

Theology on the *Web.org.uk*

Making Biblical Scholarship Accessible

This document was supplied for free educational purposes. Unless it is in the public domain, it may not be sold for profit or hosted on a webserver without the permission of the copyright holder.

If you find it of help to you and would like to support the ministry of Theology on the Web, please consider using the links below:



Buy me a coffee

<https://www.buymeacoffee.com/theology>



PATREON

<https://patreon.com/theologyontheweb>

PayPal

<https://paypal.me/robbradshaw>

A table of contents for *The Sower* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_the-sower_01.php



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 knewest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."—ECCLES. xi. 6.

VOL. XVI., NEW SERIES.

1894.



LONDON :
HOULSTON AND SONS, 7, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS ;
AND E. WILMSHURST, BOOKSELLER, BLACKHEATH, S.E.

LONDON :

PRINTED BY W. H. AND L. COLLINGRIDGE,
148 AND 149, ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.

INDEX.

	PAGE		PAGE
Begin at My Sanctuary ...	85	God is Omnipotent ...	92
Boorne, Mr. James, the Late	6	Green, Mrs., Memoir of ...	246
Brands Plucked Out of the		"Grieve not the Holy Spirit" ...	222
Fire ...	109, 136		
Brewer, Jehoida ...	99	Haweis, Rev. T., LL B. ...	267
		Hawker, Dr. ...	57
Christ a Retreat to His Saints	45	"Hear thou the Word of the	
Christ and Antichrist ...	162	Lord" ...	259
Christ crucified ...	33	Hear what the Lord hath	
Christian Happiness ...	92	done for me... ..	111
Cleaving to the Promise ...	269	"He is Lord of All" ...	245
Closing Words for 1891 ...	283	Herbert, Daniel ...	219
Communion necessary to Ser-		Hiding Place, The... ..	99
vise ...	24	Holiness ...	184
		"Holy Priesthood, A" ...	212
Death and Glory ...	178		
Desires of the Heart ...	232	"I do Set this Bow in the	
Dutton's, Mrs. Anne, Exer-		Cloud" ...	261
cises of Soul respecting			
Great Gransden ...	36	Knill, Mr. Robert Parminter,	
		the Late ...	123
Ears to Hear ...	206		
Eathorn, Jonas, History of ...	185	Left Behind ...	107
Editor's New Year's Saluta-		Letters for the Young 20, 48,	
tion, The ...	3	71, 93, 120, 143, 167, 192,	
Exercises of Soul in Affliction	17	240, 264, 283	
Extract, An ...	76	Letter of Sympathy by the	
Extract from an Old Unpub-		Late Mr. Covell ...	213
lished Letter ...	144	Light at Evening Time ...	165
		Lines on the Death of Mrs.	
Fletcher on the Origin of		J. Gurr, Sen. ...	13
Moral Evil ...	154	Lines Written after Hearing	
Forgiveness ...	66	a Sermon by Mr. Hull ...	90
Fowler, Henry, of Gower		Lush, Mr. William ...	75
Street, London 27, 51, 78,			
102, 130, 157, 196		Manna Gatherers, The... ..	230
Fragments of a Sermon		"Memory of the Just is	
preached by Mr. Harbour	100	Blessed," The ...	59
Freeman, Mr. Joseph, Me-		"My Sheep Hear My Voice" ...	260
moir of ...	171		
		Nature and Faith ...	207
Gathered Lamb, A... ..	233	Newton's, John, Tomb at	
Glory in Tribulation ...	72	Olney ...	195

	PAGE
Notes of a Sermon preached by the Late Mr. James Boorne	114
Notes of a Sermon preached by Mr. J. P. Wiles, at Ely	126
"O Jesus"	58
On Jesus' Bosom	139
Panting Spirit, A	211
Passage from Witsius, A ...	58
Peaceful Home, The	176
Prayer	21
Precious Blood of Christ, The	231
Precious Testimony, A... ..	40
Pulpit Gleanings	14, 87
Reprobation	86
Rod of the Wicked and the Lot of the Righteous, The	180, 208

	PAGE
Sanctified Affliction	280
Seekers' Corner, The 22, 43, 68, 94, 117, 140, 164, 189, 214, 239, 262, 278	
Simeon, Charles, of Cam- bridge	147
Sin of Unbelief, The	63
Song of Thanksgiving, A ...	221
Sonnet	195
Supply System, The	256, 275
Thoughts on Last Letter ...	216
Through Tribulation to the Kingdom	70
To Die is Gain	177
Warring against Sin	191
What is the Cross?	125
"When the King Comes In"	153
Wilkinson, Watts... ..	243
"Yes, Lord"... ..	77



JAMES BOORNE.
(See page 6.)

THE EDITOR'S NEW YEAR'S SALUTATION.

DEAR READERS OF THE SOWER, AND FELLOW-TRAVELLERS IN THE PATH OF TRIBULATION to that heavenly country where all the ransomed Church of Christ shall gather and stand, without spot and without blame before Him in love,—Through the tender mercy of our gracious God, we are again favoured to salute you as we enter on another year, and in love we say, “The Lord be with you”; yes, this is our earnest prayer and hope in your behalf. And what more can be desired here below? If Jacob’s God leads, feeds, preserves and smiles upon you, you will be in a happy case, even if you do not always feel happy in yourselves. For His Word says, “If we believe not, yet He abideth faithful, He cannot deny Himself.” He knows no variableness nor the shadow of turning; He rests in His love, and those whom He loves He loves to the end. He hateth putting away. Where can such love as this be found on earth? Only where He sheds it abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost. There it will be known as the love of God, and the fruits and effects of it will spread a savour sweet, refreshing, comforting, gladdening, and drawing, among the flock of little ones who want to know Christ and to be like Him. These are they who cry unto Him, “Draw me, we will run after Thee.” Yes, they want to run, and that in a large-hearted way, but they often feel so weighted, crippled, and contracted that they can scarcely crawl along the road, yet it is in their heart to run; the Lord has given them the will; this is “some good thing *toward* the Lord God of Israel,” and toward Him it will tend and bend, in desire, supplication, and struggle; and He will surely encourage and perform the good work He has begun in every little one who cries, “Lord, help me.” To all these He has said, “Fear not, little flock, it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom.” The way to it is through much tribulation, but the end is certain victory, since Jesus the great Forerunner is already within the veil; and He says, “Where I am there also shall My servant be.” Take encouragement then, ye little weaklings in faith, for He is both able and faithful to perform His word. Yes, and all His saints shall ere long come to the acknowledgment, that not one good thing has failed of all He has promised.

You that have borne the burden and heat of the day, and you who are in the thick of the conflict, may look toward the finish with hope and gladness, for the Word declares, “Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him.”

Dear friends, at present the day is still dimmed by ominous

clouds, both in the religious and political world. In the former there is a determination to level religion to natural conceptions and tastes, as is evidenced by the revival of sacerdotalism, superstition, priestcraft, and religious idolatry in the so-called National Church, and the open avowal of anti-Christian beliefs which culminate in Socinianism, Rationalism, and infidelity among the general Nonconformists. These are evil omens for the rising generation, and our heart feels sad as we ask, "What is the living Church of Christ doing in opposition to this?" Is she not for the most part sitting at ease and manifesting indifference? We know that the Lord is able to work the overthrow and destruction of these forces of Satan, and we know that the salvation of all His elect is a certainty. Paul and the other Apostles knew all this, so did Luther, Calvin, the Martyrs, Whitefield, and other like noble and zealous men of God. But they did not fold their arms, neither did they seek to take the work of God out of the hands of the Holy Ghost. Nevertheless, they went forth weeping, praying, and sowing the Gospel seed, in opposition to the foes of Christ and His cause, hoping thereby to be the means of turning men from darkness to light, and of gathering the lost sheep to the Gospel fold; and He honoured them with good success. Oh, for more of that blessed spirit and mind of Christ among us which thus actuated them! May the Lord in mercy pour it upon us from on high, and may peace and prosperity prevail in Zion as the blessed result. Brethren, let us wrestle with God for this; let us pray for and seek the peace of His Jerusalem; and may we have the sweet pleasure of seeing breaches healed, differences removed, and the brethren in Christ dwelling together in unity. Leaders are falling, faithful ambassadors are being called home, and we see but few raised up to *fill* the places of such men as our late valued friend, Mr. James Boorne, who was a faithful witness for Christ. The Lord in mercy give *Pastors* to His Church according to His promise, Jeremiah iii. 15. Oh! brethren, let us unitedly pray for this! The sands of our lives are fast running out. Oh, may we spend our days which are left us in seeking the good of souls and the glory of our Triune Lord, as becomes those who are born of God, and who fear and love Him in spirit and in truth.

And now, dear friends, in closing our New Year's salutation, we desire to address a few words to you who read the SOWER, as to friends and helpers in our work. You who have carefully read our Magazines, and compared their contents with the inspired Word, can witness that our aim has been to send forth the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth. And this we ever wish to do, notwithstanding that misrepresentations and influences may still be used to try and damage our

cause, and hinder our work, by those from whom we might have hoped better things than some we have already had to endure.

However, what God has taught us we are bound to declare. We have not received any part of truth to conceal it. Were we to do so, we could not be pure from the blood of those who listen to us. None are more convinced than we of man's *utter inability* to do anything of himself to promote his salvation, and we are as fully assured by the Spirit's teaching, that man's inability is the result of transgression alone. Therefore, when God, by His Word, makes demands upon men which they cannot fulfil, we must not say to them, God demands what *you cannot do*. But rather, God demands what *your transgression has rendered you unable to do*. This is laying sin at the right door, clearing God, and showing the sinner's inability to be his guilt. God being just in making His demands, and the sinner as responsible for his non-compliance as though he had never been rendered unable by his sin. And here shines forth the sovereignty of God in electing love and effectual grace, secured to all the chosen in Christ, who "were by nature the children of wrath even as others." All that God requires of them is provided in Christ, and they become partakers of covenant grace, and are new created by the Holy Ghost, who works all their works in them, which they work out with fear and trembling, and own that it is "By grace they are saved through faith; and that not of themselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast." These things we are commanded to teach and exhort, and, the Lord helping us, we hope to do so while we have life and ability preserved unto us, praying that they may be the savour of life unto life to many who may hear them, and they will certainly be an undeniable witness against those who treat them with indifference and scorn.

Dear readers, who know the Spirit's teaching, we thus write that our views may be understood, and we ask you, Are not these things according to truth? Have you not been made to know them, in some measure at least, and do they not at times lay you in the dust, and bring great glory to Him who made you to differ from the world dead in sin? Oh, that we may live to show forth the praise of Him who loved and redeemed us, as those who are born of God.

Brethren, pray for us, and help us in our work, by spreading our Magazines wherever you can; and may the Lord make them to many the savour of life unto life, is the prayer of yours in hope,

THE EDITOR.

THE LATE MR. JAMES BOORNE,

PASTOR OF DEVONSHIRE ROAD CHAPEL, GREENWICH.

'We are grieved that you are so ill,' was our first remark to our dear friend, Mr. James Boorne, when we visited him upon his dying bed. "Grieved! why are you grieved? What is there to grieve for?" was his prompt reply; and we had to confess that our grief, perhaps, arose from selfishness; but it seemed hard to part with those we love, and who, through the Lord's blessing, had been made so useful to us.

We were privileged to know our departed pastor for thirty years, and we ever found him a steadfast friend, and in every sense a true pastor; and we well know that his family, his friends, his Church, and his country have suffered a loss by his death that only the Lord can repair.

Some nine years ago we spent a fortnight with Mr. Boorne in North Wales, and one day, during a beautiful walk by the Menai Straits, he related how the Lord had led him and kept him from his youth up. Many cutting trials and exercises of mind he told us of with tears, but always in connection therewith he told us of the Lord's goodness in supporting and delivering him. At the close of our walk a dark cloud appeared in the sky, which was presently spanned by one of the most beautiful rainbows we had ever seen, which seemed to form an arch right over the Menai Straits, and a vessel was coming up right under the cloud and the bow. What an emblem we there beheld of what our friend had been relating! Clouds had hovered over him, as against wind and tide he had striven heavenward, but in all of them the covenant promise had been fulfilled, "When I bring a cloud upon the earth, My bow shall be seen in the cloud;" and never was this more manifest than during the last two weeks of his life. During the first week the cloud was so thick of gloom and despondency, that he groaned under a darkness that might be felt. The last week the bow so obliterated the cloud, that our dying friend could say, "It seems as if I had never had a trouble in my life. I have not a feather weight of care."

Sixty years ago, in October, 1833, James Boorne entered upon his earthly career. He was favoured to have praying parents, who wisely counselled him, but the Lord only could give him grace; and the Lord did begin to work in his heart at a very early age, for when only six he had serious impressions in respect to eternity. A minister (who had only one eye) quoted solemnly in the pulpit, "God is angry with the wicked every day." A few days after, when the child was at play, the words were again spoken to his conscience, and in such a powerful manner that he was convinced of their truth, and had the childish thought that,

if hell should be his lot, he hoped it might be a very cold day when he was banished there, and not a hot summer's day as it was then. His brother Thomas taught him a prayer, which he used to repeat, and felt quite a little Pharisee for his supposed goodness. The death of this brother, who died in the Lord, helped to still further deepen the conviction in his soul. One Sunday he took up a book of Bunyan's, and his eye met the following lines :—

“ Though through those brazen gates they may
The saints in glory see,
Yet this will not their grief allay,
But more their torment be.”

And bitter were his feelings at the thought that he should see his parents in glory, while he would be excluded.

These feelings led him to seek for mercy, and to look out for any evidence that might give him a gleam of hope ; which was soon given, for he went one day to London to hear the late Mr. Shorter, and a hymn was given out, which was applied with power, and seemed the language of his soul—

“ Dear Lord, may I a mourner be
Over my sins and after Thee ;
And when my mourning days are o'er,
Enjoy Thy comforts evermore.”

Mr. Boorne profited much under Mr. Shorter's ministry, and noted particularly two of his remarks which were helpful to him. “ Some people,” said Mr. Shorter, “ are troubled about a law work in the soul. The Word says, ‘ Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.’ If you are *thirsty*, you have had a law work, and you are welcome to Jesus Christ.” Again the good man observed, “ Some are troubled to know if they have had the blood of Jesus applied to their conscience. Do you feel that you can stake your all upon Christ, and are your affections entwined about Him ? If so, you have had His blood applied.”

Prayer, reading the Word, and attending the preached Gospel were now his delight. And one day a minister seemed particularly to describe his feelings, and then he asked his hearers, pointedly, which they would choose, “ To suffer affliction with the people of God, or to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season ? ” and our friend felt that affliction with the people of God was truly his choice. The next day after this sermon the words were applied with power, “ The Lord liveth ; and blessed be my Rock ; and exalted be the God of my salvation ” (Psalm xviii. 46).

After this he felt gradually to sink into a slothful state of soul ; but he went one day to hear the late Mr. Covell, at Croydon, who spoke from the words, “ Having a High Priest over the

house of God, let us draw near with a true heart," &c. (Heb. x. 21, 22). Mr. Covell powerfully spoke of the things that might prevent a child of God drawing nigh with a *true heart*. The word came home to our friend with a, "Thou art the man"; and wrought such repentance and prayer in his soul, that he was in the end enabled to draw nigh unto the Lord with a *true heart*, and the Priesthood of Jesus ever after became very precious to his soul. Some time after this he heard Mr. Frederick Marshall, from the words, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." Mr. Marshall spoke of *living to know Him, living to love Him, and living to serve Him*; and the word was so applied to the heart of our friend that he felt a full deliverance from bondage, and enjoyed that love which casteth out all fear.

Mr. Boorne soon began to feel exercised in respect to the ordinance of baptism, and the words being applied with power, "If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest," he was constrained to pass through the ordinance, and was baptized in September, 1860, at Gower Street Chapel, by the late Mr. William Freeman, who preached on the occasion from the words, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," &c. (Mark xvi. 15, 16), little knowing that our friend at the very time was greatly exercised in his mind respecting this important work; and he continued under these exercises for five and a-half years, such passages being applied to him as, "Thou shalt prophesy to My people Israel"; "Preach the Word"; "Do the work of an evangelist," &c. He was continually feeling his unfitness; but he was struck by the remark of a minister, "God calls sinners to preach to sinners."

A few years after baptizing Mr. Boorne, at Gower Street Chapel, Mr. Freeman was led to write to him, and tell him that from the time of his baptizing him at Gower Street, he had had the impression that the Lord designed him for the ministry of the Gospel. This letter caused our friend much concern, and at length he was led to write, and tell Mr. Freeman all his heart, who soon replied that he did not believe the Lord would allow him long to stand idle in His vineyard.

That same year (1865) he was staying at Ramsgate for a few days' holiday, when he was asked by Mr. Sharpe, the pastor of Mount Zion Chapel, to preach for him on the week night. This request, after much hesitation, he tremblingly complied with, and spoke from the words, "By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter" (Heb. xi. 24), and the Lord gave him liberty in preaching. Mr. Frederick Marshall was present, and at once asked Mr. Boorne to take an engagement for him at Hitchin, as he was unable to fulfil it; and thenceforward, for seven years,

Mr. Boorne continued to serve various Churches, receiving many more invitations than he was able to fulfil. But he was an exception to the rule, "A prophet is not without honour save in his own country," for his own people, amongst whom he had worshipped from a child, gladly heard him preach, and the little room at Counter Hill, New Cross, soon became inconveniently crowded with hearers, and in 1872 the Church gave him a call to the pastorate, which he accepted, and thenceforth, for twenty-one years, he laboured chiefly amongst his own people.

Soon after his acceptance of the pastorate, the Church and congregation removed to Devonshire Road Chapel, Greenwich, where much blessing attended the preached Word. In due time our friend was enabled to establish a Sunday School, also a Tract Society, and was ever ready to promote any lectures or meetings for the furtherance of our Protestant faith and the constitution of our country. A Dorcas Society was also established, in which the ladies of his congregation did much useful work. He showed his interest in their labours by frequently attending their meetings to speak a kind word to the workers, and to conclude their meeting with reading and prayer.

When a youth of about fourteen, he entered his first and only situation, which he retained till his death; and during a service of forty-six years, he rose step by step, and was for many years the trusted head of the counting-house, and his services were greatly valued by the heads of the firm.

We must also refer to the warm interest that Mr. Boorne took in our Magazines, the SOWER and the GLEANER. From the time that the Magazines came into the hands of the present Editor, he rendered valuable assistance to him, and several articles have appeared from his pen. One, "What are Protestants doing?" that appeared in the SOWER for January, 1886, and signed "J. B.," led Mr. Hull to suggest that steps should be taken to form a Calvinistic Protestant Society, which eventually led to the starting of the Calvinistic Protestant Union. But we must not enlarge further upon our friend's life, but come to his last days. It is hoped that in a few months a memorial volume will be published, in which will be found further interesting details.

It was in August of 1892 that Mr. Boorne was first led to seek medical advice in respect to those symptoms which, though slight at first, gradually gathered strength, and baffled the skill of the highest faculty. His friends watched with grief his gradual decline, but he was usually able to minister to them, although often in great weakness; and his words were with savour and power, and betokened a ripening for heaven. He was kept, for the most part, comfortable in his mind until about a fortnight

before his death, when the Lord seemed to withdraw His presence, and the enemy sensibly drew near; and never did our friend know such fiery darts as were then hurled into his mind. He preached for the last time on the first Lord's Day in November, 1893. His text in the morning was one that spoke to his then feelings, "Who is there amongst you that feareth the Lord, who walketh in darkness, and hath no light?" &c. (Isaiah l. 10); and in the evening he spoke from the words, "Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end" (John xiii. 1). At the close of the service he administered the Lord's Supper to his loving Church; but after this was over the enemy set in with greater force than ever, and as he was retiring to rest that night his face betokened the conflict he was enduring, and he exclaimed, "I am lost! I am lost!" The next morning the enemy again came with such power that he was tempted to believe "that he had preached to others, and was himself a cast-away." A heavy gloom rested on his spirit during the day, and one or two brethren who visited him tried affectionately to comfort him, and he felt encouraged by their visit; but the gloom remained until Tuesday morning, when it was quite removed, and from that time to the end his peace increased more and more. On this day, November 7th, Mr. Boorne was taken seriously worse, and it soon became manifest that the final change could not now be far distant. During the remaining days that he lingered many friends were able to visit him, and to each he spoke in the most affectionate and profitable manner; and the perfect peace that he was now favoured with was delightful to witness. During his last illness he was lovingly tended by his fond wife and a beloved friend and neighbour (one of his hearers), who both esteemed it a privilege to minister to his needs.

He sent the following beautiful message to his Church and people on the last Lord's Day of his life: "My love to the dear friends: tell them it has been my constant delight to preach the Word to them, and to look on their faces; but I shall see them no more on earth, as I am going up to gaze on the face of my Beloved."

The following were amongst his last sayings: "Tell Mr. Hull I die in the faith of the truths that I have believed, received, and taught. I have not followed any cunningly devised fables. He comforts me on every side. I could not have believed it possible to enjoy such sweet peace under my present circumstances; I seem scarcely to remember that I have ever had any troubles; He is fulfilling all His promises to me."

A few hours before he died he said, "Oh, what a calm! Now he fulfills His promise to me, 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee'" (Isaiah xxvi. 3).

Once he said, "Not Christ yet." On it being said to him, "There is but a thin veil between," he said, "Yes, yes." It was then said to him, "You will soon be home"; he answered, "Ah!" A friend said to him, a short time before he breathed his last, "You will soon awake in His likeness"; he replied, "A very little while." And so it proved, for an hour or two later his ransomed spirit left its tenement of clay, and entered into the presence of his Lord.

He died just after nine p.m., on November 14th, 1893, having recently completed his sixtieth year.

Mr. Boorne expressed a desire that Mr. Hull should bury him, and speak to his people after his death. With these requests Mr. Hull very kindly complied, and preached to the sorrowing congregation two profitable sermons, on Lord's Day, November 19th. The funeral services took place the next day, Monday, at two o'clock p.m. Devonshire Road Chapel was filled with a large number of sorrowing friends, most of them being attired in mourning, several ministers and friends being present, both from the neighbourhood and from long distances. The coffin, which was of polished oak, was carried into the chapel and placed in front of the pulpit, from which our departed friend had so often preached his hope of immortality through the Gospel. Mr. Hull first announced the hymn—

"The spirits of the just,
Confined in bodies, groan,
Till death consigns the corpse to dust,
And then the conflict's done."

He then read several solemn and comforting portions of Scripture, after which he gave a most suitable address, of which we can only give the barest outline.*

"It is often said, 'How did he die?' One has said, the most important question is, How did he live? With regard to our dear friend, Mr. Boorne, we can speak with pleasure concerning his life: he lived in the fear of God; his life was not a wasted one; he has left his mark behind him. He lived a life becoming a *citizen*; he took a deep interest in the welfare of the nation: he prayed for it, and rejoiced when things went well, and sorrowed when he saw them go ill. A good citizen, a faithful citizen, a praying citizen, an honourable citizen, has been removed from our midst."

"As a *servant*, his life was commendable; he served his employers as in the sight of God, and they know they have lost a faithful

* This and the address at the grave are to appear in full in the Memoir of Mr. Boorne, which is to be published.

servant. May his example be borne in mind by the young men and young women present this afternoon, and especially by those who have often heard the Word of God from his lips.

"As a husband and father, he lived and walked in his home and before his dear ones a godly life; he loved them, he laboured for them, he prayed for them, and sought their best interests. The widow knows she has lost one of the best of husbands that ever trod the earth; the children well know that they have lost a dear, loving, tender-hearted, godly father. I can only pray that each may live to prove the loving-kindness of God, in answer to his prayers.

"The Church has lost a faithful, devoted, affectionate, and God-honouring pastor. James Boorne was a servant of Christ, not of man; he never bartered his conscience, but sought to declare the whole counsel of God. As an ambassador of Christ, he acquitted himself honourably, to the glory of his Master and the good of precious souls. To the Church I would say, May the Great Shepherd look upon you in your state of widowhood, and in mercy supply the lack, and give some one to stand in the breach. May God bless the congregation, and sanctify this dispensation to the unconverted, that have often been admonished by him faithfully and affectionately.

"Do not forget his admonitions, do not forget his warnings. In him was exemplified the text from which (at his desire) I spoke last evening, 'Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.' His end was peace. How did he die? He died in the Lord; yes, he died in the Lord."

Mr. Hull then read some of the last sayings of the departed one, which were listened to with great interest, and concluded this portion of the service with prayer.

The coffin was then removed from the chapel, and the funeral procession proceeded to Brockley Cemetery, where, around the open grave, several hundreds of mourning friends were assembled.

Mr. Hull again gave a most suitable, though wisely brief address. Amongst other remarks, he said, "We commit all that is mortal of our dear friend and brother to the grave, in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection.

"Earthly cavern, to thy keeping
We commit our brother's dust;
Keep it safely, softly sleeping,
Till thy Lord demand thy trust."

"Ah! He is well laid in the grave, we leave him till the resurrection morning. Oh, may we by grace be able to endure and to finish

our course with joy, then we shall, with our dear friend, sing the song of grace, an eternal song of praise, before the throne of God and of the Lamb. May this, dear friends, be your portion and mine, for the dear Redeemer's sake. Amen."

Mr. Hull then pronounced the Benediction.

Blackheath.

E. WILMSHURST.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MRS. J. GURR, SEN.

CHIDDINGLEY, SUSSEX.

AND is it true that she is gone,
The friend we loved so well?
Yes, she is now before the throne,
Ever with Christ to dwell.

For many years she loved the truth,
And truly walked the same;
She often spoke to age and youth
Of Jesus' blessed name.

A favoured one she was indeed,
As many now can tell,
Who loved her as one justly named,
"Mother in Israel."

Afflictions often were her lot,
But great her joys were, too,
For often she has praised the Lord
For all He led her through.

O hallowed ground, O sacred spot,
Where we were wont to meet;
Though in a lowly little cot,
Those seasons have been sweet.

O happy saint, thy toils are o'er,
Thou art for ever blest;
For thou art now on yonder shore,
Enjoying heavenly rest.

Her aged husband, left behind,
Oft thinks of one so dear;
So like were they in heart and mind,
In sorrow, joy, and fear.

O'er sixty years, together they
Dwelt here in mutual love;
But now dear Jane has gone before,
To take her seat above.

The Lord support dear aged John,
And wipe his tears away;
Soon he will join the sacred throng,
And sing as loud as they. D.

PULPIT GLEANINGS.

"The joy that was set before Him."—HEBREWS xii. 3.

THESE words are connected with the Person and work of our Lord Jesus Christ. In the previous verses we are encouraged to run with patience the race set before us, and also not to be ignorant that a cloud of former witnesses for truth are watching our various movements; angels, too, are watching the movements of God's children, just as the large numbers assembled to witness the Grecian games, looking on to see the various ones carry out their parts. The cloud of witnesses mentioned in the previous chapter look upon us who are now running the heavenly race, and the hosts of God also view the heavenly runners. This sentence has deeply impressed my own mind. The work or joy that was set before Christ. God His Father set it before Him not at a peradventure, not as a trial, not with uncertain success—I may or I may not. With us it is so in many of our enterprises; but Christ knew that the work He undertook would be accomplished, and He came with all that confidence, with the joy set before Him, that every soul for whom He died would be brought safely through all, to be with Him for ever. He came to endure all the trials of His life, the bitter persecution and insults, and to go through the great work as suffering Surety and Mediator. He came knowing all this, but the joy set before Him sustained Him. The gift of the Father formed part of that joy. That gift was a precious gift of immortal souls, who would be brought into this world defiled with sin. Would you call that a precious gift? Leprous souls, guilty, filthy, wretched and vile, all sin—and these a gift to Christ? And in this gift of God the Father to His dear Son, there were just such characters. Christ had this joy set before Him, of seeing every one of them brought out from this state and made all righteous through His righteousness, all brought to work out their own salvation with fear and trembling, from the energy and powerful work of the Spirit in their hearts. And Christ said to His Father, "Thine they were, and Thou gavest them Me; and they have kept Thy word" (John xvii. 6). Included in this valuable list of precious souls is a number which no man can number, though all known to Him. And His Father says, "Here they are, I give them to You"—a rich gift from the Father to the Son.

