
 As with a wall of flame.

Oh, why, my soul, art thou cast down ?  
 Jehovah is His name,  
 He whom you trust will bring you through—  
 Not let thee come to shame.

Oh, why, my soul, art thou cast down ?  
 The time draws on apace,  
 When you, from sin and sorrow free,  
 Shall shout, "Redeeming grace!"

A BRUISED REED.

### DEATH OF MR. HENRY HALL,

PASTOR OF EBENEZER CHAPEL, WURTENBERG STREET, CLAPHAM.

*Clapham, S.W., November, 1890.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I was very gratified to receive such a kind, sympathetic note from you this morning, and trust your kind wishes may be realized by us in this the hour of trial. We indeed little expected Mr. Hall's end was so near. He was as well as usual a fortnight ago. Last Sunday his evening text was Psalm xli. 3, "He shall strengthen him on a bed of languishing," &c., and very nice he was too. On Monday evening at the prayer-meeting he read 1 Peter v., and gave out the hymn, "When languor and disease invade this trembling house of clay," &c. It seems singular, for I do not think he thought his end was so near. He went to business on Wednesday, but had to come home, and sent for the doctor, who said he was to keep his bed for a week.

I went to him on Thursday. Poor fellow ! he seemed so dark. He squeezed my hand, and said, "Pray, brother, pray. Oh, for that peace—that blessed peace ! nothing short of it will do. Blessed Lord, do, do give me a little peace and quietness in my poor soul.

"In Thy fair book of life and grace,  
 O may I find my name,  
 Recorded in some humble place  
 Beneath my Lord the Lamb."

I answered him with a verse from our Clifton Hymnal—

"Did ever sinner sink to woe  
 Thirsting for pardoning grace ?  
 Ten thousand voices answer, No !  
 None die that seek His face."

He said, "Ob, I know that, but I do want His appearance—nothing short will do." On Friday he was a little quieter, and that was the last time I had any conversation with him. I went in each day. I saw him on Monday night, and my heart sank within me. He was not conscious, but he rallied afterwards, and was very comfortable in his mind, at intervals wandering, but exclaiming, "Precious Jesus! I shall soon be there," &c., and so passed away at one o'clock, on October 28th.

I was honoured to assist with his poor body. We do not wish to murmur. We prayed for his deliverance from trials and perplexities, and he has now got it to the full. His work was done, and we desire to adore the riches of God's grace as displayed in the life and death of His honoured servant. But we do mourn his loss. I have sat under his ministry for thirty years, and have found in it that which has made me mourn on account of sin many, many times. I have received many words of comfort and encouragement, and have found his ministry solemn and searching; in fact, it was those things that he had "handled and tasted." He was helped, indeed, to humble the poor sinner and exalt a precious Saviour, and his testimony has been honoured, and I feel convinced yet that the faithful words he was helped to speak will be as "bread cast upon the waters"; but if he were here, he would say, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory."

As regards us as a Church, we have indeed to travel in a path hitherto unknown to us, and when we look at our own insufficiencies, oh, I have, and do, tremble at the thoughts of the future. But I trust I am helped in a measure to trust Him who "neither slumbers nor sleeps," knowing "He putteth down one and setteth up another"—that though the one we loved is gone, "that same Jesus" *ever liveth* to make intercession—that He reigns King in Zion still, and is able to make "all grace to abound." I pray we may be guided in the matter of supplies—may be kept firm and faithful in the truth; that we may indeed be *knit together* in Christian love and unity—be helped to bear one another's infirmities—indeed *strive together*, and pray for the peace of Jerusalem. We have no sympathy with a yea and nay Gospel, and we want now men of God to be sent among us that shall feed us with knowledge and understanding. Can you favour us with a Sunday or two in 1891, and a Wednesday or so? and do you think we might venture to ask Mr. Boorne for a Sunday next year? A lot of our people heard him well at Balham. Our friend Mr. Brown is going to help us a bit. My father is coming on the 30th, and so we hope the Lord may appear for us.

Yours in Gospel bonds,

Mr. Wilmshurst.

S. F. STEVENS.



## "IT WILL DO TO DIE BY."

BRIEF MEMOIR OF MRS. RICHARD BRANSON, OF HANSLOPE.

