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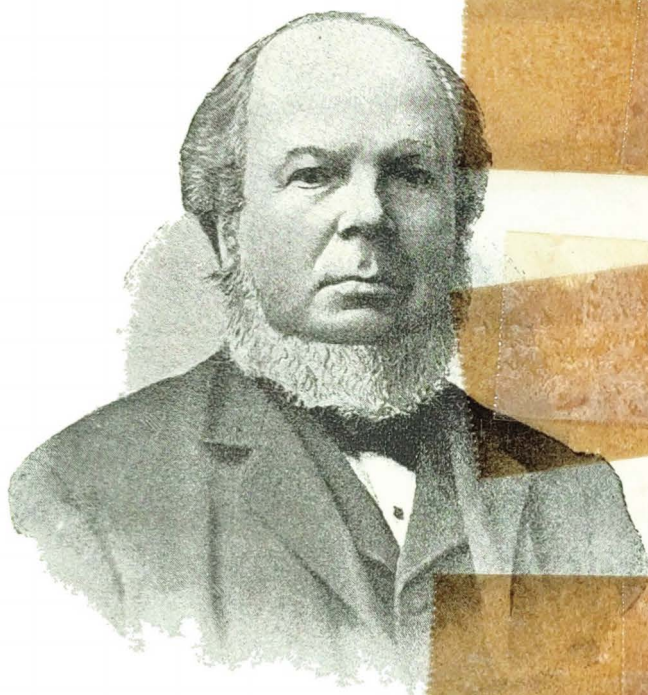
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Yours to serve in the Lord,

T. HULL,

Editor.



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 ANNUAL ADDRESS.

DEAR FRIENDS,—The Lord has in mercy spared us to again address you at the commencement of another year's editorial work, and we desire to record His goodness to us through the past one with grateful heart, while we look up to Him with hope respecting the future, praying that we may ever have, while we live, grace to so labour as to be of some use in His vineyard, to the quickening, encouraging, helping, and building up of the chosen in Christ Jesus.

With this month's Magazines we complete the fourteenth year of our editorship, concerning which we offer the following few reminiscences. After we had committed the mortal remains of our dear friend Mr. Sears to the silent tomb, January 1st, 1878, we were pressed by the late Mr. Lenton, one of Mr. Sears' deacons, and others, to take the editorship of the GLEANER and the SOWER, so that they might not be discontinued. Believing there was a place for them, without injuring other truthful Magazines, we consented to do what we could for a time, hoping some one else might be found who would take the work off our hands. We began with the February Numbers, Mr. Sears having edited those for January, 1878. As successive months passed by we got more accustomed to our new work ; and although we found it to engross much of our time, tax our energies, and to bring on us anxieties neither few nor small, yet no one was forthcoming to release us from the charge. Therefore, with some help from one or two kind friends, we kept on our course, finding as the work came wholly upon our hands that the Lord fulfilled His blessed words in us, "My grace is sufficient for thee," and, "As thy days so shall thy strength be." Thus while we cannot boast of our qualifications or our work, we do rejoice that the Lord has been our help, whereby we have been enabled to continue to this present day, and we hope our labours have not been in vain.

From the first of our taking the work in hand, our prayer and aim have been that we might so set forth the whole counsel of God, that He may be thereby glorified, sinners who read be without excuse, those who seek mercy be led to the Lamb of God, and believers instructed, edified, and established in the truth as it is in Jesus.

We do not expect to please all who read our pages, neither do we wish to try to do so, but we hope to have a "Thus saith the Lord" for what we advance ; and if we can appeal to examples in the Scriptures, it matters not who may revile. We make our appeal to our spiritual Cæsar, and leave our cause with Him who judgeth righteous judgment, and who defends and saves

"the upright in heart" (Psa. vii. 10). May we ever be found of that number who seek to please God rather than men, and who rely upon the grace and power of the Holy Ghost, instead of resorting to a system of carnal policy. What is all editorship, preaching, or Church membership, without the Spirit of Christ? Nothing but formality and dross in His sight. For, "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His." Dear reader, we do not ask whether you belong to the party of Mr. So-and-So, or to the opposite one, or to any other, and there are many such; this would be wide of our mark, and an insult to the Master we desire and strive to serve, who has said to His followers, "Be ye not the servants of men?" But we do ask, Are you the Lord's? Have you found mercy, pardon, and peace through the blood of Jesus? Do you love His name, His Word, His ways, and His people? Do you pray for and seek the peace and welfare of His Zion? Are His cause and the honour of His name placed by you before your own personal advantage and projects? Can you give up all for Christ? These are questions which must be answered sooner or latter. May the Lord help you to come up to His measuring line, as in His sight, and may you be found to be "on the Lord's side." Remember, He has said, "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be My disciple" (Luke xiv. 33). Do not say, like those of old, "These are hard sayings." Rather remember that He who thus spake, can and does give His disciples both strength and will to do His word as well as to hear it. And thus by preparing their heart and conforming their will, in the day of His power, to render willing and prompt obedience, He gives them to prove how true are His own words, "*My* yoke is easy, and *My* burden is light." May this grace be ours, then the Person of the Lord Jesus will be first in our esteem; and while we do not accept the *persons* of men, we shall love all those who love Him in sincerity, and desire that great grace may be upon them all.

Love is better than hatred, union than discord, and peace than strife. And whenever we are called upon to defend those truths and precepts which the Lord has taught us to love and follow, may He help us to do so with meekness and tenderness of spirit, for as the poet has said concerning this course of conduct—

"We shall but do all things in vain
Unless we do all things in love."

It is essential we should walk in, and contend for, the things we have received of the Lord. Such cannot depart from or deny them, whatever others may say; that belongs to those who

only *seem* to have the secret of the Lord, but whose profession proves that they lack the Spirit of Christ, the one thing needful. Oh, reader, do you know what it is to sit at Jesus' feet? to feel His heart-melting, soul-subduing, and spirit-transforming love? What is all form, doctrine, zeal, or knowledge, without union with Christ? And if you have union with Him, does it not deaden you to all the world? Are you not one in spirit with the Psalmist when he says of the Beloved, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee"? and with the poet as he sings thus of the dear Lamb of God—

"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, that this religion may be ours! and may our lives and labours so commend it before the world, that we may "put to silence the ignorance of foolish men," by whom the truth is reproached, as also are those who love and follow it; but "If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye; for the Spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you." Empty Arminians may call you an Antinomian, and hard-spirited, dry, Calvinists may call you an Arminian—especially if you contend for the whole counsel of God concerning sinners as well as saints in the ministry of the word. But heed them not, neither be moved by their cavillings; the conviction that you are "made manifest unto God" (2 Cor. 5, 11) will be a strong consolation and defence against all their strivings. May the Lord the Spirit be our Guide and Help in all we do in the name of the Lord; and may the anointing which is truth (1 John 2, 27) so soften and perfume our hearts, that others may take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus, and partake of the meekness and gentleness of Christ. Time is short, errors abound, evil men and seducers wax worse and worse, and the multitude seems to take pleasure in following their pernicious ways. Oh, may the Lord help us to faithfully and boldly lift up the standard of Christ in the face of all His foes, crying aloud, like the devoted martyr of old, "None but Christ! none but Christ!! none but Christ!!!" Oh, poor Christless sinner, what will become of you, should death cut you down and hurry you into the presence of a holy and righteous God? Think and tremble; and may the Spirit of God bring you from darkness to light, lead you to the mercy seat with the cry of the publican, and then to Calvary, to behold, on the accursed tree, the Lamb of God bearing your sin,

guilt, and curse, and enable you to say, "He loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*."

To you who are seeking for Jesus, we desire to give all scriptural encouragement, remembering that it was said of our Master Christ, "He shall not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax, until He send forth judgment unto victory." May we ever show forth a like spirit to such, and may the Lord in mercy greatly increase their number. We hope to constantly send forth food for these lambs of Christ, and we trust that the epistles in the "Seekers' Corner" will yield them much encouragement. Then the older sheep will rejoice, and eat their morsels with gladness of heart, as they hear of the increase and prosperity of the flock. We hope they too will find, as we know many of them have, many handfuls of purpose from the Master's field, and that their souls may flourish in the courts of our God, even to old age and hoar hairs.

And now, dear friends, do not think us troublesome when we again ask for an interest in your prayers, and for all the help you can render us in trying to promote the circulation of **THE GLEANER** and **THE SOWER**. There are some who try to hinder our work, may you be stirred up to help; and may the Great Shepherd and Bishop of our souls give His blessing, then all will go well.

Wishing you all a truly Happy New Year, we remain, yours to serve in the Lord,

THE EDITOR.

DAYS IN FAVOURED VINEYARDS.

LET us suppose ourselves to be visiting the shores of Lochleven, about the commencement of the last century. It is a bright harvest-day in September. The cornfields are ripe, but reapers are nowhere to be seen. The inhabitants of the district seem to have a holiday, and they are about to spend it religiously, as they gather in little groups, and proceed in the direction of the kirk of Portmoak. We inquire the occasion of this, and learn that a young minister, the object of the unanimous choice of the people, is about to be ordained to the pastoral office. We introduce ourselves to one of the company, from whom we learn that the pastor elect is Ebenezer Erskine. He had scarcely uttered the name, when we interrupt him by asking whether the young man might be related to a worthy minister of Christ, of the same name, who, during the troublous times of Charles II., resided near Dryburg, and in whose domestic experience there are some remarkable interpositions of providence. "You are correct in your conjecture, sir. Our young minister was born when one of

the remarkable interpositions had taken place, and his good parents, in acknowledgment, called him 'Ebenezer,' because hitherto the Lord had helped them." While this piece of information is being communicated to us, the presbytery has arrived to enter on the important business of the day. Our informant points out Ebenezer, and at the same time calls our attention to a youth of about seventeen years of age. "That young man, sir, is his brother Ralph, who, from report, promises to be a burning and a shining light." The services of the day are proceeded with, and Ebenezer Erskine is minister of Portmoak.

We might spend twenty-eight years very pleasantly on the shores of Lochleven, and very profitably under the ministry of Mr. Erskine. They were his years of training and preparation for the work to which the Lord was in due time to call him. For several years, however, notwithstanding the favourable estimate formed of him in the conversation which we have just introduced, he had not very clear views of the Divine plan of a sinner's salvation, not knowing the liberty of the Gospel as the power of God in his own soul. The means which were blessed of God to his enlightenment are worth mentioning. Mrs. Erskine proved to be "a help meet for him," in the best sense of this expression. His study window looked into the garden, and immediately below the window was an arbour. The window having been one day open, Mr. Erskine overheard a conversation between Mrs. Erskine and his brother Ralph. They were conversing confidentially on their spiritual experience, and narrating how God had led them and dealt with their souls. Ebenezer was struck with the nature and extent of their experience. He felt that they had enjoyed an education to which he was almost an entire stranger. They had been taught of God. This conversation marked the crisis in his own spiritual history. From that day he was a new man. In the delivery of his sermons hitherto he had shown little self-possession; he could not look at any of his auditors steadfastly. But the years of his bondage were now past. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty."

Although Mrs. Erskine had been the means, under God, of bringing her husband to a thorough and saving knowledge of the truth, she had her seasons of spiritual darkness and conflict. If at one time she had such a discovery of the glory of Christ as, in her own language, "to darken the whole creation," she was at another time tempted to conclude that she had sinned against the Holy Ghost, and that there remained for her no more sacrifice for sin. In this state of spiritual anguish she continued for two months. She had been the means of enlightening her husband's soul, but he failed in ministering relief to her in her day of trial. However, he deemed it prudent to invite four neighbouring ministers to his house to

converse with her, and supplicate God on her behalf. They conversed in Mr. Erskine's closet, and after much spiritual exhortation and fervent prayer by each of them in turn, Mrs. Erskine's mind was still in bondage. One of the ministers then proposed that Mrs. Erskine should pray with them before they departed. She was at first very averse to this, being in great agony of mind, but through strong persuasion was induced to comply. "But, oh," says her husband, in recording the scene, "that her words were now printed in a book. There was not, I suppose, a dry cheek among the ministers present. Her expressions were full of the Spirit—so suited to the case of her soul—that if a general assembly of ministers had compiled them, they could not have been better digested. The Lord indeed gave her the Spirit and helped her to pray. The Lord heard her, and quieted the storm." We might give other interesting reminiscences of this eminent Christian female but must now proceed with our notice of the husband and the pastor.

Scotland was at this time agitated with grave questions. It was a period of conflict with a few worthy men, on behalf of pure Bible doctrine, and Mr. Erskine had his share in it. Erroneous doctrines abounded in the pulpit. The Professor of Theology, in the University of Glasgow, was inculcating a system bordering on Deism, and though the charges against him were clearly established, he was continued in the Chair,* and simply cautioned not to teach such sentiments in future. A little volume, full of evangelical doctrine, entitled, "The Marrow of Modern Divinity," was then obtaining a very extensive circulation. The Principal of the College of St. Andrews had thought fit to assail it in a sermon before the Synod of Fife, and as saving truth was now down-trodden in high places, the faithful banded together in upholding their dishonoured banner. They were only twelve in number, E. Erskine and Mr. Thos. Boston, of Ettrick, being among them. While the discussion was being carried on before the assembly, they were interrupted by a dreadful tempest of thunder and hail. Many regarded the hurricane, which arrested the business of the assembly, as a visible manifestation of the displeasure of Heaven against the black work in which they were engaged. One present, writing of that storm, says: "I well remember with what serenity of mind and comfort of heart I heard the thunder of that day, the most terrible thunderclaps being just about three o'clock. It made impression on many, as Heaven's testimony against the deed." Some men have been wafted into popularity by the wind of opposition, and persecution has

* How this kind of history is repeating itself in the present day.—Ed.

served to draw public attention more strongly to the leading doctrines of the Gospel. Mr. Erskine's kirk, at Portmoak, and the adjoining one of Orwell, were now every Sabbath more densely crowded than before. Mr. Erskine had experienced a fresh baptism of the Spirit, and souls listened to his ministrations and drank in his message with an intensity stronger than ever.

The ordinance of the Supper was usually administered at Portmoak on the first Sabbath of June, and, as it was attended by thousands, and several ministers assisted, the services were in the open air. They commenced as early as nine in the morning, and were often continued, with pause or interval, till after sunset. These were great days in the more favoured vineyards of Scotland—times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. The Vale of Ettrick, the sphere of Mr. Boston's ministry, was a pastoral district, and consequently thinly peopled, but, on Communion seasons, the number of godly persons who frequented them was so very great as to draw very largely on the hospitality of the few farmers and shepherds of the vale. We give it in the words of Mr. Boston himself: "The tokens distributed to the communicants were about 777. The collection on the three days was £77 13s. 4d. Scots. There were about nine score strangers in Midgehope; four score of them William Black, husband of Isabel Biggar, entertained, having before broken for them half a boll of meal for bread, bought four shillings and tenpence sterling worth of wheat bread, and killed three lambs, &c., and made thirty beds of hay in the out-houses; and I believe their neighbour, Robert Biggar, would be much the same. This I record, once for all, for a Scotch sample of the hospitality of the parish, for God had given this people a largeness of heart to communicate of their substance, on these and other occasions also." Mr. Erskine's ministry, on the shores of Loch Leven, was continued for twenty-eight years; some of these were years of sorrow as well as joy. Death repeatedly entered under his roof and took away the little olive plants, and also Mrs. Erskine, the companion of his pilgrimage, to sleep beside her babes. In the little burial ground of Scotlandwell, a tombstone still marks the spot where their dust reposes.

R. F. R.

It has been well said by some one, that a man may go to hell with a confession of faith in each hand. A mere doctrinal belief of the Scriptures will avail us nothing when we stand before the judgment bar of God. A head knowledge of the doctrines of grace is very good naturally; but when we come into the presence of the Great Judge, nothing but a trust in Jesus' blood will stand the test. Reader are you looking to this Saviour for mercy and salvation?—A. C.

THE NEW YEAR "EBENEZER."

GREAT God, with joy to Thee we raise
The tribute of our humble praise,
That we before Thee now appear
And live to see another year;
Since Thou hast helped us hitherto,
Lord, help us all our journey through.

Ten thousand blessings from on high
Have yielded us a rich supply,
And every month, and every hour,
Has shown Thy mercy and Thy power;
And, having helped us hitherto,
We hope for help our journey through.

Through joys, and cares, and paths unknown,
We'll travel to Thy heavenly throne;
O'er every step may He preside,
Who deigns to be our heavenly Guide;
Since He has helped us hitherto
We crave His help our journey through.

From sin and Satan keep us free,
And let us find our heaven in Thee;
Through the whole year Thy smile impart,
And live and reign in every heart;
And, having helped us hitherto,
Still help us all our journey through.

Resigned to all our Father's will,
May all our restless thoughts be still;
And oh, that this our aim may be,
To die to self, and live to Thee.
He that hath helped us hitherto
Will help us all our journey through.

And, when our years have rolled away,
And opens an eternal day,
This, this our cheerful song shall be
Throughout a long eternity:
He that did promise so to do,
Has helped us all our journey through.

Saffron Walden, January 3rd, 1823.

JOSIAH WILKINSON.

ARE you lying on the skirts of Christ's kingdom, and desiring an abundant entrance into the peace and joy of this kingdom? Then give diligence to be assured of your calling and election, by a watchful walk, and a diligent use of the means of grace. So shall you not only be kept from falling into your old sins, but have an abundant entrance into joy.—*John Berridge.*

"SO HE BRINGETH THEM TO THEIR DESIRED HAVEN."

HAPPY RECOLLECTIONS OF S——, WHO DIED
JANUARY 25TH, 1891.

THE goodness of God shown to the children of men has often excited fear (Luke viii. 35), caused wonder (Matt. viii. 27), aroused envy (Luke xv. 29), led to repentance (Rom. ii. 4), strengthened faith (Psa. xxvii. 13), confirmed hope (Exod. xxxiii. 19), and drawn forth affection (Luke vii. 47). Happy for those who, instead of being mere bystanders fleeing from the Majesty of Heaven (Dan. x. 7), have heard the voice, felt the power, and understood the teaching which can only be known as this divine goodness flows from the Father of all mercies, through the dear Son of His love, by the unction of the Holy Spirit, into the hearts of His elect, redeemed, and sanctified people. To pass such mercies by, or to let them fall without some record to celebrate the praises of the Most High, is as unbecoming as it is unjust. And, although a tithe cannot be told, some attempt may be made to "abundantly utter the memory of His great goodness" (Psa. cxlv. 7). The choristers of heaven will take up the strain, if they do not actually strike the first note; but, since there is joy among the angels of God over one sinner that repents, it would seem the rejoicing begins with them, although they still learn, by watching the Church militant, the manifold wisdom of God (Eph. iii. 10).

The substance of the following letter came as a welcome reply to a touching inquiry. A little detail has since been added. It has been written out of a pure desire to glorify God as the Hearer of prayer, and to encourage His waiting people, who often, like Abraham, "against hope believe in hope" (Rom. iv. 18)—that, although the vision tarry, they do well to wait for it, since, "at the end it shall speak, and not lie. . . . It will surely come, it will not tarry" (Hab. ii. 3).

The relation of the last hours of this young man needs no commendation of mine. Those who have had "a pure language turned to them" (Zeph. iii. 9), will trace the lisps of a "babe in Christ." Had our young friend been spared, fruits would have been looked for, and would, we believe, have been seen, to prove the tree had been made good (Matt. xii. 33). But he was taken home. May others be plucked, by mighty grace, as brands from the fire (Zech. iii. 2), who shall live to show forth the praises of Him who calls out of darkness into His marvellous light (1 Pet. ii. 9).

4, Tressillian Road, Brockley, S.E.

J. BOORNE.

January 30th, 1891.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your good letter of sympathy and inquiry met us on our return from consigning the remains of our dear son to the silent grave; and I know you will rejoice with us that we were favoured to bury him in hope, though, to us, the consolation came at evening, late. I feel his case to be one of great encouragement to praying parents and friends; and could we have seen the end from the beginning, we might have said—

"God's purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower."

During the many years of his failing health, he was laid, at intervals, with weight on my mind; from his being such a continual invalid, and requiring so much attention, I naturally became deeply attached to him; and, side by side with that attachment, a corresponding love and anxiety for his soul sprang up in my mind.

At the beginning of his illness, nearly nine years ago, he was recommended a sea voyage, as a probable means of arresting the progress of the disease in the lungs, but, until the year 1888, we had not the means to send him with sufficient comforts for one in his delicate state; but in the autumn of that year, at his own request, he went to Australia, and for a time derived some benefit from the balmy climate; but about six months ago, he found his health again fast declining, and eventually, by the advice of a doctor at Sydney, he took his passage for home in the ship *Oratava*, sailing December 8th, 1890, and expected in London January 27th, 1891.

The voyage tried him exceedingly, and on reaching Gibraltar, he found himself so ill that he telegraphed for us to meet him at Plymouth, which we did, with little hope of finding him alive, having previously, by a letter posted at Naples, received a distressing account of his health. But the Lord was most merciful, as you observe, in that he did not die at sea; and, wonderful to relate, the ship gained time between every port, from Albany to Gibraltar, thereby reaching Plymouth three days earlier than was originally expected, and all this that we might receive our dear one alive, and hear from his own lips the mercy he had found; for up to this date we had heard nothing satisfactory of the state of his mind, though I had been favoured to feel some glimmerings of hope for him in prayer, and sometimes such earnest wrestlings on his behalf, that I had felt the Lord did hear, and would answer. I was made willing to give him up, if

the Lord would have mercy on his soul, and let us know it. But as the end drew nearer, and the extremity became greater, my little faith and hope were sharply tried, and seemed at times almost to die out. My poor dear husband was much distressed, and in answer to his cries for mercy on his dying boy, he received these words with some feeling, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, The hour is coming, and *now is*, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God: and they that hear shall live" (John v. 25).

The circumstances of meeting him on board the ship are too painful to dwell upon, although, at first sight, he appeared better than we could have expected. He was, I believe, revived and strengthened for the occasion.

This was on Thursday evening. He passed a very restless night, and the next day we got him as far as London on his way home, but the journey proved too much for his little strength. We could get him no further. His life was fast ebbing away, and much of the remaining time he was too ill to speak, or to be spoken to, which greatly added to his and our distress.

He appeared quite unconscious of his end being so near, and was even hoping, to use his own expression, that he might yet be patched up for a time.

The doctor saw him on Friday evening after his journey, and again on Saturday morning, when, after careful examination, he pronounced his case hopeless, saying he feared the poor fellow had not many days to live. He received this sad intimation of the doctor's opinion with surprising calmness, and I now believe that he was not even then quite without hope, though hidden from us, and perhaps also hidden from himself.

Soon after receiving this intelligence, he said, "Being told I'm dying does not make me realize it." Later in the day he appeared to be in great trouble; and after being repeatedly pressed to say what his trouble was, he replied, "Because I'm not fit to die." It was said to him, "That word still stands good, 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.'" He replied, "Ah, but then you must really feel it." I told him I had sometimes felt hope for him, that he would not prove a "cast out," and asked him if he did not sometimes feel hope for himself." He shook his head sadly, and with some hesitation said, "No."

In the evening of the same day, he appeared to have a sore conflict; he was entirely oblivious of everything round him, but the distress depicted on his countenance, and his restlessness (with the perspiration running down his face), were painful to witness (Rev-lation xii. 12). Sometimes we thought it was the article of death; and oh, the piercing thought! "Will he die without a word?" I was not without hope, but the suspense

was terrible ; each one stood round in silent awe. What cries went up to God from our hearts in this extremity, and still no answer came—

" He kept His help far out of sight,
Our utmost faith to try."

We scarcely thought to hear him speak again, but he suddenly revived with a bright look, and seemed really better, but said nothing, and neither of us could speak to him of the things which were burning in our hearts. I wanted the Lord to open his mouth, and my hope now gathered strength to look for His doing it.

From this time we noticed a difference in him ; we could discover a peaceful frame, a sweet submission, and giving up things. He no longer expressed any desire for life, and everything done for him was right.

Early the next morning (Sunday, 25th) he said, " I have felt hard and angry. I know 'tis wrong, and when I feel so I want to be alone, because then I don't say the hard things ; but I did feel the Lord could have given me a fine day to land in. He could have given me a night's rest, and I have been rebellious because He did not.

In thinking this over, it seems to my mind that probably he had tried to ask the Lord for these two things, and being denied might have dashed his hope, fearing the Lord had turned a deaf ear to him altogether ; but I believe, from the softening effect it had upon my spirit, that it was the real grace of of submission, and a softened heart, that enabled him to confess his rebellion and hardness.

All the afternoon of Sunday he was in a very exhausted state, and appeared to doze a good deal, being quite lost to all around him ; and, each time he was roused to take anything, he would say, " Beautiful ! beautiful !"—"Lovely ! lovely !" and we gathered from these expressions that he had found peace.

In the evening he sank into a state of collapse, and it soon became evident that he was really dying, when, without a question being put to him, he commenced speaking, a word or two at a time, of what he was feeling. The first sentence we could connect was this : " Father, against Thee have I sinned." Then, " O Lord, grant that I may be one of those comers unto Thee whom Thou wilt in no wise cast out." Then, turning to us, he said, slowly and distinctly, " I feel I am one of those who are on the way, but have not got all I want." I said to him, " Then you are not without hope, are you ?" He replied quickly, and with warmth, " How could I come unto Him if I had not hope ? Can you come to Him without hope ? Try it."

I liked this bit so much, because it showed me he knew the exercise of coming—the "would, but cannot."

On being asked if this hope were worth all his life of suffering and disappointment, he replied, "It is! it is!" "Are these things worth dying for?" "They are!" It had been my great desire that he should be made ready and willing to die before his removal, so I said to him, "With these feelings, then, are you not ready and willing to die?" He replied, "Yes, with these feelings (as you say), I am ready and willing to die."

Occasionally, for a few minutes, his hope would be clouded. Once he looked at his father, and said, "You can't help me now. You can't forgive me."* "Lord, help me! Lord, keep me! O Lord, grant that I may not be deceived. I want them to be my own things, not other people's. Let them be real things—right things." His father asked him if he could give up everything for the Lord. He answered, "Oh, yes!" with an emphasis which showed he deeply felt there was nothing to be compared with Christ and His great salvation.

After a long pause he went on again, apparently unconscious of our presence. "If the Lord loves me—and I feel He does—He loved me from everlasting; my sins were laid upon *Him*." Then, in the language of amazement, "*Did He* suffer for *me*?" "Why *me*?" "Why *me*?" "Why did such mercy come to *me*?" "Can it be true?" "Can it be for *me*?" "Why should *I* be saved?" (this last repeatedly); and, "Is it for *me*, Lord?" "Is it for *me*?" Then he went into a muse for a time, and I heard him say, "*Now* I see why they are His people." "*Now*, I know what makes them His people." "His love is from all eternity." It was as though light had fallen on something which before had puzzled him.

Once when we thought him going, he gasped out sweetly, "Into Thy hands I commit my spirit. Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth." After a few minutes he again revived, and taking his brother's hand he said, "John, you see me now in the throes of death, but I'm going from the realms of gloom to the realms of light." His breath again failed, but recovering a little, he said, "The world, what is it?" in a manner which showed how inexpressibly little the world was to him in comparison with the glory into which he was about to enter.

After a time his brother asked him if he felt happy. He inquired, "Do you mean perfectly happy?" His brother said, "Yes." He replied, "No; how can I be perfectly happy without the full pardon of my sins?" His brother again asked,

* Pardon was the help he wanted.

"Do you think you shall be pardoned?" He replied most emphatically, "I do, I do." So that he seemed to have a firm hope without the full assurance.

Shortly before his last breath, he looked up with the sweetest resignation, and bid each of us a happy "Good-bye." A few minutes after, he again lifted up his dear wasted face, with a radiant smile, and eyes full of light and love. He tried to speak again, but articulation failed; then gently breathed his soul away, to be (as we firmly believe) "for ever with the Lord." I can but think that in that last moment he received to the full what he wanted. Berridge's lines aptly describe the closing scene—

"No guilty fears becloud his face,
No horrors make him weep;
Held up and cheered by Jesus' grace,
He sweetly fell asleep."

I think no one could have looked upon that dying face, lit up with heavenly light, without a persuasion that he was entering an eternity of happiness; and we, who knew so well his great dread of death, received the whole as an incontestible proof of his being blessed of the Lord, who had so marvellously "turned to him a pure language." His few gaspings carried conviction with them, for he spoke "in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." And to know the speaker, was to know that he would not say one word more than he really felt.

I believe his was not altogether a death-bed repentance, but that he had been the subject of conviction for years; this the issue confirms. Before he left England, more than two years prior to his death, he made this remark, "I do not cling to life for the love of it; I have not found it so desirable; but I cling to life because I know, when I have drawn my last breath, I shall be in hell." Hart says, "I looked for hell, He brought me heaven." Was it not so in this case?

I don't wish to strain the Scriptures, or in any way misapply a word, but I feel that I have seen of "the travail of my soul, and am satisfied." "The bud has had a bitter taste, but sweet is now the flower."

I am free to confess that I never realized, until I had lost him, how great a blessing he was to me, in giving me errands to the throne of grace. The mercy manifested in his death has been the answer to nine years' prayer. He was a vessel of mercy, and the Lord was pleased to give me importunity for him. I can see now why he lay so near my heart—why my unceasing anxiety over him. The end was to be the salvation of his soul, the profit of mine, and all for the glory of God; and when he

had drawn his last breath, I felt for a time that my work was done.

He died January 25th, 1891, in his twenty-sixth year. How much I desire the Lord may be pleased to gather others by his death.

I remain, yours truly,

To Mr. Boorne.

C. L.

JEHOVAH-JIREH.

DR. KRUMMACHER relates a beautiful and touching incident of God's loving and tender care. It is as follows :—"A poor man, early one morning, was sitting at his house door; his eyes were red with weeping, and his heart cried to heaven—for he was expecting an officer to come and distrain him for a small debt. And whilst sitting thus, with his heavy heart, a little bird flew through the street, fluttering up and down, as if in distress, until at length, quick as an arrow, it flew over the good man's head into his cottage, and perched itself on an empty cupboard. The good man, who little imagined who had sent him the bird, closed the door, caught the bird, and placed it in a cage, where it immediately began to sing, very sweetly, and it seemed to the man as if it were the tune of a favourite hymn, 'Fear thou not when darkness reigns;' and as he listened to it, he found it soothe and comfort his mind. Suddenly some one knocked at his door, 'Ah! it is the officer,' thought the man, and was sore afraid. But no, it was the servant of a respectable lady, who said, that the neighbours had seen a bird fly into his house, and she wished to know if he had caught it? 'Oh, yes,' answered the man, 'and here it is;' and the bird was carried away. A few minutes after the servant came again. 'You have done my mistress a great service,' said he; 'she sets a high value upon the bird, which had escaped from her. She is much obliged to you, and requests you to accept this trifle, with her thanks.' The poor man received it thankfully, and it proved to be neither more nor less than the sum he owed! And when the officer came he said, 'Here is the amount of the debt; now leave me in peace, for God has sent it to me.'" Oh, poor distressed child of sorrow! God will never leave or forsake you, therefore be of good cheer. You remember God said to Elijah, "Thou shalt drink of the brook, and the ravens shall feed thee there." Thus said the Lord; and, however marvellous and unheard-of it might sound, Elijah bowed himself and believed, and his faith did not deceive him. And so, dear friends, we also shall find, if, like Elijah, we are able to trust Him with our all, that He will not deceive us, for He is nigh unto them that call upon Him, let their trials be what they may.

"WHERE ARE THE NINE?"

(LUKE xvii. 17.)

By no means the least important of the many questions asked by Christ when here below, is the one quoted above. Many searching and very solemn ones stand on record in the Word of God, as having fallen from the lips of Him who "spake as never man spake"; some among them being yet unanswered, and that because unanswerable. As for example that one, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" But, to deal with the one in hand, it is to be noted that another question seems to be suggested by this; and that is, Who *were* the nine? The persons [to whom the inquiry of our Lord applies, were certain particular individuals, as seen by the use of the definite article *the* prefixed to His mention of them. "Where are *the* nine?"

The answer is, they were nine of ten men who were lepers, and who, on seeing Jesus on His way to Jerusalem, began with uplifted voices to implore His aid. His direction to them was, "Go, show yourselves unto the priests," and so "they went and were cleansed." A further reply, therefore, to the inquiry suggested as to *who* these nine were is here supplied, and which will be found to be of great importance, namely, that they were not only nine of ten who were lepers, but also nine of ten who are said to have been cleansed. In taking up the question of Christ respecting these nine absent ones, it will be necessary, and also helpful, to notice the remaining one. "One of them, when he saw that he was healed, turned back, and with a loud voice glorified God, and fell on his face at His feet, giving Him thanks: and he was a Samaritan." Now comes the inquiry of Christ to this stranger, and in which is included the question before us, "Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine?" Whatever may have been the nature of the benefit received, as contained in the word cleansed, on the part of these absent ones, one thing is certain, that the results produced, as contrasted with those experienced and manifested by the one who was *healed*, very widely differ. And since it is by results that the presence and power of divine grace are made manifest, this is a question of great significance. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

In the first place, they were wanting in the matter of personal submission to the Lord Jesus Christ. We look in vain for any evidence, as far as they were concerned, of any *turning back*, and turning to the Lord. On the contrary, as they had always before been, so they were still quite content to remain, at a distance from Him from whom such good had professedly been received.

How unlike the case of that man who had his dwelling among the tombs, and who, when *cured* by the same mighty Hand, besought Jesus that he might be *with* Him. How truly the case of these nine illustrates the condition of vast numbers, who, while professing such great things, and to have received the benefits of salvation, still show no sign of repentance, no forsaking the ways of sin, no following in the ways of the Lord. Is not the work of grace in the heart proved by such fruits as these? Is there not a turning point in the life of the sinner, by which he departs from, and leaves the ways and pleasures of the world, and returns to inquire after the Lord Jesus Christ? They are not only *arrested*, as was Saul of Tarsus, but *turned*. And so we read, concerning the ransomed of the Lord, "They shall return, and come to Zion." The language of our dear Lord seems to partake also of the character of lament, as well as inquiry. And how sad and distressing would be the truth revealed, if the question were to be put, and pressed till a full reply could be obtained, respecting multitudes, who, while professing godliness, are still living godless lives. With respect to personal attendance upon Christ, where are they? With regard to private devotion, where are they? As to the public means of grace, where are they? In the matter of Bible study, where are they? And so further, in the great and important matter of practical godliness, or proof of personal and living participation in the saving benefits of the cross of Christ, where are they? On the contrary, instead of being found with Christ, as having turned from the world, they are still in it, and love it. Instead of prayer, whether in private or public, they are strangers to the exercise. Instead of the means of grace, they are to be found in the means of sin. And instead of in the company of the saints and followers of Christ, to be found with those who set at naught and revile Him.

But, further, not only in the matter we have been describing are they wanting, but they are so also in *humility*. Look at the one again, "He fell on his face at His feet." What a proof of real humbleness of soul. No place too low, and determined to reach even the very lowest; but "Where are the nine?" They manifest no such self-abasement. Grace not only conquers and captivates, but it *humbles*, brings down low, even down to the dear Saviour's feet. How abundant are the sacred Scriptures in testimony of this truth, and how correspondingly the experience of quickened souls proves the precious truth, that humility is indeed a product of saving grace. It is the very essence of that salvation which is of God, that, as it is so freely and richly bestowed, "without money and without price," upon poor and needy sinners, and not in consideration of anything whatever of

theirs in the form of merit, a sense of deep dependence and true humility should be the outcome.

"The more Thy glories strike my eyes,
The *humbler* I shall lie."

How haughty and proud is man by nature, but, "The lofty looks of man shall be humbled, and the haughtiness of men shall be bowed down, and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day." And when sovereign, saving grace takes possession of the sinner's heart, how manifestly these effects are produced. But in the matter of this gracious fruit, "Where are the nine?" And with regard to this, how little proof is given amongst the religionists of our day of the experience of this grace of the Spirit. How very little of real godly sorrow and contrition for sin, and consequent falling down in real spiritual brokenness of heart at the feet of Jesus. And how, in the absence of this work, proud nature rises up in opposition both to Him and His precious separating truth, and also to those who have been made by His own power, to receive, love, and contend for it. What a rich mercy to possess this one mark, "Blessed are the poor in spirit," since the spiritually poor are the spiritually humble, and are those who shall in due season be exalted.

Again, they were wanting in *gratitude*. Here again we may look at the returning stranger, who "fell on his face at His feet, giving Him *thanks*." But where are the slightest proofs of anything like real gratitude on the part of the nine? On their part, we see no turning back, no falling on their faces at His feet, no giving Him thanks. And yet, is it not true that each and all of these things are the sure effects of saving grace, and therefore most certainly experienced by all who are made the happy receivers of that grace? Is it not an experience common to all who are really healed from the terrible leprosy of sin to cry out, with one of old, "What shall I render to the Lord for all His benefits towards me?" and again, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies."

"All creatures to His bounty owe
Their being and their breath;
But greater *gratitude* should flow
In men redeemed from death."

How sweet and sacred is the experience enjoyed at times by the people of God, when, under a sense of His great and abounding goodness and mercy to them, in calling them from darkness to light, and manifesting to them His rich and pardoning

mercy, their souls are melted at His dear feet, and their tongues are set loose in praising His great and gracious Name. They love much who have much forgiven. Tears of holy joy and gratitude are shed at and over the dear sacred feet of Him who came to seek and to save poor lost sinners. But with respect to this fruit also, how little of it is to be seen in these days of great profession and noise amongst those who profess the name of Christ; yet it still holds good, as one has so sweetly put it—

"Broken hearts and humble walkers,
These are dear in Jesus' eyes."

And as a precious Christ, in all the majesty and glory of His character, is made known to their hearts, songs of praise and gratitude are poured forth to His honour here, and the song commenced below will be perpetuated above, by all the blood-bought and blood-washed hosts of heaven.

"O may I bear some glorious part
In that immortal song;
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue."

But once more, they were wanting in a disposition and readiness for *service*. The effects of divine grace, further, are to call to, and engage in, the service of the Lamb. No longer to serve ourselves, but henceforth to serve Him. And does not this also constitute the highest joy and delight of His followers down here in the wilderness? Is it not their meat and drink to do His will? Is it not the cry of them all, "What wilt *Thou* have *me* to do?" How eagerly and constantly, in the days of natural blindness, did they serve the prince of the power of the air, being slaves to sin and Satan; but now, being delivered from the powers of darkness, they no longer willingly serve them. But, alas! alas! how very little real serving of and following a precious Christ is manifest in these days! or what vain attempts to do that which the sacred Scriptures of truth declare to be impossible: "No man can serve two masters." What pleasure-seeking, and time-serving is rampant on all hands. Too many proofs are afforded in support of the solemn indictment, "Lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." Christ is not changed; the nature of His kingdom is still the same—a spiritual kingdom; yet what efforts are being made to assimilate the Church to the world; and so, under the garb of religion, almost any worldly pleasure and amusement may be and is readily engaged in, and all goes down, and passes current among men for real Christian

service. But the man that has been turned from the world, by almighty grace, and brought into personal contact with a precious Christ—the heart that has been broken and melted in contrition at His dear feet, and the affections drawn forth in manifestations of true love and gratitude—presents also a specimen of what all His people ever have been, are, and will be, namely, obedient, willing followers. Yet the complaint is constantly poured forth—

"I cannot serve Thee as I ought;
No works have I to boast;
Yet would I glory in the thought,
That I should owe Thee most."

And again—

"Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought,
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought."

In conclusion, may we not turn this matter to some practical account, by founding a few other questions upon the one before us, "Where are the nine?" and inquire, Where are we? In whose company are we ourselves found? with the one Samaritan stranger, on our faces at His feet, giving Him thanks, or with the absent nine? Have our feet been turned from the ways of death into the path of life? Do we know anything of real humility of soul before Him? and do our hearts burn with holy love and gratitude for mercies received in a way of grace, so that we say, like John, "We love Him because He first loved us"? And then, lastly, Is His service our delight? If so, then ours will be the happy lot to join those of whom it is written, "They serve Him day and night in His temple." A. R.

A BELIEVER seeks after holiness, not as the condition of his justification, but in order to make the nearest approach to the blessed image of God thereby, and to bring the highest honour to His grace and name.—*John Berridge*.

COMPARING ministers now with ministers long ago, it is to be feared there is not that longing for the conversion of their people which there used to be; little weeping between the porch and the altar; little wrestling with God in secret for a blessing on the Word; little travelling in birth till Christ be formed in their people the hope of glory. Samuel Rutherford used to say to his flock, "My witness is above that your heaven would be two heavens to me; and the salvation of you all as two salvations to me." Oh, that God would give us something of this spirit now.

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

To the Editor of the Sower.

DEAR MR. HULL,—In last month's SOWER you encouraged the seekers still to relate their spiritual exercises. It has been on my mind to write you a few more lines, if you think them worth a place in the "Seekers' Corner," though I feel so unworthy of anything from the Lord, and to have so little that is really good to write or speak about; but often feel I can put my thoughts on paper better than I can speak them, being so afraid to say anything lest I should not be right after all. But I feel it is such a mercy to have my heart taken from all in this world, and Christ to be my All in All. I know, in days gone by, I could say, "He is my Beloved," but I want it again and again. These words have been much with me of late: "We that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened." "Yes, with manifold infirmities. I have often to groan, too, over my dead, cold heart. I often get crumbs under the word. I have been favoured to find it and eat it, but I soon to "my own sad place return," and still "groan, being burdened." But when you so often tell us what He has promised to those that love Him, I say, "Oh, that I could love Him more and more!" This is my heart's desire—

"There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God."

I know there is every encouragement in the blessed Word of God for every one that hungers and thirsts after Jesus Christ; and what a mercy that God does not change as we sinful creatures do. He knoweth all things, and His eye seeth every precious thing. He hears our groans, and regards the least desire that is in our hearts after Himself. I must now bring this to a close, hoping all will be forgiven if I have done wrong by writing. May the Lord bless you and give you more of the strength you need, and spare you many years, if it is His blessed will. Wishing you and yours the best of blessings, I remain yours,

November 19th.

A SEEKER.

DEAR MR. HULL,—I have constantly enjoyed reading the letters in the "Seekers' Corner," rejoicing to see the Lord's hand still stretched out, and have felt a great love to the writers, especially when their experience was anything like my own. At such times my heart has gone up to the Lord, in earnest prayer that He would hear and answer their cry.

I cannot express my feelings while reading E. B.'s letter in THE SOWER for this month, where the writer speaks of the desires expressed in their last letter as "abundantly answered." I could not but weep and thank our gracious Lord for His marvellous lovingkindness to such poor unbelieving sinners, and I believe He will continue the same till the end of time. Hoping you will soon have similar letters to E. B.'s from some others of your correspondents.

"Go on, Thou mighty God,
Thy wonders to make known,
Till every sinner bought with blood
Shall trust in Thee alone."

November, 1891.

I remain, yours very truly,

J. C.

DEAR COUSIN,—May these few lines find you well. I was pleased to receive a few from you. They came just at the right season to cheer and refresh my spirit, to give me fresh desires to still press onward, for lately I have felt such a coldness, and sometimes I have thought there can be nothing for me, or I should never feel as I do. And then there are times when I feel such sweetness, which none but myself on earth knows. Last week these words came with power to my mind: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise Him." What makes such passages sweet to my soul, unless it is really the Spirit's work within me? But oh, I fear, I tremble, lest I should be deceived, and be deceiving others. Oh, that I could more fully realize my interest in a crucified Redeemer!—that I could see Him as my Sin-bearer! I long for the time when I shall be able to say, "Truly Thou art my Father." But has He not promised to fulfil the desires of them that fear Him? So I pray He will give me strength to wait calmly and submissively, until, in His own good time, He sees fit to release me from my doubts, and give me to feel myself to be one of His own children.

How very encouraging those words in the Book of Ruth are, where the reapers are told to let handfuls fall on purpose that Ruth may glean. Just so the spiritual ministers. God gives them utterance that they, as it were, may let words drop, that His children may have sips by the way. But oh, how short of duration are these heavenly droppings, yet how sweet when one has felt such coldness. It softens one's heart, gives fresh desires and fresh longings after the things divine. And again, where Ruth thrashed out the corn—nothing but the pure corn would do

for her. Is it not so with us? We can feed on nothing but the pure Word; we want nothing but Christ and His righteousness; and nothing short of that will suffice those of us who are longing and desiring for the manifestation of the Lord to our souls.

But what a small quantity Ruth has when properly dressed. Ah! how small our measure of divine life seems when we look within and see the sin and wickedness of our own evil hearts; yea, truly sin is mixed with all we do. Daily and hourly do we need God's eye and protecting hand to watch over and guide us, and keep us from the present evil. Oh, may we both be kept by Him who is able to keep us from falling; for, having the Lord on our side, what need we fear?

I will now close these few lines, trusting the dear Lord will bless us.

Your loving cousin,

Streatham, February 13th, 1890.

E. PARSONS.

The writer of the above was taken home, after a short illness, on May 2nd, 1890, at the age of twenty. During her illness she was so favoured in her soul that she said she had no desire to get better, speaking of God as "my dear Father," and of Jesus as "my dear Saviour," which language she could not—dare not—use before that, though greatly desiring to. What a fulfilment of the Prophet Isaiah's words, "They shall not be ashamed that wait for Me"!

C. B.

DEAR MR. HULL,—I feel constrained to write and thank you for devoting so much space to the "Seekers' Corner" in your valuable Magazine. I trust I am one amongst many seekers who have been greatly helped and encouraged in reading the way the Lord is pleased to lead many of His dear children; especially so this month, November, in reading the letter from "E. B." What a great mercy our God is a prayer-hearing and answering God, and to realize such a sense of pardoning mercy! What love and condescension! Oh, may I not, then, in all humility, trust Him, that in His own time—which must be the best—He will fully reveal Himself to my soul as my Surety and Redeemer! Oh, that I may indeed, by precious faith, see the King in His beauty, and triumph in redeeming love! I need an almighty Saviour to save such a vile sinner as I am; and, how suitable is the precious Name of Jesus! "for He shall save His people from their sins." He is indeed a full Saviour for an empty sinner. It is in very truth a narrow path that leads to life, and so many enemies to fight against one; "Without are fightings, within are fears." "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."

“How shall a heart that doubts like mine,
Dismayed at every breath,
Pretend to live the life divine,
Or fight the fight of faith?”

Oh, what a mercy that there is “a fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness”! If I am found washed in the precious blood of Christ, what a highly-favoured sinner shall I be. And if I am enabled to realize my interest in the Saviour’s dying love, that is all my desire. What gracious promises He has left on record for the comfort and encouragement of seekers! and when the Holy Spirit is pleased to take of the things of Jesus and reveal them to my soul, it is then I find them precious. How often does the Bible seem, as it were, a sealed book to me—sin is so mixed up in the reading of it. This makes us to feel how utterly helpless we are of ourselves. It is our mercy to know that it is not the righteous, but sinners, Jesus came to call; and He says, “My grace is sufficient for thee, for My strength is made perfect in weakness.” Oh, I would from my heart say with Paul, “Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.

Wishing you, dear sir, every covenant blessing, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

Brighton.

AN EARNEST SEEKER.

[We would say to these dear seekers, “Press on, even though you often feel the fight to be against you; the opposition is an evidence of life within. Dead fish are carried with the stream; living ones have to swim against it. So divine life will wage war against sin, Satan, and the flesh; and Christ has promised the crown to them that endure.”—ED.]

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I felt very much interested in reading the feelings of your heart in your last letter. I felt to shrink into nothing, but still I rejoice that the Lord gives me to feel that I am empty in myself. Oh, that I could say I was empty of self! but that I know I never shall say Scripturally while in the body. I was very glad to see at the beginning of your letter the little word “child,” which signifies an endeared relation, and I rejoice that you are a child of God; and if you are a weak one, as you feel yourself to be, your heavenly Father takes peculiar notice and special care of you, lest anything should hurt you. There is one precious portion of His Word now comes to my mind; though you have often read it, I pray, if it is His sovereign pleasure, it may be applied in all its sweetness to

your soul: "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd;" and oh, what language follows, "He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom, and shall gently lead those that are weak and heavy laden." Thus the Lord is gently leading you to see and feel, in some measure, what there is in your heart, that you may abhor yourself, and trust simply, solely, and entirely upon the finished work of the dear Redeemer for your salvation. The fears with which you are exercised are a plain evidence that you are a partaker of that light, life, and love, which those of a carnal mind are entire strangers to, for they no such changes feel; and bad as these feelings may be for you to bear, I firmly believe you are walking in the footsteps of your Father's family, although not in the green pastures of Gospel liberty, and beside the still waters of that peace which flows from His manifested lovingkindness—of your personal interest in the merits of the Lord Jesus—but you have *tasted* that the Lord is gracious, and He is still waiting to be so at the voice of your cry. Ah! and He will, too, for it is His own cry put into your heart by the power of His Holy Spirit; and it must be fulfilled, because He hath said, "He will never forsake the work of His own hands," and though your covenant God sees fit you should mourn now, yet He hath said, "He will not leave you comfortless, but will come unto you" (John xiv. 18).

"Oh, for a strong and lasting faith
To credit what the Almighty saith."

You say you do not know what you mourn for. I can tell you; the language of your heart is, "'Lord, that I might receive my sight.' Oh, that I could see Jesus." You cannot be satisfied without seeing Him whom you love, for you want Him to lift upon you the light of His countenance, and then you would rejoice and be glad, like the disciples of old, when they saw the Lord. And what was the reason? Because they loved Him; so, like Peter, your speech betrayeth you.

Last Tuesday morning I was led to think about the feelings of your mind, and, among the rest, that you sometimes felt you were sinking, and I trust the Lord, by the power of His Spirit, brought His own Word home to my heart, which is this: "I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing," &c. I paused to think where it was, and I found it in the fifty-ninth Psalm; and I was led to see it was impossible for you or me to sink finally, for I saw this language referred to our Elder Brother and Redeeming Lord—the God-man Mediator—sinking in the mire of corruption, and standing under the wrath of a justly offended

God. What unspeakable, unfathomed love was this ! Oh, may the God of all grace, mercy, love, and power enable you to see and feel that your blessed Lord and Saviour has restored that which you took away, as you will read in the eleventh verse. Praises to His holy Name, He will bless His own Word in His own time. I have not done with your letter yet ; you seem to think there is no one like you. I should rejoice if the Lord's time was come, that many more of His family were evidently brought up out of the ruins of the fall as you are. I trust I have been over the same ground, although, through great mercy, I dare not say I am at the present time where you are ; but, if the Lord will enable me, I will endeavour to tell you when and how I was refreshed.

The God of hope was pleased to put that cry into my heart for four years : "Wilt Thou not revive me again : that I may rejoice in Thee ?" (Psa. lxxxv. 6), and it was a long time before the precious promise came : "I will see you again," &c. I was ready to say, and, indeed, did in my heart, "When, where, and how, Lord ? for I feel worse and worse." As you have heard me say before, it was at the time of my baptism ; but, before that, the twenty-first verse of John xiv. was very much upon my mind : "He that hath My commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me : and he that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father, and I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him." Bless the Lord, O my soul, that He was graciously pleased to crown that glorious ordinance with His manifested approbation. You know the will of your Lord and Master, and do you not wish to remember your best Friend, who has so kindly and lovingly said, "Do this in remembrance of Me"—when I am gone to glory ? and, as you sometimes doubt whether you love His people, the Word of truth declares, "By this we know that we love the children of God, when we love God, and keep His commandments ;" and they are not grievous, but have great reward, not *for* but *in* keeping them. I humbly pray that the Lord would bless you, and pour down His Spirit abundantly upon you, and constrain you, by His love, to follow Him in the way of His appointment.

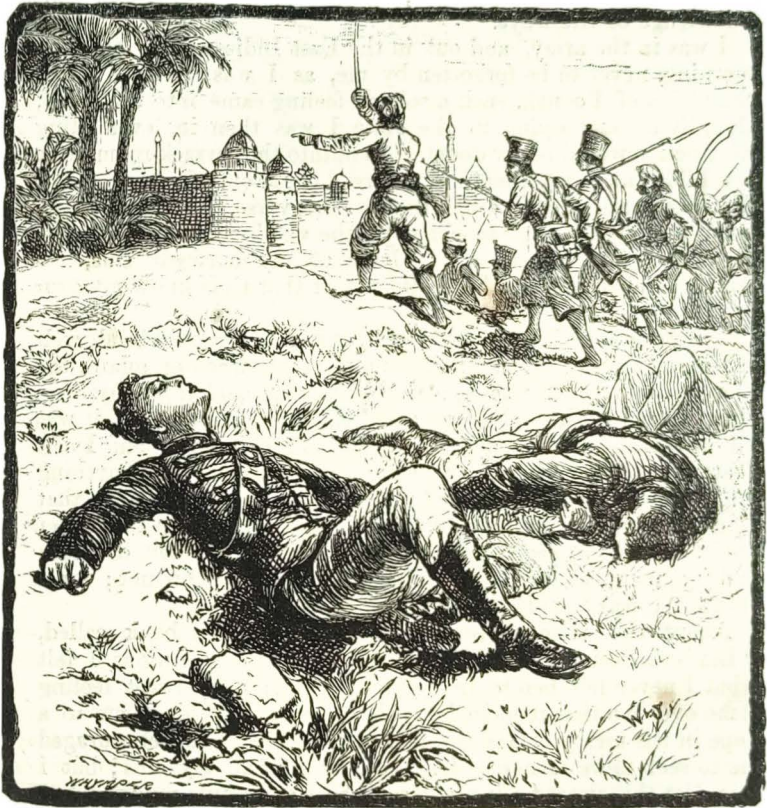
I remain, your true friend,

Wimbish, August 22nd, 1834.

A. EVERETT.

THE saints look forward to heaven with joyful anticipation, not altogether because the sufferings of hell will be avoided, but principally because God's presence will be there, and they will be enabled to worship Jehovah without the interference of sin or Satan.—A. C.

"They shall beat their swords into plowshares."—
MICAH iv. 3.



"TWO HUNDRED OF THE REGIMENT WERE PICKED OUT TO GO UP TO
THE WALLS OF THE FORTS, TO MEET THE ENEMY." (See page 32)

O, horrid war! Yea, fiendish butchery!
When man slays man,
Each thirsting for his fellow's blood.

AMAZING GRACE.

A REMARKABLE NARRATIVE.

IT was in the year 1841 when, I hope, God called me by His grace. Previous to this, I went on according to the course of this world, in outward sin and wickedness, with no desire after God nor a knowledge of His ways.

I was in the army, and out in the East Indies. But oh! one morning, never to be forgotten by me, as I was walking across the plains of Poonah, such a solemn feeling came into my mind, that, living and dying in the state I was then in, everlasting destruction would be my doom. I went into the barrack-room, took my Bible out of my knapsack, and read the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, and when I came to the last verse, "*These shall go away into everlasting punishment,*" the words made me tremble all over. This caused me to leave off my outward sins, for which I felt thankful; but I did not at that time know my own heart.

I went on for some time like this, thinking it would be all well if I did not sin outwardly; but one morning when on guard, the men did something wrong, and out came an oath from my lips; then down I sunk in guilt and condemnation, and thought it was all over with me. My past sins were laid before me, and I felt that I was a lost and undone sinner, and wished I was anything but a man. I was brought to that place to acknowledge that God would be *just* in my condemnation. I now began to wander about by myself, begging for mercy. I thought much of death and judgment, and what would become of me I knew not; for I thought I was too great a sinner to be saved.

About this time there fell into my hands a book called, "*Burder's Sermons,*" and, in reading one of these sermons, I felt what I never felt before in my life. Such a soft, sweet feeling came over me that it melted my hard heart, and raised me to a hope in the mercy of God through Jesus Christ. This encouraged me to seek more earnestly for the pardon of all my sins; but I soon lost this sweet feeling, and sank back again into my wretched and guilty state. I was surrounded with foes within and foes without, and was obliged to live with some of the very worst of company in a barrack-room of forty men.

We moved from Poonah to a place called Kurrachee, quite a sandy desert; but I found in this place the desert to blossom as the rose.

One Sunday morning we were marched to a place of worship in a large officers' mess tent; for there was neither church nor chapel in the place. The minister stood up and read these words from Daniel ix. 9: "To the Lord our God belong mercies and

forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against Him." Oh, with what divine power and unction they came into my heart, and melted me into true repentance, and godly sorrow! Tears flowed down my face, while I felt sorrow in my soul for my past sins, and such love to the Lord Jesus Christ as I cannot describe. Just after this, in the barrack-room, the Blessed Spirit came into my heart with power and love, and worked faith in my soul in the Lord Jesus Christ. Oh, what joy and peace flowed into my soul! I felt very happy; for my sins were gone, and I felt sure, if I died then, I should go to heaven.

Soon after this we went on seven days' march through a sandy desert; but I found the Lord's presence wherever I went, and felt a spirit of prayer and supplication poured into my soul. It was "*Ask and have*," in those days; but I have found, to my sorrow, in the *after* stages of my experience, that it has often been, "*Ask, and not have*."

After the seven days' march, we went on board a steamer up the river Indus, and one day, while sitting down in the steamer, the Lord was pleased again to bless me in reading one of Burder's Sermons. Oh, what power and love I again felt! It seemed as if I must shout out to tell the men what I felt; but I kept it to myself. This did not last long, for I had many things to disturb my peace.

Soon after this we landed at a place called Hyderabad, and joined the brigade. On the 24th March, 1843, we marched against the enemy. The enemy took up a position in two trenches, and we struck our tents about three o'clock in the morning, marched towards the enemy, and formed line. Then we had orders to lie down, and, whilst lying down, the enemy's cannon-balls came whizzing over our heads. The General gave orders to rise and march forward, but not to fire until we were within fifteen yards of the enemy. I cannot say much about how I felt, but this portion dropped into my soul, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me." The words came with some power and strengthened me, and I felt a sweet falling into the hands of God, come life or come death. The battle lasted about four hours, and there were 143 killed and wounded of our own regiment. We had five thousand against an enemy of eighteen thousand. I cannot say how many of the enemy were killed, but I should think several thousands. We drove them from their position, took the place, and pitched our tents, and when we got a little quiet, I took my Bible out of my knapsack and read the ninety-first Psalm, and felt it very suitable to my case; and I hope I felt thankful for the Lord's preserving care over me, for nothing had hurt me.

The next day we marched twenty-one miles in the burning sun.

and all we had to eat was a few biscuits, and a little muddy water to drink. The Lord was pleased to give me strength to endure all these hardships. In a few days we received orders to return back again to Hyderabad, where the battle was fought, and from thence to Poonah, where we were again quiet in the barracks.

The Lord now began to hide His face from me, and one night, in the barrack-room, I was so cast down, dark, and miserable, that I did not know what to do; and the men were cursing and swearing and making a great noise, when that portion about Lot's righteous soul being vexed with the filthy conversation of the wicked was suitable to me, for I felt the same. I went out of the barrack-room, under some trees some distance from the barracks, and there poured out my heart to the Lord, and He helped me with a little help, and something said, "Go in, and read." I went in and read the twenty-seventh chapter of Matthew, and oh, what love and peace I felt in reading it! It seemed as if the Lord sympathized with me, and I felt lost to everything around me. But I soon lost this sweet feeling, tossed about as I was from one place to another.

We soon had to leave Poonah and proceed up the country, where there was a disturbance among a lot of rebels in the forts; so we had about ten or twelve days' march. One morning, just before we got into the camp-ground, I was begging for another token of God's love to my soul, when the Lord sweetly favoured me with a sense of His lovingkindness and tender mercies. The sun was rising, and I saw such beauty in the works of creation. Just as I felt this, one of the men that was marching alongside of me said, "There comes that tormentor again" (meaning the sun just rising). Oh, what holy indignation I felt at hearing such a remark! I thought, "The *sun*, that is the *life* of everything, to be called a tormentor!" Oh, how it grieved me!

A few days after this we were marched near the forts where the enemy was, and two hundred of the regiment were picked out to go up to the walls of the forts, to meet the enemy, and I was one of two hundred. We went up very early in the morning, at the break of day. The enemy came out of the forts to face us, but we soon drove them back again and took the village. We were skirmishing about all day, and the cannon-balls came whizzing through the trees. In the evening we were relieved by another party of our regiment; but it was after sunset before I got my breakfast. All this time I felt no sweet comfort from the Lord, but a hope that He would preserve me from all danger.

We were seven days surrounding the forts, and on the seventh day we took possession, and then the war was over. We returned again to Poonah, the place from which we started.

Poonah is a very healthy station, and I called it my home in that country ; for it was there I was first convinced of my sin, and there the Lord blessed me with much of His sweet presence.

I used to go on the Treasure-Guard, which was surrounded with trees, a beautiful retired spot ; and in this place the Lord used to bless me with His peace and love. I can now look back and remember what peaceful hours I then enjoyed. But I soon lost this sweet peace, and found I had a vile and wicked heart within when the Lord hid His face.

We received orders to leave Poonah, and go on the march again. We marched up the country more than nine hundred miles, to a place called Dugshai ; and on this march I used to take my Bible out of my knapsack, and sit outside of the walls of the tent away from the rest of the men, and the Blessed Spirit used to shine upon the Word and apply it to my soul ; for the Word of the Lord was precious in those days.

On this long march I caught a cold in my chest, and when we got to our journey's end I went in hospital and was in there some time. One night I felt a fever, as I thought, coming upon me, and Satan suggested to me, " You will die, and be lost after all ; " but I proved him a liar ; for the next morning I was better, and had no fever, and a few days after came out of hospital. One morning in the barrack-room, before breakfast, I opened my Bible and read somewhere in the Gospels, and the Lord was pleased to bless me with such power, love, and peace, that the barrack-room seemed like a little heaven. With this sweet feeling I had to go and sit down to my breakfast with a lot of worldly sergeants ; but I sat and said not a word. This was the last blessing I had in the East Indies.

My time was now expired, and I was discharged on the 27th July, 1852. I returned to England, and came to Brighton to live, where I sat under the ministry of that blessed and gracious man of God, the late Mr. Grace. The first Gospel sermon I ever heard, after the Lord called me by grace and brought me out from an ungodly world, was from Mr. Grace, whose ministry I found very confirming of what the Lord had taught me abroad. I went backwards and forwards to his chapel for about five years, and never spoke to anyone, and some blessed and sweet times I had in hearing.

Sergeant Thomas Smith, the writer of the foregoing narrative, was a member of Galeed Chapel, Brighton, and the following particulars may be added :—

The Lord also preserved him on the mighty deep. On one occasion he had to go on duty, on a transport ship, to Van Dieman's Land. The captain, under some miscalculation, steered

too near land (at night), and the ship struck on a rock. Thus he became shipwrecked; but the same as in the case of Paul, the prisoners and all escaped safe to land, and there they had to remain on shore, in a woody country, for seven days and nights before relief came.

But more especially did the Lord manifest His care over him after He called him by His grace. At one time, under an engagement in battle, an officer gave orders to change positions, by which he had to fall back and another soldier take his post. Scarcely had it been done, when the man who took his place was shot by the enemy in the leg and carried out wounded, whilst our dear friend escaped unhurt. Again, at the time of his having to go forward to storm the forts that the rebels held, his position was immediately under the walls, and the rebels threw over from the top of the forts large, heavy stones, which dropped just in front of him and behind him, but not a hair of his head perished; and throughout all his engagements, he was upheld by his God, kept from evil, and preserved from "the destruction that wasteth at noonday, the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the arrow that flieth by day"; for God was his "Refuge and Fortress."

A few months previous to his end, he was feeling very low in his mind, when the Lord was graciously pleased to visit him with an overpowering sense of His mercy to his soul whilst reading the thirty-sixth Psalm. More than once did he try to read it; but the tears *would flow*. The fifth and sixth verses, especially, were so blessed to him that his soul was like a hind let loose. Mr. Popham called just at the time and witnessed this blessing, which, doubtless, was to anoint and prepare him for his end.

At one time, in conversation with Mr. Popham, he said, "When I die, I shall not go to meet the Lord as a stranger, for I have known Him whilst here." Being seventy-seven years of age, he was—latterly—subject to decay of nature and softening of the brain; but, although very weak, he was not entirely laid aside till his last day, Friday, May 10th, 1889. On the morning of that day he became delirious, but there were lucid intervals. His dear wife said to him, "This is the enemy, Thomas." He replied, "When the enemy cometh in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him;" and then again he became unconscious. At another time he broke forth in a loud voice, saying, "Heaven! Heaven! Heaven! Settled! Settled! Amen, and Amen!" At one time, when a little quiet, we repeated the words: "Oh for a sight;" he said, "A pleasing sight"; and thus followed on in each line of the third verse of this hymn.

Just before his last moments, he turned his face, his eyes glistened, and, as though he could behold something unknown to this lower world, he endeavoured to articulate, but speech had failed, and the writer thought of the words of dear Mr. Grace, who once said that, "at the death-bed of a child of God that he knew in life, he believed the angels of God were in that room to convey the ransomed spirit home." His breathing ceased, and his happy soul took its flight, to be for ever with the Lord.

R. HUGGETT, *in the Gospel Standard.*

A PRISONER OF HOPE.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A SERMON PREACHED AT SKEYNES HILL.

NOVEMBER 8TH, 1891.

PRISONER of sin, condemned to die,
 All human help is vain;
 Fast bound in Satan's chain I lie,
 In agony and pain.
 The pleasures once so dearly loved
 All worse than vanity have proved.

I cannot break this galling chain
 That once I deemed so slight;
 Powerless 'gainst Satan's yoke I strain,
 No hope—no help—no light.
 O Thou who hear'st the prisoner's sigh.
 Save! for the hour of death draws nigh.

I hate the crooked, devious way
 In which my feet have strayed;
 Teach me, O Father, how to pray,
 That Thou may'st hear and aid.
 Oh, loose my bonds, and I will be
 A willing captive, Lord, to Thee.

Remove the cloud that comes between
 Me and Thy glorious face;
 Open my sin-closed eyes, that seem
 Powerless Thy way to trace.
 Speak but the word, Thine is the power;
 Remove my blindness from this hour.

Prostrate I lie; oh, hear my prayer,
 Bowed down with grief and shame;
 Give me Thy dying-love a share;
 Thou only canst reclaim.
 Humble me, Lord, that I may be
 Raised into brotherhood with Thee.

RHODA.

E

NOTES OF A SERMON,

PREACHED AT ELY, BY MR. M. J. TRYON, ON MONDAY AFTERNOON,
AUGUST 4TH, 1890.

"These all died in faith."—HEBREW'S xi. 13.

WHAT a solemn truth it is that, as a rule, men die as they live. There may be notable exceptions, but, as a general rule, we shall find it a solemn fact that, as men live, so they die.

The Holy Ghost tells us, in the closing verses of the preceding chapter, that "the just shall live by faith," and, in our text, that these men "died in faith."

How important to have a religion that will do to die with. How sad, when death approaches, to have to look about for another religion. How desirable to have a religion that answers to the words, "The just shall live by faith." With such a religion, we may look forward, with a scriptural ground for hope, that we shall die in faith. In order that there may be no mistake as to what the Holy Ghost means by living by faith—a faith without which men cannot live before God—He takes pains to give a very carefully-worded definition of faith, and then proceeds to show the effects of faith in a few characters drawn from the Old Testament. He shows how their lives were affected by this faith, adding, in our text, that "these all died in faith;" and, in verse thirty-nine, that they all "obtained a good report through faith": not a "good report" from the mass of their fellow-creatures, as we may plainly see from the treatment they received at their hands, but a "good report" from God; and that "good report" God has kindly given to us in His Word. May the Lord, then, help me to say a little about faith itself, and then a few remarks about the effects of faith, as shown in some of the cases selected by the Holy Ghost.

In the first place, then, we are told that "faith"—that is, the faith by which a just man lives, and in which he dies—"is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." By these words we understand, that it is the province of faith to realize substance in the things we hope for; that is to say—at times, to say the least—we feel persuaded that the things we hope for are not cunningly devised fables, but solemn, sober, eternal realities. What a very great mercy for those who at times know that there is reality stamped upon those things they hope for. But faith is also the "evidence of things not seen;" by which we understand that unseen things are as though they were seen, and therefore really as existent to the eye of faith as a bodily object may be to the material eye. Moses "saw Him who was invisible." This faith of which we are speaking is "the gift of

God." It is a good gift, an essential gift, bestowed upon every vessel of mercy, as quickened by the Spirit of God ; and without some measure of this gracious gift from God, we certainly cannot live the life of a just man, nor die his death.

There may be, and are, degrees of faith ; faith may appear to ebb and flow—may be sorely tried, and almost, if not quite, lost to sight—may be very weak to-day and comparatively strong to-morrow—may look at the bright side of things one day, and can only see the dark side the next—yet, as Mr. Hart says—

" It lives and labours under load ;
Though damped, it never dies."

How important, then, to "examine ourselves, whether we be in *the* faith." May the Lord help us to proceed to this examination, for I judge that it is for this very purpose the effects of true faith are illustrated in this chapter from the lives of "just men," who lived by and died in faith, in olden times.

"By faith," then, "the elders obtained a good report" from God, and by faith we—that is, justified persons who live by faith—"understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God." What a mercy for you to have that faith by which you receive the first chapter of Genesis as a divine revelation of the creation of matter, and its subsequent arrangement by the "word of God." How puerile for scientific men to talk about corroborating revelation by science. Sure I am, if revelation is not enough for you, you will always be liable to be carried about in your judgment by some new scientific discovery or other. But a child of God thankfully believes what God has revealed, knowing that man never can understand or explain the works of the Almighty God ; it is sufficient for him that "God spake, and it was done ; He commanded, and it stood fast : " and all he wants, at times, is an inward conviction that this God, the Maker of the ends of the earth and of the heavens, is his "God for ever, and will be his Guide even unto death." I am thankful to have my mind at rest by the faith of God's giving ; I hope "that the worlds were framed by the Word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear."

But to pass on, we notice the beautiful illustration contained in verse four. "By faith, Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain." Now note this, that *faith* made the difference between Abel and Cain—that, this faith that made such a difference between these two men, was *given* to Abel—and the Holy Ghost's definition or description of Abel's faith was this, that it made things hoped for substance to him, and was to him the evidence of things not seen. Let us look for a little at these men, both worshippers of God ; for Cain was

not an idolater, as far as he knew himself, for he "brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto the Lord." So you see, he was a worshipper of God, and, I have no doubt, a very sincere and devout one: pleased with the beautiful fruits of the earth, and relying on their beauty and on his own sincerity and devotion, we may assume, I think, that he never doubted his acceptance. "But"—oh, what a solemn "but"!—"but unto Cain and to his offering He had not respect." Alas! alas! for poor Cain, "he was very wroth and his countenance fell." What multitudes of worshippers of God—professedly so—stand this night in the position of Cain, as he stood before the Lord with his offering, never doubting, it may be, as I have said, his acceptance. Let us now turn for a few minutes to this dear child of God, Abel, "the first saint received into heaven." We read, "And Abel, he also brought of the firstlings of his flock and of the fat thereof. And the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering." There is no "but" about Abel's case. No, he was accepted and his brother rejected. Now, if it was "faith" that made Abel act as he did, and the lack of faith that made Cain act as he did, and "these things happened unto them for ensamples: and they are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come"; how important for us to see to it, whether we have the faith of Abel or not.

Bear with me whilst I try to show you some of the things that Abel hoped for, and that Abel saw, and I necessarily must be very brief. Abel saw that the God he was about to worship was a very holy God, and he feared to enter His presence, for he also saw and felt that he was a sinner against God. What a solemn matter for a sinner to approach God! He also saw that there was only one way of approaching God—a way he might see but dimly, but yet sufficiently to feel persuaded that there was no other way of approaching God, and this way was "by blood," and so he brings the "firstling of his flock and of the fat thereof," showing that he killed this firstling. He saw that this was God's appointed way; and though one of the first worshippers in this way, I believe, as he brought his firstling, he saw the day of Jesus Christ afar off and was glad, for he hoped that he should be accepted by God. He felt the worship of God to be a solemn matter; he felt his sinfulness; he hoped for acceptance as he, by faith, presented his firstling with the fat thereof; and he so saw that this was God's way, and a way in which even he could be accepted, that he ventured into the presence of his God with nothing but his firstling; and I can imagine how unbelief would suggest to him to look at Cain's beautiful fruit, &c., and thus the faith of Abel might be sorely tried; but as the good Spirit of God was pleased to show

him again things that Cain did not see, poor Abel would once more cleave to this way with full purpose of heart. And how great his reward! How wonderful God's ways are with His people! He gives faith, and then rewards it. "And the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering." You see how "just" Abel lived before God by faith. He drew near to God as a sinner; he offered blood, or, in other words, typically pleaded the blood of Jesus Christ as his only hope of being accepted; he waited to see the issue, and presently the Lord "had respect to him."

Dear friends, where are you to-day? Where am I? Are we Cain-worshippers? Are we presenting our sincerity, our morality, our own righteousnesses? Are we trusting in some external observances—an elaborate ritual, a saving efficacy in sacraments? Oh, how Satan has blinded poor people! Let me be faithful with you. You cannot for such things be accepted. The day is coming when it will be said of all such worshippers, "*But* the Lord had not respect to their offering, neither to them." My friends, it is not what man thinks of his worship, but what God thinks of it. Sure I am, that if you are an Abel-worshipper, you will never be satisfied till you, like him, have some evidence from God Himself that He accepts your offering, and therefore accepts you; and that you may be taught to venture into the presence of God with a gracious, holy confidence and boldness with your offering, even the Person of His own dear Son, who gave Himself a "ransom for many"—who "died the just for the unjust"—who came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. Have you—have I—faith by which I see a little of what an unapproachable Being God is, because of His holiness and of my sinfulness? Have we seen a little of who Jesus Christ is—the God-man, the "one offering for sin," once offered, never to be offered again? Have we seen a little of His infinite suitability to be our Saviour? Have we seen that what God says about Him is a blessed truth, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased: hear Him"? Have we hope in God and what He says about those who come to Him through Jesus Christ, that He will not cast one of them out? Are we waiting to see whether we are accepted or rejected? Dear friend, wait on; "You shall see the salvation of God"; you shall be accepted with your sweet savour, and shall, like dear Abel, feel sooner or later, "This is life, to be accepted by God, and now death has lost its sting." "The just shall live by faith"—live on what faith makes solid, lasting, and real to him. What more so than the favour of God shown to him in accepting him and his offering? for in so doing, guilt is removed from the conscience—sin subdued—his person accepted as a justified person; and, instead of being far off from

God, full of legal fears and bondage, he is brought nigh, and filled with love, joy, peace, and gratitude. It is not all that are dealt with as Abel. In a few hours, at most, he died in the faith by which he had lived. Shall we say, that it is not all God's people that are thus favoured? or shall we not rather say, that God, in His wisdom, saw fit to accept Abel and quickly to receive him for ever to Himself? and, with the same wisdom, He sees fit that most of His people shall be His witnesses on earth, for a longer or shorter time. Before they die in faith, they must live by faith, endure the trial of faith, and, in some measure, show forth the praise of Him who has given them a faith which separates them from all Cain-worshippers.

How this case of Abel prepares us for the next one the Holy Ghost selects. I believe there is no chance about the order of these illustrations. They are to show us various operations of faith by which just men live, and in which they die. "By faith Enoch was translated, that he should not see death"; by faith "he pleased God"; by faith he "walked with God." Enoch's faith was the same faith as Abel's, precisely the same. He travelled over the same ground, exactly the same. He by faith saw the holiness of God, saw his own vileness, and saw in the promised Seed of the woman a "way" of access, a way of hope, a way of reconciliation, a way of life. Enoch walked this way and was accepted: and what was the effect of this acceptance? Can you answer? "He walked with God."

The same faith will produce the same effects. Where the acceptance of a poor guilty, sin-bitten sinner is made known to faith—that is to say, when a sinner by faith apprehends that he is accepted by God, in virtue of what Jesus Christ has done for him—that faith will work by love and cause him to desire to walk with God. How beautifully you see this illustrated in the case of that dear child of God, commonly called the "mad Gadarene." "And when He"—that is, Jesus—"was come into the ship, he that had been possessed with the devil prayed Him that he might be with Him." "Howbeit Jesus suffered him not, but saith unto him, Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee."

Dear friends, don't you wish you could find more of these people who could tell what Jesus has done for them? We are weary of hearing so much about what people are doing for the Lord. Faith in Enoch begat love, and he showed his love by walking with God; and sure I am that Enoch would say, "Life is worth living." He lived by faith. Faith saw God to be his Friend—faith saw God accepting him, though a sinner, in Jesus Christ—faith saw the great blessedness, the infinite mercy of such

a sinner being accepted ; and, with all the trial of that faith from a body of sin and death, from the world, and from the devil, yet faith was so increased and strengthened by what it saw and what it hoped for, that it triumphed over all opposition, and from day to day Enoch walked with God, and God walked with him. Remember, Enoch was a man of like passions with ourselves, but, by the grace of God, faith eyed steadfastly the Lord Jesus Christ, and Enoch felt he stood complete in Him, and so there was no barrier between him and God. He could say—

" And since my Saviour stands between,
In garments dipped with blood,
'Tis He instead of me is seen,
When I approach to God."

(*To be continued.*)

"THE RIGHTEOUS HATH HOPE IN HIS DEATH."

PROVERBS xiv. 32.

THIS precious truth was sweetly verified in the peaceful and happy departure of our dear sister in Christ, Jane Rose Smith, of Watford, who died at Hastings, on December 19th, 1891, aged forty years. That good hope, which was evidently wrought by God the Holy Ghost in her precious soul in or about the year 1873, was, in the first place, "a trembling hope," and, afterwards, deeply tried and exercised with many fears and conflicts, during a long and "pining sickness"; but, in the very article of death, it was greatly strengthened and brightened up by its blessed Author and Object, so that a very short time before the tie was cut, "perfect love" came and cast out "all fear"; so that, with a calm spirit and a distinct voice, she exclaimed to those of her dear ones around her, "Good-bye! good-bye! good-bye! good-bye all! I'm going home." When asked, "Where do you mean—to Watford?" Pointing upward, she said, "No; there's my home." Her mortal remains, reduced by a long and trying affliction almost to a shadow, were conveyed to Watford, and laid in the cemetery there, in the family grave, on December 24th, in "sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection," at the coming of the Lord of life and glory.

At Mount Zion Chapel, on Lord's Day evening, December 27th, reference was made to her happy end, and four letters were read which had been addressed to her pastor, and preserved by him, unknown even to the family, which contained so much sweet experience as to how that hope, kindled at first by the Holy Spirit, had been sustained, that they were listened to with great interest; and the first, especially, was so blessed to

some of the weaklings in faith, that it has been thought, seeing she was always so quiet and retiring, it might be useful and encouraging to other seeking and trembling souls, who desire a place among the people of God, but fear to presume. The following, therefore, is an exact copy of that letter :—

Watford, May 9th, 1873.

MY DEAR MR. BURRELL,—It is with great fear and trembling that I write these few lines to you, but I feel that I must not keep my feelings to myself any longer; they are more than I can express. I have been longing to tell you for some months past, but I have had so many doubts and fears, which seem to keep me from doing what I feel I ought to have done before. I feel that the time has come for me to own His dear name, and that I can say—

"In all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you."

I shall never forget my feelings last Monday week, when you asked me how I felt. I could not answer you, as I was too full to say anything. I have indeed reason to be thankful that I ever came to Beulah; it has been a birth-place to my poor soul; for when I first sat under the sound of your voice I was as dead as it was possible for any stone to be to divine and spiritual things. I have indeed felt myself to be a miserable and undone sinner, and that nothing but the blood of Christ can ever save me from eternal woe. But I feel I can say of the Lord's people—

"I love to meet among them now,
Before Thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all."