But they were not only given ones, but also gathered ones. And this was another part of this joy, of seeing them all gathered out from the world from the ruin and rubbish of sin and death. Nor is there one poor broken-hearted sinner who has any cause to fear. Perhaps you say, "I know that He will gather in all His own, but will He

gather me? No one knows what I have been, what I have done. I have been an extortioner unjust, but I am now a poor broken-hearted sinner. Will the Lord save me?" Yes. He hates the sin, but He loves the sinner, the broken-hearted one, and to such He will say, in His own time, as He did to Zaccheus, "This day is salvation come to this house."

Then, again, I maintain that the Word of God is a representative book. I have known some who have said, "You do not know what a life I have lived, there cannot be gathering for me." Yes, there is. It was the joy of Christ to cast out devils from a Mary Magdalene, to raise the widow's son, to heal the sick, to pardon the woman who was a sinner, and to hear their tales of woe and sorrow. Another instance. "I have been a blasphemer; I want to be saved; I know I am a lost sinner; is it possible that the Lord will gather me?" Yes; take the case of Saul of Tarsus, who was before a blasphemer and a persecutor, yet the Lord had mercy on him and gathered him. Also the joy set before Him in different ages and under a variety of circumstances. I remember the desolate state of some villages where ungodliness of every description was rampant, Sabbath-breaking, and all kinds of wickedness practised. But God had a people there. He sent one of His servants, and in the midst of much opposition and persecution he preached the Gospel amongst them. The Lord broke their hard hearts, and many were gathered out and formed themselves into a little band of believers. Oh, the joy of Christ identified with that spot, where so many were gathered out by Him and the power of the Holy Spirit!

And it is no uncertainty with Him, for this joy is the joy also of a Conqueror. "For this purpose was the Son of God manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil." What is the strength of all the opposition, even of the apostate Church of Rome? and that is a mighty kingdom, and the prince of that kingdom, Satan, with all his emissaries, still works on. He does not mind profession and formality, but when you come to realities, then Satan trembles before the weakest praying child of God. The joy of Christ is the total destruction of Satan's kingdom; not one stone shall be left upon another that shall not be thrown down. The day is dawning when Babylon shall sink like a mighty millstone in the sea to rise no more. Lift up your heads with joy, too, for the hour draws near when every power and enemy that comes against Christ and His people shall be conquered. For this purpose was He manifested. "For He must reign, till He hath put all enemies under His feet" (1 Cor. xv. 25). Also as a Conqueror He will destroy what Satan sets up in our hearts and plagues us with, for the promise is, "Sin shall not have dominion over you" (Rom. vi. 14).

Christ will have joy, too, in the presentation of His people perfect, complete, without spot, wrinkle, or any such thing. Yes, a very happy time is coming, when He will deliver up His kingdom, its foundations laid in the decrees of God, His mediatorial kingdom. Will there be one missing? No! that would be a failure. I do not like a Gospel of uncertainties. Christ had joy in the completeness of the family in heaven, the family circle unbroken. Will the joy of my precious Christ be marred by one dear one missing? one for whom He shed His precious blood? No! no! All will be there, and joyfully He will say, "Here am I, Father, and the children whom Thou hast given Me." No indefinite redemption will do for me, it is all definite, all certain. "The joy that was set before Him." He knew that after His resurrection and ascension to glory the Holy Spirit would, with divine power, watch and work here in this lower world to bring home every elect vessel of mercy. The Holy Spirit views the blood of the Lamb, and He says to the poor trembling one, "Sinner, this is the way; sinner, look to the cross; sinner, think of the precious fountain opened in thy Redeemer's side, this is the way that leads to glory." The Holy Spirit does it all, working in us to will and to do of His own good pleasure. Jesus said, "I ascend unto My Father and your Father, but the Holy Spirit, whom I will send in My name, He shall teach you all things." He will gather them in and bring them on in the way, and never leave them till they are safe in glory.

This joy gave rise to endurance, which you know is not pleasant, yet He endured the cross and despised the shame, and His followers, in their measure, have to do the same, in enduring temptation, and in not yielding when tempted to sin, and also for the honour of God and His truth, for God's children and His truth are still hated by mere professors. He endured the cross, despised the shame. Think of Him between the two thieves. You look into their faces and you see there everything to betoken sin, hardness, wickedness, vileness, &c. You look into the face of Christ, the perfect One, innocent, spotless, and holiness is stamped upon His brow. Yet He endured this ignominy for the sake of sinners. All the blessings of salvation were wrapped up in that endurance. See what He endured also during His whole life from those He came in contact with! "For in that He hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted" (Heb. ii. 18). I could not part with a Gospel like this; it is the foundation of my hope here and hereafter. How trifling our trials, sorrows, and crosses, when we think of Christ and what He endured. "Did Christ my Lord suffer, and shall I repine?" The apostle Paul says with all indifference that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory to be

revealed. "Ye have not yet resisted unto blood." Look to Jesus when you think you ought to complain. The joy of the Lord is your strength so to do. We have joy because Christ had the joy. In Christ is certainty and safety. He lives, and we do and shall live also. He has entered glory, and we shall enter too. There will not be a vacant crown or seat there. Not one missing. No! no! Christ will never say, "I thought I had the number complete, but there is a vacant seat."

"If but one soul who has to Jesus fled
Be missing there, the vacant seat,
The harp unstrung, the useless crown, would grieve all heaven,
And there proclaim a disappointed God!
No: He has sworn by two immutables
That Christ shall see the travail of His soul,
The Father's covenant love, the Spirit's grace,
The Son's redeeming blood, all join in this sweet truth—
'The righteous shall hold on their way.'"

Amen.

EXERCISES OF SOUL IN AFFLICTION.

DEAR MR. HULL,—In giving a little account of my illness, I must say that on Saturday, August 5th, 1893, I was making arrangements for a journey on business to Reading, and giving some orders to our man. But before moving from the spot a peculiar feeling suddenly came over me, and I said, "I think I must go to bed instead of to Reading." I went to bed immediately, and there remained for seven weeks and one day. During this time, and for weeks after, my dear wife nursed me, had the care and management of our little business, the care of the family, and the household duties to perform; and it was wonderful how she was supported. Thank God for His mercy in this!

The malady was inflammation of the left lung, very severe; beside which my weak heart was worse. I was seen by four doctors, all of whom thought I should die; but God ordained otherwise, and it now seems probable that I shall recover. During the first fortnight, when the disease was most violent, I had a more solemn and weighty apprehension of the majesty and holiness of God than ever before, and under this influence I had a word of warning for all who came near me. I had no fear of death whatever, yet expected quickly to pass away. About this time I had eight or nine of our ministers call to see me, who will, I think, remember their visits. By this time the violence of the fever abated, and I was able to view my situation more calmly, and my mind began to sink. My body lay at the gates of death,

and my poor soul sank lower still. In feeling, I lay on the brink of eternity. From this near point of observation I had, as it were, only just to look over the border and clearly see its profound realities—God's awful majesty still pervading my mind. In full view of the pit, how dreadful the spiritual nature of sin appeared! and how awful its consequences! And, as a sinner, what a monster I felt myself! and how I feared my doom was sealed! Not the sins of my unregeneracy, nor the convictions I felt under the application of the law at the first, were so dreadful as my sins of heart in the midst of my long profession. They all appeared glaring indeed, in the light of that awful majesty, and scripture after scripture was brought to prove I was none of the Lord's. Words can never convey what I felt. I was told it was a temptation, and I should be brought through; but I could not believe this. It was too scriptural; and that can never be broken. In this distress I lay for several days and nights, with many groans and cries to God, but not being heard (as I thought), I began to give up all for lost, and prayer ceased. Then these words of Hart's came—

“To cause despair's the scope
Of Satan and his powers.”

I considered that the tendency of all that was in my mind was towards despair. Then the question, Where does it all come from? was deeply pondered, and I remembered that one temptation wherewith Satan tempted the blessed Saviour was based upon the Scripture: “It is written,” he said. Now I thought, if he tempted Jesus on scriptural grounds, why may he not tempt me in the same way? Now, when I thought it possible that it was a fierce temptation I was suffering under, prayer again revived. But the adversary said there was not a text in all the Bible in my favour; that I could not find a companion among all the saints in the Word; that I never read of one of God's children who was at all like me. This was in the night. In the morning I opened on the 87th Psalm, and found a companion in Asaph. He had trod in many of these steps before me, and what a knitting of soul I felt to that dear man. I knew he was a saint, and now with my whole soul and all the power I had I groaned out—

“Rock of Ages, shelter me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.”

This was my prayer for days. Then this word came, “If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us; but if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.” This, I said, is in my favour. I fell to confessing my sin with

my whole heart, and prayed God that His faithfulness and justice might be manifested in my forgiveness. I did plead, but did not get what I wanted. Then this word came, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." I said, "Lord, if ever there was a labouring, heavy-laden soul, mine is such." I struggled to obey the invitation and come to Him, but could not, and begged Him to enable me to come. I could not see then—but I have seen and known since—that I had indeed come to Him, was in His presence, at His feet, talking to Him, and He was talking to me, by His own Word. Blessed be His name. But I had not then the rest promised (I have received it since); so, as I had not the rest, I kept pleading that His promise might be fulfilled, and saying nothing would satisfy me but Himself. "Do come, Lord; my soul longs for Thee," was the burden of my prayer. Then this word came, "He satisfieth the longing soul." How I protested again and again that mine was indeed a longing soul, and it was Himself I longed for.

Several days and nights I was engaged like this. Then, in the night, it seemed as though I perceived the Lord approaching me, and uttering these words, "For the oppression of the poor, and for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord." I now expected immediate deliverance, and shouted, "Yes, now, Lord; now arise, now make it all straight." But He did not do it, as I expected He would. But His promise did not fail; He did it in His own way. First, He rebuked the devourer. I was no longer under his temptation. Then gloomy fear gave place to gracious hope. Many precious passages from His holy Word were made sweet to me, and I found His power and love in them. Thus, not in my way, but in His, I was lifted by His precious word of power and promise from the very gates of death, brought out of the pit, put on the rock, with my hope, heart, and affections fixed only on Him.

These were my exercises of soul during my affliction, and certainly I learned many things I knew not before, and those things which I already knew were all intensified, and in the "afterwards" I believe I have been thankful to God for my affliction.

I would take this opportunity of thanking all our kind friends for their sympathy and help, which were gratefully received.

Since I have been getting better, our eldest daughter has had pleurisy and bronchitis. Now she has recovered, and yesterday our dear boy was sent into the hospital with scarlet fever; so it is "wave upon wave." But we still believe that "underneath are the everlasting arms." Yours in Christian love,

Swindon, October 28th, 1893.

ROBERT PIGOTT.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

GOSPEL TRUTH.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—We send you the accompanying choice extract as a letter suited to those who are seeking for Jesus, and we hope it may be made very profitable to you :—

“ Very few rulers, or people of eminent rank and station ; few scribes, or men of distinguished parts and erudition ; few Pharisees, or seemingly rigid moralists, attended the ministrations and were attached to the Person of Him who came to seek and to save them that are lost. No consideration can be more mortifying to human pride than this infallibly certain truth—that harlots and publicans and sinners—that is, many of those who were the meanest in rank, and whose antecedent lives had been of the most profligate stamp—were the very people who thirsted for redemption and composed His visible retinue. These were made partakers of His great salvation : and not one that trusted in His name, though as vile as vileness itself, was ever sent empty away. So true is His own gracious declaration, ‘ All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me ; and him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise, nor on any account, cast out.’ Consult the first verse of the 15th chapter of Luke’s Gospel, and you will perceive what kind of persons they chiefly were who frequented the ministry of God manifested in the flesh ; ‘ Then drew near unto Him all the publicans and sinners to hear Him.’ We never go to Christ until His Spirit has beat us off from every other confidence, and driven us out of every other refuge. Under our first serious impressions we usually try a variety of self-righteous expedients for our own relief ; we have recourse to moral reformation, good resolutions, vows, long prayers, frequent church-goings, monthly sacraments ; accompanied, perhaps, by a train of abstinences, austerities, and rigorous mortifications. While we do these things with a view to spin from them a justifying righteousness for ourselves, we are as absolute enemies to the Gospel of Christ and as far from the kingdom of God as the devil and his angels. We must come, not as pharisees, but as publicans ; not as scribes, but simply as sinners, if we would come so as to be graciously received. True it is that Christ received sinners and eat with them : that He received them, with the most beneficent welcome, into the expanded arms of His compassion, and even admitted them to a state of intimate fellowship and friendship. And what He then did, He still does, and will go on to do, until the whole fulness of His mystical body is gathered in by grace, and perfected in glory. He receives sinners in a threefold respect : (1) As the donation of His Father,

who elected them to salvation. (2) At the hand of the Holy Spirit, in effectual calling. (3) He receives their souls at the hands of angels in the hour of death. To which may be added that He will receive them in body and soul united when He Himself shall descend to change the living and to raise the dead."—*Toplady*.

The Lord grant that you, dear sriends, may find a blessed reception to the loving breast of Jesus, the Sinners' Friend.
Yours, THE EDITOR.

PRAYER.

I KNOW what it is—I was taught from a child—
That when a great sorrow comes, angry and wild,
The merciful God who created us all
Will listen in pity and answer our call.

But oh, there are sweetnesses wrapt in a prayer,
When Jesus bends low for the tale of our care,
That cannot be spoken, that never were known,
Till Jesus revealed them, and Jesus alone.

There all the deep feelings that stir in the breast,
Fear, love, hope, and anguish, are sweetly at rest;
And says the poor soul, in its helplessness sweet,
"What joy if I only could die at His feet."

But sometimes we pray, and are frightened the while;
We feel more deserving a frown than a smile;
We cannot find Jesus, and out from the throne
Comes, "Ephraim has idols, so let him alone."

Yet while He thus speaks He preserves from despair;
And pressing still nearer the throne in our prayer,
We find the blood sprinkled, and lifting it high,
Claim strength for our living and peace when we die.

Ah, yes, fellow-Christian, there's power in prayer,
We have God's own promise to meet with us there;
And all that we need for our bodies or souls
Flows downward, as upward the praying breath rolls.

Oh, merciful Jesus, what merit have we,
In craving Thy favours, without which we die?
And it would be foolish indeed to *forbear*,
When Thou wilt bestow them in *answer* to prayer.

Then pity our folly; dear Jesus, forgive;
The spirit of prayer in our bosoms let live;
And long as we live let our happiness be
In praising and casting our cares upon Thee.

Galleywood.

M. A. CHAPLIN.

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

To the Editor of the Sower.

DEAR MR. HULL,—I felt this evening I must write you a line or two, as I trust the Lord helped you to speak a word in season to me last evening at chapel. I came feeling very cast down, having had a trying day, and the enemy saying, "Where is now that God of whom you have so delighted to speak? If you were loved of Him, He would arise for your help: a plain proof this that He cares nothing for you; and your awful presumption in making a profession of His name only makes matters worse"; and I felt so full of every evil that I believed it was truth. I felt too destitute to pray, and concluded that it was of no use my coming to chapel; but the hymns helped me a little, and I tried to believe them as I sang them, especially No. 315, but I soon sank in my feelings, and felt as you read the text, "There will be nothing for me, for those who are bound up in the bundle of life never could have such a heart as mine"; and when you spoke of the scion grafted on the tree, which you hoped possessed life, proving ultimately to be overcome by death, I felt I was quite cut off, and felt I must write to-day and tell you I was only a hypocrite, and had done wrong in ever speaking as I had done. I felt I could not continue among God's people a hypocrite in Zion, a deceiver in their midst, and yet I felt, how can I leave them? I cannot find a home in the world. The conflict was great; but I proved Satan once again to be defeated, for you went into my path so at last that my hard heart gave way, for if you had been with me during the day you could not have spoken more to the point in every way. Oh, what a mercy God can deliver from the snare of the fowler! How many he spreads for my unwary feet! They abound on every hand, and it is only the mercy of God that holds me up from day to day. For I have a heart so prone to go astray, and often, instead of committing my way to the Lord, the feeling is, "Why should I wait for the Lord any longer?" And this after all His past mercies to me; and still I daily see His kind hand moving on my behalf, so that even the most unlikely persons and circumstances are made to fulfil His gracious purposes concerning me, yet how little real gratitude I feel. Psalm 91st was very sweet to me after I arrived home. I felt the mercy of being for a time in that secret place, set in safety from the enemy, and this after all my unbelieving fears, and hard thoughts of God. Oh, I need the rod, and I know the Lord has one for disobedient children. What a mercy He did not say, "Let her alone." He might justly have done so. But I must close this. I hope the Lord will still help you to encourage the tempted.

and tried, and those who are seeking Him. How I long at times that others may be led to Christ; and I feel, if He will but make me a blessing to even one, how I should rejoice; though I feel unworthy of such a favour, this is my great desire. And when one feels a little of God's goodness it makes one long that others may know it too. "The blessing of the Lord it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow therewith."

I remain, your affectionate young friend,

March 16th, 1893.

A. H.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—For a long time I have felt a desire to have a small space in the Seekers' Corner, and especially since I saw that letter by that dear friend, "R. H.," how she was enabled to testify to the goodness and grace of our most precious Lord Jesus. It really made my heart glad to read it, for I felt that evening to be a most precious one to me; and by reading her testimony to you about what she enjoyed on that occasion, it has revived again the gracious feeling in my heart. I believe I felt in my poor soul a little of the streams of that river which maketh glad the city of God. And, dear friend, I should like to tell you a little of what I enjoyed on the past Sabbath evening; it called to my remembrance one special time in my experience, in the year 1887. I shall never forget that memorable morning. I felt such a poor worn-out thing that I said it was of no use my going to chapel again, for I felt that all my religion, if ever I had any, was all vanished. I lingered about in the churchyard that morning, and Satan set at me sorely. He said, "Now you see what you are come to; if I were you, I would never profess religion any more, but give it up; go into the world again, and enjoy yourself. There is no need for so much ado about religion." I said, "I may just as well, for I feel so dead and lifeless." He told me also that I had never received the application of the precious blood of Christ to my heart and conscience, and I felt ready to believe him. I cannot tell all I felt; I could not express it; but I felt more fit for hell a great deal than to go to chapel with God's people. Yet, strange to say, there seemed something in me which I could not keep back. I said, "I will go to chapel once more, and if the Lord does not appear, I feel I can never enter a chapel any more at all." I walked into the gallery of the chapel, but I felt so miserable that I wished myself out again. "Oh," I thought, "I am come for the last time!" I can hardly tell you how I felt till you gave out that blessed text in Ephesians ii. 13, "But now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ." "Oh," I said, "now I hope you will prove to me

whether I have ever had an application of that blood to my poor heart and conscience." And when you began to speak of the different operations of the Blessed Spirit, it seemed to drop into my poor heart in such a blessed way that I said, "I have realized that which I have so called in question;" and a verse of the poet's dropped so sweetly into my relieved soul—

"Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven."

Dear friend, I felt as though I must break out and sing aloud in chapel. You may judge how I came out of the chapel. I went in bound, but I came out as a hind let loose. I did bless and praise the Lord with all my heart. Dear friend, I cannot live upon that now; but the dear Lord has many times since come into my soul, and made all matters right; and I have been enabled many times since then to say—

"Finish, dear Lord, what is begun,
Choose Thou the way, but still lead me on."

After the Lord's goodness towards one so unworthy as me, I cannot but say to all true seekers, "Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart. Wait, I say, on the Lord." He himself has promised that they that seek shall find, and to all those that knock at the door of mercy it shall be opened unto them.

I hope you will forgive me, for I feel I have written too much for the space allotted in your valuable periodical. My prayer is that the dear Lord will still be with you and yours, and bless you in your desirable work and labour of love.

I remain, yours truly, in the bonds of a precious Christ,
November 7th, 1893. S. S.

COMMUNION NECESSARY TO SERVICE.—Bees suffer sadly from famine during the dry years which occasionally occur in the southern and middle portions of California. If the rainfall amounts only to three or four inches, instead of from twelve to twenty as in ordinary seasons, then sheep and cattle die in thousands, and so do these small-winged cattle, unless they are carefully fed or removed to other pastures. No flowers, no honey: no rain, no food. They who teach others must themselves feed on the truths they declare; failure to commune with God will give the poverty-stroke to our endeavours to bless man.

The Sower, February, 1894.



HENRY FOWLER.

HENRY FOWLER, OF GOWER STREET, LONDON.

IN a thoroughfare turning out of Euston Road, London, stands —nearly opposite the London University— Gower Street Chapel, so named after the street in which it is situated. It was built and opened in the year 1820; and from that time to the present the truth has been preached within its walls. The pastor for the first eighteen years of its existence was the late Henry Fowler, a brief history of whose life we are now presenting to the reader. During that period and for the next four years, the late William Gadsby, of Manchester, took the services for three or four weeks either in the spring or the autumn of every year, and the late Mr. Warburton, of Trowbridge, did the same. An arrangement which was mutually entered into by ministers and people when Mr. Fowler was appointed to the pastorate. It emanated from Mr. Fowler himself, who warned his beloved people that he felt sure he could never get through a year's labour in the metropolis without two periods of rest or change.

The arrangement was also greatly appreciated by Messrs. Gadsby and Warburton and the numbers who used to throng the chapel to hear their sound, savoury, and experimental preaching. On the last Sunday of their respective visits special collections were taken to defray the expenses of their long journeys, &c. By which means 1 Corinthians ix. 11 was liberally exemplified, without in any way affecting Mr. Fowler's income.

Notwithstanding the above rest and change, Mr. Fowler was sometimes the subject of severe indisposition, and it was in one of these attacks in December, 1836, that, wanting employ for both head and hands, he sat down to write forty years of his travels in the wilderness, which interesting work was published shortly after his decease, and from which most of the following account is extracted.

Henry Fowler was born at Yealmpton, Devon, December 11th, 1779. His father, who was somewhat advanced in years when he married, died in 1784, leaving his mother with four children and pregnant with the fifth. His mother, after being a widow three years, married a second time, and by an increasing family Henry found his situation at home very uncomfortable. Before he was eleven years of age he was put in trial for a few months with a Mr. E——, of Dartmouth. The family were Baptists, and Mr. E—— a deacon at their chapel, where Henry was compelled to attend, *sorely against his will*; therefore he determined not to serve his apprenticeship with Mr. E——, for the very name of Methodist he hated. The Establishment he thought *must be right*, and all were disobedient

both to God and the king who did not uphold the Church. On one occasion Mr. E—— took him to a village three miles from Dartmouth. While there Mr. E—— took more to drink than his sober habits would bear, but Henry discovered nothing of this until they had walked some distance towards home, when Mr. E—— staggered and fell into a ditch; being a little man, he with much difficulty got him out and led him home. They were, indeed, very mercifully preserved, for it was very dark, and the road strange to Henry, so that when in a narrow part, he hearing some horses approaching behind them at full trot, thought, if the horses had crooks, which were common in Devon, their situation was most perilous; for on the left was a steep leading to an arm of the sea, he therefore hastily pulled Mr. E—— into the bushes on the right, which providentially preserved them. Getting safely into Dartmouth, they had a long train of spectators shouting lustily at Mr. E——, so that Henry found his situation not the most agreeable. On entering the house Mrs. E—— became so excited that she first used her fist on her husband and then on poor Henry, who, not quite eleven years old, thought it the greatest cruelty imaginable, for he was quite exhausted with leading Mr. E—— and carrying a large bundle besides. This and other circumstances Henry made use of to induce his parents to remove him, which they did soon after, and in the following spring apprenticed him at Plymouth, during which time God called him by His grace.

Years after Mr. Fowler wrote, "I have often thought, had I been able to judge of my true interest, it would have been a mercy for me had I served my apprenticeship with Mr. E——. I never saw him intoxicated but that once, and in his family there was strict and good order. Had I remained there, I might have been preserved from many vices, which are painful for me to reflect on to this day. Parents should be cautious in placing out their children. A God-fearing family is a blessing to a youth and a blessing to society. On the other hand, many a heedless youth has had reason to curse the day that he was placed in such and such a family."

Among his earliest recollections, he mentions walking, when about three years old, along a plank thrown across a stiff mill-stream, and falling into the water. One of his father's men came to the spot and drew him out, otherwise he might have been carried into deep water and drowned, as was the case with his aunt not many years before. He used to ask his mother many questions about God, Christ, heaven, Adam's fall, &c. He feared death greatly, and sometimes trembled on his bed, lest he should die before the morning: he was taught to *say his prayers*, though he knew nothing in reality what prayer was. His mother

also taught him to read the Bible, and catechised him every Lord's Day. Her rebukes were very keen, if he told a lie or used an improper word; at which he often wept in secret, and vowed he would be better in future. At Plymouth it seems he was placed in a very school of vice and folly. From the horrid company he was in all day he contracted the awful habit of cursing and swearing, and to such lengths did he go, that one day his master actually *cursed and swore* at him for cursing and swearing. It seems he was with some of the vilest of characters, and every year became more hardened in sin. One base plan of his was, with five or six others, to rob the garden of Philip Gibbs, an old Baptist minister; but in crossing a burying-ground to enter the garden, he saw all his companions enter, while he trembled from head to foot. Conscience spoke with a loud voice, "What! rob the poor old man's garden, and of a Sunday afternoon, while he is worshipping God?" Dreading the consequences, he leaped over a wall into an adjoining road, and ran as if pursued. His companions were detected, taken before a magistrate, publicly reprov'd, and fined half-a-guinea each. "But, alas!" he says, "I was as vile as they, and felt sorry that I had lost my courage. Increasing years were attended with increasing folly. Conscience often lashed—a sudden check from that quarter would sometimes make me completely miserable; but I tried to buoy up my vain mind with such thoughts as these: 'I will be better when I get old. I will repent. God has promised mercy in the eleventh hour to them that sincerely repent, and I know I can if I set about it!' Oh, the blindness of the human understanding!"

One Lord's-day afternoon, as he sat gazing through the window, he saw an aged man mount a stool, and then give out and sing the well-known hymn, "Jesus, Lover of my soul." He listened with all attention to the man's singing, praying, and preaching, amidst much contempt by the depraved mob around him and said to himself, "There is surely something extraordinary in the patience manifested by this man," when it was immediately suggested to him, but from whence he never knew, "You will be a preacher of the Gospel, and be called forth publicly to bear reproach as this man is." He fell back with trembling and consternation, for at that time he knew nothing of the Gospel. He nevertheless followed every kind of amusement, so far as his scanty means and opportunities would allow, and often found much pleasure in looking forward to the termination of his apprenticeship, that he might have more money and his full swing in the world with his gay company. When he had passed his seventeenth year, he went with a companion in search of a room wherein to practise country dances.