OUR dear mother was brought in early life to feel herself a lost and ruined sinner. She could never tell the exact time when the Lord began to work in her soul, but the fruits of the Spirit were especially seen in separating her from the company of the world. On one occasion, when attending a party where dancing and other amusements were going on, she was so uncomfortable and condemned in her feelings, that she had to leave the place and go home.

She now found her true companions amongst the people of God, and she desired to follow them in all things, so far as they followed Christ. She was baptised when only seventeen, by Mr. Palmer, minister of a Church in Cambridgeshire, of whose Church she became a member.

In her young days she had many providential trials, which the Lord mercifully used to bring her to know more of Himself; and in after life she would often speak to her children of those trials, saying how marked the goodness of God had been in His dealings with her. She would trace His kind hand both in temporal and spiritual deliverances, saying, "He is a God of providence, as well as of grace."

"Not a single shaft can hit  
Till the God of love sees fit."

She was much exercised about the salvation of her children; and she very frequently in prayer bore them upon her heart before the Lord, knowing, as she said, that He alone could work salvation in them.

For many years she was earnestly seeking the way to Zion, with her face thitherward. She longed for fresh tokens to assure her that her hope was from the Lord, and that it was not a fleshly religion, but one that would do to die by. She would often say, "I know nothing but the blood and righteousness of a dear Saviour will land me safe on Canaan's shore. Oh, do not permit me, Lord, to trust in anything short of that." She sometimes feared that the law work had not been deep enough; but these lines were very encouraging to her,

"All the fitness He requireth  
Is to feel your need of Him," &c.

She would say, "Oh, I am needy."

In November, 1889, she experienced a great trial in the loss of her son Alfred; she seemed to feel that the Lord had stripped her of an idol. This trial gave her many errands to a throne of grace.

She would say, "I know the Lord has a right to do as He pleases ; He is a Sovereign ; but oh my rebellious heart ! I do want Him to conform my will to His." She felt the sweetness of the lines which she met with in an old number of the *Gospel Standard*—

"He gives and He takes, and He makes no mistakes,  
Whatever may be the amount ;  
Nor have we a right, however He smite,  
To ask Him to give an account.

"It may seem severe, when what is most dear  
Is made the first object of call ;  
Yet, made to stand still, we bow to His will,  
And own that He's just in it all."

She was comforted to realise that her son had entered into rest, and thought much of the lines—

"Draw back the parting veil and see  
The glories of eternity."

Daniel Herbert's hymn was also a sweet morsel to her.

"How oft I grumble and repine,  
With blessings in my hand ;  
There's nothing here can satisfy,  
Nor gold, nor house, nor land.

"I know this wretched world can't fill  
This anxious soul of mine ;  
Oh, could I to my Father's will  
My soul, my all resign !

"Sometimes, alas ! I think I can,  
I'll trust the world no more ;  
But when I meet some little cross,  
I'm fretful as before.

"I want to trust, but cannot trust  
A God of providence ;  
Although He bless from day to day,  
I'm full of diffidence."

After this trial her health began to fail rapidly. About the middle of May she went to London to visit her daughter, where she hoped to sit under the ministry of Mr. Boorne, at Greenwich, as she had previously done, to the joy and rejoicing of her thirsty soul ; but the Lord ordered it otherwise ; He laid her on a bed of sickness. Here she was much blessed in her soul. Once when asked by her husband, "What think ye of Christ ?" "Oh !" she replied, "He's the altogether lovely." At another time she said, "Oh, I do want to see the King in His beauty. I want Him to fetch me, but I'm afraid He won't come yet ; I have some more

battles to fight. I know He'll break these heart-strings some day. Open those pearly gates. He is the Rose of Sharon," &c. These and many more expressions came from her lips, so that we felt her dear Lord was making Himself very precious to her soul. She was asked if she thought she would know her dear boy in heaven. She said, "I know he will be there, but it will take me so long to feast my eyes on the King, that I shall not have thought for anything else. Those beautiful verses of "The Last Words of Rutherford," "The sands of time are sinking," were made very sweet to her at this time.