I was very much blessed at the prayer-meeting on Good Friday, and felt that I could have gone through the ordinance, whilst sitting on my seat. That sweet hymn of Newton's has been my prayer and desire for several weeks past—

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

I have prayed that He would shine upon the work of grace, if He has ever begun it in my poor heart. Sometimes I feel so cold and so indifferent to divine things, that I have almost been obliged to despair, and question whether the Lord has called me by His grace; but still, at times, there is a something at the bottom of my heart that will not let me go.

"Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road."

I feel convinced that this is a very important step that I am about to take, but the dear Lord has said, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee," and He has also said, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." I shall never forget kneeling down on my knees, and crying to the Lord for mercy; I could say with Toplady—

"Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling."

And the next lines were what I truly felt—

"Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace."

I felt that it must be all of grace from first to last. I was very much encouraged the Sunday evening that you preached from these words, "Now, therefore, ye are no more strangers and foreigners." I felt I could say that I was not a stranger to some of God's ways; also, when you spoke from these words, "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness." I can say, I hope—

"I thirst, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share;
Thy wounds, Immanuel, all forbid
That I should seek my pleasures there."

And with dear David, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God."

I little thought when I went to Beulah that I should ever belong to that dear place, or ever have any desire for uniting myself with God's dear family in that little spot; but I can now say from the bottom of my heart—

"I love her gates; I love the road,
The Church adorned with grace."

I hope I am not deceiving myself in using such language as I have done in this letter, but I feel every word I have written, for I would not be deceived in such a matter as this for all that I can see. I do hope and trust that my desires and wishes may be granted, and I feel I can say—

"All my desires are now content
To be comprised in one."

I have often asked myself the question, when hearing the dear people pray for the seeking and inquiring souls, whether I was one of those seekers? I hope I am; and have often had those words come to me—

"Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
Where Thy richest pastures grow."

I have often sought after "Him whom my soul loveth," and hope I have not sought in vain, for He says in His precious Word, "I never said to the seed of Jacob, Seek ye My face in vain." No; I know He never can or will turn a poor sinner away. He has said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

If, after you have read these few lines, you think the dear people at Beulah will welcome such a poor hell-deserving sinner as I am, will you propose me at your next Church Meeting? I feel that I want a home, and can say—

" Here would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come;
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home."

I hope the Lord will still keep me seeking at His dear feet, and that He will enable me to declare in Zion what He has done for my precious and immortal soul. I have only told you all that I have felt; and again hoping that He will hear and answer my request,

Believe me, one of your unworthy hearers,
J. R. SMITH.

Our dear friend appeared before the Church, with three others, on July 2nd, 1873, and such a Church Meeting I never witnessed before or since—scarce a word, but plenty of tears. On July 20th, 1873, she was baptized, and has worn and died well.

That this testimony may be blessed to many of the Lord's hoping and fearing ones, is the desire of the writer,

Watford, December 29th, 1891.

GEO. BURRELL.

We knew the deceased, J. R. Smith, for some years, and always found her very quiet and retiring. Her religion was a weighty matter betwixt God and her own soul, and her words were few. We were privileged to see her shortly before she died, when she was longing for the light of the Lord's countenance to clear up all that was needful to satisfy her heart, and make plain her pathway to heaven; and as we looked upon her wasted form and anxious expression of countenance, and heard her fervent sigh for the Redeemer's appearing, we could but say with sweet assurance, what was verified in her case shortly afterwards—

" The time of love will come,
When we shall clearly see,
Not only that Christ shed His blood,
But each shall say, ' For me.' "

May this be the end of her beloved survivors, and also of ourselves individually, as waiters for the same mercy, is the prayer of

THE EDITOR.

THE ATONEMENT.

ACCORDING to our promise on page 293 of last November's SOWER, we take up our pen to attempt to enter a little, as the Lord may enable, into the blessed truth of God respecting the Atonement, well assured that—

“No sweeter subject can invite
A sinner's heart to sing,
Or more display the glorious right
Of our exalted King”

in His office as the High Priest of His Church. The Atonement is that divinely-revealed scheme by which God and sinners are reconciled, through the Mediator. In it the High Priest deals with sin by putting it away, and with the sinner by bringing him into a state of reconciliation. The doctrine of the Atonement is the key-stone to the arch of divine truth. It is revealed by the bright shining of the twofold light of the Word of God in Holy Scripture, and of the work of the Holy Spirit in the experience of the saints. The Atonement is the theme of the Bible. The types of the Old Testament, and the teaching of the New, combine in showing forth the wonderful glory of God's way of saving sinners.

See yonder son of Israel—for only the Israel of God is interested in this matter—journeying towards Jerusalem, perhaps from the uttermost parts of the land, with the stain of guilt upon his conscience, separating between him and his God, and the burden of sin pressing heavily and sorely upon his bruised and wounded spirit. He draws near the sacred gates of the Temple, seeking an Atonement to be made for him, by which sin may be removed, communion with God enjoyed, and peace restored to his soul. The person through whom, the means by which, and the time when the atonement should be wrought were all appointed. The high priest was the person, the sacrifice the means, and the Day of Atonement the time. All the prescribed ceremonial of the old dispensation pointed to spiritual things; all shadowed forth vividly and minutely the manner in which the coming, trembling, convinced sinner is justified through the Lord Jesus Christ by the putting away of sin. The work was accomplished entirely by the high priest. His office was, first, to make Atonement in the ordained way for sin; secondly, to make intercession for the sinner on the ground of the atonement, in the holy of holies. It is all summed up in the Priesthood of the Lord Jesus Christ. Let us reverently approach the consideration of this most precious truth.

1. We learn, in the first place, that the Lord Jesus assumed the High Priesthood by virtue of the complexity of His Person

as God and Man—not half God and half Man, but perfect God and perfect Man. In His incarnation, He condescended to stoop so low as to bring the Godhead into incomprehensible *perfect oneness* with human nature, “Bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh.” He was found in fashion as a Man, subject to suffering and death. He is a perfect High Priest in things pertaining to God—justice, righteousness, mercy, &c.—for He *is* God; and in things pertaining to man—able to sympathize, &c.—for He *is* Man. Christ’s suitability, as well as ability to carry out that mediation by which reconciliation is effected, stands in this complexity of His Person. By Him the offended God and the offending man are brought together in eternal peace. Look at it! On the one hand, there is a poor guilty sinner seeking the removal of his sin, and on the other hand is a justly-offended God. Between them stands a High Priest, who is anointed and appointed to make an Atonement, and who is able to do so because He is very God and very Man.

2. Seeing we have “such a High Priest,” we now turn to the ordained *Sacrifice*. A sacrifice is needed. The law demands death as the punishment of sin. This penalty must be paid either by the sinner or the Substitute accepted in his stead. Further, there can be no justification without a sinless life is presented. God requires perfection. He can require no less. The Substitute who satisfies these requirements is provided in the covenant of grace, who undertook to live a sinless life, a life of perfect obedience, and then to offer it up to God to be accepted for the sinner; and, in doing so, to “bear our sins in His own body on the tree,” and pay the debt of suffering due for our transgressions. Two things are implied in the death of the sacrificial victim as the Substitute: first, the offering up of a sinless life of obedience to the law; second, the suffering of a painful death instead of those for whom He died.

Now, the appointed sacrifice was the *humanity* of the Lord Jesus Christ, consisting of a true human soul and a true human body. Divinity could not obey, being above law; neither could Divinity suffer, bleed, and die. Christ was made under the law, and put to death in the flesh. As the High Priest in the complexity of His Person, He offered up Himself in His human nature (soul and body) to His Father as the all-sufficient propitiation for His people, thus delivering them from sin and its consequences, and providing a righteousness, arrayed in which they stand accepted in Him.

3. But, another essential feature of the Atonement was the *Altar*, which in the ancient type had a double purpose: first, to support the victim in its suffering and death; and secondly, to sanctify the offering. The altar typified the *Divine nature* of the

Lord Jesus, by which He was sustained in His agony and death, and which gave the sufferings of His humanity that ineffable value in which consists the perfection of the Atonement.

To recapitulate. We find the Lord Jesus Christ as the God-Man is the High Priest, consecrated as such to deal with sin, and reconcile the sinner to God by making an Atonement, of which the sacrifice is Himself in the perfection of His humanity, offered up on the altar of His Divine nature, by which His human frame was supported amid His agonies, and which so fully sanctified that one offering. We cannot penetrate further into the glorious mystery ; and we need to remember that, whilst the two natures in the One Person of our adorable Lord must not be confounded, so neither must the unity of the Person be divided, even in thought.

4. The Atonement was followed by the intercession of the high priest. Even so Jesus has entered into the holy place not made with hands, and now appears in the presence of God, and ever liveth to make intercession for those who come unto God by Him, and this "not without blood." He pleads for those for whom He died. His intercession rests upon His blood-shedding. The acceptance of the person of the believer is on the ground of the High Priest's completed Atonement ; the acceptance of his prayers and service is on the ground of the High Priest's continual intercession, the shed blood being the foundation of both parts of the Priestly office. So the mediatorial work of the Lord Jesus is perfected. He is the only way to the Father, and through Him all blessings are received by humble suppliants at His feet.

5. By the Atonement the Lord Jesus "made an end of sin," and this means, for one thing, that so far as His people went in sinning, He went in suffering. There is not one sin of all the elect for which He did not pay the penalty ; not one sin which He did not put away by the sacrifice of Himself, because "He was made sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." This reminds us, moreover, that by the Atonement He also went to the "end of the law for righteousness"; there is not one precept He did not fulfil, nor one point in which He did not perfectly obey. Thus He took His people's sins and put an end to them, and thus He wrought the robe of righteousness, arrayed in which they are "complete in Him." Such is the Atonement by which God and man are made one in Christ the Mediator.

In our next paper we intend (D.V.) to consider that *Redemption* which is the *effect* of the Atonement, and the *cause* of such other blessings as we propose to consider subsequently in due order. The Atonement is the foundation of *all saving truth*.

Leicester.

E. C.

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

To the Editor of the Sower.

DEAR SIR,—Believing there is great power in true prayer, and feeling an increasing desire to have more of the spirit of prayer poured out upon me, I feel constrained to venture to write to you, to tell you of what, I hope, was an answer to prayer for a blessing upon the Word preached by one of God's dear servants, whom I expected to hear the last Sunday in November.

I find there are many hindrances to prayer, some of which, I must confess, arise from causes of my own making, some from surrounding circumstances, and some from circumstances not under my control; and perhaps, in relating what follows, it may be for the encouragement of some who read your interesting and instructive little magazine, the SOWER, who are beginning to have a desire for better things, but who, like myself, are many times cast down by reason of the way, and who look to the ministry of the Word for help and comfort. The special form of prayer I am desirous of commending to them at this time, is for a blessing to rest upon God's dear servants when they stand up to speak in the name of the Lord.

On the Saturday evening, before retiring to rest, as is my custom, I knelt down to try and pray to God, and felt drawn out in asking Him to bless His servant, and that He would send a message through him to me to assure me that He had a favour towards me, and also that He would send a message to His people who should assemble themselves together in His house.

Sunday came, and the text taken was, "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else." The subject in the morning was the Speaker in the text, Jesus Christ, and the work He accomplished, being the salvation of persons, and a little of the making known of that salvation to them. In the evening, in discoursing more especially upon the latter, the preacher said that God, who lives in a far country, sends messages unto His people, who oftentimes were feelingly at the ends of the earth, feeling themselves to be the servants of sin, but wishing to be freed from the bondage of sin, and that this was one of His messages. Very forcibly my request of the previous evening came to my remembrance, and hope sprang up that here was the answer, and I believe it was. Jesus Christ seemed to be the one thing my soul desired. It was a season of rejoicing to me, being as a light which cast its reflections on different parts of the way in which I trust the Lord has led me, and giving me an earnest of my being one of the redeemed of the Lord, and that one day I should be with

Him. How my soul loved Him ! At that time the feeling of my heart was—

“ His worth, if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole world would love Him too.”

The very name of Jesus implies sweetness, in that He shall save His people from their sins. Oh, that I might know more of Him, and that His love might be so shed abroad in my heart, which should so fill me that, if it were possible, there might be no room for sin ; but, sir, I find in me, by nature, there dwelleth no good thing, and daily I have to mourn over something which, I fear, is grieving to the Holy Spirit of God, so that, if it were not for such helps by the way, as, I trust, have been graciously given, sometimes by the ministry, and in other ways, I do not know sometimes what the end would be ; therefore I do feel it an important matter for us to remember the ministering servants of God always in our prayers when we are wanting the blessing from God, and that we may be prepared to receive the Word in an honest heart.

Hoping that I have not wearied you with this, and praying that the blessing and favour of God Almighty may rest upon you and your labour of love,

I am, dear sir, yours very sincerely,

A.

[We pray that the above may prove a word in season to many who attend upon the ministry of truth and grace. We ourselves have often felt, while preaching, that the Lord has been helping and blessing us in the work in answer to the prayers of some of the hearers. Let those who need and desire soul-profit try this means.—ED.]

DEAR SIR,—It is well said, “ A word spoken in season, how good it is ! ” The word you gave me after I wrote to you a few months since, as a seeker, has been, I feel I can say, a very comforting one to me. “ It is good that a man both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord ” ; and I do feel I can testify to the truth of the preceding text, “ The Lord is good unto them that wait for Him, to the soul that seeketh Him ” (Lam. iii. 25) ; for even though I cannot yet feel that sweet assurance of pardoning love and mercy which I so long to realize, nor feel able to say, in the sweet language of Christ's Church, “ I am my Beloved's, and His desire is toward me,” yet He has at times, in His great mercy, so comforted one's heart by the precious promises made to seeking souls, that even while some have rebuked me for not accepting them as conclusive, which

they tried to show was a very easy matter, but which I truly have found to be such a hard matter on account of the wickedness of the heart and its proneness to seek peace and pleasure in anything but a dear Redeemer's blood, that none but God the Holy Spirit can so work in me as to cause me to truly cry, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" and lead the soul gratefully to exclaim, "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord," for "there is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." Though they have thus almost cut me off, telling me, too, that it was unbelief which kept me from accepting (which I felt to be too true), and which, they said, I ought not to give way to; yet while my mind has been much exercised about this, feeling, too, so powerless to cope with such enemies as unbelief, distrust, and indifference, still I feel I can even here raise my Ebenezer, for truly He hath helped me, and hope I can say without presumption—

"Thus far my God hath led me on,
And made His grace and goodness known."

for I have been led to see that "vain is the help of man"; and, to be rightly taught, each must be personally led by the Eternal Spirit.

The lines inserted in the SOWER for December (on Rom. vii. 24) could not, I think, have expressed better the present state of my heart, if I had written them, for everything one says or does, whether publicly or privately, even in prayer and private worship, the love of self-praise or the inward corruption of the heart mars all. Yet, amid it all have I felt so encouraged to hope and wait on by the thought of Him to whom I really did desire to look alone unto. This is almighty power, for I have at times been privileged to realize that, if I had any desire toward Him, then He it was had begun and would surely carry it through; so that I still continue to wait upon Him; and by His grace I feel He will enable me to do so, till, like Joseph of old, He reveals Himself more fully in all His perfect work to my soul. May He grant me strength till He is pleased so to do. I do love to look forward to the time when I shall be able to say, feelingly and heartily—

"Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head."

"O gracious Spirit, leave me not, I pray,
But keep me steadfast in the heavenly way,
To seek Him still, till He is pleased to show
That e'en on me His love He will bestow."

His word declares, "Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord."

Also would I pray, dear sir, that His blessing might ever rest on all your work and labour of love ; also on yourself bodily, for "He careth for you." Yours, with gratitude for help received,
November 29th, 1891. F. E.

[That religion which truly honours the Lord Jesus, will also honour the Holy Spirit, whose work it is to testify of, and reveal the things of Christ to us. Believers are not to attain to an ability to serve themselves from the Word of God ; this would be living independently of the Blessed Spirit, whose divine love in giving His testimony of Christ adds to the sweetness of it. And when He is grieved, and withholds His favours, those who live by faith feel the lack of them ; then they mourn for the sin that has grieved Him, and say—

"Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet Messenger of rest ;
I hate the sins which made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast."

It is He that performs the work within us, agreeably with the work which Christ performed for us, and, by His grace, we are exhorted to work out our salvation with fear and trembling. We hope our friend may still be found pursuing, ever waiting upon the Lord, for it is—

"His Spirit all the motion gives,
By springs of faith and love."—ED.]

DEAR FRIEND,—You inserted a letter from me in the "Seeker's Corner" of the March Number, and, at the foot of same, you made some remarks which encouraged me very much ; and, having felt a desire of late to write to you again, I will try to do so. At the time I wrote that letter, I had been exercised respecting baptism, about three months, previous to which I had often hoped that the time would come when I should be enabled to follow the Lord Jesus Christ through that ordinance, and cast in my lot with God's people ; but it was not until November of last year that I was exercised more particularly about it, which came about through hearing a minister quote the words, "Them that honour Me I will honour, and they that despise Me shall be lightly esteemed." They came home to me, in regard to baptism, and whenever the subject crossed my mind (which was pretty frequently), the above words followed. This went on for some time, and I hope I can say I tried to pray for guidance.

Some time afterwards, Mr. Carr preached at our chapel from the following text, "Whosoever therefore shall confess Me before

men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven" (Matt. x. 32), and, although I did not hear the sermon, being lawfully detained at home, when a friend told me of same, it was another reminder to me respecting baptism, being applied (I hope) with some degree of power.

Not long after, I had a good hearing time under Mr. Peet, and another under Mr. E. Fox, and the following portions of hymns came home to me with a little power—

"If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all."

and—

"Come needy, come guilty, come loathsome and bare,
You can't come too filthy, come just as you are."

I felt afraid of taking a wrong step, and all this time was more or less ensnared in the fear of man; but I desire to record it, to the honour and glory of God, that that snare began to break at a prayer-meeting, and the following week these words were applied with power, "Why afraid of man that shall die?" which caused me to make known my feelings to a particular friend, the result being that I was proposed for baptism and Church fellowship.

For several months this year, I hardly ever went to the house of God but there was something for me in the service, if only a crumb, but sometimes a meal; and what encouraged me most was, that some of the best hearing times came in direct answer to prayer. And, on one occasion, after I had been trying to seek another word from the Lord, as to whether I had taken a right step in regard to baptism, I came across these words, in reading the SOWER, "It is mine to obey, it is His to provide," which confirmed me to go on. My anxiety was very great at times, as to whether God's people would be satisfied with my little testimony, but they were, so I followed the Lord, and I hope the hand of God was in the matter all through.

Church membership is a great privilege, but, not only so, it is a solemn responsibility, and I hope I can say that my heartfelt prayer is to be kept from bringing a disgrace upon the cause of God and truth. They are well kept whom the Lord keeps, and I believe none are rightly kept save those He does keep. Many of the Lord's people with whom I am acquainted have spoken to me very kindly and affectionately, and I trust I have at times felt humbled under a sense of God's goodness towards me, in allowing me to have the affections and good wishes of any of His people. I have before referred to the many good hearing times I had previous to being baptized, and I desire to record that I heard the late Mr. David Smith well, on the day I was baptized; but since then I have experienced much barrenness, although I

hope I have had two or three sips by the way, which have helped me on my journey. I thought I would mention a little of my experience since baptism, as it might be the means of comfort to some of the Lord's little ones, if they have been or are in the same position, and wondering whether their experience is different from anyone else's.

And now, dear friend (excuse the liberty, but I feel you are a friend), I leave it with you as to whether you publish this letter, as it will be no offence to me if you don't consider it worth a place in your pages; but I feel I can say this, my desire is the glory of God, and, if consistent with His blessed will, the good of His little ones.

Hoping that your valuable life will be long spared, I beg to subscribe myself,

Yours affectionately,

December 8th, 1891.

A.

[Praying parents, take encouragement! this is the son of a godly mother, with whom we have had sweet converse on the things of God. What a blessing the Lord has thus granted her, in thus blessing her son. May He still bless them, and others, too, in like manner, is our sincere prayer. Dear friend, remember you are not called to take your ease, but to "fight the good fight of faith." Therefore think it not strange, as you enter the field, if the foe comes on to resist you. It is a way you have not passed heretofore, and what *you* may consider to be strange things may surprise you. But remember you have a once-tempted Jesus Christ for your Captain; He was led into the wilderness, after that wonderful scene at Jordan, "to be tempted of the devil." Therefore "consider Him," and "Buckle on the glorious armour." Then—

"Bind the golden girdle round thee—

Truth, to keep thee firm and tight;

Never shall the foe confound thee,

While the truth maintains thy fight."—ED.]

THE PRAYERS OF SAINTS.

HAPPY they who are helped from, or who take part in the prayers of saints! This is one of those joints or bands that keep the entire body secretly in touch with its different members. By it the respective parts become less sorrowful, and also more serviceable. Herein one bears his brother's burden, or rather, takes it to Him who invites the heavy laden to come for rest. Time and space are compassed by this zone. By it we are linked to the last generation, who prayed that souls might be saved and sinners be converted to God. Saints of to-day, go on to plead with God for a blessing on generations to come.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR —,—Thank you for your nice little letter and card. I am always pleased to hear from you. I am glad to hear that you are still seeking after spiritual things; you will find much to oppose if that is the case, for Satan hates the work of Christ wherever he sees it, and fights against it in the heart of one new born. One poet says—

“If unto Jesus thou art bound,
A crowd will in the way be found,
Attending day and night—
A busy crowd to din thine ears,
A crowd of unbelieving fears,
To hide Him from thy sight.”

If true life is within, it must be after life, and will press through all, again and again, to get at the true Life—Jesus Christ. Look at the case of that poor woman in the Gospel, who came to Jesus with a pressing case. How she cried! Disciples were against her, as one once wrote to me; circumstances were against her, seemingly; and the Lord seemed to regard her not; yet she cried on. Then, how He spake to her! “I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel.” Doubtless unbelief said, “It is no use; you are not of Israel, you are a Gentile.” But whatever she was, no matter, she must have Christ or die. So she cries again, “Lord, help me!” Then the Master replies, “It is not meet to take the children’s bread and cast it unto dogs.” “There!” says Satan, “’tis all wrong; the Master knows, and He calls you a dog. Give it up now; ’tis a hopeless case!” But she is not so easily provoked. She owns that the name becomes her, therefore she replies, “Truth, Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from their masters’ table.” Then He replies, “Oh, woman, great is thy faith,” &c., and she went away with the blessing.

Oh, how often, feeling cast out and cast off, have I had to go, dear —,—, as a dog, and say—

“Though crumbs are much too good .
For such a dog as I,
No less than children’s food
My soul can satisfy;
Oh, do not frown, and bid me go,
I must have all Thou canst bestow.”

I am glad you find the ministry of Mr. —,— encouraging; it is indeed a faithful ministry. May the Lord, by His Spirit, lead you deeply into the truths he speaks of, and help you to go on seeking. “He never saith to the seed of Jacob, Seek ye My face in vain.” Perhaps you say, “That is the point! Am I of the

seed of Jacob? Am I one of His chosen?" Well, none but His chosen seek Him, or hunger or thirst after Him. He will not mock those poor seekers who cry for bread, and give them a stone; no, never! He may try their faith, and permit Satan to try it, too, but true faith

"Lives and labours under load;
Though damp'd, it never dies";

and when you realize the blessing, you will find it was a true vision that faith had. May the Lord help you to struggle on in the face of all opposition, and plunge you in that fountain open for sin and uncleanness, for that alone will do you real good.

With best wishes for the New Year, I remain, yours sincerely,
Brighton, January 2nd, 1892.

THE ROYAL FAMILY IN MOURNING.

TRULY the Lord's hand has been lifted up among us, and the deadly scourge has not only spread far and near, but it has done deadly work. Many have been removed from the stage of time, and mourning has been caused among loving friends on every hand. Even our Royal Family have not escaped. A promising heir to the Throne has been suddenly cut down by the scythe of death, and many besides the Royal Household mourn on account of the sad and touching event. Taken away in early life, just on the point of marriage, and when full of expectation and promise as to the future—alas! how uncertain is all below, and how frail is man, whether prince or peasant! We earnestly pray that the solemn event may be sanctified to the surviving members of the Royal Family, and to many others of their circle; then, if they should be brought to know and love the true Gospel of the grace of God, and reject an empty sacerdotal system, trusting alone in the blood and merits of the Lord Jesus Christ, this sorrowful stroke will turn to a blessing, and bring forth honour and praise to God, while comfort, joy, and peace will fill the hearts that are now so deeply wounded. Oh, that it might be so! There is nothing too hard for the Lord. We believe many prayers are going up for the mourning Household, and for the amiable young Princess whose cup of expectant happiness has thus been suddenly dashed from her lips. Oh, that Christ might fill the void in her heart which death has made; then, though her expected bridegroom was of good moral report, One far more excellent would delight her soul!

RITUALISM IN VILLAGES.

AT a meeting of the Church Association, recently held at Birmingham, one speaker truthfully observed that "the Protestant laity do not assert their rights; but, on the contrary, too frequently fall in with the views of their new Ritualistic Vicar.

The Chairman afterwards invited the two Church Association colporteurs in the hall to deliver short speeches, relating their experiences in the towns and villages they have visited. They both spoke well, and gave some important information.

Mr. Copping, the colporteur for Hertfordshire, said that as he travelled about in the villages in his district he found that a great and widespread dissatisfaction exists with the Ritualistic practices in many parish churches. The people complain that they have no power to alter what is going on. In too many cases they are afraid to speak out, lest they should offend the local Rector, on whose good will their bread-and-butter mainly depended.

Mr. Dain, colporteur for Warwickshire, said that he was now known as the Warwickshire disturber of the Ritualistic peace. The opposition to his work is very fierce. He had visited every town, village, and hamlet in the county of Warwick, and he found everywhere that the people generally detested Ritualism, but that they were afraid to oppose the Vicar. One shopkeeper said to him: "If I were to oppose the Vicar, I might just as well put up my shutters."* There exists a good deal of priestly tyranny in the villages. In one village he had visited he was followed by the Archdeacon, Vicar, and Curate, who ordered him to leave the village. He (Mr. Dain) refused to move off, and told them that he intended to go on with the work of visiting the cottages in the place. "If you do that," said the Curate "then I will go with you"! And he did go, the result being that the Curate did all in his power to prevent the people accepting Protestant instruction and literature.

Dr. Wilkinson, of Leamington, said, the laity will always follow the multitude, excepting the "seven thousand" who have not bowed the knee to Baal. The clergy are often the chief ministers of Baal. He had received more courtesy from Romanists and Ritualists than from half-hearted Evangelicals, who are neither cold nor hot. The Lord will spew them out of His mouth. Their personal and selfish interests are served by being "dumb dogs."—*English Churchman*.

* Of course he would, like many poor labourers, be boycotted and driven from the place.



JOHN WARBURTON,

For 48 years Minister of the Gospel at Southill, Bedfordshire.

THE LATE JOHN WarBURTON, OF Southill, BEDS.

THE lamented death of our dear friend, John Warburton, will lead our readers to feel an especial interest in the portrait and sketch which we give in this number. The father of our friend thus writes concerning the subject of this memoir, in his "Mercies of a Covenant God":—

"I shall now relate another sore trial that I passed through, which was one of the keenest I ever had in all my life, so much so that at times I felt as if my very heartstrings were breaking. It was respecting my son John, who is the youngest of ten children now living. I agreed with a person in Trowbridge, who was a tailor, to teach him the business, to whom he went for a few years. One day, on a Tuesday, which was the preaching night at chapel, he did not come home to dinner as usual; when I began to fear that something was the matter; and though our people said that no doubt he was at his sister's, I felt such fears that all was not right, that I sent to inquire if he had been at his work. The answer returned was, No. Oh, what a shaking and trembling immediately came upon me! I sent messengers up and down the town, but could get no tidings of him. How I got through the preaching, the Lord knows, for I don't. If I recollect right, he was then in the sixteenth year of his age, and being the youngest, I was over careful with him. We stopped up till one or two o'clock in the morning, but there were no tidings nor appearance of the lad; and, indeed, we might as well have stopped up all night for what sleep we got. The day after, we searched and inquired in every place that we could think of, but in vain. On Friday, about eleven o'clock, a person came to our house to tell me that he had been seen in Salisbury. The moment I heard this I hired a horse and gig, and borrowed ten pounds, and set off for Salisbury; I felt that I could have followed him if it had been across the seas. My very soul was wrapped up in the lad, that I felt determined I would never return more till I could find him. I set off from Trowbridge with a weighted-down soul indeed. 'Heaviness in the heart of man maketh it stoop.' Oh, how my soul went out to the Lord as we journeyed on, that He would direct me, and that we might go the right way; and how sweet and precious did those blessed words break into my heart: 'Behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land, for I will not leave thee' (Gen. xxviii. 15). Oh, how my poor soul was revived; it was the first promise that had come to my soul since the lad ran off. Oh, what confidence I had that I was doing right in going after the lad, and I felt firmly persuaded

that we should find the lad, and bring him back in peace. So on we went till we got to the halfway house, where we stopped to feed the horse; when a man stepped out of the house and said, 'I saw your son John yesterday, going on his way to Winchester.' So on we went again, my soul resting on the sweet promise: 'I am with thee, and will keep thee in the way thou goest, and will bring thee back in peace.'

"We stopped in Salisbury all night, and on Saturday we set off for Winchester, where we arrived about eleven, and inquired after him at what they term the house of call for tailors. We found that he had slept there on Thursday night, and had gone on to Southampton. After we had got a little refreshment, we set off for Southampton, where we arrived about three o'clock, and found out the house of call, where I went in, and inquired if a young man had been there last night asking after work. Before I had time to say more, the person answered, "Yes; I see he is your son; he comes from Trowbridge, in Wilts. At this I could not contain my feelings, and I wept aloud. 'Oh, my dear child! my dear child!' I cried; 'had he anything to eat?' She told me he had had something to eat, and had stopped there last night. 'And I asked him,' she said, 'if he had not run away from a good home? to which he said that he had, and wished he was at home again, and what to do he could not tell; but his father had a friend at Portsmouth, and he would start for that place in the morning.' I went straight to the inn where we had put up the horse, and found that in a few minutes they expected the Bath Coach to come in, which was going to Portsmouth. So we left the horse and gig, and took coach for Portsmouth; and being quite tired, and to my feelings nearly worn out, I got inside; and there being no other inside passenger, I had it all to myself. Sometimes it came into my mind, 'Perhaps he is dead in some ditch, and has dropped into hell, where there is no hope to a never-ending eternity.' Oh, how I did cry to God in that coach, that He would remember His promise that He had caused my soul to hope in, and that He would not suffer the enemy to swallow me up; and what a blessed sweet pouring out of my soul I had from Southampton to Portsmouth, which, if I recollect right, is about twenty-one miles. Oh, how my soul and body trembled when the coach stopped at my friend Doudney's door, for fear the dear lad was not there! In I went, without any ceremony whatever, and cried out, 'Have you seen my child? Is my child here?' They did not answer my question, but seemed quite surprised at seeing me, and asked me to sit down. But I cried out, Is my child here? if he is not here, I must be off again, for I cannot rest till I can find him.' They smiled, and told me to look behind me in the corner. I turned round to look, and there sat my beloved child.

Oh, I thought my very soul would have burst through my body ! I cannot tell a thousandth part of my feelings, but I believe there was not one dry cheek in the room. Oh, I had hard work to keep from taking him up in my arms ; and I could not help blessing and praising my God that He had led me the right way. I suppose we had travelled betwixt eighty and ninety miles, and I do not know that we had gone one hundred yards from the way the lad had trod with his feet, save about ten of the last miles to Portsmouth. Oh, what a night did I pass through of wonder, praise, and adoration to my God ! ”

Five times altogether did young John leave his home and ramble about the country. The last time, he enlisted as a soldier, and was stationed at Plymouth ; but here the Lord arrested him. “ He felt the arrows of distress, and found he had no hiding place.” Through the instrumentality of the late Mr. Arthur Triggs, his discharge was effected, and he returned home a lamb. The Lord’s work was deep, but at length mercy was revealed, and he was baptized by his father, and in a few years called to preach ; and then the liking which he had of travelling about was used by the Lord to send him east, west, north, and south, to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ.

FUNERAL OF MR. JOHN WarBURTON.

The pretty village of Southill was on Monday, January 25th, the scene where the mortal remains of Mr. John Warburton, for the last forty-seven years pastor of the Baptist Chapel there, were deposited. Mr. Warburton died from bronchitis and influenza, at the advanced age of seventy-six, and extraordinary expressions of regret were evoked throughout the whole county. Commencing his ministry in 1844, Mr. Warburton speedily drew a large congregation together, his discourses being full of simplicity, reverence, and power. He preached on the first Lord’s Day in 1892, and administered the Lord’s Supper, being then in his usual health. On the second Lord’s Day, however, he was too ill to preach, and gradually sank, and died at 2.30 a.m., on Tuesday, 19th inst. His funeral took place on Monday afternoon, and was attended by hundreds from all the country near, the roads leading to the village presenting a busy appearance, carriages and carts passing just before the ceremony, in quick succession, and foot passengers being numerous. The time fixed for the service to commence was two o’clock, but before that time the chapel was filled to overflowing with a sympathetic audience, quite eight hundred people being present. The pulpit was hung around with black cloth. It being impossible to take the coffin into the chapel, by reason of the narrowness of the aisle and the low ceilings, it was

placed in the porch while the solemn and impressive service was proceeding. The coffin bore the following inscription :—

JOHN WARBURTON,
Born August 18th, 1815,
Died January 19th, 1892,

and was of polished oak, with brass fittings. No wreath or floral tribute was permitted to be placed on the coffin or grave.

Mr. Hemington, of Devizes, was the officiating minister, assisted by Mr. Oldfield of Godmanchester. Hymn 844, "Fountain of life, who givest us breath," was given out as a commencement of the solemn service. Mr. Hemington preached a touching sermon. He said it was a most solemn and mournful event in God's providence that had brought them together that afternoon. According to his natural feelings, he should have been glad indeed to have sat in that chapel the day before, and that afternoon to have heard his dear departed brother proclaiming from that, his own pulpit, the exceeding riches of God's truth. It was to him a most painful and poignant duty to discharge, in being called to commit the body to the tomb. No human face ever wore a more cheerful expression when preaching the blessed Gospel than did their dear departed brother. When his soul was enlarged and all aglow with the fire and liberty of the Gospel which he proclaimed, when the Spirit of the Lord rested upon him, as they well knew it often did, he was like the great Apostle, determined to know nothing amongst men but Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

Like other servants of God, he had his own peculiar complexion of mind, and it was only natural to him to manifest in the house of God and in his own domestic circle and in the homes of his friends, a characteristic cheerfulness, which sometimes rose to little flights of humourousness. But he could honestly declare that he never heard any of those remarks without them being counteracted by deep solemn utterances of God's eternal truth. So that in giving them his honest opinion of him as a servant of God, he would say that he was no dull, heavy minister of Jesus Christ, but was one of the most lively and animating and soul-stirring ministers as could be seen in any other denomination, and dived down into the mystery of sin and iniquity, of the fall of man, and the total ruin of all mankind, and of salvation alone by the cross of God. And there was always a freshness and a variety and an originality in his preaching. It was no moulding up of stale matter with him; it was no methodical spinning out of mere doctrine in a dry,

systematic way with him; but preaching the Gospel of God's grace was the work of his very heart, just what he had tasted and handled and felt of the Word of Life for himself. He was persuaded that were God to permit their deceased brother, whilst he was thus speaking to them, to waft into his bosom a whisper whilst he stood before the Throne of God, it would be, "Say not too much about me, but speak to the people for their good; and tell such that need to be told, that if they live and die without hope in the Lord Jesus Christ, they will perish for ever." The whole of Europe had been moved with the deepest emotion, with the deepest concern, at the loss of a prince, but God came to prince as well as to pauper. God's ministers were but mortal, and He had seen fit to deprive that Church of His own servant, of their own beloved pastor, who for so many years, reaching almost to fifty, had with earnest zeal laboured amongst them. They had come that afternoon to pay a tribute of esteem to his mortal body. God knew that he (the preacher) loved him, and what precious times they had together. Once the devil tempted his brother and he went to the pulpit distracted in mind; but he (the preacher) heard the greatest Christ-exalting sermon he had ever heard, then. It was not that he admired the sermon, but there was such unction, fusion, and power in it that he did not know how to read the hymn, and tears fell down the faces of some of the congregation. His congregation had reason to chronicle as one of the sweetest and blessed times, the one named, when John Warburton visited them. It did the preacher good to once occupy that pulpit; God knew that he was not worthy to stand with such a man, but God knew he needed his calm, peaceful religion.

The preacher read some of the very statements that fell from his mouth before he died. On Monday, January 18th, a few hours before he died, he did not seem so well in the afternoon. His daughter asked him if he thought he would get better. He said, "I don't know." Asked if God was good to him he replied, "Very. Precious! precious!" He repeated two lines of a hymn and said, "Bless the Lord, O my soul." Again in the evening he said, "Blessed Jesus!" and then added, "God is faithful." Later on he said, "'The blessing of the Lord maketh rich.' 'I have no sorrow.'" These were his last words, and he quietly and peacefully passed away at twenty-five minutes past two, without a sigh, struggle, or groan.

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

A DIVINELY ORDERED CHOICE.

"Choose you this day whom ye will serve . . . As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."—JOSHUA xxiv. 15.

I HAVE often heard people quote these words of Joshua's when exhorting others, or avowing their own purpose to serve the Lord. But it is evident that the service which Joshua spoke of, was to walk in the way which the Lord had appointed and commanded Israel to walk, as His chosen, peculiar people and nation, under a covenant of works. To their obedience, a blessing was annexed; but it is written, "Cursed is everyone that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them" (Gal. iii. 10). Joshua could command his house after him to conform to that outward service and worship which was commanded, but, if by serving the Lord, spiritual service had been meant, his resolution, though sincere, would utterly fail. "This is the covenant that I will make with them after those days, saith the Lord, I will put My laws into their hearts, and in their minds will I write them" (Heb. x. 16).

"And I will put My Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in My statutes, and ye shall keep My judgments, and do them" (Ezek. xxxvi. 27). Reader, have you experienced that wonderful change spoken of by Jesus, in these words, "Ye must be born again"? Have you received the kingdom of God as a little child? (Luke xviii. 17). Has God's holy law, as a schoolmaster, driven you to Christ for pardon and peace? If He, by His precious blood and righteousness, has made you free, you are free indeed—free to hold communion with Him, to sit at His feet, and receive of His words (Jer. xv. 16); free, to follow Him "whithersoever He goeth"; and free from all that would hinder you from leaning on His bosom for ever: but if you are a stranger to all this, you know Him not, and it is vain to talk of serving Him of whom you are willingly ignorant.

Jesus said, "If any man serve Me, let him follow Me" (John xii. 26). "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me" (Luke ix. 23). "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature" (2 Cor. v. 17). "For He is our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us; having abolished in His flesh the enmity, even the law of commandments contained in ordinances; for to make in Himself of twain one new man, so making peace" (Eph. ii. 14-15). Now then, this new man serves God in "newness of spirit" (Rom. vii. 6); walks in "newness of life" (Rom. vi. 4); looks for "new heavens, and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness" (2 Pet. iii. 13); and of whom Christ saith, "I will write upon him My new name" (Rev.

iii. 12). Saith Paul, "Wherefore we receiving a kingdom, which cannot be moved, let us have grace whereby we may serve God acceptably, with reverence and godly fear"; again, "Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with Him, that henceforth we should not serve sin." So, it comes to this—In our natural state we cannot serve God; in that state, the highest service we can attain to, is to serve self. How strait is the way that leadeth unto life eternal. Self must be denied, the old man crucified, every weight laid aside. How little of this service do we see around us, how little in ourselves! Nevertheless, "His servants we are whom we obey." Oh, for more Elijahs, to cry aloud and spare not! "If Baal be God, serve Him; but if the Lord be God, follow Him." These servants serve God in the spirit, and "have no confidence in the flesh"; they go on from strength to strength in that path which the vulture's eye hath not seen; no lion shall be there; no slave of Mammon, no servant of Antichrist, shall go up thereon, but "the redeemed of the Lord shall walk there"; and hereafter, "they shall serve Him day and night in His holy temple" (Rev. vii. 15).

J. J.

WHAT MUST IT BE TO BE THERE?

WHEN I arrive on yonder shore,
My journeyings, toils, and warfare o'er,
And in my Saviour's light survey
The darksome portions of my way,

The uplifted veil will then disclose
His secret purpose in my woes,
And I shall see, in great and small,
How He disposed and managed all.

No darkness then will hide from me
What now I often long to see:
How loving-kindness, all divine,
Is mixed with every woe of mine;

How Christ my Lord, though oft unseen
In every fire has with me been,
Has held me in each swelling flood,
And made each trial work for good.

Then oh, my Lord, what joys shall rise,
As fresh unfoldings to my eyes
Thy wisdom and Thy love display,
Ruling each trial through the way.

'Tis good, when with Thy saints I meet,
E'en here below in union sweet,
To call Thy gracious dealings o'er,
And tell how Thou hast gone before.

Thy footsteps then with joy we trace,
And realize redeeming grace,
As through these various fields we range;
But ah! how soon these seasons change.

The days of darkness here return,
And I Thy short departures mourn;
Then earthly comforts all are vain,
Till Thy sweet face is seen again.

But when I reach those fields on high,
Where night ne'er comes, nor foes annoy,
Where sin and changes are unknown,
And find my dwelling near Thy throne;

Then what communion—free from sin,
Unclogged by flesh—will soon begin,
As, with my friends already there,
I trace my chequered journeyings here.

There shall we see and understand
The works and leadings of Thy hand,
Recount Thy various acts of grace
To us through all this wilderness.

Nought then from us will be concealed;
Thy wondrous ways will stand revealed—
In cov'nant grace and providence—
Which now confound our finite sense.

Then, seeing as I now am seen,
Without a cloud to mar the scene;
And knowing as I now am known,
Casting my crown before His throne;

I'll sing, with yon great multitude,
To Him who washed me in His blood,
Who led me right, saved me from hell,
And say, "He hath done all things well."—ED.

If it is impossible to please God without faith, then before we believe, nothing we do can please Him or move Him to give us faith. Therefore, if faith is given, it must be given without our desert.

SALVATION is due to those whom the Son has redeemed, in consequence of the Father's election. Grace makes it their due, by the Father's appointing and accepting such a ransom as engageth even righteousness itself to save them. Who shall condemn the elect since Christ has died for them? Paul therefore builds his hope of the crown on God's righteousness, engaged through Christ's ransom, to secure perseverance to the elect, and to bestow the crown at last. Hence God is said to be *just*, as well as faithful, in forgiving our sins.—*John Berridge*.

NOTES OF A SERMON,

PREACHED AT ELY, BY MR. M. J. TRYON, ON MONDAY AFTERNOON,
AUGUST 4TH, 1890.

"These all died in faith."—HEBREWS xi. 13.

(Concluded from page 41.)

FAITH that God gives, and that produces such effects in the soul as to enable it to see unseen things, and to wait for things it hopes for, believing them to be real things, is a grace that God is pleased with, and without it we cannot please Him. By coming to Him as Abel did, and as all just men do, as guilty sinners, through His Son Jesus Christ, we please Him; and by our coming in this way, we show that we believe that "He is"—that He is the God His Word reveals Him to be—that we are the sinners His word reveals us to be—and, coming in this appointed way, we please God. God is pleased with all coming sinners.

But now let us look for a few minutes at the next case the Holy Ghost gives us as an illustration of the effects of true faith: "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." You see, then, faith is an active grace—it provokes soul activity and soul diligence. It is opposed to slothfulness, carnal security, fatalism, and indifference. When faith credits that there is a flood of wrath to sweep over those who have no ark in which to ride above the waters; when faith credits that there is an Ark in which there is perfect safety, then faith will set to work to find a place of safety. Are you spiritually acting the counterpart of Noah? And if you are not building an ark, are you hastening to the Ark that God has built? Dear friends, let me warn you against soul slothfulness; let me warn you against lying down and sleeping on a bed of doctrines and creeds and articles; let me warn you against that fatal snare of the devil's, holding truth in a fatalistic spirit. The more pure the truth you hold in such a spirit, the greater your danger. When there is life in the soul, and this wonderful grace of faith is in exercise, there will be a "working out your own salvation with fear and trembling." I want a gracious activity of soul, arising from faith being to me "the evidence of things not seen, the substance of things hoped for." I believe this faith animated the soul of the apostle Paul, when he said, "Yea doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus the Lord." And again, "But this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." May the Lord favour us with such a healthy

exercise of soul. "In all labour there is profit"; and there is no labour so remunerative, or that brings so much in, as the labour of a living soul. "For bodily exercise profiteth little" (that is, is profitable only for time); "but godliness," or soul exercise, "is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." May the Lord give us more of Noah's faith. We may be the object of the scorn of the world—we may be branded as legalists, Arminians, notionalists, &c.—but what of that! Our friends may look shy at us and treat us coldly, but if we have Noah's faith, we shall act in some measure as Noah did, by which we shall condemn the world and become heirs of the righteousness which is by faith.

Time forbids that I should do more than briefly call attention to the faith of Abraham, and what the effects of faith were in him. We notice, that by faith Abraham was separated from the world around him. "By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and he went out, not knowing whither he went. By faith he sojourned in the land of promise, as in a strange country, dwelling in tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise. For he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." That city was the heavenly Jerusalem, and faith made it a real city to him; he "looked" for that city: he found he could not hope to reach it whilst remaining with heathen idolaters, so faith, being to him "the evidence of things not seen" as yet, he went out and became a sojourner, "as in a strange country." Let me ask whether you know anything of this gracious operation of faith? If you see no danger in remaining in the world, no danger in drinking into its spirit, conforming to its customs, simply using religion as a garment of respectability; if you see no city, no heaven to be won; if you see not the world lying in the wicked one, and if you see not the importance of being a sojourner, a stranger, a pilgrim, passing through the world, although not of the world, you have as yet little in common with Abraham the father of the faithful. Oh, my dear friends, beware of a worldly religion. Hear what God says, "whoever"—let him hold what doctrines he may, let him belong to what denomination he may—"Whoever will be the friend of the world is the enemy of God." "No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon." I hope you do not mind my appealing to your consciences. Oh, to be faithful to the consciences of one's hearers. I do believe that the great snare of this day is the religiousness of the religious world. How sure I am that all such religion is a stench in the nostrils of God. If faith sets before you, or

rather, if the good Spirit of God is pleased to set before the eyes of your faith the hollowness, the rottenness, the vanity of this world, even as men would esteem it, in its very best garb—religion—and if the same Spirit sets before you a faint view of that “city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God”; that city in which “the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple”; that city to which all the “ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads”; I feel sure you will in some measure take up your cross, and glory in being a “stranger and pilgrim on the earth, desiring a better country, that is, an heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God, for He hath prepared for them a city.” One’s heart sickens as we observe again and again, the worldly spirit manifested by people of whom one would hope better things. “Come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.”

The Holy Ghost assures us that these men, whose lives He selected as illustrations of faith and its effects, “all died in faith.” A few more names are given of men who possessed this heavenly grace, followed by a list, unnamed, but grouped according to the sufferings they endured for conscience’ sake; for this faith, wonderful to say, has in all ages exposed the possessors of it to suffering, shame, reproach, torments, persecutions, mockings, scourgings, &c., but they all “died in the faith” by which they had lived; and so the Holy Ghost commences the next, chapter, “Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses.” Witnesses of what? Witnesses that it is well with the righteous, well with that man who lives by faith, and well with the man who dies in faith. The possession of it must affect your lives; without it you pass on with the multitude, your scent, your taste, your appetite, changed many times, it may be, as to the earthly object you pursue, but never changed to desire, to seek, to ask for, to crave heavenly things; and, living in such a state and dying in it, what must become of you? You may obtain a good report from the world; men may, say a Christian, a good man, a good-natured, moral, kind neighbour, &c., but—and what a “but” this is!—but you will not obtain a good report from God. How different the case of those who possess this true faith. They may find their faith sorely tried; they may have to encounter great opposition; the world, the flesh, and the devil may combine for their overthrow; but the “righteous shall hold on his way,” though his way lies through floods and flames. He has a living principle of living faith implanted in his soul; it may

seem to be quenched, but it never dies ; it eyes a city, and draws its possessor after that city ; it is fully persuaded that what God has promised, He is able also to perform ; it sees a City of Destruction behind it, and a wicket gate leading to a Celestial City in front ; it chooses " to suffer affliction with the people of God ; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt " ;—in short, " it endures as seeing Him who is invisible," or rather, the possessor of it "endures." What a personal matter true religion is ! What a practical man true religion will make you ! What a reality your state as a sinner before God will be to you at times ! What ardent desires and longing affections you will have at times after the Christ of God !

Dear friends, I must conclude, but let me ask you, Is it not often a question with you, of the greatest moment, how will it be with me in death ? Have I any scriptural ground to hope that it will be well with me ? Then let me ask you another question or two. Are you living by faith ? Are you, from time to time, proving that the things that you hope for are made realities to you ? and that you have some evidence of unseen things given to you ? And are these things you hope for and that you see by faith drawing you after them ? Do you ever see that beauty of suitability about the Person of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the various offices that He sustains, that you long to know more of Him ? and do you feel, from time to time, that all that is necessary for spiritual life, and which is most commended to you as life, is in connection with some fresh discovery of Jesus Christ to your soul, as He is revealed in the Word of God ? Then, my friend, you can say in some measure, in all humility, "I hope I know what living by faith is." If this is the case, I believe one of the lessons of the chapter is, that you shall die in the faith by which you have lived ; and living and dying in faith, you shall obtain a good report from God, and shall hear His voice one day saying to you, "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." May the Holy Ghost cause us to hearken to the counsel of His own Word, "Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith." May the Lord clear up our doubtful cases for us. If possessed of living faith, may we so know it and feel its influence, that our lives may from day to day be graciously affected towards God, the Author and Finisher of all true faith. May He increase our faith, and may the God of all grace add His own blessing.

GODLINESS is called a mystery, which could not be if the bare light of reason could discover or fully comprehend it.—*John Berridge.*

THE STAIN OF SIN.

ALL possessions here are defiled and stained with many other defects and failings; still somewhat wanting, some damp on them, or crack in them. Fair houses, but sad cares flying about the gilded and ceiled roofs; stately and soft beds, a full table, but a sickly body and greasy stomach. The fairest face, some mole or wart in it. All possessions stained with sin, either in acquiring, or in using them, therefore called "mammon of unrighteousness"—iniquity so involved in the notion of riches that it can very hardly be separated from them. Foul hands pollute all they touch; 'tis our sin that defiles what we possess; 'tis sin that burdens the whole creation. This our leprosy defiles our houses—the very walls and floors, our meat and drink, and all we touch. Polluted alone, and polluted in society, our meetings and conversations together being, for the greatest part, nothing but a commerce and interchange of sin and vanity.

We breathe up and down in an infected air, and are very receptive of the infection by our own corruption within us. We readily turn the things we possess here to occasions and instruments of sin, and there is no liberty nor delight in their use without abusing them. How few there are that *can carry* (as they say) *a full cup even*—that can have digestion strong enough for the right use of great places and estates—that can bear preferment without pride, riches without covetousness, ease without wantonness!

THE INHERITANCE UNFADING.

No spot of sin nor sorrow there, all pollution wiped away, and all tears with it; no envy nor strife, as here among men, one supplanting another, one pleading and fighting against another, dividing this point of earth with fire and sword; no, this inheritance is not the less by division, by being parted amongst so many brethren; every one hath it all, each his crown, and all agreeing in casting them down before His throne, from whom they have received them, and in the harmony of His praises. No change at all there, no winter and summer: not like the poor comforts here, but a bliss always flourishing. The grief of the saints here is not so much the changes of outward things as of their inward comforts. Sweet presences of God they sometimes have, but they are short and often interrupted. But there no cloud shall come betwixt them and the Sun; they shall behold Him in His full brightness for ever. They sing a new song, always the same, and yet always new. The sweetest of our music, one day it will weary them that are most delighted with it; what we have here cloyes but satisfies not; the joys above never cloy but always satisfy.—*Extracted from Archbishop Leighton.*

THE ELDER'S DREAM; OR, THERE'S NAE STRIFE HERE.

IN one of Scotland's northern towns, a family were seated round the breakfast-table, waiting for the father, and wondering why he was later than usual. At length he appeared; his step was heavy, and his brow cloudy. Having asked the blessing, he sat resting his head on his hand, wrapped in melancholy thought.

This unhappy-looking man was one of the elders in a neighbouring chapel; he possessed much energy and zeal, and, it was hoped, real grace; but alas! he was too much governed by a bad temper, and too often forgot the words of the wise man, "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city," and in consequence of his unrestrained temper, the meetings for the chapel business were the frequent scenes of anger and noisy strife. The venerable minister, being a true disciple of the Prince of Peace, deeply lamented his elder's unchristian spirit. On the previous day, a meeting had been held, which was even more contentious than usual, for the elder had been particularly angry and quarrelsome. The good minister's heart sank within him while he sat amidst this strife of tongues, and most thankful was he that evening to retire to a friend's house some miles from town, for the peace and quiet of the country is soothing to a wounded spirit. It was on the following morning that the elder came down to breakfast in so melancholy a mood. His wife, after looking anxiously at him for some minutes, said, "Are you ill, my dear?" "No." "Then, what has happened to make you look so sad?" He slowly raised himself up, and looking earnestly at her, said, "I have had a most extraordinary dream." The look of anxiety vanished from his wife's face as she said with a smile, "Why, you always laugh at my dreams." "Yes, but mine was so remarkable. I dreamt I was at the bottom of a steep hill, and when I looked up, I saw the gate of heaven at the top; it was bright and glorious, and many saints and angels stood there. Just as I reached the top of the hill, who should come out to meet me but our old minister, and he held out his hand, crying, 'Come awa, John; come awa, come awa; there's nae strife here.' And now I cannot help thinking of the grief my contentious spirit has given to the dear old man." The husband and wife sat for some time in mournful silence, which was broken by the entrance of a servant with a letter. The elder hastily read it, whilst an expression of the deepest grief overspread his face; then, dropping it from his hand, he covered his face, as if to hide from those around him the bitter anguish of his soul.

His wife took up the letter, which was from the minister's host ; its contents were as follows :—

"My dear Sir,—We had the great pleasure yesterday of receiving our dear minister, little thinking it would be the last time we should welcome him to what he called his peaceful retreat. When we sat talking together in the evening, he spoke with much grief of the chapel meeting. 'Indeed,' he added, 'I am so tired of all this strife and turmoil, that I wish my dear Lord would take me home.' In the morning, as he did not come down to breakfast, I ran up and knocked at his door, but receiving no answer, I went downstairs again, thinking a longer rest than usual would do him good. After returning to his door once or twice, and hearing no sound, I went in. He was in bed and apparently asleep. I spoke to him and received no answer. Yet it was long, very long, ere we believed it to be the sleep of death, for a heavenly smile rested on his placid face, and his snowy locks lay unruffled on his pillow ; but he slept in Jesus, for his dear Lord had taken him."

The elder never recovered the shock. He sorrowed for his friend, but still more for his sin. He gradually sank, and in three weeks was laid by the side of his aged minister.

[When will professed followers of Christ and lovers of truth learn to lay aside bitterness, wrath, anger, clamour, evil speaking, and malice ? (Eph. iv. 31.) It is only by pride cometh contention. May the Lord clothe us with humility and fill us with love.—ED.]

"BEHOLD, THE JUDGE STANDETH BEFORE THE DOOR."

ARE we ready to admit Him ? to obey His summons ? Can we say, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus" ? Happy are they, who, being reconciled to God by the blood of Jesus, do not dread the meeting, which must soon take place. If we are on good terms with this Judge now, if we now "love His appearing," it will not give us terror to hear and obey His call. Yet, there are times, even with those who know what it is to be "made accepted in the Beloved," when they do not feel death would be in season, and like the Psalmist they pray, "O spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence, and be no more."

Darkness of mind, the workings of sin in the members, trials in providence, and perplexing things by the way, sometimes fill the children of God with such confusion, that they feel they would like to have crooked things made straight and cleared up, before they go hence. Oh, how desirable is such a clearing-up time ; in the prospect of death, it is especially so. Thus our Lord ad-

monished His disciples—yes, and us also—"Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning : and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord," &c. (Luke xii. 35-36). May we have grace to live by the day, with death and eternity in view, holding all things here with a loose hand, so that we may not be found in confusion, and have to be wrenched away from earthly things at the last. May the Lord make and keep us ready and willing to die, whenever He sees fit to call us.

We are having many reminders that death is *near* our doors ; oh, that we may have sure evidences that Christ is *in* our hearts, then we shall find a safe refuge in death. Princes and great men have fallen by the scythe of death ; both ministers and members of their flocks are being removed all around us. Even the foremost of Nonconformist ministers, has fallen ; Mr. Spurgeon is no more with men. He has finished his course, and left a vacant place. As a charitable man, he had a large and kindly heart toward the poor, and was deeply interested in the welfare of the many poor orphan children who came under his care and shared his bounties. He also made a noble stand against the frittering away of the inspiration and authority of the divine Word of God, for which we could but commend him, however we might differ from him on some points of order and doctrine. His word had weight, where many men would have found no quarter ; and we pray that others may be raised up soon to stand in that breach, and contend earnestly for the whole of our God-given Bible. Oh that these admonitions may be productive, may awaken in the living family of God a deep concern and strong desires for Zion's spiritual prosperity and peace, the well-being and comfort of one another, as sheep of the same fold, and for the glory of Him who bought us with His blood. Brethren, let us seek grace to love our Lord more, and His children too, and to serve Him better.

THE EDITOR.

SALVATION.

WE see that salvation consists of three parts—Salvation past, salvation present, and salvation future. Salvation past consists in having our names written in the Lamb's book of life before the foundation of the world. Salvation present consists in the manifestation of Jesus to the soul, whereby He betroths it to Himself. Salvation future consists in the eternal enjoyment of Christ, when the elect shall sit down to the marriage supper of the Lamb, and be for ever with the Lord.—*J. C. Philpot.*

THE weight of opposition will always fall heaviest on those who sound the Gospel trumpet loudest.—*Toplady.*

A FEW WORDS ON THE PRECIOUSNESS OF CHRIST.

"Unto you therefore which believe He is precious."—

1 PETER ii. 7.

HE is precious to them that believe. It is a great thing to be a believer in the Great and Wonderful Lord Jesus Christ. See John iii. 14-16 ; and John vi. 47.

True faith in Him is of a very practical nature ; "To whom coming," see fourth verse preceding the text ; also in John vi. 37, "Shall come to Me," are weighty words. The belief in Christ named by Peter, appears to act, as when we are moved, in painful illness, to seek medical aid from the most reputedly skilful within our reach ; or if in circumstances of great need, help from the most willing and competent we are authorised to apply to ; and the more urgent our case, the more prompt and persevering is our request. Relief obtained demands our sincere thankfulness, first to the Lord, and then to the instrumentality He so mercifully uses. God Himself is the supreme Object of the true believer's faith, and His precious Word the principal subject matter thereof. Moreover it is a peculiarly preceptive power—works by love, purifies the heart, and is of the operation of the Holy Ghost. Its essentially buoyant nature will assert itself again and again, however it may become submerged by very stormy waves and billows on the ocean of time, even to aspiring after a participation in all the marvellous and felicitous results of the finished work of Christ ; and, like Paul's shipwrecked company, all true believers shall inevitably get safe to land. (1 Cor. xv. 57.)

The word "therefore" in our text deserves great attention. As in the previous verse, Peter quotes from the ancient record of Isaiah xxviii. 16, which will ever be one grand and commanding reason why Christ is precious to them that believe by the teaching and power of the Holy Ghost. He is emphatically their Foundation ; on Him their hopes are built, for all that to them is superlatively precious and priceless. Their "life is hid with Christ in God." And "when Christ, who is their life, shall appear, then shall they also appear with Him in glory." (Col. iii. 3, 4). Note, the robust sentences of Holy Scripture should be pondered over, as against all comers of the flimsy and contingent kind in salvation matters. No Christ, no salvation ; no Christ, no heaven ; must be a fixed conclusion. Then how can it be otherwise than "He is precious" ? Verily, without Him we are nowhere—except ruined and undone. But there are reasons why He is precious to them which would, to detail, exhaust the perceptive powers of the united

eminent of the godly and most learned in Holy Scripture that ever lived. I have glanced over, recently, "A Collection of the Names and Titles given to Jesus Christ," in Alexander Cruden's Concordance, third edition, 1759, and find they amount to two hundred—chapter and verse, of course, given. Now it is not supposable that very many of your readers have such a list ready to hand, but all the heaven-born will surely remember some of them—concerning any of which, if they will now and again, and again consider, we may confidently assert, that there is not one prominent name or character which the great Redeemer bears in Holy Scripture (which, so far as they may be able to understand the import of, by precious faith) that they do not personally desire to share in all the benefits derivable therefrom. This suggestion is made more particularly for the children of God located in outlying districts, and those confined at home by illness, and may not have the advantages and resources others have. It may be to their benefit to exercise their mental powers in such a way, and they will surely prove the truth of our text, and become enriched thereby. Even some of our young ministers might so employ themselves to their benefit; and moreover some of the elders would luxuriate in such serious reflections, and be quite ready to assent to such an order of quiet thoughtfulness. The writer would have liked to add a few words on the preciousness of Christ experimentally, although he would necessarily have had to admit much weakness on his own part, owing to the old man being still alive, and the power of our great adversary, and various surroundings of a handicapping kind; all of which, in the great battle of life, constitutes a struggle to the heaven-born and bound: but you want short pieces for your freight. He will, however, add, that it is not necessary that a believer, to prove his or her faith in Christ, should be able to say they would go to the stake if needful, or copy Peter's saying about what he would not do, but which we know very well he did do. Concerning this of Peter, I think Mr. Hart puts it well, rather say, "Lord, grant I never may." Even to this day, it may often suit even the men and fathers of the family, to adopt the words, "Lord, I believe help Thou my unbelief." Nevertheless, our text is true essentially, and ever will be, that unto all true believers Christ is precious. If He be so, I am a believer; if He is not precious to me, I am not a manifest believer, at present; but if I wish to become so, I may ask for the Holy Spirit to do this, and it shall be granted.

HENRY COUSENS.

WE read with wonder and amazement of Aaron's golden calf, but at the same time look away from our own pet idols which we have erected, and are to a great extent worshipping.—A. C.

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

To the Editor of the Sower.

DEAR MR. HULL,—Having again written a few lines, I venture to send them, if you think them suitable for the SOWER. They may be made helpful to someone, as I hope I have been helped in writing them. I penned them at a time when much tried, feeling I needed the Lord's hand to direct me. I had nearly decided not to send them, until hearing last Sunday evening's text, when so many things I felt in writing them came to mind. I felt it suited me well. "The sighing of the needy." It seemed such a help to feel the Lord regarded a sigh, and I felt, I hope, a little gratitude to Him for ever having given me a feeling of need, any desire after Him, any love to His dear people, truth, and way; and I felt, Why me more than others? It seemed too great a mercy for me. I had been feeling during the day how much I needed Him. I felt I could only look up, and when you spoke of those *needy* ones, describing them as "Looking unto Jesus," I felt encouraged to hope that I was one. I do not know why I have written thus freely, but I felt I must tell you this. I hope you may still be spared to tell of Jesus, the sinner's Friend. That has been a sweet name to me sometimes, more especially of late, and I feel sometimes, What should I do if I had not that Name to plead?

But I must close. Hoping I have not done wrong in writing this,
I remain, your sincere young friend,

January 28th, 1892.

H.

"Yes, when the eye of faith is dim,
Still rest on Jesus, sink or swim;
And at His footstool bow the knee,
For Israel's God *thy* peace shall be."

"Hope thou in God," all will yet be well.—ED.

"For Thy Name's sake lead me and guide me."—PSALM xxxi. 3.

HEAR, Lord, a sinner's earnest cry,
Who would be guided by Thine eye;
Impart to me some heavenly light,
And guide my erring footsteps right.

I do not ask, or wish to see,
The way Thou hast designed for me;
Led on by Thee, and guided, too,
I know that Thou canst bring me through.

I'm needy, yes, and very poor,
But wait for mercy at Thy door.
I'm sinful, too, my soul then guide
Unto the Saviour's wounded side.

I'm weak, I have no strength to stand,
But as upholden by Thy hand;
Oh, teach me, Lord, to Thee to fly,
Grant me of strength a fresh supply.

I'm weary, and I want to rest,
Would gladly lean on Jesus' breast;
Oh, lead me into pastures green,
And let Thy smiling face be seen.

I am oppressed with care and doubt,
I want these many fears cast out;
I want Thy love so to receive,
As in Thee firmly to believe.

I'm dark, I would enlightened be,
More in Thy Word of Thee I'd see;
Lead me, O Lord, into the light,
Guide me into Thy truth aright.

Preserved from snares I oft have been,
And Thy restraining mercy seen.
I want Thy hand to guide me still,
To guard my soul from every ill.

And if I'm led to seek for Thee,
No praise is due, O Lord, to me;
I ne'er had longed to see Thy face,
But for Thy leading, guiding grace.

Come, Lord, within this heart of mine,
Come, shed abroad Thy love divine;
'Tis this I daily wish to feel,
Thyself unto my soul reveal.

If Thou canst dwell in such a heart,
Enter, and never more depart.
I of Thy Spirit would partake;
Oh, lead me, then, for Jesus' sake.

This world's vain toys, and all its show,
Ne'er can contentment give me now.
They're fading things, will soon be gone;
Lead me to build on Christ alone.

May I be found in Him, and blest,
Clothed with His spotless righteousness.
Lord, may this favoured lot be mine,
Then I shall know Thy joys divine.

Prepare, and make me fit to die,
I then shall feel to need Thee nigh;
Oh, lead me daily, Lord, to think
How near I stand upon death's brink.

Nought else but the blest Spirit's power,
 Can stand the soul in that dread hour;
 Oh, then assure me of Thy love,
 And bear me safe to heaven above;

To see Thy face, Thy Name adore,
 With many loved ones gone before;
 Thy leadings, then, I'll clearly trace,
 Ascribing all to Thy free grace.

A. H.

DEAR MR. HULL.—It is with a mixture of feelings that I sit down to address you. I do earnestly hope that it is not pride that prompts me to place myself with the "Seekers." I do desire to be found among the Lord's own people, and that I may know He has a favour towards me. I can say with the poet—

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

My prayer often is, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." "Teach me Thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path." Sometimes I can say I have a little hope that God will one day show me the smilings of His face, but, more often than not, I am full of doubts and fears. My ways are so different from a Christian's; I am so easily drawn by the world, and feel so full of the world, that I am frequently obliged to ask myself the question, "Can ever God dwell here?"

One week evening, at chapel, I trust I found it good to be there—the words, "Look unto Me and be ye saved", and, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin," came to me with such force that I had hard work to keep from crying out, and even now those words have a peculiar sweetness whenever I repeat them. But oh! I am so full of sin that I often wonder whether God ever will be merciful unto me, and bless me. I do feel to need His forgiving mercy from day to day, for I do not live as I pray to live.

Since writing the above I have had, I trust, a visit from the Lord. It was on a Sunday evening, the words, "Your life is hid with Christ in God," came to me with such power, and I felt such a sweet peace enter into my soul, that I felt I could freely forsake all and follow Him. Earthly ties seemed severed for a time, and I could understand the words, "Whom have I (Lord) in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth I desire beside Thee." My feelings were one with the poet's—

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

January 13th, 1892.

L. C.

[The Lord Jesus, who thus puts His hand in at the hole of the door of thy heart, will not only move you to seek and pant for Him, yea, will not only encourage you to follow on to know Him, but will fulfil the desire He has given, and we trust ere long you may look upon His pierced hands and side, and say, "*My* Lord and *my* God." Still wait for and upon Him, He will not deceive you.—ED.]

THE INFLUENCE OF PRAYER.

We are the fruit of the prayers of the saints who have gone before; we have entered into their labours. This line of "royal priesthood" runs on. We continue to pray that the rising race may be called by grace; that the children which shall be born may set their hope in God.

We pray, too, for our contemporaries, many whom we shall never see in the flesh, who in turn pray for us. Thus we offer our morning petitions for our antipodes, while they at the same time are asking an evening blessing upon us.

"There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith we meet
Around one common mercy seat."

Satan may disturb public assemblies, and distract or divert private suppliants; but prayer may still go on when no words are spoken, for "the Spirit Himself makes intercession," at times, "with groanings that cannot be uttered."

These, to our great High Priest above, are as intelligible as express words, who, with the incense of His own intercession, makes these our poor prayers to be as sweet odours poured forth from the golden vial, before His Father's throne.

The Lord turned Job's captivity when he prayed for his friends. "Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much" (James v. 16).

"Nor prayer is made on earth alone,
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For mourners intercedes."

GAD.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY VERY DEAR SISTER,—You will see by this, though I have been long silent, that I have not forgotten you, and hope never to do so. With the Prophet Samuel, I would say, “God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you.” Oh, for more praying breath, and grace to remember one another at the throne of mercy and grace; and, as the elect of God, to put on bowels of compassion and mercy, experiencing that same sweet love of Christ which moved the blessed Apostle Paul to say to the Church at Corinth, “Ye are in our hearts to live and die with you” (2 Cor. vii. 3). Then, in bearing one another’s burdens, we should fulfil the law of Christ. I love to feel the concerns of Zion pressing heavily upon me, and bringing me often to the Lord in earnest, ardent prayer for the prosperity of His purchased ones. “If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy (Psa. cxxxvii. 5, 6). But, dear sister, there are times when we must confess, with shame, that we are unmindful of the Rock that begat us, and we forget the God who formed us (Deut. xxxii. 18). If, then, we are base enough to lightly esteem the Rock of our salvation (Deut. xxxii. 15), no wonder if we forget one another at such times; but what a great consolation, we shall never be forgotten of Him on the palms of whose dear wounded hands our names are engraved, and whose dear heart is a constant flame of rich and unsearchable love. These are His own precious, balmy, heart-comforting words: “Thou art My servant: I have formed thee; thou art My servant: O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of Me” (Isa. xlv. 21). And, in the next verse, He makes this blessed declaration, “I *have* blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, *thy sins*: return unto Me; for I have redeemed thee.” But you may say, “These promises are to the sheep of Christ, the purchase of His own most precious blood; but is it possible that I am ‘an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile’?” I answer, it is not only possible (for all things are possible with God) but certain, if your heart is broken and contrite—broken for sin and broken from sin, and Jesus, the Lord of all, with His great and far-reaching salvation, is become an absolute necessity to you: and though you may not be able to say, “I am the Lord’s”; nor as yet to “subscribe with your hand to the Lord, and surname yourself by the name of Israel,” as one who has prevailed with God, yet surely you may call yourself by the name of Jacob.

Since then, dear sister, you have this inferential evidence of

God's favour, wrestle with Him as Jacob did ; yea, knock and cry till night is past, for daylight will spring up at last. I am glad indeed that, being privileged as you are to sit under the ministry of dear Mr. B——, you will not be told to be content because the Holy Spirit has made you a seeker ; though this is indeed a great mercy, because all the Lord's true seekers shall be happy finders of God's unspeakable gift ; but may you never rest till the good Spirit of God witnesses with your own spirit that you are His. "His (as dear Hawker says) by gift, His by purchase, and His by voluntary surrender." Oh, how few ministers of the Gospel in our day do constantly preach Christ Jesus and Him crucified as the only refuge of sinners. Few, I believe, comparatively, have the experience of free forgiveness of sins according to the riches of His grace. Oh for a Pentecostal flood of God's choicest blessings, that we might all speak with new tongues, and claim Jesus as our own Lord and God, by the Holy Ghost. Last Lord's Day was a time of great refreshing to my soul, and also to some of the people. I was brought indeed into the King's chambers, and into the secret of His tabernacle. His love to me was better than wine. "He drew me with the cords of love, and thus He brought me to Him." I was favoured to preach the Gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. My text was Psalm xlv. 4, "There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God." These precious streams flowed like a mighty river of joy into my soul—streams of life, streams of love, streams of grace, streams of mercy, streams of pardon, of peace, of consolation, of fulness of joy, and of stedfast assurance ; in short, I sat at the feet of my adorable Lord—

"with transport viewing
 Mercy's streams in streams of blood ;
 Precious drops, my soul bedewing, [which],
 Claimed and sealed my peace with God."

And my prayer is—

" May I still enjoy this feeling,
 In all need to Jesus go,
 Prove His wounds each day more healing,
 And Himself more deeply know."

But I must stop my pen, as I am driven for time.

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee : the Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee : the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace," even that peace which comes through the blood of the cross. Our united love.

Your affectionate brother,

March 17th, 1891.

JOSEPH JARVIS.

THE NEWMAN STATUE.

MOST of our readers are well aware of the impudent proposal to erect a statue near to the spot where Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley were burned, to the late pervert Newman, and also of the opposition it has met with from Protestants of all grades. The great meeting held at Oxford, on January 26th, was such as to call for devout thanksgiving to God, from all who love the doctrines and work of the Reformation. It was a most influential and enthusiastic one, and was addressed by able and earnest speakers.

In the course of his speech, the Principal of Wycliffe Hall said :—

Broad Street was, to many of them, their sacred ground (cheers). There were some who did not approve of the Reformation; but the vast majority of them, and those upon that platform, thanked God for the Reformation (cheers), as one of the most signal blessings which God had given to this favoured land (applause), and it was in Broad Street that the battle of the Reformation was won (cheers). It was the martyrdom of three English bishops which rang the death knell of the Roman supremacy in England (cheers); and to erect a statue to any man, however good, however gifted he might be, who yet had done more in his generation to lead men over to that very Church which burnt our martyrs, was, he said, an outrage and insult to the English Church and to English Protestantism (loud cheers).

We are glad to find, as the result of this great, influential meeting, and of the memorial, which was numerously signed, in opposition to this insulting proposition, that, at a meeting of the Oxford City Council, held February 3rd, it was decided, by a majority of twenty-one, to refuse to grant the site in Broad Street, asked for by the Duke of Norfolk, for the erection of a statue to Cardinal Newman. Fifty-three members of the Council were present. Another site is under consideration.

Lord Halifax writes to the *Times* of February 3rd :—

If any one more than another is responsible for the suggestion of the proposed site for the statue of Cardinal Newman, it is myself.

It certainly never occurred to me that the request for that site would excite any susceptibilities. Why, indeed, from the Anglican point of view, should it?

The quarrel between England and Rome, as a writer of such authority as Canon Dixon, in his recent history of the Church of England, insists upon, is not a quarrel between two Churches, but a quarrel between members of the same Church. Why, because Cardinal Newman at one period of his life took the side in that quarrel which does not commend itself to us, are we to ignore the great work that he did for principles which we hold in common with Rome?

We hope it does now occur to this nondescript kind of Churchman, that Protestants are yet to be found who have a conscience, and who cannot be gulled by his false plea for charity and liberty thus to honour a man who would have denied both to us, if he had possessed the power to do so. The *English Churchman* says :—

We trust that English Churchmen will not forget these memorable words. They exactly describe the Ritualistic position. But are they accurate? Is there no quarrel between the two Churches? It cannot be affirmed that the Church of Rome has no official quarrel with the Church of England; and, on the other hand, our Church's denunciation of the Roman Communion, in her Homilies, as the "Mother of Harlots" and abomination of the earth, flatly contradicts Lord Halifax's rash assertion.

Yet the men belonging to the English Church Union, of which this Lord Halifax is president, are the men who are favoured by Royalty, and who obtain the patronage of most of the bishops and those in high places. Let the following extract speak for itself, as to the tendencies of Royalty toward Popery. The *English Churchman* says :—

According to the *Illustrated London News*, the room at Sandringham House, in which the body of the Duke of Clarence lay, was decked out with almost full Romish paraphernalia. What was practically a Romish altar stood at the foot of the bed—viz., an altar-like table covered with a white cloth, and upon the table two immense candlesticks with candles. In the middle of the table, between the candlesticks, stood a cross with a glory, and in front of the cross a book, which, we hope, was a Bible. At each side of the bed's head stood large candlesticks with candles, and fastened to the head of the bed was a large and very conspicuous crucifix. Upon the foot-rails of the bed was fastened a cross, facing the crucifix at its head. A cross or crucifix (it is uncertain which from the picture) lay upon the Duke's breast. Watchers were also appointed, according to the Romish usage, to keep guard by the body night and day, both in the death chamber and in the chancel at Sandringham Church; and when the coffin lay in the latter place, large candles were placed beside it there also.

[If such determined efforts as these to bring us again under the yoke of Popery provoke a revolution, Royalty will only have to thank itself for such a crushing blow. May the Lord destroy these unholy confederacies.—ED.]

OF His mere pleasure, and not for merit, He begat us, and brought us into a new life, of which we were unworthy, and to which we were averse by nature; and this by His grace.—*John Berridge*.



"FAREWELL, MY DEAR WIFE." (See page 86.)

"FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH."

DR. TAYLOR, OF HADLEIGH.

ON the night after Dr. Taylor's degradation, his wife, his son, and his servant were permitted to sup with him. For each of his guests he had a word of warning and advice. To his son Dr. Taylor said, "My dear son, Almighty God bless thee, and give thee His Holy Spirit, to be a true servant of Christ, to learn His Word, and constantly to stand by His truth all thy life long; and see that thou fear God always. Flee from all sin and wicked living; be virtuous, serve God with daily prayer, and apply to the holy Book. In any wise see that thou be obedient to thy mother. Love her and serve her; be ruled by her now in thy youth, and follow her good counsel in all things. Beware of the lewd company of young men that fear not God, but who follow their lusts and vain appetites. Fly from whoredom and hate all filthy living, remembering that I, thy father, die in the defence of holy marriage. Another day, when God shall bless thee, love and cherish the poor people, and count that thy chief riches is to be rich in alms; and when thy mother is waxed old, forsake her not, but provide for her to thy power, and see that she lack nothing; for so will God bless thee, and give thee long life upon earth and prosperity, which I pray God to grant thee." And then turning to his wife, he said, "My dear wife, continue steadfast in the fear and love of God. Keep yourself undefiled from Popish idolatries and superstitions. I have been unto you a faithful yoke-fellow, and so have you to me, for which I pray God to reward you, and doubt not but He will reward it. Now the time is come that I shall be taken from you, and you discharged of the wedlock bond towards me; therefore I give you the counsel which I think most expedient for you."

On the following morning, at a very early hour, when the City was enshrouded in darkness, Dr. Taylor was brought out of his cell and conducted to the Woolpack Inn, Aldgate. His wife and children, who had been waiting for him several hours, met him, when the worthy man knelt down and prayed with them, after which he arose and kissed them, saying, "Farewell, my dear wife. Be of good comfort, for I am quiet in my conscience. God shall stir up a father for my children."

After he had been delivered into the custody of the sheriff of Essex, the journey to Hadleigh commenced. On his journey, Dr. Taylor was joyful and merry, and one might have supposed from his conduct that he was on his way to a pleasant banquet. Many times did the sheriff and his officers assail the principles

of the learned doctor, but without any result, as he was enabled by God's grace to hold on his way to the end.