His companion thought he could make a better bargain if alone, and Henry Fowler was therefore left in a room with a very poor shoemaker—a God-fearing man named Arkwright—and in the protracted absence of his companion, the poor shoemaker fell into conversation with Henry, who shall now give his own version of this interesting visit:—

“‘Young man,’ said he, ‘can you read?’ I said, ‘Yes.’ ‘Then,’ said he, ‘I shall be glad if you will read to me a little of that old book,’ pointing to the window where the book lay. I said, ‘I will;’ and immediately I took the book and read the title page. I said, ‘Oh, it is the “Pilgrim’s Progress!” I used to read this book several years ago, and it is just like “Robinson Crusoe.”’ ‘That is a choice book,’ he said; ‘but the author means more than appears at first sight.’ He then, with his awl, pointed out to me the meaning of the frontispiece. ‘You see,’ said he, ‘the pilgrim with a book in his hand: that book is the Bible, which, when God awakens a poor sinner to a concern for his eternal welfare, he reads with great concern, to see if there be any hope for him. You see he has turned his back upon the City of Destruction: that represents a sinner in real concern about his salvation; he leaves his evil ways, and evil companions.’ This was rather unwelcome news to me, and as soon as there appeared an opportunity, I proceeded in reading the ‘ingenious dreamer.’ But frequently the poor shoemaker would stop me, and explain the different things I had read. One thing is still strongly impressed upon my memory. When the Pilgrim came to the sepulchre, which was represented by a woodcut, my instructor said, ‘You see by the Christian’s beholding the Saviour on the cross he loses the burden from his back: that is designed to teach us this; the burden on his back represents the burden of guilt upon a man’s conscience when convinced by the Holy Spirit of our lost condition by the fall of Adam, under the sense of which a poor sinner is made to groan and cry for deliverance. By-and-by he comes to Christ for salvation, and beholds the suffering Saviour by faith. This removes the burden from his mind, and he loves Christ and cleaves unto Him, and wonders at His great love in dying for guilty sinners.’ As the poor shoemaker expounded, I felt something unaccountably strange working in my mind. I tried to set it all aside, and forget what he said, but could not. I left him, and ruminated over what had passed, and sensibly felt that I was in a dangerous state. I know not what became of the projected dance; but I was obliged to leave my companions, and as often as I could, visit the poor shoemaker; yet, could not by any means open my mind to him, nor to any other person. I imagine he suspected God had begun His good work in me, by

the heartfelt pleasure he appeared to have when I entered his room, which was very frequent of an evening. I used to ask him a variety of questions about himself—how he became religious, &c. He said, 'By the advice of a friend I went to hear Mr. Tanner, of Exeter, and his preaching had such an effect on me, that I went home miserable, and begged of God to be my Teacher, and I got a blessing indeed, in His own time.'

From this time Mr. Fowler became more moral and religious. Something, he thought, must be done, or he should be lost. He therefore entered into a covenant with God that he would love and serve Him; he also got some ready-made prayers, but after toiling at these for some time, he threw them to the moles and to the bats, and tried to pour out his heart thus—"Lord, teach me Thy way—show me Thy mercy—save, Lord, I am lost—pardon Thou my sins." On some occasions he used to find liberty and meltings of heart; encouraging promises or invitations sometimes came into his mind as he was in prayer, and often such Scriptures as he had no recollection of having read, so that he used to search to see if such passages were in the Bible. On other occasions he was filled with such horror and confusion of mind, that he knew not what he had been uttering, and thought he had only been mocking God: and appeared in his own eyes the most consummate hypocrite living; the vilest sinner on earth. Yet, he could not give up prayer; if he neglected it, he used to be condemned and lashed in conscience, and those words in Proverbs i. 24-25, used to cut him through and through. He had not, as yet, heard any Gospel minister, neither did he suppose any class of people were right but those of the Establishment, for all dissenters he hated. If at any time he was drawn aside by his former companions, or by the wantonness and foolishness of his own heart, he had the most fearful apprehensions afterwards, and expected that judgment without mercy would certainly fall on his guilty head. He now attended his parish church regularly, and became acquainted with the ritual. In this way he hoped to get peace. The clergyman, it seems, was a most worthy, moral man, but although he listened with the greatest attention to his sermons, he could not understand him. "If," said Fowler, "he knew how anxious I am to know the way to life, he would certainly take more trouble to teach me." About this time, a volume of Fox's "Book of Martyrs" lying on a bench attracted his attention, and he was so struck with the sayings of the Martyrs, that when the church-door was open on a Lord's Day, he used to go, and during the whole service, read the "Book of Martyrs," and received, it seems, more instruction and much more entertainment from it, than he did from the poor old clergyman's sermons. He then began to

think the martyrs only were right, and that religion, perhaps, had died with them. He knew not what to do. He looked about to see if he could find any persons of a heavenly, self-denying spirit, and thought none were so like the old disciples as the Wesleyans; therefore, as often as he could, he attended their place of worship, and often wished that some of them would condescend to speak to him. But, had they spoken to him, he verily believed he should have been carried headlong into the vortex of Arminianism, because their doctrine is so plausible to a poor sinner striving in his own strength as he then was.

A few years before this, God had opened the blind eyes of Dr. Hawker, and as the light of truth gradually broke in upon him he came forth to the light, and as God taught him so he preached. It fell out, but not by blind chance, that Dr. Hawker came to preach in the parish church, in the vicinity of which Mr. Fowler was born. The effect was very striking, for not a few poor souls were convicted and called under his ministry, and afterwards died triumphing in Christ. These and other circumstances, together with the advice of one of his friends, induced Mr. Fowler to hear the Doctor. Here again Mr. Fowler shall speak for himself: "I remember not his text, but thought he addressed the whole of his discourse to me. He described the state of blindness and darkness we were all in by nature—how ruined and helpless we were left by Adam's fall—what refuges of lies a poor sinner tried to run into when he saw his lost condition—and spoke much of the poor sinner's fears, feelings, and mistakes. I never knew what *power* under the preached word was before, nor could I make a judgment of it then. After the Doctor had described our fallen state and condition, he went on to speak of Christ in the glory of His Person, and of His ineffable love to poor ruined, undone sinners—what He suffered in Gethsemane and at Calvary, and all the fruit of His everlasting love! As he spoke of Christ, I found a most intense desire in my soul spring up to know more of His preciousness; and went home persuaded that I should never be happy until I knew Christ for myself. From this time I read diligently the Scriptures, which were opened up to my believing mind, particularly Jer. xxxi., Isaiah xii., many of the Psalms, and the Epistles. The light that shone upon the Bible and in my heart astonished me. I was like the hind let loose. Christ appeared in the Scriptures where I never thought to find Him. I found much liberty in prayer, so that I became a wrestler, like Jacob, and told the Lord with child-like simplicity, I could not live unless He blessed me. Sometimes in reflecting on my freedom with the Lord, I have feared lest I had gone too far, when suddenly Scripture after

Scripture would come into mind, and drove all my fears away : such as Matt. vii. 7, 8 ; Zech. xii. 10. If I asked the Lord what I had done that He should thus bless me, His Word, especially Jer. xxxi. 3, used to overpower me, 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love,' used to run through my mind twenty times over, and I stood amazed at the sovereign love of God manifested in Jesus, and to my heart also. I found much love to Dr. Hawker, and to all that I thought were the children of God, so that I felt anxious to be acquainted with them, though I was naturally very timid and bashful. I have gone for miles after them, to hear their spiritual conversation in returning from the house of God, and have had an additional blessing from their observations on the discourse we had been hearing. Their feelings and mine exactly corresponded, which was an additional confirmation of my faith ; and truly, I was so knit to God's people above all people upon the earth, that I could say as Ruth said to Naomi, "Where thou goest, I will go." 1 John iii. 1 and 14, also iv. 19, were very sweet words to me. Old things seemed passed away, and all things were made new. For several months was I thus favoured, and it was during this happy time that I found a strong desire to preach Christ to poor sinners."

(To be continued.)

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

"Christ and His cross are all our theme ;
The mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jew's esteem,
And folly to the Greek."

"CHRIST hath redeemed us from the curse of the law." By the curse of the law we are to understand, its righteous, awful sentence of death, pronounced against every transgressor of its holy, just, and good precepts. Those who are redeemed therefrom must have been under that curse or sentence, or they could not be said to be redeemed from it. The curse of the law was pronounced by God in the garden of Eden : "In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die." Adam did eat thereof, and thus brought death upon himself and all his posterity. Death includes all the miseries of this life, in mind, body, or estate ; it also comprises the separation of soul from body at the end of our race. Under this curse the whole of mankind must have eternally laid, had it not been for the gracious interference of God's Anointed.

"But He being under a curse for us" : that is, He bearing the punishment which our sins deserved, all the miseries of this life which His redeemed and called people are exercised

with, are caused by infinite wisdom, grace, and power, to work together for their good, and are blessings in disguise. The Jews considered punishment to be inflicted on Him for His own sins, but those who are guided and led by the Holy Spirit consider it as a matchless display of the grace, mercy, and wisdom of the Everlasting Father; and the brightest, greatest, and sweetest manifestation of the grace, compassion, and condescension of the Son of God, that the Holy One and the Just should endure the punishment due to others for crimes by them actually committed. The infinite dignity of our adorable Redeemer stamped a value upon His sufferings and death, that made them more than equivalent to the eternal sufferings of mere creatures. The Jews taunt Him with this to this day. The man that was hung on the cross as a malefactor, is the title they give Him, in scorn and hatred. Blessed be His name, we believers confess and glory in it. The fact itself cannot be denied. "The God of our fathers raised up Jesus, whom ye slew and hanged on a tree" (Acts v. 30). "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree." What words can be more clearly and blessedly expressive of the substitution of Christ for sinful, guilty creatures "worthy of death"? In consequence of which we, the actually guilty sinners, are considered as dead unto sins, having died in our covenant Head and Representative. The grand aim, end, and object which the great God our Saviour had in view in thus suffering, was that the blessing of Abraham might come on the Gentiles. Nothing less than "Christ in you, the hope of glory," can satisfy a quickened sinner. When the blessedness comes upon us through Jesus Christ, the pardon of all our sins is sweetly enjoyed. Then the pardoned sinner has free access to God, holy familiarity, and sweet communion with Him, experiences the light of His countenance, rejoices in His name, and the dread of wrath to come is sweetly succeeded by a good hope through grace of the glory of God. This is blessedness indeed, and it comes upon the Gentiles through Jesus Christ.

The other precious fruit and effect of Christ being made a curse for us is the reception of the promise of the Spirit through faith. When the Spirit first enters the heart of a blind, dead sinner, it is to enlighten him with the light of the living, that he may see and feel the sinful, awful state he is in. That blessed Spirit, by His grace implanted, conquers our enmity, subdues our rebellion, and makes us willing in the day of His power, to become loyal subjects of the King of Zion.

[I have made the above short extract from some sermons by the late Mr. Samuel Turner, of Sunderland, published but a few years before his death; and finding the following unpublished

letter among my papers, from one who was a Polish Jew by birth, I hope it may prove interesting, and as a testimony to the truth of the Gospel, and the sweet union and brotherly affection that subsisted between these two dear honoured servants of God.—R. F. R.]

Islington Green, May 9th, 1850.

To my elder and beloved brother, Samuel Turner, servant of Jesus Christ the eternal Son of God, George Abrahams the Jew, called by grace to the same fellowship, sends greeting : Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied to you and yours, and to the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made thee overseer or bishop. Amen. Your discourses on "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us: for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree: that the blessing of Abraham might come on the Gentiles through Jesus Christ; that we might receive the promise of the Spirit through faith" (Gal. iii. 13, 14), having been kindly sent to me, I read them with sweet enjoyment to my soul; for though the preaching of the cross is still a stumbling-block to the Jew, yet, through the sovereign, immutable grace of our covenant God, it is to me life, light, and glory! Yea, to me the chief of sinners among the Jews, Christ and His cross is the power of God and the wisdom of God. I was much, very much, delighted with the scriptural way in which you speak of the Sonship of Christ, a doctrine that the devil hath tried to pervert so much in these our awful days. The good Lord will do to you what He declares in John xii. 26, "If any man serve Me, let him follow Me; and where I am, there shall My servant be: if any man serve Me, him will My Father honour."

Oh, how awful is the state of the professors of Sunderland, to slight such a ministry! Yet it shall be a testimony against them. May our glorious Aaron bless you with His own blessing, as in Numbers vi. 24, "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

My love to your wife, and dear James Hay and his wife Martha. My Mary desires to be kindly remembered to you and Mrs. Turner. So prays,

Your brother in the ministry,

GEORGE ABRAHAMS.

JESUS! Jesus! let me name Thee
O'er and o'er; Thou wilt not blame me.
'Tis my greatest comfort here,
Just to whisper in Thine ear—
Thou art dear, O Lord.

MRS. ANNE DUTTON'S EXERCISES OF SOUL RESPECTING GREAT GRANSDEN.

THE last step of providence I shall take notice of is, the Lord's removing my habitation from Wellingborough to Great Gransden, in Huntingdonshire. It pleased the Lord, some considerable time before, to call my husband to the work of the ministry, and for about three years he had been supplying at various places, and he having heard of a poor people at Great Gransden which wanted a supply, the Lord laid it upon his heart to give them a visit, which he did, was kindly received, and invited to assist them as often as he could. Soon after my dear yokefellow had preached at Gransden, he was likewise invited to preach at Croydon, four miles distant. The people at both those places made but one Church, and we used to keep up their meetings at both places—one Lord's-day at Gransden and another at Croydon successively; and as the people wanted a supply for both these places, and our habitation was far distant, it was their desire that we should, in a little time, remove the place of our abode to reside amongst them, in order to serve them wholly. This change of providence, when it first appeared, proved a great trial to me. Being led by my Great Shepherd into those green pastures which His own love bestowed once and again, as an answer of faith and prayer, I was very unwilling to remove; my heart was so knit to my present enjoyments, that nothing but an Almighty power could loosen it. But once, when my dear yokefellow was representing their case to me, as a little handful of saints that loved the pure Gospel, and had been wont to bear a testimony for it, by reason whereof they had many enemies that would be glad to see them scattered; and that now being in low circumstances, the cause of Christ was like to sink amongst them, unless they had a suitable supply; I found my heart moved with compassion towards them; and soon after the Lord brought that to my mind, "Come over into Macedonia and help us." From whence I was taught that if I could be any means of helping the cause of Christ and the dear saints in that place where Providence seemed to call me, by removing thither, it was my place to yield them the utmost assistance I could. By this word, while the power of God therein was upon my heart, I was changed into the likeness of it, notwithstanding the former propense of my mind the other way. Thus the Lord began to give me a turn of mind as to my abode at Wellingborough. Yet still there was unwillingness in me, and many were the objections I raised from it. But that word came home to my soul in the great power of God, "Lovest thou Me? Feed My lambs" (John xxi. 15). In the former part of these words, "Lovest thou Me?" my Lord opened a soul-

overcoming view of all His own love manifested to me, and particularly in the gift of those precious enjoyments which I was so loath to leave; and then He putting the question to my heart, "Lovest thou Me?" I found my soul, under the strong attraction of His love, mightily drawn out to love Him again. I felt my bowels move, and all the love of my soul upon the flow, like a swift stream hasting apace into the ocean of His love, from whence it sprang. And then in the latter part of the words, "Feed My Lambs," He put it upon my love to Him, just then set all on a flame by the enkindling fire of His first love. But, oh, how sweetly and powerfully my dear Lord drew me to give up all my enjoyments unto His glory, and to take that as my soul-satisfying enjoyment. He wooed me, won me, overcame my heart in those moments of His love-power; and I as freely gave up all those precious privileges which His boundless love bestowed as ever I received them from Him. Oh, the glory of my Lord! What a ravishing preciousness and transcendent excellency did I see in it. Now I judged it far better to glorify Him, when called to any piece of service, than merely to enjoy Him. My soul being on a flame of love to His glory, my Lord made me willing to serve Him in the day of His power. And, oh, how sweetly those words sounded, "My Lambs." My soul was endeared to Christ's lambs as His, so that I thought, if they might be fed, I could freely give up all my enjoyments, the green, fat pastures I then lay down in. Yea, I so loved Christ and His lambs, that by this one word of His mouth He made me willing, if called, to remove with my dear yokefellow, that His lambs might be fed. So He put the people into my heart, and I felt such an endeared love to them and a kind of natural care for them, that at times I was fit to wonder at, seeing they were all of them personally unknown to me.

Further, at this time also the Lord gave me a soul-ravishing prospect of the glory of the work of building up Zion, from Psalm cii. 13-16. From these words I saw that, notwithstanding God's withdrawing from His people at times, and their being reduced thereby to a low estate, yet He had His time—His set time—to favour them, in which He would arise and have mercy on them, and that the building up of Zion depended upon the Lord appearing in His glory there. But, oh, this work of building Zion! What a glory did I see in it, inasmuch as God the Father, Son, and Spirit, as the Great Efficient, and all the saints and angels as instruments, had in all ages been employed in it. And, oh! thought I, what an honour will it be to me, a sinful worm, to have but the least finger in this work. In a word, my heart was so inflamed with love to Zion, that I took pleasure in her stones, and favoured her dust, even while I viewed them but

as loose stones, as it were, lying here and there, and scattered dust. Yet, being Zion's stones and dust, I took great pleasure in them, felt great yearning of bowels towards them, and the wonderful desire wrought in my soul after their building, beauty, and glory. That word also did quicken my desires of serving the Lord and His people, "I commend unto you Phebe our sister, which is a servant of the Church" (Rom. xvi. 1). Oh, thought I, if such a weak worm as I might be a servant to the Church of Christ, what a mercy should I account it; and as I saw a great glory in being a servant of the Church, so in the meanest service that could be done for my Lord and His people, I thought I could not do much. The most I judged myself capable of was a willing, cheerful attendance upon a servant of Christ, my dear yokefellow, in the great work of the ministry. Oh, what a glory did I see in being servant of all. I thought that great princes, when they went about any business, had a retinue to attend them according to their state, their upper and under servants; and if it was an honour to be a servant to an earthly king—though one of the most inferior—oh, how much more was it so to be a servant to the King of kings, though the least and last of all! In a word, I thought my great Lord had work to do at Gransden, that my dear yokefellow was called to go as an upper servant, and myself as an under one to attend him; and I saw I needed the riches of boundless grace, almighty power, and infinite wisdom to be extended, if ever I were used to do anything for God. And therefore to the throne of grace I came, poor and needy, weak and sinful, with all my wants, to "find mercy, and grace to help in time of need." And in faith of His infinite grace, I told my Lord Jesus there was none but He would take such a poor creature as I was into His service. I saw, if He took me, He must take me to do all for me; not only to pass by and pardon all my unworthiness and provocations, but also to give me a heart to serve Him; and when that was done, He must give me a hand too. Free grace must employ me, incline me, and assist me, or I could do nothing.

And now I shall give a brief account of what followed, in order to show somewhat of the Lord's gracious dealings with me in this place. Quickly after our being fixed at Gransden, our friends set apart a day, June 2nd, 1732, for solemn fasting and prayer, to seek the Lord for His direction, assistance, blessing, and presence in all the work they might engage in, relating to His house.

And here I might just hint that though the Lord had made me willing to leave all my enjoyments in His house at Wellingborough, and to come and live at Gransden, yet when I came I had no thoughts of being separated from my Church relation at Wellingborough.

But to this meeting I went, to seek the Lord with our friends, and pour out before Him the earnest desires of my soul for their prosperity; and the Lord was greatly with us that day, and altered my mind before I came away. While they were wrestling with the Lord to undertake the work Himself and strengthen their weak hands, that word was brought to me with power, "Strengthen ye the weak hands" (Isaiah xxxv. 3). Wherein the Lord spake very particularly to me to engage in the work; and though I loved His cause, as considering it to be but one in all places, and the interests of the same Lord, yet my soul clave to Wellingborough. But the power of God upon my heart I could not wholly resist, yet was for delaying and making excuses, as if my joining with them could not much strengthen them. But the Lord spake to me again as to His spouse, "Let Me see thy face"; and after this that word was brought to my mind, "He that is not with Me is against Me." From whence I was taught, that if it were the mind of Christ to build Him a house, and to engage the hearts of His children in that work, if I were not with Him in it, yielding all the assistance I could, I should really be found to be against Him. This broke my heart, for I could not bear to be against Christ, and my spirit was laid under such awe that I could gainsay no longer. And, to shut it up in a word, the Lord gave me to see such a glory in His cause, even when weakest and under the greatest disadvantages, that my soul loved it exceedingly in its rags as well as in its robes—in its beginning and budding forth, as well as in its full-blown glory. And though the instruments that carried it on might be weak, yet I saw that the Lord strong and mighty was in it. And I thought, if I had a thousand souls, I could give them all to serve Christ and His cause.

On October 10th, 1732, my dear yokefellow was solemnly set apart to the pastoral office in this Church. And, blessed be God, here I have felt His power and seen His glory; the ministry of my dear yokefellow being blessed for my edification and comfort. Yea, I have seen in some measure the desire of my soul. Christ's sheep and lambs have been fed, and their feeding in pleasant places has made me a feast. In their joy I have rejoiced. Many have been the appearances of God with and for this little Church, which our eyes have seen, and we hope our greatest glory is still behind—that what we have already seen is but like the day-star to the rising sun. Poor and needy we are indeed, but we trust the Lord thinketh upon us. And as a desire of the glory of God and the good of souls brought me here, so, through grace, the same desire keeps me here, waiting and longing to see the advancement of Christ's kingdom amongst us, and the rising of this little hill of Zion.

A PRECIOUS TESTIMONY.

MY DEAR FRIEND PIGOTT,—I have been some time thinking of writing a few lines to you, but have been let hitherto. But this morning being the sixty-first anniversary of my spiritual birthday, I felt a great desire to raise a fresh Ebenezer of gratitude and thankfulness to the great Eternal God of all our mercies, for His condescending love and mercy toward such an unworthy sinner as I, in stopping me in my mad career of sin and folly, when I was wholly bent upon my own destruction. But I felt it as impossible for me, of myself, to raise an Ebenezer of praise for his wonderful love towards such a wandering rebel, as it was to strike the first ray of light into my corrupt heart at the first: the same power that did the one must do the other: the first I never sought for, but it came spontaneous and free; the second I did seek, and the Lord was graciously pleased to hear, and He gave me a soft and tender heart, insomuch that I was enabled to fall at His dear feet, and feel truly thankful for all His past mercies, and a little praise to Him; so that I gave out that beautiful hymn at our prayer-meeting, "Crown Him Lord of all." I believe He was precious to our souls, and so my request was granted. And I believe many were enabled to join in the melody, so that I was glad to be there.

How vividly and fresh certain things came to my mind this morning which took place sixty-one years ago. Previous to our fair I felt that as I had got older I would not any longer be under my parents' restraint, but I would have my fill of all that the world calls pleasure. I devoted three whole nights to rioting and drunkenness previous to the Sabbath, on which day I had agreed with my companions to go to a village feast. We spent the afternoon in cricket playing, drinking, and all the evils we could dabble in, little thinking what awaited me from the Lord. But as night drew on, and I had six miles to walk home, I was anxious to move on for home as I had been out so many nights before. But my companions would not come with me, so I started alone. I had not gone very far before a divine ray of light darted through my soul like a flash of lightning, which made me tremble from head to foot. This light led me to see what a vile, guilty sinner I was, and that I was lost for ever, entirely undone, and that nothing but hell would be my portion. A way of escape I knew nothing of. I had no heart to pray: in fact, I did not know whom to pray to. I knew nothing of a God only by hearsay. But now I trembled for fear of one. I felt nothing but the dread of hell—my just desert. I felt to be nothing but a mass of sin and uncleanness. But, in due time, the Lord brought me to His

feet to sue for mercy, which by His grace I found, to the praise and honour of His great name. And I am a living witness this day that that light has never been extinguished from that day to this. It has been covered over many times, but it has always proved to be a "well of water, springing up into everlasting life." Our Lord said, in the days of His flesh, "I am that bread of life; he that eateth Me even he shall live by Me." This is a great mystery to the ungodly; but not to the living child of God, for he finds that Christ's flesh is meat indeed, and His "blood is drink indeed." And there is no living without it.

All religion, short of the kingdom of God being set up in the heart by the power of the Holy Ghost, is spurious, and will leave the soul at last to sink to rise no more. What a mercy to have a religion that will live when the world is in a blaze, and men's hearts failing for fear of what is coming upon them. To have a good hope through grace is beyond all conception great, the greatest blessing a poor mortal can have.

"What is honour, wealth, or mirth,
To this well-grounded peace?"

When I look back upon the length of time since the Lord first stopped me in my sin and folly, what a debtor I am to sovereign, free, electing grace, which snatched me from the burning lake, and left my companions to wander on in the downward road until they sank into perdition: all three of them died in their sin, and I, as bad as they, and pursuing the same sinful course was stopped; which often makes me exclaim—

"Why me, why me, O gracious God?
Why such a wretch as me;
Who must for ever lie in hell
Were not salvation free?"

And,

"Why was I made to hear His voice;
And enter while there's room?"

The Apostle explains the reason, "For His great love where-with He loved us, even when we were dead in trespasses and sins, He hath quickened us together with Christ. By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God." I feel that the publican's prayer suits me well, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

Ah! my friend, it will be all mercy every step of the way. Everything we possess, temporally and spiritually, is the free gift of God, in Christ Jesus our Lord, in whom the Father is well pleased, for His righteousness' sake; for He hath magnified the law, and made it everlastingly honourable. Honours crown His immortal brow. If such a wretch as I had ten thousand

tongues, they should all be employed in extolling and honouring His divine Majesty. I can truly say that—

“He hath won my affections,
And bound my soul fast.”

Sin, Satan, and the world, combined with my wicked heart, have striven hard to sever me from His divine embrace; but here I am, still a monument of His everlasting love and mercy; still pressing on through all the crowd of opposition: and sometimes His love begets such a love in my poor soul towards His divine and lovely Person, that we hold sweet and blessed intercourse with each other, by the sweet bedewing influence of the Spirit of all grace; so that I am enabled to exclaim, with the Church of old, “Thy love is better than wine,” and more to be desired than all the precious things of earth put together; for they are only vanity and vexation of spirit.

I hope to see you in October, and I do hope it will please the great Head of the Church to come with you and display the honours of His grace through your instrumentality, to the building up and establishing of those who are called to know His name, and the gathering of others who are still in nature's darkness, and He shall have all the praise.

I think this must be the last long letter I must attempt to write, for my recollection is so bad that when a thought strikes my mind it is gone before I can put it on paper. I hope you will overlook all mistakes, as I have done the best I could.

My best respects to Mrs. P——, and believe me,

Yours sincerely,

Bampton, August 29th, 1886.

JOS. CARTER.

[The writer of the above letter, the late Mr. Jos. Carter, of Bampton, Oxon., was, for fifty-nine years, a member of the Church at Alvescot, and the last twenty-four years he held the office of deacon. He was truly a pillar in the house of God, and a lover of the faithful ministers of Christ.—ED.]

THERE'S nothing can part
From the love of His heart,
The souls that in Jesus believe;
They're safe from all fear,
Since Jesus is near,
And they of His fulness receive.

Death loses his sting,
For Jesus our King
Has conquered our foes with His blood;
And we in His strength,
Shall conquer at length,
And dwell in the presence of God.

J.