Our dear mother continued in this happy frame of mind for some time, and, contrary to all our expectations, began slowly to recover in health, and in a few weeks was able to be removed to her home in the country. She did not, however, regain her usual health, but was soon again on a bed of sickness, in much pain of body, and what was worse (she felt), darkness of mind. But still she did not lose her hope. She would say, "I believe He will appear again. He will come, but oh, I do want Him to 'draw back that parting veil' before He takes me." Oh, how earnest she was that the Lord would "assure her conscience of her part in the Redeemer's blood." She would look up, and say, "Do come Lord, do come." She continued for some weeks begging the Lord to reveal His love with power to her soul.

On Saturday night, October 18th, it was apparent to all that her end was near, but still she seemed in great darkness. "Oh," she said, "He shutteth out my prayer; He does not hear me." Through the night she spoke but little, being unconscious most of the time. A friend quoted the verse, "Tarry His leisure then," &c. She whispered in reply, "Wait, wait." Towards morning she went into a heavy slumber, which was trying to witness, and it was quite thought she would not speak again.

Oh, how unbelief did work in those watching her, and what silent petitions went up, that the dear Lord would permit her once more to testify that He was precious to her soul; and oh, how good He was in answering those petitions!

About twelve o'clock (midday) Sunday, October 19th, she awoke with such a sweet smile upon her lips. One of her daughters bent down and whispered, "Has He come?" She said, "Yes;" then asked to be lifted up, and for a little water, which she took. She then said, "It will do to die by; it will do to die by." This she repeated many times. Then we asked her, "Can you say His blood and righteousness is yours?" Her answer was, "Yes; it will do to die by." Then she said, "Oh, He is my altogether lovely!" repeating it many times; and at intervals, "Safely landed." She was asked what message for her absent sons; she replied, "My love, and it will do to die by." She then

asked to be turned over, when she slept, to wake next in the presence of her King. The morning of this Sabbath found her in sorrow and suffering, but its close found her basking in her Saviour's love. Our dear mother's age was seventy-three. She was interred in the churchyard at Hanslope, by Mr. Wilmshurst, of Blackheath, who also preached the same evening, with special reference to her departure, from the words, "Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved?" which he felt had been especially exemplified in the life and death of our dear mother. L. W.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF PAST EXPERIENCES.

*(Continued from page 297.)*

### HELPS BY THE WAY.

FOR some little while subsequently my experience might have been summed up in the repetition of the words, "I was brought low, and He helped me." Trials—spiritual, ministerial, and providential—alternated with many little helps by the way. Prolonged and peculiar exercises of mind respecting the work in which I was engaged were now and then relieved by sweet revivings and renewings in the pulpit. As time passed on, however, I gradually found the path grow darker, the sensible helps became less frequent, and the exercises more distressing. My little faith and hope and patience at times appeared to be sinking quite out of sight, and I often felt I must perish amid the billowy waves of perplexities and temptations by which I was surrounded. From sheer necessity I was kept crying for help; and whenever I came to my wit's end, I ever found the Lord all-sufficient; and His goodness was so far manifested as to just enable me to hold on my way from day to day. Still, the path was increasingly trying. During the years '79 and '80, I had especially to learn the vanity of trust in the creature; several friends died, some were removed from the town, and two, who at first professed the greatest friendship, turned round and left me. Just then, likewise, I had to experience the bitter disappointment of finding my testimony was not received in one or two places I visited. Moreover, my own people at home never seemed to think of trying to encourage their poor desponding minister, and yet were cross with him for being discouraged.

Turning to other matters, under date, Wednesday, July 13th, 1880, I find the following:—

"We are surrounded by trials. Things look very dark and gloomy, and we are much pinched in a pecuniary point of view. I desire to be thankful to have been enabled to pay the rent when

due, but there is very little left over. Expenses are increasing fast. We would rather do anything than get into debt, but we must have food. Then, clothes are wanting, furniture wanting, money wanting to pay various little bills—books wanted, too, very badly—and many other things. The ministry is a great burden and responsibility, for which I feel very insufficient. How it will all end, I cannot tell."

So trying were circumstances that I began to seek to obtain a livelihood by some other means, but nothing opened; and I became so much engaged in ministerial work, that had I succeeded in my wishes, much of this must have been relinquished. During these years, in the midst of much trial, the Lord fed as well as led; and after-experience has afforded additional proof upon proof of the blessed fact that, if He guide, He will provide, and the extremity of need is His opportunity to manifest His hand.