As the procession drew near to the town of Hadleigh, the road became lined with a crowd of sympathetic spectators, the majority of whom had heard Dr. Taylor proclaim those glorious truths for which he was about to die. Shouts of joy rang through the air as the parishioners in their turns recognized their spiritual overseer, and tears of affection suffused the eyes of many, as they saw their worthy vicar pass on to Aldham Common. Here his stake was erected. Hundreds of people had assembled to witness the grand scene, and many were hoping to hear a few words from his lips before he died. Dr. Taylor asked permission of the sheriff to address the people, but he was refused. He then undressed, and prepared himself for the stake, after which he said, with a loud voice, "Good people, I have taught you nothing but God's Holy Word, and those lessons 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." At this saying, the yeoman of the guard was greatly enraged, and struck the heroic martyr upon the head, exclaiming, "Is that keeping thy promise, thou heretic?" Seeing that it was perfectly useless to attempt to address the assembly, he knelt down and prayed, when a poor woman broke through the crowd, and, despite the efforts of the officers to keep her back, knelt down by the side of Dr. Taylor and prayed with him. Having concluded his devotions, the learned doctor arose, and kissed the stake to which he was about to be chained. The faggots were now piled at his feet and the fire kindled, when the heroic martyr exclaimed, "Merciful Father of heaven, for Jesus Christ my Saviour's sake, receive my soul into Thy hands." He then remained motionless in the fire with folded hands, till he was struck with an halberd so forcibly that his brains fell out, and the dead corpse fell down into the fire; and so ended the illustrious career of one of England's most valiant soldiers in its army of martyrs!

J. C.

YOU cannot make too much use of Christ.

HOLINESS is a fruit of election, and springs from regeneration, which is wrought in a sinner in pursuit of the Son's purchase and the Father's eternal purpose.—*John Berridge*.

No sacrifice was accepted unless offered on God's altar; nay, the offerer himself was cut off. This altar was an eminent type of Christ; no alms we give, no works we do, will be accepted, but the doer himself cut off, unless Christ is made the whole ground of our acceptance. All our gifts must be laid on this Altar, Christ; for the altar sanctifies the gift.—*John Berridge*.

"THIS WEARY PILGRIMAGE."

SHE leaned upon the window sill, a woman sad and worn;
 'Twas muddy Autumn, and the farm looked wofully forlorn;
 Tired she was, and aimless seemed this round of grimy care,
 And strange that any child of God should spend a life-time there.

But floated by, from far or nigh, a simple line of praise,
 Oft sung at eventide by those who keep the good old ways;
 It told of Bethel's God, whose hand still showers the daily bread,
 "Who through this weary pilgrimage hast all our fathers led."

She smiled: her weary life grew bright with sympathetic beams,
 They all were like myself, she said, they all were tired it seems;
 And each and all to glory gone have felt the body's needs,
 And murmured at the mire which clogs each foot on earth which treads.

In perfect atmosphere of rest, in sinless purity,
 Fit for a God to look upon we shall be by-and-by;
 Till then, 'mid cares and pains untold, on Him we rest the head,
 "Who through this weary pilgrimage hast all our fathers led."

Has not the same sad feeling crept o'er many an aching breast—
 The father getting into years, and yet by labour pressed;
 The maid-of-all-work, glad to rest a moment on the stairs;
 The sempstress who adorns their lives, who little care for hers;

The governess, whose pains are foiled by mischief-loving boys;
 The driver of a daily team 'mid London's crowd and noise?
 Aye, the same feeling; oh, that each may see Him as they tread,
 "Who through this weary pilgrimage hast all our fathers led."

The youth who is not strong, who feels a burden in the home,
 Who shrinks with bitterness to see the healthy go and come;
 They shape and plan their future in the strength of hand and heart,
 They build them homes, in which he feels he dare not take a part.
 God help him! oh, I know he can by Him be comforted,
 "Who through this weary pilgrimage hast all our fathers led."

There are few griefs among us, friends, but have been borne before,
 This round of aimless smallnesses is trod by many more;
 The truest parents have been cursed by children of their own;
 The warriest walkers, even now, are sometimes overthrown.

The godless partner has annoyed, and martyred to the death,
 And fear has fought the Christian's hope down to his latest breath;
 Oh, keep your ranks, the roads are rough, but Christ is overhead,
 "Who through this weary pilgrimage hast all our fathers led."

Galleywood.

M. A. CHAPLIN.

PEOPLE are continually complaining to me of something in themselves. Why, everything you find in yourself should send you to Christ.

THE SAINTS' STRONGHOLD.

"My times are in Thy hand," said David, in Psalm xxxi. 15, under circumstances of extreme trouble and danger. This divinely recorded fact has been the solace and stay of the saints of God down through the ages, and retains its full force still. Of late, while the arrows of sickness and death have been flying so thickly and rapidly around us, without respect to prince or peasant, on what, short of the same, could the Christian rely? In the absence of this great fact, we should be nowhere. What those do mentally who are strangers to God, we can scarcely conceive. The believer in Christ is more like the inhabitants of the ark, who sing the grace that bears them up on the face of the mighty waters; and though it may be even so that any of them share in this affliction, and fall a prey to this terrible epidemic, even as a means of their unexpected transit to the better country, it is to be "absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord," which is far better; and should it be that they are only relative sharers in this great afflictive dispensation, in the midst of all the collaterals of their trial, that "their times are in the Lord's hand" is a tower of strength to them. The underlying secret with the believer lies in the covenant interest he attaches to the fact, arising out of his indissoluble relationship to the Lord Jesus Christ, which carries with it all the superlative blessings of eternal life, and all the necessary benefits requirable during his sojourn in and through this time-state. As our times are in the Lord's hand, they are unquestionably in the wisest hand, the safest, the most merciful, gracious, beneficent, and infinitely the very best hand. What more minutely could our adorable Lord and Saviour say than, "Not a sparrow falleth without your heavenly Father's notice, and ye are of more value than many sparrows"? And again, "My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus," Paul was divinely commissioned to declare to the Philippian saints.

"What more can He say than to you He has said,
 You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?
 That soul, though all hell may endeavour to shake,
 He'll never, no never, no never forsake."

Away then with your atheism, deism, agnosticism, and non-scripturalisms of unbelievers, of all degrees, shapes, and forms! and let us cleave, as for our very life, to the grand old Book of God's most holy Word. "All other ground is sinking sand."

May we who are engaged in the thick of the battle of life be quickened, by the abounding calamities we are surrounded with,

into a lively consciousness of our personal dependence upon God from day to day ; but it is proper to remember that we always have been equally so from our very birth, whether we have always considered it properly or not in the heyday of health, strength, and more easy and less depressing circumstances. But even "though we believe not, yet He abideth faithful," and the same good hand of our covenant God which has hitherto been upon us, will continue with us to the end, for our "times are still in His hand."

Be of good courage then, brethren and sisters in the Lord, for the Word declares, "He will strengthen your hearts, all ye that hope in the Lord."

H. C.

THE EXCELLENCY OF CHRIST.

"CHRIST is the pot of manna, the cruse of oil, a bottomless ocean of all comfort, content, and satisfaction ; he that has Him wants nothing ; he that wants Him enjoys nothing. 'Having nothing,' saith Paul, 'and yet possessing all things.' Oh, but a man that has nothing more than restraining grace cannot sit down contented, under the want of outward comforts. 'Christ is good,' saith such a soul, with honours, riches, pleasures, and outward comforts. I must have Christ and the world, or else, like the young man in the Gospel (in spite of my soul), I shall forsake Him to follow the world.' Ah ! how many shining professors are there in the world who cannot be satisfied and contented for want of some supposed outward comfort, but are fretting, raging, and roaring, as if there were no God, no heaven, and no Christ, to make up all such outward wants to them ! But a soul truly gracious can say, 'In having nothing, I have all things, because I have Christ ; neither honours, riches, nor the smiles of creatures are sweet to me, any further than I see and taste Christ in them. The possession of all outward good cannot make a heaven of glory in my soul if Christ, who is the summit of my glory, be absent : ' as Absalom said, 'What is all this to me, so long as I cannot see the king's face ? ' So says a gracious soul, 'Why do you tell me of outward comforts, when I cannot see His face whom my soul loveth ? Why, honour, riches, and the favour of the creature, are not Christ ; let me have Him, and let the men of this world take the world and divide it amongst themselves ; I prize Christ above all ; I would enjoy my Christ above all other things in the world ; His presence will make up the absence of all other comforts, and His absence will embitter all my comforts ; so that my comforts will neither taste nor look like comforts, when He that should comfort my soul stands afar off.' "—*Brooks*.

THE DEATH AND FUNERAL OF MRS. SEPTIMUS SEARS.

AFTER a long illness, Mrs. Sears, the widow of the late beloved Editor of the *SOWER* and *GLENER*, was called to her eternal rest at 10 p.m., Friday, March 11th, at the age of 80 years, quietly breathing her last in her sleep. She had been gradually sinking for several weeks, anticipating and longing for her change. A few days before her death, she said to a dear friend who visited her, "My prayer is, "Come, Lord Jesus"; and not only so, I can say, "Come quickly."

Another friend of Mrs. Sears says :—

I went one evening to see Mrs. Sears. She seemed to be dosing. Presently she opened her eyes, and I said, "Do you know me?" She replied, "Yes; how very kind of you to come and see me—everybody is so kind to me—and how kind the Lord is to me; I have every comfort, while so many are so acutely feeling this severe weather." I said, "You will soon be out of the cold, and with your dear Lord." "Yes," she replied. "very soon, now." I said, "Do you think we shall know each other there?" She said, "Yes, I feel sure we shall." I said, "You will know your dear husband and all your dear friends." She said, "I feel sure I shall know all my loved ones." She seemed satisfied about this. On my coming away and wishing her good-night, she said, "God bless you!"

On going in an evening or two before she died, she seemed rather unconscious, but presently she roused herself a little, and I said to her, "Do you know me?" "Yes," she replied, "I know you, and I know Jesus."

March 6th, another friend went to see her, and he said, "You will soon be landed now." She said, "Glory! glory! Come, Lord Jesus." He quoted the lines—

"But thine will be a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep."

She raised her hand, and said, "Beautiful, beautiful! Glory! glory!"

On Tuesday night, the 8th, she said, "Precious Jesus! ah! His great love—His great mercy." Frequently when we went in, she said, "Oh, that I may still have grace to behold the crucified One, then I shall be able to behold the glorified One." She often repeated these lines :—

"A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honoured life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all."

"I would be Thine; oh, take my heart,
 And fill it with Thy love;
 Thy sacred image, Lord, impart,
 And seal it from above."

Frequently, when she could not talk much, she seemed in prayer, raising her hands up and down with a sweet, satisfied kind of smile on her face. She said her nightly lines were,

"If I should die before I wake,
 My sins forgive, my soul, Lord, take."

The funeral took place on Tuesday, March 15th. The day being very wet and unfavourable, many attached friends of Mrs. Sears could not be present, but a tolerable number were assembled to pay the last tribute of affection to one they highly esteemed and valued. Her remains were borne to the chapel where Mr. Sears ministered the Word for so many years. Mr. Hull—who had promised the deceased some years ago, that, if he was spared, and could possibly do so, he would officiate at her funeral service—opened the service by reading the thirteenth verse of Rev. xiv., and giving out the 721st hymn, (Clifton selection), "How blest the righteous when he dies," &c. After engaging in prayer, he read 1 Thess. xv. 13-18; Rev. vii. 9-17, and addressed those assembled on the blessedness of being found in the Lord, living and dying; congratulating those who had received the Spirit's witness of their sonship, and encouraging those who were seeking such evidence; at the same time warning these who were careless about their state, and those who might be trying to satisfy themselves with self-persuasion instead of the divine testimony of the Spirit in the heart. He spoke of conversations he had held with, and letters he had received from Mrs. Sears, which proved her to be one who hungered and thirsted for Christ, and that she could only be satisfied as she received fresh supplies of grace from Him, remarking that all true believers have this mark, they are receivers.

He also referred to the pleasure he had felt in hearing many young people he had met with in his travels testify that the good work of grace was begun in them while attending Mrs. Sears' school, her Scriptural instructions and counsels being owned of God to their enlightenment and profit. Thus the Word of the Lord, sown by her, had brought forth precious fruit in the cases of some now living, and also of some who have gone to glory.

At the conclusion of Mr. Hull's address, the 427th hymn (Clifton selection) was sung, and Mr. W. Wilson engaged in fervent prayer. The coffin was then borne to the family vault in the Chapel graveyard, where Mr. Hull said, that, while the

infidel and the sceptic could see nothing but darkness in the grave and beyond, he thanked God that the believer looked through the grave to the resurrection morn, anticipating with joy that time when he shall be altogether like his Lord.

Mr. Wilson then pronounced the benediction, which brought the solemn service to a close.

A PAGE IN PROVIDENCE.

THE following extract from the experience of Mr. Huntington will form interesting matter for remembrance, meditation, and hope in the breasts of the poor of the flock. We can well think the wealthy will read it with contempt, and the comfortably off in this world will be entertained by the trial and deliverance so simply told. But there are very many of God's people whose lot in life is cast under the shade of poverty—who have to go to God in their manifold trials from this one source, and with this prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread." They are kept dependent upon the bounty of God for their supplies. They have neither store-house nor barn; they have no stated means, no earthly resources; yet they are fed and clothed, and extricated at times out of difficulties under which they fear they shall sink to rise no more. Many a God-fearing tradesman has been haunted by the dread of the Bankrupts' Calendar, as day after day the enemy has set it in view, and, "Where is now thy God?" has sounded in his ears. The faint echoes of the question, "Is there any thing too hard for the Lord?" have scarcely been heeded, except to reply, "Can He furnish a table in the wilderness? Can He provide bread also?" Thus the enemy of souls will put a believer like a worm on a hook, and spread out all that is dark and doubtful and doleful to shake his faith and drive him away from his only refuge—the wonder-working power of a covenant God; at such times, when Satan can stop the mouth of prayer, it is a trial of faith that must be felt to be understood. But when the Lord appears and deliverance comes, then the heart can rejoice, and another testimony is given to the providential power of a God of all grace. After speaking of various exercises, Mr. Huntington says:—

"Some time after these things, God seemed wholly to withdraw His conspicuous providential acts; and I began to lay aside my watchfulness and daily dependence on His bounty, as my stated income began to be tolerable. However, it is the safest and sweetest way to live from hand to mouth, as say those who speak in proverbs; for it is impossible that men should be so grateful to God when they have a stock at hand, as when they receive a daily supply from a never-failing stock in God's hand.

"After some little time I was forced to look to Him again for temporals as well as spirituals; for as my income increased, my family increased also; so that I was shortly brought into as great straits as ever; money began to run short, and clothes were wanting. But God, who fainteth not, neither is weary, was pleased to appear in a way of providence again; and after this manner showed He Himself.

"I had been doing a little work in my flower garden; and, finding it wanted a few additional roots, I went to a garden at a little distance from my house to look over a few things. While I was walking about by myself among the flowers, a well-dressed motherly-looking woman stepped up to me; and, supposing me to be the gardener (for my appearance was more like the servant than the prelate), she thus addressed me in a free and jocose manner: "Now, Mr. Gardener, if you please, I want a root to put into my pot; and it must be a root that will last." I looked up very seriously at the lady, and replied, 'Well, I believe I can tell you where you can get such a root.' At this answer she smilingly asked, 'Where?' I answered, 'In the Book of Job;' for he says, "The root of the matter is found in me" (Job xix. 28). And if you can get that root into your pot, the root and the pot both will last for ever.' She then asked, 'And pray, have you got that root in you?' I answered her, 'I verily believe I have.' Upon which she replied, 'It is well with you, and it is very true what you have said.' I then told her I was not the gardener, but that she would find him at the bottom of the garden, attending some ladies and gentlemen. She dropped a curtsy, and departed with a smile. I thought by her pertinent reply, that she was not altogether ignorant of that wisdom which dwells with prudence, and finds out knowledge of witty inventions. Prov. viii. 12. And I secretly wished that the words which I had spoken might dwell on her mind until the root of Gospel love struck an everlasting fibre in her heart.

"I believe the lady above-mentioned inquired of the gardener who I was; for soon after both she and her spouse came to hear me, and have continued to do so ever since.

"God grant that the word of His grace may take deep root in their hearts, that they may be 'trees of righteousness, the right hand planting of God, that He may be glorified.'

"Some time after this there came a person to my house, and left a letter for me, the contents of which were as follows:—

"'Sir, I wish you to be at home on such a day, if convenient, as a person will call to measure you for a great coat, which you are desired to accept, and ask no questions of the person who comes to measure,' &c.

"I looked upon this letter as sent by some enemy of the Gospel of Christ ; because it came soon after my 'Bank of Faith' had made its appearance in the world ; and I daily heard some professor or other ridiculing it, because I had therein taken notice of very insignificant things, at least in their opinion. However, had they been exercised with a hungry belly, as the Prophet Elijah was, they would have been glad of a cake baked with two sticks, and have thanked God for commanding the widow woman to sustain him with that (1 Kings xvii. 9). The Holy Ghost thought this kind providence of God, which appeared in sending the Prophet this cake, worthy of being recorded in divine revelation ; if so, what kind of spirit must those professors be of who deem the special and minute interference of Providence worthy only of their public scorn and contempt ? Such men are rebuked even by the brute creation ; for 'The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib,' yet he doth not consider who it is that keeps his crib full. However, I was deceived in supposing that the letter was sent as a trap to keep me at home on such a day, that they might have to laugh at my expectation, as I conjectured ; for it was sent by a friend ; and the man came, as was appointed, to measure me for a great coat. I asked who sent him. He told me that was to be kept secret. But as I suspected the letter to be a cheat, sent by some enemy, I insisted on knowing who sent him. He then said he was sent by a woman who once asked me for a root to put into her pot. I told him I had got two very good great coats, but stood in need of a close-bodied one ; and if the lady thought proper to make me a present of such, I should be obliged to her ; but that I had no need of a great coat. The man measured me, and brought me the coat home. I offered him a small present for his trouble ; but he refused it, saying, that he had received orders not to take anything. Christian reader, give God the glory for His, wonderful works and let not *fortune* and *luck* rob Him of His honour. 'Jesus we know, but who are they ?'"

"W. H."

FAITH lives with Christ, to Christ it tends ;
With Christ begins, continues, ends.

OH, how much idolatry there is amongst God's children.

Too much doctrinal preaching, to [the exclusion of practical godliness and experience, produces spiritual sleep and deadness. God's Word should be preached in its fulness and beauty. It is very wrong to shun portions of Scripture because we cannot reconcile them with our extreme views ; the proper thing is for our opinions to become conformed to God's Word.—A. C.

AN ORIGINAL LETTER FROM MR. BERRIDGE TO MR. DAVID EDWARDS,

OF IPSWICH, UPON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

DEAR BROTHER,—Mr. Winter informs me of the death of your dear wife. You once knew she was mortal, but she has now put off mortality, and is become immortal. Can this grieve you? Oh, that I was where she now is,

Safe landed on that peaceful shore,
Where pilgrims meet to part no more.

She was once a mourning sinner in the wilderness, but is now a glorified saint in Sion. The Lord is become her everlasting light, and the days of her mourning are ended. Does this trouble you? She was once afflicted with bodily pain and weakness, encompassed with family cares, and harassed with a crowd of anxious, needless fears; but she is now arrived at her Father's house; and Jesus, dear Jesus, has wiped away all tears from her eyes, and fear, and want; and shall this afflict you?

She ranges now the heavenly plains,
And sings with sweet, heart-melting strains;
And now her soul begins to prove
The heights and depths of Jesus' love.
He cheers her with eternal smile,
She sings Hosannas all the while;
Or, overwhelmed with rapture sweet,
Sinks down adoring at His feet.

You have lost your wife, she has only left you for a moment; left an earthly husband, to visit a heavenly Father, and expects your arrival there soon to join her hallelujahs for redeeming love. Are you still weeping? Fye upon you, my brother! weeping because your wife can weep no more; weeping because she is happy, eternally, gloriously happy; weeping because she is joined to the assembly, where all are kings and priests; weeping because she is daily feasted with heavenly manna, and hourly drinking new wine in her Father's kingdom; weeping because she is singing, and singing sweet anthems to her God and your God. O shameful weeping! Jesus has fetched His bride triumphantly home to His kingdom, to draw your soul more ardently thither. He has broken up a cistern to draw you nearer, and to keep you closer to the fountain; has caused a moment's separation to divorce your affection from the creature; has torn a wedding string from your heart, to set it a bleeding more freely, and panting more ardently for Jesus. Hereafter you will see how gracious the Lord has been in calling a beloved wife home, in order to betroth the husband more effectually to himself. Remember that the

house of mourning becomes and befriends a sinner ; that sorrow is a safe companion for a pilgrim, who walks much astray until his heart is well broken up.

Well, my friend, I hope your mind is somewhat composed, and can bear to part with your wife for a season. What a mercy she was not left a widow, but went before ! What a mercy we must follow soon after ! She is only gone to pay a visit to the Friend you love, and who will send for you by-and-by. Your day, like mine, is wearing off apace, and your Bridegroom cometh quickly. Do not stand weeping over cold clay, but trim your lamp, and go forth to meet him. One half of yourself is gone before, and your passage over Jordan will now be lighter. The curtain will soon be drawn, and then you will see your wife again, and Jesus.

I have got a sight of the Calvinistical doctrines at last. Awful, indeed, they are, and very humbling and joyful to a believer. However, through grace, I am not run mad with doctrines. I do not preach or sing of John Calvin, but of Jesus Christ ; He is the dear subject of my hymns and sermons.

May the God of all consolation comfort you through life and in death, and afford us both a triumphant entrance into His kingdom ! So prays your friend and brother in the Gospel of Christ,

Everton, November 26th, 1771.

JOHN BERRIDGE.

A TRUE BELIEVER'S KNOWLEDGE OF CHRIST.

IF we wish to know Christ in His offices, characters, titles, attributes, and Person, we must prove Him in each of them ; and we can only do so by being brought into circumstances which make it necessary for us to resort to Him as our strong Refuge and Support. You may have to learn what you mean by calling Christ a Friend, by being deprived of a dear earthly friend, which will make you seek to know the Saviour in that character ; and then He will reveal Himself to you, as the world knoweth not of, and as you had before but little idea could be the case. In the same way, you may have to learn Christ in the character of a Prophet, by having a spiritual guide taken from you, and a Counsellor, by feeling your need of advice and direction, which can only be given by the Lord Himself.

I might go on through all the characters of our Lord, for each one must be tried before it is felt, even as we must have affliction in order to know whether a friend can sympathize, and how deeply, in our troubles ; and if you seek to "know the Lord," that knowledge will be given in a way which the heart of man hath not entered into ; for the "Lord's ways are not our ways, neither are His thoughts our thoughts," but He leads us by His own "right way to a city of habitation."

"THERE'S DAYLIGHT AHEAD."

DEAR MR. HULL,—The above is the heading of a paragraph which recently appeared in the *LITTLE GLEANER*, and which I came across when in deep darkness of soul—indeed, a darkness that I felt, being plunged into a deep trial; for it might be said of me, as of the man referred to in the paragraph, that I was in sore trouble; but coming across the heading, "There's daylight Ahead," I was all eyes to see what was said, and I at once began to read as follows: "In the year 1863, a train of many cars, loaded with soldiers, was passing through a tunnel in the Cumberland Range in Tennessee. In the centre of the rather long tunnel it was the blackness of darkness. 'Isn't this dark?' said a soldier. 'Never mind, boys,' answered another cheerily; 'there's daylight ahead.' The answer went to the heart of certainly one man there, who was in sore trouble. Never mind, there's daylight ahead. 'Be not faithless but believing.' The dark tunnel is the way to light and safety." It says the answer, "There's daylight ahead," went to the heart of one man there, but now it has gone to the heart of another, making two; how many more hearts it has entered I know not. It made me feel that, although I was in deep darkness, perhaps "there's daylight ahead"; and oh, what a mercy if there is! I would prize it, God knows, beyond ten thousand worlds—for what are worlds to the mercy of God? And "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—what indeed! And yet a man, yea all by nature, would have the world, even if it cost them their souls, for they are like the man Bunyan describes, with a muck-rake in his hand, raking together sticks and straws, but takes no notice of the crown above his head. No, he is so earth-bound he cannot look up, but is always looking down. Oh, what a mercy to be delivered from such a state. Yes, a mercy, indeed.

But coming to my trial, by the effect it has had upon me, I fain would hope that perhaps there's daylight ahead; and, for even this little hope in darkness, I would bless God. But oh, if He *has* got daylight ahead for me, when I get into it I shall—I *know* I shall (not in my own strength)—bless Him indeed, for it is such a trial, that none but an Almighty hand can deliver out of; and can any of God's people do anything else but bless God when He brings them "up out of an horrible pit and out of the miry clay, and sets their feet upon a rock, and puts a new song into their mouth, even praise to their God"? No, they cannot; and "if these should hold their peace the very stones would cry out," showing it is a thing impossible for them to

hold their peace at such a time. Now the effect the trial has had upon me is, it has brought me nearer to God, in that I have sought the Lord, for "my sore ran in the night and ceased not"; and it has made me prize God's mercy, and everything short of hell, I feel, is a mercy. It has also made me prize God's house more than ever, and I feel a day in His courts is better than a thousand elsewhere; and it has made my love flow out towards those who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Yea, I esteem them the excellent of the earth, and would say with Ruth, "Their people shall be my people, and their God my God; where they dwell there would I dwell, and where they die I would die, and there would I be buried." Yea, I would rather be found with God's children in a dungeon than with the children of pride in a palace; and, God enabling me, I would rather go through hell to heaven than go through heaven to hell. I am rather inclined to think that we have more reason to question our religion when everything is smooth for the flesh, than we have when the lion of hell is roaring around us. God grant that we may, at least, have just enough religion to make the devil hate us. But, dear sir, I must not trouble you further, only just say in conclusion, my desire is that the Lord may lead you from time to time to insert in the *LITTLE GLEANER* and *SOWER* such pieces as shall be made, in His hand, a blessing both to sinner and to saint. Truly I hope the piece I have referred to was made a blessing to me, in that it caused me to hope in Him in darkness; and I long to come into daylight that I may praise the Lord. "Praise waiteth for Thee, O God, in Zion, and unto Thee shall the vow be performed."

Wishing the best of blessings to rest upon you, and hoping your health is improving,

I am, yours sincerely,
ONE IN DARKNESS, BUT HOPING THERE'S
DAYLIGHT AHEAD.

JOHN BERRIDGE, in commenting on the "Sincere milk of the Word," says:—"Sincere or genuine milk; neither weakened with Arminian water, nor sweetened with Antinomian honey, to make it palatable to carnal reasonings or carnal lusts."

TILL the heart is circumcised, we have no spiritual life. This spiritual circumcision is regeneration—a new spiritual title whereby we begin to live to God. Thus we are made meet for the service of God, for communion with Him, and for the inheritance of the saints in light. But this life which brings meetness for glory is not our title to it. Christ alone is our justifying Righteousness.—*John Berridge.*

TO MINISTERS OF CHRIST.

SOME would fancy that all comminations and threatenings do belong unto the law, as though Jesus Christ had left Himself and His Gospel to be securely despised by profane and impenitent sinners; but, as they will find the contrary to their eternal ruin, so it is the will of God that we should let them know it, and thereby warn others to take heed of their sins and their plagues. These motives from comminations and threatenings, I call evangelical, because they are *recorded in the Gospel*. There we are taught them, and by it commanded to make use of them: Matthew x. 28; xxiv. 50, 51; xxv. 41; Mark xvi. 16; John iii. 36; 2 Cor. ii. 15, 16; 2 Thess. i. 8, 9; and in other places innumerable. And to this end are they recorded, that they may be preached and declared as part of the Gospel. And, if the dispensers of the Word insist not on them, they deal deceitfully with the souls of men, and detract from the counsel of God. And as such persons will find themselves to have a weak and enervous ministry here, so also they will have a sad account of their partiality in the Word to give hereafter. Let not men think themselves more evangelical than the Author of the Gospel, more skilled in the mystery of the conversion and edification of the souls of men than the Apostles;—in a word, more wise than God Himself, which they must do if they neglect this part of His ordinance.—*Dr. John Owen*, 1616—1683.

[What weighty and godly counsel the above extract contains! How much to the point are the remarks with reference to the duty of ministers in preaching *the Word*. The Lord grant that the true servants of Christ may be kept from the fear of those men who call such legal as deal faithfully with the Word of God and the souls of their fellow men. There is a responsibility attached to hearing the Gospel, even in the case of those who remain in unbelief, because God made man capable of hearing and obeying every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord, and man's present inability and want of will is due to sin, his own sin; but God has just the same right to demand full obedience, as though man had never sinned. Thus the Gospel is to "be preached in all the world, for a witness unto all nations," (Matthew xxiv. 14)—"for the obedience of faith" (Romans xvi. 26). Therefore, it is incumbent on all the ambassadors of Christ to faithfully declare the *whole* counsel of God to all men, that they, like Paul, may be pure from their blood. The Apostle dealt with men as responsible beings, and he felt his own responsibility as a preacher of the Gospel, respecting his faithfulness to his hearers and to the God he served, and was able to rejoice that he had cleared himself of all responsibility for the blood of all men.

Oh, that all who profess to be the ministers of Christ may ever be jealous of this part of their work, remembering that they will, as good Dr. Owen says, have to give an account of their stewardship afterwards, whether it has been faithful or partial. We heartily wish that the healthy and vigorous sinews of the old Puritan ministry might be restored to us, to the banishing of all fatalism and carnal policy from our pulpits and Churches, and that ministers and people might have sufficient faith and courage to let the *naked* Word of God go forth, with the assurance that God the Holy Ghost will faithfully and effectually use it to the ordained end, without the aid of human precautions or safeguards, which stumble the weak and dishonour the Lord.—ED.]

FAITHFUL COUNSEL.*

IF God is indeed your portion, then you are born again by His Holy Spirit—but are you so? If God in Christ is your portion, then you supremely love Him—but do you so? If God is your portion, then you live upon Him—but do you so? If God is your portion, then you rejoice in Him—but do you do so? If God is your portion, then you are satisfied with Him—but are you so? If God is your portion, then you will obey and follow Him in His Word, ordinances, and worship Him—but do you so? and if you do not, what is the reason? “If ye love Me,” said our dear Lord, “keep My commandments.” And again, “He that hath My commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me.” And how else, my dear friends, possibly can our love to Him be at all properly proved? Oh, permit me to say, my dear, dear friends, I have often, yea, very often, painfully felt and feared for you—both lest the riches, smiles, cares, snares, spirit, temper, and needless company and conformity to the world, have been sad hurts and hindrances to you in respect of best things. I have, indeed, sometimes thought I have so seen it as to make my poor heart sigh and be troubled, and my eyes almost gush out with tears for you.

Believe me, my dear, dear friends, if I did not love and respect you, I would not thus write to you.

Oh, that it might more and more appear that the truth and power of the grace of God were indeed with you in all its happy and blessed effects and consequences; informing your judgments, renewing your hearts, subduing your wills, sanctifying your affections, and regulating and ordering the whole of your lives and conversations to His glory and praise.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

* Part of a letter written from Bristol to some friends, 105 years ago, namely, October 22nd, 1786.

PATIENT IN TRIBULATION.

Henham Vicarage, September 6th, 1662.

DEAR FRIEND,—It was no less trouble to me than you, that your coming to visit me fell out when I was from home. I came not home that night, else it should have gone hard but I would have seen you next morning. I am much engaged to you for your loving and Christian letters and for your kind offer, wherein I wish I could comply with you; but my wife's condition, now very near her time, to speak of nothing else, forbids me to think of being much from home at present. That which we have feared is begun now to come upon us. I say begun, for I am apt to think this doth but lead the way to something more, and is but the dropping before the storm. But, whatever it be, the Lord prepare us for it, and His will be done. Ministers and people here had a sad parting. My congregation was affected beyond my expectation: the like I hear of other places hereabouts. The Lord help us more seriously to lay it to heart, and humble us under His Mighty hand, which our sins have provoked Him to stretch out against us. For my own part, I humbly acknowledge the justice of God in thus laying me aside (my sins have deserved far worse), and His great mercy in counting me worthy to suffer among His servants, when He might have left me to my own base heart and let me have been thrown out for some scandalous miscarriage. Certainly, it is the great goodness of God that we have not lived undesired nor do we die unlamented. Generally, those ministers that have hitherto stood out, continue firm in this hour of temptation, some few only excepted. I shall continue in the vicarage, I hope, while my wife gets up again. I bless God He upholds her spirit, that she is cheerful and willing to bear the cross with me, nor hath in the least solicited me to strain my conscience for the saving of my living. But it is a sad thing to think of the condition of the people—to see the church doors shut up one day after another, and none to break the bread of life to them. The Lord cause it to be near my heart! Yet, blessed be God that there is a restraint of open profaneness hitherto.

The Lord hath already, since my exclusion from my place, (praised be His holy name!) given me some taste of His fatherly goodness and providence, which I look on as an engagement to dependence on Him for the time to come. I wish I could bring my heart to say with that godly man, Mr. Dodd, "I had as lieve God should keep the purse as I." I am much pleased with your expressions of the life of faith, and desire I may be the better for them. Now is a time for the just to live by faith. The Lord strengthen faith in us, and help us by a holy conversation to stop the mouth of malice, and put to silence the ignorance of foolish

men. So long as we have a good God, a good cause, and a good conscience, why should our faces look pale for the threats of men? I fear there is hot service behind. The Lord proportion our strength to whatever He calls us to, and so assist us by His grace, that we may not flinch, nor faint in the day of adversity; He can enable us not only to run with the footmen, but contend with the horsemen, and uphold us in the swellings of Jordan. If we go through fire and water, so God be with us, we shall have no harm (Isaiah xliii.) He strengthens us with *all might unto all patience* and longsuffering with joyfulness (Col. i. 11.) The Lord teach us a suitable improvement of affliction, and we need not doubt of a happy issue out of it. How black soever the cloud be, I hope it will clear up. "Light is sown for the righteous, and joy for the upright in heart"; and God knows for the present how to hide His from the storm, or carry them through it. The Lord keep us in a way of duty and dependence upon God, that we may believe and not make haste, that we may not put forth our hand unto iniquity, either seeking to decline danger by sinful compliance or seeking deliverance in forbidden ways. Let us stand still and see the salvation of the Lord, which is most conspicuous and glorious, when, in the eye of reason, all ways are shut up. God can open a way through the sea and make a path in the mighty waters. Our view mainly is, to go to heaven, and hereby we may invisibly undermine all ill designs and knock off the wheels of all malicious contrivances. It is a comfort to me to hear that God pours out a spirit of prayer. The Lord keep it up, and purge us from the dross we have gathered; and God will in due time speak peace to His people.

My wife and I remember our hearty love to you and Mrs. Lucas. The Lord in mercy restore her health, and bless all yours. Pray for us. So I rest your affectionate friend and brother,

To Mr. M. Newcourt, Dedham.

SAMUEL ELY.*

[This letter proves that Christ had faithful witnesses in those days, and if such times were to come upon us again, and the days grow dark and threatening, we hope a few would be found who hold not men's persons in admiration for the sake of advantage, neither have bowed the knee to Baal.—ED.]

WHEN the spiritual life is begun, it is a life like its Author, it never dies.

* This good man was one of many (about 2,000) who was ejected from his living at Henham, Essex, a fortnight before this letter was written, on Black Bartholomew Day, for refusing to conform to the Act of Uniformity. He afterwards removed to and lived at Bishop Stortford; he was a man of great worth, very learned, yet humble and modest to a fault.

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

To the Editor of the Sower.

DEAR SIR,—Though I have written once before, yet I again feel constrained to send a few lines to you, for the words written by L. C. in the "Seekers' Corner," this month (March), found an echo in my heart. How often do I ask myself, "Can ever God dwell here"—in a heart so prone to wander and so full of evil? Sin seems to come above everything, and one feels very near despair. There seems no life, no spirit of prayer, no warmth, no love. But there is a feeling of being far off from God, and a fear lest those things which have at times seemed so real to us, should after all be only fancy; but just at the most needy moment Jesus comes and gives a lift, and again, from the lowest place, one is raised to a little hope, and encouraged still to press forward and wait. I sometimes feel helped, and yet hardly know how; I mean, there is not always any special word, but a secret influence which gives fresh energy and zeal to seek on. Once the words, "The Lord is *nigh* unto all them that call upon Him," were a great help to me. Though oft deprived of meeting with the Lord's people, yet the Lord is nigh, and He makes me feel quite content and happy, and able to say—

"that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best."

It is a comforting thought, that Jesus "came not to call the righteous, but *sinners* to repentance"; and more, He is the "*Friend of sinners*." But how often we forget this Friend, and try other means, until they all fail; then we find, "*None* but Jesus can do helpless sinners good," and then we feel the love of Jesus warming our cold hearts. We wonder that any could ever doubt, but when the comfort is gone, then fear comes in, lest it was not real. How dependent is the creature upon God, and His mercy; truly, "His merciful kindness is great toward us." If it is not right for me to send this, I trust He will prevent my doing so. I do enjoy the "Seekers' Corner." May the Lord still continue to bless your labours, and grant you the needed strength to carry on your work of love, is the desire, I feel sure, of every seeker.

I feel I am a seeker, Lord,
But cannot rest in this;
It does not make me feel that I
Shall reach eternal bliss.

But still I thank Thee Thou hast drawn
My feet into the way,
To love Thy people and Thy house,
And prize the Sabbath Day.

I thank Thee, Lord, for all kind friends,
Who such an interest take
In young ones who are seeking Thee,
But long may have to wait.

I thank Thee for the one to whom
These few lines I now send;
And though unknown to him, yet I
Do feel he is a friend.

For does he not point out the way—
Encouragement oft give
To those who long to know Thee, Lord,
And serve Thee while they live?

In all these things I thank Thee, Lord,
For every mercy given,
But oh, I want to know that Thou
Hast all my sins forgiven.

I want to fully realize
And feel Thou art my God,
To be submissive to Thy will,
And learn to kiss the rod.

Sometimes I feel so cold and dead,
Sometimes far off from Thee;
Sometimes I cannot even trace
One mark of grace in me.

But honestly I could not say,
I do not love Thee, Lord;
Oh no! for sometimes I am helped,
When reading in Thy Word.

Sometimes a hymn, or just a line,
Gives inward help and strength,
And thus the heart is made to hope
Thou wilt appear at length.

Sometimes, without such means as these,
We often comfort find;
A something which we can't describe
Makes glad our troubled mind.

At such times, Lord, we almost say,
"I know that I am Thine,"
And hear Thee saying to our hearts,
"Thou art and shall be Mine."

I cannot live without Thee, Lord,
There's nothing I want here,
But to be manifestly Thine,
And feel Thee always near.

And now, Lord, bid me rest and trust,
 And cast my cares on Thee;
 Then, throughout all these changing scenes,
 I shall contented be.

March 7th, 1892.

A. C.

[Dear Friend, changes, tossings to and fro, and temptations are made use of by the Lord, who overrules all for good, to exercise the spiritual senses of His children (see Heb. v. 14), so as to promote growth in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, that they thereby may become "stablished, strengthened, and settled" (1 Pet. v. 10). Thus Hezekiah said, "O Lord, by these things men live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit." The exercises had a beneficial effect upon him, in stirring him up and instructing him in the ways, faithfulness, and sufficiency of the Lord; for the things which he thought to be unto death, he found to be unto life. And so in the case of all true seekers, they are minished and brought low, again and again, after times of reviving and encouragement, in order that they should put no trust in anything of their own, or in what they have learned or received of the Lord, but in Jesus only, who is All in all.—ED.]

DEAR MR. HULL,—It is with a feeling of trembling I write these few lines. I have felt for some time I should like to send you a few words, to say how much I have enjoyed reading the SOWER, I mean especially the "Seekers' Corner." I have indeed felt very much encouraged while reading the experiences of the lambs of Christ's fold, of which I hope I am one, though often, through sin and unbelief, I doubt whether I am one of these. The words often come to my mind—

"Am I called, and can it be?
 Has the Lord invited me?"

Sure none can yield meaner fruit than I; I feel such a little thing, so very different to the Lord's people or lambs. Yet, at times, I feel such a sweetness and such a union to, and I trust, if not awfully deceived, hold sweet communion with the Lord in secret, and not only in secret, but also while about my daily calling. If I have been called by grace, it has been a gradual and gentle work. I envy some of the Lord's people who can look back to the time and place, when and where the Lord called them. Though, as I have said before, mine has been a gradual work; I feel the love for spiritual things grow stronger—more love to the Lord's people, His ordinances, and for His Word. Yet I often mourn and grieve over the little life I seem to have in prayer. Can ever God dwell in such a heart as mine,

which is so often so cold and seems so lifeless? Oh, for more power. I am thankful to say this is not always the case; there are times when the Lord is pleased to speak some sweet word of consolation, then I go on my way rejoicing, and say with the poet—

“ Why was I made to hear His voice,
And enter while there's room?
While thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come.”

“ We love Him because He first loved us.” I trust I can say with the poet—

“ Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow;
'Tis grace has kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.”

Yes, it is this that keeps me from going into the world, or after the things of the world; I can say, the world and worldly things have no charm for me. More so of late. I often feel to want to be alone, away from earthly friends and things. The 621st hymn in Denham's selection suits me so well. This selection I am very fond of, though there are many beautiful hymns in the other selections. The 605th hymn (Denham's) I can often sing, “Sweet affliction.” I can say, though it has been painful, it has been made sweet by realizing the presence of Jesus in my soul and hearing His still small and loving voice, though at first I felt the Lord was dealing hardly with me, as I had only joined the Church a few months, and taken a class of boys in the Sunday School, which it was a great trial for me to give up.

“God moves in a mysterious way.” I have indeed wondered why He should thus afflict and bring me so near to death's door, and then raise me up to a measure of health and strength. I was much disappointed, as I did hope the Lord would take me home. Yet “Not my will, but Thine, O Lord, be done.” While I remain here on this earth, may it be to live to His honour and glory, not my own.

Living some little distance from the chapel, many months passed during which I was unable to attend, on account of my health. This I did grieve over, because I could say—

“ I love to meet among them now,
And at His gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all.”

Yes, I felt, and still feel, I am the vilest of them all. For the last eleven months I have been privileged to be near a cause of truth, and to hear the truth sweetly and faithfully preached, by Mr. G. Burrell, at Watford, and I can say that many times the Wo

has been blest to my soul, the Lord using him as the instrument. Oh, that he may be spared for some time yet, and may his last days be his best and brightest. He is now past his seventy-first birthday; and may not only he, but each and all of the Lord's servants, yourself included, have bodily strength given you for the work you are called to do, and while so doing may you enjoy sweet communion with your dear Lord and Master, and be encouraged by seeing fruits follow your labours. If you think these few lines are worthy or suitable for the SOWER (April), please insert them; if not, please burn this scribble.

Believe me yours,

A LITTLE ONE.

[Dear young friend, may He who has hitherto been your "Good Guide and Saviour," still lead you on, and enable you to lean upon Him, who is "mighty to save," and faithful to perform His word to you and His work within you, is the prayer of the EDITOR.]

REVIEW.

Spiritual Blessings. By the late JOSEPH FLETCHER, D.D. 1s. John Snow and Co., 3, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row.

THE inquiry of Pilate, "What is truth?" (John xviii. 38,) still finds an echo in many hearts who are bewildered by the various and contradictory schemes of men to explain it, but who too often "darken counsel by words without knowledge" (Job xxxviii. 2).

Truth, taken as a whole, is the manifestation of God's mind and will to man, as contained in our Bible. It is the relation of marvellous facts already accomplished, and the revelation of things to come, more terrible, and more glorious than the world has as yet seen. Now, if all this be true (as indeed it is), then it is worthy of belief, not only by some men, but by all. Nor is the bare belief of it of any value, it must, to yield profit, be regarded in its warnings, counsel, admonitions, and exhortations; for "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to Thy Word" (Psa. cxix. 9). God has, of His rich grace, given us in this book all that is necessary to make one "wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus" (2 Tim. iii. 15). Nor has He left us in the dark as to the Person and work of Jesus Christ, for this great subject irradiates every page of the New Testament, and puts a glory into it which shines back and brings to view the chain of richly stored promises of the Old Testament, from the "seed of the woman" (Gen. iii. 15) to the "Sun of Righteousness" (Mal. iv. 2), which promises are all "Yea and Amen" in Christ Jesus to

"the glory of God by us" (2 Cor. i. 20). Therefore, to know the truth is to *know* and *be in Him* who is the Truth (John xiv. 6, and 1 John v. 20); and so, receiving "the unction from the Holy One" (1 John ii. 20), be preserved from those evils and errors which abound, and would seduce and corrupt us from "the simplicity that is in Christ" (2 Cor. xi. 3), and from a saving knowledge of "the truth as it is in Jesus" (Eph. iv. 21), which alone can make us free (John viii. 32).

These thoughts have been suggested by the perusal of a carefully-prepared and well-written treatise, entitled, "*Spiritual Blessings*," by the late Joseph Fletcher, D.D., based upon Ephesians i. 3, 4.* We are apt to look for the exposition of sound truth only within the radius of our own particular denominations or limited circle of preachers. It is, therefore, refreshing to find a man like Dr. Fletcher so boldly contending, after the manner of the old Puritans, for the doctrines of God's foreknowledge and predestination unto eternal glory of those who, in consequence of His electing grace, are called in time from the paths of sin, and are led by the Spirit into a holy walk and godly life, in anticipation of the final result, when all the chosen shall be gathered in and brought home to glory.

In a masterly manner he sets forth the doctrine of particular and personal election as the basis of all new covenant blessings. He says (p. 19):—

"In the first place, *spiritual blessings originate in the exercise of Divine sovereignty*, or in the unmerited favour of God. No reason for their communication to sinful creatures can be conceived for a moment to exist in them. Could they advance any claim to the exercise of mercy, mercy would lose its character, and be resolved into the exercise of justice."

This is sound and scriptural speech that cannot be condemned or refuted. But he goes on to say:—

"I do not mean by sovereignty any property of the Divine nature resembling the arbitrary capriciousness of an earthly despot, who makes his will his rule, without reason and without law. 'Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?' in whatever character, or through whatever medium, He reveals His perfections, or accomplishes the purposes of His infinite mind? His purity and all-comprehending intelligence secure the unimpeachable equity of all His arrangements."

* While there are some parts of the work which appear to us to be confused, as approaching the general teaching of duty-faith, the clear and scriptural exposition of the doctrines of truth and a contending for salvation alone by grace, according to the eternal purpose of Jehovah, have rendered the reading of the work pleasurable to us.—Ed.

How different does this read from the malevolent speeches of some who seek to vent their spite upon a holy God, whose ways and thoughts are as far above ours as the heavens are above the earth (Isa. lv. 9).

Dr. Fletcher is clear upon cause and effect. Hence he remarks (p. 33): "If they who believe were ordained to eternal life, it must have been in the purposes and determination of God. But the purposes of God are necessarily 'from eternity'—'from before the foundation of the world' . . . 'He hath chosen us,' not because He foresaw our holiness, but '*that we might be holy*!' Holiness is the consequence, and not the reason—the intended effect, and not the exciting cause of Divine favour."

The godliness which he contends for as the outcome of Divine teaching, is what we for ourselves long more fully to practice. He remarks (p. 50):—

"It is not enough that we know the truth; its powerful efficacy must be felt. Nor is it enough that we feel it; its actual influence must exemplified in our lives. Experience is the scriptural bond between the knowledge and the practice of true religion; and the omission of either is a radical and awful defect."

But while he writes thus, he is clearly no stranger to indwelling sin. Let him speak again (p. 51):—

"What, Christian, is the source of your most poignant sorrow? What renders the life of repentance as necessary as the life of faith? What so often fills you with anxious solicitude and deep contrition? The sin that cleaves to you—that mingles with your holiest duties, that intrudes on your most sacred joys, that constantly impedes your progress and embitters your happiest hours."

Dr. Fletcher is emphatic upon the connection of the "means of grace" and the end of God's purposes accomplished by them. He strongly opposes fatalism, which is such a "dead fly" in the ministry of some of the present-day preachers*—that sentiment which expresses itself thus, "If we are to be saved, we shall be saved, whatever be our vices; and if we are to be lost, we shall be lost, whatever be our virtues." Such men, in a blind zeal for God's sovereignty, utterly ignore human responsibility as taught by our Lord and His Apostles (see Matt. xi. 20-24; John vi. 27; Acts xvii. 30, 31; Heb. ii. 1-3; 2 Peter i. 10).

* The clear and forcible exposition of the scriptural definition of man's responsibility and of reprobation given by Dr. Fletcher is so good and so accords with what the Lord has taught us on this point, that we purpose (D.V.) to give a few extracts on the subject next month.—Ed.

Dr. Fletcher reasons thus (p. 53) :—

“Apply the principle of this vulgar cavil to common life and its futility will be instantly perceived. It is as certain in the views of God whether we shall be rich or poor, healthy or sick, live long or die soon, as whether we shall be saved or damned. No one who acknowledges the existence of God, can deny the future certainty of these events in the view of the Infinite mind. But does the admission of such a fact ever operate in these cases against the interests and obligations of duty? . . . Though none will be saved by their works, yet all will be *judged* by them; and the impenitent will find no palliation in their licentious reasonings about the determination and foreknowledge of the Great Governor of the universe.”

Who, with an open Bible and a clear understanding of it, can deny the cogency of these remarks?

The only point upon which we feel compelled to differ from our author is in the exercise of repentance and faith in the souls of those who are saved by grace. Here we do not think him to be clear. We would not make a man an offender for a word, or condemn a form of speech which we are unaccustomed to hear, when the general tenor of his discourse convinces us of his orthodox creed and godly life. But we cannot ourselves feel free to use what are called *general* invitations, and regard a compliance with them as sufficient proof of being saved. There is a common call which gathers souls to hear the truth; Ezekiel appeared to have had such hearers (Ezek. xxxiii. 31, 32), and there is a special call, as manifest in the believers at Thessalonica (1 Thess. ii. 13, 14). So there is a natural repentance, such as Judas had (Matt. xxvii. 3) and a spiritual repentance, such as Peter had (Luke xxii. 61, 62); the one being the writhings of a guilty conscience, and the other flowing from love in the heart for having grieved his Lord. Had such distinctions been made, we think Dr. Fletcher would have been better understood. However, though he says but little about the Holy Spirit working faith and repentance, we do not doubt he saw and felt the necessity for this. We give two more extracts, and with these we close.

(P. 57.) “Remember, Christians, your sacred obligations to gratitude and obedience. The special influences of the Holy Spirit imparted to the ordinances of religion all their efficacy.” And (p. 95), “Such is the actual depravity of men that, unless there were some security afforded by the Divine purposes for the exertion of an influence which shall effectually turn men from darkness to light, and the power of Satan to God, there would be no hope of ultimate success in the use and application of these means.”

B.

LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

DEAR NIECE,—I doubt not but you have been tried, and have wished you had not sent your last letter to me, and have thought that I have lightly esteemed it as a thing of nought. Satan is busy in thus perplexing, and unbelief often casts down sincere souls, and evil surmisings often spoil our comforts. We are thus brought to self-examination, and have to look over our words and actions. Well, you see it is needful for every step and every word of ours to be tried. We have such deceitful hearts, and often a weak judgment, so that we are very liable to err ; and if we had no check or trial we should soon get too large, and too wise, and, like a vessel without ballast, should soon tumble over. Divine things are very solemn things, and great solemnity of soul and searchings of heart are needful. Also the Lord will have His people know it is a very great thing to be saved from sin, hell, the world, satan, self, and a form of godliness without the power.

It is a very great thing to make a public profession of Christ. Many run well for a time and then make shipwreck, and turn like a dog to his vomit again. Therefore it is well for us to examine ourselves and to count the cost I write not thus to question your sincerity, or the reality of your taking a right step ; no, but these things, are facts which are daily before our eyes. My desire is that you may be so led by the Lord, that you may prove it to be a right step, and that you may have His approbation, be filled with love, and have grace to endure, so as to be an honour to your profession. May you ever be kept humble, tender, and small in your own eyes ; and may the cause of God lie very near your heart, so that you may seek its good and prosperity, and pray for its peace. May you be preserved from the world, its fashions, its vanities, and its pastimes. May the Word of God ever be your companion, and may your choicest friends be those who display most of the spirit of Christ. May you never be suffered to wound your pastor, by words, actions, or non-attendance at God's house, if health and circumstances permit. May you faithfully reject evil reports, and hold good ones with a firm grasp. May your words be many at the throne of grace, and few in the world. These, and many more blessings, I heartily wish you. The Lord grant them.

Our united love to you and your parents.

I am, yours affectionately,

Biddenden, March 24th, 1885.

J. KEMP.

ERRATUM.—Page 71, March SOWER, fifth line from top, for “greasy stomach” read, queasy (squeamish) stomach.



WE HOISTED OUR SAIL. (See page 115.)

A PRAYING FISHERMAN'S STORY.

IN a sheltered nook of Mount's Bay lies the straggling village of N——, the inhabitants of which have been from time immemorial (and still are) almost wholly dependent upon the fisheries for their livelihood.

It was late in the summer of 1848. The village was under a dark cloud, and no wonder; the mackerel season had been a failure, and winter was fast approaching, without any signs of the "northern coasters" (as the fish are called), for which the fishermen so eagerly look at the fall of the year. Children were crying for bread. Scores of families were destitute, and aching hearts were to be found in every home. "What's the use of going to sea?" said the men one to the other; "there's no fish to catch. We toil all night and take nothing; we may as well stay ashore." Still, hoping against hope, they launched out into the deep, night by night, but without success.

I, my father, and four brothers were in one boat, the *Brenton*, which had been as unfortunate as any in the fleet. On a certain night in October, we did not go to sea; I rose, however, very early the next morning; and my wife, who was ill, finding that I was getting up, asked me why? I told her that I was going down to the quay to see if any fish had been taken. But before leaving I knelt in prayer, according to my custom, and, while praying, a very gracious influence rested on us, so that my wife and children seemed filled with joy, though there was only a crust in the cupboard, and I had not a penny to buy more when that was gone. I then said, "God has given us a spiritual blessing in answer to prayer, will He not give us a temporal blessing also? I used the means to gain the one, I will use the means to gain the other."

I then went down to the beach, and found to my sorrow that there was not a boat that had taken a hundred; and that the fishermen were drying their nets, not intending to go to sea again until better days. But I had the impression, "I must go to sea to-night." So I went to my brother Stephen, who was a godly man, and told him. "What are we going to sea for," he said, "when there are no fish?" Still there was my impression, and I could not shake it off. I then went to my mother, and told her what I had told Stephen, adding, "If I pray from Midsummer to Christmas, and don't work as well, I can't expect to live." She replied, "Go, my son; we don't know what God is about to do."

At the proper time we—six members of one family—with our father at the head, went down to the beach, each taking a bit of dry bread with him, for we could get nothing else, and went

aboard. There was not much wind, but we hoisted our sail and squared it to the little breeze, which carried us out to the very place where we wanted to be, and then, when we were fairly in the fishing ground, the breeze dropped, and at once we let down our nets, saying, "May the Lord send us a blessing!" I then proposed singing and prayer, to which all agreed.

The night was calm and still, not a ripple ruffled the water, and the broad moon brightened the whole scene. We were all "alone," far out at sea, "and yet not alone, because the Father was with us." Raising our voices—and we were good singers in those days—we sang the following hymn:—

"Jesus, at Thy command
We launch into the deep;
And leave our native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep;
For, Thee I fain would all resign,
And leave the world and sin behind.

"Christ is my Pilot wise,
My compass is Thy Word;
My soul each storm defies
While I have such a Lord;
I'll trust Thy faithfulness and power
To save me in the trying hour.

"Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie,
Still Christ will safely keep,
And guide us with His eye;
How can I sink with such a prop
That bears the world and all things up?

"By faith I see the land,
The port of heavenly rest;
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast!
Oh, may we reach that heavenly shore
Where winds and waves distress no more!

"Whene'er becalmed I lie,
And all my storms outride,
Then to my succour fly,
He'll keep me near His side;
Far more the treacherous calm I dread
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

"Come, Holy Ghost, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace;
Waft me from all below
To heaven, my distant place;
Then in full sail my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind."

After singing we prayed, and then the same blessed influence that had been felt in the morning came again, so that we were all subdued, and the tears fell like rain ; but they were tears of joy, for we felt that God was about to work for us. I then said, "Let us try the net." We did so, and found a single dog-fish in the end of a mackerel net which we were using with our pilchard nets. One of my brothers, being discouraged, said, "It is no use shooting our nets again." But just then I saw a pilchard, and concluded that if there was one there were more. We now heaved up the pilchard net, but had only taken about two hundred in it. We, however, shot again, hoping to do better, for my faith in God was firm ; and then I went under deck to lie down for awhile. But my father soon said, "I would not leave the nets out too long, my children, for if they are northern coasters, they will be in such large numbers that the nets will go aground, and then we can't haul them in." We therefore set to work at once, and with the nine nets we carried (fifteen are now carried) we hauled in, to our great joy, twenty-two thousand pilchards. We then hoisted our sail, and went out a little farther, for the wind had gone round to the south ; but we did wrong ; we should have stayed where we were, and let down again in the same place.

And now, having taken another thousand and a half, the wind began to freshen, and we prepared to go ashore. We went in with our light up, and with thankful hearts, and as we came near to the quay, about four o'clock in the morning, some men in a cock-boat who were going to look after the seine, called to us, asking what we had done. We told them, and at once one of their number said, "That is a lie" ; but the old man in the bow said, "If you won't believe, let us go and see" ; and so they did, and were surprised beyond measure. The glad news spread through the village like wild-fire, and the people flocked down to the beach—saw, believed, and wondered.

All the boats put to sea the following night, but there were no fish ; and not a thousand were taken for the rest of the season, while the eleven hogsheads taken by the *Brenton* on that never-to-be-forgotten night fetched £36.

"When I came ashore," said Richard, "I could not speak ; my heart was too full. I had to pass my mother's door to get to my house, and she stood upon the threshold waiting for me. Gratitude had struck me dumb, but she said—

"Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face."

This remarkable answer to prayer is not the only one that Richard related ; we have heard others from his lips, for he is,

and has been for many years, a firm believer in the efficacy of prayer, and he still clings to the Apostle's stimulating words, "Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God" . . . and "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."—*From Narrative Tracts (R.T.S.)*.

A MEDITATION.

It is not every one who has heard God's voice powerfully saying unto them, "Fear not," but there are some who have felt the comfort of the "still small voice" speaking to them in a very tender way, when their hearts have been overwhelmed with fear, and their cry has been, "The enemy hath persecuted my soul; he hath smitten my life down to the ground; he hath made me to dwell in darkness, as those that have been long dead" (Psalm cxliii. 3). They go to His Word, and find He says, "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of His servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath *no light*? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God" (Isa. l. 10). Yes; this is the trial of faith, when we have *no light*. Our fears run very high, and we think that He, who has been all our joy in former days, "hath forgotten to be gracious." Yet sometimes we are led, almost imperceptibly, "to stay upon our God," and the language of our heart is, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him" (Job xiii. 15). If we have only a grain of faith, it is far too precious to part with, and Toplady's lines are suitable to us—

"Still on His plighted word,
At all events, rely;
The very hidings of His face,
Shall train thee up to joy."

We have known what it is to look up and bless God with all our heart for the gift of His beloved Son, and in our ears the name of Jesus has indeed been sweet. Feeling His atoning blood is our only hope and plea, we can say—

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

And, as fresh guilt is contracted, the blood of Jesus Christ becomes increasingly precious unto us. Oh, for more grace to trust in Him, who is very tender, and who delights to show mercy to the souls He has won to Himself by His matchless love.

March, 1892.

M.

ANSWER TO INQUIRY.

To W—.

WE are always glad to find any word going forth from us, or through us, producing concern and inquiry in the hearts of our readers or hearers, and we hope, in your case, it may bring forth happy results. That self-persuasion is a dangerous, and often fatal snare, we know, and that God has warned us against it in His Word is certain. Thus He says, "Behold, all ye that kindle a fire, and compass yourself about with sparks: walk in the light of your fire, and in the sparks that ye have kindled. This shall ye have of Mine hand; ye shall lie down in sorrow" (Isa. i. 11). But the question you ask about one who has not had an inward testimony of the Spirit: taking the Word (John iii. 16), and resting their whole souls upon the faithfulness of Him who has promised therein, "That whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life," sounds different from such language as is sometimes used by those who kindle their own fire. Thus one said to a friend, respecting the anxieties he sometimes felt as to his standing before God, "Go down on your knees, and claim God as your Father, and hold that persuasion fast, and you will then be a happy man." Now, where was the Spirit's work in this? for we know it is He that bears witness with the believer's spirit as to sonship. Thus the Apostle speaks to the Ephesians (i. 13) of their trusting in Christ, and, *after* they "had believed, they were sealed with that holy Spirit of promise." Many of the Lord's seeking, trusting ones wait long for this assurance of their acceptance and standing in Christ; and as you say respecting your own case, the Lord, no doubt, thus exercises them that they may have constant need of coming to Him, instead of being self-satisfied and resting upon what they have attained unto. The Apostle Paul, even, counted himself a follower after greater things than he had attained unto, and, reaching after Christ, said, "That I may know Him." Thus, all who are kept lively in their souls, by exercise, live out that blessed portion, "To whom coming." These are not self-persuaded ones, but, like Simeon of old, are waiting for the satisfaction which the fulfilment of the promise yields, which says, "They shall all know Me." We hope, from the tenor of your letter, that you are one of those who are waiting for the promised sealing time, and all such are safe in Christ, though they are not satisfied, not having come to the day in which the Lord declares they shall say, "O Lord, I will praise Thee: though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortedst me."

Not being able to write more fully this month we hope the few words we have given may help to solve your difficulty.

EDITOR.

SELF-SUFFICIENCY AND ITS RESULTS.

"And the men took of their victuals, and asked not counsel at the mouth of the Lord."—JOSHUA ix. 14.

WHAT wisdom have we sometimes seen in the saying of good John Newton: "Satan is a footpad; a footpad will not attack a man in going to the bank, but in returning with his pockets full of money." This pithy observation seems applicable to the circumstance brought before us, of Israel's unholy alliance with the accursed nations, which proved to be a source of trouble to them. God had proved Himself faithful to His promise to Joshua, "There shall not any man be able to stand before Thee" (Josh. i. 5).

Jericho and Ai, notwithstanding their determined resistance, had fallen before the victorious host of God's elect. A solemn service of thanksgiving had been held; the law of God, with its blessings and cursings, had been carefully pondered; "There was not a word of all that Moses commanded which Joshua read not before all the congregation of Israel" (Josh. viii. 35). Thus, things presented a most promising appearance. Their success was acknowledged to be the result of God's presence with them; and they apparently desired to press forward, still trusting in Him who had taught their "hands to war and their fingers to fight." They were quite prepared to meet any foe in open battle, but the event proved that they were not prepared to contend with the deceit of stratagem. "Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird." How fatally unconscious were they, amid all their zeal, of a weakness which would occasion a serious failure.

In enlarging a little upon this interesting narrative, let us first notice, That we need to beware lest past experience of success should produce in any degree unconsciousness of our present need of Divine wisdom and support. Israel's experience at Jericho had strikingly proclaimed to them that God was on their side, and that however strong and courageous their enemies (who were also His) might be, they would have to fall before His almighty power. This properly yielded much comfort and rejoicing, and tended to nourish faith in the Divine promises. How precious to the soldiers of Jesus is it to prove in any measure the veracity of His word—to look back upon the hill Mizar, and contemplating deliverance already obtained, set up the Ebenezer and say, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us." Yet how needful it is for the peace and well-being of the soul, even amid the joy arising from consciousness of Divine approbation, to encourage a spirit of holy fear or jealousy, lest self-consciousness

and self-dependence gradually take the place of humble and full reliance on God. "Pass the time of your sojourning here in fear" (1 Pet. i. 17); "A wise man feareth, and departeth from evil" (Prov. xiv. 16). How few can bear the trial of prosperity. A striking and humbling instance we have of this in the case of Solomon, the wisest of men. Long continued peace and prosperity becomes, through the crookedness of fallen nature, an occasion of sin, and forgetfulness of the Giver.

Mr. Hart says of pride, that it—

"The heart uplifts with God's own gifts,
And makes e'en grace a snare."

As Flavel observes, "That is a bad tenant that will maintain a suit at law against his landlord with his own rent; and a bad heart that will fight against God with His own mercies." But such has been the evil disposition of our nature since the fatal day in which our parent Eve was led into the sins of ingratitude and rebellion. Let us, therefore, be vigilant in watching against the treachery of our hearts, lest any present success may yield occasion for the enemy of souls, as an angel of light, to draw us into the snare of spiritual pride. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall" (1 Cor. x. 12); "Great men are not always wise, neither do the aged understand judgment" (Job xxxii. 9); "Be not high minded, but fear" (Rom. xi. 20); Solomon's years of wisdom did not prevent him from playing the fool in his latter days.

"Great is the need, when life looks fair,
That we closely cling to our Father's care."

Secondly. We notice the evil consequences of a hasty spirit. Without sufficient deliberation and caution, the lies of these Gibeonites are received and acted upon. How many of our troubles are occasioned by our rashness.

David complains of this infirmity: "For I said in my haste, I am cut off from before Thine eyes (Psalm xxxi. 22); and again, "I said in my haste, All men are liars" (Psalm cxvi. 11). Hasty language is here the voice of unbelief; but one of the characteristics of faith is "patient waiting." "He that believeth shall not make haste" (Isa. xxviii. 16). Warmth and zeal are highly commendable in a good cause, but, alas! how often imprudence and haste take the place of these virtues in the best of saints. We seem at times to want God to hurry with His work; and the rebuke of Jesus is still very salutary, "My time is not yet come, but your time is always ready (John vii. 6). Premature action is necessarily weak and unstable; but what God doeth "He doeth for ever." "For ye shall not go out with haste, nor go by flight:

the Lord will go before you ; and the God of Israel will be your reward " (Isa. lii. 12). Moses, the meekest of men, brought much trouble upon himself by yielding to the rashness of his spirit, in a moment of provocation ; Solomon considers this infirmity well nigh an incurable one : " Seest thou a man hasty in his words ? there is more hope of a fool than of him " (Prov. xxix. 20). We need to frequently ponder the words, " The prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself : but the simple pass on, and are punished " (Prov. xxii. 3). How much to be desired is the subdued spirit manifest in the Psalmist, " I waited patiently for the Lord " (Psa. xl. 1).

Thirdly. We see plainly, in the action of Israel towards the Gibeonites, the evil consequences of slighting God's directions. When He made choice of Joshua to succeed Moses, His directions to him were : " He shall stand before Eleazar the priest, who shall ask counsel for him after the judgment of Urim before the Lord : at his word shall they go out and at his word they shall come in " (Num. xxvii. 21). We do not read that the priest was consulted at this time by Joshua ; he seems to have depended on his own judgment. This was really an insult to the Lord. Much grace is needed to preserve a man humble and dependent, when raised to an eminent position. A haughty spirit precedes a fall. To slight God's plain command is to slight Himself, and will surely end in disaster and dismay. Thus He permits Joshua and the people of Israel to be deceived. They depended upon their own wisdom, and proved it to be folly. " He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool " (Prov. xxviii. 26) ; " Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not to thine own understanding " (Prov. iii. 5).

In conclusion, let us learn from this circumstance that outward appearance and fair speech are not always to be relied upon. Hypocrisy is frequently dressed in the garb of a seeming humility, which is one of its most subtle and dangerous forms. Often things are not what they seem to be. We cannot afford to slight the apostolic injunctions : " Prove all things " (1 Thess. v. 21) ; " Try the spirits " (1 John iv. 1) ; " Lay hands suddenly on no man " (1 Tim. v. 22) ; the " discerning of spirits " is a gift to be coveted by the disciples of Jesus.

And if we would be discerners of spirits, we must carefully and impartially study our own deceitful hearts. He who knows himself best, will be most competent to discriminate between the false and the real. The present time is notable for show and outward glitter. The true Church of Christ is infested by those who " seem to have " (Luke viii. 18). Archbishop Leighton has wisely remarked, " Hypocrites, as vermin in summer, breed most in the time of the Church's prosperity." The Church has long

enjoyed outward prosperity, and much empty profession is rife on every hand.

We have sometimes heard the remark, "It is better to receive many hypocrites into Christian fellowship than to reject one of Christ's lambs." Although there is a spirit of love about this expression highly commendable (and God grant we may never put a single stone in the way of a seeking lamb), yet we cannot fully agree with it. One diseased sheep may infect a whole fold. One treacherous citizen may cause destruction by opening the gates to the enemy. One secret sinner in the camp of Israel produced defeat at Ai. We would not knowingly entrust the secrets of our family life to any but a most trusty friend. Therefore we should feel anxious that we receive none into the visible fold of Christ but those who bear the Good Shepherd's mark. The wisest may, and do frequently, err in this, but let not this make us less careful; rather let it produce redoubled watchfulness, and earnest prayer for that wisdom that cometh from above, "Which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be intreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy" (James iii. 17); Jesus the Holy One knew what was in men's hearts; He could not be deceived. And the more His followers dwell in fellowship with Him, and partake of His Spirit, the less likely will they be to be carried away by deception. May He thus bless us, and make us "wise as serpents and harmless as doves."

W. BROOKE.

SACRED LOVE.

As I was seeking for an hour's employ,
I look'd for that which would produce most joy;
My mind from thing to thing began to rove,
At length I thought to write of Sacred Love.

But how the noble subject to begin,
I could not tell, I felt the power of sin;
Sin was a burden which would not remove
Until I felt the power of Sacred Love.

I felt surprised to think that I should be
An object loved by the Eternal Three—
I, that so freely sinned and madly strove
Against the Lord—the God of Sacred Love.

I tried again by measure and by space,
But found first motions I could never trace;
Then I concluded never more to rove,
To seek beginning to Eternal Love.

It is a pleasing subject, but so grand,
I need a nobler mind to guide my hand,
I need Thine influence, blest heavenly Dove,
To lead my thoughts to write of Sacred Love,

This love was fixed, ere men or worlds were framed,
On certain persons, separately named;
Distinctly writ in the Lamb's fair book above,
Not with a pen and ink—but Sacred Love.

In Christ those men were hid (though strange to tell),
Hid from the wrath of God and powers of hell;
Though yet unborn, 'twas known from God they'd rove,
Fall into sin, though not from Sacred Love.

And when the time expired that man was made
Complete—but left himself to take the lead;
He freely sinned, and then was sadly drove
From Eden's garden—not from Sacred Love.

Four thousand years had swiftly roll'd away,
Which brought to pass the looked for happy day;
When Jesus left awhile His seat above—
A mystery, glowing forth with Sacred Love.

He grew in stature, working with His hands,
Fulfilling all His Father's just commands;
In more than thirty years He neatly wove,
A robe for all the sons of Sacred Love.

But one great work, more wondrous than the rest—
He gave His life a ransom for the blest;
Though at the time they hate and disapprove,
Yet strong as death to them was Sacred Love.

No tongue can tell—no intellect surmise,
How low does reach, immensely high does rise—
How far and wide does spread—how swiftly move,
The wondrous speedy wings of Sacred Love.

What depths can equal those where sinners lie?
Or heights exceed the heavens above the sky?
The lowest sinner soon shall dwell above,
The sure and blest effect of Sacred Love.

How pleasing are the cords which draw the heart,
To Jesus' side, which once was made to smart;
Though now exalted high in heaven above,
His smiling looks are full of Sacred Love.

I look by Faith within the heavenly vail,
I see my brethren's joys can never fail;
While their sweet harps and tongues so sweetly move,
Praising in heavenly strains this Sacred Love.

Then, Lord, my soul would feel while here below,
Thy Sacred Love within to gently flow;
Until I join the glorious choir above,
In perfect strains to praise Thy Sacred Love.—*Denizen.*

CHRIST'S sorrows, griefs, and sufferings can be paralleled with nothing but His love.

GOD'S GOOD WORK OF GRACE.

ON Saturday evening, April, 17th, 1880, I called on our old friend and deacon, Ben Waters, and had a conversation with him, in the course of which he gave me the following account of his early days and the commencement of his religion :—

"My father lived at Swaffham near Cambridge, and was a shepherd. I can remember that, when I was quite a little boy, he used to take me into the fields to watch the sheep, and bring me back again when he went home. Even in those early days, I used to think I should die and be damned; and, in my childish ignorance, endeavoured to put off that terrible end by holding my breath as long as possible. My idea was, that I must breathe a certain number of times before I died; so, after holding my breath, I would say to myself, 'There! so much longer out of hell!' I used to think too of the resurrection, and hoped to be buried at Swaffham, so that when I rose from the grave, I should know which way to run to get away. As I grew up I became a shepherd, and had some sheep of my own; but at the age of seventeen or eighteen, I sold them, came to Cambridge, and apprenticed myself to a shoemaker. The men who worked in the shop were a bad lot; so much so, that the place went by the name of hell; and one of them was connected with a gang of robbers, about twelve in number. He wished to induce me to join them, and I went home with him to meet them. But about this time the Lord began to convince me of my sins. I had the horrors from time to time, and told my evil companion of them. His reply was, 'Oh, you must rip,* and brave it out and shake them off!' However, conviction took such hold on me that I was obliged to leave their society and go to chapel. On the Sunday I have had to pass a public house where they were drinking, and they have come out and said, 'Oh! so Ben's turned religious! Here, come on, Ben; your allowance is waiting for you!' A fellow-workman who had left the shop because of the profanity of the men (he was a Sunday School teacher) heard that I had turned religious, so left his work and came back to our shop. He said to me, 'Ben, I have come back because I have heard that you have turned religious.' 'Turned religious! I wish I could: but it's too late for that. Some time ago I might have done so, but now it's impossible; it's too late!' 'Nonsense, Ben,' said he; 'don't talk so.' 'But then I can't read.' 'I'll teach you to read,' he replied; and so he did; and that is how I learned to read the Bible. But when I began to read it there were such blocks! 'It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth; but of God that sheweth mercy.' Then

* That is, curse and swear, I suppose.

if I will, it's no use ; and if I run, it's no use. Again, 'Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated.' That's not fair, I used to think : Esau was as good a man as Jacob. Thus I quarrelled with my Maker. Moreover, I found myself unable to pray. There was a room at the top of the house, where I used to try to pray ; but fearing there might be somebody in the roof to overhear me, I would go out into the country to pray, on the road, or behind a hedge : still I could not pray. Then there was another difficulty ; I could not hate sin. If I could have done, there might have been some chance of being saved ; but I loved sin, and hated my Maker for not letting me alone in it. Why should He damn me here and damn me hereafter ? Why not leave me in peace in this life, if not in the next ? On one occasion, when at work, I said, 'Shopmates, would any one of you die and be damned, if the rest might be saved and go to heaven ?' 'You fool,' was the answer. 'Well, I would. I am certain of going to hell, and I would die now and be damned, if the rest might go to heaven.'

'Such were my feelings at that time. On Sunday I knew not what place of worship to go to ; so I used to take straws of different lengths, and fix on the longest, perhaps, for Trinity Church, the next for St. Andrew's Street Chapel, and so on. Then I put them on the table, shut my eyes, moved them about, and picked up one at random, to settle where I was to go that day. After a time, it came to my mind that this was gambling, so I left off casting lots for a place of worship. On one occasion I went to the chapel in St. Andrew's Street, and there was a collection for missionary purposes. I thought, if money will get anyone out of the place I am in, they shall have it ; so I gave all the money I had. When coming from the chapel, I looked at the flesh on my hands and said, 'I hate you ! You are full of sinful inclinations, and I hate you !' The words then occurred to me, 'No man ever yet hated his own flesh' ; and I thought, then it must be sin that I hate. This was some relief to me, but I soon sank back into my old despondency.

"About this time my father felt very uneasy about me, and said to mother, 'You must go over to Cambridge and look after that boy. I feel as if there was something amiss with him ; and I cannot rest night or day.' Accordingly mother came to Cambridge, and asked my master if there was anything the matter with me. He said there was not. 'The boy is very quiet, and does not eat his food as he used to, but I think there is nothing amiss with him.' She then asked if I could go for a walk with her, and we went out together. In reply to her questions, I said that I was well, and tried to appear as if there was nothing amiss with me. She was a God-fearing woman, and suspected that I was in trouble about my soul. After a bit, she began to talk about the

love of sin—the members warring against the law of the mind. This touched me; my heart began to swell, and I was about to burst into tears, but, feeling that this would be a great shame to a *man*, I took to my heels, and ran away from her as hard as I could, all the way down a passage. She called out after me, so I turned round with my hand to my eyes to brush away the tears, motioned a good-bye to her, and went back to the shop.

“At one time I went to the meeting in Green Street, and heard John Foreman. I stood behind a pillar just inside the door to listen, and he began to tell my tale better than I could have done myself. ‘I wonder where you got that from,’ thought I; ‘I shall go.’ But something whispered, ‘Nay, stay and see whether the man tells lies or not.’ He went on to describe my case exactly, and then said, ‘As sure as there’s a God in heaven, and I stand here before Him, sooner or later the Lord will deliver that soul.’ ‘Ah,’ I thought, ‘that is all you know about it.’ The assertion brought me no comfort, for I did not believe it.”

At this point I interrupted friend Waters by saying, “I feel interested in your account, for I know something of this path myself. But home calls for me now, and I must go. I hope you will go on with the tale at some future time.”

Saturday, April 24th, I saw Waters again, and he resumed his account as follows: “After hearing John Foreman describe my case, as I told you, I continued for some time in the same desponding state, going sometimes to one place of worship, sometimes to another. The reading of God’s Word brought me no comfort, for I thought He was unfair not to give all men a chance of being saved. Dreadful enmity worked in my mind, and I was constantly tempted to curse God, to curse His creation, and to curse His children. I wished that I had never been born, or that I had been a dog, or a cat, or anything without an immortal soul. However, what I have suffered is nothing—nothing at all; but I have cause to bless God for ever sending His only-begotten Son to die for sinners, and I have cause to bless the Holy Spirit for His patience and kindness in teaching me. Talk about a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke! it doesn’t seem to set forth half my stubbornness. I have a respect for Tom, for the patience *he* had with me in teaching me to read; but when I think of the blessed Spirit of God and *His* patience in dealing with me, it is wonderful! On one occasion I stammered down the ninth chapter of John, till I came to these words: ‘If ye were blind ye should have no sin.’ ‘No sin!’ said I, ‘that would be wonderful. I know I am blind, for I don’t know who is right, Charles Simeon, or Thoday, or Edmunds, or Drake.’ This gave me some hope; but I soon sank again into my old place. One evening I was alone in my bedroom, and these words were brought to my mind: ‘And this is the

covenant which I will make with the house of Israel after those days, saith the Lord: I will put my laws in their hearts, and in their minds will I write them; and their sins and iniquities will I remember no more.' My burden was now gone, and I could sing—

"God Himself is my salvation,
Now my happy soul can say;
Free from every condemnation,
Christ has borne my sins away.'

After this I was happy for some time. Then the sweetness and power of the blessing began to wear off, and one day this thought struck me: 'Suppose anyone were to say to you, "Waters, someone has left you £150 a year, so you can put away your snobbing and live comfortably upon it." Shouldn't you like that, and shouldn't you feel very rejoiced at it?' I said 'Yes, certainly I should.' 'Well, it would only be a delusion that made you happy; and so it was with the blessing you thought you had some time ago.' I sank into dismay under this temptation, and in my trouble ran into the yard. It was a windy day, and one gust after another came against me; and then followed the words, 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit.' This relieved my mind and calmed me." "J. P. W."

He was upheld by the grace of God, and maintained an honourable profession for many years; was greatly afflicted in body, and at times much tried in his mind by the temptations of Satan; but God, who first began the good work in his heart, carried it on, notwithstanding all the opposition; and when brought on his dying-bed, though at first much assaulted by unbelief, shortly before the end the Lord again visited him with His presence, and he exclaimed, "Perfect love has cast out all fear"; and, with this love in sweet exercise, he passed away, December 12th, 1886, aged eighty-one years. R. F. R.