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

To the Editor of the Sower.

DEAR SIR,—Being near the beginning of the new year, I feel I must send a few lines to wish you a happy new year; may you enter upon it happy in the knowledge that the past one has not been spent in vain. You have many trials in your work, many disappointments, but, dear sir, you do have tokens that your work is not in vain in the Lord; and many, very many, are helped through your instrumentality, of whom you do not hear and know. God has said, "My word shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and prosper in the thing whereunto I sent it." "God is faithful; He cannot deny Himself." Oh, that we could grasp this more, and hang on the promises, instead of doubting and fearing as we often do. Do not our doubts and fears often arise from our looking too much at self, where we find sin and rottenness, instead of looking up to Jesus, and His finished work? God said, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased"; then, if we love Him and are in Him, God is well pleased with us; for, "As He is, so are we, *in Him*"; and thus, God looks not at us, but on the robe of righteousness wrought out by Jesus. I felt a remark made the other day was very encouraging, about the difference of being in Egypt and Canaan. The speaker asked us if we were in the former or the latter. "Where are you?" he said, "Or rather, on what do you feed? In Egypt they fed on leeks and cucumbers, &c. They had to go down for their food. But in Canaan, it was grapes, wheat, and barley, &c., which grew above the ground. They had to look up for it." May we be looking *up* for our food, for this is a mark of feeding on Christ. Do you not think so? He is a full Saviour for an empty sinner. He is the sinner's Friend. May every seeker be enabled to look to Him, is the desire of the unworthy writer,

Brighton, December 7th, 1893.

HOPE.

DEAR SIR,—It has been a source of very great pleasure to read the letters in the Seekers' Corner, also helpful and encouraging. What a mercy if we have ever felt that we are sinners needing a Saviour, and to know and feel that it may be said of us, as it was said by Paul of some of the Corinthians, "But ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." Oh, what joy it creates, when Christ speaks peace and pardon! but how often the children of God have to pray and wait again and again, and are brought daily to feel how utterly helpless they are in

and of themselves. For a long time I myself was permitted to strive and strive again, by upright walk and conversation, to procure pardon, but I had to learn that in Him alone we have redemption, even the forgiveness of sins. Yes, as one says—

“Peace of conscience, peace with God,
We obtain through Jesus' blood :
Jesus' blood speaks solid rest ;
We believe and we are blest.”

Still, we constantly need a reassurance of an interest in these divine realities ; and how blessedly He comes with words like these, “Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love.” “Thy sins which are many are all forgiven thee.” And again, “I am the Lord ; I change not : therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed.” Then—

“If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be ?”

I had not intended to write so much, but wanted to send the enclosed sermon. If you cannot find room for it in the *SOWER*, you need not trouble to return it. Trusting you are well,

I remain, yours sincerely,

Cheltenham, December 11th, 1893.

N. T.

[Dear friends, we have to learn that salvation, from first to last, is all of grace. He who begins the good work within us, must perform it to the end. Thus what we see and learn of ourselves, while it often sinks us low and fills us with dismay, makes us prize fresh tokens for good, and renewed assurances of our interest in redeeming grace and dying love. This is growing in grace and in the knowledge of Christ, causing us to have low views of ourselves and strong desires for Him, who is the only Rock on which we can build for eternity.—ED.]

THERE are three things that a Christian should know : His own misery, God's love, and his own thankful obedience. His misery, how just ! God's love, how free, how undeserved ! his own thankfulness, how due, how necessary !

AS long as a man stands in his own strength or goodness, all the curses of God's law strike at him as a sinner ; but when he falls flat, as it were, on his face, confessing his iniquity, loathing himself in his own eyes for his baseness, and looking up in faith, hope, and love to the Lord of life and glory, as putting away sin by the sacrifice of Himself, then all the storm is ceased, and the blessings, promises, and mercies of the Gospel fall upon his soul like the still small rain and the refreshing dew.—*Philpot.*

CHRIST A RETREAT TO HIS SAINTS.

"As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my Beloved among the sons. I sat down under His shadow with great delight, and His fruit was sweet to my taste."—SOLOMON'S SONG ii. 3.

THE Spouse, or Church of Christ, in this verse, breaks forth into a commendation of her beloved Jesus. And as He had compared her to a lily, so she begins to compare Him to the apple tree, which has the pre-eminency above the trees of the wood, inasmuch as it yields both food to feast and refresh: and a shadow to delight, recreate, and solace persons. The Lord Jesus is compared to a tree; to show how deeply rooted He is in self-existence. He, being "God over all, blessed for ever. Amen"; Jehovah, the Most High, over all the earth.

He is the Tree of Life. All life, natural, spiritual, and eternal life, is in Him, and comes from Him. He is the living God, who gives us life, and breath, and all things. It is in Him that we "live, and move, and have our being."

He is "the Tree of Life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God;" from whom the saints in heaven and earth receive their strength and support. And He cares for, and produces in His people, for their use and benefit, the fruits of everlasting righteousness, pardon, peace, acceptance, regeneration, adoption, sanctification, comfort, and eternal happiness. What blessed fruits are these! The righteousness of Jesus! What a blessed fruit of His holy life! On it, His dear people, are made perfectly righteous, eternally, invariably, immutably righteous, the righteousness of God, in Christ's righteousness imputed unto them. The blood shedding of Jesus! What blessed fruit of peace with God flows into a believer's conscience from it. In the blood of the Lamb, and by faith in the bleeding Lamb, we see all our sins pardoned, God's justice satisfied, and a way of intercourse opened into the Holiest of all. And we may by faith boldly enter within the veil to a reconciled God and Father. Christ the Tree of Life, is said, in the last chapter of the Revelation, to bear twelve manner of fruits, to show the fulness of His salvation, and the abundance of blessings and benefits which He bestows upon His people. And He yields His fruit once a month, "and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of all nations." Which denotes His ready and ever gracious communicating of Himself to the souls of His people. And that every application of Christ to the souls of His people, serves to revive, refresh, quicken, heal, and strengthen them. The Church says, "As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my Beloved among the sons."

Christ is the Church's Beloved. Her Well Beloved. Her

chiefest Beloved. Whatever Christ is to others, He is, says the believer, to me, my Beloved. The Joy of my heart, the Portion of my soul, the Delight of my mind, the Object of my hope, the Beloved of His people, the Fountain of my everlasting life and consolation. Christ is the Beloved of His people, as we consider His Person, God and Man united in one Christ. He is His Church's Beloved, as we consider Him in His work and offices—in His work of obedience, and in His work of suffering. In His offices of Prophet, Priest, and King, He is the Beloved of His people. He is my Beloved, says the believer. This is the language of faith. It sees what Christ is, and hath done. It relies on His obedience and death. It lives upon Christ for all. And is enabled to call Jesus, my Lord, by the Holy Ghost.

Christ dwells in the heart of believers by faith, and they dwell in Him. Believers are one with Christ, and Christ is one with them. They share in all Christ's conquests and victories over sin and Satan, death and hell. They are interested in all that Christ has done, and in all that He is doing for them within the veil. They are happy when they consider what Christ is unto them, and what they are in Him. He is made of God unto them, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. They are, complete in Him. Are engraven in His heart. A people near unto Him, and in them is all His delight. And we can have no happiness until Christ is our Beloved. It is evidence of the truth of grace in us, if Christ is precious to our souls. "Unto them that believe, He is precious. The chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely." One of old, said, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of Thee, and beside Thee." Another cried out, "I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ, and be found in Him."

And the language of the dying martyr is still the language of the believer: "None but Christ. None but Christ." And when we are enabled to look upon Christ as ours, and to call Him my Beloved, then we are led to rejoice in him as Jehovah our Righteousness; as our Atoning Sacrifice; as our great High Priest, Advocate, and Intercessor. We see His fulness to be ours, to supply our wants. His riches to be ours, to make us rich to eternal ages. His Father we see to be our Father, in Him. His Spirit to be our Guide and Comforter, and His heaven to be ours to receive us; yea, Himself with all His blessings and benefits, to be our own. Which causes the soul to triumph indeed, when enabled by the Holy Ghost to say, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His." The spouse goes on further in her account of Jesus, and of

the blessed refreshment and benefit she received from Him, and found in Him. "I sat down (says she) under His shadow with great delight." The Lord Jesus is a blessed shadow, to shelter and to screen His people from the scorching flames of God's wrath. Christ is a safe screen between His Father's wrath and His dear people. He is a shadow of refreshment, and a shadow of protection unto them. Under His shadow they are safe. Safely protected, and safely guarded and defended from every foe.

Again. The Spouse sat down under Christ's shadow. Sitting is a position of ease, and shows how she received ease and rest from Him. Resting upon Him, she found peace of conscience, and peace with God. Sitting under His shadow, she saw herself completely saved, pardoned, justified, and secured. And here she could look over, with unspeakable delight, the blessedness of her state in Christ. I sat down to take my ease, to refresh my heart, and solace my soul, in the labours, victories, graces and beauties, honours and riches, of my Beloved, and it affords me great delight. My heart was warmed, my conscience was satisfied, my affections were inflamed with love to my beloved Jesus, while I was meditating upon His precious love, and precious salvation. I took great delight in this divine subject.

Observe. The believer takes great delight in Jesus Christ. The heart is delighted with the views and discoveries which Christ is pleased to make of Himself to the believer, in His Word, in His ordinances, and in His promises. The Spouse sat down under the shadow of Christ, for rest and refreshment; and here she found great, yea, unspeakable delight. Viewing over the blessings and benefits, the glorious fruits which grew upon this apple tree, this tree of life, she put forth the hand of faith, tasted, and partook of its fruit, and found it sweet to her spiritual taste.

Here it may be observed, that this tree of life, is accessible. We may approach it without fear, and take of the fruit of it without danger. Whoever eats of it will never die eternally. If you inquire after the fruit, what it is, and what are its virtues? the answer is, the fruit is pardon of sin through the blood of the Lamb. Peace with God, by faith in Jesus. The robe of salvation to adorn the soul. Grace and mercy to help in every time of need. If you ask, what are its virtues? They are wonderful. Sinners are hereby brought to know, feel, and experience, that God has freely forgiven them all trespasses; that He has blotted out their transgressions, that His law is magnified and made honourable, by Immanuel's obedience, His justice satisfied by Immanuel's atonement. And that God rests in His love towards them. He has accepted them in the Beloved. He views them in Christ, with infinite delight, loves them in Him, with the same

love He does Christ Himself. They are in Christ complete, and, in blessing, God will bless them with all spiritual blessings. They are brought to partake and enjoy by faith that peace which surpasseth all understanding. They partake of joy in the Holy Ghost, and have a blessed foretaste of eternal glory. The virtue of this fruit is such, that it makes the soul happy in God, and holy in all manner of conversation and godliness. The Spouse had a relish, a blessed appetite to feed on this fruit. She found her soul nourished thereby. And from her own experience could say, His fruit was, and still is, sweet to my taste. Here it may be observed, what an experimental thing faith in Christ is, and what divine experience of Christ it produces in the soul. It is a living principle, wrought in the heart by the Spirit of God, through the Word. It is drawn out into act by the power of the Holy Ghost. And it looks to, and lives upon, Christ and His fullness. And the believer has fellowship with Christ in his salvation, graces, and benefits.

S. E. P.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

Sydney, September 26th, 1893.

DEAR NELLIE,—I was very pleased to hear from you and to hear that you are well again. It must be pleasant for you to have S—— with you, but no doubt by this time he has obtained a situation, and probably will not be near you as you are so far away from a town. I have had two letters from mother since I have been here, and answered one of them. Mrs. H—— called upon me; she was very kind, and asked about you; I showed her your letter to mother. I hope S—— (his brother in Africa) will get a good situation and get good health, if it is the Lord's will. I should be still better pleased to hear that both you and he had been brought to the Lord, for that is the one thing needful, and without that all else is vanity. Mrs. H—— spoke of this matter, and said she hoped to hear this of you. "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found; call ye upon Him while He is near." "Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you." If we come to Him, He will never cast us out. I do pray that He will draw both you and my brothers to Himself. All the others have died in faith, and are now waiting a glorious resurrection. Words would fail me to tell what the Lord has done for my soul. "O taste and see that the Lord is gracious." "He doeth all things well." I have been here four months and cannot say how much longer I shall stay, that depends on my Lord's will; but He is with me, and I do not fear.

With fond love, your affectionate brother,

(To a sister in Africa.)

C. B. B——.

The Sower, March, 1894.



Dear Sir,
Yours truly
Robert Hawker

HENRY FOWLER, OF GOWER STREET, LONDON.

(Continued from page 33.)

DURING these days of his espousals he was greatly favoured in hearing that blessed man, Dr. Hawker; he did not suppose there was another man like him on the earth. But he knew nothing as yet about the trial of faith, the power of unbelief, the plague of the heart, nor the buffetings of Satan. Love and zeal burned like a torch; and from what he knew of the love of Christ, he thought he could contradict all the infidels in the world. Little did he dream of the clouds of darkness that were now about to overshadow him.

By little and by little his joys began to decline, he could get no answer to prayer; he turned to the folded leaves of his Bible, but the precious promises hardly looked like the same words; he could seldom hear anything from the pulpit but what condemned or distressed him. "Never," he says, "did a sucking babe search after the mother's breast with stronger desires than I did for fresh discoveries of Christ; but all was dark and distressing." About this time a snare was laid for his feet; his thoughts while in church were carried away with that powerful evil Paul speaks of in Romans vii. 8. So distracted was he with his carnal affections towards the dying creature, that he could hardly tell what the preacher said. He changed his seat; but was beset in other ways equally distracting. As soon as the text was given out he fell asleep, or, if not so, he was so pestered with the things of this life, that he seemed to be able to plan and order all things relative to his worldly calling while at church much better than he could at home. These things filled him with guilt and confusion, and made him hang down his head like a bulrush for many months. At times he had such hard and degrading thoughts of God and of Christ, and such infidelity and self-pity working in his mind, as carried him beyond all due bounds, till he could have pitied the damned in hell. During this his dreary path a fellow-apprentice—who had previously showed some signs of hopeful conversion—when he saw Henry Fowler sink into the state just described, he, by degrees, threw off the mask, and became one of the most obscene youths in conversation he ever knew. This circumstance, added to the weight of his other trials, made him tremble; at other times he was careless and indifferent about it. In one of his indifferent moments he passed by his old dancing-room; he thought, "I'll go in for once; I will not dance, but just look on." He had not been there many minutes before he began to tremble; stop he could not; and as he left the room, these

words rang in his conscience, "We know the Son of God is come, and the whole world lieth in wickedness." He saw in a moment where all the world stood, and himself among the number; only he felt that he was a Gospel-hardened wretch. This cured him of ever entering a dancing-room again; but it did not soften his heart. At another time he joined one or two of his more moral former companions; and while at play in a field with a very hard ball, he injured—permanently—the principal finger of his right-hand. He left his companions with hell in his conscience; but mercy was in this dispensation, for it brought him once more to cry heartily to God, "Lord, if thou canst show mercy once more to a wretch like me, I'll be content if I never receive another." The sweet humbling sense of grace which God granted him he never forgot. But this unexpected favour did not last long; he was again left to feel the desperate depravity of his nature. He never once supposed that any of the Lord's children were exercised as he was. He therefore shunned them as much as possible, being determined, as soon as he had his liberty, to leave that part and go to London, where he was not known, and go where he might say nothing about religion to anyone. Preparatory to his departure, he disposed of all his books, except his Bible and Dr. Watts' hymns. So different was the opinion of his friends concerning him to his own, that several said, "We hope God will make you a preacher before you return." "God make me a preacher of His Gospel!" he said to himself. "Poor souls! Oh, how deceived you are in me! and what a base hypocrite I must be!" All this took place before he was nineteen years of age.

Soon after he was nineteen, he set off *on foot* for London, a distance of more than two hundred miles. He walked about sixty miles the first two days; but at the close of the second day he stepped on a stone and sprained his ankle, so that it was with great difficulty he got to a lodging. The next day he was obliged to make the best terms he could with the coachman, and pursue the rest of the journey by coach. Concerning his first day's journey, he writes: "I shall ever have cause to bless God for His goodness to me that day. As I was slowly ascending a long, steep hill, I mused on the past scenes of my life, and wondered the Lord had not cut me off in the midst of my sin and rebellion. I took out of my pack Watts' hymns, and cast my eye on, 'Blest are the souls that hear and know,' &c. A light and sweetness attended every line; but when I came to these lines—

"His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn,"

I stood still awhile, overcome with a sense of the love of Christ.

I sang, wept for joy, and blessed and praised the Lord for His tender mercy toward me ; and those words, "*His righteousness*," appeared grand indeed ! When I arrived at the summit of the hill, I hesitated awhile, leaning on the top of my staff ; I felt as if I must return to tell my friends who feared God, what He had done for my soul, for God had turned 'the shadows of death into the morning.' At length I came to a conclusion to go forward, trusting in the Lord to prosper my way and preserve me from sinning, that I might not dishonour Him or wound my conscience. Many scriptures were impressed on my mind to encourage, confirm, and establish me in my faith. I had not had so clear a discovery of my acceptance in the Beloved, and of my full and complete salvation by His justifying righteousness, as I was favoured with at this time. Oh, what a change was wrought in my feelings ! for though I had 'been among the pots,' I was 'like the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold.'" This visitation from God refreshed his spirit, and continued with him for some time after he reached London. His understanding was also much enlightened by the Holy Spirit as to the glorious plan of our redemption. His meditation of Christ, the glorious Redeemer, was truly sweet.

While in London he rambled from one place to another, but heard very little to soul profit. The legal preaching of one or two ministers he met with brought him into bondage and confused his judgment. Those preachers often warned their hearers against the Antinomians and their dangerous doctrines ; they would use all their power of oratory in blackening the Antinomians. Upon inquiry, he found these *pious* men meant William Huntington, John Bradford, and a few others. Then he determined not to hear such *awful characters*. His path was rough and thorny. Day by day he had to labour with some of the worst of Adam's fallen race ; they were for the most part either debauched Deists or empty professors, and between the two he was ground as between two millstones. To meet with men who called the truth of the Bible in question, and who vilified that precious Redeemer whom his soul loved, used to touch him most sensibly. And the many snares and temptations in London, suited to the depraved passions and carnal vigour of youth, many times threatened his downfall ; but the Lord preserved him. "At the same time," he says, "I was made to feel that I had no room to boast, for the worst scenes I beheld without were not worse than what I felt in my own heart, which often made me groan in secret."

He had, however, promised some friends in the country that he would hear Mr. Huntington when he got to London. He went

accordingly, one week-day evening to hear him. "I was much struck," he says, "with his plain style and clear, distinct delivery; his aptitude in the Scriptures, and the proofs he brought to establish every point of doctrine that he advanced, I could neither gainsay nor resist. I felt sorry that so *bad* a man should have such good abilities, and went away quite disappointed that he did not confirm the things I had heard about him." One good old woman said, "I am afraid, my young friend, you have done wrong by hearing him." He replied, "Dame, I could discover nothing contrary to the truth in what I heard." This poor old disciple (for such she was) had never heard him. "Ignorance and prejudice," says Fowler, "often carry the disciples to great lengths! It is the devil's work to stir up the hearts both of saints and sinners against a free-grace Gospel; but it is the only remedy for man's deplorable misery. Satan will sanction all religion but that which exalts Christ and brings liberty to poor captives."

In the month of August, 1799, labour beginning to fall off, he determined to go to Bristol, where he was employed for the most part of three months, when he returned again to London. While at Bristol he thought he should be favoured in hearing some of the excellent preachers he had been told of. But he found neither dew nor rain, oil nor salt; some were tolerably sound in the leading doctrines of the Gospel, yet, before they had finished their sermon, they would *foul the waters with the feet*. Bristol at that time was full of professors of religion of one sort or another, and many of his shopmates were thorough-paced Arminians. Among the many professors he met with in Bristol, there was but one man who seemed to be acquainted with the things of God experimentally. Doubtless there were many hidden ones of the Lord's own children there, but it was not his happiness to find them out.

It seems he had to meet with many trials in London during the severe winter of 1800. Nevertheless, the Lord was very kind to him in providence, for He gave him favour in the eyes of his employer, so that he actually discharged his leading man and put Fowler in his place. This man, it seems, was very unsteady, and tried Fowler greatly, for he had great light, and used to hear William Huntington and Richard Burnham. The last time he reprov'd him for his drunkenness, he replied, "I thought you believed in predestination." Fowler said, "I am a predestinarian." "Then," said he "don't you suppose that my drinking is according to the decrees of God." He was so shocked at the man's hardness of heart, and awful presumption, that he paused, and then said, "And if all things are according to God's decrees, why not my telling you your faults among

the rest?" &c. These remarks touched him, but shortly after he broke out again, and was discharged from his employ. The last time Fowler met him was in Soho Square, when he aimed a blow at him, which he avoided and said, "What! Do you mean to lay your faults to me, and smite with the fist of wickedness?" The man sneaked away like a thief. Though much favoured at times in providence and grace, for more than twelve months he passed through many a conflict with the pride and vanity of his mind, the dreadful workings of his depraved heart and corrupt desires. But there was a text fastened on his mind; it was his constant monitor: "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto, according to Thy Word." He rambled about London to hear various preachers—such was his folly and want of judgment—but gathered very little. One Lord's-day morning he made up his mind to go for the last time to hear preaching. He went to hear John Newton, sorrowful and sad enough. The text was out of Jonah: "When my soul fainted within me I remembered the Lord, and my prayer came in unto Thee, into Thine holy temple." These words he found very sweet, and the Lord was pleased to make that sermon a special blessing to him. That day he went to dine with a godly woman. As soon as he entered her room she said, "Your face shines; I am sure you have had some of the good wine of the kingdom to-day." He confessed he had; that the Lord had turned his captivity, and that it had been a blessed jubilee to him. She said, "I was persuaded the Lord would appear for you, for He is faithful to His promise."

Now that the Lord had turned his captivity, it was again impressed on his mind, that he should yet be called forth to speak to poor sinners in the name of the Lord: and in this matter he found no rebukes at a throne of grace, but many encouraging promises. Work falling off, he begged the Lord's direction in his future movements. But a few days later he was taken ill of a fever and laid by for several weeks. On one occasion he heard the doctor say to his nurse, "I fear he is in great danger, there is but one thing more I can give that is likely to do him any good." It seems he had not the fear of death, but this news sunk him very low; he was puzzled to make out his path, having just before been so much favoured. A few hours after the doctor left, an old disciple called to ask how he was; after some time he told her the state of his mind. The dear old disciple said in a most emphatical tone, "God *has* been gracious to you, and what have you to fear"? Has He not said, "I will *never never* leave thee, nor forsake thee"? She had no sooner uttered the words than the Lord applied them with power and sweetness to his heart, and he was quite overcome with a

sense of the Lord's goodness. A few hours after the doctor called to know the effects of his *last effort*: he was quite surprised, and said, "The fever has left him! he will now do well." Oh, how sweet are the visits of the best Physician, even Jesus Christ in a time of real need; and if God give peace, who then can make trouble?

As soon as he could gain sufficient strength and judged it prudent, which was late in October (1800) he went to Portsea. During his recovery, the Lord had greatly blessed him in reading His Word and in meditation. The morning he left London it appears he was as happy in his soul as a man could wish to be this side of glory. Before daylight he was on the coach and being alone on the hinder part, while passing over Westminster bridge, he sang with inexpressible pleasure that well known hymn, "Guide me, O thou great Jehovah."

He witnessed a large fire blazing at Wapping; a striking emblem of the last great day: it furnished him with some profitable meditation as he travelled. But this prosperity was very short lived, for it rained nearly the whole of the journey, at times in torrents; not being well prepared for such weather, nor properly established in his health, he caught a violent cold, and in the night, thought he should not live till daylight. But the Lord was merciful to him, for he got quite well in a few days, sought labour, which he at once obtained, and was mostly employed during the two months he was at Portsea. Here he met with such inward trials as he never expected to pass through again in this world. So beset was he by that awful monster, infidelity, that it made him completely miserable; it was so unaccountably strange, that after so many mercies and deliverances, he should be plunged into this horrible pit where no water is. Such was the violence of temptation that it was with difficulty he could attend to his lawful calling. One day as he was walking in the market at Portsmouth, he was suddenly assaulted with such a spirit of blasphemy and rebellion that he knew not what to do; and the enemy suggested, "You had better throw yourself into the sea and drown yourself, and then you will have done with all this misery." This made him shudder. Yet he felt as angry with the Lord as Jonah. His rebellion, however, was stopped for a time by a powerful application of these words, "Be not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding, whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle." It came into his mind one day that, as soon as he went to dinner, he would once more go and pour out his soul to God, and beg Him to take every stumbling block out of his way, and show him plainly that the bible was his own revealed truth. He did so, and found the blessed

Spirit help his infirmities. When he took up his bible he opened it at that part whereat he most stumbled, and a divine light shone on the sacred page, so that he stood surprised at his own ignorance. It forcibly struck him, that he had been under the power of Satan. "Satan," he said, "thou art a liar, the bible is true: thy lies and my blindness have been the source of all my confusion." The snare was broken and he escaped from one of the worst places that a pardoned sinner can ever be brought into. Now listen, dear reader, to what he says about all this. "In reflecting on this hour of temptation, I am inclined to think that it was God's school of instruction, and that He was preparing me to be of some service to his people; and I do believe that the school of affliction is better calculated to make a *useful* minister of Jesus Christ, than all the learning taught in all the universities and academies in the universe. I do not wish by this remark to offend any man who may have received a classical education; but I insist upon it, that all the human acquirements that a man may have cannot make him a minister of Jesus Christ. Paul had plenty of human learning; but he was obliged to cast it overboard, and to speak "not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but in the words which the Holy Ghost teacheth."

(*To be continued.*)

DR. HAWKER.

DR. HAWKER, whose portrait is given with this number, and to whom reference is made in the life of Henry Fowler, was born at Exeter, in 1753. Whilst a lad he was apprenticed to a surgeon at Plymouth. In 1778 he gave up his profession as surgeon, and soon entered upon a curacy, and was afterwards appointed vicar of the parish church of Charles, Plymouth, where his ministry was abundantly blessed. He died on the 6th of April, 1827, and was buried on Good Friday, "his seventy-fourth birthday." Many thousands were present at his funeral. Dr. Hawker was the author of several works, and his "Poor Man's Daily Portions" is still extensively read and prized by the children of God, for the savour of the Redeemer's name, which, like the perfume from a box of precious ointment, pervades its pages from the beginning to the end.

'TIS our greatest wisdom to be tenderly watchful over the frame of our spirits; to observe what helps it, and what injures it.

A PASSAGE FROM WITSIUS.

"Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, do all to the glory of God."—1 CORINTHIANS x. 13.

A PERSON eats and drinks to the glory of God when, confessing himself unworthy to enjoy this life, and the conveniences of it, he praises that bountiful favour of God, which abundantly bestows all things upon him; and, above all, admires that immense love of the Lord Jesus, who willingly was destitute of all the dainties of life, and submitted to drink vinegar and gall, that His people, through the favour of God, might eat the fat, and drink the sweet: when, also, he does not delight so much in the creatures and the gifts of providence, as in the Creator Himself and the Giver; tasting, to his unspeakable pleasure, how good the Lord is: when from his heart he proposes faithfully to employ his life, which is lengthened out by these means, and all his faculties, which are thus continually refreshed, to the service of God, who gave and preserves them: when, in fine, he rises in meditation, from the delights of this natural life, to the almost unspeakable pleasures of a future and heavenly life; and, having a prelibation of them in thought and faith, with a grateful heart, tunes up a song of love to God: "Lord, if Thou dost such things for us in the prison, what will Thou do in the palace?"