On one occasion, when the quarterly rent became due, there was no money to pay it with. We were absolutely without funds, and knew not where to look. We sought to lay it before the Lord, but for a time it seemed no use. We waited, apparently, *in vain*. Many were the sighs and groans which went up to the Lord. To be unpunctual in payment was a sore trial indeed. We feared bringing the least shadow of reproach on God's cause and truth. At length, after some weeks, just when the tension became almost unbearable, amongst the letters one morning, there was one with no signature, containing a five-pound bank note. The post mark was "York." We knew no one there, and never found out from whence it came. It was a timely interposition of divine Providence—a gracious evidence of the Lord's remembrance of our need, and a proof of the kindness of some unknown friend.

The path, however, got no smoother, and I found that temporal things distracting the attention, rendered it impossible to give one's *whole* mind to the work of the ministry. My thoughts were so much occupied with the fear and dread of debts, and with the consequent anxiety to make both ends meet, that it had an injurious and deadening effect upon my spirit and testimony. Nevertheless, it was doubtless overruled for my good in the end; I learnt to watch very closely the hand of the Lord, and ever found that times of extreme need were times of unexpected deliverances.

At that period, I did not enjoy much liberty in speaking, but had to pursue my course in bondage and darkness of mind, being greatly exercised respecting the beginning and continuance of my ministry—not but what there were signs and tokens that it was not altogether without fruit. On the whole, however, it was a

day of small things, and the rule seemed to hold good in my case, "He that believeth shall not make haste." But faith was so sorely tried, that my soul was sometimes brought to the very verge of despair; yet I was enabled amidst it all to continue (more or less) waiting *upon* the Lord, and *for* the Lord.

Time passed away, until the year 1881, during which I perceived the gathering of many clouds, and travelled a rough and thorny path, suffering much from the power of temptation, and being led into a further acquaintance with the "chambers of imagery" than ever before. My heart was increasingly exercised with the mystery of iniquity within, and I trust also with the mystery of godliness. One consequence was that perhaps the work within became more clear and defined.

Bondage in preaching still attended me almost continually, and an increasing sight of my many shortcomings, with a growing sense of the lack of power, savour, and unction, weighed me down heavily.

On looking back at those days, I think I can see several reasons why the liberty I had previously enjoyed in the service of the Lord was withheld. One was an undue reluctance to *speak* of the discipline my own soul was undergoing. Many are perpetually referring to themselves. I erred in the opposite direction, and seldom or never alluded to my own feelings. Another cause was, I was then sometimes tempted to that over anxiety respecting texts and sermons, which amounts to distrust of divine help; and again, on the other hand, I would be tempted to that slothful neglect of the appointed means, which is the evil fruit of secret presumption and carnal confidence, and which I found entails the Lord's displeasure most grievously. My mind was much distressed by such exercises as these, and I found it a narrow path, and no easy thing to "squeeze between" the dangers and snares on either hand. Notwithstanding all, the Lord did not utterly forsake me, but graciously helped me along; and I was never left to be put to confusion, though made to understand by experience somewhat of the meaning of Job's case, when he "escaped" destruction "with the skin of his teeth." Again and again, however, I proved the Lord better than my fears, and, I must add, better than my *faith* too.

In the next paper I may record some few particular details of the furnace I "walked through" at that period.

(To be continued.)

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CHRIST healed every sickness, no doctor can do that; and it was to show us that there is no malady that sin hath made in the soul but He is able to cure it perfectly.—*Romaine*.

## THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

PROSPERITY and adversity put sincerity to the trial ; but nothing makes a deeper search into our bosoms, nothing sifts our spirits more narrowly, or tells us what our state is more plainly, than our behaviour toward the corruption that dwells in us : the thorn is next neighbour to the rose ; sin and grace dwell not only in the same soul, but in the same faculties.\* The collier and fuller dwell in one room ; what one cleanses, the other blacks. Of all the evils God permits in this world, none is more grievous to His people than this : they sometimes wonder why the Lord will suffer it to be so : why, surely, among other wise and holy ends of this permission, these are some.