GOD'S gold is the world's dross. They of whom the world is not worthy, are counted not worthy to live in the world.

THE love of Christ hath a height without a top, a depth without a bottom, a length without an end, and a breadth without a limit (Eph. iii. 18, 19).

IF believers are condemned *by* the world, let them remember that they shall not be condemned *with* the world. Sin may live in a believer, but a believer cannot live in sin. It may lose its dominion, though not leave its habitation.

"SPIRITUAL BLESSINGS."

WE promised, last month, to give a few further extracts from Dr. J. Fletcher's work on "Spiritual Blessings" (Eph. i. 3-4). But as our space this month is so limited, we cannot give all we purposed giving, therefore we have chosen two or three on some of the principal parts of Gospel truth dealt with in the work; and, if the Lord will, we may at some future time take up some other parts as subjects for separate papers. The Doctor is very clear as to the fruits and effects of true evangelical religion, in the hearts and lives of those who are, by the Holy Spirit, made partakers of the same. He says (page 49):—

"The doctrines of evangelical religion are 'according to godliness'; and they are revealed as objects of faith, that they may become principles of holiness. Every scriptural doctrine is a principle, designed to affect the heart, and produce its corresponding impression on the habits and character.

"Were it proper or necessary on this occasion, it might be made to appear, that every part of the system of Christian doctrine is holy in its tendencies, and directly subversive of 'all manner of iniquity.' 'The grace of God . . . teaches us to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world.'

"The design of our Lord's mediation cannot be effected without [or short of] holiness.

"If we are pardoned, it is that we may be sanctified; if we are the objects of Divine compassion, it is that we may be made the objects of Divine complacency. 'He gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify to Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.'

"'Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.' Heaven is the scene of perfect purity. There nothing shall enter that defileth; and a moral capacity for the enjoyments and services of that exalted state must be possessed in time, or the incapacity will remain for ever! Here the character must be formed, which is to fix our future destiny (See Matt. xxv. 34-46)."

On the subject of reprobation, the Doctor is, to our mind, very truthful and clear; we having, from the first of our being led by the Spirit into the nature of the two covenants, been convinced that the lost sinner is condemned *for* his sin; and therefore it is proved that he is appointed to wrath as the *result* of his sin. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," is God's appointment, who is too holy, just, and good, to ordain a man to commit the sin for which the righteous Judge condemns him.*

* See the extract from Charnock.

(Page 66.) "Appointment to wrath, or the Divine determination respecting those who are finally condemned, is not irrespective of character. On the contrary, while salvation, in its origin, medium, and consummation, is the result of pure, unmerited favour, condemnation, both in the appointment and the administration of the Most High, is the result of His merited displeasure. There is a remarkable variation in the phraseology of Scripture in some passages that refer to the final state of men. In the account given by our Lord of the awful procedures of the day of judgment, while the righteous are invited to enter the kingdom which God had prepared for them from before the foundation of the world, the wicked are consigned to the region prepared for the devil and his 'angels.' The Apostle Paul represents the 'vessels of mercy' as those 'whom God had before prepared unto glory;' thus distinctly recognizing the agency and the sovereignty of God: but he describes the 'vessels of wrath' as 'fitted to destruction,' without specifying any agency, beyond themselves, as the cause of that awful preparation; thus leading us to their own actual character and moral desert, as the true grounds of their condemnation. It may still be asked, If all be considered as sinners, and some are 'chosen in Christ Jesus,' why are others left to the consequence of their own voluntary and uncontrolled agency? Here it may be replied, that we can do nothing more than employ the language of our Lord, when distinctly referring to this procedure of the Infinite Jehovah—'Even so, Father! for so it seemed good in Thy sight!'"

(Page 80.) "'No man is an unbeliever,' says the judicious Charnock, 'but because he will be so; and no man is a believer, but because the grace of God changes his heart and turns him to Christ.' Let these two principles of human responsibility and Divine sovereignty be firmly maintained, and all their practical connections are invariably and consistently preserved, and there will be no danger of partial and erroneous exhibitions of Christian truth. But if either the one or the other be forgotten or denied, the order and harmony of the sacred system are destroyed; and Pelagian pride or Antinomian [fatalistic] presumption will be the fatal result."

On the subject of man's responsibility under the Gospel, we are not prepared to express ourselves as being satisfied that the result arrived at by the Doctor is clearly made out. It may be for want of distinctness in expressing himself, or through failure of perception. But this part of the work, we are compelled to leave for a future paper.

If the children of God did but know what was best for them, they would perceive that God did that which is best for them.

THE BELIEVER JOURNEYING HOMEWARDS.

SATAN is a continual adversary. He rebelled against the sovereign will of the Most High in heaven and was cast out. As soon as man was formed, he began to tempt him to rebel against God, and he succeeded. Ever since the revelation was made of the Divine purpose to redeem sinners, he has set himself up against it, and with impotent rage opposed it. He is always trying to hinder sinners from coming to the Saviour, and when they are come to Him, to hinder them from living by faith upon His fulness. On the side of Satan are principalities and powers—combined armies and united legions of apostate spirits; formidable to man for their number, more so for their subtlety and cunning: they have stratagems and wiles, depths of skill to deceive, in which they are so successful that they have deceived the whole world. Their courage is desperate—they fear nothing; for they were mad enough to take up arms against the Almighty. No wonder, then, that they should be unwearied in their attacks against man. They are always upon the watch, ready as one temptation fails, to present another. Their strength is very great; they are called principalities and powers, rulers and princes, yea, the gods of this world, because they work as they please in the children of disobedience; whom they keep so fast bound in the chains of sin, that no human arm can break them asunder. And it is the only joy they know—the joy of hell—to rivet the chains of sin upon those poor captives, till they bind them in everlasting chains of darkness.

These, O my soul, are thine enemies. They had drawn thee into their rebellion, and they are still trying to draw thee into their torments—they have free access to thy fallen nature—they know how to make use of the objects in the world to work upon thy senses and to stir up evil thoughts—they have fiery darts always at hand to throw at thy faith, and rest not night and day in attacking thy peace and happiness in Jesus.

“Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His holy name,” for undertaking to save thee from those enemies. The love of the Father gave His Son to be the woman's seed—Jehovah Incarnate—for His people. In their nature he was to bruise the head of the serpent,—his cunning, his poison, and all his power to hurt, lie in his head; when this is bruised, he is defeated. The battle to be fought was foretold, and the victory to be won was promised to Adam; and by faith in it, he and all the redeemed in the Old Testament conquered Satan. In the fulness of time God was manifest in the flesh—He came to destroy the works of the devil. Sin is his great work; by it he drew man from God, and by it he keeps man from God. In-

manuel began the destruction of the works of the devil by taking human nature. His manhood was perfectly holy—it had not, it could not have, any sin, because God was in Christ; there was everything in His holy life which the law could require. He obeyed all its precepts with uninterrupted conformity, and being co-equal and co-eternal with the Father, His obedience was therefore divine, absolutely complete, and infinitely sufficient to justify for ever. He was tempted, indeed, but He overcame every temptation; He defeated Satan in all his attempts, insomuch that, when He was entering upon the last scene of His life, He could declare, “The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in Me.” He did come, and the great pitched battle was fought which was to decide for ever, whether the seed of the woman, or the serpent should be crowned conqueror. The battle began in the Garden of Gethsemane, and was finished upon Mount Calvary. Every stratagem of infernal policy was then tried—every assault of devilish malice was exerted against the Captain of our salvation; but He conquered them all, as it was foretold: “Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt Thou trample under Thy feet.” He trod upon the serpent’s head, and crushed it; but at the same time, the serpent bit His heel. The heel is His lowest part—His body; this fell in the conflict, but He completed His victory by the loss of His life. The Apostle speaks of the cross, upon which He bled and died, as the great scene of this engagement, and on which He vanquished and triumphed for ever over the powers of hell. Having spoiled principalities and powers, and taken away all their armour wherein they trusted, He made a show of them openly, triumphing over them upon the cross—leading them as you would captives in chains; rebels still, but unable to rob the Lord Christ of the glory of any part of His conquest. Thus, through death He conquered death, and him that had the power of death, that is the devil. O blessed and almighty Jesus, eternal thanks are due to Thee for this most glorious victory. Satan is now a vanquished foe—he is under Thy feet, Thou high exalted Head of the redeemed. Thou hast for them, and in their stead, overcome all his wiles and assaults. He may tempt, but he cannot conquer them. He has no right to accuse them—Thou hast made an end of sin: he has no power to torment them—Thou hast brought in everlasting righteousness: he cannot pluck them out of Thy hands—they are dear to Thee, and kept as the apple of Thine eye. Glory be to Thee! Thou wilt soon bring them out of the reach of his temptations, and Thou wilt be to them an eternal and infinitely perfect Saviour.

In this faith, O my soul, thou art called upon to take up arms against the old serpent. Thou art to fight against him under the

banner of Jesus—a name terrible to the devil and his angels. Trusting to the victory of Jesus for thee, and to the strength of Jesus working in thee, thou art daily to bring Him honour and renown. How safe, how blessed is such a warfare ! Thou hast the wisdom of thy God and Saviour to discover to thee the wiles of Satan. Trust to it, O my soul—leave thyself simply to His direction ; and although Satan be subtle and cunning—although he has depths of policy and plans out of number, yet thou shalt not be ignorant of his devices. Thy all-knowing Saviour will detect his plots, and turn the counsel of that Ahitophel into folly. And if he attack thee as a roaring lion, yet fear him not—thy Redeemer is strong, He has bruised the serpent's head, resist him in faith, and thou shalt bruise it also. Lean on the arm of thy Jesus—depend on His promised strength—follow His orders, and thou shalt tread Satan under thy feet daily.

But, above all, remember that thou canst only conquer him by faith—by faith in the victory of Jesus, built upon thy faith in the word of Jesus : for thus the Scripture testifies of the conquerors now round the throne ; “that they overcame the devil by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of their testimony”—they overcame him by depending upon the atoning blood, and by trusting to what the Word says of its all-sufficiency to save ; and they found by experience the promised victory. To the same effect the Apostle Peter stirs up believers to a sobriety in the use of all creature comforts, and to a continual watchfulness against these enemies, in order that they might daily conquer ; “Be sober, be vigilant, because your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour : whom resist steadfast in the faith.” This brings victory. The believer resists the devil, and stands against him steadfastly, in the power of Christ. This power is almighty ; and, therefore, faith relying upon it infallibly secures the victory. The devil may throw his fiery darts thick and fast, but the shield of faith is proof against them. It is able, through God, to quench them, so that the fire of temptation shall not inflame the soul. How precious are these Scriptures ! how encouraging to the Christian soldier ; they promise him everything needful for battle and for victory. Why, then, shouldst thou doubt, O my soul, of the promised blessings ? Take courage ; fight under the banner of Jesus, keep close to His colours, follow strictly His orders, and He will keep Satan under thy feet today, and thou shalt be more than conqueror over him for ever.

Considering thy war with Satan in this light, what is there in it, O my soul ; to stop thee in thy way to heaven ? Thou art called upon to fight against him, but then it is in the Lord's strength, and as a partaker of His conquest. He made

all thine enemies His, He fought thy battles, His triumph is thine. Thou mayest, therefore, sing of victory before every battle. Thou dost not fight to gain the pardon of thy sins, or to make thyself righteous; but to oppose thine adversary, who would draw thee into sin, and, if he could, rob thee of thy righteousness. He hates thee because Christ loves thee; but his hatred is in vain. Thy Saviour has conquered him for thee, and by faith will conquer him in thee; for thou art kept by His almighty power. Trusting to this, go forth strong in the Lord. Whilst thou art living in communion with Him, thy warfare will be successful. If thou attend to His Word, and follow His orders, He will encourage thy heart, and strengthen thy hands, with such promises as these:—

I have chosen thee to be a soldier, and I send thee out to fight all the enemies of thy peace; but thou dost not go to this warfare at thine own charges, nor carry it on doubtful of victory. I have provided everything needful for maintaining the battle, and for bringing thee off conqueror. Thou shalt find much profit in this holy war: it will be the means of keeping up constant fellowship with Me. Thou shalt see thy need of coming to Me for courage, for orders, for strength; and by faith thou wilt receive sensible experience of My being present with thee, and on thy side. Only trust Me, and thou shalt find Me faithful to My promise of help and victory. Go forth, then, to thy daily warfare, and boldly face Satan. Fear him not in the least, for that would betray a doubt of My having put him under My feet, or of My putting him under thine. Give not place to him: no, not for a moment; but resist him, and continue to resist him steadfast in faith and prayer, trusting to My promise, and depending on Mine arm. Be sober, be vigilant. Thus oppose the devil, and thou wilt certainly conquer him. And having conquered, fight on. In the fight look to Me for victory; having obtained it expect a fresh battle, and look still to Me for victory: and thus go on conquering and to conquer. Thy crown is in My keeping; as sure as I have it on My head, it shall be on thine. Thou shalt soon sit down with me on My throne, a crowned conqueror for evermore."

Glory be to Thee, my precious Jesus, for these faithful promises, in which Thou hast caused me to put my trust. And now, Lord, let the thing that Thou hast spoken concerning Thy servant be established, and do as Thou hast said. Thou hast put it into my heart to desire to be a good soldier, and to fight Thy battles against all the enemies of Thy crown and dignity. O Thou glorious Captain of my salvation, arm me for my daily warfare with Satan. He is too cunning for me: Oh, my God, teach me his devices. He is too mighty for me, but the seed of the

woman hath bruised his head : yes ! Almighty Jesus, Thou hast destroyed the devil and his works. I believe in Thy victory : Oh, let me partake of its fruits, and daily bring Thee honour and renown by Thy victories. Make me strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus, that I may not fear Satan ; send me out against him armed with Thine invincible armour. Strengthen me, O my God, that I faint not through the length or sharpness of the battle, but enable me to persevere till Thou discharge me from the war. Thus in a constant dependence upon Thee would I fight the good fight of faith, keeping up communion with Thee in every battle, and growing more acquainted with my wants, and more thankful for every supply. Oh, my loving Jesus, increase my fellowship with Thee. I desire to war a good warfare, and everything needful for it is from Thee. From Thy fulness I expect it, and when I receive it, I would use it to Thy glory. Hear, Lord, and answer me, for Thy mercies' sake. Amen, and Amen.

—*Romaine.*

"THOU SHALT CALL HIS NAME JESUS."

JESUS ! O sacred, balmy name
 To sinners in distress,
 My shelter is Thy precious blood,
 My pillow is Thy breast.

Thy dying love revives my hope,
 And bids me look to Thee ;
 And now for pardon, peace, and rest,
 To Thy dear wounds I flee.

Thy grace alone can me suffice,
 So vile and poor am I ;
 My trust in Thee alone I place,
 Jesus, to me draw nigh.

Look on me as Thou didst on him
 Beside Thee on the tree,
 When he, e'en with his dying breath,
 Cried, " Lord, remember me."

" Mighty to save " Thou then didst prove,
 And Thou art still the same ;
 O Jesus, in my bosom pour
 The savour of Thy name.

Still at Thy feet I fain would lie,
 Still on Thy bosom rest ;
 Dear Lamb of God, Thy love and blood
 Suffice to make me blest.

THE EDITOR.

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

To the Editor of the Sower.

DEAR MR. HULL,—I am once more commencing a few lines to you, if you think well to insert them in your little Magazine. I am so thankful that God did put it in your heart to open a "Seekers' Corner" in the same, and I do hope, dear sir, that He has made me a seeker, and that I have, in many of the writers' letters, been enabled to trace much of my own experience, which I trust the dear Lord has made a help and encouragement to my soul. Since I last wrote to you, many changes, many doubts, many fears have been very distressing to me at times; and as I have seen the deceitfulness and unbelief of my own evil heart, I have been compelled to say inwardly, "Can ever God dwell here?" I am placed in a position now where I have no earthly friend with whom I can converse on spiritual things, and sometimes I am detained at home on a Sunday afternoon, which has caused me much sorrow at heart; but one day, seeing a line or two in the SOWER gave me much comfort, for it said how much better it was to have a desire to be amongst God's people than to be left careless and indifferent, with every opportunity before us, and no appetite for them. I must say I am greatly favoured in being able to hear the true Gospel when I do attend the means of grace, and hope my soul has been truly blessed as I have sat and drank in every word the dear servants of God have been led to utter. I cannot describe to you how sweet those words came to mind the other morning, while meditating on the afflictions, bereavements, and suffering of my fellow-creatures: the words were these—

"Plagues and deaths around me fly,
Till He bids, I cannot die."

also—

"Not one single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit."

I felt that, come what might, I had these sweet words to help and comfort me. Oh, sir, I feel we are living in very serious times; surely, as a nation, we are straying from the good old ways which our forefathers have trod. How little are our privileges esteemed! how God's Sabbath is made a day of carnal ease and pleasure, so called; but oh, I feel I would rather pass the rough and thorny way now, if only Jesus smiles—if only I can hear Him say, "This is the way, walk ye in it," rather than have all this world's riches to call my own, and no desire within for Christ, for these would profit me nothing in death. I feel more and more that I must have a religion that will do to live and die by.

But I am so fearful lest I should at the last be found wanting. I get into such a cold, indifferent and lifeless frame sometimes, that I am led to question myself, feeling that I am deceived, and thinking that I should not get into such straits and difficulties if I were a true child of God. Then, again, I hear the word with some little meltings of heart, and some dewdrops seem to fall so refreshingly on my soul. Thus I keep on ; sometimes a little springing up of hope, and at others sinking low ; still, I am kept from ever wishing to go back into the worldling's place, and I trust I may, by the grace of God, be enabled to press on. May the Lord still continue to support and strengthen you, is the desire of,

Maidstone.

Yours truly,
C. M.

[Yes, press on dear friend ; the Lord will clear all up one day, and thou shalt be able to say, "He hath led me by the right way." "He hath done all things well."—ED.]

DEAR FRIEND,—I did intend to write sooner concerning the letter of F. E. in the SOWER of February last, but had forgotten it. I was very pleased to see it, and also your remarks on the same. It gladdened my heart. I felt I was one with the writer in desires and aspirations, and I don't want that religion or that joy and assurance which, according to some, is so easily attainable. I want a God-given peace and assurance, and I find no other will do for me. I love that sweet hymn of John Berridge's (268 Gadsby's), and trust I have felt a little of the meaning of its beginning—

"If Jesus kindly say,
And with a whispering word,
'Arise, my love, and come away,'
I run to meet my Lord," &c.,

and many more of his precious hymns. They are written in such plain language, and are so apt and to the point, and just suit such poor and needy sinners as I feel myself to be, that I feel great love to the dear old pilgrim ; although some despise his hymns, because they are not clothed in such refined language as Watts' and others. The same may be said of Hart's, but I bless God for both of them, and all such like choice Christians, who knew what it was to have to do with God individually. I fully believe that Christ is so hid from the eyes of all living, that it is impossible to know Him without a Divine revelation, according to Matthew xi. 25-27. Like your correspondent, I cannot attain to what I should like in divine things, but my soul sees more beauty in a right knowledge of God than in all the world besides, and in this,

says Christ, consists eternal life. May you, dear friend, be spared to contend earnestly for these things, in this day of declension and departure from the truth as it is in Jesus. I have heard you and the SOWER accused of Arminianism, but I do not believe a word of it.* I have not found it so; and if what you contend for is branded with such falsehood, I am content to bear such reproach myself, for I know it is the truth of God, and contend for the same things, in my poor way, when I have an opportunity, though not in a pulpit. I think Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress and Holy War set forth most scripturally the work of grace in the soul, but I find very few who know anything about it in experience. Truly the righteous are being taken away from the evil to come, and few, if any, are being raised up in their stead. The Psalmist's prayer is much needed to be put up now, "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth, and the faithful fail from among the children of men."

Wishing you every blessing, I am, yours respectfully,
March 17th, 1892. J. S.

DEAR SIR,—I do thank you for your kind and encouraging words at the end of my letter in this month's (April) SOWER. I do indeed feel, dear sir, that the Lord overrules all for good, and even the things which seem against us are really best for us; and sometimes I have thought, perhaps the Lord does not give me full assurance, to make me look to Him more. If I had all I wanted, there would be a proneness to trust in what I possessed, instead of in Christ. Your words have helped me, and I am now glad I sent the letter. I feel it is Satan that often keeps me from doing things which in my mind I would like to do. With many thanks for your kindness, and wishing you every blessing,

I am, dear Sir, yours very gratefully,
 A. C.

[Our earnest desire is to help the seeking ones, by means of the "Seekers' Corner," and we rejoice, as we believe many other gracious souls do, to know that our efforts are not in vain.—ED.]

DEAR SIR,—I am a reader of the GLEANER and SOWER, and I must say I am very pleased with the "Seekers' Corner." Several times I have felt I must send you a few lines, but have been afraid of saying too much, for when I begin I hardly know where

* We thank our friend for his kind and encouraging testimony. We ever desire to stand approved of God, spreading abroad the truth as we have received it of Him, so as to be pure from the blood of all men. Then lying lips and slandering tongues will not harm us.—ED.

to leave off; but I read a line or two in this month's (March) GLEANER, where you said, "We know there are some who are called in early life." I am one, and it has saved me from ten thousand snares. I often look back with a thankful heart. I was only seven or eight years old when I was left at home and burnt my finger. "Oh," I thought, "this pain is awful." Then it came, "Whatever must it be to be in hell for ever and for ever!" That sunk into my very soul, and I felt fixed to where I stood. Then, for the first time, I felt what a sinner I was. I was afraid to look at the sun, moon, or stars, and too sinful to pray. "Oh," I thought, "I cannot say anything good enough to God, for I am only mocking Him." This went on till I was thirteen or fourteen. Then I had the ague, and this text came, "In my Father's house are many mansions"; it filled me brim-full of heavenly joy. I thought my heart must burst, for my full soul could hold no more. My face shone with heavenly joy, and my dear mother, who is now in glory, ran out of the house and got a neighbour to come in. I knew then God was my Father, and that there was then a mansion for me. If I could have called the world my own, I would have freely given it all to have died, but it pleased God to raise me up again, to my regret, and after a few more months I began to think I had got no nearer heaven than when I first set out. One summer's day, I was walking across a meadow, where there were deep cracks across my path, and I was afraid to step over them, for fear the ground would open and swallow me up. Then I thought I heard someone speak, "Be still, and know that I am God," and never any more was I afraid to step over cracked ground. I was fifty-eight last January, and am now expecting to go home, where there will be no more partings and no more pain. I had the influenza so very bad, that, on the 22nd of January, I felt my last day was come, when I heard a whisper at my bedside, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee"; and at night I felt as if a little door opened close to my left breast, then I sang—

"For ever with the Lord!

Amen; so let it be;

Life from the dead is in that word,

'Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent,

Absent from Him I roam,

Yet nightly pitch my moving tent

A day's march nearer home."

I felt just as if it poured out of my mouth. May God bless your labours, and let the dear Seekers go forward. God will make a way for them. It was fifty years ago when God began that good work in my heart, and it has been carried on till now, and I cannot

feel that He will leave me at last in trouble to sink. I hope you will excuse me, if I have taken too much liberty. Oh, that when weighed in the balance, I may not be found wanting.

Yours truly,

P—.

Witham, March 21st, 1892.

"The work which His goodness began
The arm of His strength will complete;
His promise is Yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet."

[The Lord will be faithful even to old age and hoar hairs.—ED.]

DEAR MR. HULL,—I have been very much encouraged in reading the "Seekers' Corner," for many of the writers have expressed just my feelings. It seemed to me that none could ever feel as I do—at one time feeling such a sweetness in pouring out my heart at the throne of grace, and at other times feeling so cold and dead, such a hard heart, that I then fear I am out of the secret altogether. How often the question comes in, "Am I a real seeker? Do I really want Christ?" I hope I do. I trust there are times when I can say, from my heart, "Give me Christ, or else I die!" I do want to love Him. I can say, in the words of that sweet hymn—

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

I long for the time to come when Jesus will reveal Himself to me as my Saviour. It does not satisfy me even to see others brought to a knowledge of the truth. I want to know it for myself. I hope the time will not be long, when, He who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, will shine into my heart, and chase the clouds away; for when the sun is hidden by dark clouds, it is indeed dark. I feel that I can say, with the poet—

"I want that real, special good,
Yet all my wants are summed up here,
I want, I feel I want my God."

Hoping the Lord will bless you in your labour of love,
I remain, yours sincerely,

Leicester, March 23rd, 1892.

L. H.

[After declaring that the trying of the faith of the saints bringeth forth patience, James says, "But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting

nothing." The Lord keeps the fire burning until the refining is accomplished. As Job says, "When He hath tried me I shall come forth as gold." Dear friend, seek profit rather than ease; these changes are to bring you off from all to Christ.—ED.]

NOTE.—We have several long letters waiting insertion. Correspondents will oblige by not writing too lengthy epistles.—ED.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR CHILD,—How fares it with you? Is your soul in health? Is Jesus precious to you? or do you wish you had never named His name? Would you like to go back again to the world? Do you think you would be more comfortable in it than in the Church? If so, what is to hinder? But *remember*, "He that putteth his hand to the plough and looketh back, is not fit for the kingdom of heaven." What is the *true* wisdom in these things? "My (daughter), if *thine* heart be *wise*, thou shalt be wise for thyself"; nevertheless, "My heart shall rejoice, *even mine*."

The good Lord *bless thee, my child*, and enable thee to set thy face like a flint against the world, with its fashions—the flesh, with all its evil inclinations—and the devil, with all his temptations. May you be enabled to "run with patience the race set before you, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith."

I hope you had a good day yesterday, and may you have many more. For myself, I can only say, I got through as well as I could. The Lord is very pitiful towards me, and of great patience, and is generally much better to me than my fears. I think I can say, I wish to speak good of His name, and He knows it.

Please give my love to Mr. and Miss W., and all friends, and accept the same yourself, from

Your affectionate Father,
H. HAMMOND.

Troubridge, December 6th, 1880.

GOD hath no sons that are unlike Himself.

A TRUE Christian may be weary *in* serving God, but he is never weary *of* serving Him.

HE is neither afraid of dying nor living; he desires to go to heaven to see Christ, yet is willing to stay upon earth to serve Christ.



"THEY REGULARLY ATTENDED THE SECRET MEETINGS." (See page 142.)

A FAMILY OF MARTYRS.

MRS. OGUIER and her family were among the leading members of the Reformed Church in the Netherlands, and all of them adorned it by their exemplary Christian deportment. They were pre-eminent in their zeal for the diffusion of the truth. They abounded, too, in works of charity; and, being in good worldly circumstances, they possessed the means of gratifying their benevolent inclinations. They regularly attended the secret meetings held by the Reformers for prayer and the exposition of the Scriptures, and these meetings were often held in their house. For a short period this excellent family remained undisturbed, but in those perilous times the faithful stood in jeopardy every hour. The Dominicans, alarmed lest the whole town of Lisle should be infected with heresy, began to censure the magistrates from the pulpits for their slackness in enforcing the laws against heretics, and for conniving at conventicles. Thus incited, the provost of the town, accompanied by his bailiffs, went, armed, through the houses of suspected persons on Saturday, the 6th of March, 1556-7, between nine and ten o'clock in the evening. Rushing impetuously into the house of Mrs. Oguier, whose character and the character of whose family was well known to them, they searched every part of it for prohibited books, some of which they found, and then carried away herself, her husband, and her two sons, Baldwin and Martin, to prison. While the prisoners were passing through the streets, Baldwin, who had been the chief object of the search, cried, with a loud voice, which was heard by numbers, "Oh, Lord, not only to be prisoners for Thee, but also give us grace boldly to confess Thy holy doctrine before men, and that we may seal it by the ashes of our body for the edification of Thy poor Church." They were thrown into prison, and rudely handled; but all of them praised God, who had accounted them worthy to suffer for His name's sake. A few days after, they were brought before the magistrates of Lisle and examined. "We are informed," said the magistrates, "that you never go to Mass, and that you hinder others from going to it. We are also informed that you keep conventicles in your house, and that in these erroneous doctrine is taught, contrary to the doctrines of our holy mother Church, by all which you have contravened the statutes of his imperial majesty." The father, for himself and the rest, answered, "Honourable sirs, you ask why we do not go to Mass. The reason is, because the precious blood of the Son of God and His oblation are thereby rendered void, and because Christ, by one offering, hath perfected them who are sanctified. Paul speaks of only one

Sacrifice (Heb. x. 14). Christ and His apostles celebrated the Supper, in which all the Christian people communicated, but we do not read in the Holy Scriptures that they ever offered the sacrifice of the Mass, or appointed it to be offered, or knew what it is. It has, therefore, no authority in the Word of God. It is the invention of men, and Christ has said, 'In vain do they worship Me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men' (Matt. xv. 9). Nor do we deny that we have held assemblies of good and pious people in our house, but these have been for the advancement of the glory of Jesus Christ, and have not been to the prejudice of the Government. We know that the Emperor has forbidden them, but we also know that Christ has commanded them. We could not, therefore, obey the one without disobeying the other, and we preferred obeying God rather than man." One of the magistrates then asked the prisoners what was done at their conventicles. "With your lordship's permission," said Baldwin, the eldest son, "I will give you a full account of that matter," and, having obtained leave, he proceeded thus: "When we are come together in the name of the Lord, to hear His Holy Word, we all fall at once down upon our knees, confess in humility of heart our sins before the Divine Majesty, and earnestly beseech Him that His Word may be purely preached to us, and rightly understood by us. We also pray for our sovereign lord the Emperor, and for all his council, that the commonwealth may be governed with peace, and to the glory of God. Nor are you, my lords, forgotten by us, as our immediate governors. We supplicate God for you and this whole city, that He would support you in what is good and just. Do you, therefore, still believe that our assembling together for these purposes can be so criminal as has been represented to you? As a proof of the truth of what I now state, I am ready, if you please, my lords, to recite these very prayers before you." Some of the judges having notified their assent, he immediately kneeled down before them, and poured forth a prayer with such fervency of spirit and vehement emotion that it drew tears from the eyes of the judges. Having concluded, and standing up, "These," said he, "are the things which pass in our meetings." These four confessors were afterwards put to the rack, to extort from them a discovery of those who frequented their meetings, but they completely baffled their inquisitors, refusing, under the extremity of the torture, to reveal the names of any of their brethren, excepting some who were already known, or who had already made their escape.

Four or five days after, the father and the eldest son, Baldwin, were adjudged to the flames, which they endured with unshrinking courage. The two martyrs were heard conversing together in

the midst of the flames, even when they were at the highest, and the son, as long as he had strength to speak, was observed to encourage his father. The condemnation of Mrs. Oguier, and of her son Martin, was deferred, probably in the hope that she, being a woman, and that her youngest son from his youth, might be brought to recant. The more effectually to produce this result they were separated from each other, and harassed by the monks with incessant exhortations to repent and return to the bosom of the Romish Church. Like his father and brother, Martin was not to be trepanned into a compromise of his principles, even by the prospect of saving his life. He was, however, afraid that his mother, plied by ceaseless importunities, might, with the dread of an appalling death, be driven to renounce with the mouth those truths which she continued to believe with the heart. His fears were too truly realized. By promises and threatenings she at last yielded; and the monks, who had been unsuccessful in their efforts to shake the constancy of her son, even prevailed upon her to use her influence to induce him to abjure his errors, and return to the path of truth, as they expressed it. This her enemies accounted a great victory, of which they loudly boasted; and her Christian friends, on hearing the rumour of her falling courage, were deeply grieved. The former had not long to exult, nor the latter to grieve. Love to the truth all the while burned within her breast, and an affectionate appeal to her heart fanned it into a flame, raising her superior to torture and death. Her son, when admitted to see her, on discovering that she had fallen from her steadfastness, and that she began to advise him to follow her example, cried out, weeping, "Oh, my mother, what have you done? Have you denied the Son of God who redeemed you? Alas! what has He done to you, that you so injure and dishonour Him? Now is that misfortune befallen me which I most dreaded. Oh, my God! why have I lived to the present moment to witness what pierces to my inmost soul?" This at once recovered her from the shock she had received. The word and tears of a son who was in every respect so dear to her went to her heart, and, ashamed of her pusillanimity, she burst into tears, acknowledged with unfeigned sorrow her apostacy, and besought forgiveness from God. "Good God!" she cried, "have mercy upon me! Hide my transgressions under the righteousness of Thy Son, and grant me strength to abide by my first confession, and confirm me in it to the last breath of my life." That, yielding to natural feeling, her constancy in the day of trial should for a moment have failed, the more especially as she was precluded from all intercourse with her friends, need not excite our surprise. The terror of the stake has shaken the resolution of the stoutest

hearts ; and yet, when we see them, by trusting more to that strength which is made perfect in weakness, recovering themselves from depressing terrors, and submitting to the utmost that men can inflict upon them with a courage rendered only the more determined from their having stumbled and fallen, it would be to violate every generous feeling of our nature harshly to censure the temporary irresolution into which they have been hurried, in circumstances so difficult and trying.

Soon again the monks visited Mrs. Oguier, expecting to find her in the same state of mind into which they had brought her. But, immediately as they entered her cell, she addressed them, "Depart, ye messengers of Satan, for you have no more share in me ! I wish to subscribe my first confession, and if it cannot be done with ink, it shall be done with my blood." In vain did they now promise to spare her life as a reward for recantation ; in vain did they hold forth the dreadful death certainly awaiting her, if she persisted in her alleged errors. She stood firm as a rock amidst the buffetings of the tempest. The consequence was, that she and her son were brought before the judges, and condemned to be burned alive. They both heard their sentence with unaltered countenances, which their persecutors mistook for sullen obstinacy. On their way from the bar to the prison, each of them blessed God for His goodness in causing them to triumph by Jesus Christ over all their enemies ; and the son, encouraging his mother, said to her, "My mother, do not forget the honour and the glory which our God confers upon us in conforming us to the image of His Son. Remember those who have walked in His ways, for they have gone no other road than this. Let us, then, boldly advance, my mother, and follow the Son of God, bearing His reproach, with all His martyrs, and thus shall we enter into the glory of the living God. Doubt not, my mother, that this is the way in which we ought to go, for you know that through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom of God." Upon hearing these words one of the officers vociferated, "Villain, we now see the devil entirely possesses you, soul and body, as he did your father and brother, who are now in hell." "My friend," said Martin, "your curses are blessings to me, before God and before His angels."

After this the mother betrayed no symptoms of weakness. No longer did her mind waver between a desire to live and a readiness to die for the truth. The latter sentiment supplanted and swallowed up the former. "Through faith, out of weakness she was made strong, and waxed valiant in fight—tortured, not accepting deliverance, that she might obtain a better resurrection."

At her martyrdom, she conducted herself with the utmost intrepidity. As she went up to the scaffold she said to her

son, who was to suffer with her, "Ascend, Martin—ascend, my son."

When he was about to address the spectators, she called to him, "Speak out, Martin, that they may know that we are not heretics"; and when he was not permitted to speak, moved at this, she cried out with a loud and clear voice to the bystanders, while the executioners were binding her to the stake, "We are Christians, and what we are about to suffer is neither for theft nor murder, but because we will not believe anything in religion save that which is taught in the Word of God."

This, the true cause of their being committed to the burning pile, was a consolation, a ground of rejoicing to them both. The flames soon enveloped them, but amidst their violence the constancy of the martyrs remained undiminished, and, lifting up their eyes to heaven, they exclaimed with one voice, "Lord Jesus, into Thy hands we commend our spirits."

Their martyrdom took place about eight days after that of the father and the eldest son.

"TO WHOM COMING."

"And him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.—

JOHN vi. 37.

CHRIST saith not, "And him that *talketh*, that professeth, that maketh a show, a noise," or the like, "but him that *cometh*." Christ will take leave to judge who, among the many that make a noise, they be that indeed are coming to Him. It is not him that saith he cometh, nor him of whom others affirm that he cometh, but him that Christ Himself shall say doth come, is concerned in the text. When the woman that had the bloody issue came to Him for cure, there were others as well as she that made a great bustle about Him—that touched, yea, thronged Him. Ah! but Christ could distinguish this woman from them all! "And He looked round about them all to see her that had done this thing." He was not concerned with the thronging nor touching of the rest, for theirs was but accidental, or at best, void of that which made *her* touch acceptable. Wherefore Christ must be Judge who they be in truth that are coming to Him. "Every man's ways are right in his own eyes, but the Lord weigheth the spirits." . . . The words "To *Me*" are also to be well heeded . . . Some that come, come no farther than the Gospel ordinances, and there stay; they come not through them to Christ; with these neither is He concerned, nor will their "Lord, Lord" avail anything in the great and dismal day. A man may come and go also from the place of ordinances, of worship, and yet not be remem-

bered by Christ. "So I saw the wicked buried [says Solomon] who had come and gone from the place of the holy; and they were forgotten in the city where they had so done" (Eccles. viii. 10). "*To Me.*" These words are by Jesus Christ very warily put in, and serve for caution and encouragement; for caution, lest we take up in our coming anything *short* of Christ; and for encouragement to those that shall in their coming, *come past all* till they come to Christ. "And him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." The man that cometh aright casts all behind his back, and looketh at (nor hath his expectation from aught but) the Son of God alone.—*Extracted from Bunyan.*

"MY SOUL DESIRED THE FIRST-RIPE FRUIT."

I READ within the Holy Word,
A man of God does this record:
"Woe, woe is me, though like a tree,
I have no fruit that I can see.

"But summer seems entirely gone;
No fruit is left to feed upon.
The gleaned grapes are all away,
There's nothing I can do but pray.

"No grape is left for me to eat,
The taste I had has been so sweet;
'Twas food sent down from heaven above,
It savoured much of Jesus' love.

"It made me long this fruit to know;
Nor hunger more while here below;
It kindled up a pure desire,
Which wrought in me like heavenly fire."

'Tis not the Lord's all-wise decree
To grant all summer to a tree;
Autumn's day and winter's night
Are surely needful in His sight.

And lest, like some tall forest tree,
The heart with pride might lifted be,
The Lord designs to keep us low,
That, when we're poor, we Him might know.

He can supply our every need;
His power can all His creatures feed,
And help them through unto the end;
Then may we all on Him depend.

H. LANE.

NONE are so easily acquainted, so closely knit together, and so much endeared to one another, as real Christians.

REDEMPTION.

WE regard with peculiar interest and pleasure the workmanship of a person known to be eminently skilled in any particular art. Even so, viewing the glorious subject of Redemption as the work of the God-man Mediator, the ever blessed Lord Jesus Christ, we feel the interest of the theme is very great *for His sake*. Further, when we perceive how intimately it affects *us*, we may well become lost in contemplation thereupon *for our own sake*. It affects us so nearly, that if we are redeemed, we shall be saved with an everlasting salvation; if not redeemed, we shall perish for ever. The "redeemed from among men" alone stand before the throne of glory, serving the Lord continually in the "beauties of holiness."

All disciples of Jesus are taught their *need* of redemption. This is one of the very first lessons learned in the school of Christ.

"By nature and by practice far,
How very far, from God!"

The birth-state of all men is one of captivity and bondage so complete, that they are said to be "sold under sin." Our first parents were the only human creatures who ever lived (though only for a short time) free from the taint and curse of inherent and actual transgression; for they—and in them all mankind—were created with a capacity to keep themselves free from sin; they were "able to stand," by virtue of the uprightness in which they were created; but they were "liable to fall," by virtue of the freedom of will with which they were endowed as the noblest of God's creation. In the exercise of their free will they "sold themselves to the devil," and, yielding to his temptation, ate of the forbidden fruit, thereby presumptuously seeking to be "as gods." Their posterity, falling in them, transgressed likewise, lost their ability—given them in Adam—to keep the law, and are born with an inherent proneness to sin, and, therefore, with the curse of a broken law resting upon their very entrance into the world. Here we see the needs-be for a Redeemer. All "go astray from the womb, speaking lies"—very often *religious* lies; all by nature are "children of wrath"; and, till delivered from this bondage, all are "led captive by the devil at his will." The largest amount of outward morality a carnal person can have is but a little whitewash, concealing, more or less imperfectly, the deformity of the charnel-house of a corrupt and depraved heart; that is, so far as the matter of salvation is concerned. The *experience* of these things demonstrates the need of redemption. We must here observe, that one chief reason of the instability which is so strikingly characteristic of the professing Church at

the present time, is the little experimental acquaintance many Christians seem to have with the *depth of the fall*. Two truths are essentially at the foundation of all genuine and gracious experience: the degradation of all in the first Adam, and the exaltation of believers by the redeeming love of the dear Saviour. Those who best know how low they have sunk, will most appreciate the matchless riches of that grace, which raises "the beggar from the dunghill, and sets him among the princes" of God's people. The persons who have most understanding of the awful curse entailed on those "*under the law*," will most value and desire the glorious privileges pertaining to those "*under grace*."

Redemption conveys the idea of *deliverance from captivity by purchase*. The word translated "redeem" in our version is often rendered in Tyndale's version by the old English word, "*agenby*," i.e., "again-buy"—"buy again," which exactly expresses its true signification. Such a redemption necessarily presents a two-fold aspect. There is, first, the payment of the price; and, second, the actual release of the captive. We have, on the one hand, the payment of the price by the Lord Jesus on Calvary's tree, which was His own most precious blood, whereby the Church became His "purchased possession"; on the other hand, the liberation by the Holy Spirit, of the poor prisoner, fast shut up in the prison-house of spiritual death, with the devil and sin keeping watch and ward as jailors. To put it in another form, God the Son *wrought out* the redemption of the Church by the sacrifice of Himself; God the Holy Ghost *effects* it in regenerating, sanctifying, and, ultimately, glorifying the soul for whom Christ died. The whole work proceeding from (and ending in) the eternal and unchangeable love of God the Father, of whom it is written, "God is love." All of it, from first to last, is of Jehovah—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

"In His greater work—redemption—
See His glories in a blaze;
Nor can angels ever mention
Aught that more of God displays."

The subject of the present paper is set forth by type and figure in Numbers iii., where we have a description of the redemption by price of the first-born of the children of Israel (verses 41-51); and very aptly does it exemplify the same truth in regard to Christ's people, called the "Church of the first-born." According to the Mosaic law, the eldest sons of Israel were dedicated to the service of God in the sanctuary. However, in God's arrangement of the Jewish economy, the Levites were chosen to serve in their room and stead, man for man.

But the number of the first-born exceeded the number of Levites by 273. The surplus number were to be redeemed at the rate of five shekels apiece, and this money was called the "redemption-money." The Church of old learned by this two glorious truths, which stand for all time, namely: First, redemption by substitution—the substitution of the Levite for the first-born; and second, redemption by price—inasmuch as freedom was purchased by the payment of the redemption-money. Even so, the elect are redeemed, first, by the substitution of the Lord Jesus Christ, He fulfilling the demands of the law in their room and stead; which is just what the Levites did for the first-born in regard to the service of the ancient tabernacle. Second, by the payment of the "redemption money," even His own most precious blood—"In whom we have redemption through His blood" (Eph. i. 7).

But this is still more fully illustrated in that marvellous exhibition of the plan of redemption by price and power afforded by the passover (see Exodus xii.). The destroying angel was to slay all the firstborn in the land of Egypt, according to the word of the Lord; and—*apart from the blood*—the first-born of Israel were as much condemned to death as the rest. The Lord, however, devised and revealed a way of escape. A lamb was to be taken and slain. Lintel and doorposts were to be sprinkled with its blood. On seeing this token, the angel of destruction passed over that house. The first-born was saved because sheltered by the blood; afterwards, he was to live upon that which had died that he might live. Look at it! The lamb was sacrificed that Israel's first-born might be saved from destruction. It died that he might live. Its blood was shed as the price of his redemption, and sprinkled as the sign and seal and security of God's covenant purpose of salvation. All this points to the Lamb slain before the foundation of the world, by whose substitutionary death, and in whose precious shed blood applied to the heart and conscience, poor sinners find life and peace. They also afterwards live upon the Lamb slain for them. By faith they eat His flesh. Thus the Lamb given for them is given to them, and their life maintained by HIM.

Jesus, then, having voluntarily paid the price of redemption by the offering up of Himself, takes possession of the purchased flock by the impartation of His own life, through the Spirit. Henceforth they live only by Him, and desire to live only to Him.

To conclude. The doctrine of salvation by sacrifice, the blessed fact of reconciliation by substitution, the remission of sins by the blood-shedding of the Lord Jesus, and the acceptance of the sinner on the ground of His atonement, are the grand central truths of the Gospel. And very glorious is it to observe the

perfect development, under the new dispensation, of that which was shadowed forth under the old dispensation. The preciousness of Christ's redemption, however, can only be experienced as the Eternal Spirit is pleased to take of the things of Jesus and reveal them to us *as ours*, sealing home to our hearts, and putting us into the experimental possession of His redeeming love, by which our interest in His finished work is made known. Redeemed sinners glory in Christ's redemption.

Our next paper shall (D.V.) be on "Justification," the first blessing flowing to the elect from the redemption that is in Christ.

Leicester.

E. C.

REPENTANCE.

(2 CORINTHIANS vi. 9-11.)

To understand the true scope of this passage, we must bear in mind that it forms part of an apostolic letter to an early Christian Church, whose members had not long emerged from idolatry, with its attendant vices, and amongst whom, when Paul departed from them, various evil and abuses sprang up. To correct these, and to re-state in the clearest terms the Gospel which he had at first delivered to them, the Apostle had written his First Epistle to the Corinthian Church—a letter full of faithful reproof, but couched in terms of tender affection and solicitude; and its reception, by God's blessing, led to the most salutary effects, causing the people to thoroughly arouse from the sinful sleep into which they had fallen, and put away from them both the *practices* and the *persons* who had become stumbling blocks to them: they had sorrowed with a godly sorrow, had truly repented of the evils into which they had fallen, and it was now the Apostle's glad task to administer words of comfort and healing, alike to those who had suffered and to those who had at first done the wrong, but for which they now sincerely sorrowed and were forgiven. God overrules all things for His own glory and His people's good, and it is deeply interesting to note how the twelfth of the First Epistle brings out the sweet grand truth, that just as the Lord Jesus is the Head of His Church, so all His people are members one of another, sharing each other's joys and sorrows, honour and humiliation—a forceful argument for pressing home on each of us the importance of godly jealousy and care in all our ways, since none of us live or die to ourselves; and it should ever be our aim to remove, and not put occasions of grief or stumbling in one another's way; and for Christ's sake, even more than for the sake of His people, we are to abstain from every form of evil.

Repentance means change of mind; a change of heart is the cause, and a change of conduct the effect of the Gospel repentance

that needeth not to be repented of, and repentance, like conversion, is a repeated act of the believing mind. Whenever false steps are taken, unwise words uttered, or wrong feelings cherished, the need for repentance arises; and the strong terms employed in our text show how earnest and emphatic true repentance is—indignation, fear, vehement desire, zeal, and revenge, are the terms employed to set forth the agitation and activity of godly sorrow to right wrongs, remove grievances, and clear away reproaches. But the source of repentance in its later stages is the same as in its very earliest development; Jesus, as God's exalted Prince and Saviour, gives it by His Spirit, the goodness of God leads to it, and the sweet atoning sacrifice of the Lamb of God makes it "unto salvation," an acceptable and effectual grace. As Toplady sings—

"Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone."

Repentance has been beautifully described as "the eye of faith filled with tears"; and as Hart says—

"Whosoever faith is strong,
Repentance is so too."

They who are forgiven much, love much; and they who most fully realize the tender mercy of our God, will the most heartily acknowledge their own unworthiness and shortcomings.

Light makes manifest, and the light of God's countenance makes sin exceedingly sinful in our esteem, and effectually weans the heart from its love, while it destroys its power.

And it is unto salvation, because the blood of Jesus cleanses from all sin, and His grace heals and raises up the contrite and the broken hearted; in all respects the sorrow of the world worketh death, but life abundant, everlasting life, flows from the love of God in Christ Jesus. The Gospel holds forth the glorious prospect that soon, and for ever, all who love Him shall be like their Lord, perfect, pure, and spotless; and "Every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself even as He is pure," never resting, never satisfied with what has been attained, but pressing onward, ever onward, towards the heavenly goal. So may we run that we may obtain; and, guarded and sustained by almighty grace, may we live as those who know that they are not their own, but His who redeemed them with His own precious blood, till we join the spotless throng on high, and sing, "Worthy the Lamb, who has delivered us from all iniquity, and made us kings and priests unto God." Amen.

NOTES OF A SERMON.

PREACHED AT TAMWORTH ROAD CHAPEL, CROYDON, BY MR. J. P. WILES, APRIL 28TH, 1891.

"Let not sin therefore reign in your mortal body, that ye should obey it in the lusts thereof. Neither yield ye your members as instruments of unrighteousness unto sin : but yield yourselves unto God, as those that are alive from the dead, and your members as instruments of righteousness unto God."—ROMANS vi. 12, 13.

THIS is a difficult text to preach from, but it is far more difficult to walk in full accordance with it. In both we need the Holy Spirit of God to be our help, our strength, and our guide. I have not chosen it because of its difficulty, and I have not dared to shun it because of its difficulty. I hope God will give me simplicity and wisdom to speak rightly; and I hope God will give you simplicity and wisdom to receive rightly what is spoken. My one aim will be, if God keep my eye single—and I trust it is single at this time—to unfold to you God's mind in His blessed Word; with this desire, that it may have a profitable bearing both on your souls and on my own.

Here we have an exhortation. The exhortations cannot be cut out of God's Word—there they remain; and so long as they are there, any humble servant of God has a right to preach from them—at least, he has a right in God's sight. "We know that the law is good, if a man use it lawfully" (1 Tim. i. 8); and the Gospel is good, if a man use it lawfully; and the precept is good, if a man use it lawfully. An old writer has said (I don't know his name), "A Gospel spirit will turn law into Gospel, while a legal spirit turns Gospel into law." In Paul's epistle to the Ephesians, we see how a Gospel spirit will turn law into Gospel; the great Apostle quotes one of the ten commandments as a precept of the Gospel, "Honour thy father and mother, which is the first commandment with promise." There is one of God's ten commandments used by the holy Apostle as a Gospel precept. My friends, the spirit of a statement is everything; the form of words is something, but, in comparison, the spirit is everything.

We will first try to look at the people who are spoken to, those who are "alive from the dead"; we need to have that in view, as a foundation for everything that follows. I shall next speak of the exhortation itself, and I shall try to look it fairly in the face. My aim will be, to know what the Apostle means, or rather what God, speaking by the Apostle, means; that will be my one concern. Lastly, I shall consider the way in which alone the exhortation can be obeyed.

First. The people who are addressed are those who are "alive from the dead." You will most of you remember that on the

Lord's Day I spoke from the words, "For sin shall not have dominion over you; for ye are not under the law, but under grace." Our text this evening is connected with it by the little word *for*; but a great deal is embodied in this: "*For* ye are not under the law, but under grace." In what sense are they "alive from the dead"? I will try not to use longer words than I am obliged to use. They are "alive from the dead" judicially—that is, on law grounds; they are also "alive from the dead" spiritually—or, if you like it, personally—or if you like it better, experimentally.

They are "alive from the dead" judicially; what do we mean by this? There had been a time when they were judicially dead—at least, so far as man knew to the contrary; they were under sentence of death from the law, through their breaches of the law. If a man in this country is under sentence of death by our law, he is looked upon as a dead man; it is only a matter of a few days or weeks; he is a dead man to all intents and purposes. These Romans, like the rest of mankind—like you, and like myself—had been at one time dead, because of their breaches of God's holy law, but were now made judicially alive. How and when was this done? At Calvary, or a little later. When Jesus "died unto sin once," they died; when He was crucified, they were crucified; when He endured the wrath of God, He endured it for them: therefore, says Paul, "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live." The only way in which I can be made judicially alive, is through the death of Jesus Christ, the sacrifice once offered on my behalf; through Jesus Christ's being weighted with the weight of my transgressions, and putting them away by the sacrifice of Himself. Thus we became dead to the law when Jesus Christ "died unto sin once"; and we became "alive from the dead," when He "was raised again for our justification." I used to look upon these things, twenty years ago, as abstract theological opinions; but I now see them to be living, saving, eternal realities, the only right ground for a sinner's hope.

"Alive from the dead." Oh, to be "alive from the dead"! It is a wonderful thing to be "alive from the dead."

"My soul looks back to see
The burden Thou didst bear,
When hanging on th' accursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there."

If not, it is here (pointing to his heart); if Jesus Christ did not bear your sins when He was crucified, they are here, and here for ever. This is the only way of becoming "alive from the dead"; there is no salvation for you, sinner, and no salvation for me, a sinner, only by the death of the Son of God, by which He put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself.

But these people were also "alive from the dead" spiritually; it is a present fact, that either our souls have been made "alive from the dead" by regeneration, or we are dead. We are made alive in our souls by the regenerating influence of the Holy Spirit, and in our bodies by the Holy Spirit making them His dwelling-place. "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you?" It is of no use to play with Scripture; it won't pay. Our bodies are defiled, and our souls are defiled; but still our bodies are the temple of the Holy Ghost; and the Apostle gives this very truth as the reason why Christians should abstain from sinful actions. "Know ye not that your bodies are the members of Christ? Shall I then take the members of Christ, and make them the members of a harlot?" "What? know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own?" "If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy" (1 Cor. vi. 15, 19; iii. 17).

They were "alive from the dead" spiritually; the Holy Spirit dwelt in their bodies, and their souls had been made alive by His regenerating influence. Now I hope I have laid a foundation for the exhortation. I want you to bear this in mind; it is addressed to those who are "alive from the dead." Just a word in passing to you who are not "alive from the dead." What a dreadful thing it is for me to tell you that what follows is not for you; sin does reign in your mortal bodies. I do fear lest I should sink into a state of hardness towards those who are dead in sin. Paul was not there; he said, "My heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved." "I became all things to all men, that I might by all means save some." Well, now, there are counterfeits of that spirit, but would to God I had more of it in its reality. When men had it, how the Gospel flourished, and what effects followed!

Bear in mind that I now speak to you who are "alive from the dead." The Gospel saith to you, "Let not sin therefore reign in your mortal body, that ye should obey it in the lusts thereof." The next question is, what does the exhortation mean? I hope I shall be guided by God's good Spirit, and also that I may speak with due humility. Some here have known these things longer than I have, but I would desire to "stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance;" and if there are others here who feel in the dark as to what the words really mean, I hope I may be an instrument in God's hand to enlighten you.

In the first place, it seems to me that the meaning is fixed beyond all doubt by that one word *mortal*. This word shows that the exhortation is not addressed merely with respect to that new principle of holiness, which the Holy Ghost has implanted in our

souls ; that is not *mortal*, it is eternal life. My dear friends, I have to do with God's Word ; I have it before me, "Let not sin therefore reign in your *mortal* body." I need not go round about to explain it ; everyone knows what *mortal* means. This body of mine which you see before you has the seeds of death in it ; by-and-by it must come to the grave, "dust to dust" ; my hand which you see will be turned again into dust ; my eye must come "dust to dust" ; my tongue which is speaking to you will return as "dust to dust" ; my feet, my legs, which support my body, will return "dust to dust." This is the body of which the Apostle speaks in our text, for we have no other body that is *mortal* ; the principle of holiness which God has implanted in us is not *mortal*. So far that is fixed. Now, what means the exhortation, "Let not sin therefore reign in your mortal body, that ye should obey it in the lusts thereof" ? There is need for the exhortation, because sin is in our bodies, or, more properly speaking, in our souls. Sin dwells in the soul ; but soul and body are so united, that none can draw a clear line between them. They make one person. The body is material, and the soul is immaterial ; but they are mysteriously one. Sin dwells in the body ; sin dwells in the soul. The soul, at present, is a sinful soul, but by-and-by God will take sin altogether out of the soul when He takes it to Himself. He will likewise take sin altogether out of the body, and at the resurrection reunite it to the soul. Now, here is the exhortation, "Let not sin reign in your mortal body." Sin is there, it is in us ; but what is meant by sin reigning ? This is a wonderful epistle, it is written in such a lawyer-like way ; you see in this same verse the Apostle explains what he means by sin's reigning—"that ye should obey it in the lusts thereof." We see therefore that sin reigns when it is obeyed. "Let not sin therefore reign in your mortal body, that ye should obey it in the lusts thereof ; neither yield your members as instruments of unrighteousness unto sin ; but yield yourselves unto God, as those that are alive from the dead, and your members as instruments of righteousness unto God." This means your mortal members of your mortal body. If you talk of the members of the new man, there is no fear of yielding members of holiness as instruments of unrighteousness. No, it means your mortal members of your mortal body. Now so far we see a little what the Apostle means ; but we will look further at the text ; and I hope the Lord will cause us to feel the weight of it, and also to feel a loving agreement with it. Let us look a little at the members severally. Our text says, "Neither yield ye your members as instruments of unrighteousness unto sin, but as instruments of righteousness unto God." Take the eye ; that is a member, and a very important member ! the Lord says to you

who are "alive from the dead," "Let not sin reign in your mortal eye, that ye should obey it in the lusts thereof." The sin that dwells in you may prompt you to use your eyes in various sinful ways, but obey not the dictates of sin. You may say, "Are you forgetting the verse, 'Without Me ye can do nothing'?" No, I am not; but I tell you this—if you are doing nothing, it is a plain proof you are without Him. He that said, "Without Me ye can do nothing," caused this same Apostle to say, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." He that said, "Without Me ye can do nothing," said also, "Every branch in Me that beareth not fruit He taketh away." If we never do anything, we are without Christ. He that said, "Without me ye can do nothing," said also, "He that heareth My sayings and *doeth* them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house, and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock. But he that heareth My sayings and *doeth them not*, I will liken unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house, and it fell; and great was the fall of it." I do not say these things, as if to bring you only to the bar. I bring myself to the bar, and I feel how short I come; but if we *feel* how short we come, there is a throne of grace, there is a throne of mercy for us to go to.

(To be continued.)

EXTRACT.

BRETHREN, it is no exaggeration to say that they who mourn over their sins, as sins in the sight of God, are truly blessed, and they that have no sins to mourn over are truly cursed: for the one party has been awakened by the Spirit of God; the other party is under the influence of the god of this world. "They shall be comforted," says Christ—ay, and so they shall—not only in the world to come, but here, by the Lord's drawing nigh to them, and applying His precious blood to their wounded souls and consciences. I may tell you that some of the sweetest moments of my life have been after mourning over my depravity—my incorrigibility and sin. The Lord, has been especially faithful to me when I have put up the cry, "Lord, art Thou not weary of me? I am weary of myself." And the answer has come, "God is not man, that He should lie."—*W. Parks.*

ONE true Christian differs from another without breach of charity, as friends love one another, though in different garbs.

"WITHIN THE VAIL."

BEING RECOLLECTIONS OF THE DYING EXPERIENCES OF A MOTHER.

MY dear mother was one of the Lord's hidden ones, whose heart, like Lydia's, He gently opened. She has told me that, when young, she never really enjoyed the pleasures of this world, with which she was then surrounded, and was considered a mopish girl. She would get as much as she could into the company of religious people. She used to think, how she should like to be a missionary's wife ; as she thought then she could be more away from the world, and could be religious. Time passed on, and she could remember she was brought to see the Lord had a chosen people, and that she must have a better righteousness than her own. Oh that she was one of them, was often her secret and earnest desire. She has said how powerfully at times she felt, she would rather have a crust and Jesus, than all the riches in the world. After losing her parents, she married, and had a path of great tribulation—reverses in circumstances, much bodily affliction, and heavy trials for many years. But during that time she had the privilege of hearing Gospel ministers—Mr. Gadsby, Hardy, Tiptaft, &c.—and spoke of it as being such a help and encouragement to her at that time, and that she had not forgotten a something of the truths she heard them preach. She once lived in Stamford two years, and I have heard her say how precious she felt Mr. Philpot's ministry to be to her. She used to speak of it as being such a privilege to be able to hear him. She had to go through great trouble while there—indeed, was borne down with them. Though she never dare speak of the exercises of her mind to anyone, the Lord knew her desire and all her heart ; she said how that used to comfort her, so that she was enabled to keep hoping in Jesus. In 1857, in a letter to one of my sisters, she thus writes : "Disappointments and crosses have been my lot through life, but I doubt not they have been given by a Fatherly hand, to wean my affections from this fleeting world. It grieves me that I am so much cumbered about the things of this world, but it is my daily prayer to be delivered from them ; and though, in my feelings, but a little one, I do find at times the promises sweet and comforting, and still I desire to hope on, believing in what Jesus has said, 'At evening time it shall be light.'"

At different times I have heard her speak of the sixth and seventh verses of the 14th of Zechariah, as being a great comfort and support to her mind. She had delicate health all her life—a large family, combined with her outward and inward trials. I have often heard her say, "I am indeed a poor bruised reed ;" and, "Oh ! what a Martha I am." She used to read the Bible very

much; and I believe, in her younger time, Huntington's works were a very great help to her. In later years her residence was at Lynn. Here she occasionally heard Gospel ministers, Mr. J. Warburton and others. The truth they preached she loved to hear, but seldom said a word when a minister or a Christian friend has been at our house. Sometimes, after they were gone, I have said to her, "Why did you not put in a word?" She said, "I can't open my mouth, but the Lord knows my desire."

Some months previous to her death, we remarked how little she troubled herself about temporal things; she seemed entirely to leave them, which was very unusual with her, and she would say, "What a mercy it is I can leave them!" speaking with much feeling of the goodness of the Lord to her in her old age, in blessing her with so many mercies and comforts. A Sermon by Mr. Philpot, "Faithfulness unto Death," she read with much pleasure, saying, "It is very precious"; and the first chapter of John's Gospel was a favourite one with her; she saw so much in it.

She was taken ill with severe pains in the body, in March. We sent for the doctor, and I asked her how her mind was? She said, "Dark; I have no word of comfort; but this passage keeps coming into my mind, 'Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart!' Still, I do not feel any comfort from it." I read the 34th Psalm; she said, "They are blessed truths, but we want to experience them for ourselves." I said, "You desire to do so?" "Oh, yes," she said; "I know I have the desire. I want to love the Lord; all my hope is in Jesus, but I want a clearer manifestation of my interest in Him." Continuing, she said, "How tried I am! Something seems to say, 'How do you know the Bible is true?' And, 'Who is Christ?' Oh, how this tries me! And, 'Are you sure your hope is in Him? You may be deceived after all.' But I hope I am not, and that the Lord will appear for me." And then she seemed quite absorbed for some time. My father read to her the 14th and 15th chapters of John. She said, "How beautiful they are! Blessed indeed." I complained to her of my darkness, and told her nothing rested on my mind but the disciples being in the ship tossed with the waves. She said, "Well, my dear, what a mercy if Jesus comes to you in the fourth watch. It's the fourth watch." After this, distressing sickness came on. Then she said, "Oh to be a witness for Jesus! What a mercy! Am I one? Talk of death-bed repentances; what should I do now, in all this pain, without my Jesus?"

In the middle of Tuesday night, after suffering much pain, she called out all at once, "Light! Light!" A friend said, "Do you see that bright shining light?" She replied, "Yes, I do! I do!" Her friend said, "Christ is the Eternal Rock." She quickly replied, "Yes, He is. I hope I am built upon Him, and I

believe I shall not be thrown off either. He does help me. He is my only hope, and all my comfort." She said, "Why do you weep for me? You should not; but be thankful and rejoice when the breath is gone out of my body; for I shall be at rest. I could not bear all this pain as I do, if the Lord was not with me. But He does support me."

Next day, to a friend on entering the room, she reached out her hand and said, "What a mercy to be resigned to the Lord's will? I feel that I am. I have no fear of death. I am on the Rock, Christ Jesus. Bless the Lord! But I may be greatly harassed after this." During the night, one of us repeated the first two lines of the hymn, "Rock of Ages." She said, "That's where I am—I have nowhere else to hide. I am a real poor sinner. If picking up a straw would save me I could not do it, nor do I want; the work is finished, and not in man's power. The Lord is with me—but I cannot talk." A friend said, "You have been able to say something of the preciousness of Christ to your soul." She said, "Yes, I have; and I'll repeat it again, *'I am on the Rock, Christ Jesus! Bless the Lord!'*" Her sufferings were very great. She lay for some time, and said but little, but twice we heard her distinctly say, "Oh, my dear Lord, do appear for me. Come and take me. Why tarry His chariot wheels?" She reached out her hand to her husband, and said, "My dear William, I'm happy, happy, thrice happy!" Father repeated the hymn, "Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness," &c. How eagerly she took it up, and every word she seemed to feel precious. Father said, "Do you love those truths—the finished work of Christ?" She said, "Yes, that I do."

An hour or two before the end, she exclaimed, with beaming countenance, "He is coming! Christ is coming. I long to fly away to Jesus!" and began to repeat, "'For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God,'" &c. Then, afterwards, as if filled with heavenly joy, she said, "He is come! Christ is come! I'm washed! Clothed! Look! Look! I'm going! Waiting! I long to fly away." I said, "My dear mother, you have strengthened my weak faith." She replied, "Bless you! you are coming. Follow on! I shall soon be before the throne, singing the song of Moses and the Lamb. 'Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?'" I reminded her of the promise, "At evening time it shall be light." She said, "Yes;" and looking at us very earnestly, said, "Within the vail! Within the vail!" These were her last words, and, in a few minutes, her happy spirit took its flight to be for ever with the Lord, March 27th, 1862, aged 72 years. She was interred in Lynn Cemetery, the following Wednesday.

JANE P——.

MAN'S RESPONSIBILITY.

THIS subject is a most solemn and weighty one, and wrong views and teaching respecting it are fraught with the most serious and fatal consequences. Therefore it behoves all Christians, private ones and ministers especially, to seek to know clearly the mind of the Spirit in those parts of the Word in which it is inculcated. That man was created a responsible agent, is without doubt, since his transgression met with the threatened penalty, the curse and death; and that he was by his fall rendered incapable of yielding the requirements of God in His holy law, is beyond dispute. Yet since his fall proceeded from a voluntary act of his own free will, his accountability to God remained the same, and God's demands were not in the least relaxed. Perfect obedience to all His demands is required by the Creator of the creature, even though he has rendered himself incapable of performing the service enjoined. "All have sinned"; "There is none that doeth good, no not one." Therefore, if God had left the whole human race to perish in their transgressions, He would have been just. But He in mercy, though free from any complicity in the sin of man, which He neither ordained nor incited to, only allowed the free-will act of the creature, yet he provided a salvation by grace in the Person of His dear Son, who willingly undertook the work of redemption, and the restoring of that which He took not away. Thus He made reconciliation, by the shedding of His blood, and "Whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16). Here the long-vexed question arises, "Is it the duty of every man to believe in Christ savingly?" Many answer "Yes," and some say "No." But what saith the Scriptures? The portion quoted above, with a multitude of the same kind, proves that whosoever believeth in the Son of God shall be saved; while other portions prove that many are condemned for *not* believing. "He that believeth not is condemned already, *because* he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God" (John iii. 18, 36). "He that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark xvi. 16; see also John viii. 24). Thus, as the late Mr. Philpot has said, "There is a being damned for not believing the Gospel." Now this proves that there is a responsibility attached to hearing the Gospel, even in the case of unbelievers, yet Christ said it was not given to them to know the mysteries of the kingdom, while that same knowledge was given to others; and herein lies the difference: the one part are left to their native ability, which they have lost by the fall; to the other the Spirit is given, who quickens them into life, and works in them the work of faith, by which they believe in Christ to the saving of the soul.

But then, the question will be asked, "Are they who are left to their own native ability, which they have lost, under equal obligations to repent and believe the Gospel with those to whom the Holy Spirit is given to renew them and work in them saving faith? Dr. Fletcher, in his work, "Spiritual Blessings," says:—

(P. 89.) "Human responsibility arises solely from the powers, capabilities, and relations of human beings.* No state of sin can destroy it; no system of mercy can diminish it. Men, therefore, are, at all times, bound to do what God commands, and to believe what God reveals. To suppose this obligation to cease is to render sin either impossible, or harmless. On such principles it could not be committed at all, or, if committed, would be followed by impunity; for 'where there is no law, there is no transgression.'

"If human beings are always accountable, and are under constant obligation to obey the law of God, then, in the event of their disobedience, they are under obligations to repent and return to God, from whom they have revolted. This obligation is always coeval with the existence of sin.

"If a transgressor be not bound to repentance, then he cannot be proved to be guilty—he has come under no penal disability—he is not a transgressor. But admit that he is a transgressor, and you admit the operation of a law, and the claims of a lawgiver. Then the lawgiver has a right to demand repentance, by virtue of the very authority which demands that antecedent obedience, the not rendering of which has made repentance necessary. It is true, therefore, that 'God commandeth all men everywhere to repent.'

"This universal obligation to repentance, so distinctly and unequivocally asserted in the Scriptures, is not in the slightest degree affected by the moral inability of the sinner to repent. Would the plea of a felon, who urged that he could not be honest, or of an adulterer, that he could not be chaste, extenuate or justify their crimes? And yet the inability of a sinner to repent and believe the Gospel is, in fact, nothing more than a want of will†—a voluntary disaffection to the truth, and the requirements which God has revealed."

(To be continued.)

* That is, according to the powers conferred upon them by God at the creation, which powers were lost in the fall, but which still render them responsible to God, who has the same right to demand perfect obedience from them, to every word He speaks, as though they had never fallen.

† Thus the Lord Jesus charged the Jews with the same, "Ye will not come unto Me that ye might have life." Man, at the fall, lost all ability and disposition to do so; nevertheless, the sin of disobedience and rejection is charged upon all who do not yield to the word of Christ. See John xii. 48.

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

To the Editor of the Sower.

DEAR SIR,— On reading in a recent number of the SOWER the articles contributed by friends to the "Seekers' Corner," I felt a strong desire to send you a little account of what I hope are some of the Lord's dealings with me ; and I trust He will guide my feeble thoughts, and keep me from self and pride. My motive, I hope, is prompted by a love to the little ones, who are young in the way like myself, and who see things very mistily, as the blind man, mentioned in Scripture, who could "see men as trees walking." I cannot say where the Lord first met me, as, if I know anything, it has been by gentle leadings, and the still small voice ; which leadings and feelings increase in intensity as I get older. "The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth ; so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

My great trouble, at first, was because I was apparently not concerned about my condition. I could see I was in a dangerous place, and that, if I died as I was, I should go to hell, yet did not seem to be able to trace that law work I considered necessary ; although, at times, I was very miserable, because I was not concerned. But I now think and hope this was really a law work, for "By the law is the knowledge of sin," and I knew I was a sinner. I got very fond of, and longed to be in the company of, God's people, to hear them speak of their doubts and fears, and helps by the way, and took great interest at times in their conversation. At times I would like what the minister said in the pulpit, when he spoke of—

"Those feeble desires, those wishes so weak,
'Tis Jesus inspires, and bids us still seek";

but perhaps another word from the same man would sweep my comfort away, when he spoke of more severe leadings than I could show.

On one occasion, I had the privilege of speaking to Mr. Porter, and was led to tell him a little of my doubts and fears ; and he replied in the words of Jesus to His disciples, "I have many more things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now"; and this gave me hope for the time.

As I got more anxious about my eternal welfare, I could not take the same interest in the pastimes I used to be very fond of, such as bicycling, football, cricket, concert going, and smoking. It was a struggle with each. I am naturally very fond of excitement and pleasure, yet I hope the dear Lord enabled me to give them up, and will still keep me for I find all the desires, at times, strug-

gling against the better nature. In the place of these pleasures, I found good substantial food, I trust, as well as comfort, correction, and instruction, in going to the prayer-meeting, the week-night and Sunday services, Bible-class, and such like places. I would humbly ask all who are seeking in truth to know what the poet says—

“Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I His, or am I not?”

to attend these means of grace as often as possible. I am afraid there are too many young inquirers who, like myself, would not go, lest anyone should think they are hypocrites, and they do not feel they are Christians. I have never regretted going to any of these places, though often afraid of being seen; but I have had some good times, I hope.

One place that seems greatly neglected is the prayer-meeting. It is a grand institution. I trust I can say I have been taught a good deal, for one gets encouragement from the prayers of older Christians. The first time I was led there, I got a very nice help. For a short time previous I had been tossed about, fearing I was altogether mistaken. I did not feel any better in myself as I got older, and the concern seemed to increase. I found fresh evils every day, and thought no real Christian could have the thoughts and feelings I had. I went to this prayer-meeting, feeling very miserable, and afraid of going into the room. When inside, I felt the greatest sinner in the place, most unfit to be among Christians, and would have liked to have run out again. An old gentleman was called upon to give out a hymn and engage in prayer, when he mentioned that a young lamb had strolled into the fold; would the Lord let it feel it was a lamb, take away the fear of man, and bless it. His prayers seemed answered, for, as he spoke, I lost all my fears, felt happy and confident that I was a lamb, and that the Lord was my Shepherd, and, for the time, I was very comfortable. So you will see I have to thank the Lord for leading me to the prayer-meeting, and blessing me there, as I cannot bring that assurance and comfort to my soul myself.

I have poor powers of persuasion, but I would sincerely ask those who are anxious about better things to attend the prayer-meeting if possible. There has been something every time; not always comfort, but correction and guidance. It is an excellent school, when the Lord is the Teacher, and indites the prayer; but, I fear, is a neglected means by many.

This is a little of my experience. If you think it likely to meet the cases of, or strike a chord in the hearts of, any of your feeble Seekers, please insert it, in which case, if the Lord permit, I will send a little more at a future date. “Blessed are the

poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled." The "shalls" of Jesus are definite; and "It is not many high, not many mighty, that are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise." I hope I can come in with the foolish, for I feel at times utterly helpless.

May the Lord bless you and your work.

Yours sincerely,

F. C.

MY DEAR SIR,—I had not thought of writing again to you, but when I read your verses on the "Name of Jesus," in the SOWER for May, I felt my heart drawn out in much love to Him, and also to you, dear sir, so that I felt I would like to send a few lines, trusting I am not taking too much liberty. We can say from our hearts, especially at times, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds." To our favoured ears, it is as "ointment poured forth."

"It soothes our sorrows, heals our wounds,
And drives away our fears."

I would that I could always realize the same sweetness in His name, and taste more deeply of His great love, in shedding His precious blood for such a great sinner as I more and more feel myself to be.

"Was it for crimes that I have done,
He suffered on the tree?
Surprising mercy! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!"

Instead of always feeling like this, I often feel very dark, and far off from Him whom I desire to make my chiefest joy; my heart seems drawn away by the fleeting things of time, my mind becomes bewildered and confused, and I seem to lose all my evidences of being a true child of God; and Satan greatly distresses me by his dark temptations. If it were not for the Holy Spirit's quickening and renewing grace, I cannot tell what would become of me; but—

"To Christ for help I fly,
The Friend of sinners lost;
A refuge safe, and sure, and nigh,
And here is all my trust.

"Lord, grant me free access
Unto Thy wounded side;
For there I seek my dwelling-place,
And there my sins would hide."

The Lord continue to bless and restore you, dear sir, and make you a great blessing to many others ; and may it be my favoured lot, although the most unworthy, to meet you and all others I love around the throne of God and the Lamb, to praise Him to all eternity for redeeming love, is the sincere prayer of

Your affectionate young Friend,

ONE WHO DESIRES MORE GRACE TO LOVE.

[DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—We are glad to hear of the Lord having blessed you, and we trust you will yet realize great blessings flowing from His love through Christ Jesus, the Man who is our Peace, and who, whatever may be our changes, remains, "The same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

"There is a Friend who sticketh fast,
Who keeps His love from first to last,
And Jesus is His name."—ED.]

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

"That ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may 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."—EPH. iii. 17-19.

BROAD is Jesus' precious love,
Broader than the sky above ;
Jew and Gentile, young and old,
All who dwell within His fold,
All who live by faith and hope,
Are embraced within its scope.

Kindreds, nations, peoples, climes,
Since the dawn of Gospel times,
Show a great, redeemed host—
Temples of the Holy Ghost—
Whom the love of God's dear Son
To a gracious life has won.

No mere intermittent brook,
Lost in sand whene'er we look
For its waters, bright and sweet,
To allay the noonday heat,
Is the love, that in its strength,
Makes eternity its length.

Not a meteor flashing by,
Lighting up the midnight sky
With a transitory blaze,
Dying out e'en while we gaze,
Is the steady, constant flame
Of the love that's still the same.

Who its depth can comprehend?
 Should the Lord an angel send
 To reveal what *he* can tell
 Of the love that saves from hell,
 Even then we could not prove
All the depths of Jesus' love.

Streaming from beyond the stars,
 Down it reached, and burst the bars
 Of that iron cage wherein
 We were captives made by sin;
 Snatched us from those depths of woe
 Which the lost alone can know.

High as heaven—to whose height
 It will take us, when the fight
 (Fought in armour given of God)
 Finished is, and 'neath the sod
 Rests the dust He'll one day bring—
 Is the love of Christ, our King.

Ocean's depths may fathomed be,
 And the wide expanse of sea
 Has been measured. Stars and sun
 In their magnitude are known;
 But that love, by which we're blessed
 Passeth knowledge—can't be guessed.

R. THOMSON.

LET a man be never so bold or domineering or impetuous by nature, if grace once takes possession of his heart, he will be meek towards God, and meek towards his fellow-sinners who have been, with him, partakers of grace. Oh, how is it possible, I would ask, for a recipient of grace, for one who is himself a debtor to mercy, to be the opposite of "meek" towards his brethren? I know, as well as any man, that there are deep injuries felt by, and foul wrongs done to, the saints of God: I know that these call up our basest passions: I know that during their first smart they are enough to tempt one to sin; but, when time and reflection and prayer have done their work, and when *confession has been made by the sinning party*, I cannot understand how forgiveness cannot be granted. I know, too, that there are some of God's people who are naturally of a forgiving temper, and that there are others who are naturally of an unforgiving temper; the first have not so hard a struggle for it as the last, but still, how can a recipient of grace hold out against a fellow-recipient of grace, and refuse to exhibit meekness? I must say, I don't understand it.—*W. Parks.*

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

DEAR EDWARD,—I thank you for the sight of the enclosed. With much of it I cordially agree, and find my views strengthened and confirmed by it.