"O JESUS."

SUDDENLY came the summons to a vigorous child of God; Silently death stepped forward, ere the summit of life was trod. "O Jesus," was all he uttered; "O Jesus," and he was gone, Straight from the bustle of labour to the quiet of God's throne.

We never can tell what meaning lay in those mighty words;
Wife, and parents, and children, possibly swelled the chords;
All the weight of eternity pressing upon his mind,
All the woe and the wailing of those he must leave behind.

One, One only, could fathom the joy and the agony;
One, One only, a pillow for the fatherless heads could be;
Tried and trusted and faithful, oh, harbour of repose,
"I die, but the Lord remaineth; they weep, but Jesus knows."

"O Jesus, and am I really coming to be at rest,
Never another sin, Lord, to keep me from being blest;
Toil and sorrow and doubting for ever and ever past,
O Jesus" ? and God his Saviour was satisfied at last.

November, 1890.

M. A. CHAPLIN.

A HARD heart is not so soon broken, as a broken heart is bound up.

"THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED."

JANE ELIZABETH MALYON died December 12th, 1893, aged forty-two years. Our dear departed friend was a native of Portsmouth. She was the only one in her own family that showed any love to the Gospel of the grace of God. She had an aunt, who is a member of the Church worshipping at Salem Chapel, Portsmouth, being now eighty-three years of age, one of our oldest members, and a good and gracious woman, who still brings forth fruit in old age.

When I became acquainted with our departed friend—about twenty-seven years ago—she used to come to chapel with her cousin (a daughter of the afore-mentioned aunt), and, from what I can gather, she was exercised about soul matters very early in life. I cannot state the exact time, but have been informed by a friend that she had a remarkable answer to prayer when about ten years of age, which was followed with a strong temptation, when Satan suggested, "The Lord will not listen to you;" and she thought, "Perhaps not."

About the latter end of 1867—if I mistake not—I was led one Sunday afternoon to read to the scholars of our Sunday School the remarkable account of the "Sherwood Gipsy." Our dear friend was there, and, being much interested in the account, after the service she desired to borrow the little book. She told me afterwards that she wished, when I was reading the book, somebody would speak to her.* So it appeared she was panting after good things.

I remember when she was coming before the Church at Salem, she made her way, the time appointed, to the chapel; but through fear and backwardness, she ran off home before the prayer-meeting was over, and the good Lord gave her these words, "Them also I must bring" (John x. 16). The next morning she came to my abode in tears, confessing the wrong she had done. However, she was led to come before the Church at the next Church meeting. She told us how the Spirit of God convinced her of her state by nature in reading an account of some young person, so that she felt to be a greater sinner than the person she read about; and, I may say, she was one who well understood her state as a sinner before God. This doubtless led her to the throne of grace, and she was raised to a hope in the mercy of God through the late Mr. Silas Keovil, of Deptford, while preaching at "Salem," and speaking about the lambs of Christ's fold. She was received very kindly by the Church, and

* Oh, that the dear saints of God were more alive to this part of the Lord's commission to Peter, "Feed My lambs."

was baptized on June 4th, 1871, with several others, by our late esteemed pastor, Mr. W. Ferris, and was received into the Church the same day.

A friend has also informed me, that, some years after this, she was staying for a time near Deptford, and felt a desire to see Mr. Keevil; so she went to his address, where he was laid up with bronchitis, and at that very time he was under a temptation that his preaching was useless; and when our dear friend told him of the blessing God had made him to her, it quite broke the snare. So we may well say with the poet—

"How wondrous are the works of God,
Displayed through all the world abroad."

After she was baptized, she constantly attended with us, and supported the cause very liberally with her purse, until she left her situation at Landport, and the Lord provided one for her at Basingstoke, where she remained some time. Before going to Basingstoke, a friend tells me, she was anxious about the getting of the situation, when these lines by Dr. Watts were made precious to her—

"My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights."

But she felt she could not sing all the hymn. While at Basingstoke she was favoured to hear various men of God. She afterwards removed to Abingdon, and from thence came back to her native town, where she was provided with another situation; and we were glad to see her in our midst again, and enjoy her company and conversation, of which I was privileged to have a good share, for she was always welcome at our house. Some time after this her health began to fail, and at times we found her very sadly. On one occasion these words were blessed to her, and she felt she should recover—

"'Tis He forgives thy sins,
'Tis He relieves thy pain,
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee well again."

In the year 1884, God, in His providence, led her to Hastings; but before going there, she appeared to have sunk into a cold, dead state of soul. I well remember how I was led to beg of the Lord that she might be kept walking in the ordinances of His house; and I am thankful to be able to state that she was led to Ebenezer Chapel, to hear our dear friend, Mr. Hull, and

she heard him so well, that she was quite revived in soul, and her health was also greatly improved; so that when she occasionally visited us, it was quite a pleasure to see and converse with her; and, I must say, she was ever afterwards much attached to Mr. Hull. She joined his Church in March, 1886, at which time I was led to make known what my feelings were about her when she went to Hastings. She then thanked me much for my prayers on her behalf, and begged an interest in them for future days. But in process of time she was compelled to leave her situation at Hastings—just over two years ago—since which time she carried on a drapery business at Southsea.

As she came to chapel from time to time, it could be noticed that her health and strength were failing, which was a source of grief to myself and others, having known and loved her for the truth's sake so long. We felt a desire that she should transfer her membership to our Church again; but she could not see her way clear to do this, so she died a member of Mr. Hull's Church, at Hastings. During the closing part of her earthly career, Mr. Ford (pastor), myself, and other kind friends visited her; and, I must say, I found it good to see and speak with her, as we agreed so well in the things of God. She told me, on one occasion, how sweet the hymn by Miss Steele (Gadsby's Selection, 1081) had been to her—"Sad prisoners in a house of clay," &c. She told another friend what a blessing hymn 469 had been made to her—

"My soul, this curious house of clay,
Thy present frail abode,
Will soon become to worms a prey,
And then return to God."

A few weeks before the end, her medical adviser ordered her to lie in bed for a month; and she wrote me a kind note, informing me of it, expressing her desire for faith and patience, and grace to say, "It is well." After this I saw her only once, and found her very weak and ill. I called several times afterwards, but could not see her. Mr. Ford, our esteemed pastor, last saw her on December 9th, and found her resting in the faithfulness of a covenant-keeping God, and spoke words of comfort to her. One of her favourite hymns was—

"Jesus, engrave it on my heart,
That Thou the one thing needful art," &c.

The last hymn she asked her sister to sing was dear Cowper's—

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins," &c.

Her last words were, "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

Thus died one whom I felt to be a real friend, and whom I loved in the Gospel for twenty-five years. Her dying request was that Mr. Ford (our pastor) should bury her; which request was fulfilled on the 15th December, 1893, at the Kingston Cemetery, when Mr. Ford spoke very kindly of the departed, and words of truth and faithfulness to her dear friends who are left behind. May God bless the same. Amen.

So prays, yours in Gospel bonds,

J. HITCHENS.

[We well remember the evening, in 1884, when our late dear friend first spoke to us as we were coming out of the chapel. She was a stranger to us; but she spoke of having previously heard the word from our lips at Abingdon, and how she had heard to profit since coming to Hastings. Her state of soul had been laid open, and the Lord had again put His hand to the work, and brought about a gracious revival, although she had concluded her religion had come to an end, and she should never be brought up from the destitution and death she had sunk into. From that time we often were cheered with her bright smile and gracious testimonies of the Lord's rich blessing, which lay like dew upon her branch. This made her company and conversation acceptable to the Lord's children, among whom she found some close and warm-hearted friends, insomuch that she felt she had found a spiritual home among us; and when she expressed a wish to unite with us in Church fellowship, she was cordially welcomed as one of the flock of Christ, March 22nd, 1886. This union existed till the time of her death, as she felt no desire to sever the ties which united her to the Church at Ebenezer, Hastings; while, at the same time, she highly esteemed the friends at Salem, Landport, and much enjoyed the visits of Mr. Ford, the pastor of that Church. We called on her on our way to Bournemouth, October 4th, 1893, and found her very ill. The visit was a surprise to her, and we were grieved to see her reduced to such a physical wreck. But though her bodily frame was very prostrate, and her soul in a low place, she could not forget former revivings which the Lord had granted her, and she still clung to Him as her Rock and Salvation, hoping He would again fulfil His promise, "I will see you again," &c.; which He did, and thus sweetly cheered her in her last hours, enabling her to leave all below in His hand, and to await the call to go up and possess the promised heavenly rest. Thus in peace she departed to be with Christ, which is far better. She lived and walked the Gospel of Christ, an honourable member of His Church below, and now she wears the crown of life which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him.—EDITOR.]

THE SIN OF UNBELIEF.

SECTION I.—*Question* : But possibly thou wilt ask now, how thou mayest get this precious grace of faith? *Answer* : The answer to this question takes in these following directions :—

First, labour to get thy heart convinced of and affected with thy unbelief: till this is done, thou wilt be but sluggish and languid in thy endeavours for faith. A man may be convinced of other sins, and never think of coming to Christ. Convince a drunkard of his drunkenness, and upon leaving his drunken trade his mind is pacified, yea, he blesseth himself in his reformation, because all the quarrel his conscience had with him, was for that particular sin; but when the Spirit of God convinceth the creature of his unbelief, He gets between him and those burrows in which he did use to earth and hide himself; he hath no ease in his spirit from those plaisters now, which formerly hath relieved him, and so kept him from coming over to Christ. Before it served the turn to bring his conscience to sleep, when it accused him for such a sin, that he had left the practice of it, and for the neglect of a duty, that now he had taken it up, without any inquiry into his state whether good or bad, pardoned or unpardoned. Thus, many make a shift to daub and patch the peace of their consciences, even as some do to keep an old rotten house, by stopping in here a tile, and there a stone, till a loud wind comes and blows the whole house down; but when once the creature hath the load of its unbelief laid upon his spirit, then it is little ease to him to think he is no drunkard as he was, no atheist in his family without the worship of God as he was. Thy present state, saith the Spirit of God, is as damning, in that thou art an unbeliever, as if thou wert these still; yea, what thou wert thou art, and wilt be found at the great day, to be the drunkard and atheist, for all thy seeming reformation, except by an intervening faith thou gainest a new name. What though thou art drunk no more, yet the guilt remains upon thee till faith strikes it off with the blood of Christ; God will be paid His debt by thee, or Christ for thee, and Christ pays no reckoning for unbelievers.*

Again, as the guilt remains, so the power of those lusts remains, so long as thou art an unbeliever, however they may disappear in the outward act. Thy heart is not emptied of one sin, but the vent stopped by restraining grace; a bottle full of wine, close stopped, shows no more what it hath in it, than one that is empty; and if that is thy case, how is it possible thou shouldst truly mortify any one lust, that hath no faith, which is the only

* That is, for wilful and confirmed unbelievers.

victory of the world? In a word, if under the convincement of thy unbelief thou wilt find how little a sin, soever now it is thought by thee, that there is more malignity in it than in all thy other sins. Hast thou been a liar? that is a grievous sin indeed; hell gapes for everyone that loveth and telleth a lie (Rev. xxii. 15). But know, poor wretch, the loudest lie, which ever thou toldest is that which by unbelief thou tellest here; thou bearest false witness against God Himself, and tellest a lie, not "to the Holy Ghost," as Ananias did, but a lie "of the Holy Ghost," as if not a word were true He saith in the promises of the Gospel. If "he that believes sets to his seal that God is true," judge you whether the unbeliever makes Him not a liar? Hast thou been a murderer, yea, had thy hand in the blood of saints, the best of men? This is a dreadful sin, I confess, but by thy unbelief thou art a more bloody murderer, by how much the blood of God is more precious than the blood of mere men. Thou killest Christ over again by thy unbelief, and treadest His blood under thy feet; yea, throwest it under Satan's feet to be trampled on by him.*

SECTION II.—*Question* : But how can unbelief be so great a sin, when it is not in the sinner's power to believe? *Answer* : By this reason; the unregenerate person might wipe off any other sin, and shake off the guilt of it, with but saying, it is not my fault that I do not keep this commandment or that, for I have no power of myself to do them. This is true, he cannot perform one holy action holily and acceptably. "They that are in the flesh cannot please God" (Rom. viii. 8). But it is a false inference, that therefore he doth not sin because he can do no other. First, because this inability is not created by God, but contracted by the creature himself. "God made man upright, but they sought many inventions" (Eccles. vii. 29). Man had not his lame hand from God; no, he was made a creature fit and able for any service his Maker would please to employ him in; but man crippled himself; and man's fault cannot prejudice God's right. Though he hath lost his ability to obey, yet God hath not lost His power to command; who among ourselves thinks his debtor discharged by wasting that estate whereby he was able to have paid us? It is confessed, had man stood, he should not, indeed, could not have believed on Christ for salvation, as now He is held forth in the Gospel; but this was not from any disability in man, but from the unmeetness of such an object to Adam's holy state. If it had been a duty meet for God to command, there was an ability in man to have obeyed.

Secondly. Man's present impotency to yield obedience to the

* According to Hebrews vi. 6, and x. 29.

commands of God, and in particular to this of believing (where it is declared), doth afford him no excuse, because it is not a simple inability, but complicated with an inward enmity against the command. It is true, man cannot believe; but it is as true man will not believe: "Ye will not come unto Me that ye might have life" (John v. 40). It is possible—yea, ordinary—that a man may, through some feebleness and deficiency of strength, be disabled from doing that which he is very willing to do, and this draws out our pity; such an one was the "poor cripple," who lay so long at the "pool" (John v. 5). He was willing enough to step down, if he could but have crept thither; or that any other should have helped him in, if they would have been so kind. But, what would you think of such a cripple, that can neither go himself into the pool for healing, nor is willing any should help him in, but flies in the face of him that would do him this friendly office? Every unbeliever is this cripple; he is not only impotent himself, but a resister of the Holy Ghost, that comes to woo and draw him unto Christ.* Indeed, everyone that believes, believes willingly, but he is beholden, not to nature, but to grace for his willingness; none are willing till the day of power comes. (Psalm cx. 3), in which the Spirit of God overshadows the soul, and by His incubation (as once upon the waters) He now forms and moulds the will into a sweet compliance with the call of God in the Gospel.—*Extracted from Gurnall's "Christian's Armour."*

WHEN a child of God looks up by faith, to the glory of his Father's kingdom, he looks down with contempt upon the kingdom of this world.

THOUGH we did tear ourselves, and made wounds to widen death's sad entrance, yet without our wishes and against our wills, when we lay gasping in the road to ruin, by the mercy of this Great Samaritan we were again bound up for life and for the joy of being. So bats and owls, that hate the sun's gay light, are yet, by the influence of its gracious beams, from their dark holes drawn out to fly and live.

* This no doubt is a reference to the outward call of the Gospel, as in the case of those to whom Noah preached (see Gen. vi. 3; Heb. xi. 7; 1 Pet. iii. 20), and, as the Lord Himself declares, "Many be called, but few chosen" (Matt. xx. 16). This is the Spirit's outward call without His inward and effectual work, and this call even now comes to those to whom the Spirit is not given, but they believe not, because they are left to their own native ability, which they have lost by transgression, but to the chosen grace is given to believe.

FORGIVENESS.

"If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand? But there is forgiveness with Thee, that Thou mayest be feared."—PSALM CXXX. 3, 4.

THE centre word in the text is *Forgiveness*, and the ordinance we are about to attend to this evening speaks of Forgiveness.

1. The Necessity of Forgiveness; 2. The Nature of Forgiveness; 3. The Fruit of Forgiveness.

1. The Necessity. Because God is a just God and does mark iniquity. He is not like us, forget what is past; but the whole of our lives, with every act, thought, and desire, is all stretched out before Him as a huge map, past, present, and to come, one eternal now. And He marks those sins. Then, "O Lord, who shall stand?" Not one could stand, but must fall, and that into hell, had not Jesus Christ, by His one offering, opened a fountain for sin and for uncleanness, by shedding His own precious blood; and thereby forgiveness can—and does—come down to all poor sinners, who are made sensible that if God marked their iniquities, *they* could not stand; those who see and feel their lost and undone state and condition, for them there is forgiveness." The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin, "and to such as are thus made sensible, the Word of God says, "Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

2. This forgiveness, in the nature of it, is a divine forgiveness, procured by Jesus Christ, who was God and Man in one Person; and God the Father accepts of His perfect work and vicarious death for such sensible, anxious sinners, and can fully pardon and forgive them; not because He has winked at their sin, or forgotten it, but because He has received full satisfaction. The whole debt has been justly paid and cleared by Christ, as the Surety and Substitute of all such. And He says, "This is My Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." And not like a creature's forgiveness, that may be withdrawn after a lapse of time—this forgiveness is for once and for ever. And every spot and stain of sin is for ever hidden from His view, where the soul is cleansed in the blood of Jesus Christ. Oh, friends, this is a forgiveness worth knowing something about, worth seeking after. Such a soul is safe for heaven, and no others are, but those who are made partakers of it. Yet even after having once known and tasted forgiveness, how often the soul has to say, "If Thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities," even the iniquities of my religious profession, "O Lord, who shall stand?" I should

not, hearer, and you would not, did not our gracious God and Father still pardon, restore and bless. But to those who live and die without any concern about these things, God will solemnly mark their iniquities, by pouring out His just wrath and indignation against them for their sins for ever.

3. The Fruit of this Forgiveness. "That He may be feared" ; or you may say, "I could understand it better if it is said, that He may be loved." Well, my dear friend, they can never be separated, the fear of God and love to God are joined by an inseparable bond.

"May love and fear, most Holy God,
Possess this heart of mine ;
Thus may I always be devout,
Be this religion mine."

Where there is love to God, there is the fear of God, and where the fear of God is, there is love to Him. Oh, that this golden thread of the fear of the Lord may run all through the lives of our dear friends who are now about to profess their attachment to Him, and through the lives of all of us. If you say, "Now I am forgiven, I can cheat, lie, get drunk, and do all kinds of sin, it will not matter." Oh, if you can, you are deceived, you are not forgiven, for every forgiven soul fears God with a child-like, filial fear, fearing to offend. This is a precious treasure, the fear of the Lord.

"This treasure was by Christ possessed,
In this His understanding stood ;
And every soul that's with it blessed,
Has full redemption in His blood."

Oh, that we may possess more of it. And what will be the end of this ? It will ever lead you to Jesus, and make you desire to grow in conformity to, and in acquaintance with Jesus, and the end will be, as I once witnessed myself ; I have not seen many death-beds, but, oh, I shall never forget one, that of an aged friend, past threescore and ten years, one who did indeed fear God ; and what do you think his last words were ? These—"My Jesus ! My Jesus !! My Jesus !!!" and then fell asleep. May God bless you all. Amen.—*Pulpit Gleamings.*

THE soft mercies of God will break the hard heart of man.

WILL not God bestow blessings, unless we pray for them ? We have no warrant to expect He will. Ask and receive, is His command and promise. To ask and receive, is both our duty and blessedness.—*Mason.*

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

To the Editor of the Sower.

MY DEAR MR. HULL,—After reading the letter in this month's SOWER by A. H., I feel constrained to send you a line. Never, I think, shall I forget that evening, and the feeling of despair which came over me as I sat in chapel. You seemed to be cutting me right off, and I felt there could be no hope for me, but that I was one who had only a name to live, and was still dead in trespasses and sins. But after a time you seemed to come where I was, it was like putting fresh life and strength into me. It gave me hope once again that the Lord had a favour to such an unworthy one as me. I was lost to everything around until you closed your Bible, when it brought me to myself, and I found it was half-past eight, at which time I was to have been home. How I wish I could have more of these times, but I have to prove "Power belongeth unto God." When He does bless our souls, how worthless the things of this time-state appear, and I often wish I had not such a worldly, carnal heart, which is so taken up with these things. It is my daily grief that I cannot live nearer the Lord, and enjoy more sweet communion with Him. I often have to go mourning, and crying, "Oh that I knew where I might find Him!" and, "Remember me, O Lord, with the favour which Thou bearest unto Thy people: O visit me with Thy salvation." I cannot be happy without His presence, for there is nothing in this world can satisfy me, it all leaves an aching void. What a mercy that He should ever look upon me, and call me out of the world and from a mere profession, when He might have sent me to hell; and were He now strict to mark iniquity, He would banish me from His presence for ever. Instead of this He does now and then give me a token of love, and enables me to say—

"He who has helped me hitherto
Will help me all my journey through,
And give me daily cause to raise
Sweet Ebenezers to His praise."

I do trust you are feeling better, and may the Lord strengthen your body, and abundantly bless you in your work and labour of love. Please forgive me if I have done wrong in writing.

With kind regards to Mrs. —, trusting she is well,
Believe me to remain, your affectionate young friend,

E.

DEAR MR. —, I have lately had my nest stirred to the very last stick. How very trying these things are to one. How often has it reminded me that, "Here is no continuing city." I

want a little rest, but not like Moab's, for then I should not be in the right place. But perhaps you will say, "I wonder what sort of place you would choose if you had your own way in this?" I do not know, but godliness and contentment is what I strive for. I know if I had no cross here, I could not expect a crown hereafter; but the question often arises to know if mine is a right sort of a cross or not. I sometimes want to move it myself, and then the dear Lord presses it a little closer and bears me down on my knees a little oftener; and I have to cry out, "O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me." It is the end of my trouble I do so often want to see, to know if it is for my good: Then I think, sometimes, I could bear it more bravely, as a good soldier. I want my walk to be right, but oh, how far short do I fall from this, and sometimes I think I took the wrong step when I joined that little flock at —. Then it was the day of prosperity, but now I am in the day of adversity. I do hope and trust the dear Lord is favouring you with health and strength to work in His vineyard, and blessing it to many poor tried and downcast souls, causing them to look again toward His holy temple. My mind is to be present with you on the Lord's Day, but for the present must stay at home. Truly my soul longeth for His courts, and there would I dwell, if permitted, and not mingle with the world at all. There seems nothing there suitable for me; it is like vinegar to my poor wounds. There is a Mr. — speaks sometimes of an evening; he seems to be led in a very tried way just now, and I hope I have found it a little sweet and encouraging, in a few of my difficulties in helping to remove some of them, which seemed like mountains to my little strength, which I had been nursing up. I must close this poor scribble, trusting it may find both yourself, Mrs. —, and family well. Both — and I have been highly favoured thus far during this trying season.

Yours, though most unworthy,

R.

[Dear seekers, still follow on after the Lord Jesus, though it be in a path of trial, and let us hear how it fares with you in soul matters. We do not want long letters, but we like to hear what the Lord does in and for His little ones, and others find pleasure and profit in reading their exercises, and the helps with which the Lord favours them. Especially when He visits them in trouble and revives them and confirms His own work, do *we all* like to hear them

"Tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour they have found."

Cast not away your confidence, dear friends, press through the crowd.

“Look to the Lord with steadfast eye,
And fight with hell by faith.”

He says, “They shall not be ashamed that wait for Me.”

THROUGH TRIBULATION TO THE KINGDOM.

Time is flying, friends are dying,
Fondest cords do sever;
But we're glad, 'midst things so sad—
Jesus lives for ever.

We are tossed, our plans are crossed,
We can settle never;
But we claim what's e'er the same—
Jesus lives for ever.

All may change, our foes may range,
Wrath become a river;
Yet 'midst all, on this we fall—
Jesus lives for ever.

Darkness spreads thick o'er our heads,
Will the Lord deliver?
Yet we go with this, “I know
Jesus lives for ever.”

Years roll by, our kindred die,
We draw near the river;
Oh the bliss of knowing this—
Jesus lives for ever!

As we die we'll still rely
On what changes never;
Cross the ford, to where our Lord
Jesus lives for ever.

THE EDITOR.

THE good man is said to have a good treasure in his heart—graces, comforts, experiences in religion, the law of God in his heart. There are, in fact, these three or four things, or properties, our actions must have in order to constitute them good. 1. They must flow from a gracious principle—the principle of grace, the principle of faith. 2. They must be according to the rule, the Word of God. There *must* be a conformity in our actions to the Word of God. 3. They must have a gracious motive, the love of Christ constraining us; and so, 4, a gracious end, the glory and honour of God.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAREST,—I hope my delay in replying to your letter has not given you reason to think it was not acceptable; on the contrary, my dear child, I do not think I ever received one which gave greater pleasure than your last, in which you speak of having desires similar to that precious hymn of Toplady's, "Prepare me, gracious God," &c., and with a felt sense of your need of repentance. As I read your letter I felt a secret hope that the seed which was sown in much anxiety from your birth was putting forth a tiny bud; and, rather singular, your dear father, the following Sunday, spoke twice from the account given of Aaron's rod being laid up in the Tabernacle; and in tracing out the life of God in a regenerated soul, he very blessedly went into the different stages as set forth by the bud, blossom, and fruit, showing that the least evidence of life gave signs, which if of the true seed would go on until the desire accomplished would be sweet to the soul; and nothing else will really satisfy the soul longing after a knowledge of pardon and acceptance through the precious blood of Christ, than to feel assured that we are accepted in the Beloved, and the blessed Spirit witnessing to the same; and every fresh token of favour, be it ever so small, before this is enjoyed, will serve to draw the soul after more intercourse with the Lord, and you will with all your heart say, "O that He would bless me, indeed," make me to hear His voice, and enable me to "choose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God," than to be left to the enjoyment of all that this deceitful world can give. I used to be so fearful when I first began to seek for mercy, that the concern would wear off, and that, like Pliable, I should get out of trouble farther from the Celestial City; and oh, how I used to beg of the Lord to deepen the sense of my sins, and not let me go back to the world again. And although I was so ignorant of anything like religion, I can see now how tenderly the dear Lord led me on in His way of salvation; and as the Lord Jesus Christ was put before me as my only hope and refuge, how the blessed Spirit drew my heart towards this dear Redeemer, so that He became the "chief amongst ten thousand, and the altogether lovely." He won my affections, so that I longed to say, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His"; and when this assurance was given, I seemed to have ALL I needed for a time, and to this day, when He in mercy speaks to my soul, He is still all I need for time and eternity. My pathway for many years was trying outwardly, and the choice I made in the days of my youth to cast in my lot with the Lord's people was tried to the uttermost, still to His praise and honour I would pass this truth to you. My dear

child, He ever proved Himself a God nigh at hand. In my deepest trials He gave me His sweetest cordial, and many times I have looked back during the past forty years with a grateful heart for all the way He has led me, and my earnest desire for you, my dear, is that you may be led and guided in His fear, and, as enabled, to pour out your complaint to Him. I have always dreaded a natural religion, which, beginning in the flesh, profiteth nothing; but when God the Spirit sends conviction for sin, there will be no real peace until Christ is revealed as the Saviour of the sinner.

May the dear Lord instruct and teach you in all His will and work, deepen your knowledge of yourself and of His tender care over you, is the desire of your affectionate

September 20th, 1883.

MOTHER.

GLORY IN TRIBULATION.

GUY DE BREZ, a French minister, was a prisoner in the castle of Tournay, in Belgium. A lady who visited him said she wondered how he could eat, or drink, or sleep in quiet. "Madam," replied he, "my chains do not terrify me, or break my sleep; on the contrary, I glory and take delight therein, esteeming them at a higher rate than chains and rings of gold, or jewels of any price whatever. The rattling of my chains is like the effect of an instrument of music in my ears; not that such an effect comes merely from my chains, but it is because I am bound therewith for maintaining the truth of the Gospel."