They are left to try you, and to humble you ; there is no intrinsic goodness in sin ; but, however, in this it occasions good to us, that by our carriage toward it, we discern our sincerity. The touchstone is a worthless stone in itself, but it serves to try the gold ; " Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin ; for his seed remaineth in him : and he cannot sin, because he is born of God. In this the children of God are manifest, and the children of the devil " (1 John iii. 9, 10) : that is, in respect of their carriage toward sin, the one and the other is plainly manifested. This is that which separates the dross from the gold, and shows you what the true state of men's persons and tempers of their hearts are. By not sinning, we are not to understand a total freedom from it in this world, as if it implied any such perfection of the people of God in this world ; that is the Popish and Pelagian sense : nor yet must we take it in the Arminian sense, who, to avoid the argument of the orthodox, will understand it of the sin against the Holy Ghost. What a strange thing would it be, to make that a characteristic note of distinction between the godly and ungodly, which so very few, even of the most ungodly, are ever guilty of.

But the manner of our behaviour toward sin, and our carriage toward it before, or under, or after the commission of it, in *that* the children of God are manifest, and the children of the devil.

By this time, reader, I suppose thou art desirous to know what effects adversity and affliction use to have when they meet with an honest and sincere heart. Only before I come to particulars, I think it needful to acquaint thee, that the fruits of afflictions are mostly after-fruits, and not so discernible by the Christian himself under the rod, as after he hath been exercised by it (Heb. xii. 11), and calmly reflects upon what is past ; nor doth

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\* Hence the exhortations given, Romans vi. 13 and 19 ; xii. 1, 2, &c.—ED.

every Christian attain the same measure and degree; some rejoice, others commonly submit; but I think these seven effects are ordinarily found in all upright hearts that pass under the rod.

First. The sincere and upright soul betakes itself to God in affliction (Job i. 20). When God was smiting, Job was praying; when God afflicted, Job worshipped: so David, "I found trouble and sorrow, then called I upon the name of the Lord" (Psalm cxvi. 3, 4). And when the messenger of Satan buffeted Paul, "For this cause" (saith he) "I besought the Lord thrice" (2 Cor. xii. 8). Alas! whither should a child go in distress, but to its father?

Secondly. He sees and owns the hand of God in his afflictions, how much or little soever the instruments of trouble appear. "The Lord hath taken away," saith Job (chap. i. 21). God hath bidden, saith David (2 Sam. xvi. 10). If the blow come from the hand of a wicked man, yet he sees that wicked hand in God's righteous hand (Psalm xvii. 14). And this apprehension is fundamental to all that communion men have with God in their afflictions, and to all that peaceableness and gracious submission of their spirits under the rod; he that sees nothing of God in his troubles, hath nothing of God in his soul.

Thirdly. He can justify God in all the afflictions and troubles that come upon him, be they never so severe. "Thou art just in all that is brought upon us," saith Nehemiah (chap. ix. 33), "Thou hast punished us less than our iniquities deserve," saith Ezra (chap. ix. 13). "It is of the Lord's mercies we are not consumed," saith the Church (Lam. iii. 22). Are we in Babylon? It is a mercy we are not in hell. If God condemn him, yet he will justify God; if God cast him into a sea of trouble, yet he will acknowledge, that in all that sea of trouble there is not one drop of injustice. If I have not deserved such usage from the hands of men, yet I have deserved worse than this at the hands of God.

Fourthly. Afflictions use to melt and humble gracious hearts. There is an habitual tenderness planted in their spirits, and a just occasion quickly draws it forth; and so unusual a thing it is for gracious hearts to be humbled under the afflictions of God, that affliction is upon that score called humiliation; the effect put for the cause, to show where one is, the other will be; "My God will humble me" (2 Cor. xii. 21); that is, He will afflict me with the sight of your sins and disorders: and if a gracious soul be so apt to be humbled for other men's sins, much more for his own.

Fifthly. The upright soul is inquisitive under the rod, to find out that evil for which the Lord contends with him by affliction; "Show me wherefore Thou contendest with me; and "That which



I see not teach Thou me: if I have done iniquity, I will do so no more" (Job x. 2; xxxiv. 32). So Lamentations iii. 40, "Let us search and try our ways, and turn again to the Lord." In afflicting God searches them, and under afflictions they search themselves; willing they are to hear the voice of the rod, and glad of any discovery it makes in their hearts.