We are sorry to hear of the deep affliction you are plunged into, and to find it is likely to be of long continuation. Poor dear Mary ! may the Lord graciously aid her, by the consolation of the Spirit, to bear up under it. No less a power than that will be sufficient for her. Without it, her poor heart will fail. May He bless her. We also feel for you ; and there seems no immediate prospect of deliverance. It is, no doubt, a great trial to your faith ; it is one of the dark places which none but God can turn into light. But He can ; it is not too hard for Him. The why and wherefore will often be uppermost, and patience will be sorely tried ; nevertheless, the Word declares, "What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter." The Lord grant you grace to wait for and upon Him ; may He also give you an increase of faith, that you may believe where and when you can neither feel nor see. It is easy to read and repeat the words, "All things work together for good," &c., but we cannot believe them to our relief without God's aid, for seven years of deep trial have passed over me, and I am yet wanting more faith to get hold of and to hold fast this precious truth, for truth it is, although I fail to grasp it. The reality is what we need, to do us real good ; still, it is better to know our deficiency than to walk on in fancied wisdom. I have walked here too much, but the Lord has said in His Word, "I lead in the way of righteousness, in the midst of the paths of judgment ; that I may cause those that love Me to inherit substance," &c. What a mercy to be led ! He leads into these trials, and He will lead out ; and when you see this in His light by-and-by, you will bless Him, and, I hope, I shall. Meanwhile, the Lord Himself comfort your heart, and enable you to lie passive at His feet. I know my dear friend cannot do this without His enabling. We sympathize with you, and try to pray for you. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

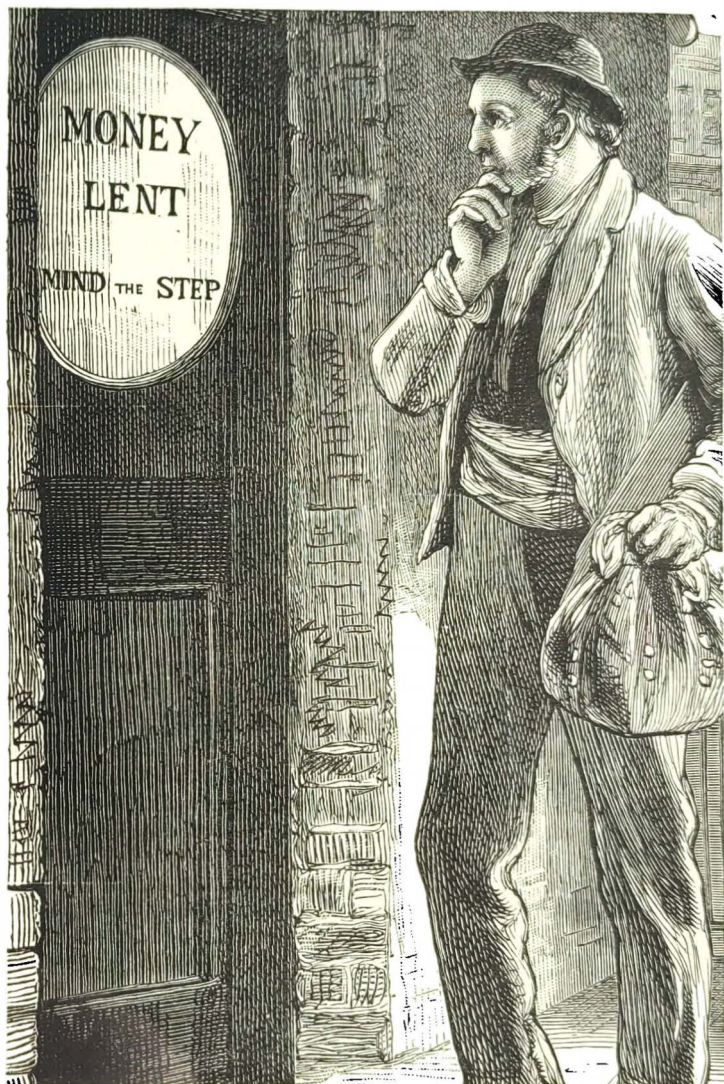
April 13th, 1889.

R. AND A. M. P.—

WHOM God chooses, the world refuses.

It is not so considerable in a Christian, what his judgment is, as what his temper is.

A GOOD man is so far acquainted with the corruption of his own heart, that, instead of condemning others, he is apt to account them better than himself.



"PAWNING THEM FOR MORE THAN THEIR VALUE." (See page 179.)

A BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE FIRE.

WHEN I was in business in one of our principal cities, a man would often call in my shop and purchase small articles of about sixpence or ninepence value ; sometimes he would come in a great many times in one day, and it was often a source of perplexity to me to understand his manner of life, and what such a person could do with such articles, but it appears that by trading with them in public bars or *pawning them for more than their value*, he was able to make money to get drink with, to which he was much addicted. All at once, after coming in one day for a sixpenny article, I missed him and he never more returned ; how often I wondered and remarked what could have become of him. Some twenty years after, I had been out preaching on the Lord's Day, to a town some miles distant, and as I was returning to the railway station, an aged gentleman overtook me, touched me on the shoulder, and said, "I think you live in such a place, and have a shop in such a street." I replied, I did. He said, "Do you know me?" I narrowly observed him, but could recall no remembrance of him. Showing me one of his hands, which I remembered to have had one of his fingers off, said, "Do you remember me coming in often, so many years ago, to purchase small articles at your shop?" I said, "But you are not that man, are you?" He replied, "By the grace of God, I am, and I have been out to-day, as I am in the habit of doing occasionally, in my Master's name, to preach the Gospel." By this time we had reached the station, and as there was twenty minutes before the train started, I said, "Let us sit on this seat, and you tell me all how this great change came about"; and a precious tale of grace and mercy it was.

His wife, who had been brought up a lady (as himself, a gentleman), with their children, through his dissipated habits, were so reduced as to be obliged to reside in one room upstairs. Returning home one night, the worse for drink, as he reached the bottom of the stairs, he heard what he supposed voices in his room, and thinking it was a man's voice, the effect, he said, "immediately sobered him"; and threatening vengeance against his wife, he stealthily crept upstairs, put his ear near the key-hole of the door to listen, when he heard his wife praying in much earnestness, "O Lord, save my poor drunken husband! Have mercy on my husband, and save his precious soul," &c., &c. He stood it only for a few minutes, and then making a noise with his feet, he entered the room, said but little, only that he wanted to get to bed.

"But," he said, "there was no sleep for me. I was tossing to and fro all night; my past life and my sinful course stared me in

the face, and rest I could not. But, oh," I said, "if God spared me till the morning, by His help and grace, I was determined to lead a different life, and I earnestly besought His strength that I might do so."

When he arose he asked his wife for sixpence. But with tears she said, "It is the last I have, and the children have no food." He replied, "Oh, but I must have it," and taking it, he went out. After a time he returned and put down eighteen shillings on the table. His poor wife, still in great distress, said, "She dare not take it," intimating that he must have got it dishonestly or by betting. He said, "You need not fear, it is all honestly got, and, by the help of the Lord, I mean to lead a different life;" asking her to pray to God for him, and relating to her the circumstances of the past evening, when he returned home.

This, through the Lord's great goodness and abounding mercy, was the turning point in his life in every way, and he now lives an honourable member of society. The Lord has prospered him in business, making him a comfort and blessing to his wife and family; and, above all, he is walking in the Lord's way, and being made useful as one of His servants, as opportunity offers, to carry the message of salvation to poor sinners, pointing them to Jesus, saying, "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world," and "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul."

M. H. D.

A HEAVENLY PROSPECT.

LINES WRITTEN BY THE LATE MR. STURTON, OF DOGSTHORPE
GRANGE, NEAR PETERBOROUGH.

THOUGH clouds may hide the Saviour's face,
And dim the shinings of His grace,
"We walk by faith and not by sight";
"At evening-time there shall be light."

Though cheerless is the gloomy vale,
And heart and flesh, in passing, fail,
His truthful word must ever be,
"That as thy days thy strength shall be."

Soon will the cares of life be past,
The final hour approaches fast;
May faith from this sweet courage take,
"He'll never leave thee, nor forsake."

Look not to self, our hearts are vile,
With this the foe will oft beguile;
To Jesus look—His love is free,
And love is joined with majesty.

Look not to earth, nor earthly things,
But upward gaze, there ever springs
The crystal river from the throne,
Which, as we drink, proves heaven our own.

He who awoke the dead in sin,
Who first implanted love within
To Jesus and the heavenly word,
Is still your Saviour, God, and Lord.

If on Him you have cast your care,
And felt His power in answering prayer,
Mizars and Hermons you have proved—
Whom once He loves are ever loved.

Jesus our Lord in heaven appears,
Our human nature ever wears;
He sees our weakness and distress,
And surely will in blessing bless.

Unseen, unfelt by mortal eye,
Bright angels are for ever nigh;
They minister to dying worms—
Oh! could we see their heavenly forms,

What joy, what transport would arise!
What gladness sparkle in the eyes!
But yet, methinks, the dying see
Their coming to eternity.

It may be that a passing sight,
Before the spirit wings its flight,
Of its bright escort up to heaven,
Is to the dying Christian given.

May God such rapturous bliss bestow,
That heaven may be begun below;
That, pain forgot, your soul may raise
Blest notes to the Redeemer's praise.

Then, borne aloft with joys unknown,
Behold our Jesus on His throne;
Join in the notes and swell the songs
Which issue from celestial throngs.

No pain, no grief, no doubting there,
But a bright crown to ever wear;
To praise, to serve Him our employ,
And still eternal be the joy.

BETTER be a melancholy saint, than a mad sinner.

HEART-WORK is better than head-work; and, it is a better temper to be fervent in charity than in disputes.

NOTES OF A SERMON.

PREACHED AT TAMWORTH ROAD CHAPEL, CROYDON, BY MR. J. P. WILES, APRIL 28th, 1891.

(Concluded from page 157.)

I SPEAK to you who are "alive from the dead." I would speak in humility; I would speak in love; I would speak in a Gospel spirit. If in your spare moments, when your eyes might be used in reading your Bible, for the strengthening of your graces, and for food for your soul, you are devouring newspapers, or reading what will only fill your mind with vanity, then you are walking in disobedience to the exhortation. What! has Jesus Christ put away my sin? has the Holy Ghost regenerated my soul, and made my body His dwelling-place? and shall I devote all my spare moments to the service of sin and vanity? shall I use my eye—my redeemed eye—for filling my soul with vanity? "Let not sin reign in your mortal eye"; put your eyes to a better use. You may not always find it profitable at once when you read your Bible. I have known what it is to read my Bible, and not feel any profit at the time; and perhaps an hour or two afterwards the words I have been reading have returned to me with power and sweetness. "Let not sin therefore reign in your mortal body" in this respect.

I can only drop you a few hints. Take the hand; the hand is a mortal hand. "Let not sin therefore reign in your mortal hand." When does sin reign? When the hand does that which is sinful. "But," you say, "is not there something legal about this?" If so, put all that is legal down to me, and I hope I shall have the grace to be ashamed of it. The Apostle, in his epistle to the Ephesians (iv. 28) says, "Let him that stole steal no more; but rather let him labour, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth." That precept, I believe, is wrapped up in this. If there are some of you who are much taken up with business, and have to work hard to get a living for your families, and you sometimes feel cast down because your life seems almost entirely taken up with business, I would speak a word of encouragement to you. If that is your station in providence, God does not expect you to spend the day reading your Bible, or going to different places of worship. One thing you are told, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." If it is the fear of God that makes you work hard in your business, that you may be able to pay your way and keep out of debt, that is one way of obeying this precept. Perhaps you are cast down, because you think this is such a carnal way of spending your time. God does not look

upon it as carnal ; it would be much more carnal if you were lazy. A house-boy who cleans his knives and boots diligently and well, and a scullery-maid who washes up her dishes carefully and quickly, if they do their work with faithfulness and industry because they are "alive from the dead," and therefore wish to obey God and to live as becometh His Gospel, they are obeying with their mortal hand this exhortation, "Let not sin therefore reign in your mortal body." I believe we need these things cleared up. Sin reigns in the hand when it is a lazy hand, and ought to be working. Let not the hand which Christ has redeemed by His pierced hand be given to taking what does not belong to you, or not doing those things which it ought to be doing. Oh, how I do need these things myself !

"Let not sin reign in your mortal foot." Let it not carry you to vain amusements, when, if "alive from the dead," you ought to be at the place of worship. It has struck me, what wonderful condescension, that this hand, which has been given to things of which I am heartily ashamed ; this hand which needs washing, God knows ; this hand which has given me cause to blush, but the sins of which I do trust God has washed away—that God should call this hand an instrument of righteousness ! whereas, if He had dealt with me in strict justice apart from the Gospel, I must have been lost for ever. "If Thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand ?" But that I might not thus perish, the hand of Jesus Christ was pierced instead of mine ; and now God bids me yield my hand an instrument of righteousness unto Him. If ever your hand, through the love of Jesus Christ, has given sixpence to one of His people, that hand was an instrument of righteousness. Is it not condescension ? I have sometimes felt, Lord, I cannot believe it ! Oh, it needs great faith to believe such a great Gospel !

"Let not sin therefore reign in your tongue." The tongue is a member, and a very important member ; see what James says about it. What does he compare it to ? A rudder which guides the ship. If in the spirit of the Gospel I have declared to you the Gospel, my tongue, sinful though it be, yet my ransomed tongue, my redeemed tongue, has been given an "instrument of righteousness unto God" in declaring the Gospel, and God accepts it as such. Oh, what need for this exhortation at Church meetings ! I speak not of this Church, or of any other Church in this town, but of Churches far away from here, with which I have been connected ; and my experience of Church meetings is, that they are places where the tongue has indeed need to be kept, for it is often yielded as an "instrument of unrighteousness unto sin." I believe sometimes, the best way to yield your tongue an "instrument of righteousness," and to obey the exhortation, "Let not

sin reign in it," is, by keeping it firmly between your teeth, and saying nothing. Perhaps the deacon's heart goes out, "Lord, do stop them," and he is grieved by the bitter words of the members. If these things fit, it is but a bow at a venture. I speak to you who are "alive from the dead," you who are washed in blood, "Let not sin reign in your mortal tongue" by giving way to useless discussions, or by speaking evil of God's servants; you offend your brethren, and weary the poor women, who are obliged to hear it all and cannot say anything, but often think they won't go to any more Church meetings. "My brethren, these things ought not so to be." If you have to speak, see you pray to God to be with your tongue; before a Church meeting, I have often had to pray, "Lord, help me to say what is right, and grant I may say it in a right spirit; may I be used as a peace-maker.

"Let not sin therefore reign in your mortal tongue. Neither yield it as an instrument of unrighteousness unto sin, but yield it unto God." The tongue is used as an "instrument unto God" when it speaks of the things of God; when friends are thrown together, and the tongue is used in godly converse, not foolish talking and jesting. I cannot go further. I know I might have spoken some things far more palatable to something in you, and to something in me; but my concern, in coming before you this time, has been, that the Lord would give me a message to you, and enable me to deliver it. I have prayed, "Lord, do give me a message for Croydon. I can't go with what I have said at another place, but do give me a message for Croydon. Lord, Thou knowest who will be there, how many little ones will be there, how many fearful ones will be there, and how many haughty ones, if such there be."

But now, how is the exhortation obeyed? I have lately been reading, in Bunyan's "Holy War," how Emmanuel came and made a feast for the town of Mansoul, and feasted them with food that came from His Father's court. Oh, how little I know of this feasting with Him on the sweet dishes from His Father's court! But in the next chapter, after Mansoul had been feasted, the crucifixion of Diabolonians took place. They were tried and convicted. There was My Lord Falsehood, and Alderman Atheist, and Mr. Unbelief; this last villain, however, escaped before the day for crucifying them. When the Diabolonians were brought to the cross to die, Mansoul had such hard work to put them to death, that the citizens were forced to cry out for help; but, says Bunyan, "My Lord Secretary came to their aid, and put His hands upon the hands of the men of Mansoul, and so enabled them to crucify the Diabolonians." He meant God the Holy Spirit; He came and helped them, and so they were able to crucify their lusts. This is an old-fashioned religion. You

who are "alive from the dead," you have God's Holy Spirit to help you—I speak to you, who, by the Holy Spirit, who dwelleth in you, have a living power given you to obey the precepts of the Gospel: "Let not sin therefore reign in your mortal body, that ye should obey it in the lusts thereof. Neither yield ye your members as instruments of unrighteousness unto sin: but yield yourselves unto God, as those that are alive from the dead, and your members as instruments of righteousness unto God."

How is this done? My friends, very much through prayer, very much through the reading of God's Word, very much through attendance on the means of grace; through a visit from God, strengthening the graces of the Spirit of God. Have you not found a visit from God has quickened and enlivened you, the fear of God has been strengthened, and you have been helped to crucify your lusts? These are the things that help a man to walk in the fear of God. "So did not I, because of the fear of God," said Nehemiah. I know what it is to have a temptation come when the fear of God is in exercise, and when it is not, and oh, the woeful difference! You who are unconcerned about obeying the precepts, and are resting on the words, "Without Me ye can do nothing," let me remind you, the Word of God is a sword with two edges, and it means this, quite as much as anything else, that if you do nothing, it is a plain proof you are without Jesus Christ. Oh, my friends, there is room for godly fear, there is room for such exhortations as this, "Let us labour therefore to enter into that rest, lest any man fall after the same example of unbelief." I am sure there is room for these things. We have no need to be offended at them. If anything has been said wrong, or from a wrong motive, I believe there is grace enough in Jesus Christ to pardon it, and power in His blood to wash me from it all; and I believe He will not lay it to my charge, seeing I am "not under the law, but under grace." May He bless His Word to your souls, for His Name's sake.

THOSE public religious teachers who confine their sermons almost entirely to reiterating what their hearers ought to do and be, year after year, must have a very poor opinion of, at least, the godly in their congregations who have listened to the same exhortations for perhaps ten, twenty, or forty years. Surely they must have learned all this well, and a short reminder now and again ought to be sufficient, without condemning them to semi-starvation by withholding the oil and wine of the Gospel, and ignoring the grand old truths of distinguishing grace, which are practically the strongest incentives to good works.

JUSTIFICATION.

PROPERLY speaking, the word justification is a forensic term expressing the gracious act of God in not only pronouncing a just and holy sentence of acquittal in favour of wretched, guilty, self-condemned sinners, whereby they are declared free from sin, delivered from the powerful grasp of the law, and released from the punishment of their transgressions ; but also approving them as holy, through the imputed obedience and blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. Thus, justification is the saints' *charter of freedom*, by which they are brought into the liberty of the Gospel, and liberated from the curse and bondage of the law.

Justification is the choicest and chiefest blessing of the covenant of grace. By it all believers are absolved from the guilt and shame of sin (Acts xiii. 39), and made partakers of the righteousness of the Lord Jesus, because of their interest in His redeeming love and work.

Freedom from sin is the effect of the imputation of the believer's trespasses to his Saviour, and of the imputation of the Saviour's righteousness to him (2 Cor. v. 21).

The holy law of God requires universal and perpetual obedience to its commands, on pain of death (Ezek. xviii. 4 ; James ii. 10), and this in respect to every particular, for "sin is the transgression of the law" (1 John iii. 4 ; Heb. ii. 2). Since Adam fell, no man has been able to meet the law's demands ; and seeing an imperfect and partial obedience (even if it could be yielded to the letter of the law) will never be accepted by a righteous God, it is evident that "by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified" (Gal. ii. 16). A man cannot be justified by the law of Moses, because he cannot fulfil it (Acts xiii. 39). However, sovereign grace made a way by which God can be "just and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus" (Rom. v. 26). The Lord Jesus Christ became the Surety for His Church according to the will of the Father ; He came to earth, being found in fashion as a man, and in His humiliation wrought out a righteousness, by perfectly obeying, as the Daysman, every jot and tittle of the requirements of the law. He is "the end of the law for righteousness" (Rom. x. 4), which glorious robe is "unto all and upon all them that believe" (Rom. iii. 22) ; and all such are, by the imputation of His obedience, made "accepted in the Beloved" (Eph. i. 6), and stand "complete in Him" (Col. ii. 10).

He had compassion on His Church, cast out into the open field to the loathing of her person (Ezek. xvi. 5), and came where she was, taking her law-place ; He was "made of a woman, made under the law" (Gal. iv. 4), "made a curse" for her (Gal. iii. 13).

The curse she deserved He endured, the law she had broken He fulfilled, the debt she had contracted He paid, the punishment she had entailed upon herself He suffered. Thus, she was justified, and "blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Him" (Eph. i. 3).

But we pass on to notice the *means* by which the soul is brought into an experimental participation of these truths. By nature, we have no functions or powers to comprehend spiritual things at all, much less to know and feel the necessity of being justified by the alone righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ; neither can there be in the carnal man any desire after it, nor any laying hold of it. Therefore, when the Lord quickens a soul into divine life, He bestows upon him the grace of *faith*. Faith is the eye of the soul, by which the poor sinner perceives his need of Christ's righteousness, looking to it with desire, and trying to be made a partaker of it. Faith is the hand of the new creature, stretched forth towards the righteousness of Christ, feeling after it, and clinging to Him, it holds fast to His righteousness, as the only way of escape from wrath.

The man who possesses saving faith, believes, feels, and laments that he is a miserable, helpless, ill-and-hell-deserving sinner. He apprehends the way of salvation, to a greater or less degree, and his faith is seen in those precious fruits and works, which prove it to be not a dead faith, but a faith of the operation of God. There is true repentance, a turning from sin with loathing, and to the righteousness of Christ with longing. There is a seeking and waiting for that application of the atonement, which makes manifest an interest in Christ's redeeming love, and brings the soul into the enjoyment of a good hope through grace, that "he is justified from all things, from which he could not be justified by the law of Moses" (Acts xiii. 39). Thus faith lays hold on Christ's righteousness as the sinner's only hope. Such an one sings—

"My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name."

Thus, "a man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ, even we have believed in Jesus Christ, that we might be justified by the faith of Christ, and not by the works of the law: for by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified" (Gal. ii. 16). "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. v. 1).

Now, true faith implanted in the heart produces a tender conscience, a standing in awe of God's Word, a desire to walk in

His fear, a reverential regard unto His precepts, and a seeking to glorify Him among men. Without some measure of these "fruits," there is no evidence of the possession of saving faith; "We see then how that by works a man is justified (*evidentially*), and not by faith only" (James ii. 24), for "faith without works is dead" (verse 17). "A vital faith carries in itself the animating principle from which works proceed."

Further, the *Justifier* is Jehovah—Father, Son and Holy Spirit. God the Father justifies by declaring the sinner's acquittal and forgiveness as the Judge of all. God the Son justifies by the robe of righteousness which He wrought out, the imputation of which is the ground of his justification. And God the Holy Spirit justifies by working that faith in him, which we have seen is the means of his justification, and in due time sealing it and revealing it to his heart and soul. It is evident that the justification of a sinner is all of grace from first to last. He himself has no hand in it whatever.

Again, the *sentence* of justification is declared by the Eternal Three in the covenant of grace; pronounced in the court of conscience by the witnessing Spirit, in the application of the peace-speaking blood of Jesus; and, finally, will be openly promulgated before assembled worlds in the judgment day.

Lastly, consider the *extent* of justification. It is absolution from all guilt. Believers are "justified from *all* things," and accounted perfectly righteous. "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth" (Rom. viii. 33).

To conclude. The doctrine of justification displays the love of God in its unfoldings of the plan of salvation; it exalts the Lord Jesus Christ in His blood and righteousness; it humbles the creature by excluding boasting; it affords sweet consolation for an afflicted conscience; and an experience of its power and preciousness greatly promotes true godliness both in heart and life.

The subject of our next paper will (D.V.) be on "*Salvation*," as revealed in one of the most instructive similes of the Bible, which we hope will illustrate and confirm what we have advanced in this and preceding papers, and prepare the way for the consideration of the precious subject of sanctification.

Leicester.

E. C.

A WISH FOR OUR EDITOR.

JEHOVAH-SHALOM be your Guide and Friend,
His peace and love your every step attend;
In the Good Shepherd's arms may you recline,
And there enjoy His rest and peace divine.

Leicester.

E. C.

SOME ATTRACTIONS OF THE BETTER COUNTRY.

THE saints of God, are heaven born, and heaven bound; their names are written in heaven, and their arrival in heaven is secured by the purpose, provision, promise and power of Jehovah. When absent from the body, they will be present with the Lord: their hearts are in heaven before they reach there to await the resurrection day, when "the dead in Christ shall rise first," and in both parts of their nature be glorified for ever:

Our present powers are inadequate to conceive the felicity reserved for us in heaven; but we may try and contemplate, though as "through a glass darkly," some of the immunities and prospects of "the inheritance of the saints in light," as they are unfolded in the sure Scriptures, and will be infinitely exceeded beyond all our expectations.

Our knowledge will be vastly increased concerning God, His words, His works, and His ways, in creation, providence, and grace, in all that relates to the peopling of heaven out of all nations, kindreds, people and tongues, to the praise of His glory. Much of that which defies our comprehension now, will largely be discovered to be plain enough, and in complete harmony with the Divine perfections. Our prior ignorance will but serve to enhance the depths of the riches and wisdom of God then realized.

Our deliverance will be complete and for ever from sin in every shape, way, or form, and from its very being—we shall be perfectly sanctified. The atmosphere will be pure, the society pure, and the worship and employment pure.

Our perceptions will be clear of all that shall be conducive to our fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore.

Our love will be perfect, unwavering, uninterrupted, strong, mighty, and absorbing in all that shall contribute to our complete happiness.

Our gratitude will be unceasing, and will be poured forth in immortal songs of adoration and hallelujahs, in concert with the spirits of the redeemed made perfect, who have arrived since the entrance of righteous Abel, until our own, and those who will in continual succession be still arriving, to enjoy the happiness, magnificence, and dazzling splendours of the place, and the state, concerning which, while here,

"Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away."

Our freedom will be entire—from pain, suffering, temptations, unbelief, or inconvenience of any kind. No anxieties or cares will exist there. We shall be beyond the gunshot of our great adversary the devil, and the old man will be as dead as

a stone. No weights or hindrances will ever disturb our unruffled peace. The fountains of living water will be found ample for our supply, and that every preparation has been made for our reception, that comports with the boundless resources of the Lord of the place. The Lamb in the midst of the throne will command all the uninterrupted admiration of our enlarged and sanctified powers, and be the grand centre of our cause for exultation and joy for evermore. "Unto Him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen," will be our untiring song, and new discoveries add still increasing reasons for continuous adoration of the Triune Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, in all eternity.

All attempts to portray the blessedness of the better country soon prove the paucity of human conceptions, and exhaust the most extensive vocabulary acquired by mortals. We may well wind up our efforts of contemplation by again reverting to the significant words, "But what must it be to be there!"

Everyone who anticipates the full realization of such things, on which their hearts are already fixed by precious faith, their expectations being founded upon the divine Scriptures, declare plainly that they are journeying to the better country, and are distinguished by infinite grace, as among the many who are led by the Spirit of God and are the sons of God; and, "If children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ." It is submitted that, in the case of all persons who have tasted of such things sufficiently to unreservedly desire their fulness of realization as their conscious element and end of their faith, which is the salvation of their souls, they are most certainly supernaturally regenerated, efficiently redeemed, completely justified; and will be everlastingly glorified.

No wonder that the spiritually and scripturally taught should renounce all *isms* of human origin, and grasp, and hold to, as for their very life, the good news which the sure Scriptures declare. Concerning the indissoluble relation of every sincere believer to the Almighty Redeemer, and their security in Him who loved them and gave Himself for them, all stereotyped creeds to the contrary may be safely discarded, that evade and ignore the Scripture-declared fact, that Christ will most certainly see of the travail of His soul, by the everlasting salvation of His entire Church, which He purchased with His own blood.

"Let the children of Zion therefore be joyful in their King."
"Let the inhabitants of the Rock, sing," yea, "let them shout from the top of the mountains"; and like the godly stone-breaker by the roadside, when sympathized with on his hard lot, by a gentleman

on horseback, in a snow-storm, after enumerating some of his privileges, said, "But look at my expectations." What the expectations of the careless, prayerless, the impenitent and unconcerned about their inevitable exit into the future state may be, the writer is but faintly acquainted with, although he can very easily imagine some of the very flimsy ideas many may entertain ; while others have none, neither wish for any. Their mental reservation is really, that there is no future state ; but this must be a very uncertain speculation ; "a leap in the dark" is very dangerous, and godly people prefer being on the safe side.

Surely no persons can pretend to be wise who care for none of these things relating to the better country, and persistently live in rebellion against the Almighty in continued impenitence, bolstered up by the idiotic conception that they escape His omniscience, and may do just what they like with impunity, as though there were no God, no Divine law, no Bible, no day of reckoning, and no grand assize in the great future. The sincere desire of the writer, whose long lease is rapidly running out, is, that every one of them may be brought to use the ancient prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and never leave off until they realize, experimentally, the fulfilment of the Divine promise recorded in John vi. 37, "And him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

The world has nothing of equal value to offer the disciples of Christ in exchange for their good hope through grace, and authorized expectation of safely reaching the better country. The most delicious enjoyments this world can possibly afford are intermittent, uncertain of recurrence, and, most certainly it must be fully admitted, but temporary in duration, while the heavenly inheritance will be unceasing and permanent and all that is blissful.

"Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song."

HENRY COUSENS.

A GOOD deal of the trouble of God's people ariseth from a mistake and misapprehension of God : they judge of God by their sense, not by His promise ; by their own frame, and not by His constant nature.

How mysterious are the Lord's dealings with His people ! yet it is impossible that one single line of teaching could be left out, because infinite wisdom is at the bottom of all. We cannot think too much of the blessedness of having such a Father ; indeed, there would never be a repining thought or feeling, if we could but realize the true character of our God and Father.—*Geo. D. Doudney.*

"FOR THE LOVE OF CHRIST CONSTRAINETH US."

(2 CORINTHIANS V. 14.)

THE word constraineth means, "Carry us away with," as the flow of a great river carries every floating substance that falls upon its surging bosom away with it—every leaf, every straw and particle of dust tossed to and fro by the breeze, touching the water, partakes at once of its movement and the direction of the river itself. So the human heart, amidst its agitation, as it comes in contact with the love of Christ, is taken in that direction, and is ruled as by magnetic power. The river of love is the secret spring of salvation and all true Christian fellowship. Look at the power of music : a man that has an ear for harmony of sound is taken captive by it ; it holds the ear and keeps the man listening to the sound. There is a power in beauty. Beauty strikes the mind, holds the eye captive, takes possession of the heart. But oh, the power in the love of God ! this conquers the sinner, holds him, teaches him, captivates him ; and then what beauty he sees in a risen Christ and the plan of salvation ; and unless these things take hold of your heart, you will never delight in Christ.

It is this love of Christ that looks upon us in all our deformity and degradation. What uncommon love ! how extraordinary, to flow from One so high to sinners so low, and that with a perfect fulness in Him, and through Him, and by Him. We cannot properly conceive of the love of God but in connection with Christ ; and here is a vast ocean—not a mere rivulet, but an ocean of love unbounded. Does God love you, poor sinner ? He never did apart from His dear Son. The Apostle prayed that he might "know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge." The love of the Father, in all its boundless fulness, unalterable fixedness—its all-embracing power, with all its forgiveness, all its purity—this hath its residence in His Son ; all our mercies, grace, and love—all blessings are treasured here. Christ's love is not loseable ; it can never die out, and He will never withdraw it. How refreshing and sweet to know your interest in the same. Has He opened this channel for me ? Has He opened this fountain of affection for me ? All the love of God is in Christ. Christ holds God's love, and Christ's love holds me ; this is the centre where God and a sinner meet. Blessed fountain of love ! it never runs dry ; out of this stream, salvation and mercy flows to guilty man.

I. Some of the qualities of this love. First, *sympathetic love*. Look at some of the beautiful expressions of it in Isaiah lxii. "Thou shalt also be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God. Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken ; neither shall thy land any more be termed Desolate : but thou shalt be called Hephzibah, and thy land

Beulah : for the Lord delighteth in thee." &c. This love has to do with its objects. When they are in affliction and trouble, the harp upon the willows, and none at hand to relieve, the Lord stretches forth the hand of sympathy, and draws near, saying, "Fear not, I have loved thee." Our state may be such that brethren look shy upon us, and discard us, instead of seeking to reclaim and restore. We are apt to say, when a man is shunned, it serves him right, but would it not serve us right if the Lord were to shun us? May we be more like the good Samaritan. Look at the Lord's prodigal : the father hailed his return, dirty, footsore, and ragged, yet the father's love was then a love of sympathy. Sympathy is a great blessing when practised among children of God ; how you may strengthen each other in adversity, both minister and people. His love was sympathetic, so yours should be. In all your trials, you have the heart of Jesus on your side.

Another property is *fruitfulness*. It is a beneficial love, not worldly, but nobler and higher—the love of God in deed and in truth. If you see that poor brother stumble uphill, surely you will pity him. I hope you would ; but what's the use of that, unless you help him? Love produces qualities. There is no property, that I am aware of, either in Heaven or earth, fraught with such benefits as love. Love will do a great deal among men. Have you got the family robe on? It was wrought by the love of Christ. Did you earn the inheritance? No! love gave it to you. Have you love in your bosoms? Love put it there. Have you a heart that values the presence of God? Love gave it to you. Do you know that fountain where the vilest may wash? It is love's development ; the whole scheme is a bright display of love. Love's arm redeemed you, its power supports you, it will supply you ; yea, the hand of love is open wide to supply all your needs.

Another effect of this love is *union*. No separation ; it cannot bear seclusion ; it constrains to be present with its object ; it allows of no separation.

"Loved of my God ere time began,
With love intense I'd burn."

Jesus Christ cannot part from the objects of His love ; He loves them too well. He bought them too dearly ever to part with them, and He has too deep an interest in them and their eternal welfare ever to allow of a final separation. It is a uniting love. It gave Christ to His people, and them to Him. Unbelief will assail you ; Satan will assail you. But heed them not ; Jesus, mighty to save, with His strong grasp holds them ; no power can wrest them from Him. Poverty, the world, fears, trials, foes without and foes within, may all do their work, but, interested in this love, there is no division, no, not even in death. Christian, you may lose the

sweet sense of your portion, as to feeling, but never your interest in uniting love. Jesus saw you sunk in sin, and exposed to a terrible hell—hating God, and exposed to His wrath. Does He merely look on this awful spectacle? No! He leaves heaven, His Father's bright abode. He came down to suffer, bleed, and die, resolved to buy us with His blood. Oh, what matchless love!

II. The subjects or objects of this love. Love makes a choice; love is discriminating, sovereign, according to the will of God. Who are the people? If you read a book, you see the writer's mind. Now the mind of Christ is, "I love them that love Me, and those that seek Me early shall find Me." Is Christ precious to you? If you love Him, you will desire a taste of His love, and every drop you have will make you long for more. Every soul that loves cannot always feel satisfied of His love. Many dare not say openly, "I love Christ," yet their desire for evidences of love to Him, mourning and lamenting their coldness, with earnest cries after Him, prove they do love Him, for even these things spring from love.

Love has a power and influence. "We love Him because He first loved us." We love His people, where we see His image. We want to live near Him and honour Him—to love His cause without partiality, whether poor or rich, if they are brought to Mercy's door; we esteem the Bible as the Book of books, because it testifies of His love; and having loved us, we are constrained to love Him in return.

C. NORRIS.

"THE ROOT OF DAVID."

(REVELATION v. 5.)

ELSEWHERE in this book we find Jesus saying, "I am the root and offspring of David," here He simply is termed "David's Root." The complex Person of the Lord Jesus, Divine and human, God and Man, is one of the greatest mysteries of our holy faith, but it is the keystone of the arch of revelation, the grand foundation of the Church of God, and an abiding source of joy to all His people, in whatever state they may be found.

As Cowper sweetly sings—

"As Man, He pities my complaint,
His power and truth are all Divine;
He will not fail, He cannot faint,
Salvation's sure, and must be mine."

In our text, however, there is a special reference to the mediatorial work of Jesus as the Governor of the world, and the great Unfolder of God's providence and grace.

A roll filled with writing, and sealed with seven seals, was seen in the right hand of Him who sat upon the throne, while an angel's voice asked the question, "Who is worthy to loose these seals and unfold this roll?" And none in the universe was found who dared to approach to take the roll or even to gaze upon it. John wept much at first, but soon his tears were dried by the announcement that One was found worthy to loose those seals and unfold those purposes—"The Lion of the tribe of Judah," the Root of David, the Lamb of God, who once was slain! And when He had received the roll from the hand of His God, the saints and angels joined in the sweet song, "Worthy the Lamb!" the Redeemer, our Lord!

What a beautiful comment we have here on the words of Jesus to His disciples, after He had risen from the dead, "All hail! all power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth!" All authority—the God-given right to sway the sceptre of supreme and undivided sovereignty, to control all events, make all things work together for His people's good and His own and His Father's glory, and, in the end, to fulfil every word that the mouth of the Lord had spoken. David was a great king, though an imperfect one, but He who is the great Predecessor of that ancient monarch—the King of kings, the Lord of lords—is perfect in wisdom, power, and love; the pleasure of the Lord prospers in His hand; and, since He is immortal, He must reign till all His enemies are vanquished, till all His friends are saved, till God is All in all.

All other kings must drop their sceptres; their kingdoms begin in time, in time they find their end; but before the foundation of the world King Jesus was set up, and He shall sit with His Father enthroned to all eternity. With Him the everlasting covenant of grace has been made, and the sure mercies of David secured to all who serve and follow this glorious ever-reigning King.

David, as a saint, grew up from this blessed Root; as a king, he received from Him his sceptre; and Israel's human "shepherd" could triumphantly cry, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."

Oh that we all may increasingly know His power to save, and sweetly realize how—

"He overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs."

"Clouds and darkness are indeed round about Him, but righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne." "The Lord reigneth! and blessed are all they that put their trust in Him."

H. S. LAWRENCE.

MAN'S RESPONSIBILITY.

(Concluded from page 162.)

It has been plainly and clearly proved in preceding papers that God's command to all men is to repent; thus John went forth in his ministry, "Saying, Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," &c. (Matt. iii. 2). And Mark, in giving us an account of the beginning of the Gospel of Jesus Christ the Son of God, says that Jesus, after He had been in His temptation trial in the wilderness, "came into Galilee, preaching the Gospel of the kingdom of God, and saying . . . Repent ye, and believe the Gospel." Thus He not only called them to repentance as a nation, but also to believe the Gospel. Now, if obedience to His word was right, their disobedience and rejection of His word must be sin; for if they were not responsible for their conduct in receiving or rejecting the Gospel, the sin of rejecting Christ and His words would not have been charged upon them, as in John xii. 48. Also, Jesus, when speaking of the coming of the Spirit of truth to convince the world of sin, &c., said, the sin of their not believing on Him would be laid to their charge (John xvi. 9). Therefore, those who do not believe are condemned already, because they do not believe in the name of the only begotten Son of God (see John iii. 18). How is this condemnation merited? For we know that none believe and receive Christ but those who are born of God (see John i. 12, 13), and the Holy Ghost alone can quicken the dead sinner to believe in and receive Christ by faith (John vi. 63, and xvi. 14, 15). The only answer we can find is, that God created man with full powers to do all He required of him; but, by the Fall, those powers were universally lost. Therefore none, save those to whom the Spirit is given, can repent and believe the Gospel as God commands them to do; yet, by reason of the original powers conferred upon them, which they have lost, God holds them responsible for the not using them in obedience to His command. Thus, they that reject the words of Christ, are condemned for their disobedience, because the powers committed to them at their creation have been prostituted to the service of the evil one. Man having died spiritually, and thus becoming incapable of living by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord, this does not absolve him of his responsibility, because it was his own act, and not God's decrees, that made him what he is.

God's sovereign decrees relate only to the salvation of His people. Thus millions upon millions of the human race are benefitted by those decrees, but none of those who are not interested in them to salvation are thereby injured. Because, while God, in sovereign mercy, takes some from the ruin of the fall as vessels of

mercy, He only leaves the others where their transgressions have placed them, appointed unto wrath, according to His determinate counsel, "The soul that sinneth *it* shall die," and, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them." Thus man's sin is the procuring cause of his condemnation, and not God's decrees. Oh, that the spirit and baneful breath of that deadly dogma of fatalism, which has spread so widely around us, may be stemmed by the advance of the simple and pure truths of the Gospel of salvation, which place man's sin at his own door, and put the crown of salvation on the head of Him who never had pleasure in the death of the wicked (Ezek. xxxiii. 11), but who gave every believer grace in Christ Jesus before the world began (2 Tim. i. 9, &c.) Therefore their believing in, and receiving Christ, is due to the provision God made for them in the "Everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure." While the unbeliever is, at the same time, without excuse, as having turned to his own way, thereby destroying himself, and so coming into condemnation, where God has left him without hope (Romans ii. 1-5). How important then it is that in the ministry of the Word, God should be cleared of all charges of being the cause of the destruction of the impenitent, by decreeing their impenitent state, and appointing them unto eternal wrath. Such charges are blasphemous untruths against Him, who, as the God of truth, is just and right and without iniquity (Deut. xxxii. 4). And also, ministers cannot be pure from the blood of their hearers, unless they faithfully declare the whole counsel of God, to sinners as well as to saints. This Paul did; and although he found many who put the word from them, and judged themselves unworthy of eternal life (Acts xiii. 46), yet he rejoiced before God and the people that he was pure from the blood of all men (Acts xx. 26). May the Holy Spirit lead the servants and people of Christ into the whole truth, and enable them to hold it unmixed with error.

THE TIDE AND THE SOUL.

WHEN the tide has been coming in, I have often seen how it chafed and fretted, running into some narrow-mouthed bay, filling it, swirling round, and lapping on the shores, till by-and-by, still flowing and flowing and flowing, it filled the bay. The tide had spent itself; there ran a smooth ripple over the surface, and the whole bay at last was at rest. And so the soul, while yet it is being filled, is disturbed by ripples and eddies; but, by-and-by, when it shall have been filled full of the power and presence of God, it will be satisfied, and will be perfectly at peace, and be full of joy.

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

To the Editor of the Sower.

DEAR MR. HULL,—I have often been refreshed and encouraged in reading the letters inserted in the "Seekers' Corner," and have often wished that I could put a word in; but I feel to be so ignorant with regard to spiritual things. In my inward self I feel so full of sin, so vile, and not worthy of God's love, yet often feeling as that hymn says—

"Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Dear Jesus, set me free;
And to Thy glory take me in,
For there I long to be."

I long to be able to say as Job did, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Do, dear sir, tell me if it is the right way to the city of habitation. Are God's children led in this way? and are they brought out of such dreadful darkness as I am now in? but not too dark to see what a great sinner I am before a living God. Please pardon me for writing to you, hoping that my seeking will not be in vain, but that I may ere long give to the Lord all the glory. Wishing you every spiritual blessing,

I remain yours, A Seeker in the Lord,

A. W.

[The Lord has promised to bring the blind by a way they knew not, and to lead them in paths which they have not known. By which means He brings them off from every hope and trust, to hang on Christ alone. Still follow on, dear friend; there is daylight ahead. Christ Jesus will not forsake nor forget His seekers.—ED.]

SEEKING THE GOOD PART.

I'm seeking, Lord, for something, the which I cannot find;
I'm longing to go forward, but seem so far behind;
I'm weary—very weary—my heart is often sad;
And, Lord, I'm waiting for Thee to speak, and make me glad.

I'm thirsty—very thirsty—and hungry oft am I,
And for Thy children's food, Lord, I very often sigh;
The living waters, too, Lord, I do so long to taste;
I pray to be submissive, but oh, my God, make haste.

The way is long and dreary, the road is very rough,
And strength for pressing onward there seemeth scarce enough;
I faint and sigh, oft fearing that this dark, chequered way
Is leading me still farther and farther off each day.

I hear of others running, but I want something more ;
 Oh, draw me to Thy bosom, that I may Thee adore ;
 Come right into my soul, Lord, and say that I am Thine,
 And cause my heart to answer that Thou art surely mine.

I need grace to be waiting till Thou shalt bid me rise—
 Till Thou, in love and mercy, shalt wipe my weeping eyes ;
 I, too, am needing patience to quietly endure,
 Until with some sweet promise Thou wilt my soul assure.

Thou knowest all about it, dear Lord, before I speak ;
 Thou, too, canst understand me, Thou knowest what I seek :
 Thou sympathizest with me, though Thou art now above ;
 Thou art the same in pity, compassion, care, and love.

Then, why need I be downcast, if all is known to Thee,
 If Thou my steps hast ordered, and carest so for me ?
 Help me to cast my burdens on Thee, dear Lord, alone,
 Blest with the sweet assurance we are for ever one.

Brighton.

C. (Slightly altered.)

WHY do I profess to be a Christian ? there seems nothing in me or about me like one. I feel altogether wrong, I know not what I am. There does not appear one fruit or effect of grace in my heart ; I am impatient, dark, dead, lifeless, stupid, barren, and altogether unfruitful. Dear Lord, what will become of me ? Do quicken my feelingly dead soul, and let me once more feel Thee precious. I can scarcely bear what I feel. I cannot pray, have no delight in reading Thy Word, have little or no feeling under the word preached. Dear Lord, why hast Thou forsaken me ? Have my sins separated between me and Thee ? Have my affections and desires run after forbidden objects ? If so, draw them to Thy blessed self. Forbid that any earthly object should take possession of that seat where Thou alone shouldst dwell ; forbid that any should have the pre-eminence in my heart but Thyself. O Lord, wean me more from this wicked and sinful World ; let my affections and desires go more after Thee and dwell more upon Thee. Save me, O Lord, from my own wicked heart ; do save me from myself. Self is the greatest burden I have to carry, and truly my greatest foes dwell in my own house, which cause a daily warfare. Grant I may not be overthrown thereby : uphold me by Thy great and mighty power ; defend me with Thy grace ; shield me from all the fiery darts of the enemy ; and may I daily feel Thy eye is upon me, preserving me from death and destruction. Enable me to trust in Thee amidst all I feel, which is known only to Thy blessed self.

Those with whom I walk and converse, little think what passes in my mind, daily, of one shape or other : sometimes hoping and

trusting in Thee, and feeling, though walking in darkness and have no light, my mind stayed upon Thee ; at other times full of confusion : sins of every kind rankle and torment my very soul, and the fear of falling a prey to the inclinations of my wicked heart drives me almost to despair. I feel at times on the very brink of eternity, as though I was walking along a narrow precipice ; and I fear stepping alone, lest I should fall over and sink into endless perdition. Hold Thou me up, dear Lord, and I shall be quite safe. Let me feel Thee holding me ; let me feel Thy everlasting arms of love and mercy underneath my very soul. Lord, wilt Thou listen to me for one moment and answer my poor breathings ? I want to feel Thee near ; I want to see Thee ; I want to know Thee as a God of mercy ; I want to feel Thee precious ; I want to know that Thou hast died to set my spirit free ; I want to feed upon Thee, for my soul is nearly famished ; I want food for my never-dying soul ; if it could feed upon what works within, why is it not satisfied ? Tell me, O Lord, why it is, if Thou hast not regenerated my poor soul, that I am not contented without Thee, without thinking upon Thee and desiring to feel Thee precious ? Is it because I profess Thy Holy name that my judgment tells me I ought to think upon Thee, and have my affections and desires set upon Thee ? Lord, something tells me, at times, that if I had made no profession of Thee, had not professed to be one of Thy saints, I should not be at all troubled at not feeling Thee precious ; that my affections and desires might run after what they would, and it would be no trouble to me ; that what troubles I have spring from the profession I have made of Thee, merely because I ought to be more engaged about things heavenly and eternal, and be so weaned from earth, that I ought scarcely to have a wicked thought, but I daily feel that of myself—

“ I cannot frame a good desire,
If all the world to me were given ;
Nor can I to a wish aspire,
If one good wish would purchase heaven.”

Thou only knowest, dear Lord, whether these are the assaults of the enemy, to cast down and distress my poor soul, for, dear Lord, thou knowest they do. They make me to fear I am nothing but a hypocrite, and sometimes to think I am in the most awful position any poor soul could be placed in. Thou knowest, dear Lord—I need not tell Thee again, I have often told Thee—Thou art almost the only One I talk to, for I know Thou art the only One that can do me good. Thou knowest the nature of the disease, and Thou only canst perform a cure. Oh, grant me a little balm from Gilead to heal my sin-sick soul !

'Tis sick and faint, let it not die. Lord, I desire life from Thee, if thou wouldst favour me, a sinful worm. May all the life I possess be drawn from Thee, centre in Thee. Yea, let me die to self and live *on* Thee and *in* Thee, that I may ever reign with Thee above.

MRS. VAUGHAN.

DEAR MR. HULL,—I am pleased to see in the SOWER for June the letter from F. C. Though I know not the person, I feel I must join in with a word concerning the prayer-meeting. It is indeed "a grand institution." I can say I have had many a lift by the way while hearing the Word of God read and expounded, and the brethren, one after another, engage in prayer. I remember especially one Monday evening, Mr. Burrell expounded from the words, "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." He asked the older friends to bear with him while he spoke to the younger ones before him. I can say I felt it good to be there. It has indeed been a school-time, both on the Sunday afternoon and Monday evening. Not always have I felt comfort and joy—sometimes it has been a word of correction, or a word of guidance—therefore I would earnestly ask my dear young friends not to neglect the prayer-meeting. Wishing you the best of blessings,

I am, yours truly,

A LITTLE ONE.

DEAR SIR,—I have often felt that I should like to send a word to the Seekers' Corner. It is not much a poor, doubting sinner like me can do or say. I often wonder if any of the Lord's dear children ever have such thoughts and fears as I have, doubting if I am called by grace. Ah! often I say with the poet—

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

I do love the Lord, but is it the right love? I do hope in His calling; but I often fear it is not the steadfast hope spoken of by the Apostles.

At times I feel as though the whole weight of Mount Sinai was upon me, and I hear, "Cursed is he that continueth not in all things written in the law to do them." Sometimes the Lord is pleased to visit me with His mercy, and then I can sing—

" Ere long a heavenly voice I heard,
And Mercy's angel-form appeared;
She led me on with gentle pace,
To Jesus as my Hiding-place."

Oh, how I have then cried—

“ More frequent let Thy visits be,
Or let them longer last.”

For some months past I have sat under the ministry of Mr. Myerson, at Hackney Road, and the Lord has blessed me abundantly. It was through his ministry that I saw the Lord had an elect people, and that grace alone can bring a sinner to plead for mercy at the throne of grace.

“ Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o’erflow;
’Twas grace that brought me to this day,
And will not let me go.”

But oh for more grace to wait the Lord’s appearing. I have heard some professing Christians say, that since the Lord called them, they have never been unhappy, and they never have doubts and fears. That makes my poor soul to cry out, “ Why am I thus ? ”

Trusting the Lord will bless you in your work of love,
I remain,

A DOUBTING ONE.

[Peter prayed thus for the Church of Christ, “ But the God of all grace, who hath called us unto His eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you.” Our desire is that you may thus learn Christ, and stand fast in His doctrine, through grace, to the end.—ED.]

BELIEVERS are children of the same Father, members of the same Son, and habitations of the same Spirit, fellow-citizens, fellow-servants, fellow-soldiers, fellow-travellers, and fellow-heirs.

THE saints of God cannot thrive on law only, and while they delight in the law of God after the inward man, their hungering and thirsting is after righteousness, not only imparted and practical, but really and essentially “ imputed righteousness,” whether they formally express it or not. Preaching the law alone is not preaching the Gospel; and as vast numbers of religious teachers never preach the precious Gospel in its clearness and fulness, it ought not to be considered uncharitable, if those who have learned its value and pricelessness to them, conclude that those who never preach it, in accordance with their multifarious opportunities, really do not understand it, or they would be but too glad to circulate it, and luxuriate in doing so.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

COMFORT FOR SEEKERS.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—How full of encouragement, to those who are seeking Jesus as a Saviour, is God's holy Word. It is full of sweet and precious promises, but they bring no relief to that one who feels the burden of sin, until the Holy Spirit applies them with power to the soul. Do not be downcast, O mourning one, for be assured that no one ever felt troubled on account of sin, unless God had begun a work of grace in them. By nature, men are blind, and do not feel that they deserve God's wrath; therefore one evidence that you are born again is, that you grieve because of sin. Another evidence is, that you cannot help praying for mercy. Perhaps you feel it is *not* prayer, but it *is*, if it comes from the heart.

“Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.”

Very often the groan or sigh is more truly prayer than the well-worded and distinct utterance made before men.

Perhaps the seeker hears the Gospel preached, and can quite agree with all God's servant says, but yet cannot feel that it is for himself. The language of his heart is, “Give me Christ or else I die.” He feels that worldly things are as nothing in comparison with heavenly ones, and that it will not profit him “if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul.” Assuredly none ever felt like this, unless they were among God's children. Again; you feel a change in your views: once you disliked God's Word, God's people, and His day; but now you love them all. Does not John say, “We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren”? This, then, is another proof that you are not in a state of nature. But perhaps you say, “I fear that I have not come aright.” Jesus says, “All that the Father giveth *Me* shall come to *Me*, and him that cometh to *Me* I will in no wise cast out”; therefore, if you have come, it shows that you are one who was given to Christ by His Father, before the world began. Some say that they think they have not felt enough sorrow on account of sin. But have you felt *any* godly sorrow at all? If so, it was the Holy Spirit who made you feel it. Some have been mercifully preserved from going to such lengths in sin as others, and often they have not such deep convictions as the latter. If you feel that you can truly endorse the following lines, then ere long all will be well with you—

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

And you may take comfort from the next verse—

"And if I die with mercy sought,
When I the King have tried,
This were to die, delightful thought!
As sinner never died.

God's *shall*s and *will*s can never fail, and He has said, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."
Yours in hope, HELEN.

POPERY'S ADVANCE.

WHILE looking from the watch tower,
Upon the scenes below,
With steady strides advancing,
I saw a deadly foe.

The Holy Word foretels us
Of this same "man of sin"—
This proud blasphemous system,
Which time would usher in.

(1 Tim. iv. 1-3. 2 Thes. ii. 3, 4.)

John, in the isle of Patmos,
In vision saw its face;
In his inspired description,
Its features we can trace.

(Rev. xvii.)

Its form was most repulsive,
Its strength and craft were great;
I thought as others saw it
It would much fear create.

I turned towards the people,
Expecting they would rise
To give the monster battle,
But great was my surprise,

Some gather round to hear it;
And listen with applause;
And the deep snares presented,
Their admiration draws.

Its ceremonial worship
Were solemn feasts, they said;
And were not e'en offended
At "praying for the dead."

Its advocates proclaim it
As holy, and averred
Its priests could grant forgiveness
For guilty act or word.

The High Church clergy meet it,
And help its priests to rise;
And many Protestants, we fear,
Are Papists in disguise.

A few confess, "'Tis Popery,
I will not go to hear;
I know its worship is a cheat,
But need not interfere."

So, almost unresisted,
The foe advances still,
And the bulwarks of our nation
Surrender to its will.

Thus step by step advancing,
With deepest craft and care,
It knocks at length at Parliament,
And gains admission there.

There it is heard and trusted
(For so I understand),
Obtaining posts of honour,
The highest in the land.

And while our institutions
Are free to public view,
Popery demands exception,
And has obtained it, too.

For no one dares to enter
Its nunneries, to see
How girls are kept imprisoned
In filth and misery.

A few more strides of conquest,
Then we perchance shall find
Its nature is unchanged, and none
Its cruel rage can bind.

For Popery has determined
To take our liberty;
And, if the Lord permit it,
Its prisoners we shall be.

Alas! where are our Protestants?
Where are our men of might?
May God from sleep arouse them,
This cruel foe to fight!

"No Popery!" be the watchword,
No truce with Romish lies;
For those who thus receive its mark
The truths of God despise.

R. WATTS.



"HAD BECOME GENTLE AND TEACHABLE AS A LITTLE CHILD.
(See page 200.)

THE HAMMER AND THE ROCK.

A TRUE STORY.

"Is not My Word like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?"

—JEREMIAH xxiii. 29.

THERE is a small red house, a roadside beershop, a little way out of Hodnet, in the pleasant green lane leading to the town of Market Drayton. To whom the house now belongs, I know not. It has been long in possession of strangers, for he who built it, and they that dwelt there first, are gone. I have passed the house from time to time of late years, and I can never pass it without looking towards the window of an upper room, and raising my heart in adoring thankfulness to our merciful Lord, who, in His sovereign grace and love, caused His Word to be "like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces," to the heart of the owner of the house, whom I visited so often in that quiet chamber. Never in my long life as a minister of the Gospel have I met with one whose heart was so hard—so obdurate. A strong will, and strong passions, entirely uncontrolled by any fear of God and man, had brought him to the state of those described by the Prophet, "They refused to hearken, and pulled away the shoulder, and stopped their ears that they should not hear. Yea, they made their hearts as an adamant stone" (Zech. vii. 11, 12).

I remember well his look when I first saw him. He was standing in the middle of the road, without his coat, and with his arms akimbo, and he stared me in the face with a look of insolent defiance—a look which seemed to say, "Speak to me if you dare." I had bowed to him; but the only notice he took of my salutation was that insolent stare. He was about fifty years of age. He was not a native of Hodnet, but had come from a village at no great distance. He was possessed of sufficient property to render him independent of the world, and he had purchased a field by the side of the road, and built a house upon it, that he might settle himself down there for the remainder of his life. He had found his retirement, as he afterwards told me, dull in that quiet dwelling, and, for the sake of company, he had opened the house as a beershop. He soon had company enough in the idle and disorderly characters who are the usual frequenters of beershops. The house became notorious for the riotous character of its guests, and many of the parishioners complained of the noisy and drunken parties which were assembled there, particularly on Sunday evenings; for the loud shouts and coarse peals of laughter of those intemperate revellers were often heard at a considerable distance, breaking upon the Sabbath stillness of the green and quiet lanes. I could not help fearing that all the evils

belonging to a beershop were likely to rise to a fearful excess, under that bold and reckless man.

But this state of things was not to continue long. The master of the beershop was suddenly attacked by a dangerous illness, which reduced him in a short time to a state of great weakness. His constitution, as it soon appeared, had received a shock from which he never rallied. I heard of his illness, and determined, if possible, to see him. He would not bear to be spoken to, I was told; he would repulse me; he might even insult me. Alas! it is not only the slothful man who saith, "There is a lion in the way; a lion is in the streets" (Prov. xxvi. 13). Though not naturally of a fearful spirit, I could not help shrinking from an encounter with that man. But the path of duty was plain. A poor, sinful fellow-creature was drawing nigh to the end of his guilty and wretched course. I determined to go to Him at once, and to look to God for His guidance and His blessing.

After earnest prayer for Divine direction, I knocked at the door of the beershop. It was opened by the mistress of the house, a person of pleasing appearance and gentle manners. She replied to my request that I might see her husband, with some hesitation at first, but concluded by leading me to a small parlour at the back of the kitchen. There she left me with the sick man. He was lying on an old sofa, and was evidently very ill, though not much altered in appearance. He met my inquiries as to his health with an abrupt and bare civility. I sat down near a table at some distance from him, and, opening my Bible, which I had brought with me, I said quietly, "If you please, I will read to you." I did not wait for his reply; but, after a few words of prayer for the Holy Spirit, I began to read. I read part of the fifteenth chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke. I closed the book without a single comment, and I knelt down. The prayer I offered up was short and simple; it touched upon the guilt and the sin common to him and to myself, upon the willingness of the Lord the Redeemer to receive sinners, and His power to forgive our sins. I prayed that God would give us grace, under every trial, to say, "Thy will be done." I rose from my knees, and left the room. How he had received my visit I knew not. I did not seek to know. I had been tolerated; he had not interrupted me. But whether he had attended to the inspired words which I had read, whether he had joined in my prayer, I could not tell.

The next evening I repeated my visit, and I read to him the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. Again I prayed, and again I departed in silence. For many days, though not every successive day, I persevered in the same course: scarcely a word passed

between us, except his short reply to a few kind words in which, on entering the room, I expressed my sympathy with his sufferings, and made some inquiry about his health. I continued to read such portions of the Word of God as I felt to be most applicable to his state ; *but I offered not a single remark of my own. I prayed, and I left him.* I thought that once or twice I could perceive a slight change in his manner, but my own manner was unaltered—kind, but distant. My words were few ; I asked no questions, I seemed to take no notice.

I prayed often, but secretly. I looked to God, and God alone, through our Lord Jesus Christ, to speak by His own Word. I felt that I must leave the event entirely to Him. For nearly a fortnight, with the occasional interruption of a day, I continued these visits.

How can I describe the deep inward joy of my heart, the gratitude of my whole soul to Him who heareth prayer, and blesseth the means he has appointed, when on one evening, as I was about to depart as usual, I was entreated not to go. The voice that met my ear was broken and subdued ; the hard expression of that bold bad countenance was gone ; the strongholds of Satan had given way ; and he who had hardened himself in his ungodliness and sin, during a long course of resistance to every inward conviction, had become gentle and teachable as a little child. He grasped my hand, his eyes were filled with tears. He spoke of his gratitude and affection for me. All this I saw with deep emotion, and yet all this was as nothing to me ; I saw also that which I felt to be alone of importance—of real, unspeakable importance—I saw that he was penetrated by the Word of God, even by the sword of the Spirit, to his very soul, with a sense of his own awful guilt before God.

It was long before the burst of his grief and shame subsided. "The string of his tongue was indeed loosed," and he poured forth his confessions of his iniquity and of his depravity in a way which clearly proved that the Holy Spirit had indeed begun His great work of conviction of sin in his heart. When he could speak more calmly, he told me that he was a wonder to himself. He could scarcely understand the marvellous change which had taken place within him. "It is of God," I said, "and it is wonderful ; as are all His works, and all His ways. What hath God wrought ! for He, and He alone, hath wrought this wonderful change in you. I have not spoken a word ; it is God who hath spoken, God who hath done this."

"Yes," he said thoughtfully ; and after a pause of silence, he added, "I see it now ; and I may tell you, sir, that if you had spoken one word—addressed but a single word—of your own to me, when you first came to me, or for some time after, I could

not, and I would not have borne it. Weak as I was, I should have risen up and tried, even by force, to turn you out of my house. I was astonished at your daring to come to me ; but you took me altogether by surprise. I could not be angry when you called and asked, with such a kind voice, after my health ; though your coming displeased me. You sat down and read to me those beautiful words. I knew they were not your words, but God's own words, and I was silent. You shut the book, and I thought you would begin to reproach me, and tell me what a sinful wretch I was, and then would be my time to speak ; but I looked up and saw you on your knees, and heard you praying to God Almighty for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ, for me ; and then without another word you were gone."

Thus it was that he spoke. I recall, as well as I am able, some of the words which he said ; but I cannot do justice to them. He was a man of superior mind, and well educated for his station. I learned from him on my next interview, that before he came to Hodnet, some years previously, he had taken offence at something that occurred between himself and the clergyman of the parish in which he formerly resided, and had grossly insulted him. He had always been a man of strong passions, and of violent, ungoverned temper. "Before that time," he said, "if I went anywhere, I went to church ; but I then made up my mind never again to enter the doors of a church. For the hatred I bore my own clergyman, I swore a deadly hatred to all clergymen ; and when I saw you, I hated you because you were a clergyman. I longed for an opportunity to insult you. I feared no man, and nothing would have given me greater pleasure (I use his exact words) than to have shaken my fist in a clergyman's face." "Everything went well with me in this world," he said on another occasion. "I succeeded in my business ; I had plenty of money, [as much as I wished for ; nay, more, I was independent of the world. I had strong health. I am not old, and I thought that I had many years to live. I bought this piece of ground. I built this house to my own liking, and I came here to enjoy myself, and live at my ease for many years. All at once I found myself laid low, my strength and my health gone, my money of no use to me, my house built, but not for me to live many more months in. All my favourite plans had come to pass. I had not a wish ungratified. But what good had I got ? Of what use was all to me ? I was unable to enjoy anything. I was about to be taken away from all. I was a dying man. My heart was heavy enough, sir, as you may suppose ; but it was full of bitterness and anger against God—affliction did not soften me. You came ; and, as I told you, if you had spoken one word to lecture

me, even in a kind way, or had uttered, I may say, *one word of your own* as to my state, which I expected you would do; I would have turned you out of my house."

Ah! my reader, "What had God wrought!" His Word is truly the sword of the Spirit, "quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart" (Heb. iv. 12). "Is not My Word like as a fire? saith the Lord; and like a hammer, that breaketh the rock in pieces?" (Jer. xxiii. 29). Is it not, also, "as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass?" (Deut. xxxii. 2.) The forceful and the gentle spiritual influences of that wonderful Word had been brought to bear upon the mass of resistance in the heart of that bold, bad man. No power short of the power of God, however, can change the heart of any man. There is the same natural and radical opposition to the things of God in the heart of the gentlest and the kindest human being, as in that of the most stern and savage. The carnal mind, under all its disguises, is the same—it is enmity against God. If any of my readers are sensible of mild and kindly affections, and of their own gentleness of disposition, but at the same time conscious that God is not in their thoughts—that their chief desire is not to please Him in all things—that they neither love Him, nor desire to love Him with their whole heart—that, in a word, the precepts of His Word are not the principles of their lives, let them not conclude that the state of Mr. Dye (for that was his name) was necessarily more desperate than their own.

The hours which I afterwards passed with that once obdurate and violent man were many, and they were among the happiest and the most profitable I have ever spent. Deeply did I prize his affection for me; but, I repeat, *that* was of little moment. He loved God; yea, he knew, he believed that God loved him, and that He had given His own Son to suffering, to shame, and to death for him, and that through His blood and merits alone he received the pardon of his sins. Never have I witnessed a deeper sense of guilt and sin, and utter vileness and worthlessness, than in that man; never a more earnest desire to be delivered from the pollution and the power of sin. He was thoroughly aware that he had long been the bondsman of Satan, and he often spoke of his anxious desire to be entirely free from his hellish power.*

* We are glad to read these evidences of godly sorrow for sin, and we have no wish to set up a rigid standard as to degree in the Spirit's work in the soul. That is sovereign, but not stereotyped. Nevertheless, we could wish that a fuller account of this poor man's faith in Christ had been given.
—ED.

One evening I found him lying on his bed in a state of deep and quiet thoughtfulness. His look and manner were peculiarly solemn. I had often spoken to him of those commands and promises so graciously linked together for our instruction and encouragement, and comfort. "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you. Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you" (James iv. 7, 8). He looked earnestly at me as I entered, and said, "He has been here. I have had an awful conflict. The Evil One has assaulted me sharply, but I have been enabled to resist him. God has been with me, too. God is on my side, and in the strength of the Lord Jesus Christ I have conquered. I saw him come in at that door as plainly as I see you," he added in a deep subdued voice, a loud whisper. I did not contradict him, for who can tell what may meet the eyes of a dying man on the brink of the eternal world?

I do not dwell, however, on the state of this remarkable man, after it pleased God to turn him from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. His conversion was unquestionable and satisfactory in every sense. His repentance was evidenced, not only by a godly sorrow, but by the energy of a new and spiritual life. He had become jealous for the honour of God, and during the short time of his sojourn on earth he endeavoured to serve Him with his whole heart, and with his whole house. One Sunday evening he said to me, "I hope, sir, that you found no one drinking below. I am afraid that my poor wife is too easily persuaded to admit some of our former customers. She knows that I cannot allow it. I have told her plainly that it must not be. The Lord's day shall be kept sacred in this house, and the doors shall not be opened."

I was called away from home some days before his death. When I returned, and before I entered my own doors, I went to the house of my dying friend. I had come only in time to witness his departure. He did not know me. Death was now very near. I knelt beside his bed. I could no longer pray with him, but I could still pray for him, and commend his departing spirit into the hands of that great and glorious God, who had so wonderfully called him by His grace, and revealed His Son in him. It was a lovely day in the early part of summer. The trees were clothed with their full foliage, but still in all the brightness of their freshest green; the birds were singing their wild, sweet songs among the branches, and as I left the house, and was walking slowly homeward, I could not help thinking of the contrast between the cheerful sights and sounds around me, and the dark and silent chamber of death. I turned to look again towards the house of my beloved and departed friend. There stood the pleasant dwelling which he had built, and there was the window

of the room in which my poor friend had lain dying. His hopes of earthly happiness were all faded, and his soul had been required of him. In a little while all that would remain of him on earth would be but an unsightly and corrupting corpse. But how could I be sad? There were no bands in his death. The sting of death was not there. The redeemed and rescued spirit had been set free from the body of death and the bondage of corruption. The earthly house of that fleshly tabernacle had been dissolved, and he was absent from the body, to be present with the Lord.

There is a passage of the Inspired Word, one full of comfort to the minister and preacher of that Word; I saw its accomplishment before me. My readers will find it in the fifty-fifth chapter of the book of the prophet Isaiah. The Lord God is speaking, and speaking of His Word: "As the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: so shall My Word be that goeth forth out of My mouth: it shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." I went on my way rejoicing.

How, indeed, could I feel sad? I looked back to the day when I first entered the door of the roadside house, resolute, but yet perplexed and dismayed—earnest in prayer, yet at the same time almost inclined to turn back in my fearfulness and distrust; ready to say, "Who is sufficient for these things?" But how had I come forth from that house now? I had seen the strongholds of Satan thrown down, the violent man subdued and converted to the gentleness of a loving, teachable child; the bold and daring blasphemer weeping in agony of spirit at the feet of the Lord Jesus Christ, and looking up to Him at last with the adoring love of his whole soul. I had seen the rock broken in pieces by the divine hammer of God's Word. What, indeed, had not God wrought? And if I could not but be sorrowful at parting for ever in this world with him, whom I had learned to love as my own son in the faith, had he not fallen asleep in Jesus? How could I do otherwise than go on my way rejoicing—"sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing"—*Tract published by the Religious Tract Society.*

If good men are sad, it is not because they are good, but because they are not better.

ALL God's children have received God's Spirit, whereby they are made humble, believing, and holy; humble in regard of their sins, believing in regard of Christ, and holy in regard of their conscience and care to keep all God's commandments.

OBITUARY.

CHARLES HENRY MERRITT, the subject of this memoir, became known to me about the year 1882, at which time his mind was anxiously exercised about his spiritual condition and his future eternal state. Like many others before him, he went from one place of worship to another, seeking rest and peace but finding neither. One evening he was passing Providence Baptist Chapel, a place he had never before seen or heard of. He was led to step inside just as the text was being quoted, which was Isaiah xli. 17, "When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them." This proved to be a season of encouragement to him, and led to his coming a second time, when the text was, "No man cared for my soul." From this subject he had a sweet hope begotten in his soul that "the Lord cared for him."

After these encouragements, he was very seldom absent; and as his heart was graciously opened to receive the Word of God, he found his private reading of the Scriptures, as well as the public ministry, was blessed to his gradual enlightenment and instruction, which was quickly followed by a saving knowledge of Christ: and as this is ever accompanied by love, he now desired to give outward expression to that faith and love which he felt within. Accordingly he came before the Church as a candidate for baptism and membership, on July 29th, 1883, and was unanimously and most cordially received. On August 5th following he was baptised and received into the Church. This was a happy day to him and to many others also.

He then engaged heartily in the work of the Sabbath School, and soon won the confidence and love of the children of his class: nor theirs only; the Superintendent found him most useful, and in the event of his absence (which has very seldom occurred since the school was first formed) our friend filled the vacancy with efficiency. This, together with the devotional exercise in which he nearly always took part, gained the esteem of all the teachers and the children also. Besides this, he was very acceptable to his brethren in the prayer-meetings, often drawing our hearts with him in his earnest petitions. In him there was also a readiness and willingness to help in anything and everything that was right. His conversation and conduct were consistent with the Gospel he professed, so that I have heard him referred to as "an epistle, known and read of all men."

He continued steadfastly in this course, gaining general respect and esteem, until the present year, when, on the 20th May, 1892, he was knocked down by a shunting engine in the yard of the

Great Western Railway, Swindon. He was taken to the hospital, where it was found he had his spine badly hurt, besides some internal injuries. It was thought he could not live twenty-four hours. To one of his friends, a young man who helped to undress him, he gave a key, used for a drawer in the Sunday School, saying, "Here I give you charge of this key and of my class in the school, and may God's blessing rest upon both teachers and scholars."

He lingered on in great suffering for nearly three weeks, during which time neither murmurs or complaints escaped his lips. His submission and patience astonished the nurse, who, by-the-bye, was exceedingly kind to him. The Lord wonderfully supported his mind. Only on two occasions was he assailed; once rather sharply, but each was short.

On June 8th, our deacon went with me to see him, and I asked, "Are you worse than when I saw you last?" "Not in some respects." "What is that?" "In a spiritual; I had a sweet visit from the Lord this morning." He was too weak to say much. "Then you can confidently rest upon Him now?" "Yes, I can." "You can also rely upon His word?" "I can; and may His blessing rest upon you and your ministrations, that sinners may be awakened and His dear children fed." Our deacon said, "I had been hoping to have your co-operation in the Church, but now these hopes are disappointed." "Yes, the Lord has appointed otherwise: but may He bless you in the office you are called to fill, and may He also bless the Church with peace." Then, after a little prayer, we bid him farewell.

On the following day he sank rapidly, and thinking his end was near, he called his mother and brother, who were both in the ward, saying, "Let us have one more kiss," and this being done, he said, "Father, into Thy hand I commit my spirit." My wife and a friend called a little later and found him sinking. She said, "Ah, friend Merritt, you will soon see His face without a veil between." His reply was, "Yes, yes," and shortly after he fell asleep.

On Tuesday, the 14th, he was buried in the Swindon cemetery. The procession was as follows: About twenty young men from the G.W.R. works went in front; about fifty children from the Sunday School next, attended by the superintendent and the teachers; the minister and the undertaker next; then the hearse with the corpse; next a mourning coach; after this the members of the Church; then a number of others by whom he was known and esteemed, being altogether about one hundred. In the cemetery there were many others gathered, so that while the chapel was filled, there were many who remained outside. At the grave a rather large concourse had assembled. The simple

service consisted of the singing of two hymns, reading some portion of Scripture, an earnest exhortation to the living, and prayer. A time which will be remembered by many. On the 19th his funeral sermon was preached to a large congregation, among whom was his widowed mother, a widowed sister and child (who were to a considerable extent dependent on him), and a brother. To the Church and school the loss is great, but to him it is all gain. May my last end be like his.

Swindon, June 20th, 1892.

R. PIGOTT.

"I AM WITH YOU."

(MATT. xxviii. 20.)

"I AM with you," gracious promise :
Just what weary pilgrims need ;
"I am with you," Lord, I'll trust Thee,
Faithful Promiser indeed.

"I am with you" in all places
I see fit to lead you to ;
Scenes thou canst not understand yet,
But hereafter thou shalt know.

"I am with you" in the waters ;
They shall not thy soul o'erwhelm ;
For I'm now and ever with thee,
And I hold and guide the helm.

"I am with you" in the furnace,
I have borne its scorching heat ;
And now watch and rule its working,
Till for heaven thou art meet.

"I am with you," though the furnace,
Which I chose to purge thy dross,
Hide Me from thee for the present,
Yet My grace sustains no loss.

"I am with you" in the desert,
Where no living waters flow ;
And, at last, when safely through it,
You to living springs shall go.

All through life I will be with you,
And will make before you pass
All My tender loving-kindness,
Till I bring you home at last.

J. I. C.

ARE not they miserable, who, if they had their wish, could not be happy ?

SALVATION; OR, THE BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE FIRE.

"Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?"—ZECHARIAH iii. 2.

THE Scriptures abound with similes whereby the Holy Spirit reveals the Divine method of salvation. This of a brand rescued from the fire is exceedingly forcible. All mankind, since the fall of Adam, are by nature perishing in the fire of sin and wrath. The flame kindles upon them, yet they know and feel it not, until convinced of their state by the quickening power of the Holy Ghost. The above brief text describes in a figure the experience of a sinner saved from the burning. Joshua the high priest was an eminent type of all such. We will endeavour to trace out the various stages of this "great salvation." In order to begin at the beginning, we must, in the first place, describe the brand *in* the fire; secondly, the plucking of the brand out of the fire; thirdly, the position into which the rescued brand is brought; and, fourthly, the full deliverance wrought.

I. *The brand in the fire.* This is the image and symbol of one "dead in sins" (Eph. ii. 1), who is a "child of wrath" (Eph. ii. 3), under the curse of a "broken law" (Gal. iii. 10). Now—

i. A burning brand is *black*, and defiles everything with which it comes in contact. Thus, the carnal man being "nothing but sin," defiles whatever he touches. The corruption of the flesh mars all he does and says. "We are all as an unclean thing" (Isaiah lxiv. 6). Poor proud mortals almost universally reject this solemn fact, thus proving the truth of God's Word, which unequivocally asserts the blindness and unbelief of the unrenewed mind of man.

ii. A brand in the fire is *useless*. It is fit for nothing while it continues burning. An unregenerate man is not a beam in God's spiritual house, because that is built up of living ransomed souls, nor can he answer any other spiritual purpose in the mystic temple, seeing he is as yet lying in wickedness (1 John v. 19), destitute of the Spirit of life and love.

iii. A burning brand is likewise *worthless*. Whatever may have been the intrinsic value of the wood, whether oak or only common deal, its natural quality makes no difference to its state. It is worthless while burning. So, however naturally estimable and excellent a person may be, while without God and without Christ, he is still *unsaved*, and there is no spiritual value in anything such an one is or has or does.

iv. The brand in the fire is actually *being consumed*, and, unless delivered from its perilous position, it must soon perish. This is an apt representation of those whose lives and days are passing

away in God's wrath, whose years are spent as a tale that is told (Psa. xc. 9). Every moment brings the consummation nearer—"Whose end is destruction" (Phil. iii. 19).

v. Moreover, if such a brand is stirred or turned about in the flame, the only result is, it burns away the faster. A man may be alarmed by convictions of sin in his conscience. Sickness, adversity, and trial may stir him up for a time, but unless attended with divine, saving power, it ends in swifter destruction. The temporary increase of light given out is merely caused by "sparks of his own kindling"—concerning whom the sentence is passed, "Ye shall lie down in sorrow" (Isa. l. 11).

vi. The brand in the fire is utterly *helpless*, unable to escape its doom by any effort of its own, and incapable of making such effort. There it lies, a graphic picture of the ungodly, without will or power to deliver themselves from their dreadful state, of which, however—

vii. The brand is wholly *unconscious*. It is ignorant of, and quite indifferent to, the awful fact that it is perishing, because destitute of life and feeling. Men destitute of spiritual life and feeling are either deceived or careless about their present state, and their eternal welfare. Such, then, is the case of the burning brand. But it was the purpose of God that the brand spoken of in the text should be saved from destruction, and it was accordingly plucked out of the fire—which act of grace we now proceed to describe.

II. *The plucking of the brand from the fire.* If the above statement of the case be true, it is evident that a power outside the brand itself must be exerted upon it, if it is to be rescued. The word used to describe its transfer from the fire—"plucked"—denotes this, for it implies a forcible laying hold, and taking out of the flames. What hand is sufficient for such a task? It must be an *almighty* Hand, nothing short of infinite power can save. It must be a *divine* Hand, for only God can do it. It must be a *human* Hand—the hand of a man—because abstract Deity will never touch aught that defileth, or quench the flames Justice kindled. "Our God is a consuming fire" (Heb. xii. 29). Also, it must be a *loving* Hand, which hesitates not to thrust itself into the fire, and to bear the flame that it may rescue the brand. Now, the hand of the Lord Jesus is that divinely human loving almighty power which alone accomplishes such a salvation.

Let us briefly trace the deliverance from the fire by the hand of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, in the experimental carrying out by the Holy Spirit of that salvation, effected for all the elect on Calvary's tree. First, then, the hand of grace *lays hold* of the brand while still in the fire. The purpose of mercy begins to be revealed by the putting forth of Divine power and the

exercise of that power upon the sinner. Secondly, this act of God *quickens* the soul hitherto dead in sins. The touch of the finger of sovereign grace effectually communicates life. Thirdly, with life, a measure of *spiritual feeling* and knowledge is imparted. It is one of the first tokens of deliverance when a poor soul begins to know and feel his dreadful state as a sinner in God's sight. This induces, fourthly, true *godly sorrow*, and concern about the eternal welfare of his never-dying soul. He cries with the jailor, "What must I do to be saved?" He finds, by painful and sometimes prolonged experience, that he can do nothing, and so he learns the next lesson, which is, fifthly, his utter *helplessness*. The more he strives to subdue the raging flames of sin, the more fiercely the fire burns. But, the more hopeless the case appears, the more fervent is the desire, to be saved. This experience teaches him, sixthly, his *need of a Deliverer*. And now all his spiritual life, knowledge, desire, and feeling are put forth in the fervent expression of his need. He cries, "God be merciful to me a sinner." "Deliver my soul." "Save me." "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation." Seventhly, in this manner is effected the *separation* of the brand from its natural state. It is "drawn," "plucked," and "delivered" from the fire of nature's corruption, in which it would have perished but for the purpose and power of the almighty rescuing Hand of sovereign grace, of which this divinely-wrought separation is one of the most clearly-revealed effects—separation from the world lying in wickedness, separation from a dead, carnal profession of religion, separation in spirit and heart from the love of sin.