In looking back many years, the above circumstance reminds me of a time when those two godly ministers of blessed memory, John McKenzie and William Tiptaft, were in company together, sitting side by side and conversing with each other—the former having a gold chain attached to his watch, which passed through a button-hole into his waistcoat pocket. The latter took hold of it with his finger and thumb, and after looking at it for a little time, exclaimed, "Paul was not ashamed of his chains; I do not know whether you are of yours or no!" Suffice it to say, the gold chain disappeared ever after and black cord took its place.

J. K.

HERE is blood, conscience and justice satisfying blood. Here is blood for the foundation of your peace with God, peace of conscience, peace spoken in the Gospel by the Spirit of God. But the natural conscience only speaks peace from a false count of a covenant of works.—*Davidson.*

The Sower, April, 1894.



MR. WILLIAM LUSH.

MR. WILLIAM LUSH,

PASTOR OF PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, MARDEN, KENT.

SOME years ago, when living in London, we used to hear some dear old pilgrims speak favourably of the ministry of the Curate of Brompton Episcopal Chapel, by the name of Lush, and from their testimony we knew he was a man worth hearing. Soon after we again met with his name as the Editor of a magazine called the *Remembrancer*, and we thereby came to know him as a true lover of experimental truth, who sought to profit, and not simply please his hearers. We could only wish that every pulpit in Episcopal and Nonconformist churches echoed with such savoury truths as those preached and published by this Evangelical servant of Christ.

We were thankful, a few years ago, to know that he, like the old Covenanters and others, had courage equal to his conviction, and for conscience sake had resigned his living, and gone forth in dependance upon his God, not knowing whither he was going, but desiring only to do His will, whatever it might be ; and he found the same kind Providence that had guided and blessed him from a child was leading him to another sphere of usefulness, where with freedom and a clear conscience he could conduct the worship of God.

It was in the beautiful Isle of Wight that William Lush first entered this world, losing his father before he was two years old. After his school career, he was articled to a solicitor, but his heart was set upon being a clergyman, therefore his articles were cancelled, and for five years he studied at King's College, London ; and during this time, while man was storing his brain with theological dogmas, the Lord took him in hand, and put the grace of these dogmas into his heart. This was brought about by reading a volume of Krause's Sermons, which he had picked up at a book-stall, and henceforth he loved to hear the preaching of George Abrahams, John Grace, and others. After much soul exercise he was brought to rest in the Lord, and to realize peace through the blood of Jesus. But, as Hart says—

“ When our pardon is signed, and our peace is procured,
From that moment our conflict begins.”

In our friend's case, it was outward as well as inward conflict, for many did not care to have anything to do with one who loved the doctrines of grace, and Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, refused to ordain him to minister in his diocese, because he would not teach Baptismal regeneration. However, the Bishop of Peterboro' did what Wilberforce would not, and Mr. Lush

preached his first sermon from the words, "Salvation is of the Lord." Thenceforth several doors were opened, and he ministered for several years in different counties, his last charge being the two parishes of Snave and Snargate, in Romney Marsh. Whilst here he saw the inroads of Ritualism and idolatry in the Church of England, which led to his resigning his living. Some friends who had profited by his ministry in and around Marden, in Kent, now asked him to settle in their midst, to which he consented. A new chapel was specially built, and an attached people have now gathered round him; and not only at Marden, but, as the Lord enables him, Mr. Lush often renders valuable service in preaching in other places, where his testimony is commended to those who love a sound practical and experimental line of teaching; and we pray that the great Head of the Church may long spare His dear servant to His Church below, and crown his labours with abundant success.

We are greatly indebted to the kindness of Messrs. W. H. and L. Collingridge, and the Editor of the *Gospel Magazine*, for the use of the portrait of Mr. Lush.

Blackheath.

E. W.

AN EXTRACT.

I BELIEVE that many of our misgivings of heart, especially when we are young in God's ways, spring from ignorance. We do not know what the Holy Spirit means by the word flesh. We think the body, abstracted from the soul, is what is meant. Hence when believers find rebellion working in their will, and carnal enmity in their mind, and unhallowed desires discovering themselves in their affections, this, they think (and I once thought the same), can never stand with a genuine work of grace; and finding that neither prayers nor tears, resolutions nor vows, the deepest humility nor the highest felicity; no, not the furnace of affliction nor the mount of transfiguration, will either root or eradicate these; no, neither subdue them nor abolish them; not hide them from our sight, nor chase their bane from our senses, we conclude the work of sanctification is not begun, much less going on in us.—*Huntington.*

AS Cæsar said to the trembling mariners, Be not afraid, for you carry Cæsar: So may I say to poor, persecuted, afflicted Christians, Be not afraid; for He that is your King, is in you, for you, and with you. Upon this ground David comforted his soul, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no evil, for Thou art with me."—*Isaac Ambrose.*

"YES, LORD ; YET THE DOGS UNDER THE TABLE
EAT OF THE CHILDREN'S CRUMBS."

(MARK vii. 28.)

OFt, like the dog, I wander round
My Master's board, where meats abound ;
And see the table richly crowned,
And all the children sitting round ;
And each enjoy the feast, while I
Seem oft to pass neglected by,
Or low beneath the table lie ;
Yet often cast a longing eye,
And crave a bit, yet dare not stretch
My paw to touch, lest, guilty wretch,
My crime incur my Master's frown,
And bring some stroke of anger down.

Yet oft in passing to and fro,
I pick a little crumb or two ;
And crumbs to hungry souls are nice
As bread contained in larger slice.

Sometimes beside my Master's chair,
To feed His little favourite there,
A piece is dropped, as full of love
As that which decks the board above.

'Tis true I feel proud envy work,
And jealous thoughts will often lurk
Within my breast while others sit
And feast their full, but not a bit
Thy dog can claim ; I'd ne'er presume ;
'Tis favour lets me range the room,
'Tis mercy grants a single crumb.

Lord, if the children's seat's too high,
Or fare too good for such as I,
'Thy dog's content, I'll cheerful lie
Beneath Thy feet, if so Thy care
Forget me not, but let me share
The crumbs that fall around me there.

Were all the splendours of a throne,
The monarch's state and pomp, my own,
To be at once bereft of Thee,
My God ! thy dog I'd rather be,
And have my all in crumbs from Thee.

PROVIDENCE is like a curious piece of arras, made up of a thousand shreds, which single we know not what to make of, but put together they present us with a beautiful history.—*Flavel.*

HENRY FOWLER, OF GOWER STREET, LONDON.

(Continued from page 57.)

WHILE at Portsea, he met with no one person that he could freely converse with on spiritual matters. Those he used to hear sometimes preached tolerably clear as to the doctrines of the Gospel, but there was nothing in their preaching calculated to relieve a tried sinner. As at Bristol, there might be many of the Lord's hidden ones there, but he had not the happiness to find them out. Having a desire to see some of his old friends, and tell them a little of the Lord's goodness, he left Portsea, and by the Lord's preserving mercy landed at Devonport after twenty-three hours' sail in very rough weather. Thus he was again brought back near his native place to have more trials and more mercies. He now looked back with admiration on the goodness of his God who had preserved him amidst so many trials during his rambles here and there. Having gained by spiritual trading, he soon became the companion of many gracious people. His heart was warm, and he could not forbear speaking of the precious name of Jesus, for to him, He was the fairest among ten thousand! The altogether lovely! His Word was his meditation day and night, and about this time he had a most blessed view of the covenant of grace which he did not soon forget. He therefore perused his Bible with more interest than ever. He says: "Isaiah, the Canticles, and Paul's Epistles were sweeter to me than a bundle of roses. I said, 'My meditation of Him shall be sweet; I will be glad in the Lord'; and with the spouse, I said, 'A bundle of myrrh is my well-beloved unto me.'" But he refrains lest he should stumble the feeble lambs in Christ's fold, "who," he says, "are dear to him."

He had now a longing desire to spread the savour of the dear Redeemer's name to his fellow-sinners; but no one knew at that time his thoughts and exercises respecting the ministry. One day, when he went to see his dear relatives, a few of God's people met together for prayer and spiritual conversation in an old thatched house, and he gladly joined them. An old disciple who lived in the humble cottage said to him: "I wish you would read a chapter; and if anything strikes you do tell us about it." He did as requested and continued for more than half-an-hour, and he did not feel the least embarrassment, nor any condemnation in his conscience. From that time he concluded that the Lord was about to employ him in His vineyard. The circumstance of his speaking to those few people was soon spread abroad, and soon after he was requested to speak in the old Tabernacle at Plymouth. Refuse he could not; but afterwards such were his fears and perplexity and dread that God was about to publicly

expose him, that he wished he had not made a promise. Pride, he thought, had brought him into all this misery. When the time came and the signal was given for him to enter the pulpit he trembled from head to foot; and as he entered the pulpit it suddenly crossed his mind, this is the pulpit in which George Whitefield and other able men have often preached; and can such a presumptuous fool as I dare to stand and attempt to preach after such great men? This only increased his dreadful confusion; however, when he began to pray, his trembling began to abate, and he found liberty in calling upon the Lord: he took courage and pleaded His promises as one that really stood in need of His helping hand. But while the second hymn was being sung he was overwhelmed with fear again, and thought the people would laugh at his folly. He stood up with trembling, and fixing his eyes on his bible gave out for his text Zech. ix. 11: "As for thee also, by the blood of thy covenant, I have sent forth thy prisoners out of the pit wherein is no water." He had had a precious experience and many a blessed meditation and sweet feast from these great and precious truths; but now he wanted the door of utterance to be opened that he might set these things before the people, that their souls might be comforted, and that Christ might be exalted. He no sooner began to preach but he felt the sweetness of his text, his fears and trembling were in a great measure removed, matter flowed faster than he could express it by words, so that, as he says, "I think I spoke faster than is commendable in a preacher; for rapid speaking prevents profitable hearing to many persons whose capacities are slow and dull." He spoke about three-quarters of an hour, and the testimony of the leading man at the chapel and others who heard him was very encouraging. The news of his preaching was soon blazed abroad, and from that time he was frequently employed in preaching in Plymouth and the neighbouring villages.

After he had once preached and been somewhat favoured, he thought he had got over the principal difficulty; but he was very much mistaken. Stumbling-blocks were thrown in his way by some who, he thought, disapproved of his preaching; their conduct so grieved him, and he became so exercised in various ways about the ministry, that he determined he would give up all thoughts of it and have done with it altogether. Again and again he received invitations to preach, but he made all sorts of excuses, and even told the Lord he had no learning, nor any gift necessary for a preacher. Then the promises he had made, and the prayers he had put up concerning the ministry, came afresh to his mind; the Lord, too, expostulated with him from certain portions of His Word. The latter, indeed, he found so reproving

and comforting, that he was compelled to put his hand a second time to the plough, and on several occasions he received most sensible help from the Lord. This at first filled him with self-loathing, on account of past unbelief and backwardness; and thus encouraged, he went forth again boldly, making sure the Lord would be with him. Such confidence, however, tempted him to take advantage of God's indulgences, so that he became filled with pride, and was again brought low and exercised by such darkness, confusion, and trembling of body when he stood up, that his very speech seemed quite altered. In this misery and bondage he sometimes went on for three-quarters of an hour, and when he had done, his sermon appeared to him a jumble of confusion, and to add to his distress, he was at such times most grievously assaulted by Satan. Thus he continued, sometimes encouraged, and at other times so overwhelmed with fear, bondage, and temptation, that he heartily wished he had never thought about the ministry at all.

At the close of 1801 he visited Kingsbridge to see some of his relatives, and through their influence he was invited to preach at the chapel in Lady Huntingdon's connexion. Here he had a much larger congregation than he had ever preached to before. He was somewhat favoured in meditating on the portion he intended to preach from, and when he stood up before his hearers his natural timidity was removed, and he found great liberty in showing how they stood righteous before God, and the blessed safety of those who were accepted in the Beloved. The people expressed much satisfaction, and he was pressed to preach to them a second time; in the warmth of the moment he consented. But by degrees he lost his enjoyments, and fell into a reasoning spirit about a text and matter for the next occasion; the more he toiled, the greater was his embarrassment and confusion; he wished, indeed, he had never made the promise. Suddenly a thought struck him. He had heard a Mr. Jones preach three times from this text, "With loving-kindness have I drawn thee"—first in London, second at Bristol, third at Devonport. He reasoned thus: "Will it not be much better for me to preach a good sermon, though another man's, than darken counsel by words without knowledge?" Thus he settled the business, and called into action all the powers of his memory; for in Mr. Jones' favourite old sermon there were four heads and sixteen sub-divisions! At the given time he entered the pulpit. In his prayer he got rather confused, for he had been in the habit of entreating the Lord to assist him both as to matter and manner; but, having a sermon already made, he could not honestly beg for God's assistance, and to have asked the Lord to assist his memory would at once have betrayed him to the

people. After they had sung the second hymn, he gave out his text with tolerable emphasis, and, after a short introduction, proceeded to divide it in the same order as he had heard Mr. Jones divide it. The number of hearers happened to far exceed the former time of his preaching; several classical men were to be present, as well as the regular minister, who had been polished at Cheshunt Academy. With these difficulties before his eyes he set to work. But, alas! he had not spoken long before the most dreadful guilt, hypocrisy, pride, and confusion possessed his mind. Mr. Jones' sermon was completely taken from his memory, and after labouring like a thrasher for not more than fifteen minutes, quite exhausted, he sat down in the greatest confusion, not knowing where to hide his head. After the conclusion several persons came round him to encourage him not to be dispirited, and seeing he was but a stripling, they expressed much sympathy for him; but, says Henry Fowler, "I was sensible I deserved no pity. I concealed the cause of my embarrassment, and acknowledged my error before God in secret. This mortification of my pride has taught me a lesson I have never forgotten. I fear that the fleshly scheme I tried to carry into execution is too much practised by many, who have the knack of altering a little of a sermon here and there to escape detection. The voice may resemble Jacob's, but the hands are Esau's."

Through the year 1801 he experienced many tokens for good, many mercies and discoveries of the Redeemer's love. On the other hand he had many sad proofs how low he was sunk by the fall, and he often feared that he should be left to carry into practice the evils that were constantly boiling up in his heart, and that in spite of all his prayers and cries to God to keep him by His power. He afterwards saw that the Lord was leading him in paths which he knew not, and preparing him, by fiery trials both to understand His Word and to preach with profit to the tried and tempted, which no man can do unless he has been tried himself. He was also obliged with prayer to try every doctrine he advanced by the Word of God, that he might be established in a firm persuasion that he had been rightly taught them.

During 1801 and 1802 Mr. Fowler had frequent interviews with Dr. Hawker, and received much instruction from him. After many conversations with the Doctor, he encouraged him to go forth in the ministry, and used every means to promote his success in the work. Many of the dissenters at that time wanted the Doctor to leave the Establishment, yea, they found great fault with him because of what they called his *bigotry*! "But indeed," says Fowler, "I have seen more bigotry in those men

than ever I saw in the Doctor. He was a lover of all good men, and above a little, narrow, sectarian spirit; his whole mind was occupied how he could do any good either to the souls or bodies of men. Such men are very seldom to be met with; yet this blessed servant of Christ was continually harassed, not so much by the profane, as by the professing world! He was branded as an antinomian in all quarters of the kingdom, though his life was the most free from blots of any preacher I have known. Blessed servant of God, thou art now out of the reach of the malignant tongue, and thy joy is full!"

In the last mentioned years Mr. Fowler passed through many changes, some joyous, and others so grievous that he often said with Job, "Changes and war are against me." If the Lord granted him liberty in prayer or in preaching, or if He appeared to bless the Word to any one, he found he could not keep down pride, and many a sharp conflict he had before he perceived the Lord's hand was in it to humble him, that he might not seek his own gratification before the Lord's honour. If he spoke to some of the saints about darkness of soul, indwelling sin, or Satan's temptations, they used to say, "You must look to Christ; what have you to do with these things?" But, alas! he found those things had much to do with him. He says, "I would not lay a stumbling-block in the path of any of the Redeemer's lambs. But if the Lord has a work for a man to do, He will fit that man for his work by manifold temptations; and it is by these things a man lives, out of love with himself, and in love with Christ."

At the close of 1802, he proposed to leave Plymouth and settle in London. Before doing so he altered his condition in life, in which important matter he appears to have been guided by the Lord. With a wife, the Lord sent him plenty of labour week after week (he was a tailor by trade). In consequence of these ties and other circumstances, his intentions were so repeatedly thwarted that he concluded it was the will of God that he should remain at Plymouth. Prosperity in temporals was followed with too much anxious thought about the things which perish with the using; he grew lukewarm in the things of God, became indifferent about preaching, and at length gave it up altogether. Now, thought he, I shall have comfortable Lord's Days, hear the Word with my wife, and talk over the things of God at home, have spiritual refreshment and rest for the body, so as to be quite ready for the toils of the next week. Such was his golden prospect; but, as it was painted in water-colour, it soon washed out. He attended chiefly on Dr. Hawker's ministry; but it was not adapted for him at this time, neither, writes he, was the doctor's ministry generally calculated for those whom the Lord sees fit to try as by fire. Consequently he

sometimes got so angry with the preacher, that he thought he could preach better himself. In this state of silence, rebellion, and misery he continued for the best part of one year, during which period he was greatly exercised, fearing he had acted presumptuously in preaching at all, yet he could not fix guilt on his conscience for having done so. Thus he was placed in a great strait; he was cut off from preaching, had no pleasure in hearing, neither did he enjoy that pleasure in solitude at home that he had anticipated, and so was in a worse condition than ever.

One day as he came out of church, a man he had formerly known said to him, "So you have given up preaching, I understand." Fowler paused—while he felt the fire burning within his bones—and then replied, "No, my friend; I am laid up just to refit, but I shall preach again yet, and as long as I have a tongue capable of speaking." After they parted he wondered what could have induced him to speak so positively to the man, he therefore determined to watch the result. During the week he became more comfortable in his mind, was more fruitful in meditation, and before the next Lord's Day, he received an invitation to preach, so pressing, that refuse he could not. He once more found God's approbation in preaching, and from that day forward he was never silent when called upon to preach, health permitting.

Now he had to mind his business and preaching the Gospel. It was with difficulty, however, that he could pay his way; he seldom had anything for preaching beyond his coach hire and food; often, indeed, he paid his own expenses, and frequently travelled so many miles, that on the Monday he was unfitted for business. In this way he went on for several years, the subject of many unbelieving fears and buffetings from Satan. But with it all, he embraced every opportunity for meditation and reading, and after the labours of the day, he used to devote two or three hours in trying to learn the Greek language, in order to be able to read the New Testament in its original language. But having no tutor, his progress was very slow, and after all, he found it required more than an ordinary capacity and more time and attention than business would allow. Yet he never regretted that he made the attempt, for it brought him into the habit of close thinking; it made him familiar with the Scriptures, and many times he had some sweet enjoyment while comparing our version with the Greek: the very sound of the Greek alphabet was music to his ear. In concluding these remarks, he says, "Every man has his own proper gift from God. As for those good men who know the originals, but carelessly lay them aside, I do not think they display much wisdom. If I were familiar with the originals, I would read them in common with our version. Nor do I once

suppose that any servant of God would lose one grain of his spirituality by so doing."

All he now wished for was a sufficiency of business and to preach the Gospel free of all charge. At that time he was chiefly employed in preaching at Devonport and Ivybridge. He had often much freedom in prayer for those people; and felt as if he could endure anything, if the Lord would but use him as an instrument to open their poor blind eyes. He sometimes laboured very hard up to a late hour on the Saturday night, and was often so worn out, that he was more fit to go to bed than go eleven miles to preach three times on the Lord's Day. One day when he had walked about half the distance, a fit of unbelief came over him; he was tempted to think that he was needlessly wearing out body and mind, and neglecting his family to do them an injury. He sat on a bank for some time with feelings like those of Elijah, "Lord, it is enough, take away my life from me, for I am no better than my fathers." But these words arrested his attention, "Death worketh in us but life in you." With them new strength seemed to be given, and he arose and pursued his journey. When he arrived at the meeting, the hymn had been sung, and one of the friends was engaged in prayer through his delay; he therefore gave out for a text these words: "It is good for me to draw nigh unto God," and he enjoyed while preaching, light, life, liberty and peace: the dose of bitters he received on the road made the sweet all the sweeter.

On another exactly similar occasion, his unbelief and carnal reasoning were put to the blush by Christ's words which he thought were spoken as powerfully to his heart as they were in the hearing of His disciples: "When I sent you without purse, and scrip, and shoes, lacked ye any thing? And they said, Nothing." And so said Fowler.

(To be continued.)

THE wicked triumph in prosperity, and tremble in adversity: on the contrary, the godly fear in prosperity, and rejoice in adversity.

IF God, who is light, be not in thy understanding, thou art blind; and what is an eye whose sight is out fit for, but to help thee to break thy neck? If God be not in thy conscience, to pacify and comfort it, thou must needs be full of horror or void of sense, a raging devil or a stupidathiest. If God be not in thy heart and affections to purify them, thou art but a shoal of fish, a sink of sin. If God be not in thee, the devil is in thee; for man's heart is a house that cannot stand empty.—*Gurnall.*

"BEGIN AT MY SANCTUARY."

"And the Lord said unto him, Go through the midst of the city, . . . and set a mark upon the foreheads of the men that sigh and that cry for all the abominations that be done in the midst thereof."—EZEKIEL ix. 4.

IN the eighth chapter, the Prophet relates what the Lord showed him of the abominations committed by the house of Israel. 1. "The image of jealousy." 2. "Every form of creeping things, and abominable beasts, and all the idols of the house of Israel, pourtrayed upon the wall round about." 3. "Seventy men of the ancients of the house of Israel. . . . every man with his censer in his hand ; and a thick cloud of incense went up." 4. "Five and twenty men worshipping the sun." "Then He said unto me, Hast thou seen this, O son of man ? Is it a light thing to the house of Judah that they commit the abominations which they commit here ? for they have filled the land with violence, and have returned to provoke Me to anger. Therefore will I also deal in fury : Mine eye shall not spare, neither will I have pity : and though they cry in Mine ears with a loud voice, yet will I not hear them." We see here what Israel did to provoke the Lord to anger. They were more favoured than any other nation. In like manner God has favoured Britain, and made her great among the nations of the earth. And how does Britain requite the Lord for His manifold favours ? Behold her wretched mimicry of Antichrist. Behold her rulers bowing the knee to Baal, and saying in their hearts, "The Lord seeth us not ; the Lord hath forsaken the earth." And is it a light thing ? Has Israel suffered for her sins, and shall Britain escape ? O England and the rulers thereof—O ye false prophets—shall your heart endure, or your hands be strong when God shall deal with you ? "And to the others He said in mine hearing, Go ye after him through the city, and smite : let not your eye spare, neither have ye pity but come not near any man upon whom is the mark."

Reader, has God's Spirit led you to sigh and cry for the abominations of your sinful nature, and also for the abominations that are done in your native land, and in your neighbourhood ? Does your life and mine stand forth as a continual rebuke to all ungodliness ? Such "shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads." As for thee, O Antichrist, thy sentence is passed, and Omnipotence shall not want for instruments to destroy thee. Nay, even now you wait for your *own* blood, and lurk privily for your *own* life (Prov. i. 18).'

"Begin at My sanctuary." It is quite evident that there were some even there who had not the mark, and so were to be destroyed. Are there no abominations committed among us who

reject both Romanism and Ritualism ? When men openly declare that Christ having suffered for all mankind and redeemed them, is yet baffled and frustrated in accomplishing it, through the power of Satan, and the enmity of the carnal mind, is not this an abomination in the sight of God ? When there are those who profess the doctrines of grace, who claim to be subjects of election and predestination, though they give no sign of being conformed to the image of God's Son, and cast a slur on His holiness by representing Him as one who saves men from the consequences of sin, without saving them from the love of it, is not this also an abomination ? "He that saith I know Him, and keepeth not His commandments, is a liar" (1 John ii. 4). J. J.

REPROBATION.

THE elect are God's people, whom He knows ; they are elect according to His foreknowledge, which carries in it love and affection to them ; but of others Christ says, "I never *knew you*." He knew them by His omniscience, but not with such a knowledge as He knows the elect of God. He never knew them as the objects of His Father's love and His own ; He never knew them as the objects of His choice and His own ; He never knew them in the gift of His Father to Him (Matt. vii. 23) ; hence they are represented as not loved, which is meant by being hated. "Esau have I hated"—that is, had not loved him as He had Jacob ; for it cannot be understood of positive hatred, for God hates none of His creatures, as such, only as workers of iniquity, but of negative hatred, or of not loving him, which, in comparison of the love He bore to Jacob, might be called hatred ; in which sense the word is used in Luke xiv. 26. . . . Pre-damnation is God's appointment, or pre-ordination of men to condemnation FOR SIN, and is what is spoken of in Jude, ver. 4, "There are certain men," &c., who are described by the following characters, "ungodly men," &c., which, when observed, is sufficient to clear the decrees of God from the charge of cruelty and injustice.—*Gill*.

THE office of Christ is nothing but the way appointed in the wisdom of God, for the communication of the treasures of graces which were communicated unto His Person. This is the end of the whole office of Christ in all the parts of it, as He is a Priest, a Prophet, and a King. They are, I say, nothing but the ways appointed by infinite wisdom for the communication of the grace laid up in His Person unto the Church.—*Dr. Owen*.

PULPIT GLEANINGS.

"The excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord."

—PHILIPPIANS iii. 8.

THE Apostle Paul was a keen discerner of the false influences to which these Philippians were exposed ; he knew the motives and the elements of these errors, and therefore he warns and cautions them to "beware of dogs"—vile creatures ; "beware of evil workers, beware of the concision"—not to be identified with them or their pernicious ways—have no fellowship with them. "For we are the circumcision, which worship God in the spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh." This is that circumcision of the heart. "If any think they have the privilege to glory," he says, "I more : circumcised the eighth day, of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, an Hebrew of the Hebrews," &c., &c. But Christ was all in Paul's estimation. "Yea, doubtless," he says, "and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord."

Let us then, with the Lord's help, try to ascertain what it all means. 1st. Let us turn our thoughts and inquire the way this knowledge is obtained, which Paul, and others as well as he, possessed. Knowledge is powerful, and a man may use it improperly ; much of the evil and many of the vile practices that are perpetrated are carried out by men of deep minds and profound knowledge, but they use it wrongly ; that is a profane knowledge. But here is a knowledge that excels all others. A knowledge of Christ is, by the Spirit's grace, often obtained by reading God's Word. Jesus said, "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life." And Timothy was commended in that from a child he had "known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus. All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable," &c. (2 Tim. iii. 15-16). Many a young person has found the value of reading and searching God's Word, and are thankful for the knowledge thus obtained. The Word of God should be read more ; it makes us better able to judge what we hear, whether it is according to truth or not. God has blest the reading of His Word, and He will continue to bless it, for every page of it gives a living testimony to Jesus Christ. Oh, that men and women read their Bibles more ! Do not neglect the reading of God's Word. My Bible first ; no matter what man may preach, Bible-truth first, and by that we may try all other books and preachers.