Sixthly. The upright heart chooseth to lie under affliction, rather than to be delivered from it by sin. I say, this is the choice and resolution of every upright heart, however it may be sometimes overborne by the violence of temptation; "Not accepting deliverance" (Heb. xi. 35), namely, upon sinful terms and conditions.

They are sensible how the flesh smarts under the rod, but had rather it should smart than conscience should smart under guilt. Affliction, saith an upright soul, grieves me, but sin will grieve God; affliction wounds my flesh, but sin will wound my soul. Deliverance I long for, but I will not pay so dear for it, how much soever I desire it. *Nolo tanti emere pœnitentiam*;—Outward ease is sweet, but inward peace sweeter.

Seventhly. He prizeth the spiritual good gotten by affliction, above deliverance from it, and can bless God from his heart for those mercies, how dear soever his flesh hath paid for them; "It is good for me that I have been afflicted" (Psalm cxix. 67, 71). Such is the value the people of God have for spiritual graces, that they cannot think them dear, whatever their flesh hath paid for them. The mortification of one lust, one discovery of sincerity, one manifestation of God to their souls, doth much more than make amends for all that they have endured under the rod.

Is patience improved, self-acquaintance increased, the vanity of the creature more effectually taught, longings after heaven enflamed? Oh, blessed afflictions, that are attended with such blessed fruits! It was the saying of a holy man, under a sore trouble for the death of an only son, when in that dark day God had graciously manifested Himself to his soul; "Oh," saith he, "I would be contented, if it were possible, to lay an only son in the grave every day I have to live in the world, for one such discovery of the love of God as I now enjoy."—*Flavel*.

CORRECTION.—We should have added a foot note on page 298 (November SOWER), to say that whatever might be Mr. Brooks' meaning, the city of Syracuse certainly has long nights in winter; and although they are shorter in summer, yet, even then, the sun is out of sight for some hours nightly. Mr. Brooks may have merely used, as a figure, a common saying employed as an exaggerated description of the city.

## LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am truly thankful to our covenant God for His great mercies towards you, in bringing you up from your low state, so that you can sing, “He brought me up from the horrible pit,” for it was truly a pit of noise and confusion with you. The dear Lord has done great things for you in pardoning all your transgressions and enabling you to triumph in Christ Jesus. How blessedly you have realized, “Whom once He loves He never leaves.” How firm the covenant. How precious His thoughts toward us, whatever may be our state.

“Whate’er thou foundst Him at thy best,  
He’s at thy worst the same;  
And in His love doth ever rest,  
Thy Husband holds His claim!”

It is hard to believe these things when the Lord clothes Himself with frowns, and rods are in His hands. We are ready to cry, “Is His mercy clean gone for ever? Hath He in anger shut up His tender mercy?” ’Tis well to prove that this is our infirmity—that is, to doubt of His favour and love to us in times of darkness; but such is the power of unbelief, that we have to find it is more than a match for us, and by a sense of these things we are taught our utter helplessness. We may sometimes be like Aaron’s dry rod, but that, layed up in the sanctuary, budded; and so we, in our dry, barren state, revive again; being laid up in the bosom of Jesus, we become fruitful. He is the rod and stem of Jesse, and by union with Him He makes us bud, blossom, and bear fruit too. The Lord Jesus ever lives to intercede for us. He walks in the midst of the golden candlesticks, to light us up with His own fire of grace, and once lighted there is no going out; we may often flicker and fear, and when, in our feelings, ready to go out, He comes with His fresh oil and pours it upon us, and then it is we burn up again brighter and clearer. He walks in our midst, to trim with His own hands, and so will not extinguish the light He has given; and we do truly find that the Lord Jesus is the true nourisher of His Church, so that our knowledge of Him is not cold and speculative. He knows how to take away all that is offensive, and put it away for ever. He is our merciful and faithful High Priest, who has made an atonement for our sins, and now lives to plead the merit of what He has done upon earth—yea, He lives to present all our worship acceptable to His Father. I have been favoured to eat these words this morning—

“Thus, though a sinner, I am safe,  
He pleads before the Throne  
His life and death on my behalf,  
And shows my sins His own.”