Mark! the brand is perfectly passive until life is imparted, but as soon as he is convinced of his state, there is a movement and a cry for deliverance. Now, dear reader, if you are crying for mercy, it shows you have received mercy. Brought out from the world, separated by the life of God in his soul from the ungodly, the rescued brand is brought into that place where the mercy sought shall ere long be found. Let us look at it.

III. *The position into which the brand delivered from the burning is brought.* Turn to the first verse of the chapter (Zech. iii. 1). Joshua the high priest, as the representative of the Israel of God, is revealed "standing before the Angel of the Lord," "clothed with filthy garments." The brand plucked out of the fire is first brought to God's tribunal, and stands there, like Joshua, awaiting the sentence and decision of the Judge, not knowing whether it will be for condemnation or acquittal. It is a time of suspense, the place of the stopping of mouths. Joshua is not represented as *sitting* down carelessly, nor *lying* down slothfully, but as "*standing*" watchfully waiting, at the feet of the "Angel of the covenant," the Lord Jesus Christ. Mark the persons who appear

in this wonderful display of wisdom, justice, and mercy ! First, here is the Lord Jehovah the Judge ; second, "the Angel of the Lord"—Jesus Christ ; thirdly, poor guilty Joshua, clothed in filthy rags. Look further, and there appears a fourth taking part in the momentous transactions about to be accomplished, who is Satan the adversary. So true is it, wherever a poor sinner is found waiting at the feet of Jesus, standing before God, there Satan will be found "to resist him," opposing every spiritual desire, every going forth of the soul, every budding hope, every movement of the heart God-ward and heavenward. But notice that hitherto none of the persons thus represented to us have yet spoken. At length, however, the silence ends, and the voice of the Lord is heard, addressing—whom ? Is it Joshua ? No ; strange, to say the Lord first of all speaks to Satan ! If Satan cannot keep souls in the fire, he will endeavour to keep them from the knowledge of the pardon of their sins, and from the enjoyment of that liberty wherewith Christ hath made them free. Joshua can do nothing against his adversary. The Lord Himself arises on behalf of the poor and needy, to save him from the foe that puffeth at him (Psalm xii. 5). "And the Lord said unto Satan, The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan ; even the Lord that hath chosen Jerusalem rebuke thee : *is not this a brand plucked out of the fire ?*" (verse 2.) The text at the head of this paper, our readers will observe, is *God's question to Satan*. But there is no answer. Satan cannot deny that Joshua was a brand plucked from the fire. The adversary is silenced, the accuser of the brethren is foiled. The enemy is put to shame. Now, all this time Joshua was still standing silently before the Angel, still "clothed with filthy rags" (ver. 3). The guilt and defilement of sin still cleaved to him. He had not yet experienced the cleansing he desired. But, though filthy and sinful, Joshua seeks no other refuge, but remains standing at the feet of Jesus, and looks, and longs, and waits, and hopes in the spirit and patience of Job ; "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him." He had seen his adversary silenced, which was an encouragement to his faith ; and at last the Lord begins to deal with him more personally and particularly ; which brings us to consider—

IV. *The full deliverance wrought.* Again the Lord speaks, but not even yet to Joshua, but to "those that stood before Him. He said, "Take away the filthy garments from him." The removal of "sin's filth and guilt" was done *for* Joshua. He had no hand in it. Now, God's work and word go together. What the Lord does, He confirms. When He brings a soul into any experience, He always causes that soul, sooner or later, to hear His voice, making clear and plain His dealings, which otherwise would be incomprehensible. Accordingly, the Lord

speaks to Joshua himself, and said unto him, "Behold, I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee," thus explaining to Joshua the meaning of the removal of his "filthy garments." Ah! dear readers, we need the Lord to interpret to us His own dealings with us. Here is a glorious representation of sin taken away. It is done by God Himself. "*I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee.*" If we ask *when* the Lord did this, the answer is, First, in the covenant purpose of His grace. If we ask, further, *where* the sinner's guilt passed to, the answer is, To Jesus, the Angel of the covenant, upon whom, eventually, was laid "the iniquity of us all;" or, as it is in the margin, "The Lord hath made the iniquity of us all to meet on Him" (Isa. liii. 6). But this is not all. Not only was Joshua to lose his "filthy garments," but, lest he should be found naked and ashamed before the Judge, the Lord adds a precious promise, expressive of His gracious purpose, "*I will clothe thee with change of raiment.*" This is the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ imputed to, or put on, the sinner by God Himself. This full deliverance, wrought for the saints of God, is what we may term *the transfer of grace*—the transfer of the sinner's sins to the Saviour, and the transfer of the Saviour's righteousness to the sinner. Thus Joshua was brought from a state of condemnation under the law into a state of justification under grace, and thus he becomes a type of every saved, redeemed, and justified one, who ultimately receives the forgiveness of sin, and of whom it is written, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit" (Rom. viii. 1).

Having thus far laid the foundation, we shall be prepared, in our next paper (with the Lord's help), to go on to the consideration of the precious, indispensable truth of "SANCTIFICATION."

Leicester.

E. C.

A WONDER OF GRACE.

ONE Sunday, when I had done reading prayers at Madeley (says the late Mr. Fletcher), I went up into the pulpit, intending to preach a sermon which I had prepared for that purpose; but my mind was so confused, that I could not recollect either my text or any part of my sermon. I was afraid I should be obliged to come down without saying anything; but, having recollected myself a little, I thought I would say something on the first lesson, which was the third chapter of Daniel, containing an account of the three children cast into the fiery furnace. I found in doing it such an extraordinary assistance from God, and such a peculiar enlargement of heart, that I supposed there must be

some peculiar cause for it. I therefore desired, if any of the congregation found anything particular, they would acquaint me with it in the ensuing week.

In consequence of this, the Wednesday after, a woman came and gave me the following account: "I have been for some time much concerned about my soul; I have attended the church at all opportunities, and have spent much time in private prayer. At this, my husband (who is a butcher) has been exceedingly enraged, and threatened me severely what he would do if I did not leave off going to John Fletcher's church; yea, if I dared to go any more to any religious meeting whatever. When I told him I could not in conscience refrain from going, at least, to our parish church, he grew quite outrageous, and swore dreadfully if I went any more he would cut my throat as soon as I came home. This made me cry mightily to God, that He would support me in the trying hour, and though I did not feel any great degree of comfort, yet having a sure confidence in God, I determined to go on in my duty, and leave the event to Him. Last Sunday, after many struggles with the devil and my own heart, I came downstairs ready for church. My husband asked whether I was resolved to go thither. I told him I was. 'Well, then,' said he, 'I shall not, as I intended, cut your throat; but will heat the oven, and throw you into it the moment you come home.' Notwithstanding this threatening, which he enforced with many bitter oaths, I went to church, praying all the way that God would strengthen me to suffer whatever might befall me. While you were speaking of the three children whom Nebuchadnezzar cast into the burning fiery furnace, I found it all belonged to me, and God applied every word of it to my heart. And when the sermon was ended, I thought if I had a thousand lives I could lay them all down for God. I felt my soul so filled with His love that I hastened home, fully determined to give myself to whatsoever God pleased, nothing doubting but that either He would take me to heaven, if He suffered me to be burnt to death, or that He would in some way deliver me, even as He did His three servants that trusted in Him. When I got almost to my door I saw the flames issuing out of the mouth of the oven, and I expected nothing else but that I should be thrown into it immediately. I felt my heart rejoice, that if it were so, the will of the Lord would be done. I opened the door, and, to my utter astonishment, saw my husband upon his knees, wrestling with God in prayer for the forgiveness of his sins. He caught me in his arms, earnestly begged my pardon, and has continued diligently seeking God ever since." I now know, adds Mr. Fletcher, why my sermon was taken from me, namely, that God might thus magnify His mercy.—*The Youth's Magazine.*

RECOGNITION SERVICES

IN CONNECTION WITH THE SETTLEMENT OF MR. E. WILMSHURST
AS PASTOR OF TAMWORTH ROAD CHAPEL, CROYDON.

THE longest day (June 21st) of the present year will long be remembered by the friends who were privileged to be present at the above services. The chapel was well filled in the afternoon, when Mr. Hull, the esteemed Editor of the *SOWER*, preached a most suitable discourse from Ephesians iv. 11-13, giving most excellent counsel to pastor and people.

In the evening the chapel was crowded. Mr. James Boorne, of Greenwich, presided, and expressed much good feeling towards the new pastor (who had been a member of his Church for eighteen years), and towards the people of his charge.

After the opening service, Mr. Boorne said that Mr. Wilms-hurst had for several years been the superintendent over the Sunday School connected with his Church, where the Lord had blessed his labours, and where some discovered that he had the gift for addressing children of more advanced years, which has since been abundantly proved ; but at the same time he knew that his exercises respecting the ministry were entirely separate and distinct from those connected with the school. Mr. Boorne then said, " Our dear friend has been chosen by this people ; they have offered him their heart and hand, desiring that he should make his home with them. He will have to spread the table, and I hope he will serve out nutritious food. I hope, too, that he will keep at home ; I do not believe in ministers having a long furlough. I also trust that God will send him into soul-travail for children, and that some who are slaves to sin and Satan may be brought to find the way of salvation. I trust that he will be enabled to give an excellent example to his flock, for I believe in the saying, ' Like priest, like people,' and I hope God, who has brought them together, will put His seal upon our meeting."

Mr. James Haddow (deacon) then gave, on behalf of the Church, some account of the Lord's leading in the case. He said, " Since the death of our late pastor, much prayer has been offered that the Lord would send us another, and in December, 1889, our good brother came to preach to us for the first time, and some of us have cause to remember that day. He took for his text, ' Show me a token for good : that they which hate me may see it, and be ashamed : because thou, Lord, hast holpen me, and comforted me ' (Psalm lxxxvi. 17). This was our cry, that the Lord would show *us* a token, by sending us a pastor according to His own heart. As our dear brother was led to speak of the love-tokens and the blood-tokens, &c., there was a blessed savour attending the Word, and as I sat under its sweetness I said, Who can tell but what he is to

be the pastor? From that time Mr. Wilmshurst has continued to come amongst us, and his testimony continued to be acceptable. One of our aged members, who has recently gone home at the age of eighty-two, one day came to my house and said, 'I think it is about time we had a pastor; I know the man, and you know the man. I have been exercised about him, and I believe you will prove he is exercised about us. You call the Church together, and I believe they will be unanimous.' I said, 'Dear sister, I believe the Lord has heard and answered prayer.' On the sixth of October last year, Mr. Wilmshurst preached to us from the words, 'It may be the Lord will work for us' (1 Sam. xiv. 6), and I felt, while listening to the Word, a persuasion that Mr. Wilmshurst would become our pastor. Soon after this the Church gave him a call to serve them, with a view to the pastorate, to which he consented, and on May 2nd of the present year the Church unanimously agreed to invite him to accept the pastorate. In reply our brother said, 'If I refuse your invitation, I feel that I should be shutting a door of usefulness which the Lord has opened.' We feel the Lord has answered our prayers, and we still pray that the Lord will be with him, and that we may be helped to strengthen his hands, and that the union now formed may be a happy, prosperous, and long one, and His name shall have the praise."

The chairman then asked Mr. Wilmshurst to give a few of the Lord's leadings in his own mind. Mr. Wilmshurst said—

"Dear Mr. Boorne, last evening I was reading at the prayer-meeting how some of the brethren in Rome travelled to Appii Forum, a distance of fifty-four miles, to greet Paul, 'whom when he saw them, he thanked God and took courage'; and when I look round to-night and see friends from various parts of the country, some of whom have travelled as far, if not farther, to encourage the new pastor and his people, we too feel that we must thank God and take courage. If you were to ask the first cause which, I believe, has led to my being here this evening, I should tell you that it is owing to the overruling providence of an ever-gracious God. If you were to ask me one of the second causes, I should point you to the prayers of a godly father; how much I owe to the influence of that godly home I cannot tell, but its memory is fragrant to me still. In the providence of God, I found, in my first situation, that I had come under the same gracious influence, and it is a great pleasure to see several members of that family meeting with us to-night, whose home I entered thirty years ago. From a child I had many serious impressions, but at the age of fourteen these were considerably deepened by the somewhat sudden death of a younger sister, and from that time I became a real seeker after salvation. On one occasion, when rising

from my knees, the words sounded in my ears, 'The desire of the righteous shall be granted,' and although deeply feeling my unrighteousness, yet could I not give up the hope that it might be a promise made to me. This was confirmed on hearing Mr. Ashdown, a fortnight ago, who said, 'A soul under conviction for sin, that was feeling after Jesus, and could not be satisfied without Him, would go to heaven, and he could prove it, for the Lord had said, "The desire of the righteous shall be granted."' Although restrained from going into open sin, yet I was greatly plagued by inward evil, and once, when much cast down, I was greatly helped by a sermon preached by Mr. Boorne, from the Word, 'The Canaanites would dwell in the land, nevertheless, when Israel became strong, they put them to tribute.' After many years' seeking, one day, when in business, I opened the Bible, and the words met my eye, 'Now for a little space grace hath been shown from the Lord our God, to leave us a remnant to escape, and to give us a nail in His holy place, that our God may lighten our eyes, and give us a little reviving in our bondage' (Ezra ix. 8). They fell so softly upon my spirit, and brought such access to a throne of grace, that I was raised to a comfortable hope in the mercy of God, and from that time felt a desire to walk in the ordinances of the Lord's house, but feared it would only be presumption. Some two or three years after, when reading this old promise, the thought came, the Lord gave you that promise to encourage you to join His people, and at that moment my eye met these words, 'Arise; for this matter belongeth unto thee: be of good courage, and do it' (Ezra x. 4). The power with which they came was so great, that in October, 1876, I was baptized by Mr. Boorne, and joined the Church under his care. Soon after this I was greatly blessed, under a sermon preached by him from the words, 'It is finished,' which led me to believe that the great work finished on Calvary was finished for me. About twelve years ago, a strong impression fastened itself upon my mind, that the Lord intended me to preach the Gospel. These thoughts I did my utmost to get rid of, but the more I tried to do so, the faster hold they took upon my mind. I felt a great shrinking from taking up the cross connected therewith, till at length the anxiety of mind became almost unbearable. Under these feelings I went one Sunday to the house of God; the first hymn given out was—

" Be still, my heart, these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns and snares;
They cast dishonour on thy Lord,
And contradict His gracious Word."

The whole of this hymn was like pouring oil on troubled

waters. Mr. Boorne then read Solomon's prayer for wisdom, in which I could echo his feelings thus expressed, 'I am but a child; I know not how to go out, or how to come in.' Mr. Boorne afterwards preached upon wisdom, 'Exalt her, and she shall promote thee: she shall bring thee to honour, when thou dost embrace her. She shall give to thine head an ornament of grace: a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee' (Proverbs iv. 8, 9). The power attending the Word that day made me willing to enter upon this work, should the Lord in providence open the way thereto. In January, 1886, my friend, Mr. Hull, when in London, asked a minister to go to Hastings and preach for him. The minister replied, 'Yes, I will, if friend Wilmshurst will go and preach for me.' This I could not at once consent to, and the matter was overruled, but, three months afterwards, Mr. Hull wrote and asked me to go down and preach for him. This letter I spread before the Lord, and felt encouraged to comply; but, before doing so, I took my Bible and opened on the words, 'The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because He hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound.' These were the first words that I had applied with power to my mind, years before, respecting the ministry, and now they seemed confirmed, I therefore went to Hastings, and was helped to speak in the Lord's name. A short time after the late Mr. Willis died, I was invited to supply here, but owing to some difference of opinion which existed, the engagement was never finally made. Some months afterwards, a second invitation was given, which I did not feel free to accept. But in December, 1889, I received a third invitation, as the supply expected was prevented from coming, through illness. It so happened that this particular Sunday had become free through a mistake; I felt that the Lord's hand must be in the matter, and consented to come. Since then I have frequently been in and out among the friends, and have felt a growing attachment to them; and since I received their invitation to become their pastor, the Lord has so confirmed the matter by His Word, that I cannot doubt but the thing proceedeth from Him, and I trust it will be manifest that He has a work for me to do here."

The chairman then called upon Mr. Hull to speak a few words of counsel to the pastor.

Mr. Hull, in responding, said: "Dear Mr. Boorne, and dear brother, I have been feeling very happy in listening to the good words that have been spoken, and witnessing the kindly feeling that pervades those around me; which leads me to say, 'Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell

together in unity !' I am glad to feel a little of that unity of spirit to-night, for it is sweet—

“ When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
When union sweet and dear esteem
In every action glows.”

I must say friend Wilmshurst touched a chord in my heart when I first heard his exercises respecting the ministry, and I believed the Lord's hand was in it. I found, too, that after his preaching for the first time to my people, they gave a good report of him. Now, my dear brother, I wish you well in the Lord, you know I do, and I thank God that He has called you to be an under-shepherd. I would to God we could hear many more testimonies such as we have heard to-night. It has been worth meeting to listen to it.

“ Now the Lord has called you to work in His vineyard, you are His servant. You are not to please yourself, nor to seek merely to please the people ; but seek to please Him who has called you to be a soldier. Hold your conscience sacred before God ; give it up to no man, nor to any set of men. Any ministers who thus sacrifice their conscience, are not worthy of their position. My dear friend, beware of any among the Church and people you may see striving to do mischief ; carry them first to God, and keep your eye upon them. Satan's tools are often found within the fold. Now, my dear friend, God who has called you will give you your message, and I pray that you may continue in the things you have learned. We have had a good report of what the Lord has taught you. You can in measure say as the Apostle to the Galatians, ‘ I certify you, brethren, that the Gospel which was preached of me is not after man, for I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it but by the revelation of Jesus Christ.’ I have confidence that the Gospel which you will preach will be sure to encourage the weakest of God's family.

“ We are glad you are here as the servant of Christ, and I trust the Church here will remember that the servant of Christ is not to be tampered with ; but, should such a spirit manifest itself, take it quietly, but stand firmly, and show that you have grace enough to make you honest. Paul the Apostle, in speaking of his own call, says, ‘ By the grace of God I am what I am. And the grace bestowed upon me was not in vain.’ How many ministers have seemed to receive their gifts in vain, and have become a trouble to the Church. How little care they manifest to be true labourers in the Church. They say, ‘ Do you think the Lord cannot do His own work ? ’ but may you be able to bear testimony that the grace bestowed upon you

was not in vain. You will often be exercised when you have done preaching as to what you have been saying, and as to what profit it may be to those that hear. I have often said on Monday morning, Dear Lord, how poor is my preaching. Oh, that I could set Thee forth so as to give comfort unto all that desire to love thy name.' Such exercises will help you in prayer, and humble pride. Remember, you must declare the whole counsel of God. I do like a Gospel that shows men and women where they are; remember, also, the Lord said to Peter, 'Feed My lambs.' The lambs had His first thought. I hope the Lord will give you food for the sheep, and some tender morsels for the lambs. I wish you the blessing of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; may it rest upon you, and upon your betrothed people."

Mr. W. S. Brown, in a few hearty words, said, "I am here to-night because of the loving regard I have for your newly-chosen husband, and because of the gladness I feel that one more Church has obtained a pastor; and I hope your example will stimulate others to do likewise: such a union is entirely scriptural. Two verses came to my mind in the train just now; the Apostle says, 'We beseech you, brethren, to know them which labour among you, and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you; and to esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake.'" These words I commend to you to-night. You have, I am satisfied, a labourer. There are many loiterers in the Church, but few labourers; and, as you have a labourer in my dear brother Wilmshurst, endeavour that ye may be labourers together. If there were more prayer for the anointing of the Spirit upon the pastor, there would be a more profitable meeting. If the Lord has put you among the people of whom the Psalmist says, 'Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them,' this will lead you to cry that the Spirit may enable your minister to spread a table before you in the wilderness. May the Lord bless the union, and may nought but death you separate."

Mr. J. Whittome said: "It has been my happy lot to have been united with your beloved pastor some eighteen years in Church fellowship, but I am asked rather to speak of the fundamental truths that he believes and will endeavour to preach. The time is too short to do more than mention them. The Holy Scriptures, we maintain, contain the revealed will of God, and they contain instruction for all conditions of men. They reveal to us the Trinity in unity—the Father, Son, and Eternal Spirit: the Father choosing a people, and giving them to His Son; the Son accepting and redeeming them; the Holy Spirit revealing grace in them and to them. The Scriptures speak plainly of the fall of man, the necessity of a new birth, a right conviction for

sin, and a knowledge of the atoning blood of Christ. It tells also of a conflict of flesh and spirit in the believer. We believe in the resurrection of the just to glory, and of the wicked to condemnation. May God grant His holy seal to be upon you and your pastor."

Mr. Nugent, in a brief address, said: "I am glad you have a pastor. I do not believe in the supply system; it is unscriptural. There was not one of the seven Churches in Asia that was without a pastor, for the message to each was sent to the angel of that Church. I would also say to the congregation, Do not absent yourselves from this place when the minister is in the pulpit; it will be sure to discourage him. Pray for your minister, and if you do not get what you want, do not blame him. I would have liked to have said many things, but time fails. May the best of blessings rest upon His servant here, and may you as a people know that God is with you."

Mr. Henry Haddow said: "I feel thankful the Lord has provided for this Church in sending a pastor, according to that word, 'I will send you pastors according to Mine heart, which shall feed you with knowledge and understanding.' We believe the Lord has sent you such an one in our dear brother Wilmshurst; and we believe He has done this in answer to prayer, as we have heard from the deacon of this Church. God does hear and answer prayer. And may you be thankful for what He has done, and seek for greater things. Pray much for the man of your choice; you have proved that his word has been made a blessing to your souls. If he is to meet your cases, he will have an exercised pathway. Pray that God may support him in all things he is called to pass through. Pray for yourselves; watch your walk and conversation. The eye of your pastor will be upon you; the eyes of the ungodly will be upon you; and the eyes also of the living in Jerusalem, and they will rejoice to see the Church prosper."

During the evening several suitable hymns were heartily sung, and Mr. Henry Haddow, Mr. Nugent, and Mr. Boorne earnestly besought the Lord's blessing upon the union, and mingled also their thanksgiving for His mercies manifested.

The collections altogether amounted to £24, and the heartiest good feeling was manifested throughout. The meeting closed with the feeling that the Lord had been present in the midst, and that it would be a season to look back upon with pleasure and profit.

(Kindly reported by J. C. Wright.)

[The above notes are necessarily brief, the meeting having lasted two hours and a-half, the deep interest felt by the friends being fully sustained to the close.—ED.]

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

To the Editor of the Sower.

DEAR MR. HULL,—I was very pleased with the letter in the "Seekers' Corner" for June, signed F. C. I quite agree with the writer respecting the prayer-meetings. I hope I can say I have many times felt it good to be there. Once in particular, when dear Mr. S—— read and expounded that portion of Scripture about the poor man at the pool of Bethesda, he described my case as clearly as though he knew my inmost thoughts; it seemed as though every word was for me, and often, as the brethren have been engaging in prayer, they have so described my feelings that I have felt encouraged to hope I am in the way to grace, though very far behind. But I am sorry to see the prayer-meetings so very poorly attended. I think many of the Lord's people do not know the blessings they miss by being absent. I must say, dear sir, the whole of that letter was like a sweet morsel to me; it so plainly described my own experience: for I feel, if the Lord has begun His work in my heart, it has been in that gradual way, here a little and there a little. I hope, if it is the Lord's will, our friend may be encouraged to send us a little more of his experience at some future time. I am pleased to find, dear sir, the Lord has been good in restoring you to a measure of health and strength." May He go on to abundantly bless your labours, and still give you a word of encouragement for us, is the desire of,

Yours affectionately,

July 1st, 1892.

A LITTLE ONE.

DEAR MR. HULL.—On reading the letters by the dear friends in the "Seekers' Corner" for this month, I felt greatly helped, and felt I should like to write a few lines, if you think fit to insert them. I feel, when the Lord is pleased to bless the writings of His children, they are often made very helpful. Oh, what union I felt to the writer of the paper, as to the wants she there expressed. It is so encouraging to find there are others who are seeking the same things, and who are longing for the word to be spoken home to their hearts, "Fear not, I have redeemed thee, thou art Mine."

Oh, what a favour to feel Christ near and precious! I feel the daily need of Him, and feel that none but Jesus can do such a helpless sinner good. Oh, the fears I have at times that the evils of the heart will prevail. I am so afraid of being left to myself; for I well know where I shall go, if the Lord leaves me. I need His preserving care to keep me from evil, that I may not grieve His Holy Spirit, and to help me to walk as in the world and yet not

of it. How often I cry, as the dear friend expresses, "Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe." Oh, to be kept from a carnal, worldly spirit, which I do so dread. I want my affections set on things above, not to be satisfied with a mere name to live. Oh, to be fully assured of an interest in Jesus' precious blood; a sweet hope arises at times that it is so, and that one day I shall say, "My Lord and my God," to have every fear and doubt dispelled. I sometimes hope that I do love Him, and can say with the poet—

"Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it;
Seal it from Thy courts above."

Oh, for grace to love Him more! yet I feel that to have any desire after Him is a mercy. At times I can look back and see His kind care over me, even when I cared nothing for these things. The Sabbath was a day of weariness, and the Word of God was of no interest to me. But oh, how different now; how I sometimes have to thank Him that He did not leave me in that state! Surely I have cause for gratitude. I hope this will not be troubling you, but on reading the desires of the writer in the letter alluded to, I could not forbear. Though unknown to me, I felt we had the same desires, hopes, and fears. I must now close.

From your unworthy Young Friend,

H.

[Dear young friends, we are glad to find that the hint given by our correspondent, F. C., concerning prayer-meetings, is appreciated by you, and other seekers who value communion with God and with His people, and we pray that these affectionate reminders from some of the young of the flock may reach the hearts of some of the elder ones, who fear to give an hour from business, lest a little worldly gain should be forfeited, but they are the losers after all; and if the blessing of the Lord is withholden from them many hours of hard labour will not replace it. Go on, dear young friends, and follow hard after Christ.—ED.]

DEAR MR. HULL,—I do so much like reading the letters that appear in the "Seekers' Corner" of the SOWER, they are so very encouraging to such poor sinful things as I feel myself to be. I have often thought I should like to write a few words, as I have many things which harass and perplex me. My heart's desire, dear sir, is to be right in the sight of God. I do trust that I have been led to feel myself a great sinner, and that I stand in need of a great Saviour. I have also had a hope that my sins were pardoned. Yes; I can look back to the time when I begged of the dear Lord to take away my sins, and set my soul at liberty;

and I was so blessed one morning with the words, "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast"; when I was for a time so happy that I seemed altogether a new creature. But, alas! I now feel so dark, dead, and barren, and seem to have so little regard for God's Word, that I ask myself the question, oftentimes, "Can ever the work of grace have been begun in such a wicked heart as mine?" when the least trifle often excites such evil passions, that I have been obliged to stop, and beg of the Lord not to cut me off for my great sin, but that He would pardon it and give me strength to resist it. Do tell me, dear sir, if you think that a child of God could possibly go for nearly a week with scarcely any regard for His Holy Word? I should be very glad to know what is my true standing, if it could be possible. Wishing you every blessing,

I remain,

ONE WHO WOULD BE RIGHT.

[The complaints you mention of the prevailings of sin, and of an indisposition for reading the Word of God, may well excite searching inquiries as to your case, for any godly soul would feel alarmed at being left in such a state for a week even. Yet there have been instances where some have been given up to a worldly, carnal state, and a careless indifference to the Word of God, as the result of grieving the Holy Spirit, for months and even years, but have ultimately been brought to repentance, and have walked mournfully and carefully afterwards; which we trust will, from what you say of your trouble of mind respecting your state, be the case with you; for we hope the Lord has wrought a good work in your soul, and we trust He will put His hand to it again, and that you may still prove how grace abounds over sin.

"Sinners can say, and none but they,
How precious is the Saviour."

—ED.

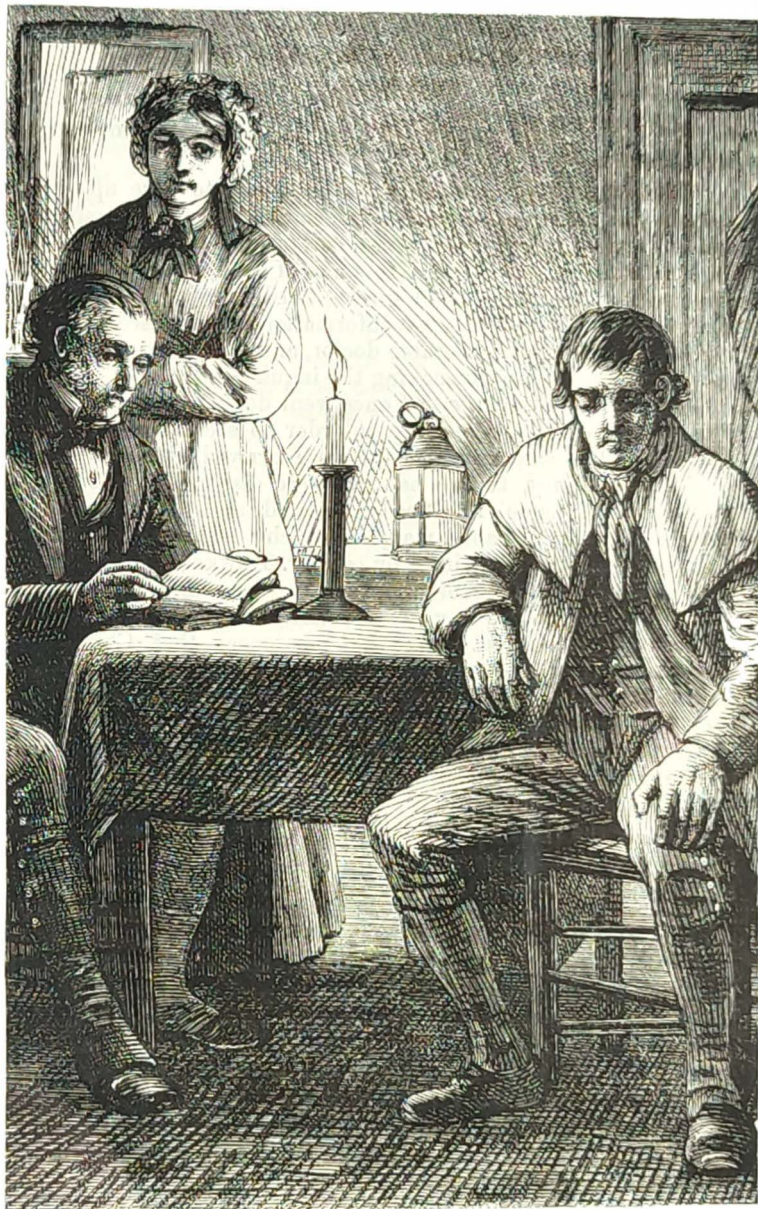
How Christians, who really estimate the salvation of their souls to be of supreme importance, can be satisfied with Arminian uncertainty in preference to certainty, with contingency rather than infallibility, and mystification rather than clearness, is a mystery to the scripturally educated, whose sole reliance by faith is on the efficiency of Christ's atonement, and the adequacy of the ransomed price He fully paid for the redemption of His Church. The Divine nature of the adorable Lord Jesus imparted an infinite value to the acts of His humanity, as the Surety and Substitute of His redeemed, else what would become of any of us?

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

[Dear young friends, here are a few words for you, which we pray the Lord to make an encouragement to His little ones.—ED.]

"THE spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." This is the case when a poor sinner has a desire to believe in Jesus Christ, but, alas! finds unbelief too strong for him; desires with all his heart and soul to love the Saviour, yet his heart is cold towards Him; desires to hope in His mercy, but is continually filled with fear; desires to give himself up to the Saviour and for the Saviour, but, alas! is continually occupied with something else. "The spirit is willing"—"Lord, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest," but there is an insufficiency in Thy servant; our sufficiency is of Thee. In this state, the Saviour encouraged His disciples—"The spirit is willing." Ah! poor sinner, as long as thou art willing to come to the Saviour, all will be well. This is the most encouraging word that could be spoken. It seems lower than desire, thirsting, panting: it is simply expressed by being willing. Art thou willing to be saved by Him? willing to be led by Him? willing to suffer all things for His sake? willing that Christ should be all in all? "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." This is often found among God's people. They say, "Oh, I would follow the Saviour, cleave to Him; I desire that He would reign in my heart, and that I should never more sin against Him; but there is such a weakness about me." And oh, what grieves the mind is that we often feel this most when things of the deepest importance are before us. Here were the Saviour's sufferings—oh, what a time for the disciples to be found drowsy, sleepy stupid! How often have His dear people been exercised by this in calling upon His name. Did you never fall asleep on your knees? I have—to my shame I confess it. I have wanted to call upon His name, to pour out my soul before Him, and have fallen asleep in the very act. Did you never fall asleep under the Word? Did you never find cares and worldly concerns interrupt these privileges? "But," say you, "do you think a merely being willing is a Scriptural evidence of a poor sinner having an interest in the Saviour?" *I am sure of it.* Well, but who would not say I am willing to be saved? Yes, willing to be saved, but not willing to be saved according to the Saviour's way and method. What opposition is there to this! But to be really willing is a different thing. Mind what the Scriptures declare, "The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst Come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

JOHN HOBBS.



"THE MISSIONARY GAVE HIM WHAT INFORMATION HE POSSESSED."
(See page 226.)

AN ENCOURAGEMENT TO SOW BESIDE ALL
WATERS.

A CHRISTIAN lady narrated to me the following interesting coincidence :—

"The other day," said she, "I happened to take up, quite casually, an old magazine, and found in it a story of a man who was converted in India, in a rather curious way. The man called on a missionary, and begged to know if he had ever heard of Dr. Hawker, and if he could direct him to any of his writings. The missionary gave him what information he possessed concerning the works of the venerable doctor, and wished to know what special reason he had for making the inquiry.

" 'Sir,' said the stranger, 'I once went down to the shore near the place where I was residing, in order to see a vessel sail for England. The ship was gone before I arrived, and the people who had gathered to see her off were dispersing. As I was turning to go home, I noticed, scattered along the beach, a number of pieces of paper, many of which I picked up. I found that they were tracts, written by one Dr. Hawker. I read them with interest, and God blessed them to my soul. Before then I was ignorant of the way of salvation, and knew nothing experimentally of Christ. They led me to see that Christ was everything; they led me to my Bible, to my God, to my Saviour; and now I feel a great desire to read whatever other works this good man has written, if I can procure them.'

"Such was the substance of the narrative, and it was perused by me with the most engrossing interest; not merely as an example of the strange ways in which sinners are sometimes brought by the Holy Spirit to receive Christ, but because of its remarkable coincidence with a circumstance in which I was personally interested, and which I will now detail to you.

"When I was a child, I lived at Plymouth; and my dear mother, who had long loved the Lord, was a constant attendant on Dr. Hawker's ministry, which, in common with all who heard him, she greatly valued. My father had been dead many years; but I had one brother who was unhappily rather wild, and fast getting beyond my poor mother's control. Living in a great seaport, he had imbibed a strong desire to see the world, and nothing would serve but that he must go to sea.

"This resolution was most painful to my mother, who laboured hard to dissuade him from it, though with little success. In her trouble she sought the counsel of her kind friend and pastor, who, soon perceiving that my brother was not likely to settle on shore, exerted his interest to procure him a berth on board an East

Indiaman, the commander of which he knew to be a worthy man. My mother took care that he should not depart without his Bible and a copious supply of good Dr. Hawker's tracts. The former she instructed him to read daily ; the latter she made him promise to distribute during his stay in India.

"My brother remained abroad several years, and when at length he returned, my mother, who had not forgotten the tracts, asked him what he had done with them. He acknowledged that a false shame had prevented him from giving them away, until he was upon the point of returning to Europe, when the remembrance of his promise, and his unwillingness to face his mother without some kind of performance of it, induced him to think what he could do with them ; 'So,' said he, 'I took the whole packet and strewed them along the shore, the very day we sailed. I thought, Perhaps some one may pick them up and read them, and so my mother's intentions may be fulfilled in this way.'

"My brother soon after went to sea, and we never saw him again ; but *my mother was a woman of much faith and prayer*, and she always believed that the tracts were not lost, and that her poor son also would be ultimately saved. From the tenor of his last letter home, and from the accounts we received of his dying hour, we had good ground for hope that her prayers were answered for him, and that the poor wanderer really found a rest in the bosom of his Saviour.

"As to the tracts, I had not the least expectation of hearing any more of them in this world ; but when I read the story in the old magazine, I felt convinced that my mother's prayers for a blessing on them had also been heard, for, from the agreement of place and time, I have not the slightest doubt that the tracts which the poor man picked up, and which were made the channel of light and blessing to his soul, were the identical tracts which my brother had strewn on the shore. How much farther the benefit flowing from them may have extended, eternity may yet declare."

A TRUE Christian lives like a saint, and begs like a sinner.

A CHRISTIAN shall be here as long as he hath any work to do for Christ, or as long as Christ hath any work to accomplish in him : Christ will fit him for Himself, and then take him to Himself.

I MYSELF am a witness, that spiritual comforts are sometimes highest when bodily health, strength, and spirits are at the lowest ; and when bodily health, strength, and spirits are at the highest, spiritual comforts are sometimes at the lowest, nay, clear gone and totally absent.—*Toplady*.

"IS NOT THIS A BRAND PLUCKED OUT OF THE FIRE?"

AMONG my many visits to the sick and the dying, I desire to inform you of one special case, pregnant with the deepest interest, and which will be remembered by me with feelings of praise and thanksgiving, seeing so great an honour has been conferred upon one so utterly unworthy, as to be employed by my heavenly Father to communicate a blessing to one of His distressed and afflicted children. The person I refer to is a young woman, who has been married but a few years, during which time she has been greatly tried by the unnatural conduct of her cruel husband.

It appeared she had been accustomed from her youth to read the Scriptures, and in the more advanced stages of her history was privileged to live in families where the name of Jehovah was feared, and His Sabbaths and ordinances regarded, but, alas! as she said, without the least spiritual advantage to her. However, it pleased the Lord to afflict her with a very painful and dangerous disorder; she was brought, indeed, to the very gate of death, and was sinking, to all human appearance, under the most fearful of all diseases, the loss of reason. Previous to my visit, she had been confined three months to her room, and a great portion of that time to her bed, requiring attendance night and day. In addition to bodily pain, she was much tried in mind by a discovery of her state as a lost and ruined sinner, and felt as if involved in the thickest darkness; all hope of recovery was taken away, and so awfully sinful did she appear in her own eyes, that she verily thought the pit of eternal misery was already open to receive her, and that she would soon realize all the horrors of the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched. From this time she grew worse, as it regarded her bodily complaint, but was greatly relieved in mind by a very seasonable experience of the Lord's visitation, which enabled her to hope that she was saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation. This blessed frame of mind was of short duration, for Satan, the determined enemy of the children of light, took advantage of the peculiar nature of her complaint, and by his secret influence led her to doubt and question the reality of all her past enjoyment, and to conclude she was still in the gall of bitterness, and in the bonds of iniquity.

In this distressed state I found her when I first visited her; her soul was indeed cast down by reason of the oppressions of the enemy, and the feelings of her mind answered to the Psalmist, when he said, "Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise Thy name." But I desire ever to speak it to the praise and glory of my covenant-keeping God, that my first visit proved a time of

refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power. I could easily perceive that the doubting and distressed state of her soul, arose out of the legality of her feelings, and the incorrect views she formed of God's method of salvation; but as it was evident the Lord the Spirit had convinced her of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come, causing her to cry out, "Lord, save, or I perish!" I felt assured the providence of God had brought us together, that I might speak on the behalf of my dear Saviour, and to set before her despairing spirit the riches of redemption, as they gloriously shine forth in the Person of the Lord Jesus, who is "able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them. You remember it is said, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and truly in her case it was exemplified, for in great bitterness of spirit she told me the fears that distressed her, the darkness that overwhelmed her soul, and the fearful consequences that seemed to await her on account of her numerous sins and transgressions, so that in the midst of all unbelieving conclusions, I felt it my happiness to speak of Him who hath said, "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick; I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." I endeavoured to set before her the sacred Person of the Lord Jesus, Christ, whose precious blood cleanseth from all sin, and by the imputation of His spotless righteousness, makes a sin-smitten and despairing sinner fairer than an angel of light. I attempted to lay open before her view the boundless blessings treasured up in Him, and the freeness with which every conscious sinner is invited to partake of the provision of everlasting love, and to drink freely of the river of God's pleasure. I felt I was warranted to tell out, as far as they had been manifested to my own soul, the wonders of redeeming love, and to assure this afflicted and perplexed saint, that all power in heaven and in earth was given into the hands of Christ, that He might give eternal life to as many as the Father had given Him; whereby every saint is kept through faith unto eternal salvation. I perceived, upon this statement, a visible alteration in her countenance; joy and gladness could now be read in every look; the penitential tear that ran down her cheeks was expressive of mingled grief, sorrow, and of joy, which caused her again to rejoice in believing there was still hope for such an one as herself, and I immediately began to speak of Him, "In whom all the families of the earth are blessed": she listened with deep attention while I attempted to describe the love of the Saviour's heart, the virtue of His precious blood, the freeness of His grace, and the boundless nature of His mercy, as displayed in every case, when a sinner is delivered from the power of

darkness, and translated into God's marvellous light. She appeared to clasp with inexpressible delight the promises of the everlasting Gospel; and as I knew her former anxiety and distress was occasioned by supposing some qualifications were necessary, in order to secure a favourable reception, I felt it my business to declare, that mercy's provision was not to be purchased by any act of the creature, but should be regarded as the free gift of God, without money and without price; that, apart from any consideration of the creature, salvation, with all its numberless blessings, is complete and entire, wanting nothing. That Christ is the pearl of great price, the gift of the Father, in whom all the spiritual Israel shall be justified, and shall glory.

I do assure you, I felt quite happy in the Lord while speaking of the wonders of redemption, as they shine most gloriously in the cross, and whilst endeavouring to lead the mind of my disconsolate sister into clear and scriptural apprehensions of the way of access to the Father, and the means by which a poor ruined sinner might escape the wrath to come: the Lord was pleased to own His own Word, and in some happy degree to bless her with the joy of His great salvation. It was no difficulty to perceive by her altered countenance the inward composure and calmness that existed within, and the holy confidence she felt in committing to the hands of Jesus the interest of her immortal spirit, "who came to seek and to save that which was lost." I saw fulfilled in her experience that precious promise, "They shall look on Him whom they have pierced, and shall mourn and be in bitterness, as one that is in bitterness for her first-born." Yes, indeed, her joys were mingled with tears and the sweets of covenant mercy, accompanied with a sense of her numberless transgressions; she bitterly complained of her base ingratitude to the Father of mercies, for want of improvement of the many privileges with which she had been favoured, the waste of precious time, the abuse of the means of grace, while a sense of her ignorance of divine things in the midst of showers of spiritual blessings, seemed to humble her in the very dust, and constrained her to acknowledge she was the chief of sinners.

I freely confess it proved to me a season of spiritual enjoyment. I felt an unusual degree of pleasure in holding up to her view the uncreated glories of the Man of Sorrows, and in pointing out to this afflicted saint the way of life and salvation, as manifested in the sufferings of Christ, His death, and resurrection unto eternal glory. I desire to be thankful that this work of faith in which I was then engaged, and labour of love, was not in vain. We mutually felt the enjoyment of the presence of the Lord, and could say with the inquiring disciples, "Did not our heart burn within us, while

Jesus talked with us by the way," and opened our understandings to receive the truth in the love of it? truly we could say, "There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacle of the Most High." Until this sacred hour, we were entire strangers to each other: but the grace of the Lord Jesus, and the love of the Spirit, made us one in heart and soul, under the influence of which, we spoke of the wonders of dying love, and were blest with the enjoyment of a hope full of immortality and eternal glory.

During the day that I visited her in the evening, Satan had been very busy in setting before her eyes the sins of her past life, by which her mind was filled with fear, which hath torment. Here, again, I found it my happiness to point out the completeness of the Saviour's righteousness, and the efficacy of His precious atonement, as sufficient to justify the sinner from all things, from which he never could have been justified by the law of Moses; and I am happy to say the Holy Spirit was pleased to own the testimony of Jesus, and to fill her heart with all joy and peace in believing.

My dear friend, I fear I shall exhaust your patience by this lengthened account, therefore I will only say, that in visiting this afflicted saint, I experienced the reality of that Scripture, "It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting." Indeed it was a time of spiritual enjoyment, and free communication between God and my soul, in pointing to the "Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Fresh light seemed to shed its glory over the sacred page, which testified of Him; the employment was profitable, and I felt an inexpressible delight in speaking of the freeness and power of the everlasting love of God, in snatching sinners as brands from the everlasting burnings; in one word, this sweet and blessed Scripture was evidently fulfilled in her experience, "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree, and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

We parted at the throne of grace, mutually praising the God of salvation that we had been favoured to spend an hour together, in which the Lord had "commanded the blessing, even life for evermore."

"This is the spouse of Christ our God,
Bought with the treasure of His blood;
And her request, and her complaint,
Is but the voice of every saint."

J. M.

If God is with you, you will want neither company nor comfort.

THE LABOURER AT REST.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LORD'S LEADINGS WITH CHARLES GORDELIER, OF HACKNEY, WHO DIED JULY 28TH, 1892, AGED SEVENTY-NINE YEARS.

HE writes: "I remember being placed at school when very young. My master was a disciple of the notorious Tom Paine, and through him Satan sowed the seeds of infidelity in my youthful mind. At twelve years of age I was apprenticed to a pawnbroker; but, owing to my misbehaviour, the indentures were cancelled. From the age of fourteen until I was nearly sixteen, I was remarkably active in Satan's service. My mind was polluted with impure reading, such as the *Newgate Calendar*, &c. Early in December, 1828, a Christian friend, perceiving my turn for books, invited me to read the life of James Barry. I read it attentively, and on coming to the part where he describes his deliverance from the spirit of bondage, I could not help feeling some emotions of pleasure, and secretly wished that I was a Christian. 'Oh, that I were a Christian!' when immediately these words entered my mind, 'Search the Scriptures.' These words were continually in my thoughts for about three weeks, 'Search the Scriptures,' 'Search the Scriptures!' At times they struck me like a blow from a sledge hammer or the shock of an earthquake. I began to tremble for fear, and upon asking a friend what a prayer-meeting was, and whether I might go? I went that same evening. Being early, I took up a small book that was on the table, and, on opening it, the same words presented themselves—'Search the Scriptures.' I was much distressed by these repeated thrusts at my self-ease and carnal security. They unsettled me for everything in my old pursuits. That scripture was a nail fastened in a sure place by the great Master of Assemblies. It was driven in by the hammer of God's truth to convince me of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment. The next day I inquired of my father if he knew of such words as, 'Search the Scriptures'? He replied they were in the Bible, and that they were spoken by the Lord Jesus Christ. His answer somewhat relieved me, for I thought, perhaps the feeling would soon wear off; and yet I thought, perhaps there was something in religion more than I was willing to believe, and that after all the wretchedness I experienced would result in reclaiming me from my sinful course.

"I cannot describe the state of misery I endured, it was overpowering; but at night, before retiring to rest, I opened my book-chest, and from underneath the rest I took out my Bible and untied it; for such was my hatred to it, as the Word of God, I

had scraped off all the gilt from the edges and cover, and defaced them with black ink, and had tied it up so tightly as to cut the covers. I would have destroyed it, but being a gift, I so far respected the donor by keeping the book, and thus the counsel of God's will was fulfilled, 'Until the time that His Word came : the Word of the Lord tried me.' On opening the book my eye fell at once upon the 39th verse of the 5th of John's Gospel. I had no previous clue where to look for the passage ; the words were, 'Search the Scriptures.' At the sight of these mysterious words, I felt as if I should have sunk through the floor ; I was quite overcome, and burst into tears. I closed the book and remained for a time in a kind of bewilderment of fear, distress, and amazement. But the Lord had not done with me. I opened the book again, and my eyes fell upon a portion which was made at once the instrument of delivering me from the kingdom of darkness, and translating me into the kingdom of God's dear Son. It was the 55th of Isaiah, 'Ho, every one that thirsteth,' &c. The moment I saw the words I burst again into tears ; the words seemed to be for me expressly, as if spoken to my very soul by an audible voice ; but evidently, as I humbly believe, a personal manifestation of the Lord's tender mercy. Every verse throughout this chapter was made, in some peculiar and particular manner, applicable to my case ; my sinfulness and ignorance, my danger and ruin as a fallen and helpless sinner, were all opened up to my view. Here was Gospel invitation to the thirsty, the fainting, and the destitute, just as I felt myself to be ; here was reproof for my manner of life ; here I felt convinced of my sin ; here I was brought to own my guilt before the Lord, and to seek for mercy and pardon. Fears, sorrows, promises, and comfort were so commingled that I cannot describe it. "I looked for hell, He brought me heaven." Some idea of this strange time, scene, and work may be formed, when I tell you that the reading, meditations, weepings, and supplications occupied nearly three hours : the midnight had fled, the candle had burned down to the socket, and the first hour of the morning had witnessed the aspirations of a new-born soul. I went to bed with strange emotions, with new expectations, new desires, and filled with gratitude and praise to the dear Redeemer for the new hopes thus wrought in my soul. This happy frame of mind did not, however, last long ; it was followed by weeks of darkness, bondage, and soul trouble, until one evening I took up my Bible and opened upon the 118th Psalm, 17th verse, 'I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.' Suddenly light broke in with such sweetness and force that all my gloomy fears were dispelled. I felt my heart much drawn out in love and thankfulness to the dear Lord for thus manifesting Himself again and

delivering me. I could now call the Lord *my* God, my Strength, my Song, and my Salvation! Oh, what a sweet experimental proof I had of the power of God's Word, 'And it shall come to pass in that day, that his burden shall be taken away from off thy shoulder, and his yoke from off thy neck, and the yoke shall be destroyed because of the anointing.'

"Very soon after this I was enabled to say something of what the Lord had done for me, and in July, 1829, I was baptized, and joined the Church over which the late Mr. John Bowers was pastor, and where my father and mother were members. During my membership there, until the close of 1834, I used to attend Gower Street Chapel, whenever Mr. Gadsby, Mr. Hardy, or Mr. Warburton supplied the pulpit. Their ministry reached my heart with savour and power in a peculiar way. In 1834 I married Mr. Bower's daughter (the friend who lent me James Barry's book). The same year her father died, which was a source of great trial to both of us, and we removed our membership to Mr. Dickerson's, in Little Alie Street. My life of care now began. My general inexperience created for me many troubles and anxieties, and I did not grow much in spiritual knowledge.

"During the years 1835-6, I was much tried in circumstances, and was often in great straits. Once we were eating the last slice of dry bread for dinner, moistening it with our tears, not knowing how we should fare for the next meal, when my wife was called to answer the door, and on opening it an unknown person put five shillings into her hand, and left before she had time to say 'Thank you.'

"One Saturday evening, as I was walking by the London Hospital, much cast down, my face to the ground, yet looking to the Lord for help—for I owed four weeks' rent (six shillings), had no provision for the morrow, and my best clothing was in pledge—I saw on the ground what I supposed to be a brass button. I picked it up, and lo, it was half-a-sovereign. I returned home elated with the goodness of the Lord for this unexpected deliverance. During this time the friends at the chapel and Mr. Dickerson were very kind to us, and through his personal effort a situation was obtained for me, which I have held for more than fifty years."

After being led about in soul matters, having several children, and experiencing many changing scenes, his dear wife was suddenly translated to her heavenly inheritance. She had gone on Sunday evening, August 13th, 1848, to Hephzibah Chapel, Mile End, and, while singing the closing hymn, she fell down and expired, immediately after singing the verse—

“ Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home ;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.”

In 1854, he was invited to address the poor weavers in Bethnal Green. He took a monthly service on the Wednesday evening, and continued it for nine years: the Lord owned the word, and souls were blest. For some years after this, he was the settled minister at Hephzibah Chapel, Mile End: here also he was made very useful, especially, in this poor neighbourhood, in visiting the sick and dying, and circulating sound literature.

He writes further: “ One circumstance must not be omitted. In the month of February, 1863, hearing that the son of the late John Warburton was to preach at Zoar Chapel, I went to hear him. I heard him with deep interest, as he was the son of one whose memory I much revered, and was walking in the same good old way. I think I shall not be saying too much when I say, that I heard him with eternal profit. He read the first chapter of Revelation, the weighty remarks made upon the first verse, as to spiritual knowledge being a Divine revelation personally made to the soul, struck my attention with peculiar force. It made such a deep impression that it affected the whole character of my views of spiritual religion, and it influenced more powerfully the nature of my preaching; for, from that time, I insisted more strenuously and definitely, everywhere, that the true knowledge of Jesus Christ was a Divine revelation made to the soul by the Holy Spirit.”

For the last five-and-twenty years he has gone to various parts, carrying the glad tidings of a full, free and finished salvation, through Christ Jesus, and eternity alone will reveal how the Lord has wrought through his instrumentality. About five years ago, he first came as a supply to Saffron Walden, continuing to come once a month until June this year; a growing attachment grew up between him and the friends of truth here, and his visits and ministry were looked forward to with pleasure and delight. The seed sown here has, and we believe will continue to spring up to the glory of God. A few short extracts from recent letters must conclude this sketch.

December, 1891.—“ ‘The Lord hath His way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of His feet.’ By the clouds I understand, those things which cannot now be pierced are tokens of themselves that He is moving in our matters. Worldly-wise ones may think differently, but the believer in Christ forms his opinion on the Lord’s dealings on a different line of things; the Word of God and the love of God are his true

source of help. The Lord is working His own plan in His own time. Afflictive dispensations spring not out of the ground by chance—

“ ‘They come in His appointed hour,
Clad with a high commissioned power;
Perform the purpose of His heart;
Engender good, and then depart.’ ”

January, 1892.—“ I hope you are still favoured with your spirit being kept in that peace which passeth all understanding ; it is only by Christ Jesus, and through Him and in Him. He is our All in all ; sin pardoned is by Him and through Him : that great work is by Him alone, the one Mediator, the man Christ Jesus, God over all, for ever blessed.

“ The peace which Jesus’ blood secures,
And fixes in the heart,
To all eternity endures,
And never more departs.”

For having made peace by the blood of His cross, it is eternally settled in the high court of heaven, and will never be revoked. Our frames and feelings may vary and even decline, but these affect not the purpose of Jehovah’s covenant. Yet our gracious God will keep His eye upon us and all that is obstructive to our progress in the walk of faith. He will maintain the life of faith, and so secure the triumph of faith ; and, if needs be—

“ The Lord will scourge us if we stray,
And wound us with distress,
But He will never take away
His covenant of peace.”

This covenant is ordered in all things and sure. God is faithful to His oath and promise to Christ Jesus His Son, and, by virtue of our vital union to Him, to all and each of His saints who are united to Him by a true and living faith. Pray for the fire of God’s love to be always kept up by His Spirit ; ’tis His work, the fruit of which is love, joy, and peace in Him. See, too, that you keep a good stock of wood in the soul’s coal-cellar—I mean an increasing acquaintance with God’s Holy Word—for, ‘ Where no wood is, the fire goeth out.’ ”

He adopted this verse as his motto, which he always carried in his waistcoat pocket, printed on a small card—

“ Still go Thou before me, and guide me aright ;
Thy peace be my comfort, Thyself my delight ;
Thy will be my pleasure, Thy honour my aim ;
And this be my glory, the blood of the Lamb.”

The last time he preached was on July 10th, at Banbury, from Hebrews vii. 25, "Wherefore He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them"; but was so much exhausted as to be taken from the chapel in an invalid chair to his lodgings. He travelled home the following day, but he never revived; it was a gradual breaking up. The writer saw him on the 26th, and it was then evident that the end was near. He was perfectly sensible, though unable to converse much, and at eight p.m., on the 28th, he passed away. R. F. R.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

My future path looks drear,
My heart is filled with fear;
I feel the tempter's power
Throughout each gloomy hour.
Still help, O Lord, thy erring one
Humbly to say, "Thy will be done!"

My every joy seems crossed,
And hope is well nigh lost.
A secret grief is mine,
But though I oft repine,
I look to Thee for some relief,
To soothe my pain and calm my grief.

Though sorrows, care, and strife
Attend me all my life,
I trust in Thee to lead,
And grant my every need.
A Father's care on me bestow,
While I shall dwell on earth below.

However sad my lot,
Help me to murmur not.
Thy holy will is best;
Each cross to me is blest;
For I might wander far away,
Without some burden day by day.

'Tis hard at first to say—
As each joy fades away,
As death steals one by one—
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"
But purest joys, and holiest love,
Await us in the land above.

Northampton.

ELIZABETH HULETT.

BEING in union with Christ, you can no more perish than Christ can perish, and you shall certainly be saved as Christ is saved.

THE LINCOLN CASE.

SOME time ago, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, when animadverting on the doings of the Ritualists, said they were digging the grave of the so-called Church of England. Since then it has been said that he, by his patronage of that party, in concert with other bishops, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, and other patrons of Church emoluments, has supplied tools to the grave-diggers. And now, we can but hope that the decision of the Privy Council, in the Lincoln case, may prove to be the early notes of the funeral dirge over the grave they have so unwittingly dug for their "Mother Church." Ritualism is, to our mind, the image of "the Beast"—Popery. And as that has now been legalized in our free England, we can but hope that the image thus set up may be speedily demolished by the hand of God, and our country be delivered from priest-rule and Popish intolerance for ever. We give the following extracts from the *English Churchman* and other papers, on the subject, and hope that all true Protestants may pray for and strive to promote the downfall of such a conscience-enslaving and liberty-destroying system.

The *English Churchman* says :—

"The long-expected judgment in the Lincoln case was delivered on Tuesday by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The judgment is not merely a defeat of the prosecution and of the Church Association. If that were all, it would have been comparatively a slight calamity, much to be regretted, but capable of being remedied. What their lordships have really done is, to inflict a serious wound on the Church of England, from which she will not recover for many a long year; to upset the traditions of our Reformed Church during the past three and a-half centuries, and that in the interests of a traitorous faction within her fold, who will never be satisfied with less than submission to the Church of Rome; to legalize ritual which is abhorrent to the feelings of an overwhelming majority of English Churchmen, even in this priest-ridden age; and to hasten the day when the policy of the Liberation Society shall become realized. The Lincoln judgment, though evidently delivered with a view to peace and compromise, will assuredly fail in securing either. The contest between Protestantism and priestcraft, between Bible light and Romish darkness, will, as a consequence of this judgment, only grow more stern and intensified.

"An impression has widely prevailed that the Lord Chancellor did not wish to deliver the opinion of Her Majesty's Judicial Committee upon the Lincoln case until the General Election had taken place. This may or may not be true; but if true, it is a testimony to the fear that Protestant feeling may yet be aroused

in an effective manner. The opinion or judgment has now been delivered, with the result that the decision of the Archbishop of Canterbury is confirmed, and the Bishop of Lincoln is enabled to plead the toleration of law for rites which were formerly believed to be outside the limits of comprehension in the Reformed Church of England. The text of the opinion or advice given to Her Majesty is not available in time for careful examination in this article, but we print it *verbatim* to-day, and hope to comment on it more fully next week. It is far from our desire to use disrespectful language, but we venture to say that a blow has been struck at the stability of English law, and the maintenance of order amongst the people. There is little room for doubt that the members of the Judicial Committee have viewed the questions submitted to them in the light of modern tendencies, under which the Ritualists shelter themselves for the time. Those tendencies are in favour of the widest toleration in certain directions, while exhibiting scant consideration for distinct and definite teaching on the Protestant side."

The same paper, speaking of the Ulster Protestants' disapproval of Home Rule, says :—

"They are sorry to learn from our columns that the present Premier 'has assisted so very materially in Romanizing the Church of England' by the manner in which he has distributed the ecclesiastical patronage of the Crown. It is, unfortunately, too true that not only Lord Salisbury, but the Lord Chancellor and the First Lord of the Treasury, have during the past six years repeatedly selected for promotion extreme Ritualists ; our columns have furnished abundant evidence of the fact."

'The *Morning Advertiser* says :—

"The Judicial Committee has now confirmed the finding of the Archbishop of Canterbury on every point on which the Church Association took exception to his award, and by so doing has not only given a complete victory to Dr. King, but has, to all intents and purposes, reversed its own previous declaration of the law and practice of the Church embodied in the famous Ridsdale judgment fourteen years ago, and given its sanction to certain Ritualistic usages which at that time it declared to be unlawful.

* * * * *

"This is a heavy blow and sore discouragement to that numerous party in the Church of England which has hitherto cherished the hope that the widespread and persistent endeavours of the Ritualists to Romanize the ritual might be restrained by law. It is even worse than this ; it is practically a declaration that the interpretation of the law on these matters by the highest appellate

tribunal exercising jurisdiction thereupon, may vary in accordance with the personal sympathies and predilections of the members composing that tribunal at different periods. If this be so, there is no longer a guarantee for that general conformity of ritual which has always been regarded as one of the distinctive characteristics of the Church 'as by law established'; and a good many people who are now within its pale, and have prided themselves upon being among its most devoted sons, will be disposed to ask very earnestly whether its continuance as an establishment is any longer to be desired." [We certainly say, No.—ED.]

The *Daily News* says :—

"The Lord Chancellor lays down the principle, if principle it can be called, that the Judicial Committee is not bound by its own previous rulings. This differentiates it from all other English courts of law, except the Committee for Privileges in the House of Lords; and the admirers of what Dean Stanley called 'that august tribunal' would have preferred that some other occasion should be found for proclaiming this anomaly than the acquittal of a bishop on evidence which has convicted an incumbent. That in the prelate is but a 'manual act' which in the rector is flat blasphemy. Nor would the Chancellor and his colleagues have lessened the respect which we all desire to feel for the impartial administration of the law, if they had commented severely upon the bishop's ostentatious contempt for Her Majesty's Courts of Justice. The Bishop of Lincoln did, indeed, condescend to appear before his Metropolitan at Lambeth, although even then he took the objection that an Archbishop is not a Synod, and that for a 'synodical declaration' his soul was yearning. The Judicial Committee he has wholly ignored, and that not from indifference or want of means, but because he desired to flaunt in the face of the world his defiance of the Queen's authority as head of the Church, to whom he 'did homage for the temporalities.'

"The position of the Bishop is equally inconsistent and indecorous. In order to obtain five thousand a year and a seat in the House of Lords, he accepted office, not from any spiritual functionary, but from the Prime Minister of the day, who might have been a Jew, a Mohammedan, an Agnostic, or an Atheist. He knew that his nominal election by the Dean and Chapter was a blasphemous mummery, and that he was really appointed in the same way as Lords of the Treasury or Lords in Waiting. But having got what he wanted, and finding himself in the possession of a comfortable freehold, he could afford to make a cheap protest against Erastianism by defying the secular jurisdiction he had previously acknowledged. Moses, when commanded

to take the shoes from his feet because the ground on which he stood was holy, might as well have replied that he would take off one because it was tight, and retain the other because it was easy. If the Bishop of Lincoln had been an Irish member, the judges would have exhausted their vocabulary of virtuous indignation against his contumacious disregard of the civil magistrate. A greater man than the Bishop of Lincoln, whom the Bishop at least believes to have been divinely inspired, said, 'The powers that be are ordained of God.' But St. Peter is obsolete, unless he happens to square with the nostrums of modern Sacerdotalism."

Mr. Gladstone objects to what he calls "The Upas tree of Protestant ascendancy," and Lord Salisbury calls Protestantism vulgarity. And shall we receive at their hands, in exchange for the liberties our noble martyrs bought with their blood, the iron yoke and tyranny of priestcraft? God forbid! Perish the idol of their fancy!

It savours somewhat of the ludicrous that at such a juncture a conference should have been held at Grindelwald, where Episcopalians, Nonconformists and Old Catholics discussed the desirability of mixing together in Christian work. They might as well have discussed the subject of bringing the poles together. The Lincoln judgment seems a grim answer to their discussions. The following extract from the *English Churchman* unfolds some truisms of which we have long been aware, having witnessed the intolerant spirit for many years:—

"It was suggested at the Grindelwald Conferences that there might be some local unions at home for the purpose of bringing Anglicans and Nonconformists together in such Christian work as they could do together without sacrifice of principle. The attention of the Bishop of Worcester was called to the suggestion by an article in the *Independent*, under the title of 'The Federation of Variety.' In acknowledging receipt of the paper containing the article, the Bishop writes: 'The suggestion made in it is an application to Christian work at home of the principle on which I have always insisted with regard to missionary work abroad. I sincerely wish it could be acted upon. But I see too much of the *intense prejudice of the clergy against any co-operation with Nonconformists* to be very hopeful of the success of any such scheme. The Evangelical section of the Church might agree to it.* Many good men of broad sympathies would wish the experiment God-speed. But the whole High Church party, to a man, and *many*

* Some we know are men who love unity of spirit, but others know no union outside their forms.—ED.

who would call themselves *Moderate Churchmen*, would be opposed to it. In practice, moreover, it would be difficult to carry out. If you had only reasonable men to deal with, the plan might work ; but there will always be men who will insist on pushing their own tenets everywhere, and I know of no safeguard which can be devised to keep them strictly within the lines laid down in the article as essential to the scheme.' "

Our conviction is, that disestablishment will receive immense impetus by these proceedings, and if Mr. Gladstone should after all use his axe for the felling of this tree, many will thank him for the deed.

AFFLICTIVE PROVIDENCES.

IF the afflictive providence of God doth still remain, be not dismayed ; yea, if it increaseth, let not a desponding heart put the lie upon any promise God hath made. He is not a cruel Father, His bowels are tender ; but our misgiving hearts are they that are apt to plague us. Had we more dexterity in believing, we might steer a comfortable course, when 'all sight of dry land is out of sight ; and such a faith is God's gift, who has promised us every good thing. Let us both go to the Creator of the ends of the earth for faith, and by faith wait for more faith, that we may outride the storm, and not be ashamed or wearied out under the cross. How it is with you I know not, but I have much confidence you are in as safe hands, and in the bosom of as tender love as ever did shine upon you in the days of more earthly fulness, and that the gracious goodness of God and His wisdom has ordered this state of affairs to exercise you withal. One half-hour's time beyond mortality will make amends for all, and we are hastening to it ; and, I trust, at present freely entitled to the unalterable love of God, who will never leave nor forsake, to pity and succour the offspring of His own grace. If the Lord favour me with His counsel and give me the shield of His presence, I shall not be at a loss.—*Extracted from Dorney's "Spiritual Breathings."*

WHEN a child of God thinks he can go alone, he is nearest falling.

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.*

GRACIOUS WORDS.

"And I will turn Mine hand upon the little ones."—ZECHARIAH
xiii. 7.

THE former part of the verse speaks of the Shepherd, which is Christ, the Good Shepherd (John x. 14), and of the sword awaking against Him at the command of Jehovah the Father. Here is shown the rights of Justice: He will by no means clear the guilty. Jesus took on Himself the sins of His elect; He became as a sinner in the view of Justice: He was considered as the law-breaker, and must bear the punishment due to transgressors, as Isaiah liii. 5, "He was bruised for our iniquities," &c., &c., to the end of the chapter.

Sins, in Scripture, are called debts. God the Father is represented as our Creditor; and we are debtors, and are by Adam's debts (which are transferred to us), and by our own debts, become quite ruined, and must of necessity be shut up in the prison of an eternal hell, for anything we can do to help ourselves. We are cursed by the law of God for our departure from its right rules, which are holy, just, and good; we are in alliance with the devil, do his commands, act under his diabolical influence, and are enemies to God by wicked works. This is every man's condition by nature, dead in trespasses and in sins. Reader, if the Almighty hath shown you what you are, if He hath led you to Horeb, and you have heard the voice of words, your boasting is at an end. Your righteousness appears filthy rags. Your comeliness is turned into corruption. Can you help yourself? Can you draw near to God upon the ground of works? Can you extenuate your crimes? Can you subdue sin? Can you work up your heart to love God? I am certain that you cannot do any of these things. Neither can you believe, for working for life ends when believing begins. The burdened conscience finds relief when faith is given to lay hold of God's strength, and not till then.

Christ is the appointed Surety for His elect. The Father who appointed Him looked to Him for the payment of our debts, and our debts He fully paid, declaring with His last breath, "It is finished." Upon the ground of this finished work of Jesus all the elect are accepted and for ever blessed, their debts all paid, and their redemption is for ever. As God the Father looked unto Jesus, so must a guilty sinner look to Him also, or go into black despair. "There is no other name under heaven given amongst men whereby we can be saved." The little ones in the text are God's elect family, who are frequently called lambs—and called a little flock, and a very small remnant. The largest visible body of saints that were ever upon the earth at one time, were but few compared with the number of those who were strangers to God.

And when I reflect on the doctrine preached by some men, who tell us that God wishes all men to be saved, and has done all He could, and given them a fair opportunity to improve their talents, I am struck with a kind of horror at such awful reflections upon the perfections of the Most High.*

It is a most consolatory truth that the Lord will not reject or despise the sinner, early or late, who calls upon Him, and returns to the Most High. But let it be remembered no man can turn to God, or seek the face of God, till sought out of God. If, therefore, I am a seeker of the Lord, if I call upon the Lord, be my case ever so deplorable, it amounts to a presumptive evidence that I am one of those whom the Saviour promises to gather. "For thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I, even I, will both search My sheep and seek them out. As a shepherd seeketh out his flock in the day that he is among his sheep that are scattered, so will I seek out My sheep," &c. (Ezek. xxxiv. 11-12). He turns His hand upon the little ones. Come, poor "little faith," and behold the gracious promise of the Good Shepherd. Hath He not turned His hand upon thee? How couldst thou ever taste the sweetness of His promise if He had not turned His hand upon thee? How couldst thou find a sweetness in thy meditations on His name and condescending mercy and love, if He had not sought thee out in the cloudy and dark day? There was a time when thou didst delight in banishing every thought of religion and Jesus Christ from thy thoughts, but now thy sorest grief is, that thou canst not say, "My Lord and my God," or, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His." This proves that His hand has been turned upon thee in mercy, and ere long He will set His hand a second time to work, and bring thee forth to light, and thou shalt behold His righteousness. His hand will subdue Thy stubborn unbelief, and drive the buyers and sellers out of the temple of thy heart, for such is His promise, "I will take the stony heart out of your flesh, and will give you a heart of flesh. I will pour my Spirit upon you, and you shall live." And this is what the Redeemer means when He saith, "But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost whom the Father will send in My name, He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." This Comforter will come in the name and power of Jesus, and lead out thy soul to a holy resting in the fulness of Jesus, therefore call upon His blessed name.

HENRY FOWLER.

* Although God declares "I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked" (Ezek. xxxiii. 11), yet salvation "is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy."

SIMEON OF CAMBRIDGE AND THE YOUNG DUTCHMAN.

THE devoted labours of the late Rev. Charles Simeon, of Cambridge, had impaired his health, and, in the summer of 1807, compelled him for some weeks to take rest. He proceeded to St. John's, near Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, in the hope that the change, under the Divine blessing, would prove beneficial. While there, a young man named König, the only son of a rich merchant at Amsterdam, came over to England, and was received into the same house, partly for the sake of studying the English language, of which he then knew very little.

Young König's appearance and manners were pleasing, but he was ignorant of the principles, and destitute of the power, of true religion. In common with others, he displayed that enmity against God which is manifest in practical disregard of Him and His commandments. In these respects there is no real difference between the openly wicked, and those who are accounted amiable and virtuous. The merely moral are kept from gross offences, and very important is this to others as well as themselves. But as their conduct does not arise from a supreme love to God, springing out of a cordial acceptance of the Gospel of Christ, they are convicted of sin, as certainly as the profligate. "All have sinned," all, without a single exception, and "come short of the glory of God." "There is none righteous, no, not one" (Rom. iii. 10, 23). Whatsoever "the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law; that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God" (Rom. iii. 19).

Observing his state, Mr. Simeon pitied him deeply. One day he was riding a few yards in advance of a party, of which König was one. The latter seeing Mr. Simeon alone, joined him, and observing his lips in motion, though he was not engaged in conversation, inquired, with his usual simplicity, what he was saying. Mr. Simeon replied, "I was praying for my young friend."

The words of Mr. Simeon made a deep impression on the young man, who felt that he had found one tenderly concerned for his real welfare. But let it be remembered that no one is ever converted by the grace of God, who trusts to the petitions of others, without giving himself to prayer. As certainly as it was said of Saul of Tarsus, "Behold, he prayeth," will this declaration be true of every one who experiences the renewing of the Holy Spirit. For this, however, the mind of König had been prepared by the following occurrence.

The party in which he and Mr. Simeon now were, were making the tour of the Isle of Wight, and on arriving at an inn, König and another gentleman were obliged to occupy a double-bedded room.

His companion, before retiring to rest, knelt down by his bedside to prayer. This was a new sight to the young Hollander, and powerfully did it affect his heart. He had long been unhappy, from a sense of the vanity of earthly things; though he had much of this world's good, he knew not the way of peace. "But now," he said to himself, "how happy is that man! what would I give to feel myself in the hands of an Almighty Guide and Protector, as he surely does!" Nor did he stop here; he fell on his knees, which he had not done before in private for some years, and the very next morning he unbosomed himself to his companion.

Thus remarkably prepared for Mr. Simeon's reply to his question, "I was praying for my young friend," he sought further instruction from him. After some weeks' stay in the island, he invited König to come to Cambridge; and there for months did he spend no small portion of his time in cultivating the mind of this foreigner, and storing it not merely with human knowledge, but divine truth. It is easy to imagine that they would often speak on the greatness of that love which sent forth the only-begotten and well-beloved Son of the Father to accomplish the work of redemption; the simplicity of the means of salvation, in the belief of the record which God has given concerning His Son; the results of faith in the renewal of the soul; and the glories of that world from which sin is forever shut out.

König made very rapid progress in the Divine life. He outstripped some who had helped him at the outset, and the reality of the change he had undergone was proved by his works. "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." And such was his. During a tour which he afterwards made through England and Scotland, not satisfied with seeing the ordinary objects of interest to a traveller, and of which he was a diligent observer, he visited the poor and miserable, the infirmaries, ministering not only of his property to the relief of the necessitous, but spiritual instruction and consolation. Like his Master, he "went about doing good."

On returning to Holland, he witnessed a good confession in his native city. Here he was attacked by consumption. The report of his behaviour excited considerable interest and surprise in Amsterdam, where his family was well known. Many seemed to say, "What new thing is this?" And he died in the peace and joy of the Gospel, which is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

As saints have groanings unutterable, so they have joys unutterable.

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

To the Editor of the Sower.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have been reading in the SOWER (July, 1892) a letter designed for the young, "Comfort for Seekers." Whether it suits the young or not, I can assure you it suits me who am getting old, namely, threescore years and five. It expresses my feelings better than I can express them. Perhaps you may remember I wrote to you, about a year ago, of my intention of being baptized and joining the Church. I did so, and I hope I was led into it in a right way. I felt a desire to follow and obey the Lord, attending to the ordinance, and to keep from it would be, as you expressed it, in your sermon in the SOWER, April, 1881, from the latter clause of 68th Psalm, 6th verse, to be rebellious.

When I look back to the time of my first convictions, that text, as you explained it, described my case. It was before I was twenty years old. I began to be concerned about the state of my soul. The company I had taken pleasure with I could no longer join in. I chose to go with elderly people to Pell Green Chapel, about five miles distant. But I could not talk to them; so that I was neither fit company for the world nor the people of God. I was brought into a solitary place. About that time I heard Mr. Crouch preach from the words, "He will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax"; and he spoke as if he was speaking to me personally, which I cannot forget, though I never felt able to speak to him about it. But I cannot help hoping that the Lord directed him to speak to me at that particular time, as also you, in the sermon which I have named to you, and Mr. Newton, to meet my present state. That verse suits me—

" Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God,
And, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood."

Last year I received a letter from you and Mr. Newton the same morning: I was quite overcome in reading them. You wished me to make myself known to you. I was disappointed in not speaking to you, as you were gone when I inquired for you. But what I want to say is, I was thinking how pleasant it was to have communion with God's servants, and this verse came into my mind—

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

And Mr. H—— gave out the same hymn, which I could not help observing. I feel it a mercy to have one word from the Lord to encourage me to hope in Him.

Dear friend, I felt to want to write to you, but feel myself a poor writer. Excuse the jumbling way I have written. That word suits me, "Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called : but God hath chosen the foolish things things of this world and base things and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are : that no flesh should glory in His presence." With Christian love, yours truly,

August 3rd, 1892.

J. F.

[Dear friend, "The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble." "The Lord fulfil all thy petitions," and "grant thee according to thine own [and my] heart," is the prayer of your friend,

THE EDITOR.

MY DEAR SIR,—I feel I must write and tell you how much I liked the piece by Mrs. Vaughan, in the "Seekers' Corner," this month. It seemed put there purposely for me ; there my feelings are expressed in a way which I could not do. The doubts and fears, temptations and desires mentioned are all mine. I often feel altogether wrong, dark and lifeless, and want the Lord to quicken my feelingly dead soul, and say, "Lord, why hast Thou forsaken me ?" I want weaning from all below, and my affections set upon things above. I do want to feel the Lord near and precious ; but, as the writer says, so I often feel, that if God had not begun a work in me, I should not be troubled as I now am, feeling my inability to frame a good desire. Also with her I feel a little sweetness sometimes in knowing that the Lord knows all before we ask ; He knoweth all the ins and outs of life, all our little troubles day by day, our weakness—yes, He knows all about it. Oh for faith to cast ourselves upon Him, and to trust in the dark.

The "Letter for the Young" also I felt was so nice ; that was another help by the way : I liked reading what is said about prayer, and the different evidences of life. How such pieces help one when exercised by these things ; for there is often a feeling that we are travelling the path alone, that none are like ourselves, or have such feelings and misgivings. Especially do we fear when a thought or desire comes to join the Lord's people, and sit at His table. Do you think it right to take such a step if we feel these things, and yet cannot assuredly say, "The Lord is mine," though often there is a hope, if we have love to God's people and His ways, and cannot find any real enjoyment in things of this

world, if we sometimes feel helped under the preached word, or in reading? With a feeling sense of our own unworthiness, but with doubts and fears, may such an one dare approach the Lord's table, or is it best to wait until God gives a word that you may without doubt go forward? I know it is a personal thing, and that guidance must come from Him, but He uses means.

Forgive me for troubling you with this letter. May the Lord still bless your labours, and give you all needed health and strength, is the desire of,

July 19th, 1892.

A WAITING ONE.

[Dear friend, the trial of faith is the lot of the Lord's loved ones, and it is for their good. When contradictions are felt within and darkness of soul comes on, then we are told to trust in the Lord, and stay ourselves upon our God, not neglect the means because we have no special word to go with. Were we always to wait for this, we should seldom read our Bibles, go on our knees, or resort to the house of God.

"If thou press on, the clouds will fly;
On! if thou faint, to Jesus cry,
And He will send supplies."

—ED.]

DEAR SIR,—After much questioning with myself whether to write to you or not, I have at last decided to do so. I wanted to tell you how much I have enjoyed reading the "Seekers' Corner." I feel such a love to those dear seeking ones, and feel sure "that in due time they shall reap, if they faint not."

"Blest soul that can say, 'Christ *only* I seek;
Wait for Him alway, be constant though weak:
The Lord whom thou seekest will not tarry long,
And to Him the weakest is dear as the strong."

I think there are so many precious, encouraging promises for seekers. Though the waiting time may be long and wearying, yet when the desire of our heart is granted, the joy which we then feel fully compensates for it all. Our loving Master knows the best time to favour His people, for I think it is often when we are feeling *most* in need that a blessing is given, which makes it doubly sweet.