Then, again, this knowledge is obtained by the faithful preaching of the Gospel, the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ ; not mere talk about Him, but preaching Him as known and felt in the

heart; "Christ in you the hope of glory." The faithful preaching of Christ is a mighty power working in us, and making us know what we are, what we should say, and how we should act. Our old forefathers preached Christ; they began by telling of Calvary, and the storm that fell there upon His devoted head for poor sinners; and they would tell of Him as All in all, as everything to a poor sinner, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. A man like Rutherford saw there was a fulness, a sufficiency, yea, a redundancy in Christ and in the knowledge of Him, and he told it out, and as a consequence his letters and writings live to the present day: he testified of Christ, and God has owned and honoured this faithful preaching of Christ. The command was, and is, "Go and preach the Gospel," not merely to preach that there was such a Person, but preach Christ in His love, His mercy, His wisdom, His power, His grace, His suffering and death, His ever-living intercession, and the certainty of His coming again. Yet in all these things the Holy Spirit is the Divine Teacher. I like to feel an impression on my mind to read such and such a chapter, for often then the Holy Spirit, who first inspired the Word, shines upon that portion, and makes it life and power. The Holy Spirit is the life of a Gospel ministry. He must bless the message, it is His office work; and the great summit of His teaching is, by His power, to bring Christ to the poor sinner and the sinner to Christ. Paul is nothing, Apollos is nothing, other ministers are nothing in themselves, it is the blessing of the Holy Spirit accompanying their word. What makes the Bible different to all other books? The very best of books are not like the Book of books. The old Puritans tell us in their writings what they felt in reading and preaching the blessed Word of God: the realities of the Word are surpassing all others. The more knowledge we have of Christ Jesus the more we love Him, and the more we see of Him, the more we can trace His excellencies. The heart clings by faith to Him, and is brought to rest for salvation on Christ alone, as the Founder of His Gospel Church. He said, "Thou art Peter, and on This Rock will I build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." "Men say that Thou art one of the prophets," &c. "But," said Peter, "Thou art the Christ." His disciples had been with Him, they had known Him, and had seen His life and miracles. Others knew Him not, and consequently thought nothing of Him; and it is even so now. "Thou art the Christ," is our testimony. Is it not an excellent knowledge? "The Son of the living God." There were the evident and all-essential characteristics of Christ. Oh, is it not worth possessing? Flesh and blood cannot make it known. Men may study and try to get at it, but they never touch the

excellency of Christ as the sinner's Friend ! " Jesus, my Lord ! " I have known some who could scarcely read, or write their own names, who have had this excellent knowledge—a knowledge of the covenant of grace, a knowledge of the love of God, and a knowledge of their interest therein. How did they come at this ? Their Father which is in heaven hath revealed it unto them. They never could have got it any other way. The foundation of every Gospel Church must rest on Christ. " I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ : for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." I am not ashamed to rejoice in Him the Founder. Then it will stand ; nothing can destroy the Church of Christ, not all the powers in the world, nor all the power of Popery in all its cruelty and vileness ; mere professing men can never destroy it. Is it not an excellent knowledge to know something of this ? I love that Gospel, it cheers my heart, and when the world shall be in ruin, it shall rise to glory, a Church in possession of an incorruptible inheritance. The excellency of His Person as Christ Jesus my Lord. The Messiah, the Anointed One, my Prophet, Priest, and King. As *my* Saviour, because He has saved me from my sins. Oh, the excellency of this personal knowledge ! You may know a great deal and may die, but if you do not know Christ, all else is nothing. You may die in so-called peace ; many may follow you to the grave, and many eulogiums may be passed upon you ; but all will avail nothing then, save the knowledge of Christ Jesus as my Saviour. I may talk about what I believe, and contend for distinct scriptural views, and all this may be only in the head. I maintain, there is nothing to equal this excellent knowledge of Jesus as my Saviour, my Redeemer. It was this excellent knowledge that brought forth that testimony from doubting Thomas, " My Lord and my God." This was enough. Oh, the excellency of this ! Such are safe, though the world may despise and frown upon them. If you at times feel tried and tormented, you have that within which enables you to persevere, knowing that—

" The joy prepared for suffering saints
Will make amends for all."

Then, again, this knowledge is of a relative character. Many titles are given in the Scriptures to Christ, as Brother, Friend, Husband, &c. Oh, the excellency of knowing Christ in these covenant offices ! What are the trials of this life, if we are believers in Christ ? You have providential trials—trials in your own soul ; you are tried because you cannot feel satisfied about your state, or realize your interest as you would ; but you say, " Christ knows my heart," and you are led to seek Him, and

He draws you near to Himself. To know Him—a smile from His loving countenance—cheers a bleeding heart, and fixes the mind, and brings to our remembrance the glorious prospect that lies before us, and the certainty that not one word or promise that He has spoken shall ever pass unfulfilled. This knowledge will never die out or fail : and the more we have of it, the more we want and desire it ; and the more we love Him, the more we want to love Him. Now we know but in part ; but what we know not now we shall know hereafter. There may be some of you here who desire these things, who are seeking after them : there must be life in your souls, or you would never have desires such as these. Those who make a wise calculation, say, “ Though I have been kept from gross outward evils, kind parents have cautioned me, and have given me good advice, and I have been restrained (I thank God for these favours !), but I know it is all nothing with regard to my soul unless I know Christ, unless I possess something of this excellent knowledge, and my heartfelt cry is, ‘ Give me Christ, or else I die.’ ” Still press on, seeking one, and you shall know and possess this excellent knowledge by-and-by. May God grant unto each and all of us more of this “ excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord,” and His name shall have the praise. Amen.

LINES WRITTEN AFTER HEARING A SERMON BY
MR. HULL.

(REVELATION xxii. 17.)

COME, ye who thirst for Christ indeed,
Who know that you His mercy need,
Though vile and base you feel to be,
Here living waters flow for thee.

The Lord delights to hear and bless
Those thirsting after righteousness ;
He says they shall be surely filled,
And He is faithful who has willed

Come, thou, with all thy wants and woes,
Nor fear each trouble to disclose ;
None are too great, none are too small,
For He can manage one and all.

Come with thy sighs, thy groans, thy tears,
All such as these He loves and hears,
And He will to thy wants attend,
He is a kind and gracious Friend.

Come with thy empty vessels, too,
As oft He does thy spirit renew ;
And He will fill them to the brim,
With blessings treasured up in Him.

Come, all who for these waters thirst,
Nor stay because you feel the worst;
It is for you these streams do flow,
And you may to them often go.

Then flee to Christ, poor sin-sick soul,
Who would be made both clean and whole;
He will thy sad diseases heal
With water from this heavenly well.

The fountain is from heaven above,
God's matchless, free, eternal love;
A fountain, too, which never dries,
But always sends forth fresh supplies.

These streams are so reviving, too,
They cheer the heart, however low,
They always are so sweet and pure,
And those who drink find health and cure.

They raise the soul to hopes of heaven,
Whene'er a blessed sip is given;
Such praise the Lord, themselves abase,
And freely own, "'Tis all of grace."

Lord, grant unto the seekers dear
Some drops of love their souls to cheer;
Give them, by precious faith, to see
The Lamb, and say, "He died for me."

Blest souls are they who this can tell,
"I want to drink of Bethlehem's well;
For these blest streams my soul does long,
That I may sing salvation's song."

This would, O Lord, make truly glad
The hearts of those who now feel sad;
O may they thus by Thee be blest;
Do grant them, Lord, their soul's request.

Then they a cheerful note will raise
Unto their great Redeemer's praise,
And they will of His mercy tell,
Who died to save their souls from hell.

To taste the streams below is sweet,
But every joy will be complete
When we shall meet on yonder shore,
At His right hand for evermore.

A. HAFFENDEN.

THE deeper sense thou hast of thy own weakness, the more fit thou art for the Spirit's teaching. A proud scholar and an humble master will never agree. Christ is humble and lowly, and so "resists the proud, but giveth grace to the humble."—*Gurnall*.

GOD IS OMNIPOTENT.

CONSIDER that God is omnipotent. We cannot get into any secret place but the Lord hath an eye there (Matt. vi. 6), "And the Father who seeth in secret shall reward thee openly"; so there is not a place in the world into which the saints creep but God has a favourable eye there. God never wants an eye to see our secret tears, nor an ear to hear our secret sighs, nor a heart to grant our secret request, and therefore we may pour out our souls to him in secret. "Lord, all my desire is before Thee, and my groaning is not hid from Thee." Though our private desires may be ever so confused, though our private requests are ever so broken, and though our private groanings are ever so much hidden from men, yet God eyes them, records them, and puts them upon the file of heaven, and will one day crown them with glorious answers and returns. We cannot sigh out a prayer in secret but he sees us; we cannot lift up our eyes to Him at midnight but He observes us. The eye that God hath upon His people when they are in secret, is such a special tender eye of love, as opens His ears, His heart, and His hand for their good (1 Peter iii. 12). If their prayers are so faint that they cannot reach up as high as heaven, then He will bow the heavens and come down to their prayers. God's eye is upon every secret tear, every secret desire, every secret pant of love, every secret breathing of soul, and every secret melting and working of heart. All which should encourage us to be much in secret prayer and in closest services.—*Selected.*

CHRISTIAN HAPPINESS.

THERE is no man so happy as a Christian. When he looks up to God he may say, "He is my Father"; when he looks up to heaven, "That is my home"; when he thinks of the angels and saints he may truly say, "These will be my companions for ever"; and even death he considers as a friend, who with one blow admits him to glory. A Christian sees with three eyes: with the eye of sense in common with beasts, with the eye of reason in common with men, and with the eye of faith in common with believers. As Christ is compared to a lion and lamb, so every Christian should be a lamb in patience, suffering, and simplicity, but a lion in zeal for God and fervour in devotion. As man is a little world, so every Christian is a little Church within himself; as, therefore, the Church is sometimes prosperous, but at other times rather declining, so it must be with a Christian.—*Bishop Hall.*

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am sorry to learn by the Misses H—, on Sunday last, that you continue so unwell. I am sure you must feel it a great privation not to be able to join in the public worship of God. I know of only one thing that can compensate for the loss—the blessing of your heavenly Father, making your affliction to become a real benefit to your soul. And if He should approach near enough to you on these waters for you to hear Him say, “It is I; be not afraid,” it will be one of the greatest causes of thankfulness and joy you ever had. We learn many important lessons in affliction’s school that are not acquired elsewhere, and, by the blessing of God, we are fitted for the reception of some particular graces that under other circumstances would not be so acceptable, nor so well timed. As the children of God, we cannot have a clearer and more marked proof of our Father’s love than when He chastens. “As many as I *love*, I rebuke and chasten.” I know our carnal hearts would put any other construction upon it but this. However, it must come to this in the end, when sense and reason are both worn out. It will be, as Hart says, “Bow down, sense and reason, faith only reigns here.” I feel that we know nothing of true faith but the *name*, till it is brought to bear in our own individual case; then we become feeling witnesses of its nature and effects. It never shines so clear as it does in affliction. Its voice is, “It is good for me to be afflicted.” Its effects are, we keep from our inmost souls the statutes of our Father and God; and though we may be far behind as it respects the latter, and but very little fruit is produced on our branch, yet *that little* being the genuine fruits of faith, it is accepted by our condescending God. Also, the willing mind, which is as much the work and gift of God as the richest clusters of spiritual fruit, is alike accepted of Him, it being His own special work, which He will never withdraw from nor disown. *Patience* is another blessing attending afflictions. But perhaps you feel the very reverse of this. You may be full of haste and restlessness for the fire to be extinguished, and your one inquiry may be, “How long, Lord, how long?” To this you may not as yet get an answer. The work is yet on the wheel—the Great Potter is yet actively engaged in fashioning His clay, by a slow, yet sure and certain movement—and He will at length bring forth a vessel for His use, which will reflect honour to Himself, and you shall receive a special benediction at His hands. When this is brought about, you will know something of real patience; and under the sweet boundings of grace within you, will only have one desire—that *His* will be done. Here patience comes forth in its perfect

form and has its perfect work, while love, which is the bond of perfectness, sweetly brings up the rear, and its sweet aboundings are felt in the soul. Then do we know what it is to be perfect in Christ Jesus, and find ourselves the willing captives of grace, held fast by the chains of love. The steps to this culminating point are all marked with suffering; but you know this as well, or better, than me. I need not say I should be glad to hear you are better. I hope yet to remember you at the throne; and it would afford me pleasure to know that you have gained by trading, and are rejoicing in hope of the kingdom promised. Please accept my Christian love, my wife's also; and believe me, very affectionately, yours in Jesus,

Brighton, January, 1864.

J. ANSCOMBE.

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

To the Editor of the Sower.

MY DEAR SIR,—Noticing your kind request that the Lord's little ones should still record His gracious dealings towards them, to His praise, and for the encouragement of other dear seeking ones (if He deigns to own and bless them), I feel I must tell you how sweetly His love has been shed abroad in my heart, by His Holy Spirit, enabling me to clasp Him by faith, and say with sweet assurance, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His"; He has indeed fulfilled His gracious promise, "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you."

It was one Lord's Day evening of last year, I was favoured with a precious visit from the Lord, one I can never forget. Our dear pastor was speaking of the comeliness and beauty of the Church, in her Beloved, and as he was led to sweetly open it up, I beheld a precious Christ as the Lord my Righteousness, in a way I have never realized before. He seemed to say to His sinful, unworthy child, "Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee"; and when I began mentally to exclaim, "Can it be possible, that even I, less than the least of all, am arrayed in that spotless robe?" the Lord said, "Fear not: I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art Mine." I was indeed filled with joy; the Lord Jesus was exceedingly precious that night, and I had all I wanted, and could say, "The desire accomplished was as a tree of life." The sweetness of it has not left me, although Satan often tries to beat me off the Rock on which I stand, by suggesting many doubts and fears as to whether it was real; but when I seem inclined to listen to his temptations, scripture after scripture comes to my mind in

rapid succession—such as, “I have loved thee with an everlasting love”; “Thou shalt call Me, My Father, and shalt not turn away from Me”; “Thou shalt call Me, Ishi, and no more Baali”; “As the lily among thorns, so is My love among the daughters.” Oh, wondrous love, to stoop to such a worm! Oh, how these sweet tokens enable us to take up our cross afresh, pressing onward and upward, with that sweet promise before us, “Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty, they shall behold the land that is afar off.” This is our highest aspiration.

“Nothing on this earthly ball
Can compare with Thee, my All.”

“What thanks I owe Thee, and what love—
A boundless, endless store—
Shall echo through the worlds above,
When time shall be no more.”

I trust, dear sir, this is not too long; I have written it in the fulness of my heart. May dear seekers have grace given to still press on, and they shall find, to their delight and joy, in His own dear time. May the Lord bless you, dear sir, with much of His sweet presence: we bless Him, and rejoice that He has seen fit to raise you up again, for our sakes; we do value the SOWER so much.

Yours in much love, for His dear sake,
R. E.

MY DEAR PASTOR,—I feel my heart constrains me to write and tell you how it pleased the dear Lord to bless my soul on Sunday morning last, through the preaching of His Word. I had been walking in great darkness for some time, and felt very much troubled, perplexed, and harassed by the enemy, fearing that I was wrong after all, and that I was not a child of God; and my heart's sincerest desires have been to the Lord, that He would once more shine upon me, and give me another token for good. I have had several helps by the way, especially when you preached one Thursday evening from the words, “Though ye have lien among the pots,” &c., and also a Sunday or two ago, from the words of Manoah's wife, “If He had meant to kill us, would He have showed us such things as these?” &c. They were of great comfort to me; but still I wanted something from the dear Lord Himself. I felt I needed a special lift. When I came to the Church meeting last Wednesday evening, and you read Miss T——'s letter to us, it seemed to meet my case so well, and I felt a softening peace come over my soul as still as the dew; and when one after another told us what the Lord had done for them, and

their exercises in the matter, I felt quite lifted up, so much so that when I retired to rest I could not sleep; and when towards morning I fell asleep I awoke with these beautiful words, as if they were being spoken to me: "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord shall kindle upon thee," and they kept coming over and over again, and then I began to feel that they were indeed sent to me from the Lord. I had just begun to enjoy their sweetness when the enemy came and robbed me of my well of water, and my unbelieving heart seemed to say they were too good for such as me. Well, I felt I must know for certain. I felt it was an urgent case, and so I asked the dear Lord if He would give me a token, or that He would in some way confirm these words to my soul through His servant on the Sunday, and I told Him He should have all the glory if He would do this thing for me. How I watched you open the Bible, to see if you would open it in the middle of the book, where the words, "Arise, shine," &c., are to be found; and when I saw you open it at the beginning, how my spirits sank; but when it pleased the Lord to lead you so sweetly into the matter, and to open up the different wells which Isaac digged and had taken from him (Gen. xxvi. 18-22), oh, how my soul was blessed indeed, and how I was led to see that the dear Lord had indeed confirmed His words to me, and that He had indeed brought me to the well of Rehoboth. I could see that the whole of your sermon, and even the closing prayer, was for me.

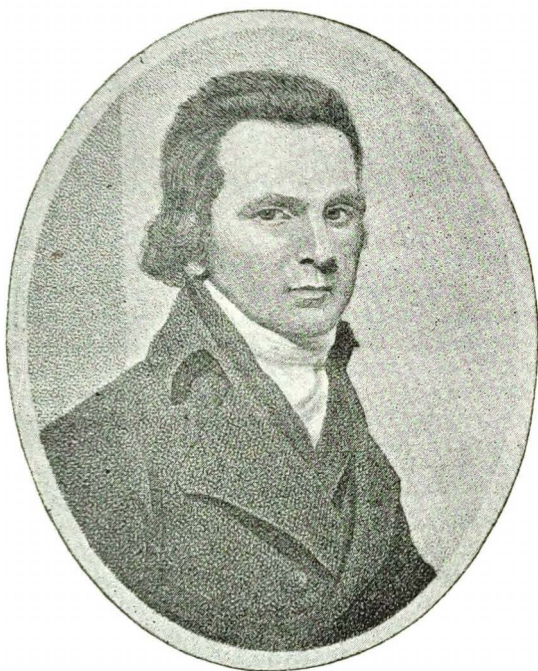
I felt I must tell you all about it, and I came on Sunday afternoon to do so, but felt I could not speak out, and then I felt I could write to you better; and I do trust that the Lord will still enable you to go on with your labours of love, feeling sure that they will be blessed for the comfort and encouragement of the dear children of God; and may He help you in a large measure to deal out to us as He hath given to you. There is one thing more I must mention, and that is, your prayers for our dear children. How often I have had to thank God for sending us a pastor who is a parent, for only a parent can understand what a mother's feelings are in regard to her children's spiritual welfare; and when I see one and another's prayers answered, it raises up a hope that mine may be answered also; and when I hear you praying for the dear children, I feel that the Lord will indeed go on to answer as He has done in the past.

Groydon.

O.

[We are glad to hear of askers becoming receivers, and seekers becoming finders. This is encouraging. It proves the faithfulness of the Promiser to do as He has said. Go on, all ye little ones. Jesus knows and loves all His lambs.—ED.]

The Sower, May, 1894.



JEHOIDA BREWER

JEHOIDA BREWER.

THIS good man (whose portrait we give this month) was born at Newport, Monmouthshire, in 1752, and in due course commenced the active duties of life as a trader; but becoming religiously impressed, he purposed entering the Church, but afterwards changing his purpose, became what was then known as an Independent minister. He commenced his ministry when only twenty-two years of age, at Rodborough, Gloucestershire. In 1783 he accepted an invitation to Sheffield, and, after a ministry of fifteen years there, became pastor of Carr's Lane Chapel, Birmingham, and afterwards of a new congregation in Livery Street. A large chapel was in course of erection for him when he died, August 24th, 1817. He was interred in the ground adjoining the unfinished chapel. More might have been recorded of one so able and earnest in the ministry but for his dying injunction that no memoir of him should be published. The following beautiful hymn—it is believed—was the only one he ever wrote; it appeared first in the *Gospel Magazine* for 1776, subscribed, "Sylvestris":—

THE HIDING PLACE.

(ISAIAH xxxii. 2.)

HAIL, sov'reign love! that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place!

Against the God who rules the sky
I fought, with hand uplifted high;
Despised the mention of His grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place!

Enwrap'd in thick Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure, without a hiding-place!

But thus th' Eternal council ran:
"Almighty Love, arrest that man!"
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding-place!

Indignant Justice stood in view
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But Justice cried, with frowning face,
"This mountain is no hiding-place!"

Ere long, an heav'nly voice I heard,
And Mercy's angel-form appeared:
She led me on, with placid pace,
To Jesus as my hiding-place.

Should storms of seven-fold thunder roll,
And shake the globe from pole to pole!
No flaming bolt could daunt my face,
For Jesus is my hiding-place.

On Him Almighty vengeance fell,
That must have sunk a world to hell!
He bore it for the chosen race,
And thus became their hiding-place.

A few more rolling suns at most
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast;
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious hiding-place.

(Copied verbatim from the *Gospel Magazine*, 1776.)

FRAGMENTS OF A SERMON,

PREACHED BY MR. HARBOUR, JANUARY 30TH, 1894.

"Who is among you that feareth the Lord . . . that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God."—ISAIAH l. 10.

THIS is a beautiful text; the Prophet himself passed through this experience, and Job was in this place when he said, "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him, that I might come even to His seat." This chapter contains not only one subject, but is made up of several. Like the words in Matthew xi., when our Redeemer breaks out: "Woe unto thee, Bethsaida . . . it shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon in the day of judgment than for you." This would sound harsh to troubled sinners, but then He says, "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight." Then Jesus turns to the poor distressed and weary ones, to those in darkness and trouble, and says, "Come unto Me . . . and I will give you rest. I did not mean those words for you. I know *you* do not reject Me, and set Me at nought. To you who are distressed and long for comfort I speak these words, Come unto Me."

Are there any here to-night in darkness or trouble?" The Prophet directs his attention to those, as having the fear of the Lord. The fear of the Lord comes to some as—

"An unctuous light to all that's right,
And a bar to all that's wrong."

Filial fear is never found in those who are living in their natural state, and if you have it you can never perish. One says, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Beginning to be

thoughtful and considerate, it may come tenderly in some hearts. This fear is a spiritual grace and light, and where God puts it He says, "There will I dwell," and will manifest Myself there. I do not think this darkness refers to ignorance, but a tried and deserted state, which makes us say, "Oh that I knew where I might find Him." All joys are gone, and it is just a bare faith. A child of God can adhere to commands, though there is no comfort. "Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it," yet it is a dark way, for "He leadeth the blind by a way they know not." It is a way you have not been before, and when you are in this dark way you may think that the comfort you had in times past, perhaps, was not from the Lord. Cleave to His precious Word, and wait until He gives what you long for. Our Lord endured desertion, that He might know how to comfort us: See how He had to pass through temptation, "*If Thou be the Son of God*"; and how Satan has caused *us* to fear and doubt *our* sonship. He comes and tries to reason us out of our faith, if He can; but oh, the mercy is, dear friends, that though we walk in darkness, yet after all there is a little ray of hope, cleaving and trusting that light will come. "Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart." But while you have no light, is there no tender fear? Is the world your delight? "Oh, no," you say; then what has made you to differ? The light that God has given you, the fear of God in your heart. Asaph said, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" Shall I never have a crumb of mercy again? Then he confesses, "This is my infirmity." Is it yours? Can you say, "This is my infirmity, to think He hath forgotten to be gracious"? "Who is among you that feareth the Lord?" &c., the Prophet says, "let him trust in the name of the Lord." Mr. Hart writes—

"Venture on Him, venture wholly;
Let no other trust intrude."

And queen Esther said, "I will go." She ventured, and trusted, and so, poor sinner, go and venture on the Lord. What distress David was in! but did he not encourage himself in the Lord? If you want a Saviour, come to Him. Are you wanting help? come to Him as your Helper. Are you bowed down with sin? come, with all your anguish, and lay it before Him. I know no other way. Do not despair while you have so many precious promises, and while God speaks so encouragingly in His Word. The Lord sprinkle our hearts with the blood of the everlasting covenant. This will clear up all, and we shall be able to say, "I have sought and have found." The Lord bless His Word, for His name's sake. Amen.

A. C.

HENRY FOWLER, OF GOWER STREET, LONDON.

(Continued from page 84.)

ALTHOUGH Mr. Fowler could now say, "Lord, I have wanted for nothing since I have laboured in Thy service," he had for a long time to watch the hand of God in His providence before he was satisfactorily assured that the Lord would employ him wholly in the work of the ministry, and settle him over a godly people.

About the year 1812 he left preaching at Ivybridge the man who used to preach there in turn with him, who was high in doctrine, and on doctrine he chiefly dwelt. The Arminians had a place in the same village, and had the largest number of hearers. This man, seeing the Arminians so prosperous, proposed to Mr. Fowler's honest friend, Mr. Ford, to meet the Arminians half way, and so be more *prosperous*, though at the expense of truth. At this proposal Mr. Ford was indignant, and gave the man to understand his services could be dispensed with. Shortly afterwards the said high-doctrine preacher went over to the Arminians, and preached for them; and the next time Mr. Fowler went to the village, lo! his congregation had gone after the said preacher to the Arminians, and he had the mortification to preach to less than a dozen hearers. The place was then closed. But the affair exercised him not a little, and he questioned whether he had any business there at the first. Soon after this event other doors were opened for him to preach. Early in 1813 he was requested to fill the place of a minister at Devonport for a few weeks, during his absence. The first two Lord's Days of the minister's absence were to be filled up by a gentleman of great ability and popularity, and the people were very sorry when he had to leave, and so was Mr. Fowler, but from a different cause; for at that time he had some heavy outward trials, and was in much darkness and bondage of spirit; therefore, as the Lord's Day drew near, he looked forward to it with all the trembling of a malefactor. But when the time came the cloud was dispersed, his chains were knocked off, and the prison doors were thrown wide open. He writes: "I shall never forget this time of mercy; for 'I cried unto the Lord in trouble, and He delivered me out of my distresses'; yea, 'He set me in a large place'—such a place as I was never in before, in preaching the Gospel. The fear of man was all taken from me, and I spoke with such boldness as that people had never witnessed in me before. Many of them blessed God for His mercy to me, and the Lord favoured me much up to the time of the stated minister's return." When the latter returned, some of the people said to him (though very imprudently), "We were not anxious about your return, for we have heard to our great satis-

faction," and other things of a like nature, which fired the *old man*, and produced some angry feelings in him against Mr. Fowler ; in fact, he preached the best part of a sermon in trying to prove that, if God had sent Mr. Fowler to preach, He would have found him a Church before this time. The angry contentions which followed deeply wounded poor Mr. Fowler, but he remarks, "The fault lay as much with my warm-hearted friends as with the minister. I learned then, and have learned my lesson over and over again since, that a preacher may suffer in his feelings, and even in his reputation, quite as much from the weakness of his warm-hearted friends as he may from his avowed enemies. To 'cease from man' is a hard lesson to learn. For some months previous to this time of trial the providence of God appeared all against me ; my sources, by deaths, failures, and removals, seemed nearly dried up, so that I was sinking money every week for several months ; and I had now four young children, over whom I have shed many a tear, and for whom I have put up many a prayer to my God and Father, for they lay near my heart."