Oh, is it not a mercy, indeed, to believe in our heart—

“My breaches of the law are His,  
And His obedience mine”?

What need we have, again and again, to look to His spotless robe, which—

“From Jehovah’s eye for ever hides  
Sins of every name and size.”

The Lord bless and help you. Yours in the Lord,  
*Brighton*, 1871. W. HARBOUR.

## CALVINISTIC PROTESTANT UNION.

### HASTINGS BRANCH.

A PRAYER meeting of the members and friends of the above branch was held in the Tabernacle, Cambridge Road, on Tuesday evening. There was a good attendance. Mr. Hull (Pastor of Ebenezer Chapel) presided. The meeting was led in prayer by Mr. Hull, Mr. Meadows, and Mr. Bradley, and Mr. T. Lawson, of Brighton (editor of *Protestant Echo*), addressed the meeting. He said the Calvinistic Protestant Union had done much good in bringing Christians of different denominations who were Calvinists more together, and causing more brotherly love and Christian unity. He said the Lord Himself was a Protestant. He denounced woe upon the Pharisees who devoured widows’ houses, and they protested against the Jesuits, who devoured widows’ houses according to their secret instructions. The Lord Jesus protested against false doctrines, and they did also against all doctrines which were not taught in the Bible. Paul was a Protestant, and taught justification by faith. Luther, Calvin, Knox, and some of our English bishops were great Protestants, but they were not their rule. The Bible only was their rule of faith and action. Some people shook hands and passed on, and seemed to look very shy at the efforts and means the Union were using, but the Lord knows all about it, and is able to bless the weakest means that are in accordance with the precepts of His Word.

TO OUR INQUIRING READERS.—We have often thought we should like to insert short accounts of the spiritual exercises of some of our inquirers, and if they will send us brief outlines of their inward conflicts, helps, and longings for Christ, we shall feel a pleasure in devoting three or four pages, monthly, for that purpose, and we hope these testimonies may be helpful to others. Each writer may occupy one page. Name and address must be enclosed, not for publication, but as a confidential guarantee. *We hope our friends will kindly respond to this request.*—ED.

## THE EDITOR'S CLOSING ADDRESS.

DEARLY BELOVED,—Again we write a few words to you as a Closing Address, desiring to do so with gratitude to our Heavenly Friend, who has brought us on and helped us in our work, through another year. As we look back we can but exclaim, “Goodness and mercy have followed us”; and we desire to give thanksgiving and praise to the God of love for all we have received at His covenant hand. We have wondered and adored as we have had a feeling sight of what He has brought us through and performed for us, and we trust we may receive grace to render ourselves to Him, with all our powers, in service and thankful praise, as long as life may be continued to us. We often exclaim, “Oh, could I know and love Him more,” &c. We also again thank you as dear friends for the kind interest you have taken in our welfare, and for the prayers presented to God in our behalf. May He still thus incline you, and may you and we still receive the spiritual benefit arising therefrom. We trust that our poor labours, in the midst of much weakness, have not been in vain, but that many souls have been helped and encouraged by what we have been enabled to send forth, month by month, in the SOWER and GLEANER, and we hope that the seed thus sown will be made to grow, and bring forth fruit to the glory of that Lord who is our one Hope and Salvation.

Dear friends, we hope you will still try to spread our Magazines widely among those who surround you. Errors are being scattered broadcast to deceive, let us endeavour to sow the truth in hope, and may the Lord in mercy bless it to the salvation of many, young and old. Wishing you all may know and enjoy daily tokens of covenant and redeeming love,

We are, yours in hope,

THE EDITOR.

HE that believeth hath “an unction from the Holy One.” A true Christian is as vitally united to Christ as the hand or foot is to the body,—consequently he suffers and rejoices with Him.

INGENUOUS souls have felt the force of the obligations of love and mercy upon them. The mercies of God to others have been as oil to the wheels of their obedience, and make them fitter for service. Now, if mercies work contrarily upon my heart, what cause have I to be afraid that they come not to me in love? I tell you, this is enough to damp the spirit of any saint, to see what sweet effects they have had on others, and what sad effects on him.—*Flavel*.

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