How various are the Lord's ways and dealings with His children. Sometimes we seem to receive no answers to our petitions, and then, again, that promise is fulfilled in 65th Isaiah, 24th verse, namely, "While they are yet speaking, I will hear." It was so in my case, when I felt to have come to an extremity, feeling that the point, "Am I His, or am I not?" must be settled in

my experience. While earnestly pleading with Him, these words came with such power and sweetness, which I shall never forget, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." It seemed too great and good to be true, making me to cry out, "Why me Lord? why *love me*?" How true the poet's words—

"What was there in me that could merit esteem,
Or give the Creator delight?
'Twas 'Even so, Father,' I ever will sing,
'For so it seemed good in Thy sight.'"

Only those who have experienced the like can understand the joy and peace which filled my soul. I could then

"Tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I had found."

I thought then that I should never doubt, but always feel as confident of His love as then, but I have had to say since—

"Where is the blessedness I felt
When first I knew the Lord?"

We are such changeable creatures, so prone to wander, but it is so comforting to know He is unchangeable, and—

"Though we have Him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not."

This world seems to engross so much of our thoughts and time; I would it were not so. I desire to hold all with a loose hand, setting my affections on things above. I find it very helpful, when feeling low, to look back and bring to mind former mercies; it encourages me again to press forward.

Praying that the Lord may still prosper you in your work and labour of love; and when your work here is finished, may you hear His sweet voice saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

From your sincere young friend,

June, 1891.

E. S. B.

MISERIES always lie at that man's door who leans upon any one or any thing below Christ. Such a man is most in danger, and this is not his least plague, that he thinks himself secure.—*T. Brooks.*

IN the heart of every true believer there is a heavenly tendency, a divine attraction, which as sensibly draws him to converse with God, as the loadstone attracts the needle.—*Whitefield.*

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

[Dear young friends, we give again an extract in the form of a letter, and we hope the precious truths it contains may be sealed by the Spirit in your hearts, and that you may realize Christ to be in you "the power of God."—ED.]

"Christ the power of God and wisdom of God."

OUR precious Christ is called "the power of God." The power of God! Almighty power! What, then, are your fears? Whence do those doubts arise? Why are those scruples harboured? Where are those impious beings who would think of putting a finger to His work? Hath not Jesus proclaimed Himself, by His prophet Isaiah, "mighty to save"? Not mighty to help you to save yourselves, but "mighty to save," able to take the whole work into His hands and to accomplish it from first to last. So that whatever stands in the way of the salvation of His people, it is but for Him to "touch the mountain and it shall smoke and fall down in His presence." If there be a host of demons, He can crush the whole legion at once; if there be a mountain of transgressions, sins, and iniquities, He carries them away in His own Person, and bears them "in His own body on the tree," for He is "mighty to save;" if there be a broken law, all its awful provisions and threatenings are met by Him, for He is "the power of God;" if there be an incensed and inflexible sword of justice uplifted to take vengeance on the offender, He sustains the weight, carries away the curse, removes every hindrance to His people's salvation, and makes the work of their redemption complete and entire. Now the point which I want to impress on you here is, that you should not meddle with His work except to receive and appropriate it. If it were defective, it would not be in your power to add to it; if the least thing were wanting to be done, you could not do that thing. If it were but five minutes' devotion, you could not accomplish it. Therefore, you perceive, the work of the Lord is entire, perfect, complete, and eternal: it can never receive an addition, nor can it be diminished. "He is able," says the Apostle, "to save to the uttermost." There is "the power of God." "Able to save to the uttermost"! Where is the poor sinner who thinks he has gone to God's "uttermost"—gone to the uttermost lengths in sin, to the uttermost length in rebellion, in slavery, in darkness, in wickedness, in wanderings, and backslidings from God? Christ is "able to save to the uttermost;" not only to save from the uttermost, but to it, to the uttermost of His promises, to the uttermost of the distresses of His Church upon earth, to the uttermost of persecution, to the uttermost of forebodings, to the

uttermost of time, to the uttermost of eternity : He is "able to save to the uttermost" because He is "the power of God." What short of "the power of God" could have done for you and in you what Jesus has done ? We must be ungrateful indeed if we can forget that whatever is done for us is done by "the power of God." Now mark for a moment, that this mighty Saviour has put forth His power and employed His omnipotence, not merely to save the sinner from wrath and condemnation, but above all to save him from himself. The mightiest work which Jesus does for a poor sinner, is to save him from himself. To save him from the practice of sin, and from going to hell, would seem but a little morsel of salvation. He may save the sinner from erring, so as not to allow him to drink in fatal error ; He may save him from foes and persecutors, so as not to allow him to become their prey ; He may save him from trusting in the law, or in the mere sovereign mercy of God without a Mediator, instead of trusting in that mercy through Christ's precious blood ; and yet after all, there may be a great deal of self lurking even among God's own children, and it requires "the power of God" to get them out of it ; and there are not a few instances in which the poor soul in the hands of Jesus has such tremendous afflictions, such trials, such cares, such disappointments, such bereavements, such temptations from Satan, such humblings of soul, as can hardly be described, and without which the sinner cannot be shaken out of self. I think I reminded you last Sunday that many vessels of mercy not only require turning upside down, but keeping down for a considerable time, in order that every drop of self may be drained out, and that no flesh may glory in God's presence. Now none are able to save man from himself but the Lord Jesus Christ ; nor would He be able to do so were He not the "power of God." But, blessed be His name, He is "the power of God." What is to hinder the Christian, then, from being upheld, sustained, and guided ? Why, "the power of God" is employed ; "the power of God" has begun to save, and that "power" will complete the work.—*Irons.*

A CHRISTIAN is what he is between God and his own soul.

LIFE eternal ! How shall I express my thought of it ? It is not mere existence, however prolonged and free from annoyances. It is not the pleasures of the senses, however vivid. It is not peace. It is not happiness. It is not joy. But it is all these combined into one condition of spiritual perfection—one emotion of indescribable rapture—the peace after the storm has gone by, the soft repose after the grief is over, the joy of victory when the conflict is ended.—*Hill.*



"ONE PASSAGE OF SCRIPTURE."

(See page 25+.)

ROMANISM.

A TREE IS KNOWN BY ITS FRUITS.

IMPARTIAL history tells us that Martin Luther's journey to Rome, in the sixteenth century, did much towards opening his eyes to the abominations of Popery. That memorable visit took place towards the close of the reign of Pope Julius. Luther crossed the Alps full of faith and reverence. Italy was to him a sacred land. With its poets and historians he had long been familiar. Virgil and Horace, Cicero and Livy, had been to him like household names. To him, too, the Pope was the earthly representative of God, and Rome was the Holy City of the one true Catholic Church. No thought of resisting the mandates of the Pope or the Church had ever yet occurred to him. Had it been suggested, he would have rejected the idea as a horrible blasphemy. Rome seemed to him a haven of heavenly rest for tempest-tossed consciences, for was it not the city of martyrs? Was it not filled with sacred relics? "Hail, holy Rome!" he ejaculated, when first he caught sight of its distant towers.

But his beautiful and poetic dream was quickly dispelled. As soon as he entered Italy, he found the convents luxurious and licentious, and the priesthood openly depraved. He said the very air of Italy seemed deadly and pestilential. Sickness supervened, the effect of shame and sorrow. But he wandered on, feeble and sad, until he reached the Holy City. Most honestly, he observed all the superstitious rites of the Church, determined to escape the pains of purgatory, and to win a plenary indulgence. His zeal and conscientiousness were something new and strange in Rome. His fellow-monks mocked his severe penances, and the impious clergy blasphemed his rigid purity. He made the painful ascent of the holy stairs upon his knees when emaciated by his sufferings of both body and mind. But he found he stood alone in that great city in his scrupulous reverence for truth, and purity, and devout worship. He was horror-stricken to find that the head of the Church was a monster who revelled in vice; that the cardinals were worse than their master; and that the priests were, as a rule, profane sceptics. Amid all his soul-exercises, there was one passage of Scripture which unceasingly rang in his ears—"The just shall live by faith." But this life of faith he failed to find at Rome; and, heartbroken with disappointment, he fled back to his German cell.

Such was Rome in the sixteenth century; what is she in the nineteenth? A remarkable book, published recently at Leipsic, on "The Jesuits in the German Empire," gives some very startling facts. In England, it is shown that one *murder* occurs annually for every 178,000 inhabitants; in Holland, one for

163,000 ; in Prussia, one for 100,000 ; in Austria, one for 57,000 ; in Spain, one for 4,113 ; and in Naples, one for 2,750 ; but at Rome, there is one homicide for every 750 of population ! Hence, in the Holy (?) City of Rome, human life is 237 times less secure than it is in Protestant England.

■ The countries in which priestly control has been mightiest have always been the most degraded and criminal. In Spain, which has only of late cast off the yoke of absolute submission, the priests have had the moulding of the popular mind for centuries. They have drawn from the people a larger revenue than that of the government ; and yet a more demoralized and illiterate nation cannot be found in the civilized world. Out of their sixteen millions, twelve millions can neither read nor write ; only three millions can both read and write ; one-half their town mayors cannot read and write ! Her present divided and distracted condition is the natural consequence of her ignorance and immorality. But here for centuries the Romish priests have had it all their own way—a clear stage without a rival, and the undivided favour and support of the civil government.

The truth is, the great bulk of the population, in thoroughly Popish countries, consider the observance of the rites of the Church as of immensely more importance than good morals. Let the reader take the following fact as an illustration :—

“A man came down from the hills to a Neapolitan priest to confess a sin which lay heavy upon his conscience. In the busy season of Lent, while engaged in making cheese, some of the whey had fallen upon his lips, and, miserable man that he was, he had swallowed it. “Free my distressed conscience,” he besought, “from its agonies by absolving me from my guilt.” “Have you no other sins to confess ?” asked the priest. “No ; I do not know that I have committed any other.” “We often hear of robberies and murders committed in your mountains. Have you never been concerned in these ?” “Yes, but all of us do these things. We never account them as crimes needing confession and absolution.”

The following also illustrates the operation of the same principle :—

Two noted Mediterranean pirates were once captured, and condemned to death at Malta. It was observed that the beef and anchovies among the stores of a captured English ship had alone remained untouched. They were asked the cause of this singular procedure, and replied that it was the time of the great fast of their Church. They would not commit such a sin as tasting of fish or flesh. They were plundering and murdering men, women, and helpless children, but they would not transgress the canons of their Church by eating meat on fast days. They looked

to their strict observance of these things as a merit, for which God would grant them success in their infamous work. *Wagner!*

Throughout, indeed, good morals and holiness of heart are esteemed by the vast majority of Romanists as of less importance than the punctilious observance of superstitious rites. This spirit operates even in the treatment of the dead. Rome formerly did a brisk trade in indulgences. According to the following report, she is now as energetic in the sale of Masses for the dead :—

“ A remarkable trial took place in Paris, in August, 1872, in which a merchant and a condemned priest were indicted for swindling, having appropriated a large amount of money, paid to them as *brokers*, for procuring Masses to be said by country priests for the repose of deceased Parisians ! Several hundred thousands of such Masses are annually required in Paris, and, as the number is beyond the ability of the priests in that city to execute, country priests are sought for who will agree to perform them. This firm, seeing an opportunity to make money, opened an agency for the purpose of taking criminal advantage of this demand. They were convicted, and condemned to fine and imprisonment.”

This opens up a new line of business for our speculators. Fancy men on the Exchange acting as brokers for Masses for the dead, and trying to undersell each other in the *terms* for which souls can be released from the pains of purgatory ! Surely these money-changers in the Temple of God need the application again of the scourge of small cords at the hands of whom they call Master. (See John ii. 13—17, and Matt. xxi. 12, 13.)

Rome is the only Church that pretends to the power of working miracles, but her miracles are “lying wonders.” This very claim assists us to identify her with the great apostasy. A lie told in the interests of the “Holy Catholic Church” is no sin, according to the moral philosophy of Liguori and the other doctors of Rome.

Among the curious discoveries of modern times is one which was made in Milan. It seems that in one of the faubourgs of that city was a statue of St. Madeleine, which, from time immemorial, miraculously poured its tears on infidels and heretics. After the success of the Italian revolution it went copiously. But at length it happened that the venerated monument needed repairs, and it was necessary to remove the statue, when, behold, it was found to contain a little reservoir of water, which was heated by means of a furnace concealed in the base. The water, in evaporating, rose to the head of the statue, where it condensed, and reached to two little tubes of the eyes, when it escaped and ran, drop by drop, over the cheeks. A very ingenious arrangement that ! This discovery explains the mystery of “Winking

Madonnas" and "Weeping Saints." But what can we think of the Church that thus imposes upon the credulity of the world? Away with such a system of imposture from the face of the earth! And this is the "Mystery of iniquity" to which our free and noble England is invited again to bow her neck. But will Englishmen indeed sell the birthright of spiritual freedom won for them by reformers and martyrs for such a poisonous mess of pottage as the heresies and impostures of Rome? God forbid! Oh, Lord, how long! Arise and plead thine own cause. It is time for Thee to work, for men have made void Thy law by their tradition.—*From a Tract.*

"THE PLANT OF RENOWN."

(EZEKIEL xxxiv. 29.)

PART I.

THERE are in the book of divine inspiration
A thousand sweet figures of Jesus set down :
But one 'mongst the rest shall suffice for the present,
 'Tis called by Ezekiel the "Plant of Renown."

This Plant from eternity had an existence,
Set up by Jehovah His glory to crown ;
And when by transgression His creatures had fallen,
He promised to send them the "Plant of Renown."

The saints in Old Testament times knew its sweetness,
And under its life-giving shadow sat down ;
And oft as temptations or tyrants assailed them,
They fled for relief to this "Plant of Renown."

Thus Jacob and David, and blood-stained Manasseh,
Came to it for succour, when sin pressed them down ;
And rich consolation derived from the balm that
Was wrung from the heart of this "Plant of Renown."

Its leaves are set forth for the health of the nations,
And under its branches no sinner can drown ;
So vast, so extensive the virtues that flow from
This wonderful tree, called the "Plant of Renown."

Oh, fathomless mercy! and grace most surprising,
That Jesus should leave for awhile His bright crown,
To make up the breach of His Church's transgression,
And sojourn on earth as the "Plant of Renown."

Yes, bless His dear Name! He came forth as our Surety,
And felt no reluctance His life to lay down,
In order that we might partake of His glory,
And prove Him to be the true "Plant of Renown."

He came to complete the great work of salvation,
 And died for our sins 'neath His Father's dark frown;
 Then rising triumphant, gave proof to all nations
 How truly He's titled the "Plant of Renown."

Now seated in glory, He is not unmindful
 Of those who come to Him their sorrows to drown;
 But like a kind Father, He knows how to pity
 His children, who trust in this "Plant of Renown."

PART II.

When first I beheld the fierce lightnings of Sinai,
 And heard the loud thunders of wrath rattling down,
 Oh, then I'd have given the world to be under
 The shade of a branch of this "Plant of Renown."

I fled to my duties, and hoped they would save me,
 Not dreaming the law could do nothing but frown,
 But all that I felt only served to convince me
 That nothing could save but this "Plant of Renown."

At length after toiling and wasting my substance,
 I gave up all hope and was just sinking down,
 When softly He whispered, "Thy sins are forgiven,
 And Justice well pleased, by this 'Plant of Renown.'"

Astonished I heard the sweet sentence, "Forgiven!"
 And low at His footstool I cast myself down;
 While tears of contrition my cheeks were bedewing,
 Because I had wounded this "Plant of Renown."

My conscience was healed, and I travelled on smoothly,
 My mountain stood strong, my corruptions chained down;
 I foolishly thought they were dead through the virtue
 Put forth by this conquering "Plant of Renown."

But, ah! I soon found they were lurking within me,
 As rampant as ever, though grace kept them down;
 And e'en to this day I'm compelled to confess that
 I'm kept by the power of this "Plant of Renown."

Oft scorched by corruptions, or stung by the tempter,
 My soul has since seemed as if ready to drown;
 'Till God, the great Comforter, came to my rescue,
 And led me to Jesus, the "Plant of Renown."

By faith in His name I can overcome dangers,
 Content if He smile, though the tempter may frown;
 For who can condemn the God-justified sinner,
 Thus sheltered beneath this great "Plant of Renown"?

Ere long I expect (spite of all opposition)
 To stand in His presence, a gem in His crown;
 With glorified millions ascribing salvation
 To Jesus Jehovah, the "Plant of Renown."

(Slightly altered.)

T. A.

SANCTIFICATION.

THE beautiful order which characterises all God's work is seen in the gracious carrying out of the salvation of His Church, in which sanctification follows justification as effect follows cause. All justified persons are in due time brought under the experience of the sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit. Sanctification is the great evidence of justification. If justification is the saint's *charter of freedom*, as was proved in a former paper, sanctification is the bringing of the redeemed soul into *the experimental realization of his liberty*. By it his interest in the covenant of grace is made clear. This matter (like other vital truths) is but imperfectly apprehended at the present day, for want of that divine anointing which teacheth, and of which the effect is to establish the soul in the things of God. There are especially two contradictory views of the subject, which though opposed to each other are equally erroneous, and which it is necessary to point out before proceeding.

ERRONEOUS VIEWS.

First, some hold that sanctification is not anything which takes place *in* a sinner, that it has nothing to do with the Holy Spirit's work within, but that it is alone in Christ Jesus. The extreme wrongness of this opinion is clearly proved by the numerous passages which distinctly and unmistakably refer to it as a work carried on in the souls of elect vessels of mercy. See, for example, 2 Thess. ii. 13; 1 Pet. i. 2; Eph. v. 26; John xvii. 19; 1 Thess. v. 23, &c. In face of these scriptures, this view of it is a practical denial that there is such a thing as sanctification.

Secondly, others think that sanctification is a process of inward purification, meeting with various degrees of success in different cases, sometimes rendering the person perfectly holy even in this life. An extreme form of this view is, that it consists in a remodelling of the old man; sanctified persons being occupied in a vain endeavour to extirpate sin from their nature. But, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" (Jer. xiii. 23). All the scriptures which speak of indwelling sin always existing in all, and of the sinner's powerlessness to cope with it, disprove this foolish opinion (see Rom. vii.; 1 John i. 8, &c., &c.) Our inquiry must be, What saith the Scriptures? The surest way to overthrow errors is to confront them with the truth they oppose. The Lord can and does guide His docile, teachable children into all truth (John xvi. 13).

DEFINITION.

Sanctification is the setting apart (or separation from an unholy service and use) of a chosen person or thing, which separated

object is dedicated or consecrated by special anointing to a holy (or sacred) service and use; and this dedication does in the sight of God render holy and acceptable whatever is thus dealt with. According to this definition, there are three things involved in sanctification: first, the setting apart; second, the dedication; third, the making or accounting holy.

SEPARATION.

1. *The setting apart.*—Separation is the primary meaning of the word sanctification, and it is the first act of God in respect to it. The vessels of the tabernacle were sanctified or set apart—*i.e.* separated from a profane use—for the service thereof: as the altar (Ex. xxix. 36, tabernacle (verse 44), holy things (1 Chron. xxiii. 13), &c. In like manner persons were sanctified, both collectively and individually, as the nation of Israel (Exod. xix. 10), the first-born (xiii. 2), the priests (xix. 22), &c. Then, in respect to the spiritual Israel, the Church of the living God is sanctified (Eph. v. 26), also the individual members thereof (John xvii. 17-19; Rom. xv. 16; 1 Thess. v. 23). Sanctification thus implying a setting apart is emphatically the work of the Holy Spirit of God (2 Thess. ii. 13). When He the Quickening Spirit, in regenerating a soul, takes up His permanent abode there, separation from the pleasures, practices, profession, and spirit of the world necessarily and immediately results. The man becomes a new creature in Christ Jesus (2 Cor. v. 17; Gal. vi. 15). His will is brought into subjection to God (Psalm cx. 3), the eyes of his understanding are enlightened (Eph. i. 18), and his affections are (in some measure) set on things above (Col. iii. 2). Such are sanctified by the Father, in His setting them apart in the councils of eternity, by His immutable love and sovereign choice; they are sanctified by the Son, who in Himself separated His people to Himself (Eph. v. 26); and they are separated from the world by the Holy Spirit's efficacious operations on their hearts. This brings us to the next point.

ANOINTING.

2. *The Dedication* or consecration of the separated ones accompanies their being set apart. It is effected by special anointing. Everything set apart for the tabernacle service was consecrated thereto in the appointed manner. The act of sanctification includes a consecration to a holy service, as well as a separation from an unholy service. This fact needs to be solemnly considered. It is an important truth. The consecration of the tabernacle vessels was accomplished by a *person* and *means* exterior to the thing sanctified. The means by which the sanctuary and all that pertained to it were dedicated to God was the anointing with oil, and the application of blood. The person

who performed the act was the High Priest. In the spiritual analogy, sanctified persons are those who have received the anointing of the Holy Ghost (1 John ii. 27), and who have experienced the wondrous efficacy of the application of the blood of sprinkling (Heb. x. 22; xiii. 12; 1 Pet. i. 2). Such become "servants to God, and have their fruit unto holiness" (Rom. vi. 22). The *effects* of this we shall trace further on. Look now at the anointing. John writes to true believers: "Ye have an unction from the Holy One" (1 John ii. 20), which is said to "abide" and to "teach" its possessor "all things" (1 John ii. 27). Wisdom's lessons are learnt "line upon line; precept upon precept; here a little and there a little" (Isa. xxviii. 10). This divine teaching constitutes a gracious inward experience, which must necessarily bear fruit in the outward life and walk. Sanctification, as experienced in the soul, consists in the mortification of sin, and dying to it, which is otherwise described as the "putting off the old man" (Eph. iv. 22); and this entails a perpetual conflict and warfare, because the flesh "lusteth," or strives, against this work of the Spirit (Gal. v. 17). To die to sin (Rom. vi. 6), is to have the power of sin so far subdued that it has not dominion over us (Rom. vi. 14), to feel a hatred to it in our hearts, and an earnest desire to be preserved from it in our lives. To "put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness" (Eph. iv. 24), is to be so quickened by the power of grace as to love the Lord Jesus in a humble following of Him in the paths of Gospel obedience, with a sincere desire to glorify the Lord in all things, and to show forth His praise (Isa. xliii. 21). The new man feels, embraces, esteems, and desires spiritual things; in itself it is perfectly sinless (1 John v. 16, 17); and sanctification consists in the growth or development of this new nature imparted at regeneration, which (as the late Mr. Parks, of Openshaw, well said), "Is exhibited by clearer light in divine things, deeper convictions of the great truths of revelation, more intense longings for the realization of the promises, more heartfelt sorrow for sin, and increased desire to walk closely with God." In this manner saints *grow in grace*, and we may adopt the language of the Apostle Peter, in the assurance that, "If these things be in you and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren [Greek, *idle*, see margin] nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ" (2 Pet. i. 8). Now the separated and anointed people of God are after the new man created in righteousness and true

HOLINESS.

Sanctification is, in the third place—

3. *The making holy* of the persons so graciously dealt with.

Sanctification is the making of saints, and this is the Lord's own prerogative. Ruined sinners cannot make themselves holy, and yet, as unholy, can never enter His august presence. Therefore, His chosen are, by virtue of the imputed righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, through faith in Him (Acts xv. 9), which is the fruit of the Holy Spirit's operation (Col. ii. 12), accounted holy and accepted in the Beloved (Eph. i. 6).

This sanctification extends to spirit, soul, and body, the saint being sanctified wholly (1 Thess. v. 23). The body is sanctified, because it was included in the choice of the Father, and the redemption of the Lord Jesus Christ (which is the ground of the certainty of resurrection); it is the temple of the Holy Ghost (1 Cor. vi. 19), and "The temple of God is holy" (1 Cor. iii. 17); its members are made instruments of righteousness unto God (Rom. vi. 13; 1 Thess. iv. 4), and it will ultimately be made like unto Christ's glorified body (1 Cor. xv. 49; Phil. iii. 21).

EVIDENCES.

We now briefly note some of the fruits and effects of this great work of sanctification which constitute sure and certain evidences of an interest in it, and are its true marks. When the anointing is experienced, the heart will be softened and humbled, the spirit becomes broken and contrite, the conscience is made tender. Humility and love attend the powerful reign of grace within; the understanding is enlightened in the things of God; there is a real heart-felt love to the Word of God, the people of God, and the ways of God. Sin is hated, self loathed; righteousness is "followed after," and the Saviour loved. There will be an avoidance of all appearance of evil. A spirit of watchfulness and prayer will be manifested. The desire of the sanctified soul is to cleave to all that is of God, and to leave all that is not. He will delight in doing good, will be patient under reproach, and will seek to maintain a conversation becoming the Gospel (2 Cor. vii. 1; 1 Pet. i. 14). True sanctification is altogether opposed to the prevailings of (what is known as) *spiritual pride*. Let the man who thinks he is better taught, or more spiritually minded than others, know that he is very, very far from the gracious experience of true sanctification, for this ever humbles and lays low all those who are the subjects of it.

FAITH.

It is said of those who possessed the gift of the Holy Spirit, that their hearts were "purified by faith" (Acts xv. 9). Now all the blessings of the Gospel are treasured up in Christ Jesus for believers (Eph. i. 2). Sanctification is the mode by which

those blessings are communicated to them, and faith is the hand of the soul which reaches forth after them in desire and prayer, and which receives them and lays hold of them when bestowed.

CONCLUSION.

The sum of the whole matter is, that sanctification implies the separation and anointing of elect vessels of mercy by the Holy Spirit, by which they are made partakers of "true holiness." This being apprehended by that precious faith which is the gift of God, leads to a showing forth of His praise who hath called the believer out of darkness into His marvellous light. Genuine believers are real saints, or sanctified ones, body, soul, and spirit.

In this paper we have more than once intimated that the commencement of sanctification, in its experimental realization, is *Regeneration*, and this shall (D.V.) be the subject of our next paper.

Leicester.

E. C.

AN EXTRACT.

ALL saints have had their doubtings. David, "Cast me not off in mine old age" (Psa. lxxi. 9). Asaph, "Will the Lord cast off for ever? and will He be favourable no more?" (Psa. lxxvii. 7). Peter, "Lord, is it I?" (Matt. xxvi. 22). And Paul, "Lest I should be a castaway" (1 Cor. xi. 27).

But, believers, remember, there may be true grace, where there is no comfort; there may be saving faith without assurance. A soul may be in a pardoned state, though in a troubled state. Your sins can never be triumphant, your graces never decay, your souls can never be lost, your God and you never be separated. The devil shall as soon pluck Christ out of heaven, as out of a believer's heart. He sits as fast upon His throne here, as there. The devil could not enter into the herd of swine without Christ's leave; and will He let him worry His lambs?

Believe firmly, hope joyfully, love fervently, pray earnestly, walk humbly, work diligently, and wait quietly; and all this will be graciously considered.

Hold up, hold on, hold out, hold fast that which you have received; still watch, still pray, still believe; fight and run, that you may obtain; 'tis but a little while, and He that comes will come and will not tarry; 'tis but a little while, and your warfare is accomplished, and your iniquities shall be everlastingly separated from you; your sin and sorrows, tears and fears, fled and gone, gone for ever; and you meet with an unspeakable reward.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

PRAY what may be the cause of so many sticking in the birth, and of others going through second soul travail before the birth be made clear to them? The first cause must be resolved into the will of the King, as it is according as He is pleased to bestow a greater or lesser measure of the Spirit. All do not gather this hidden manna alike. Some gather more, some less, but they that gather much have nothing over, and they that gather little have no lack. Divine impressions, on some, are shallow; on others, deep. In the heart of the one, "the day-dawn and day-star arises;" on others, "the light shines round about them," and quite through them. Where the ray is faint and the impression shallow, fear and trembling are produced; consciousness succeeds; and a power is felt under which sin is shunned, and the Lord is sought with diligence. Thus a valuable reformation takes place, while a lingering labour exercises the mind till unbelief is discovered, doubts and slavish fears are brought on, and bondage holds them fast. Such believe the truth of the Word, the justice, holiness, and eternity of their Maker, and the record He has given of His Son, but are overpowered with misgivings of heart, so that they cannot lay a comfortable hold of the Saviour; yet they are kept out of the world and in a waiting posture—are very inquisitive, and are willing to learn, and perpetually seeking knowledge. And oftentimes such souls fall into the hands of the "blind guide" before they find out one that is "a burning and a shining light"; and as they have not grace sufficient to counterbalance the legal mind, a mere impostor, or a legal teacher under the influence of Lucifer—and by the sufferance of Jehovah—generally gets hold of them; with whom they are mightily taken, being zealously affected by him. Thus such an one goes on till a deeper impression be felt under divine operation, and a brighter ray be communicated to the dark regions and various haunts of the legal spirit. In this light, and under such sensations, the seducer, deceiver, and impostor is generally discovered; every word of his mouth is traced to his heart, from whence it proceeds; while the state of his mind, and the basis on which he stands, are exhibited to view, and his fair and false pretences laid open, with all his base motives, destructive aims, and cruel ends. From that time the weakling is undeceived; the King has made manifest the hypocrite, and enabled His offspring to "judge all things; yet he himself is judged of no man." (1 Cor. ii. 15). The means that they use in order to ensnare the weaklings are despicable also. They know that children are generally pleased with music and melody, therefore they endeavour to charm and allure, or (if restless) to quiet their minds by instrumental and

vocal sounds. Organs, bagpipes, tum-tums, and violins are introduced, under a specious pretext of adorning, honouring, and charming the Creator; fruits and flowers being a recent addition that Cain produced wherewith to worship his Maker.—*W. Huntington.*

THE LORD OUR HELPER.

"And He said unto them, Why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts?"—LUKE xxiv. 38.

WE see here, though the Lord was present, His disciples were troubled; yes, and though He had but that moment pronounced, "Peace unto you," yet fears again rose in their hearts. They were as we are—in the flesh as well as spirit—men of like passions with us. The frights, fears, and troubles which nature is subject to, discompose the spiritual frames of disciples, but they do not alter our state nor separate us from the love of Christ. This is a cordial under all heart troubles and the rising of all evil, blasphemous, or horrid thoughts, for Christ is touched with the feeling of our infirmities; He sympathizes with us in what is distressing us; He asks, "Why are ye troubled? Why do ye give way to unreasonable fears and terrors, which distract and distress your minds?" He takes pains to remove them. Says He, "Behold My hands and My feet, that it is I Myself," no other than your dear and loving Saviour. Oh, the condescending grace of Christ! He manifests Himself to us. A sight of a risen Christ by faith expels troubles and fears from our hearts. Therefore, whatever troubles, fears, dejections, terrors, or distress arise in our hearts, we are encouraged, with all freedom of soul and boldness of hope, to go to Him. Now, to the shame of our heart and the sorrow of our souls, have not you and I acted contrary to this? Instead of simply going to Christ with our heart troubles and soul distress, have we not questioned Christ's love to us and care for us? Thus Satan gets an advantage over us; our Saviour gets no glory from us. Oh, fools that we are, and slow of heart to believe that Jesus died for our sins, rose again for our justification, and that He is able to save to the uttermost *all* them that come unto God by Him, "seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them" (Hob. vii. 25). May the Lord give faith, and down will fall our fears. Away with all thoughts that trouble our hearts. Look from within, my soul, look up, Jesus is before the throne *for us*. "In the multitude of my thoughts within me Thy comforts delight my soul." "Though I walk in the midst of trouble, Thou wilt revive me" (Psa. cxiv. 19; cxxxviii. 7).

DEATH OF DANIEL HERBERT.

ON August 29th, 1833, departed this life, aged eighty-two years, Mr. Daniel Herbert, servant of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and occasional Independent Minister of the everlasting Gospel, Sudbury, Suffolk. He was one whom his Lord had made valiant for the truth, independent of that alloy which is attached to many who, at this day, tend only to tarnish and eclipse the glory of a free-grace salvation; and, being taught by God the Holy Ghost, he was enabled to rejoice in the merits, blood, and righteousness of his dear Lord and Master.

In early life it pleased Jehovah to meet him with omnipotent grace, and put him into the happy possession of Gospel peace, at which period He gave him a promise that "his shoes should be iron and brass, and as his day so should his strength be;" which, in the after stages of Christian conflict, was truly verified. This indeed was exemplified in the conduct and experience of our beloved friend, who, for more than sixty years, knew what it was, by a living faith, to view his multiplied transgressions buried in the great fountain of a Redeemer's blood. His dear Lord imparted to him a clear perception, spiritually, to enter into the great mystery of iniquity, so opposed to the reign of grace in the hearts of God's elect, so that he knew how to speak a word of advice to the tempted and tried followers of the Lamb; and, as his Lord had designed him to be an instrument in His hand for good to His chosen and scattered abroad, He gave him a talent for humble verse, by which great numbers have been blessed in England, America, France, and in various other parts of Europe as well as Asia. In order to the more accomplishing of the Lord's glory, it pleased his Heavenly Father to lead him through a long scene of providential losses and crosses, that bore down upon him like a torrent, and being of weak constitution, his nerves became so shattered as to leave upon him a depression of animal spirits, which he afterward never fully conquered.

Respecting the last few months of his frail abode, his friends evidently saw the gradual approach of dissolution, and for some few weeks prior to that period, the Lord was pleased for wise ends to suffer the great foe to shoot his fiery darts; yet under those dark seasons light sprang up, and faith would say, "All, all is well. I know whom I have believed. Jesus is mine. He paid down a price for me, and I should be the basest wretch were I not to declare it." Sometimes he would say, "Satan is at his old work again, but he cannot come near. No! no! My precious Jesus will not leave me. He has promised me that which I am sure He will perform. He does supply my need.

Ah ! my precious Christ, what a sink of iniquity I am ! I feel it, but I am washed ! I will praise free grace as long as I have breath. All my hope beyond the grave is Christ. I am justified by His righteousness. I have peace within, and will glory in my enfeebled state. I have been called an Antinomian for many years, but tell the professing world my faith is fixed upon Christ the Rock, who is the self-existent independent God, with the Father and the Holy Spirit. I feel His power and love His dear name, and I care not a rush what they say. I have an anchorage steadfast and sure, and shall outride the storm, and enter the port where envy and malice cannot come."

Drawing to his end he added, "It will soon be over. Redeemed by precious blood, saved by sovereign grace rich and free, I shall soon sing as loud as Paul the Apostle. Come, Lord, with Thy smiles and take Thy poor servant home." This prayer his God answered, and gave him to enjoy a "peace of mind that passeth all understanding." On the evening of the day he died his spirit was calm and joyous. He entered the valley and shadow, exclaiming as his last words : "Ah, my Father ! My Father ! My Father !" and fell asleep upon his couch by his fire-side, without a sigh.

"Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

"THINGS THAT ACCOMPANY SALVATION."

"But, beloved, we are persuaded better things of you, and things that accompany salvation, though we thus speak."—HEBREWS vi. 9.

IN the preceding part of this chapter the Apostle speaks of some who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come. It is not easy to determine how far a person may go in a mere profession and yet fall short of the reality, nor how closely they may resemble a real Christian, and yet be counterfeit. There are two ways in which one may miscarry—there are those who are designing hypocrites, and there are others who are sincere in their way, but are self-deceived. I know some, personally, who have a wonderful knowledge and insight into the things of God, who, alas ! manifest by their whole spirit and conversation that they are utter strangers to "the love of Christ which passeth knowledge." This fills me with sorrow, but drives me to self-examination, "for I know that in me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing," and that if I am saved it will be by grace alone.

If the Lord will, I will endeavour to set forth some of the things

that characterise those who are truly born again, and are brought to see themselves as God sees them, and are constrained to flee whither the righteous flee, and are safe.

There are many who dwell very much on certain portions of the Scriptures to the exclusion of other portions, not considering that "every word of God is pure." In the eighth chapter of Romans it is written, "Whom He did foreknow, He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son, that He might be the First-born among many brethren." Now, I believe these words were written by the inspiration and teaching of God the Holy Ghost, who cannot lie, and my belief of this is no mere theory, or abstract notion, but was given me in answer to prayer. To predestinate is to appoint beforehand. If we merely assent to the fact that God has appointed some to salvation, and are content to rest there, the devils also believe this and tremble. But here is the characteristic of those who are thus predestinated, "they are conformed—made like unto—the image of God's Son." Wherever the Scripture speaks of God's elect it describes the marks and signs by which they are known. Originally they lay in the ruins of the fall, but sovereign mercy and grace quickens them to see and feel their lost state and their need of being washed and clothed. "The grace of God that bringeth salvation teacheth us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works" (Titus 2). Again, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit" (Romans viii. 1). "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us." "I shall be satisfied," saith the Psalmist, "when I awake with Thy likeness." Thus while salvation is wholly of the Lord, yet the fruit of the Spirit through whom salvation is wrought is "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance" (Gal. v. 22). The words of the poet are very suitable here—

"Me Thou hast forgiven much;
This my sins too plainly prove;
Give me what Thou givest such—
Much humility and love."

J. J.

A CHILD of God had rather ten thousand times suffer for Christ, than that Christ should suffer by him.

THE PERNICIOUS AND HURTFUL LIE.

WHEN men will lie out of a design to hurt, to cheat, to defraud, or to make a prey of those they deal with, this is the sorest of all lies.

Now, how rampant was this sort of lying, among all sorts of citizens, before London was in flames. What a common trade of lying did many, I say not all, drive in their buying and selling. The trade of lying had got into every trade, as if there had been no living but by lying. Many sellers had their lies to set off their commodities. "It is good; it is very good; it is especial good; it is the best of its kind;" when it was naught, very naught, yea, stark naught: "Of this sort there are none so good in the City," when their consciences told them that they had much better in their own shops. Again, their commodity cost them so much, and that they could not abate, nor would abate anything of that price they had pitched, though it were their own father or mother; and yet, rather than they would lose a good customer, they presently agree at a lower price. And so, when poor workmen came to their shops and offered their commodities to sell, being forced thereunto for the relief of themselves and their miserable families, they slighted their commodities, telling them they had no need of them, and they had much of those commodities upon their hands already, and that they had no way to vend them; and all to beat down the price, and to make a prey of their pressing necessity; and all this when they wanted those very commodities, and had more vend for them than they knew how to supply. Now, as the seller abounded with his lies, so the buyer had his lies, too, and all to bring down the price. "It is naught, it is naught, it is very naught," saith the buyer. "I will not give you your price," and yet gives it before he goes out of the shop. "I have bought as good, yea, better, for a lower price than what I offer you," saith the buyer, when yet he had not bought of that commodity before. "Use me well," saith the buyer, "and you shall have my custom another time," when, in his heart, he resolves never to come into the seller's shop any more.

Ah! London, London, it is these lies and liars that have made thee desolate* and have laid thy glory in the dust. Oh, sirs, a man were better to be a loser than a liar. A man were better, much better, to keep his commodity than to sell his conscience with his commodity. Doubtless the lies that were told in London, and the liars that lived in London, did more than a little help on the ruin of London.—*Thomas Brooks*, 1667.

* By the great fire, which occurred a short time previously.

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

To the Editor of the Sower.

DEAR SIR,—Reading the "Seekers' Corner" in the SOWER has prompted me to send you a line, as I have felt encouraged by the experience of some of the writers to hope that I have a "desire to fear His name," at least at times. Like many of them I must say that *if* God has begun with me, "Oh, what an *if* is there"! it has been in a very quiet way—just the very opposite to what I expected. I cannot remember the time when I did not want to be a Christian, and also that a change was necessary, which could not come from within. My *intellect* early grasped and held the doctrines of grace, believing that God must begin and carry on and finish the work. My father had been brought to a sense of his lost condition with "the arrow of conviction" while in open sinful life. The minister used often and often to pray that the arrow of conviction might pierce some one in the house of God, and I expected and earnestly hoped, and said amen to the minister's prayer that that heart might be mine to receive the arrow, as Paul. I never received it, and it has been like a load upon me many years, and made me of a sorrowful spirit, to find so little evidence—evidence I think the most necessary—that God has begun the work. The worldling's ways are distasteful, and I am outside the pale of the people of God. Many of the people of God think God has begun the work with me, which makes me feel isolated indeed, as I almost feel as if I have perhaps said or inferred too much, and thus deceived them. And then I have often asked myself, What motive have I for seeking the Lord? Because it is not seeking Him as the publican, burdened with sin. I fear there is pride in it, so that I might stand before the people and be welcomed with open arms after relating a deep experience. I can truly say, before God, that it is my earnest desire and prayer to Him, hundreds of times, that He would open mine eyes and grant me that wisdom which shall make me wise unto salvation. When I read the experience of the people of God in their love to the Lord and His love to them, how my inmost heart goes out, "Lord, take me into Thy family. Lord, be not silent unto me." He has never spoken a word to my soul from His Word. Almost the only encouragement I can find is in the fact that these desires that I might be His are constantly coming forward, at work, at leisure, and in the night season. The seeker's verse, "Those feeble desires, those wishes so weak," &c., has given me encouragement long ago. My intellect finds more pleasure in the study of the Bible than in any other book, and I like advocating the doctrines of grace against the free-willers who abound on every hand, but my earnest prayer is that I may

not be left alone to a theoretical religion ; it will do me no good of itself.

"Though God's election is a truth,
No comfort there I see," &c.

If God has begun with me, then He is certainly leading the blind by a way I know not, &c.

I cannot say I am writing this to get a judgment from you, dear sir, because although I believe you rejoice in His love, your judgment would not affect the case, but I know that God uses means. Perhaps those means might be a word from you or perhaps it might not. One thing I am decided about, I cannot be a free-willer ; I cannot do what they say I ought to do. My prayer is, "Lord, come to me. I cannot come to Thee. I feel so dark, so blind." His grace is a "hid treasure" to me, and yet I hope I esteem it *a treasure*.

I remain, your far off but sincere correspondent,

"A GROPER FOR THE WALL."

Victoria, Australia, July 19th, 1892.

[Dear friend, your prayer expressed in the last few lines of your letter is well fitted to your case, and we would say, plead it till you get the Lord's reply. He cannot deny Himself, and He has said "He will fulfil the desire of them that fear Him." The exercise of many of the Lord's children about the beginning of the work of grace in their souls is, as in your case, a trying one, but we believe the Lord thus leads them on in the dark to humble them, hide pride from their eyes, and to effectually teach them what they sincerely desire to know, viz., that salvation is all of grace, and Christ is the Alpha and Omega of their faith and hope. May the Holy Spirit teach you to flee to and rest upon Christ alone, who is "the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." You will have a place in our heart and prayers. We hope we may hear good news from you ere long. The Lord bless you.—ED.]

DEAR MR. HULL,—Some time ago I sent you a little account of the Holy Spirit's dealings with my never-dying soul, and said at the foot that if you thought fit to insert it I would send more later on. Since then I have been much exercised about it, delaying fulfilling the promise as long as I could, but in reading in later numbers of the SOWER that the Lord had enabled one or two persons, similarly led, to feel a union with my experience, it so humbled me that I could not resist from writing again. As the Holy Spirit is pleased to call to my remembrance His work, I will relate it, feeling "without Him I can do nothing," therefore to Him I would humbly ascribe all the praise.

In the piece which appeared in the June issue, I dwelt chiefly on "Prayer Meetings," and my first attendance. As before related, I felt I could "read my title clear to mansions in the skies," as a weak and trembling lamb. During the week after the meeting I was much troubled and tempted about going, feeling to be but a deceiver, and one who had no right amongst godly people. When the following meeting night came round I dare not attend, but spent the evening in trying to get worldly pleasure, but felt much condemnation for so doing, and very miserable. Anxiety as to my state before a heart-searching God continued to increase. I felt very much afraid my exercises were not right, that I was deluded, and was very much afraid of deceiving myself and others. Sin became more painful. What had been earthly pleasures became temptations and pains. I was not happy in the world, although I tried hard to be so. I attended the means of grace as often as I could, and at times felt a hope that I might be found right at last.

In June, 1891, I heard Mr. P—— preach. I felt I could come in with many things he said. In finishing up he said characters such as he had described were "heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ," and this seemed to stagger me. A sinner vile I felt I was, but dared not hope for such a high honour as to be an heir, and I feared to presume. At night, after lying and thinking in bed awhile, a sweet calm came over me, followed by a strong feeling of love to God, such as I had never experienced to the same extent before. I was extremely happy, and seemed lifted out of self. For the first time I could say with assurance, "My God! my Father! my Jesus!" with rapture and surprise. The first verse of hymn 1,083, Gadsby's Selection, came into my mind—

"My God! my Father! blissful name!
Oh, may I call Thee mine?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?"

And the answer came with sweetness and power, "Yes." Many precious promises came, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures." "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever." My precious Jesus I felt was very near and very dear. I had strong access in prayer—in fact, could talk to my Jesus as with a dear loving Father, and felt all my requests would be granted in His own time and way. For a month or two afterwards I felt, more or less, the reality of this blessing. I felt a strong affection for the people of God, and could say, with Ruth, "Entreat me not to leave thee; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

After this I was exercised about following the dear Lord in the ordinance of baptism, but as I cannot further trespass on your space, I would like to postpone it for a future time, should it be the Lord's will. May the God of all grace bless your labours and yourself abundantly for His glory.

Yours sincerely,

Manchester, August 26th, 1892.

F. C.

[Dear friend, we feel greatly encouraged that your former testimony has been made useful to other seekers, and we trust your present one may prove equally so at least. May the Lord ever keep you lively in His fear and ways, and may you live to bring forth fruit to His honour and glory, as a monument of His grace, and one bought with the precious blood of Christ.—ED.]

DEAR MR. HULL,—I feel compelled to write a few lines to tell you of the dear Lord's goodness and mercy to me. I know you will rejoice when I tell you that I trust He has answered what has been my prayer for so long, namely, that He would "bear His witness with my heart that I am born of God." How I have longed for this, and felt that nothing else could satisfy my heart. A week yesterday morning (Saturday), before entering on the duties of the day, I took up the Bible, desiring a word from the Lord before I went downstairs, and I opened on the words you read this morning, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God," and directly afterwards such a view of the Lord's sufferings on Calvary, and what He endured to save poor sinners, with my hope sweetly confirmed that it was for me. It broke me down to think of such great love, with a hope that I was interested in the doing and dying of the Lord Jesus. I did beg of Him to confirm it by His Spirit in my heart, that I might be well assured of my adoption into His family, and such precious portions have kept coming ever since, as it were, one upon another. I looked for my sins and they seemed gone, and these words have kept coming, "For ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body and spirit, which are God's." I felt they were too good for one like me, but it seems as though the dear Lord sent them home with such power that I was obliged to believe them. I felt that I could not doubt it was from Himself. Oh, what love I felt to the dear Lord and His people, such as I never felt before! It seemed for a time more than I could bear. How I wished I could stay in my room with the Word of God, for I feared to lose the sweet feeling, but the Lord gave me to know that He could cause it to abide. Such precious portions kept coming all day, and at times since I felt I wanted to praise

Him and could not, and when you read those words again this morning, I could scarcely contain myself. I hope they came again with power, and I felt the Lord had directed you to read them as well as to speak from the text; and when you were speaking so encouragingly to the seekers, how I longed to tell you of what I hope the Lord has done for me. I wished I had been alone in the chapel, that I could have given vent to my feelings. It seems too great a mercy for me to think the Lord should ever have looked upon me, and not only have given me a desire towards Him, but also, I trust, to taste that He is gracious, and does not cast out poor erring sinners, ever remembering those who think upon His Name. I do feel that He has been good to me in giving me a place among His dear people. How I have begged that I might not be one of those who "climb up some other way," but that He would lead me there Himself, for I feel that no outward profession will avail in the hour of death. Oh, to trust, then, the Lord with joy; to be more than a conqueror through Him! I feel if I get to heaven I shall have to sing of sovereign grace o'er sin abounding. Oh, to walk with Him as a pilgrim and a stranger, desiring a better country! What a mercy to be prepared for that solemn change—to have a longing desire to "depart and be with Christ"—to see Him as He is! What a blessed exchange it will be for dear Miss —, free from sin, sorrow, and pain, and to be for ever with the Lord! Though knowing so little of her, I have thought much of her, and felt it would be well with her.

I hope, dear Mr. Hull, you will forgive my troubling you so soon with a letter again. I know I have written freely, but felt I could not let the Lord's mercies be "forgotten in unthankfulness, and without praises die." They are great things to write or speak of, but I hope the Lord has taught me them Himself. I can ascribe it to nothing but His free grace and mercy bestowed on one like me.

I must close, and hope the Lord may still help you to encourage those who seek His grace.

I remain, your affectionate young friend,

August 14th, 1892.

A. H.

[We trust that the above testimony of the Lord's faithfulness in answering the prayer and granting the desire of our young friend will afford great encouragement to other seeking souls, and that the time will come when they, like her, may be constrained to declare His loving-kindness manifested to them. Dear friend, still go on, looking unto Jesus.—ED.]

THAT which a man envies in another, he would be proud of if he had it himself.

A SEEKER'S PRAYER.

"Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation."—PSALM xxxv. 3.

LORD JESUS, come to me,
And tell me I am Thine;
Speak to my heart and say
That I have life divine.
Reveal Thyself, dear Lord, to me,
And bind my wandering heart to Thee.

I want to know Thy grace,
I want to feel Thy love,
To see Thy beauty, Lord;
Oh, draw my heart above.
Tell me Thou hast my sins forgiven,
That I with Thee shall dwell in heaven.

Thou hast to others shown
Their sins are washed away,
For this I'm waiting, Lord,
For this I often pray.
Wilt Thou vouchsafe to hear *my* cry,
And let *me* feel that Thou art nigh?

Come and dispel the gloom,
And tell me all is well;
I'd for Thy glory live,
And of Thy goodness tell.
I want Thee, Lord, to speak to me,
And say, "Yea, I have lovèd *thee*."

Thy way, Lord, is to teach
A little here and there;
Thou giv'st some special need;
Thou leade'st us to prayer.
'Tis thus in grace Thy children grow,
And more and more of Thee they know.

A. C.

"ENDURE, HARDNESS, AS A GOOD SOLDIER OF
JESUS CHRIST."

(2 TIM. ii. 3.)

THE most tender-hearted Christian, he is the stoutest and most valiant Christian. It is the truest magnanimity and heroic courage in our spiritual welfare, to tremble at the least iniquity. To be such a coward as not to dare to break any one of God's commandments, is to be the valiantest person in the world, for such an one will choose the greatest evil of suffering, before the least of sinning; and however the jeering Ishmaels of this world be ready to reproach, and laugh one to scorn, for this niceness, yet the choice (if God be but wiser than vain man) is a very wise one.
—John Gibbons.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—In your letter you call yourself a poor ignorant creature, and I am sure I feel myself to be nothing but ignorance, weakness, and sin, in and of myself. But, as you are in Christ, and Christ in you the hope of glory, you are rich, for a soul in Christ cannot be poor. All the riches of heaven, the riches of the mercies, blessings, and comforts of this life and that to come, are yours, for all the promises are yours. There is no condition you can be in but there is a promise to supply you, and surely we must be rich when we have a promise of supplies, in whatever state we may be; and they are exceeding great and precious promises, when they are brought home to our hearts by the power of the Holy Spirit as applicable to our state and feelings. But great, precious, and full as they are, I daily feel that I cannot draw the least comfort or strength from them without the key of precious faith to unlock them. But when the Lord is pleased to enable me to draw a little, I rejoice that there still remains the same fulness in them for you, and for me, and for every child of God, as long as we need. Oh, that the Lord would grant us grace to enable us to glorify Him by our continual dependence upon Him for all that we need, believing that we shall assuredly have it in His own appointed time!

I feel insufficient of myself to speak one good word to His praise, but blessed be His Holy Name, I have found much sweetness from this portion of His Holy Word—"I will wait for the Lord that hideth His face from the house of Jacob, and I will look for Him" (Isaiah viii. 17), expecting His return. Most blessed position to be in, and a sweet evidence that we have seen His face. You have seen His face by enjoying the light of His countenance, and you may safely trust, because He hath said it, that "He will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice" (John xvi. 22). Glory to our God! This faith is sustained by His own word; it is fed by the promises and lives upon Jesus, for He alone is the Object and Subject of all true faith, whatever our frames may be.

What a blessed thing to see the distinction between what we are in Christ and what we are in ourselves, and what our state is in Christ, and what our feelings may be! Lord, increase our faith. What a mercy our gracious God rests in His love and joys over his people with singing! Oh, may you be enabled to sing in the ways of the Lord, and see how great His glory is in your salvation! If it is His heavenly will, may you say, "My Father God," with an unwavering tongue.

I feel with yourself that I want the blessed Spirit to reveal the dear Redeemer to my heart in His love and mercy, in His blood

and righteousness, fulness and power, and apply the same to my conscience. Then I feel the Lord is my portion; yes, this is sensible enjoyment which I cannot be satisfied without, not the reliance of faith upon our unchangeable foundation, that is ever the same. Oh, may the Lord draw near to you when you are calling upon Him, and say unto you, "Fear not!"

You observed in yours that I was near and dear to the Lord, but I cannot be dearer than you are, for I am as unworthy as yourself, as weak and helpless as you. You are bought with the same precious blood, drawn and enlightened by the same Holy Spirit; but I rejoice that, "although I'm the most insignificant member," the body cannot be complete without me; ah, never! oh, no!

I hope I have written these lines with my heart in some measure lifted up to the God of all grace, and should you find anything encouraging therein, all the praise and glory be ascribed to His almighty power in giving and applying, without which this will be a piece of blank paper.

Your sincere friend,

Wimbish, July 17th, 1834.

A. EVERETT.

THE JESUIT AND THE OATH.

MISS CUSACK, a convert from Romanism to Baptist principles (better known as the "Nun of Kenmare"), in a letter to the *Times*, comments on the pamphlet published by the Rev. H. Thurston, S. J., on the Pallium. In this he gives the oath which the "Archbishop" is obliged to take. Miss Cusack says she has compared it with several copies (both ancient and modern) of the *Pontifical* in the British Museum, and finds that the Rev. H. Thurston has made a very important omission. She gives the words in English, as Mr. Thurston's form is given in English. The words omitted are, "I will to the utmost of my power persecute and attack heretics and schismatics against the same our Lord the Pope and his aforesaid successors." It will be interesting (she adds) to know why these words were omitted from the pamphlet, and also whether "Archbishop" Vaughan uses them, and, if he does not use them, to know when he has been dispensed from so doing.

SEVERAL interesting letters have since found vent in the columns of the *Times*, on the above subject—"The Pallium and the Archiepiscopal Oath." The discussion arose mainly through a question asked by the Bishop of Meath as to whether or not the "persecuting" clause of the consecration oath is in use in Ireland

at the present day. Father Thurston, in reply, stated that the clause "hæretics" in the oath would not be misunderstood by Catholics, although to Protestants it has an evil sound. After saying that he by no means accepted the translation of the clause as meaning "to persecute heretics," Father Thurston goes on to make a disavowal of the evil sense which attaches to the English word. He, at the same time, however, maintains that the Church's right to repress heresy is indefeasible, and is necessarily bound up with her claim to be the guardian of infallible truth. Then he adds: "As for the repressive measures she uses, they are modified according to circumstances, and the changes in men's ideas. They are intended for those who have wilfully rejected her teaching; not for those who, like the Protestants of our times, have never known it." In a subsequent communication which Father Thurston wrote in the course of the discussion, he went so far as to admit that no theologian would maintain that if Ireland became a separate kingdom, the Catholic majority would be justified in setting to work to enact religious disabilities against their Protestant fellow-countrymen. It will be seen that Father Thurston gives no satisfactory reply to the question asked him, but that he ingeniously evades the real point at issue. We are bold to differ with the Rev. Father's view that present-day Protestants have never known the teaching of Rome. But happily they know it in a way which compels them to abhor it. It is all very well for Father Thurston to talk of modified repressive measures "according to the changes in men's ideas," but it still remains a fact, as was aptly pointed out by the Bishop of Meath, that the worst of means have never been disowned by the Church of Rome, though she cannot at present, and in England, resort to them. The power, not the will, is wanting.—*Baptist*.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH UNION.

A MEETING of the North and East Ridings District Union of this body was recently held at the Mechanics' Institute, Scarborough. Captain Parker, of Selby, presided. In his opening remarks, the chairman said that the judgment of the Privy Council in the case of the Bishop of Lincoln marked a turning point in the history of the English Church Union. Being no longer under the necessity of defending the outworks of the Church, it could with greater ease proceed to the no less important task of enlarging the borders of the Church and strengthening her stakes. He suggested the advisability of publishing concurrently with the *Church Union Gazette* a monthly magazine, giving in popular form illustrations of those Catholic principles, to advance which was the reason for the existence of the Union. The Rev. W. F. Cobb said it was

but reasonable to anticipate that no fresh prosecutions for alleged ritual malpractices would be instituted. If that were so, the English Church Union might joyfully exchange the necessity of defending for the duty of spreading the Catholic faith. While Puritanism, as such, found lodgment in a single parish in the Church of England, there would be need for the work of the English Church Union. The English Church needed a Catholic Propaganda to work on her own members, which would bring home to every one the beauty and strength of Catholicism as distinct from Romanism and Protestantism. And the English Church Union seemed admirably fitted to be such an English congregation of the Propaganda—a committee of the English Church to teach and spread Catholic truth. Some of the principles to be taught were that the object of Divine service is worship rather than edification; that the Holy Eucharist is the Church's *chief* act of worship; that the Holy Eucharist is dual in its nature, having both a sacramental and a *sacrificial* side; that fasting communion is the rule of the Church; that attendance at the Holy Mysteries is of obligation every Sunday; that none should be repelled save those canonically disqualified; and that Matins is a distinct service, and should be given as much honour as possible, but should never be allowed to derogate from the honour due to the Holy Eucharist as the *Church's supreme act of worship*. The Litany, as a penitential service, appeared to have no place on the feast of the first day of the week, save as a preparation for the Eucharist. It might be usefully sung in procession, or said or sung humbly in the midst of the choir. The Rev. Dr. Cox urged that nothing was more wanted than the restoration to the clergy and laity of a real voice in the election of their Bishops, and the reform of Convocation.

[This is what is coming on in the Church.—ED.]

A CLERGYMAN'S SECESSION FROM THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

WE are glad to see a true Protestant spirit manifested by one who has taken an active part in the successful operations of the Calvinistic Protestant Union, and we hope the Lord may guide his future steps and make him very useful in the Protestant cause. A daily paper says :—

The Rev. Charles Stirling, M.A., vicar of New Malden, and President of the Calvinistic Protestant Union, who has just seceded from the Church of England, after having been a beneficed clergyman for over thirty-five years, has issued a statement setting forth the reasons why he has taken this step, which has caused some sensation in the neighbourhood. The rev. gentle-

man says: "The Lincoln judgment has fallen as a severe blow and great discouragement upon the Protestant cause. Now, more than ever, has the field been cleared for the efforts of the Romanising party; now, more than ever, has the Church of England been placed at their mercy. All Romish doctrine, with, perhaps, in some cases, the exception of the infallibility of the Pope and the worship of the Virgin, is being taught in an increasing number of our churches, and the corresponding ritual is being introduced. The idolatrous sacrifice of the mass is constantly practised, and high mass and low mass are the order of the day. English clergymen are now claiming on every side to be 'sacrificing priests.'" He concludes as follows: "The Church of England needs to be disestablished and disendowed. Thus only will the Popish virus be expelled from her system, and the Protestantism of the Church and nation be successfully reasserted. Meantime I respond to the call of duty, and quit the pale of the Romanised and Romanising Establishment, in the hope of being, with God's blessing, a pioneer, however humble, in the work of forming a 'Protestant Church of England,' with a Prayer-book purged of every vestige of sacerdotalism and sacramental error, which may rally to itself all that is good and holy in the land, and be a beacon of light in these dark and dangerous days to En land, to her colonies, and to the world."

[We are in full agreement with Mr. Stirling, as to the so-called Church of England being placed at the mercy of Romanisers. Her bishops and our rulers have agreed to give their power to the Beast of which she is now the legalised image, and must come to the same destruction.—ED.]

"YE ARE MY FRIENDS, IF YE DO WHATSOEVER
I COMMAND YOU."

(JOHN xv. 14.)

A SOUL sincerely obedient will not pick and choose what commands to obey, and what to reject, as hypocrites do. An obedient soul is like a crystal glass with a light in the midst, which shines forth through every part thereof. A man sincerely obedient lays such a charge upon his whole man, as Mary, the mother of Christ, did upon all the servants at the feast (John ii. 5): "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it." Eyes, ears, hands, heart, lips, legs, body and soul, do you all seriously and affectionately observe whatever Jesus Christ says unto you, and do it.
—*Thomas Brookes.*

JUDGE thyself with a judgment of sincerity, and thou wilt judge others with a judgment of charity.



SELINA, COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON (See page 292.)

SELINA, COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

It is due to the memory of great saints that their names should not only be kept alive, but that the fragrance that gathered around them in life should be preserved. Popery has always canonized its great names; Protestantism has its uncanonized saints. Among them are those zealous servants of God who took such a distinguished part in the great Revival of the eighteenth century, such as Whitefield and Wesley, and their active coadjutors. Foremost among the great helpers was the devoted Countess of Huntingdon. It is more than a hundred years since she left the world, and to some of the present day she is but a name, to many scarcely that. But the life and labours of this noble Christian lady are worthy of being reproduced for this generation. The part she took in the great religious movement of her times left behind it an influence that has not yet died out of the Churches, nor ceased to affect the world.

Verily, she "being dead yet speaketh." But the full effect of her evangelistic exertions in Churches which never bore her name, and in the lives of multitudes of devoted Christians, both in past and present times, can never be estimated till the "day shall declare it."

We reproduce here some of the leading events of this sainted lady's life.

When she was united in marriage to the Earl of Huntingdon, the young countess was not a Christian, save in the sense, poor and weak enough, in which so many are called, and call themselves Christians, merely because they were born in a land where Christianity is the religion of the people, and because they do not deny its authenticity as a revelation from God. But she had not felt the power of Divine grace in her soul. Her husband's sister had, however, come under the influence of the revivalists, and one day she declared in the presence of the countess that she had never been so happy in her life as since she had heard and accepted their teaching. The countess was greatly stirred; happiness was the thing of all things that she wanted; and this the coronet and the court had not given her.

She was induced to hear Whitefield for herself, and to attend private meetings convened for the good of the nobility, with the result that the grace of God touched her heart, and she became an avowed believer in Jesus Christ the Saviour of mankind. Nor was she a half-hearted or lukewarm believer; she gave her whole self to the Lord, and from the time of her conversion she was fired with evangelical fervour, and henceforth she consecrated her position and her influence, and all she possessed, to the

bringing of the Gospel within reach of "all sorts and conditions of men."

She installed Whitefield as her chaplain, that she might gather the nobility and gentry in her drawing-room to hear him preach. Even royalty was induced to come to her assemblies, while great names such as Bolingbroke and Garrick resorted to them, and were marvellously moved by the spell of the preacher's oratory, and some were savingly impressed by the truth of Christ as he set it forth. Lady Huntingdon was the centre and soul of it all, and the charm of her presence was magnetic, so that she carried all before her, and none could resist her importunity.

But the devoted countess sought in more public ways to gain a hearing for the Gospel from the masses of the people. Since the parish churches were for the most part closed against this "new way," she secured public buildings and converted them into chapels, and set up in their pulpits clergymen and others of like spirit with herself to proclaim the Gospel in its simplicity and loving power.

Sion Chapel, Whitechapel, which had been a riding-circus, and Spa Fields Chapel, Clerkenwell, which had been at first a place of entertainment, and afterwards a carriage depôt, were opened for worship and the preaching of the Word in London, and in the provinces, and especially in places of fashionable resort, such as Bath, Bristol, Brighton, Tunbridge Wells, chapels were secured or erected by the designs of the countess. Of course, this all involved large outlay, and her ladyship's means were of themselves inadequate to the requirements, for she was early left a widow, with a limited income for one in her position. All she had she gave, and lived herself on a mere pittance. But she felt that for her "to live was Christ," and that "in everything she was enriched by Him." Her plans and purposes might not always have been deemed prudent; but, with a splendid daring, she laid her schemes and trusted God to send the needful means, and He ever sent them. Generally, the money came through the generous offerings of those who were moved by the countess's zeal and noble self-sacrifice. As an instance, she had heard that the riding school in Whitechapel might be had for her purpose; she secured it "at a price," engaging to pay the first instalment of £500 on a certain day. On the morning of the day one of her ladyship's chaplains waited on her to remind her of her engagement; but the countess had nothing in hand to meet it. The perplexity of the chaplain was great; her ladyship's honour seemed at stake.

"This comes," said he, "of your ladyship's undertaking liabilities without the means of carrying them out."

"Wait till the post comes in," was the calm reply of the

countess, who had doubtless anticipated the news, and waited upon the Lord concerning it.

Presently a budget of letters arrived, and proceeding to open one after another she at length handed one to her chaplain, with the quiet suggestion that he might now proceed to the vendor and meet the engagement.

The purport of the letter was that the writer, having heard of the zeal of the countess of Huntingdon, had pleasure in handing her a draft for £500, to be used as she pleased in carrying on her good work.

Through the length and breadth of the land Lady Huntingdon went on the same Gospel mission, accompanied often by a retinue of some of the most devoted men of the movement. To Cornwall, through Gloucestershire, to Yorkshire, and onward to Scotland, and often about Wales, she proceeded as on a kind of Gospel triumph. Wherever she went she set up her preachers, and wherever they preached souls were saved. In many cases buildings were opened for Divine service, and ministers sent to conduct services. The liturgy of the Church of England was used, for the countess ever desired that her work should run alongside, and not contrary to, the evangelical and spiritual doctrines of the Established Church.

But ere long a difficulty arose. Preachers could not be found for all the chapels; bishops refused to ordain the men she put forward, and she was driven to devise means for supplying her pulpits. She established a college for the training of young men for the ministry. This was at Trevecca, in Wales. Great was the joy when it was opened.

Whitefield preached in the courtyard to the assembled thousands from the text—"In all places where I record My name I will come unto you, and I will bless you." And the promise was fulfilled; God was there and gave the blessing. The first student had been a miner, another was the son of a country gentleman. Others were raised up from various ranks and classes, and the wants of her ladyship's connexion were supplied. The year after her decease the college was removed for greater convenience to the neighbourhood of London, and it is widely known as Cheshunt College. For more than a century the countess's connexion has continued its existence and its evangelistic work, its decline in latter days arising from the altered religious condition of the times, the evangelical party in the church of England, which largely sprang out of the evangelical movement just described, taking to a wide extent the place occupied by the connexion. In England, however, some thirty of its chapels continue, and some of them, such as those at Brighton and Tunbridge Wells, and others, continue to flourish. In Wales, her work survives, and

that in a flourishing condition, in the large body of Calvinistic Methodists formed by the ardent labours of the Rev. T. Charles.

The countess had a holy zeal for the salvation of souls. For this she lived and laboured, and in this she found her chief joy. She herself had tasted the rich blessing of salvation, experiencing fully the happiness of those who are brought savingly to believe in Christ. She used to thank God, as she put it, for the letter *m*. That letter made all the difference in the text she quoted from St. Paul, which she rejoiced to know did not read, "Not *any*," but "Not *many* noble are called."

Lady Huntingdon continued her labours for more than half a century, dying at the good old age of eighty-four, on the 17th of June, 1791. It is therefore over a hundred years since she left the world, but her name is fragrant, which cannot be said of many a hundred years after they have passed away—only of those who have been the world's benefactors. Surely the countess was among them; and her benefaction to the world having been so great, her memory will continue to live.

She died at the chapel house at Spa Fields, where for some years she had resided, that she might be saved the expense of keeping up an establishment, and so have more to appropriate to the cause she loved. Spa Fields was the head-quarters for the countess's connexion in England, as in Wales Trevecca continued to be for the Calvinist Methodists.

She died full of the love of God and confidence in her Saviour. She had more than peace in death: she had joyfully been exulting in the prospect that her Heavenly Father was about to call her home. Truly she was a woman among ten thousand"—yea, among ten million, and in every way worthy to be styled "Saint Selina, Countess of Huntingdon."—*J. Branwhite French*.

AN EXTRACT.

BLESSED are the pure in heart for they shall see God (Matt. v. 8), and without holiness no man shall see God (Heb. xii. 14). No gifts, no duties, no natural endowments, will evidence a right in heaven; but the least measure of true holiness is a sure pledge of heaven. As holiness is the soul's best evidence for heaven, so it is a continued spring of comfort to it in the way thither. The purest and the sweetest pleasures of this world are the results of holiness. Till we live in holy fear, we never live comfortably. Heaven is epitomized in holiness. And, to say no more, it is the peculiar mark by which God hath visibly distinguished His own from other men. "The Lord hath set apart him that is godly for Himself" (Ps. iv. 3). As if he had said, This is the man in whom I have put My fear, and to whom I intend to be good for ever: this is a man for Me. O holiness, how glorious art thou!

REGENERATION.

THE Lord Jesus Christ declared to Nicodemus the fundamental truth, "Ye must be born again," or, "from above" (John iii. 7, marg.). This being born again is the entry into "newness of life" (Rom. vi. 4). The latter expression is used by the Apostle Paul in reference to the solemn fact that by nature, according to the life of the flesh, all are "dead in trespasses and sins" (Eph. ii. 1). The spiritual life is called a *walk* (Eph. iv. 1; 2 Cor. v. 7; Rom. viii. 1; Col. i. 10, &c.). "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living" (Matt. xxii. 32), therefore a resurrection or deliverance from death, and the imparting of a new life is necessary, before a soul can walk in that path to glory which the eye of the vulture (the keen-eyed, unclean professor) hath never seen, nor the lion's whelps (Satan's children) trodden (Job xxviii. 7, 8).

THE NEW CREATION.

The effective agent of the new birth is the Holy Spirit operating through the Word, "Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever" (1 Pet. i. 23). We can neither describe nor understand the methods of the Holy Spirit's work in regeneration: "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit" (John iii. 8). The *source* or origin of spiritual life is as unknown and incomprehensible as its *end*. But, the effects produced in the regenerate soul are as obvious as the sound *heard* and the power *felt* which accompany the course and movement of the unseen wind; and which are perceptible to a greater or less degree in proportion to its force. Note, that the gentlest zephyr, scarcely stirring the leaves, *is wind*, as much as the mighty hurricane, overthrowing every obstacle in its devastating progress. The gracious might of the Holy Ghost exercised in *any* degree causes a *change* to take place in the soul. Before regeneration, the soul was dead, without God, without hope in the world, (Eph. ii. 12; Ezek. xxxvii. 2); but after the wind, or breath of the Lord, has passed upon it, communicating life divine by the word, the man becomes alive unto God (Rom. vi. 11), walks in a new path, possesses new desires, looks in a new direction, breathes a new atmosphere, loves a new object with new affections, has new feelings, is actuated by new motives, and handles new things with new hands. "He is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

DEFINITIONS.

Regeneration therefore is a spiritual deliverance from this present evil world (Gal. i. 4), where death, darkness, and misery

reign, and a translation into the spiritual kingdom of God's dear Son (Col. i. 13). Regeneration is a supernatural work of the omnipotent grace of God, whereby a divine (spiritual, holy) life is infused into and imparted unto the elect vessel of mercy, heretofore spiritually dead. It is wholly the act of God. A man has no more to do with His own regeneration than he had with the generation of his natural body. It is the fruit of the love of the Father, the redemption of the Son, and the quickening of the Holy Spirit (Eph. ii. 4, 5, 6). Moreover, the Lord sometimes quickens the souls of His chosen ones very early in life, even before memory awakes to exercise; and this in many more instances than is sometimes supposed. It is impossible to set limits to His power and will. Hence it is a mistake to require from all indiscriminately an exact account of the time and manner of their regeneration. It is not possible for a person to recollect the circumstances of his natural birth, nor yet of his new birth, if it took place in his infancy. In both cases the best proof that he was born is that he *is alive*. Those, indeed, who grew up to manhood in the service of sin and Satan, and in their riper years were called by grace, are able to describe the place and period of their renewal. In other cases, however, these particulars, though as real, are not so clear. Timothy's experience on this point was very different to Paul's, yet it was as genuine.

EVIDENCES.

Whether the fact of regeneration can be recollected or not, the great proof of its having taken place is—*life* in the soul. I shall now proceed to describe some of the signs and tokens of divine life, whereby we may know whether or not we have been born again. This inquiry often occupies the minds of the children of grace. Satan's constant endeavour is to hide from the saint the evidences of his regeneration. Many an one is in bondage half his time because he cannot tell *how he became* what he is; whereas the great question is, "What is he?" This is the point, reader!—*Am I alive?* If not, I am still dead in sins. There is no alternative but this—*dead or alive*. Which is it? It is encouraging to remember that even though one cannot exactly tell when or how he was "quickened" (Eph. ii. 1), yet there may be no doubt respecting the soul's being alive unto God. Divine life is evidenced by the following sure signs and tokens, all of which are "marks of election and tokens of grace":—

1. A *struggling* against sin, death, bondage, and darkness, commences with the imparting of life. When new life entered into Lazarus's dead body at the word of Jesus, then Lazarus felt those bonds, realized the darkness, and saw the nature of the

place in which he was; neither of which could he do while he lay dead. At the word of Jesus, the before inanimate, unconscious one awakes from the sleep of death (Eph. v. 14), and struggles to the feet of Him who called him to life, even though, like Lazarus, bound with grave-clothes.

2. A *felt sense of need* is produced when a soul comes forth at regeneration into the light of life, yet he is as ignorant at first both of the nature of his need, and what will satisfy it, as a new-born babe. The Lord uses this simile many times to describe His living children (1 Cor. iii. 1; 1 Pet. ii. 2; Heb. v. 13, &c.). Now a new-born babe needs chiefly three things. He feels the *need*, though he knows not *what* he needs, but his parent knows. He weeps and struggles and cries until those needs are in some measure supplied, and then he ceases to struggle, feels more comfortable, and lies still and quiet for a time. Those needs are: first, *cleansing*; second, *clothing*; and, third, *food*. So the new-born babe in grace needs *cleansing* from original and actual defilement, which can only be wrought by the application of the purifying water and atoning blood flowing from the fountain opened on Calvary's tree. He needs *clothing* in garments duly provided for him, "the garments of salvation" (Isa. lxi. 10), "of praise" (Isa. lxi. 3), and of the Saviour's righteousness (Rom. iii. 22). He needs *food*, even "the sincere milk of the word" (1 Pet. ii. 2), and is satisfied in proportion as he is enabled to suck the breasts of Zion's consolation (Isa. lxvi. 11).

3. *Breathing* always accompanies life. Living children breathe. In "new-born babes," described in the last paragraph, there is a breathing after God, and after Christ and holiness, which is the manifestation of spiritual life. This "breath of life" is exercised in a peculiar way, which constitutes the next evidence to be mentioned, that is in—

4. *Crying*. As a living child begins to cry as soon as it is born into the world, so a soul begins to cry as soon as it is new-born into the Church. Saul of Tarsus had uttered many prayers, yet he never really prayed till he was born again, and then he cried for mercy, and the Lord Himself testified concerning him, "Behold, he prayeth" (Acts ix. 11). Oh, it is a mercy to have a cry for mercy put into the heart! such "cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He saveth them out of their distresses" (Psalm cvii. 19).

"Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near."

5. A *consciousness of helplessness* proves life. As the dead are unconscious of everything, even of their own state, so the

spiritually dead are unconscious of every spiritual thing. Spiritual need united to an experimentally wrought felt sense of helplessness to supply it, is as much a token of divine life as anything. The babe can neither cleanse, clothe, nor feed itself. All has to be done for it. Utter helplessness and entire dependence characterise all the living in Jerusalem. The Lord thoroughly empties of all creature strength those to whom He intends to impart divine strength (Isa. xl. 29; 2 Cor. xii. 9).

6. *Spiritual desire* is another fruit of divine life. The creature is unable to create a single one. Where spiritual desires exist, they must come from the Lord. Moreover, a man spiritually dead has absolutely no spiritual desire. But, the question arises, "What are *spiritual* desires?" The spirituality of a thought, a wish, or a desire, is to be known by its *object*. If its object is right, its source is right. What is *from* the Lord is alone *to* the Lord. The following are spiritual desires: to be one with Jesus, to *have* an interest in His atoning death and glorious intercession, to be washed in His blood, to seek His face, to love the Lord, to be fellow-citizens with the saints, and to walk in His fear and in His ways. These, these are spiritual desires. Reader, are they yours? The Lord will hear such desires as these (Psalm cxlv. 9; Prov. x. 24). An inward desire is accompanied with another "token for good," outward and upward, namely—

7. *A look of longing*. The bitten, dying Israelite looked to the upraised form of the serpent longing for life (Numb. xxi. 9), and poor sinners find life and salvation in faith's look of longing to a crucified Redeemer (Isaiah xlv. 22; John iii. 14). Moreover, Jonah looked "once again," longing for deliverance from death and darkness (Jonah ii. 4), and he found mercy. So the child of God is taught and brought to look away from self and sin, from the world and all creature help and hope, and to look to the Lord alone, from whom deliverance and help comes in due time (Psalm cxxi. 1, 2). It is, indeed, an evidence of life, when sight and light are so far granted that there is *in any measure* a "looking unto Jesus." However, it is sometimes so dark, that, look as he may, he can perceive nothing. At such times, however, he has an evidence quite as sure, which is—

8. *A feeling after Christ*. As a blind man gropes for the wall, to guide him and support him, so when the *eye* of faith cannot penetrate the surrounding gloom, the *hand* of faith is stretched forth in a feeling after Christ. He needs Him, and feels after Him, to direct his steps, and support his feebleness. Again, "The feelings of the heart" have far more to do with the *reality* of prayer than the words of the lips. Where there is no feeling there is no life. A living religion is always a feeling religion.

To recapitulate, spiritual evidences of life are these : 1. A struggling against sin and death ; 2. A felt sense of need ; 3. Breathing ; 4. Crying ; 5. A consciousness of helplessness ; 6. Spiritual desire ; 7. A look of longing ; 8. A feeling after Christ.

Every soul that possesses these marks and evidences of divine life—or *any of them*—is assuredly “born again,” and therefore has experienced the wondrous change effected by regeneration.

With this subject is closely connected another, namely, “The call by grace,” because it is a truth that regenerate souls are all called by sovereign grace ; therefore in our next paper we will (D.V.) discuss the doctrine of “*Effectual Calling*,” in which we shall have to consider the distinction between conviction and conversion, and also the nature and extent of a law-work.

Leicester.

E. C.

RECOGNITION SERVICES AT CAMBRIDGE.

On Tuesday, September 20th, services were held at Hope Chapel, Cambridge, in recognition of the settlement of Mr. J. P. Wiles, as pastor of the church and congregation.

In the afternoon, Mr. Morriss, of Hitchin, preached from the words, “Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine ; continue in them : for in so doing thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee” (1 Tim. iv. 16). There was a fair attendance, somewhat diminished, no doubt, by unfavourable weather. People and pastor listened with attention and satisfaction to the wise advice and healthy exhortations which came from the pulpit. The following is a short extract from the sermon, which, with the pastor’s address, and the evening sermon, will shortly be published (D.V.) in the form of a pamphlet.

“We cannot bear encouragement in a right way unless the Lord give us grace to do so. Take heed, therefore, in the day of prosperity unto thyself. Do not think too much of prosperity ; do not be led away from the Lord thy God, nor led away from thy humility. Yet, oh, may you be joyful in the day of prosperity.

“Sometimes there comes a day of adversity, and then we have to take heed not to be hopelessly desponding, nor to be unduly discouraged by trying circumstances. . . . Take heed to thyself in the day of adversity, for adversity is likely to come. Nevertheless, think not but that the Lord will appear and change the whole face of things in due time.

“God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.”

He often hides things for a time ; yes—

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

Under these different circumstances, it may be a suitable word, a word you will do well to remember, 'Take heed to thyself.'"

A good number of friends sat down to tea; and after tea Mr. Haynes, of St. Ives, kindly prayed, in a manner suited to the occasion, and the pastor, Mr. J. P. Wiles, gave an address, the nature of which may be gathered from the opening words:—

"My dear friends, Solomon said, 'A wise man's heart discerneth both time and judgment.' I want that wise man's heart that I may say to you on this occasion—one of a lifetime—just what is suitable to be said I shall endeavour to speak to you about three things: (1) What God has done for my soul. (2) How God has called me to preach His word. (3) What the truths are which God has taught me, and which I wish to teach you."

In the evening, Mr. Hazlerigg, of Leicester, preached to an increased congregation, from 2 Tim. iv. 2, "Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all longsuffering and doctrine." We cannot give an extract from the sermon, as the manuscript is now in the hands of the preacher to be revised for the press. Among the various things which the pastor was exhorted to bring before the people, the first and foremost was the doctrine of the Trinity; others were, the sovereignty of God's salvation, the virtue of the blood of Christ, and the essential difference between the law of works and the Gospel of the grace of God. The pastor was also bidden to be careful that the voice from his pulpit was confirmed and enforced by the voice of his daily life; and the people to act toward the pastor as becometh the Gospel.

A happy and profitable day was closed by singing the following hymn, composed expressly for the occasion:—

- "One body we in Christ our Head,
Sweetest of all sweet ties;
One Gospel waked us from the dead;
One heaven before us lies.
- "One fount of blood removes our stains;
On one blest Name we call;
One Holy Spirit in us reigns;
One Father loves us all.
- "Then may our daily walk below
Our heavenly calling grace;
And holy fruit abound, to show
A root of holiness.
- "Meek, lowly, loving may we be;
From strife's beginnings cease;
And keep the Spirit's unity
In the sweet bond of peace."

"WHO REDEEMETH THY LIFE FROM DESTRUCTION."

BELOVED, as well as the redemption which is in a precious Christ, is there not a running redemption, as it were, extended to us all along the pathway, and to which the above assertion has more particular reference? Does not the Lord again and again, even while we are in a state of unregeneracy, redeem our lives from destruction, and keep us as the apple of His eye? What we mean may be illustrated by the following fact: A silver penny of Ethelred II. has been picked up on the Cheshire coast, having on its reverse the hand of Providence between the Greek letters Alpha and Omega.

That hand has hold of us when we know it not; and while in a state of unregeneracy, who can tell how, again and again, the lives of the election of grace are redeemed from destruction, and they saved from ten thousand snares that have been on their right hand and left? Two signal instances of this gracious fact occur to the mind of the writer in connection with his own career, which he feels he dare not withhold, that honour may redound to his covenant keeping God. The first instance was when he had a narrow escape from being drowned in the river S——. Having, with a few companions, rowed some distance, it was proposed to get out at a certain point and stroll about the neighbourhood; in the meantime the boat was fastened to the trunk of an overhanging tree. Upon returning to the water-side, the writer, in the buoyancy of youth, ran forward, and springing into the boat, sent it into the middle of the stream.* The boat having run to the full extent of the rope, gave a violent jerk, which threw him backwards into deep water, the matter being made worse by his foot catching under the seat of the boat and keeping his head under water. At this moment of imminent danger one of his companions rushed into the middle of the stream, and by dint of great exertion lifted him into the boat. Oh! does not God redeem our lives from destruction, and, though we deserve to be lost, save us with an overruling and strong hand? The other instance was in riper years. In the course of commercial dealings, we had sent certain goods to one F——, of D——. Soon after, we received an intimation from the landlord of the house that F—— was a swindler, and that our informant would help us all he could to recover the goods. Waiting upon him the next morning, we agreed to proceed together to F——'s house. It was with much fear and nervousness that he proceeded, which feelings were increased upon the appearance of the fellow who was the subject of our visit, a thick-set little man, with a most forbidding-looking countenance. However, we stepped into the house, addressing him courteously; and all went on

tolerably well, till suddenly reaching down a short iron crowbar from a mantelpiece, the fellow aimed a blow at the landlord which felled him to the ground, and with a dreadful oath swore he would serve me the same, if I did not leave the house instantly.

That overruling hand was again near to render assistance at the moment of need; for, unknown to us, a third party had been watching the scene, and by his powerful arm the fellow was secured ere he could effect further mischief. Oh! does He not then redeem our lives from destruction again and again, and leave us, in surveying the pathway, to see what a wonder-working God is ours, who, did He reward us according to our sins, would never be near to rescue us from such dangers as we have described, but would suffer us to be deservedly lost?

When our dear Redeemer saw Nathanael approaching Him, He said to those who surrounded Him, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile!" And Nathanael said unto Him, "Whence knowest Thou me?" Ah! said Jesus, "Nathanael, before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig-tree, I saw thee." Then answered Nathanael, "Rabbi, thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel."

Safe from first to last are all the Lord's dear people in His hand. He knows all about them, and sees them in every position.—
G. C. (*the Banner of Truth*).

LONGING FOR THE HAVEN OF PEACE.

STORM after storm is black with ill,
And rolling thunders make me start;
Wave after wave comes dashing still,
And burst their foam upon my heart.

Oh! that my ship was safe on shore,
Lodged in the port where Jesus is;
Where neither winds nor waters roar,
And all the tides are tides of bliss.

But while my ship is doomed to ride
And beat on life's tempestuous sea,
My floating ark may Jesus guide,
And Pilot and sheet anchor be.

The way to heaven is through the wave,
The cold, bleak, sable tide of death;
But He who shields through life will save,
When the grey pilgrim yields his breath.

Yea, though he die beneath a shed,
While pain and misery strive to scare,
Kind angels shall sustain his head,
And Christ Himself speak comfort there.

"LIFE."

"WE do not deny," say the doubters of the Gospel, "that so long as a believer has Christ, he has life, or eternal life; but if he sin, he no longer has Christ, and therefore no longer has eternal life." This is, perhaps, the most seducing doctrine that Satan can bring against the real child of God. By this wile of the enemy, numbers of God's dear children are hindered from all enjoyment of peace with God.

Let not my reader, however, suppose that a mere profession, covering over a wilful course of sin and wickedness, is what is defended in this paper. No; there are thousands of unconverted professors hastening thus to destruction, to whom that passage applies, "He that committeth sin is of the devil" (1 John iii. 8). Yes, be not deceived; if the Holy Ghost has not brought you, as a lost sinner, to receive Jesus as your Saviour—your Saviour from the guilt and condemnation of sin, by His death on the cross, and your living Saviour to deliver you from the present power of sin—no matter what profession you make, no matter what you have, if you have not Christ, you have not life. "He that hath the Son, hath life; he that hath not the Son of God, hath not life" (1 John v. 12). Indeed, this first Epistle of John was written to meet these two very deadly errors, so prevalent in our day; on the one hand, that it is enough to take the name of Christ, and attach it to an unconverted, unholy life; and, on the other hand, if a true child of God should be overcome and sin, he no longer has Christ, and, therefore, no longer has eternal life. Now, the true child of God, one of whom this verse speaks,—*"I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you, for His name's sake"* (1 John ii. 12), yes, one who is born of God, has the very nature of Christ, and this new, divine nature cannot sin; as it is written, *"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."* Yes, though every child of God has this new, divine nature, in which he stands before God, and which shall endure, in unspotted holiness, for ever and ever; which cannot be killed, nay, which cannot be touched, because, *"as He is, so are we in this world."* Yea, though no language can express the perfect, blameless standing of every new-creation believer in Christ, yet every child of God must at once admit that we have, whilst here below, still to wage fierce battle with our old nature, corrupt with all its lusts: nay, further, that *"if we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us"* (chap. i. 8). Yes, the beloved disciple, John, puts himself with us, in that little word, *"we."* If you, my reader, are a child of God, can you not say,

that this very sin itself, in your old nature, is the greatest trouble you have? "If we say that we have no sin, we make Him a liar, and His Word is not in us." Can you say you have never sinned since your conversion? Impossible; nay, sin, before your conversion, appears nothing compared with sin against One who has so loved you.

And now, says the wily enemy (spoken of 2 Cor. xi. 14) to the true little children of God, "If any man sin, he no longer has Christ; and, therefore, no longer has eternal life." Dear fellow-tempted believer, if this were true, what would become of thee and me? If we had no Christ when we need Him most, oh, where would be the use of His living priesthood on high? But, blessed be the God of all grace, we can meet the adversary with, "It is written." "My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; and He is a propitiation for our sins," &c. I do not see how it could be plainer. Satan, through men, says to the children of God, If any man sin, he no longer has Christ. The Word of God says, carefully limiting this to the children of God, that though this is written that we may not sin—and surely it is the inmost desire of every true child of God not to sin—"Yet, if any man sin," showing that every child of God is liable to fall, in the hour of temptation, that if he should sin, we have then Christ in a very special way. And now mark, it does not say, if he repent, or if he weep bitterly—no; it is, if he sin. I say, above all things, is not this just where the weak, failing believer needs Christ—if he sin? When he sees, in that look of unchanged love, such as Jesus gave to Peter, that he still, though so utterly unworthy, has Christ, and, therefore, still has eternal life, he will repent, and he will be sorry. But lest this should be put as a merit, it is plain out, "If any man sin." Now, at such a sad moment, what is Christ to him? An Advocate. And what is an advocate? It is one who stands up, in open court, to plead and maintain the cause of another.

And is it true that even when the true Christian sins, that he not only still has Christ, but that Christ stands up to plead and to maintain his cause? Yes, it is so written. "Oh!" says the believer, "on whatever ground can Christ maintain my cause, in the high court of heaven? Whatever can He plead, when I sin?" He pleads His own prevailing blood. He is the righteous One. And He is the propitiation for our sins. And mark whom He pleads with: it does not say, with His Father; no, with the Father. Even when we sin, still He owns us brethren. It is my Father, and your Father—the Father. Oh, what a secure resting-place for the weary heart is this endearing

name, the Father. He does chasten us, as sons, but is ever the Father. How perfect this living work of Christ! Oh, blessed, loving, watchful Shepherd! Oh, thou all-prevailing Priest and Advocate! my only security is Thy faithfulness to me, not my faithfulness to Thee.

Fellow-believers, let us walk in the light, as He is in the light. With such an Advocate, let us fully confess our sins, "for He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." Everlasting is the efficacy of that precious sacrifice for our sins. Everlasting is the life we have in Him. Everlasting is His love to us. He cannot break His promise; "And this is the promise that He hath promised us, eternal life." God will not alter His own record; "And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son."

It is not because we do this or that, but "because He liveth, we shall live also."

Before one of Christ's sheep can perish, one must be found more mighty than God. For, says Jesus, "I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of My hand. My Father, which gave them Me, is greater than all; and none is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand" (John x. 28). Oh, my fellow-Christian, reject not these precious words of life. Thou surely needest them, or they would not be given thee. Say not, if this be true, then I may sin as I like." Nay, no true believer can say so. He cannot like sin. Sin cannot be the believer's object. It was so with Judas; he sought opportunity to betray Christ. Not so with Peter, yet he fell. Oh, beware! Watch and pray, lest thou enter into temptation. Still, child of God, for thy comfort, remember, "My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not; and, if any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, and He is the propitiation for our sins."—C. S. (*The Banner of Truth*).

OF WHAT PEOPLE ART THOU?

"If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?"—1 PETER iv. 18.

It is written, "There is none righteous, no, not one." Yet we read of the righteous. Paul saith, "We know that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law: that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God." "But now the righteousness of God without the law is manifested, being witnessed by the law and the prophets; even the righteousness of God which is by faith of

Jesus Christ unto all and upon all them that believe" (Rom. iii. 19, 21, 22). When a sinner is brought to see himself as God sees him, he pleads guilty to every charge brought against him. The law says, "They are filthy." "Purge me with hyssop," cries the sinner, "and I shall be clean." And as God and a sensible sinner agree in the sentence of the law, so they agree in the invitations of the Gospel. The Gospel says, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." The sinner answers, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God" (Psa. xlii. 1). "Their righteousness is of Me, saith the Lord" (Isa. liv. 17). "Surely, shall one say, in the Lord have I righteousness and strength" (Isa. xlv. 24). As the righteousness of Christ is imputed to them that are His, so the principles of righteousness are wrought into their souls by His Spirit, teaching them to love righteousness and hate iniquity, even as He did (Heb. i. 9).

He not only covers them with the robe of righteousness, but He leads them in the paths of righteousness. The Psalmist saith, "Blessed is he that doeth righteousness"; Christ saith, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness." And because the way is so hard to find, and so few find it, therefore even the righteous are said to be "scarcely saved," and if so, "where indeed shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" To have our souls washed from every stain in the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, and covered with the robe of Christ's righteousness; to have His laws written in our hearts and minds; to deny ourselves, and take up our cross daily and follow Him; and to "glorify Him in our bodies, and in our spirits, which are His," this is to be one of the "righteous before God and man." And I say again, if the right way is so difficult, if salvation is so hard to come at, that these are "scarcely saved," where shall they appear who slight and "neglect so great salvation"? (Heb. ii. 3.)

Reader, I solemnly warn thee, that if death finds thee without the characteristics of the righteous, thou wilt not stand in the judgment, nor in the congregation of the righteous (Psa. i. 5). Thousands say to God, both by word and actions, "Depart from us, for we desire not the knowledge of Thy ways": they treat with scorn both the invitations and the threatenings of His Holy Word, and "run upon the thick bosses of His buckler." O thou who despisest the riches of His goodness, and forbearance, and long-suffering; "not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance, but after thy hardness and impenitent heart, treasurest up unto thyself wrath against the day of wrath, and revelation of the righteous judgment of God" (Rom. ii. 4, 5.); thus saith the Lord, "Can

thine heart endure, or can thine hands be strong, in the days that I shall deal with thee?"

Thousands, again, say, "We will eat our own bread, and wear our own apparel, only let us be called by Thy name." They sit in God's house as His people sit; they support His cause, they are shining Christians, both in their own eyes and in the eyes of others; but of a death unto sin and a new birth unto righteousness, they know nothing. I see many around me who profess to know the truth, attend where it is preached, but they give sad proof that the Word of Christ, the love of Christ, has no place in them; they are more like Lot's wife, petrified monuments of the wrath of God, than "trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord." Unhappy souls! I would not cast a stone at you, I could sooner weep for you; for, if grace prevent not, the end of all your empty notions and sparks that ye have kindled, will be a greater condemnation, and lying down in eternal sorrow and despair. Hear the Word of the Lord, "I counsel thee to buy of Me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear" (Rev. iii. 18). J. J.

THAT large numbers of truly penitent persons are sincerely anxious to know that the adorable Lord Jesus died for their offences, and was raised again for their justification, will be generally admitted. That such exercises of soul are the result of the regenerating work of the Lord the Holy Ghost, will also be acquiesced in by the scripturally taught. But was it ever known, in any single instance, that telling them that Christ died for the entire race of mankind ever relieved such *personal anxieties*. These weak-in-faith ones want *no* greater or *any other* Saviour, but do most sincerely and earnestly desire to be assured that *He* is *their* Saviour, to inform them of His divine declaration, that whosoever believeth in Him hath everlasting life, is, of course, *veritable*; but the universal redemption theory is very indefinite, and will, it is submitted, *never meet such an individual case*. Moreover, if it were true, might not a wicked sceptic logically retort, "If the Lord the Redeemer was, as you tell me, a Divine Person, and paid the ransom price for my redemption, what have I to fear? Either the Great Atonement of Christ was *efficient* or *non-efficient*." Divine justice

"will not payment twice demand,
First at the glorious Surety's hand,
And then again at mine."

THE EDICT OF NANTES.

ALL our readers may not be equally aware of the nature and importance of two great eras in the history of Europe—the Edict of Nantes, and its revocation—the former in 1598, and the latter in 1685.

Henry IV. of France early imbibed from his mother, Jean D'Albret, Protestant principles in a political sense ; but, destitute of any religious belief, he publicly renounced them on his accession to the throne of France. His early education had, however, some salutary influence upon his public acts ; and amongst many that might be named which manifested the wisdom of his measures, the breadth of his views, the mildness of his government, and his deep interest in the prosperity of his country, the grant of toleration to his Protestant subjects, by the Edict of Nantes, may be placed to the forefront. This act was so opposed to the principles and practices of the Church of Rome. An act that unclasped the Bible and gave liberty to a preached Gospel, was of all things to be dreaded by the Jesuits, the dominant power then in France. From that period the death of the King was only a matter of time ; many attempts were made upon his life without success, but he was a doomed man. Through an organised league, stimulated by a fanatical priesthood, who possessed the people with the belief that the murder of a heretic was a religious virtue, Ravallac, filled with pious fury, took upon himself to destroy the King. He visited Paris, and patiently followed him day by day, awaiting his opportunity. On the 14th of May, 1610, the royal carriage was stopped in the streets by some waggons, when the murderer sprang upon the wheels, and with two thrusts of a dagger stabbed the King through the heart. This act had a startling effect upon the people, who were not willing to be summarily dealt with according to the laws of the Jesuit fraternity, and the act of toleration was confirmed by Henry's successor, Louis XIII., who valued the law-abiding tendencies of his Protestant subjects. Under Jesuit influence Louis XIV. revoked this edict of toleration in 1685, with this public announcement, that all the King's subjects should conform to his religion on pain of fines, imprisonment, and the galleys. This cruel and impolitic act lost to France 50,000 Protestant families, and broke up by a stroke of the pen the various manufactures which at that time made the industries and commerce of France famous all the world over. To escape from a country where their religion was a crime to be punished by the judges, who were their implacable enemies, and to save life—not by denying their faith, but by flight—was an instinct recognized by the Lord and Giver of life. "When they persecute you in one city, flee unto another ; let them which are in the

midst of it depart out" (Matt. x. 23). These merciful instructions were acted upon immediately by thousands of Protestants. Their property confiscated, and their persons outlawed, they were thankful to escape with life and liberty, even at such a cost, from the merciless rage of their persecutors, and take refuge in countries where they might worship God according to their conscience.

The fearful cruelties that were practised upon those who could not leave France, historians of all shades of opinion have chronicled, from the superstitious adherent of the Church of Rome, who considered cruelty to Protestants meritorious, and a step heavenward, down to the infidel Voltaire, who levelled his shafts of ridicule against the wholesale butcheries that flight, starvation, imprisonment, and the galleys involved. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes was the result of Jesuit influence over the King, and the design was to stamp out Protestantism in France; but as in ancient days, so it came to pass in latter times, "the more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew." (Ex. i. 12). In the apostolic age, when persecution arose, and both Jews and Gentiles combined to slay the infant Church of God, the guardian care of Omnipotence protected His Gospel in its early stage of progress, and those who were scattered abroad by the enemies of God only furthered the cause by opening the door of hope to the Gentiles who were "sitting in darkness and the shadow of death."

The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in many instances produced the same result. It drifted the Protestant religion into fresh ground, and spread abroad the Word of God, and with it Gospel light and Divine life. But the misery that followed the rescinded act of toleration can hardly be conceived in the present day. Popery wears now a benign and conciliatory aspect, not because her tenets are changed, but because she is incapable of exercising the power she possessed in the middle ages of ignorance through a closed Bible. Romanism is the same under all dates and circumstances. "Her ways are moveable," but the object and issue are one, and that is, *supremacy*; and to obtain it all ways and means are legitimate—and more than that, are meritorious and helpful in matters pertaining to salvation.

Of all classes none were dealt with so severely as ministers of the Gospel when the Edict was revoked. They were persecuted from city to city in France, and hid away in holes and corners, in dens, and caves, and forests, and unfrequented hills, but they emerged from their hiding-places at intervals, to preach the Gospel to the few who were left in the land. The wonder was that any of them escaped with their life, whether hearers or preachers; but like the disciples of old, they were protected by

the mighty power of God. Converts were added to the Church, and believers were strengthened and supported in "the faith once delivered unto the saints." We extract from the pages of a well-known historian of modern days,* whose books upon this important era should be circulated as prizes in every Protestant school, a quotation that gives but a brief outline of the terrible results of this national act of persecution:—

"The banished pastors were treated with especial severity. Fifteen days only had been allotted them to flee beyond the frontier, and if they tarried longer, they were liable to be sent to the galleys for life. The other pastors of Paris were allowed two days to make their preparations for leaving. More time was allowed for the provinces, but they were prevented carrying anything with them, all their children under seven years of age being taken from them to be brought up in the religion of Rome—even infants at the breast had to be given up. When the pastors were silenced and banished, those of their flocks who remained behind prepared to follow them into exile. Those who possessed goods and moveables hastened to convert them into money, in such a way as to excite the least possible suspicion, for spies were constantly on the watch. They prepared to close their workshops, their tanneries, their paper mills, their silk manufactories, and the various branches of industry which they had built up, and flee with the merest wreck of their fortunes into other countries. The fugitives had to avoid the frequented routes to the frontiers, and had to cross through forests, over trackless wastes, or by mountain paths, where no patrols were on the watch, and thus they continued to escape in large numbers into Switzerland, Germany, and Holland. They mostly travelled by night, not in bands, but in small parties; when the members of a family preferred to flee, they fixed on a rendezvous in some town nearest the frontier, then after prayer, and taking a tender leave of each other, they set out separately, and made for the agreed point of meeting. Many of the fugitives were captured by the king's agents, were fastened in heavy chains, placed in carts and driven through the chief towns by way of example, and sent to the galleys, where there were already more than a thousand prisoners by the end of 1686."

THE Divine Being is that to a Christian which home is to a weary traveller; it is his dwelling-place, stay, the solace, the centre, and rest of his spirit; and hence he is anticipating his arrival at home.—*Robert Hall*.

* "Huguenots in England and Ireland," by Samuel Smiles.

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

To the Editor of the Sower.

DEAR MR. HULL,—I feel I must write and thank you for the Seekers' Corner. The letters in this month have been so encouraging. What a union I have felt to the writers, for they seem to have just the same feelings and desires as I have. I have often felt that I have been travelling the path alone, but when we read of others feeling the same, how it does help one, does it not? There are times when I seem to have such a hungering and thirsting after Jesus Christ, when I can say, "Thou, O Christ, art all I want"; and then at other times feeling so cold and dead, such a hard and unfeeling heart, that I often fear I cannot be right. Sometimes the way seems so dark and the path so lonely, that I fear the Lord has forsaken me, and that He will never answer my prayers. I do want to love Him, but I seem at times to have no love at all. Often I can say with the poet—

"Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is cold and faint."

And when the Lord seems to hide His face, as if He would never hear my prayer, how discouraged I get. But just when I feel I must give it all up, some sweet word comes into my heart, and encourages me still to press on, still to long and seek after Him, feeling that He who has given me these desires after Himself, (for I find I cannot give myself these desires) will, in His own time, settle the point I long to know, by showing me that, "I am born of God, and that my treasure is above." I do want Him to reveal Himself to me as my Saviour. I do not want to rest until I "know Him, whom to know is life eternal."

I must now conclude, hoping the Lord will bless you in your work, and help you still to speak some cheering word to some poor longing soul.

I remain, your sincere young friend,

September 10th, 1892.

L. H.

[Dear young friend, felt union and fellowship with Jesus is most desirable, for thereby love is realized; nevertheless He says, "Blessed are those who have not seen, and yet have believed." Press on; the Lord will appear.—ED.]

DEAR SIR,—I think the letters in the "Seekers' Corner" are very helpful and encouraging, especially to such poor sinful creatures as I feel myself to be, the vilest of the vile. Dear sir, so many times of late I have wanted to send a few words for the "Seekers' Corner"; not that I feel what I write will be any help

to other dear Seekers, unless the Lord is pleased to bless the writings of His little ones. Oh, what a mercy it is to be one of His little ones—to become as a little child! for He says, “Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of God.” Before the Lord saw fit to lay His afflicting hand upon me, which is now nearly two years, I was a sad wanderer—I was running headlong to destruction, but for the love my Saviour had for me, not what I had for Him. He stopped me in my mad career, by laying His afflicting hand upon me; and while on my bed of suffering, He broke my hard heart, and taught me to pray, so that I can bless God with all my heart for ever afflicting me: and I would beg of my dear brothers and sisters in Jesus to still seek on to know more of this dear Friend of sinners, for He is a Friend indeed! Oh, that I could love Him more and put more confidence in Him! oh, how little at times I think of him! Satan is ever ready to draw our thoughts and affections away, and we daily find it through much tribulation. I often get very weary, especially when my Jesus hides His face. How vain and trifling are all things here below. Oh, how happy we shall be when we reach those eternal mansions, which are prepared for all those that are washed in His precious blood.

Dear sir, I don't know what you will think of all this, whether you will think it worth putting in THE SOWER. Forgive me for troubling you with this. May the Lord bless you, and make you the instrument of bringing many poor souls to cry for mercy.

From your unworthy young friend,

M. V.

[Dear young friend, you may truly sing—

“Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God.”

He was wise and kind in afflicting you, to bring you to Himself. And—

“The work that His goodness began,
The arm of His strength will complete.”

May “Looking unto Jesus,” or, “Seeking for Jesus,” be your daily employ. “He knoweth them that trust in Him.”—ED.]

THEY that deserve nothing should be content with anything.

IF Christ humbled Himself to honour our nature, we should humble ourselves to honour His Name.

NEITHER all the devils in hell, nor all the temptations of the world, can hurt that man that is kept humble and depending on Christ.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THINKERS ON THE NAME OF THE LORD.

(MALACHI iii. 16, 17.)

ON one sweet point the Word is very clear,
It speaks of those who love, and those who fear—
Of those who for their Saviour suffer s^tame,
And also those who think upon His Name.

Poor fearing souls! so feeble and so low,
You have no striking evidence to show;
Your faith so small, He values just the same;
Fear not! ye humble thinkers on His Name.

No burning zeal, nor ardent love you boast;
Yours is a feeble, glimmering spark at most;
But though obscure and quite unknown to fame,
He loves these secret thinkers on His Name.

Not Paul nor Peter—champions of renown!—
Nor shall a David wear a brighter crown;
God's love to them and you is just the same:
Your crown's secure, ye thinkers on His Name.

Hard by His throne there lies a wondrous Book,
That notes each feeble thought, desire, or look;
And at the last great day, the Lord will claim
As His, all those who thought upon His Name.

Manchester.

R. H. C.

THE FOOL'S DIVINITY.

NO question but those that have been so bold as to deny that there was a God have sometimes been much afraid they have been in an error, and have at least suspected there was a God, when some sudden prodigy hath presented itself to them and roused their fears. And whatsoever sentiments they might have in their blinding prosperity, they have had other kinds of notions in them in their stormy afflictions, and, like Jonah's mariners, have been ready to cry to Him for help, whom they disdained to own so much as in being while they swam in their pleasure. The thoughts of a Deity cannot be so extinguished but they will revive and rush upon a man at least under some sharp affliction. Amazing judgments will make them question their own apprehensions. God sends some messengers to keep alive the apprehension of Him as a Judge, while men resolve not to own or reverence Him as a Governor. A man cannot but keep a scent of what was born with him; as a vessel that hath been seasoned first with a strong juice will preserve the scent of it, whatsoever liquors are afterwards put into it.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

CHRIST PRECIOUS.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—May the dear Lord lead you to Isaiah li. verses 1, 2, and 3, there to behold His gracious words of encouragement to His poor afflicted Zion: "He will comfort all her waste places, and He will make her wilderness like Eden," &c. I have been much helped in my soul from the words, "And He shall be for a Sanctuary" (Isaiah viii. 14). What an Asylum for poor sinners, a Refuge indeed. In Him we have safety, a place of ease, of desire, of comfort. In Christ, who is both God and Man, we have all our needs supplied. How wonderful to contemplate upon Him in His Deity—the perfection of His Manhood—the two distinct natures, the One Person—the glory and admiration both of angels and redeemed sinners. Oh, what a basis is His eternal Godhead! And then to look at Him in all the beauties of His Manhood—His conception, birth, childhood, youth, riper years, and the perfection of His obedience; well might the poet say—

"In Him the Father never saw
The least transgression of His law;
Perfection, then, in Him we view,
The saints in Him are perfect too."

What loveliness in His death, because the death of deaths—all our deaths met upon Him; and then to trace Him in His burial, ascension, exaltation at the right hand of the Father. He says, "I am the Rose of Sharon." How sweet in all His unfoldings while in the world. But oh, His fragrance now fills both heaven and earth—the Church above and below. What a mercy we have such an One, who is the only unselfish One that trod this earth, and while in the midst of so many selfish wretches like me, He never was contaminated. Oh, what sweet words have fallen from His precious lips for our comfort! Well might the Church say, "His mouth is most sweet; yea, He is altogether lovely. This is my beloved and this is my Friend, O ye daughters of Jerusalem." Look over the Song, and you will see the many endearing things Christ spoke to His spouse, and then you will see why she should bear such testimony concerning His promises. How sweet His invitations! How sweet His exhortations, too! Oh, what a Friend, too! May you prove Him so. He is to me an unchanging, an everlasting Friend. He has been precious to me in the last few weeks. I have been so drawn to His Person and work, yet I cannot so apprehend Him as I would, but have been enabled to admire and adore Him. Sometimes I have felt as if I wanted the tongue of Gabriel to set forth His Deity, while, at the same time, I know it must be sorry fallen man who is to set forth

something of the union of the two natures, and specially upon redemption by the precious blood of Immanuel. May it please the Lord Jesus to give you to believe that He is to you a little Sanctuary, and I am sure it will be well; whether like Daniel in the lions' den, or the Three Children in the fire—Jeremiah in the dungeon, or like Jonah in the belly of hell. Christ has been to His saints a Sanctuary; they have been hid, covered, and in every way preserved in Him. Zion's towers and bulwarks are all as they were near six thousand years ago; not one is missing, nor the least damaged; all stand firm.

Mrs. Harbour unites with me in Christian love to yourself.

Yours truly,

W. HARBOUR.

ENGLISH CHURCHMEN PLAYING AT POPERY.

A CORRESPONDENT says in *The English Churchman* :—

"The weather which greeted the opening of the Folkestone Church Congress was of a very unsettled character. Frequent showers fell throughout the day, with intervals of bright sunshine, but towards evening rain fell heavily, almost continuously until past ten o'clock. A good deal of interest was manifested in the opening proceedings at the Exhibition Buildings, where the Congress was formally welcomed by the Mayor and Corporation of Folkestone, attired in their official robes; and by a small section of the Nonconformists of the town—the majority of whom, however, held aloof. The clergy, attired in a variety of dresses, and the choirs of at least three Churches, were present, with a number of processional crosses and several Popish banners."

After describing the formation of the procession, he says :—

"The third section of the procession went to the parish church. There Popish banners, including two of the Virgin, were carried, as also the processional cross, and the Archbishop's crozier. Several of the Ritualistic priests wore birettas, but not so many as I expected. *The Archbishop of Canterbury joined himself to this party*, which, like the other sections, had humbly to tramp through the mud and slush caused by the rain.

"There was nothing like a crowd on the route, and I was considerably surprised at the small number of townspeople who turned out to see the great sight of the day. The petticoats worn by so many of the clergy were a source of considerable amusement to the Folkestone fishermen. 'Look here, Bill,' one of these worthies was overheard saying to his mate, 'they call themselves men!' as he looked with contempt upon some remarkable specimens of man-millinery passing him by."

A PROTESTANT BANNER TORN BY MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

"A remarkable incident, which has caused no little talk in Folkestone, took place as the procession passed along the roads. Mr. John Kensit, accompanied by Mr. Richardson, of the North London Protestant Alliance, displayed a banner, as the procession passed by, on which was a picture of the burning of the Protestant martyrs at Smithfield, and the inscription, 'Protestant Churchmen, stand fast in the Truth! Remember the fires of Smithfield! We protest against Idolatry, Priestcraft, Ritualism, and Popish Processions!' The display of a Reformation banner like this acted as a red rag to a bull. The indignation of the Romanizers rapidly rose to boiling pitch; until at length a Ritualistic lady made a rush at the offending banner, desirous of tearing it to pieces. Soon there was a struggle for its retention. A number of Ritualistic priests actually dropped out of the procession, and joined in the fray. Mr. Kensit and Mr. Richardson gallantly held on to their property, but, as they were only a few against the many, the result was that the banner got damaged, a Ritualistic priest helping with all his heart and strength of arm the endeavour to tear it to pieces. The Protestants, however, bravely held to their banner and carried it as high as they could, under the circumstances, at the rear of the procession until it came to the street near the parish church. There the Rev. W. W. Phelps called for a cheer for the Protestant banner, which was at once responded to. It certainly ought to have inscribed on it now, as the record of its first fight, 'The Battle of Folkestone, 1892.'"

What a scene! This is bringing Rome Rule to our doors.

A CLERGYMAN'S VIEWS.

"The Rev. W. W. Phelps, who has had the Town Halls of Eastbourne and Tunbridge Wells allowed him in the usual way for anti-Ritualistic lectures, and who hopes to address the Protestants of Reading in their Town Hall, lectured at Folkestone, on Sunday evening, October 2nd, to an appreciative and enthusiastic audience in the Masonic Hall. The room is a beautiful but small one. The Mayor could not give Mr. Phelps the Town Hall, but the Town Clerk put him up to applying for the Masonic Hall. Mr. Phelps gave an historical sketch of Tractarianism and Ritualism, quoting a note from his father's (the late Archdeacon of Carlisle) Hudibrastic poem, entitled, 'A String of Beads for Romanizers.' He said, as the result of fifty or sixty years' machinations, the 'cruel, hungry tide, the cruel, crawling tide,' as Kingsley has it, of Romanism has come into our Church,

spreading itself over all that is lovely and of good report among us. It reached its high-water mark in the Lincoln Judgment, which sanctions the worship of the Host in the *Agnus Dei*, and in the choice of Lord Halifax, the greatest promoter of the Mass in all England, to read the first devotional paper on Friday next. He asked, would the Archbishop say some reassuring words to them? Would he be the Laud or Latimer of the future? He thought the Bishops should remember that an old woodcutter was at the head of the State, who very likely has not yet cut down his last tree."

Hear, hear. "I the Lord will hasten it in his time."

"At the Baptist Chapel, the pastor, the Rev. F. Jeffrey, availed himself of the opportunity to call the attention of his congregation to the evils of priestcraft in the Church of England."

[These things make it evident that the stronghold of Popery in our land is the English Church.—ED.]

The *Baptist*, in a paragraph under the title of "Churchmen at War," says:—

"A remarkable demonstration of a hostile character appears to have signalized the opening of the Church Congress, now holding its meetings at Folkestone. A number of the inhabitants on Tuesday emphatically indicated their abhorrence of what they deemed an exhibition of Ritualism on the part of many of the visiting clergy. Subsequent to the presentation to the Archbishop, as president, of addresses of welcome by the Mayor and Corporation and the Nonconformists of Folkestone, the clergy formed in procession just outside the building, with the intention of proceeding to the parish church, where a service was to take place. At some distance off, and in the same direction in which the procession had to go, a huge white banner had meantime been erected. In the centre of the sheet there was a vivid picture of Ridley and Latimer in the flames, and, in large printed letters, the inscription, 'Stand fast in the Truth. Remember the fires of Smithfield. We protest against Idolatry, Priestcraft, Ritualism, and Popish processions.' It can hardly be contended that the opposition chose the wisest method for giving vent to their feelings, but they would, nevertheless, appear to have had good reason to protest in some form. Numerous crosses were, for instance, carried in the procession, one of the bishops wearing a little gold cross suspended from his neck. Processional banners, with pictures of the Virgin and of certain saints, also formed features of the display. Would it not be reasonable for the Prelates to negotiate with Rome rather than with excursioning English Dissenters, at Grindelwald, for reunion?"



"THE POOR WOMAN WAS A GODLY CHARACTER." (See page 310.)

A WONDERFUL PROVIDENCE.

A FEW years since, a family lived at the East-end of the Metropolis, consisting of a man and wife and four small children, who, by the dissipated habits of the husband, were reduced to the greatest extremity of want and suffering; and when the calamity of the family was at its greatest height, the man took his flight, no one knew whither, leaving his poor wife and her almost helpless babes to do the best they could.

It appears that this poor woman was a godly character, and was enabled in the midst of her deep distress to lift up her heart to God, and exclaim, upon a review of her afflicting circumstances, "Lord, help me!" "Lord, undertake for me!" and so on.

She was directed to try a small school for imparting elementary instruction, but she found this insufficient to meet her expenses, although they were of the most frugal character. She was then induced to take in washing, to add a little to her income, while, from the fatigue of the school and her own children, she had but little time or strength for this additional employment. However, with all her exertions, she could not keep out of debt, and found it quite impossible to reduce the amount of her baker's bill, four pounds, which was a great grief to her; and although the baker never pressed for payment, but called every day with the bread as usual, it became at last so great a burden to her that she would say to herself, "How can I take in the man's bread, and not pay him for it?" When the account reached the enormous amount of six pounds, she could endure it no longer, but made up her mind to tell him that she could not think of taking in any more bread, as she could not pay for it, which she did when he next called.

"What!" exclaimed the baker, "are you going to live without bread, then?"

"No," said the poor woman, in tears; "I cannot do that, but I am unable to pay you for what I have had."

"Here, come, take your bread," said the man. "You'll pay me some day, I dare say;" and, leaving the bread, went his way.

She was astonished at the man, but this was not the first time she had had to wonder at the conduct of those who gave her credit, for often had she to acknowledge their kindness, and feel surprised that they should trust her in her reduced circumstances. Doubtless she found a solution of the mystery in that blessed promise, "Thy bread shall be given thee, and thy water shall be sure."

Through the kindness of a friend, she had obtained the promise

of a gratuity of four pounds per year, from a lady who was proverbial for her alms-deeds, &c., and who had directed this friend to pay it quarterly to the poor woman; and it was at the time when her mind was so exercised in reference to the baker's bill, that one quarter became due. While sitting, one evening, reflecting that she had saved up one pound, and being somewhat cast down in mind at the thought of five pounds still being wanting, she all at once thought of the quarter's money being due, and, bounding from her seat, said, "Ah! as Mrs. — is to pay me, I do not mind asking her for it; and that pound, with the other, will be better worth paying Mr. —." So away she repaired to the friend, who lived about three miles distant. But, so the Lord would have it, her friend was out of town, and would not return for three weeks. "Three weeks!" exclaimed the poor woman, who had so dwelt upon the pleasure she should experience in paying her baker two pounds—"three weeks!" said she, turning from her friend's door. "Oh, dear Lord, what shall I do? Lord, help me!" and being very fatigued with her journey, she slowly proceeded towards her home. "Ah!" said she, "shall I go to the lady herself? Perhaps she would not be offended. Oh, if she should, I shall lose my four pounds per year. Lord, direct me what to do!" And having proceeded a step or two farther, she made a stop, saying, "Yes; I will go to the lady herself." She immediately turned towards the West-end of the town, and with a heavy heart reached — Square, nearly exhausted with the journey and her great disappointment.

With her mind greatly exercised between hope and fear, she walked several times up and down in front of the residence of Lady F—. At length, summoning all her fortitude, she rang the bell, which was quickly answered by one of the servants, who, upon ascertaining her business, spoke very kindly to her, and had her seated in the hall, that she might compose herself a little, telling her that he would go to the lady in a minute, and speak for her, and reminding her of her ladyship's great kindness, and then saying that she had nothing to fear, he withdrew. She had, previous to ringing the bell, in her heart asked the Lord to give her favour in the eyes of the lady, and the kind words of the servant seemed quite to raise her hope. When she was beginning to feel a little more comfortable, the servant came downstairs with a message from the lady, informing her that she wished to see her immediately.

"Oh," said the poor woman, while her heart sank within her, "if her ladyship is offended with me, I shall lose my four pounds a year!"

"Come along!" said the servant; "come along!" and almost had to pull her upstairs. "Come along! I hope the Lord will

give you favour in her eyes," said he; and presently showed her into the room where the lady sat on a sofa.

"I beg pardon, ma'am," said the poor woman, as she entered the room. "I hope it is no offence, ma'am; but, as Mrs. — was out of town, ma'am, I thought I would take the liberty of —"

The lady interrupted her by saying, "Oh, you did quite right by coming, as Mrs. — was out; you did quite right in coming. Here, come here, and sit by me. And so you are poor Mrs. — are you? Well, now, let me know somewhat how you get on. God bless thee, poor creature! There, sit thee here; but stop now. Before you begin, let me pay you the pound."

Having paid her, the poor woman, after thanking her, proceeded to give an outline of the trials and difficulties through which she had been called to pass, not forgetting to speak also of the Lord's gracious interpositions on her behalf, which she had experienced many times, during the recital of which her ladyship now and then exclaimed, "God bless thee, poor creature! Thou hast seen a great deal of trouble;" and so on.

When the poor woman had finished her narrative, the lady said, "Well, now, I will tell thee a little about myself. You know I am pretty well to do in life; and, as I think it right we should do all that lies in our power for our fellow-creatures, I endeavour to do all the good I can, especially to the poor; and, as often as health will permit, I go to church and take the sacrament—once a month at least, as I do not think we ought to be remiss in these things; and every opportunity of doing good that comes in my way, I do what I can; and you know, Mrs. —, we may hope for the best."

"Well, ma'am," said the poor woman, who did not feel very comfortable while the lady was speaking, feeling anything but satisfied with the account of herself, "I never was in your circumstances, ma'am, though I have been much better off than I am now; and, at that time, I thought as you do now—that, if I did something for the poor, and did all the good I could, that was all God required of me; and, as far as circumstances would permit, I did something for my neighbours, ma'am; but the Lord opened my eyes to see that I was trusting to an arm of flesh—that I was building on a sandy foundation, and not on the Rock Jesus Christ, ma'am."

"Give me back that pound!" exclaimed the lady; "give me back that pound!"

"Yes, ma'am," continued the poor woman, nothing daunted at having to give back the money—"to see that nothing short of Christ would do to trust to, ma'am."

"Give me back the pound!" said the lady. "Here, take two

pounds! I am trusting to a false foundation. There, take two pounds! I am building on a sandy foundation."

"Ah! ma'am," said the poor woman, astonished at the turn of affairs, "if I had died in that state, my soul would have gone to hell."

"Here," again exclaimed the lady, "here are five pounds. There," putting down a five-pound note, "take five pounds! The Lord has sent thee to open my eyes, and to show me that I am building on a sandy foundation. Ah! well; God bless thee, dear soul;" and, getting up, she said, "Sit here, and take some refreshment, and then you must tell me some more about it;" and, having ordered something for her, she retired upstairs.

After some time had elapsed, the lady came downstairs with a large bundle of flannels, linen, &c., telling the poor woman no doubt she would find them useful; and then she sat down and conversed freely with her about Jesus and His great salvation; after which, having thanked the lady many times, the poor woman took her leave; and coming downstairs, nothing could she say but, "Bless the Lord! Bless the Lord! Five pounds, and the one I have at home, make my baker's bill. Bless the Lord!" and all the way home, having quite recovered from the previous fatigue, it was, "Bless the Lord! Bless the Lord!"

Having arrived at her dwelling, she soon procured the one pound, and, late as it was, she immediately went to the baker, and told him she had come to pay him his bill.

"What!" said he; "you have come to pay something off, you mean!"

"Oh, no," she replied; "I have come to pay you six pounds."

"What!" said he, "six pounds? Why, where did you get the money from?"

Now, as he was not a professing man, she did not enter into particulars, but merely explained that a kind lady had given her five pounds, and one she had saved up herself.

"Well," continued the baker, "I never expected to have received a farthing of it, and I had made up my mind that, as long as I had a loaf in my shop, you never should have wanted one. Well, here," said the baker, "take a guinea of it, and here is your bill receipted."

Having thanked him for his kindness, she made towards her home, and nothing could she say but, "Bless the Lord, my baker's bill is paid! Bless the Lord!" She retired to rest that night, no doubt, with her heart full of gratitude to Him who hath said, "Trust in the Lord, and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed."

This unexpected interposition of Divine Providence, though it

was a great help to her for a time, was but a temporary relief, for she still had to struggle with difficulties and great distresses. This was illustrated by a little circumstance that afterwards occurred, which also showed that she was not forgotten nor forsaken by our good and gracious God.—*From an old Magazine.*

ROMAINE'S VIEW OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

"I MENTION not his person, although the Psalmist says, He was fairer than the children of men. The excellencies and endowments of His mind were so great and uncommon, that I need not insist on a less important part of the subject. For, consider, what is it that you admire and love in any person? Do extraordinary gifts or graces draw your esteem? Great abilities, or great virtues? Behold, everything that can adorn or dignify the human nature meets in the man Jesus Christ. If true wisdom and learning be your admiration, it is written, 'that in Him were laid up all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.' Do you think that learning never appears so grateful as when it is set off with the charms of virtue? Then look upon Jesus. In Him you see not this or that particular virtue only, but virtue itself in a body of flesh! and therefore made flesh that He might let His graces shine before men and communicate their sweet influence. He was goodness itself, and He went about doing good to the souls and to the bodies of men, teaching and enlightening the ignorance of their understanding, and regulating the depravity of the will and affections, and healing all manner of sickness, and all manner of bodily infirmities. There was not a malady which sin had brought upon soul or body but He proved Himself almighty to heal. Was there ever such a character as this? So universally amiable and lovely? Here is a Person, of all the sons of men the greatest and happiest in Himself, and capable of making us great and happy; yea, therefore, made Man, that He might communicate to us His greatness and happiness, and shall any of us be so far lost to all sense of what is great and happy, as not to admire this character? Shall men adore and idolize the true patriot, whose breast burns with love for his country, and who freely hazards his all to save it? And shall the very same men be wanting in esteem for the great patriot of the whole world? How absurd, how inconsistent would this be? What a contradiction is it to throw away all our admiration upon lesser excellencies, and to have none to spare for Him who had every excellency that can adorn the human nature, either for beauty or use; and who, consequently, had every thing that could make him altogether lovely!

"If I should stop here, enough has been said to place the Man Jesus high above the sons of men ; but I have mentioned the least and lowest part of His character. He is not only great and good, but had also one thing peculiar to Himself, that no sinful frailty or weakness ever sullied His greatness or goodness. He was a perfect Man. You will not find any other character without its spots and blemishes, because there is no man living without sin, our nature itself being sinful, and sin is the cause of all our imperfections. The darkness of the understanding in the things of God, comes from sin ; and the weakness of the memory, and the continual inclinations of the will to evil, and the strong and unlawful attachment of the heart to the world, and the things of it, spring from the same fountain of sin. But the Holy Jesus had no sin, and consequently none of the imperfections which sin has brought upon us. When a truth was proposed to his understanding, there was no obstruction to the faculty ; he comprehended it clearly and fully. His will was in harmony with God's will—'I delight,' says He, 'to do Thy will, O my God ;' and He did it with all His heart, always and perfectly. And accordingly we read of Him in the Psalms, 'that He spake the truth in His heart,' His tongue and His heart always went together—'He had clean hands,' not once defiled with any sinful pollution—'and a pure heart,' not one evil thought had ever arisen in it—nay, 'His mind had never been lift up unto vanity,' not one vain thought had ever passed through His mind. Judge then how perfectly immaculate He must have been ; for who is there among us who has not had a thousand, yea, ten thousand, vain and wandering thoughts ? Who does not find them passing through his mind against his will, and intruding into his hours of devotion, from which he had shut them out, and haunting him even at the Lord's table ? But Christ's pure and spotless mind never admitted one vain thought. He was the very image of God, in which the first Adam was made, and He did not deface it as the first Adam did, but He kept it holy and undefiled. The Scripture assures us of it—'He was made sin for us who knew no sin.' He asserts it of Himself—'The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in Me.' Happy for us, Satan could find in Him no part of our fallen image, and therefore the accuser of the brethren could lay no charge against His Person, nor consequently against the merit of those actions and sufferings, whereby we, who have by nature borne the image of the earthy, may, through grace, bear the image of the heavenly Adam, who is the Lord from heaven.

"If you see any thing wanting in Him, it is an argument of your own imperfection, for He, whose all-searching eye trieth the very hearts and reins, saw no way of wickedness in Him. He

pronounced Him to be His beloved Son, in whom He was well pleased, and He honoured Him with a wonderful glory, never communicated to any creature, but to the Man Jesus; He was united to God the Son in so close and intimate an union that God and man were one Christ, as much as the reasonable soul and flesh are one man. Oh, how great is the mystery of godliness—God manifest in the flesh! how can we sufficiently admire and adore it! And how greatly should it endear to us the humanity of our Lord, that it was the sacred temple of the Godhead, inhabited by God the Son, and honoured by the more immediate presence of the Father and Holy Spirit; for it pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell, even the fulness of the Godhead bodily. Surely then the Man Jesus was altogether lovely, since He was lovely in the eyes of the eternal Trinity, who vouchsafed to dwell and make their abode in Him. Pardon, Lord Jesus, our low opinion of the dignity of Thy human nature.

“All our hopes of heaven are founded upon this truth, that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself; for if the Man Jesus was not united to the most blessed God, our religion is the grossest idolatry, and Christians are of all men most miserable. But the Scripture has left no room to doubt of the union of the two natures in one Christ. The Word was God, and the Word was made flesh, says Saint John, so that God the Word was made flesh and incarnate. God was manifest in the flesh, says the beloved apostle Paul. And the reason was, He was manifested for our salvation. And it was expedient, that the Saviour should be both God and Man, because He was to obey and to suffer for us as man, and to merit by His obedience and suffering as God, and thereby to be a complete Saviour. Accordingly, He who thought it no robbery to be equal with God the Father, took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made man. He obeyed, He suffered, He became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross; and when all the ends for which He obeyed, suffered, and died, were answered, then it was not possible that He should be holden any longer of death. Justice released Him the third day from the prison of the grave, and He rose again triumphant from the dead; whereby believers had full evidence given them that all the demands of the law were satisfied, that Christ's sufferings had made a full atonement for which they should have suffered, that He had taken out the sting of death, and had opened to them the gate of everlasting life.”

OUR Saviour was a Preacher and Pattern of humility: He did so admire it, that He set them on the highest form that had the lowest hearts.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY HEARING A SERMON BY MR. POPHAM.

"Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me."—PSALM l. 15.

DEAR Lord, a worm would fain draw nigh
Unto Thy throne of grace;
Oh, listen to my feeble cry,
And look upon my case.

I venture to Thy throne, though weak,
Yea, sinful, blind, and vile;
Once more, O Lord, Thy face I seek,
And beg another smile.

To whom else should I go, dear Lord,
If I should turn from Thee?
For Thou dost say in Thy blest Word,
"In trouble call on Me."

And hast Thou not, Lord, heard my cry,
When filled with sore dismay?
Thou who didst then regard my sigh
Art still the same to-day.

All things are under Thy control,
Whatever they may be;
Then look upon a sinful soul,
Whose help must come from Thee.

Lord, I am weak, my foes are strong,
Thy saving help display;
Oh, let not a poor worm go wrong,
But be my Guide and Stay.

'Midst darkness, clouds, perplexity,
Or 'neath the heaviest care,
Help me to turn aside to Thee,
And breathe a living prayer.

Oh, may I see Thy helping hand,
And trace Thy wondrous power,
Whene'er I come unto a stand
In some dark, trying hour.

And thus with God upon my side,
May I, a poor weak worm,
Whatever tempests may betide,
Outride each heavy storm.

Brighton.

LYDIA.

WHEN Paul was a Pharisee, he thought he was blameless; when he was a Christian, the chief of sinners: before, any thing but Christ; now, none but Christ.

A BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING.

ABOUT two years ago I came upon what was to me a spiritual treasure, in the writings of Luther. Never shall I forget the emotions which filled my soul upon the perusal of so bold and earnest a vindication of "The faith which was once delivered unto the saints." To expose my ignorance, until that time I was not aware that dear Martin Luther either taught, held, or maintained, the insuperable doctrines of grace—except justification by faith. Report in the religious world having fastened it on my mind that John Calvin had been alone the propagator and defender of predestination, election, and the accompanying invincible truths of the Gospel, which Gospel (as one has it) "is based on the fact that man in divine things is a fool;" and I feel assured that ignorance widely prevails among those who profess to be the followers of Luther and revere his name.

However, I should never have valued this or any like testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus, had not the Lord the Spirit been graciously pleased to write "the sentence of death" upon all the accumulated *religious rationalism* of my natural mind, bringing me to lay my hand upon my mouth, and my mouth in the dust of self-abasement, feeling and crying, "Unclean! Unclean!" To exclaim, "What I know not teach Thou me!" Then was I made to realize myself but of yesterday and knew nothing. I saw there was indeed "a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death." And verily no way might seem so right as that of a splendid religious profession—teaching and preaching sacraments and working—baptizing, and being baptized; but withal, a soul still in the dark as to anything which concerns its own security in Christ, or, as dear John Bunyan has expressed it, "Then I saw that there was a way to hell even from the gates of heaven;" and so "The labour of the foolish weareth every one of them, because they knew not how to go to the city." To be, by passive regeneration, "born from above," and to lie at the mercy of *sovereign grace* to be let in by the Door—Christ—is esteemed, and even preached by numbers, as a way too far about.

But the Word in the hand of the Spirit, and the *whole counsel* thereof, declared by one of His sent servants, made me to know my condition by nature so utterly dead and corrupt, that no more spiritual desire, will, or power had I for salvation than a stone. I state advisedly—than a cold, dead, unfeeling stone; and I felt, as easily could one put oneself into the natural sun, millions of miles as it is distant from the earth, as into Christ, "the Sun of Righteousness,"—out of, and severed from whom, no

creature living can possess peace—nor can he, by any amount of (so called) good works, motives, or desires, weave out one thread of righteousness to bring before an absolute and infinitely righteous God, who hath declared in His Word that “There is none righteous, no not one: they are all gone aside, they are altogether become filthy [margin—stinking]: there is none that doeth good, no, not one” (Psalm xiv. 3). How then can man be just with God? or he be clean that is born of a woman? except he be graciously privileged of God to follow Christ through the Spirit's regeneration, and be clothed with the IMPUTED RIGHTEOUSNESS of another, even Christ's, in whose righteousness alone “all the seed of Israel (*i.e.*, the elect of God) shall be justified, and shall glory.” All that are incensed against Him shall be ashamed.

I cannot help adverting to the folly of some (of the many) “blind leaders of the blind,” who have had the audacity, even lately, to affirm that “the doctrine of merit by transfer is a fiction,” and wish to insinuate that “justification by faith means only the peace of mind, or sense of Divine approval, which comes of trust in a righteous God.” Not having been laid low, to receive the kingdom of God as a little child, such are, with a witness, totally in the dark as to the way of life, righteousness, and peace, ignorant of, or caring nothing for the fact, that “a righteous God” is a consuming fire (Deut. iv. 24), who *will not*—and whose infinite justice is such that it *cannot*—forgive their transgressions or their sins. (See Joshua xxiv. 19.) And this is the testimony of the Word of God throughout. “But woe to him that is alone [*i.e.*, without Christ] when he falleth, for he hath not another to help him up” (Ecclesiastes iv. 10). But for ever “Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth righteousness without works;” such will glory to all eternity in “the doctrine of merit by transfer,” and prove that it was no “fiction” nor “phantasy in their minds,” when they were led of the Holy Spirit to flee for refuge to Jesus and lay hold on *imputed righteousness*, the only hope set before them in the Gospel—the only wedding garment in which they can appear at the marriage supper of the Lamb. “Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after this righteousness, for they shall be filled.”

That the Lord, who hath said, “Behold I, even I, will both search my sheep, and seek them out” (Ezekiel xxxiv. 11), may be graciously pleased to grant His power and blessing to accompany these precious Gospel truths, is the prayer of one who, through the omnipotent, invaluable efficacy of Christ's blood alone, poured out for all His sheep, is,

A BRAND PLUCKED OUT OF THE BURNING.

EFFECTUAL CALLING.

THE Greek word translated "*calling*" occurs eleven times in the New Testament, and in each instance it signifies the effectual call of the Holy Spirit, with the exception of 1 Cor. vii. 20, where it is used to denote a business or trade; see Rom. xi. 29; 1 Cor. i. 26, &c. But there is a "*call*" which comes short of this "*calling*." Let us consider

THE OUTWARD CALL.

This is the external "*call*" or voice, which all who are brought within reach of the sound of the Gospel hear; and which, if unaccompanied with saving, quickening power, becomes a "*savour of death unto death*" (2 Cor. ii. 16); according to the words of the Lord, "*Many are called, but few chosen*" (Matt. xxii. 14). Such are the stony-ground, the thorny-ground, and the wayside hearers (Matt. xiii). It is a fearful thing to become Gospel hardened, through the power of unbelief. The Gospel declares, "*He that believeth not shall be damned*" (Mark xvi. 16).

THE INWARD CALL.

The calling of the Holy Spirit through the Word reaches the heart. It is internal, effectual, and spiritual (Rom. viii. 28-30; 1 Peter ii. 9; v. 10). It is the beginning of the work of grace in the elect vessel of mercy. Its result is a spiritual conviction of sin, and a genuine conversion to God. There is an absolute necessity for such a "*call*," because by nature man is "*blind*," "*dead in trespasses and sins*" (1 Cor. ii. 14; 2 Cor. iv. 4; Eph. ii. 1). But natural convictions are sometimes mistaken for the work of the Holy Spirit. To clear this up, we must briefly describe these

NATURAL CONVICTIONS.

The conscience of a man may be aroused by various causes to the intensifying of that innate sense of sinfulness common to all men, which, accompanied with some knowledge of the letter of God's Word, will be sufficient to produce alarm and terror, often to a great degree. Such conviction as this has many times been taken for true conversion. But, if there is no sign of a spirit of prayer, no being brought to the feet of Jesus, and no real humility of soul before God, it is but natural. The distress is the effect of sin being brought home to the sinner in a way of retribution. He is writhing under the lashes of a guilty conscience. When the circumstances which have caused his sufferings are removed, such an one either returns to the world

tenfold more a child of hell than before, or else settles down into a carnal, dead profession of religion, satisfied with outward reformation.

SPIRITUAL CONVERSION.

Very different is the fruit and effect of the operation of the Spirit of God, when He displays the riches of His grace in the effectual calling of His children out of darkness into His marvellous light. There is a mystery in this calling which is often especially seen in relation to the *time* when the voice divine first reaches the soul. We must ever remember that the *fact* of conversion and the *consciousness* of conversion are two different things. It may take place early in childhood before memory awakes, or so imperceptibly and incomprehensibly, that it is possible for a person to be truly converted and yet not to know that he possesses divine life. But spiritual life always manifests itself, even from the first, in spiritual feelings, which are of two kinds—either despairing, dark, sorrowful, or hopeful, bright, comfortable. These correspond to the twofold work of the Holy Ghost upon the soul (in effectual calling) of the *Law* and of the *Gospel*.

LAW WORK.

The Lord calls His people by the powerful application of His holy Law, by which they are made to *feel* the exceeding sinfulness and bitterness of sin. "By the Law is the knowledge of sin" (Rom. iii. 20), because "sin is the transgression of the Law" (1 John iii. 4); hence, when the Law comes with its condemning, killing power, sin revives, and the sinner dies to all help or hope in it or in self (Rom. vii. 9). This must needs be experienced in some measure. We cannot be healed without being wounded, nor can we be saved in Christ unless lost in self. The Lord wounds and He heals. He kills by the application of the Law, and makes alive by the application of the Gospel. The first is preparatory to the second (Gal. iii. 24). Now when a poor soul *feels* the awfulness of his state by nature as a sinner under the curse of a broken Law, and that he is justly exposed to the wrath of God, there is created within him a twofold desire: first, to get rid of sin; and, second, to flee from the wrath to come. But the more he strives against sin's power, he sins and stumbles but the more. So far from getting rid of sin, he does but feel to add to his sins. The Law helps him not. He proves that by its deeds he can never be justified. Neither does the Law reveal the way of escape from the wrath of God against sin. On the contrary, he finds by painful experience that while the Law demands *love* (Rom. xiii. 10), it worketh *wrath* (Rom. iv. 15); while it claims perfect obedience (James ii. 10), it makes

manifest nothing but sin, which is disobedience (Rom. v. 20). The office of the Law is to reveal sin and self to the sinner, and thus it drives to despair. There is nothing healing or life-giving in the ministration of death (2 Cor. iii. 7). Indeed,

" Law and terrors do but harden
All the while they work alone."

Oh, the poor guilty sinner passing through this experience *knows* and *feels* that he is lost, ruined, hopeless, and undone in himself. When brought down to this state, the Lord calls with another voice. He speaks a second time in the application of

THE GOSPEL.

Let us take a striking instance from the New Testament, which illustrates the present subject admirably, namely, the case of the leper, whose history is recorded in Mark i. 40-45. See the poor man covered with the loathsome disease, perishing without remedy or hope. By the application of the Law to his case through the priest, he had been pronounced unclean, and separated from Israel. By virtue of his state as a leper, and by the operation of the Law, he was utterly given over to death. He knows it, he feels it. He has sought in vain for healing. His case is now hopeless, helpless, hapless. Just then, tidings are brought to him of One who is able to heal him and save him. Good news indeed! The Gospel is good news of a Saviour and a Healer. Those, however, who needed not a Healer and Saviour, would turn deaf or indifferent ears to the tidings. But the needy, dying leper gladly receives the good news, which produces the effect of immediately bringing him to the feet of Jesus just as he is, law-condemned, unclean, unfit. This is the result of the Gospel applied with power. It works faith in the heart, for "faith cometh by hearing [of Jesus], and hearing by the Word of God" (Rom. x. 17). It enables and encourages him to venture to the Saviour's feet, and then and there produces real prayer in him. Listen to the leper's plea, "If Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean." Here was *faith* in the Saviour's *power*—"Thou canst"; and *hope* in His *willingness*—"If Thou wilt." Who can tell? Why not for me? Yes, the leper's only hope was in the Lord's willingness to save *him*. Such a hope is never put to shame. That prayer, which is founded on faith in Christ's power to save, and hope in His willingness to do so, is always heard and answered sooner or later. Jesus never, no never, no never casts out those who thus come to Him (John vi. 37).

Such is the powerful Gospel call, by which poor sinners are called to the feet of Jesus, to receive from Him life, cleansing, and healing.

DISTINCTIONS.

Now, mark the distinction between Law and Gospel. The Law reveals self and sin; the Gospel reveals a Saviour, and thus becomes "the power of God unto salvation" (Rom. i. 16). The Law drives from every false refuge; the Gospel leads the soul to the only true Refuge. The Law declares God's curse against sin; the Gospel proclaims God's mercy in Christ to the sinner. The Law wounds, yea, kills to sin, with the arrows of conviction; the Gospel binds up the broken-hearted, and makes alive unto God, with its rich, consolatory revealings of the balmy blood of a precious Christ.

THE WALK OF THE CALLED.

Life from God leads to living for God. Presumptuous hypocrites, and carnal, contentious professors, misunderstand, despise, and too often villify the humble, consistent lives of those who desire to "walk worthy of the vocation wherewith they are called" (Eph. iv. 1), according to the precepts of God's holy Word, and the enablings of His grace. God's people are "called to be saints" (Rom. i. 7; 1 Cor. i. 2); they are called *out* of darkness into light (1 Peter ii. 9), in order that they may show forth His praises who called them. It is a "holy calling" (2 Tim. i. 9), for "God hath not called us unto uncleanness but unto holiness" (1 Thess. iv. 7).

CONCLUSION.

Here we stay our pen. It is a mercy to be enabled to give gracious heed, by the Spirit of God, to the Word of God, in seeking day by day to make our calling sure, and by this means will our election to eternal life be proved sure. The living family of grace desire sure work. Now, nothing is clearer in the Scriptures of truth than this, that effectual calling is the proof of election (2 Pet. i. 10). If we are called, it is "according to His purpose" (Rom. viii. 28). Therefore, with the Lord's help, we will, in our next paper, consider the most comfortable and precious doctrine of ELECTION.

Leicester.

E. C.

THE prudence I seek is not that which smacks of the flesh and the world, which leads us rather to extinguish truth than to be willing to brave danger for the glory of God and the salvation of our neighbour who ignorantly errs; for most people interpret prudence to mean that they must bury Christ Himself for fear of incurring the odium of the world.—*Calvin.*

OUR GOD.

"Who is a God like unto our God?"

SOLEMN! eternal! "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth; the heaven and the earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory." He is God—Jehovah—the Almighty, and none else beside—our God—the God of vengeance. "Vengeance is Mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." The God of justice—the all-wise Creator. And "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." The Christian's privileges, both temporal and spiritual, have not a greater portion than this; many may say, I believe there is a God, &c., but are there many who soberly, honestly, and conscientiously can say, "Our God?" "Awful thought! to think that myriads on this vast globe know not God. He is our God. What can we say? Can words sufficiently portray Him? can the mind conceive, or the soul imagine His supreme Deity? We must and will continually praise His "great and holy Name," for He hath said, "I am the Lord thy God, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt; open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." We can see by this He is a gracious God, He will not permit us to hunger in body or soul; thou shalt have a "feast of fat things, wines on the lees well refined"; thou shalt be filled with gracious promises—in fact, thou shalt never hunger, for if thy mouth is filled by the Lord, thou shalt never want. Fear not, He is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind; and what He hath once promised He never will, nor ever can break, so "Glory ye in His holy Name."

Our God. The God of love—in His all-seeing providence and His infinite mercies, wherein David saith, "If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there; if I make my bed in hell (the grave), behold, Thou art there." And much is He wanted, for no sinner can stand without His hand, for He is the strength of their salvation; and let Him not cover their head in battle—they must be lost. Hence says Haweis—

"Thou precious Lord, the sinner's Friend,
Whose love no measure knows, nor end;
Supported by Thy powerful arm,
I dread no foe, I fear no harm."

The God of justice. "Who! who is a God like unto our God?" Angels say, none; the Christian, "Thou art my God, there is none else;" devils at His presence tremble, none dare to slur His "great and holy Name." Our just desert was hell, we can never merit heaven.

All His ways are just. He is great and good; His Name is great in Israel." He is from everlasting to everlasting, without

beginning and without end ; His throne is matchless glory ; He shineth forth from between the cherubims ; angels cannot seek into His Divinity ; He is known only to the Son, who through grace reveals Him to us. He is the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob ; a great King above all gods. He is a God of mercy, as well as of vengeance ; a God of love, as well as of justice. There is none that can stand before Him ; Jehovah-Jah, high and mighty, Lord God of heaven and earth ; and so matchless is His glory, so supreme is His Deity, so holy is His Name, so terrible among gods, so infinite is His mercy, such an all-seeing Providence, whose kingdom is without beginning and without end, who was before all things, that the Christian, with the eye of faith, can behold and cry aloud, despite of all the world, " Who is a God like unto our God"—*Daniel Webb*.

THE REVOCATION OF THE EDICT OF NANTES.

THE establishment of Henry IV. on the throne of France, the peace, which was founded on the Edict of Nantes, secured to the Huguenots the right to worship God in the way their conscience allowed them. The Edict was published in the year 1598. In 1629, by the measures of Richelieu, they were *compelled* to apply themselves to agriculture, trade, and manufacture, which abundantly compensated them for the other large restrictions imposed upon them. In many parts of the country the whole of the wine, woollen, and paper trade was carried on exclusively by Protestants. The extent of their paper trade was so great that England bought every year 4,500,000 livres worth. The silk manufacturers of Tours and Lyons, so flourishing in the middle of the seventeenth century, are also said to have owned nearly all their splendour to the industry of Protestant workmen. Such, we are told, was the position of the Protestants prior to the Revocation of the Edict. We shall now briefly notice what the Revocation actually was, and its results. From 1662 to 1685, a series of measures were adopted all tending to the injury of the Protestants. They were gradually excluded from all public employment, prohibited from entering any profession, and assailed in the daily exercise of their religion, in the education of their children, and in the management of their families.

In 1680 a royal declaration forbade Roman Catholics to embrace the reformed religion under the penalty of the "galleys" for life.

An Edict of 1681 allowed children to abjure at the age of seven years ; and, if a child of that age could be induced to enter a church to kiss an image of the Virgin, or make the sign of the cross, any of these acts was sufficient to justify them in taking

the child from its parents and compelling them to make an allowance for its maintenance proportionate to their supposed ability. In the same year began the "dragonades," which meant the quartering of soldiers upon the Protestants, with an unlimited licence to plunder and oppress them; and to this treatment all the provinces in the kingdom were in turn subjected. At last, in October, 1685, the Edict of Nantes was revoked. By the Edict of Revocation, the churches of the Protestants were directed to be demolished, and all exercise of their worship to cease, as well in private houses as in the castles of the nobles, under pain of confiscation of body and goods. Ministers who refused to be converted were ordered to quit the kingdom within fifteen days, under pain of the galleys. Protestant schools were to be closed; Protestant children born after the publication of the Edict were to be baptized by the Popish priest, and brought up in the religion of Rome. A period of four months was granted to refugees to return to France and abjure; when that time expired, their property was to be confiscated. All the provisions of the law regarding lapsed converts were confirmed, and to complete the iniquity of this decree, it was ordered "that under pain of the 'galleys' for men, and of imprisonment and confiscation of goods for women, no Protestant should quit the country or carry their goods abroad." Such were the terms of the Edict that revoked the Edict of Nantes. All the Protestants who preferred exile to the denial of their religion departed, and, though we are told by the author from whom we take these facts that it is impossible to ascertain the exact number of those who left, yet he computes that out of 1,000,000, at least 250,000 or 300,000 left France.

What France lost others gained. The emigrants carried to England and other countries the industry, the knowledge, and the skill, which had hitherto enriched France. It appears that 70,000 manufacturers were dispersed throughout England, the greater number of whom established themselves in London, in the neighbourhoods of Soho, St. Giles, and the uninhabited parts of Spital-fields, and are inhabited still by their descendants. This is what the Papacy did for France, and what it would do for us if it had the power. May God in His mercy defend us from ever falling beneath its sway again!

To humble ourselves, is the only way to rise.

O LORD, who is a God like unto Thee, "Declaring the end from the beginning, and from ancient times the things that are not yet done, saying, My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure"—(Isaiah xli. 10).

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

To the Editor of the Sower.

DEAR MR. HULL,—I have many times thought of writing to you, to tell you how I have felt encouraged by reading the letters in the Seekers' Corner, but have put the thought aside, thinking I might be sorry afterwards that I had ever ventured to do such a thing. I have many times felt an echo in my heart to the Seekers' desires, hopes, and fears. I know that if ever I am saved, it will be, it must be, all of freest grace and unmerited mercy, for most sensibly do I feel I can do no good thing. For even with death staring me in the face, I have *proved* that—

“I could not frame a good desire,
If all the world to me were given;
Nor could I to a wish aspire,
If one good wish would purchase heaven.”

Christ will get to Himself *all* the glory in saving poor sinners; of that I am assured; but will He save me? Am I one of His chosen ones? I cannot depend upon what any man thinks of me. I want the Lord Himself to speak, and assure me that I am one of His. I would be thankful for the smallest hope in His mercy, and I have been led to hope at times that I shall “stand every storm and live at last.” I believe I can say I love the Lord's people, and I love to see His chosen people called, and brought to the feet of Jesus crying for mercy. No earthly favour is once to be compared to this—to be one of God's children. I can see for others, and love them for the grace of God I see in them; and I am at times ashamed of myself, that I go to the house of God so prayerless: and then, perhaps, while there, I am raised to a little hope; then I cannot help exclaiming, “How good the Lord is, after all my baseness and backwardness, to give me a hope that after all it will be well with me.” I can hardly remember the time I did not desire to be one of the Lord's children, and wished I loved the same things that they did. I looked upon them as the most favoured, safest, and happiest people upon earth; for I thought, whatever might occur to them, it was, and would be, well with them. But I so often fear my beginning was not right—that I came not in by the door, but climbed up some other way. But Christ is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and I have no other hope but in Him. May you be helped and encouraged to go on sowing the good word of life; and may the Lord bless you, and guide you continually, is the desire of,

Your friend,

October 3rd, 1892.

M. F.

[The Lord hear thee, bless thee, shine upon thee, and fill thee with peace and joy, through Jesus' precious blood.—ED.]

THE SINNER'S FRIEND.

SWEETEST of names! to all believers dear,
 Now let our grateful thanks to heaven ascend—
 To Him the Infinite, who deigns to be
 The sinner's Friend.

He saw our helpless state, condemned to die,
 And—wondrous thought!—our God would condescend
 To lay aside His glory and become
 The sinner's Friend.

No worldly pomp or honour marked His birth:
 Though angels from the starry heights descend,
 Proclaiming His advent—they need Him not,
 The sinner's Friend.

There in a stable, midst the oxen, see
 Him on whose word creation doth depend;
 Lower than angels made, that He might be
 The sinner's Friend.

“What! this obscure, unknown, unlearned man?”
 How bitterly the notion does offend;
 Misguided people! how they hate and spurn
 The sinner's Friend.

“Away with Him, the imposter!” hear them cry;
 “Not on this Nazarene will we depend.”
 Received not by His own, they proudly scorned
 The sinner's Friend.

Behold Him now on Calvary's cursed tree;
 “Father, forgive them,” hear His prayer ascend;
 “In ignorance they do it,” knowing not
 The sinner's Friend.

But—blessed privilege!—we know His name,
 And on it may in every strait depend;
 Friend of the friendless He, and, sweeter still,
 The sinner's Friend.

All our iniquities and sins He bore,
 With Him a blissful future we shall spend;
 To Him our grateful thanks and praise arise,
 The sinner's Friend.

E. C. MARSH.

To be sure a man is proud of that which he scorns another for the want of.

If a man is not content in that state he is in, he will not be content in any state he would be in.

ON ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

IT appears to the writer that the 14th verse of the 5th chapter of the 1st Epistle of John, is not sufficiently remembered by many godly persons, namely, "And this is the confidence that we have in Him, that if we ask anything *according to His will*, He heareth us." Now, it does not meet the case of the children of God, in very trying circumstances, to be told that one reason of their prayers not being answered is, because they have not faith that they will be. For instance, how can we know that it is according to the Lord's will—say, in a case of lingering illness, personal or relative—that it should be relieved if we believed it would be? and how can we so believe ~~without~~ a warrant of Holy Scripture? Where a warrant is included in the variety and comprehensiveness of Divine promises, our case is clear enough; but facts prove that some of our prayers, in circumstantialia, remain unanswered, though they be importunate and frequently reiterated. It may sound orthodox to the novice to listen to gifted and fluent public teachers, who may put their hearers upon "their faith" in the abstract, but faith requires a foundation; fancies are not faith.

There are various kinds of faith: that which is peculiar to the regenerated has God for its supreme object, and Divine revelation for its principal basis. Our precious privilege is, in everything, by prayer and supplication, to let our requests be made known unto God, the eye of faith being fixed on the Divine perfections of our covenant God, by the aid of the Holy Ghost, and fortified by the sure Scriptures; we are to follow hard after acquiescence with, and submission to, the Lord's will, and ask with unwavering confidence in God that He will do as seemeth to Him good. But how we are to know that under great and long-continued affliction, either personal or relative, it may be the Lord's will to do what we so earnestly ask and long for, without a clear warrant, the writer fails to see, and consequently the continuation of the trial cannot be attributed to our lack of faith in this respect. When the Lord gives special faith, under any such circumstances, He will answer that faith, and His people will praise Him.

Our business is to pray on still, watching thereunto; faith will discover now and again answers to prayer in accordance with Divine promise: though some particular affliction may not be removed, there are silver fringes to clouds, and the buoyant nature of faith will, on review, perceive much mercy in very trying circumstances. There are incidents in the daily life of God's praying people which really are answers to prayer. They may not be always definitely or formally asked for; some such incidents may be considered small by some, but to those who are

in circumstances to need them, they are pondered over to the praise of God. Our reasoning powers may fail in perceiving the why of some dispensations of Divine Providence, but God's will is superior to all the reasons we are capable of conjecturing, and the crowning mercy of all is that our resource is in God.

HENRY COUSENS.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAREST E——,—I must ask your forgiveness again in not writing before. I have been very poorly, and am not feeling much better now, my bodily strength seems so very low. At the same time, in my right mind, I would not murmur, but desire to say, feelingly, "Thy will be done, dear Lord," and this we cannot do unless He gives us His love, and the grace of faith to do so. Oh, my dear E——, I feel more than ever, that without Him I can do nothing but sin. I am writing more freely to you, as I believe you know something of the above exercises, and I ask the Lord, in my poor way, night and morning, to bless and keep those dear young friends that I have a special love for and interest in—yourself, the Misses N——, Miss E——, Miss E. H——, and also my own beloved children. I know full well the snares and deceitfulness of a wicked world, having passed nearly sixty years in it, and, indeed, I feel the world does not get better, but *worse*. But I believe these dear young friends have parents that desire to watch over you and them, as much as lies in their power, by prayer and admonition, as we have often heard from your dear father's lips in the school, and our beloved pastor in the pulpit. Oh, how thankful my dear young friends ought to be for such teaching; may the Lord give them grace to see it; and as I feel to hope they are the subjects of living desires, may the Lord help me to encourage them. This is my prayerful desire for them, that they may be "Safe in the arms of Jesus," recline on His loving breast, till He calls them to be with Him, "where sin nor fear molest." Well, dear E——, I must now draw to a close, and may you be like Ruth of old, clinging to God's people, desiring their God to be your God; and if He has begun the good work (as I believe He has), He will carry it on and perfect it in you. With much love and the best of wishes, I desire to remain your loving friend and late teacher, S. P.

P.S.—Excuse mistakes; I am writing this in bed, at six o'clock a.m. You will see I began it ten days back.

Tunbridge Wells, August 15th, 1892.

THE EDITOR'S CLOSING REMARKS FOR 1892.

BELOVED FRIENDS,—Our closing remarks for this present year must be very brief, as we are very weak, and our time is limited, the Magazines having to be completed very early, in order that the yearly volumes may be prepared in good time. The Lord has, in mercy, brought us nearly to the close of 1892. Oh for grace to be thankful to Him. While many dear friends here and there have been removed by death, we are still spared; and notwithstanding that afflictions have come upon us, from time to time, we have been helped on in our work: and though feeling many times unfit for the burden, and wondering how we should meet the monthly demand for the Magazines, as well as other calls upon our time and strength, yet, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us," and we desire to bless His name. We are but frail, and our labours, performed under many disadvantages, are very poor compared with what we desire they should be. Nevertheless, the Lord knows we have a willing mind for His work, and He has given us proof that our offering is accepted by Him accordingly. What a mercy, we at times feel it to be, that we have One for our Master who is God and not man, and who is more considerate, tender, and compassionate than we may expect even His and our friends to evidence themselves to be. Yet we rejoice to know that we have a goodly multitude of loving, sympathetic, and praying friends, who feel for us in weakness and toil, and who pray for the success of the work we are engaged in, for the salvation of souls, for the peace of Jerusalem, and the profit of the Church of Christ. Go on, dear friends, to seek to hold up our hands by wrestling prayer and brotherly help. We greatly prize your sympathetic and godly co-operation, and we trust we shall never find it to fail or grow slack. Our days on earth are growing fewer; the foe is rapidly advancing. Many, who should be helping friends, are sleeping, and others are opposing our work of contending for the faith once delivered to the saints. Let us be up and doing while it is day, relying on the God of Gideon and of David, who has said, "Lo, I am with you alway." May He graciously guide and preserve us each to His heavenly kingdom, is the prayer of,

THE EDITOR.

PRIDE is founded on error and self-ignorance.

BELIEVERS must be humble for sin pardoned, and because it is pardoned.

NEITHER contentment nor discontentment, arises from the outward condition, but from the inward disposition.

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