Having very little business, he made up his mind to go to Bristol—not to preach—but to see two of his dear friends in the Lord. Before he started he fell in with a man with whom he had had some slight acquaintance ; in course of conversation this man said, "I will write to Mr. Robins of Bristol, I am sure he will let you preach for him there." Mr. Fowler replied, "I am not anxious about preaching, but I will take a line to Mr. Robins." The man also asked him if he would visit Birmingham provided he should be requested, to which he consented. When he arrived at Bristol, Mr. Robins, he found, was in London, nevertheless the way was made plain, and he preached at Bristol two or three Lord's Days. That city now appeared to him a very different place to what it did thirteen years before this period, for he found a very Bethel under the roof of the old disciple, who was the principal support of Gideon Chapel. It seems also that the friends at Bristol heard him to their souls' entire satisfaction, and would have strained every nerve to get him among them as a joint-labourer with Mr. Robins, who could only preach there once on a Lord's Day.*

After the Lord had thus favoured him, and after the hearty reception he met with at Bristol, he had a firm persuasion that

* In speaking of Mr. Robins as a plain, honest, upright servant of God, Mr. Fowler says, "This man of God, whose robust constitution and powerful voice seemed to promise long life, wore himself out with preaching a few years after this. He died near Wallingford, the same night he had preached, about the year 1817." According to the late Mrs. Grace's testimony, however, it seems he died at the close of the year 1818. (See "Recollections of John Grace," page 418.)

the Lord was now about to work, and that He would employ him wholly in the ministry, but where he knew not. He says, "I had often tried to do these things in my own strength, but now I found the truth of this promise in my heart, 'In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength.'" Just before starting to book a place in the coach to return home, he had a letter from Birmingham, requesting him to come over and help them immediately. He therefore altered his plans, and left Bristol for Birmingham the next morning, after taking a most affectionate leave of the friends at the former place. That was about the end of August, 1813. At Birmingham he was most affectionately received by a worthy family, with whom he took up his abode during the three weeks he spent among them. He had only preached once when a person came in the vestry, and after some serious conversation upon the efficacy of prayer, said, "I am confident that God will settle you over us as our minister," and much more to the same purpose. Before he left Birmingham, the friends met together and determined to give him a call, which they did before he left. In vain did he tell them they were in too much haste, that they knew nothing of him or of his moral character, and so forth. They said, "We feel satisfied for ourselves; and who could we write to about you?" He replied, "Write to Dr. Hawker." They did so. The Doctor wrote two letters, one dated October 5th, 1813, the other October 27th. In the first he says, "In answer to your letter respecting Mr. Fowler, I can only say that I have long known him and have long loved him, because I verily believe he hath loved and doth love my Lord and Master, and if you will allow an old man, hastening on to the close of his poor ministry, to say a word to the Church which is among you on the subject of your ministry, I would say as Paul did, 'Receive him in the Lord's name (not his own), and esteem him very highly in love for his work's sake.' Pray for him, and pray with him. It is a blessed sign of good when the Holy Ghost sets His people to pray for a blessing on the labours of His servants. That blessing and that promise is as good as received which God the Spirit teacheth the faithful to ask in prayer. My poor soul hath often found the Lord's blessings in answer to His people's prayers. And surely all that a faithful servant of such a Master as Jesus is, all he hath, and all he is, and by every way, and in everything, his one, yea, his only object is, and ought to be, how to promote his Lord's glory and His Church's happiness."

This journey very much improved Mr. Fowler's health; the cloud went before him, and the Angel of the Covenant to keep him in the way. He returned to Plymouth in safety, and told his wife that it appeared the Lord's time was come for him to

leave Plymouth, and to be engaged wholly in the ministry. After laying the matter many times before God for direction, he came to a determination to accept the call from the people at Birmingham. He then called on Dr. Hawker, to whom he stated how he had been exercised, and after satisfying the Doctor's many inquiries relating to his temporal prospects, he bade him God speed. He suggested to him many things as to word, doctrine, manner, and behaviour, both in the world and in the Church of God, that did credit to his judgment as a venerable, judicious servant of God, and said: "Now, my brother Fowler, if you should be under any difficulty, either in spirituals or temporals, I shall be glad to have an opportunity to render you any service that lays in my power. My prayer to my covenant God and Father shall be, that He may make you a blessing to the poor people where you are going." Mr. Fowler adds, "Dr. Hawker shone brightly as a preacher, but he shone much brighter by his humility, condescension and brotherly kindness."

Having settled upon removing to Birmingham, he had with all speed to wind up his little business; he was in debt about as much as he had on his books, but several sums he considered lost. With the weight and perplexity of these things unbelief began to work, and carnal reason said, "You will be obliged to leave the town in debt"; but he gave himself to prayer, nor did he pray in vain. In returning from a village where he had been to preach, begging the Lord's direction in regard to the difficulties before him, he was suddenly stopped; not by a voice, but something equal to it, and it was this, "Has not God made all things straight hitherto? Has not God given a spirit of prayer to the people at Birmingham for you, and a willing heart to receive you? Is not the gold and the silver the Lord's? Are not the hearts of all men in His hands? Is there anything too hard for God? Make out all your bills, good and bad, and deliver them: leave the Lord to manage for you." From that moment he was delivered from all anxious care touching his debts. He set to work the next morning, and delivered all his bills as fast as he could make them out, telling his debtors he was about to leave that part of the country. As fast as he delivered his bills, so fast they were paid; and some that he considered lost, were paid as promptly as the rest; others who had not the money, borrowed it of their neighbours to pay him, and expressed many good wishes for his success. Thus he got in, in the course of a few days, the whole that was owing to him, except one half-crown, and that he thought he might have received if he had had time to find the party. He was therefore enabled to pay all his debts, which is a great relief to the mind of every honest man. He had his goods removed to an auction

room for sale, and though it rained in torrents the whole day of the sale, there was a large company, and some of his goods fetched considerably more than he paid for them; so that God was determined to show him His goodness as a God of providence, and put his unbelief to flight. He left Plymouth in October. "Never," he says, "was a poor prisoner more glad to escape from prison than I was to turn my back upon Plymouth. I had, indeed, many mercies there, for which I desire to bless God; but for twelve years I was kept in continual conflicts, crosses, and disappointments, neither did I feel much union to many in that place; for they had plenty of religion in their heads and upon their tongues, but very little real faith, "Well tried by fire in their hearts.'"

One of the partakers of this faith was Jonas Eathorn the paralytic, concerning whom Dr. Hawker has given an interesting account in his "Zion's Pilgrim." At the request of the Doctor, Mr. Fowler wrote an outline of the paralytic's life from his own mouth. This was never published until after Mr. Fowler's decease. It is intended that it shall appear in a future number of the SOWER.

Mr. Fowler took several days in going to Birmingham, and stopped at several places for the rest and comfort of his family. When he was within ten miles of Birmingham, he had a most horrible attack from the enemy, on the impropriety of giving up a certainty for an uncertainty. This sharp contest began as he passed over Bromsgrove Lickey; in passing over this field of battle, he blessed God for the victory by faith with which He was pleased to favour him, though at the time it seemed a strange trial to him, because he had previously seen the Lord's hand on his behalf so conspicuously. He was now in the situation where he had long wished to be. Great things in the world he did not want; popularity he did not desire, and his line of preaching was not likely to procure it. But his temporal prospects at Birmingham were not very flattering; the number of his hearers (mostly of the labouring class) did not amount to one hundred. He had therefore some work for faith to do, but these things did not move him, though the fears of several were roused, and they said he could never support his family unless he went to business again. When he entered on his ministry he found great liberty, and so it continued, he therefore proved Satan a liar, and God true to His Word. He had a gradual increase of hearers, and many happy proofs that the word was blessed among them.

The winter of 1814 was very severe; the snow lay for many weeks on the ground, and the frost was most intense. Although his family lived in a cold cottage, they all had their health

through the winter. He says, among other things, "We had not luxuries; but what was much better, we had all that is necessary for the body, and more I did not covet. Plain living, I am persuaded, is much the best both for the mind and for the body; poor living, no doubt, has slain its thousands, but high living has slain its tens of thousands. As for dress and gaudy apparel, I detest it, as a proof of a little mind, and highly unbecoming a Christian. My custom through life has been never to run into debt in order to appear genteel upon other people's property. How many ministers and private Christians have I known justly reproached by the public for their careless indifference in the management of their worldly affairs. These things, my brethren, ought not so to be."

(To be continued.)

LEFT BEHIND.

WHEN the great and good Elijah,
Faithful witness for his God,
Had accomplished all his labour,
His appointed path had trod;
He received an intimation
That the Lord would take him home,
And was sent to call Elisha
To be Prophet in his room.

Followed by this dear companion,
Sweetly talking, heart to heart,
How Elisha's soul was troubled,
Knowing they would have to part.
Not one moment from his master
Would Elisha be away;
No, this loving, faithful servant
To the very end must stay.

Even as they walked conversing
Came the summons from on high;
Lo, a fiery car and horses
Swiftly from the heavens fly!
And the two are quickly parted,
While, amid the rushing wind,
Thus Elijah mounts to glory,
And Elisha's "left behind."

Oh, the anguish of his spirit,
As his eager, upward sight
Tried Elijah's flight to follow
Till he vanished into light!
But, according to his promise,
And the will of Israel's God,
Fell the mantle of his spirit,
Where Elisha mourning stood.

Thankfully he takes the garment,
 Pledge of future strength and grace,
 With his heart in prayer uplifted,
 Leaves that sacred, hallowed place;
 Comes again to Jordan's river,
 Where his master's feet had trod,
 With his mantle smites the waters,
 Crying, "Where's Elijah's God?"

* * * *

Gone is our beloved pastor,
 Hushed the voice we loved to hear,
 And another link is severed
 From the chain which binds us here.
 Left behind! but not forsaken,
 May we bow beneath the rod;
 Turn in all our grief and mourning
 To Elijah's faithful God.

O Thou ever-loving Jesus
 Whose dear sympathizing heart
 Feels for all Thy suffering children,
 In their sorrows bears a part;
 Fill our hearts with sweet submission
 To Thy holy will and mind;
 Lord, regard with tender pity
 Thy dear people "left behind."

Keep us from a selfish sorrow,
 Which might mar a useful life.
 May we all unite together,
 Free from envy, hate, or strife.
 This our aim, and hope, and purpose,
 Thee to serve with heart and mind,
 That Thou mayest get all glory
 From Thy people "left behind."

Look, dear Lord, upon the children;
 May the sons be plants most rare,
 And as corner stones our daughters,
 Polished like a palace fair.
 Thus to cheer Thy mourning people,
 Let them see, with grateful mind,
 Many rise to call Thee blessed
 From the children "left behind."

In the day of Thy appearing,
 When that glorious time shall come,
 All who here have loved and served Thee,
 Will be taken safely home.
 Then among Thy precious jewels
 Grant, dear Lord, that we may find,
 Pastor, parents, friends, and children,
 Not a hoof is left behind.

L. D.

BRANDS PLUCKED OUT OF THE FIRE.

A BRIEF MEMOIR OF ISAAC GODDARD, AND EMILY HIS WIFE.

How solemn death is, and how soon is its work accomplished. We little thought, though she had been ailing for some time, that Emily would be the first to be taken; for when she came to Brighton in February, she was in her usual health, though much worn with nursing her husband through a long and trying illness. As far as we can remember, it was at the beginning of May that she burst a blood vessel; but rallied sufficiently to permit of her attending to her household duties for a short time: but we could see that she was going faster than her husband. We now began to feel very anxious about her eternal welfare, and so spoke to her on the subject. She told us that she believed the end to be near, and was trying to prepare herself for it. Our hearts sank within us to hear her talk in this manner; but we knew that the Lord could open her blind eyes, and so we tried to beg of Him to do so, which He did in His own time, and she became desirous to hear of those things which concerned her soul's salvation. Our dear pastor, Mr. Harbour, visited her as often as he could, and she was much helped with his conversation and prayers, and truly became a hungerer and thirster for the living bread and water of life. He visited her last about a fortnight before she died (he had then to go away for a change), and on leaving said that he was much encouraged, and felt sure that she was in the covenant of grace. Like her poor husband, she had altogether neglected reading the Word of God. We sent our dear sister the Book of Psalms, which became her chief companion; she asked me to write on paper some passages of Scripture, and verses of hymns to correspond, as she was too weak to hold a book.

On the eleventh of August she became worse; being quite prostrate and her breathing bad, we feared that she was taken for death. I sat alone with her for half an hour, when she confessed to me her sinful state, and that she had longed to attend the house of God, but she could not get an opportunity, and knowing her husband's animosity to the things of God, she had felt afraid to speak to him. She now felt such intense longings for the Saviour's presence, and put up both hands, saying, "Oh, if I only knew that He died for me! If I could but see His lovely face, I could die then! I could enter those pearly gates." Her face was a picture of anxiety: eternal life was her cry. She also exclaimed, "Oh, that I felt sure that He is mine!" I said, "If you really long for His arrival, He will come in due time and take you to Himself." She then said, "I do want my children to walk in the way of righteousness; will you take them to chapel with

you?" I promised her that I would do so as much as I was able. I went again the next morning about eleven, when I was astonished to see her happy face? She was then sitting up in bed, without any support, looking quite radiant. I said, "Emily, how wonderfully you are supported in all your sufferings." She then replied, "Yes, that I am, for I have suffered to-night, and the nurse was afraid to tell me that I was going." She told the nurse that she need not be afraid, for she knew the end was near, but said it caused her no alarm now. After that a real peace seemed to rest upon her spirit. She was not able to sleep much, on account of her distressing cough. Her Book of Psalms was always there; and she found the twenty-third Psalm, and the hymn, "Rock of Ages" (beside other hymns), to be very sweet unto her at night. We never heard her murmur, as she was so favoured with a patient spirit. Another morning she said, in such a hungry way, "Read me a nice Psalm." I took up the book at once, and read the ninety-first, and commented a little upon it. Never shall I forget her eager look, and how she seemed to drink it in. She then asked me to mark it, and also the 14th John. She said, "How sweet it is." I then said, "Now, Emily, do you feel that you can prepare yourself for the great change?" "Oh, no!" she exclaimed. I replied, "You have learnt that lesson then?" (meaning her utter helplessness.) "Yes," she said, "I have." She was taken for death on Friday evening, when she very quietly bade her husband and little girls good-bye. She rallied a little, and said to the nurse, "Jesus is with me, and He won't leave me."

The next day she was much weaker, but she said, quite distinctly, "As thy days so shall thy strength be." I then said "So it has been, and so it will be." She made no answer, but seemed as though she had not heard me. As her mother came in, she said to her, "Don't fret, mother; I shall soon be better off." She had a terrible struggle in the afternoon, through convulsions in the chest, which was painful for us to witness. She said, "Is this dying? What can it be? It must be dying? I never felt like this before. Lord, do take me!" When the convulsions ceased, she looked at us all so quietly and said, "Good-bye." I had to leave soon after four, she kissed me and bade me good-bye. I should have liked to have seen the last of her, but my health would not permit me. She quietly breathed her last about five o'clock on Sunday morning, August 20th, 1893, in her thirty-fifth year. So ended the natural life of one brought up from childhood in the world; called effectually by grace, three or four weeks before her death. She had many trials in her married life, but possessed such a measure of patience and forbearance that we have sometimes marvelled.

(To be continued.)

"HEAR WHAT THE LORD HATH DONE FOR ME."

MY DEAR MRS. D—,—Perhaps you will think it long before you hear from me ; it has been more for the want of time than inclination. I never before have written my experience for anyone, but as you so particularly request it, and the Word of God says, "Be ready to give a reason of the hope that is in you," I feel I must comply with that request as the Lord may help. I cannot tell you the time when I had not convictions ; as early as I can remember, the thought of my being a sinner would often occur to my mind, but these impressions seldom lasted long ; but when about thirteen years of age, I found that to say I was a sinner and to feel I was one, were two very different things.

It was whilst using the form of prayer that the first ray of light entered my dark soul, by which I saw a little of its sinfulness, and with it this thought entered like a dagger, "You are mocking God." I now really felt the need of the publican's prayer. I felt afraid to remain on my knees, for fear my sister should notice it, so I kept repeating these words, "God be merciful to me a sinner." "O Lord, do have mercy upon me." I felt I really stood in need of mercy, and such mercy as God only could bestow ; and this was the substance of my prayer for some months, during which time my friends thought me in a decline ; they took me to a physician, but he said there was nothing the matter, he thought I had been studying too much. But I knew what I wanted, even the Physician of souls. I would not have you infer from this that I felt that awful despair which some of God's people have felt ; for though I felt my sins to be a burden too heavy for me to carry, I knew the plan of salvation, I knew God could save me, and I had a secret hope that He would do so ; and sometimes I got a little help from reading such passages as these, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" ; "He came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," &c. And often when hearing dear Mr. M—, when he has been speaking to those that were seeking the Lord, he has exactly described my feelings, that it would afford me a little help still to seek, but "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." I remember after I had been seeking for some months, one day I got reasoning in this way : "Well, it is no use my praying, it is very plain God does not regard my cry," so I made up my mind (as I thought) never to pray again. Satan told me God would not hear me, and I thought He never would. I went to my bedroom that night with a determination not to mock God, for I thought it was mocking for such as me to pray ; but as I entered the room my eyes fell upon my Bible,

and I thought, "Well, I will open it once more"; I opened it, and the first words I saw were these, "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you," and I shall never forget what a relief these words were to me; they came with power; they seemed to be addressed to me; and, as you may suppose, I went again to the throne with this promise in the hand of faith, and felt that God could not alter the word that had gone out of His mouth. And, blessed, for ever blessed be His sacred name, he did fulfil His word, to the joy and rejoicing of my heart; for whilst pleading His promise, these words came with power which set my soul at liberty, "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee." My load fell from my back, and I was as a bird let loose. If you know, dear friend, what this change is, you can better conceive of it than I can describe it. My mourning was turned into rejoicing; "sorrow endured for a night, but joy came in the morning"; my bands were loosed, and now my praying was turned into praising. Oh, the sweet familiarity I felt with God! I called Him my Father, and He told me I was His. I kept these feelings to myself for a little time, and intended doing so; but this I could not do, for God said, "If ye love Me, keep My commandments"; and I could say then, "Thou knowest that I love Thee," for my heart did indeed burn with love and gratitude to that Friend who had done such great things for me. I first told mother, which very much rejoiced her. I then told our dear minister, and told him I wished to follow the Lord in the ordinances of His house, and after answering many questions, he encouraged me to do so. The next Lord's Day I gave a little relation of what I hoped the Lord had done for me. This I very much dreaded, but the Lord mercifully helped me to speak before the people to their satisfaction, and I was received amongst them, after being baptized by that dear man of God (for such he is), George Murrell. That day was a day of sweet enjoyment and peace to me. I felt no particular enjoyment during the sermon, but at the water I was sweetly led through the sign to lay hold by faith upon the thing signified; I saw the death, burial, and resurrection of the Saviour, and I felt I could say, "He died for *me*, and rose again for *my* justification." I felt I had bathed in His sacred blood—that "fountain which is opened for sin and uncleanness," and I did indeed long to be with Him in Paradise. After this I was sweetly indulged for about twelve months. The Bible seemed full of sweetness; every time I went to it, it seemed to contain something for me. The Sabbath was indeed the best day of the seven; how I used to long for its return. Oh, my dear friend,

"How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end."

And how sweetly did God my Saviour draw near to me when I bowed the knee at the throne.

But since that time what a change! With the poet I am obliged to say,

"Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?"

God hath been pleased to show me more of my sinful heart since then, and often He is pleased His sacred face to hide, which makes me mourn. Like David, I said, "I shall never be moved," but, like him, I have found out my mistake; for he said, "Thou didst hide Thy face, and I am troubled." But blessed be my God, He doth not leave me altogether comfortless, but now and then He gives me a fresh manifestation of His love, a fresh token for good. What a mercy it is our God is not changeable like us; though we change, He changeth not.

"Unchangeable His will,
Whatever be my frame;
His loving heart is still
Eternally the same."

Then,

"Did Jesus once upon me shine?
Then Jesus is for ever mine."

Oh, my dear friend, how much we have to be thankful for, and I think I have more reason to be thankful than anybody else, to think that God should take notice of such a poor polluted worm; and I trust I am not deceived when I say, *He has manifested Himself to me as my sin pardoning God* in my youthful days.

I have now been a member of the Church more than five years, and God hath mercifully kept me from bringing any disgrace upon the cause I love; let His dear name have all the praise; for we are indeed, as you said, poor frail mortals, and if left to ourselves we know not what we might do, but He hath kept us, and my prayer is still, "Hold Thou me up, O God, and I shall be safe."

I feel greatly obliged to you for your kind wishes for my eternal welfare, and shall be pleased to correspond with you, if you feel so inclined. I am afraid I shall tire you, but have been as short as I possibly could. Excuse all imperfections. I shall be daily expecting to hear from you according to promise. Give my love to your mother. Kind remembrance to all friends. Accept of my love and best wishes for your present and eternal welfare; and allow me to subscribe myself, your affectionate sister in the Lord,

St. Neot, July 29th, 1864.

MARY ANN TOPHAM.

[The writer of the above simple but gracious account was called to her eternal rest on April 12th, 1866. Her name was Weston after her marriage.—E. W.]

NOTES OF A SERMON,

BY THE LATE MR. JAMES BOORNE, PREACHED AT PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, CROYDON, JUNE 18TH, 1893.

"I was brought low, and He helped me."—PSALM cxvi. 6.

HELP in time of need is valuable. Such help comes from God; He manifests His help when others cannot, and is a Friend when others fail. The writer of this Psalm was one who had to do much with God in prayer; his trials were sharp, if short.

¶ The words of the text were a short page of David's experience. There is much in the Psalms that we should consider of a private nature, if God had not made them the public property of His Church. "I was brought low"—here is a sense of misery—"and He helped me"—this is a sense of mercy.

We will try and notice some things that bring us low. One is when it first dawns on an individual, "I have an immortal soul that must live through all eternity." If you have these thoughts, they will be like the frogs in Egypt; they were found even in the beds, and in the bedchambers; they will follow you in all places. What is our life, to make the best of it? A puff of steam. It is but a vapour that passes away, and leaves a long eternity. God grant that the thought of having a never-dying soul may be an ever-living thought in your breast. And guilt brings us low. Some try and father their sin on their parents, or their companions, or Satan, or even on God's sovereignty, and that is the worst of all. If you feel the guilt of sin, you will not be like the Pharisees, who thought they were better than others. Also, to have God's wrath to intensify your feelings, to feel "God is angry with the wicked every day," will bring you low.

Hitherto I have spoken of those who have had no sense of God's mercy; now let us look at one who has had this, and can say, "I found Thy Word, and did eat it; and Thy Word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart." Yet you may be brought so low that past experience cannot help you. Oh, to be brought low! I am sure *this* will bring you low; you who have walked in wisdom's ways, and found them paths of pleasantness; when you find a law in *your* members warring against the law of *your* mind, as Paul found. Though you have left the paths of sin, you find sin is still in you. As Erskine says—

"Self in myself I hate;
'Tis matter of my groan;
Nor can I rid me of the mate
That causes me to moan."

"O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" What is the matter? You have a corpse on your back, or, what is worse, a dead man inside.

And it may be falling into temptation that brings us low. "O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God; for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity." Oh, friends, when we feel iniquity, and fall by iniquity, that is the worst of all. Sometimes it is a falling into sloth and selfishness that brings us low. We are so slothful, we cannot put our hands into our pockets. "A little more sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep." We must wake up, if we are God's people.

"Some wise men of opinions boast,
And sleep on doctrines sound;
But, Lord, let not my soul be lost
On such enchanted ground."

And a man may be brought low by circumstances. How many poor people lately have lost their all, and that through no fault of their own! He may, too, be brought low by affliction. When a person is ill, people often say, "Oh, he should not work so hard"; but, if the man be wise, he will make a straight cut to God, and tell Him it comes from Him. Thoughts of death, too, bring people low. How many who are buoyant in life are brought low by thoughts of death! If we are thus brought low, we are really down, and are very poor and indigent. I am quite sure, if God does anything for us, He will make us poor. To be low is to be poor, and, may be, to be dejected. He feels such a depression, and cannot get away from it. To be low, may be to be humble; and it is a good thing to be humble, though to be low and depressed is not necessarily to be humble. He must notice that David said, "I was *brought* low"; not as though he had brought himself low. It was God who brought him low.

But now let us look at the other side of the picture, at the source of mercy—"He helped me." When there was a great famine in Samaria, as the king of Israel was passing by on the wall, there cried a woman unto him, "Help, O king!" And he said, "If the Lord do not help thee, whence shall I help thee? out of the barn floor, or out of the wine-press?" And when you are in trouble about your soul, and ask the minister to help you, he might say, "How shall I help thee? out of the Bible or out of my experience?" It is true that God often makes ministers helps to His people; but it is one thing for God to make a minister a help to you, and another for you to make him your help.

I believe one of the first places in which God helps us is prayer. Now when God helps you to take your cross to Him, your burden to Him, or to confess your sin to Him, He will help you in His own time. And He helps us in prayer by teaching us how to pray—"Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the

Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." And God not only helps us in prayer, but by the promises. He says, "Let us plead together." What are you to plead? Not a well-spent life; but you must say, "I am come to plead what Thou art, Lord, and what Thou hast said." Judah would not disown the pledges he had given to Tamar, and God will not disown His own promises. And we not only find help in prayer, and in the promises, but God helps us by His power. He puts forth His power for us. Let the weak say, "I am strong," that is, with His strength and wisdom. When God puts forth His power, a man feels glad of his infirmities. Paul says, "Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities," (Why?) "that the power of Christ may rest upon me." Then he was able "to put on the whole armour of God," that he might "stand in the evil day."

And God helps us by His presence, as well as by His power. Sometimes there is a reason why God stands a long way off. In Hosea He says to His people, after reminding them of their idolatry, "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself; but in Me is thine help." Now God draws nigh to them. Some months ago God drew near to me with these words, "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee," and the words were a strength to me.

But there is something more in the word "help" than at first appears. "Help" may sometimes be translated "save." "Help" is not quite such a suggestive word as "save." What is it that experimentally saves a man? Going under the propitiatory sacrifice of the finished work of Jesus Christ. When a man is able to go under the atoning blood of Christ, he is safe, if not happy. You are safe most certainly if these things belong to you. You may say, "I am a very weak and trembling believer, if a believer at all." It is not whether you tremble, but if you have a grain of real faith in your heart, it will save you. Christ is as able as well as a willing Saviour. John says, "If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." God help you to put your case into His hand. He has never lost a case for a client yet.

But some of you young men may say, "We are glad you did not dwell longer on the first part of the text, about being brought low." I suppose you like to hear something of a more jubilant nature, something that will make you feel juvenile! "Yes, we do." "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes"; *but—but—but—* (What are you going to say?)—"but know thou that for all these things

God will bring thee into judgment." You will know what it is to be "brought low" when you come to die, what will you do then? Death has two sides, this and the other. Kind friends can help and tend you this side of the grave, how about the other?

Others may say, "There is a part in your text that troubles me, I am afraid I have not been brought low in the way you have been describing. I hear Christian people whom I know, talk of being brought low by feeling the terrors of hell and of the law, and I have never felt anything like it." What, are you going to make being "brought low" a price to take in your hand when you go before God? I counsel thee, in the words of Joseph Hart—

" Pore not on thyself too long,
Lest it sink thee lower :
Look to Jesus, kind as strong,
Mercy joined with power."

Oh, my friends, don't make a price of even the best coined experience. I have been brought low in my late affliction. I did not think at one time that I should ever be as well as I now am. I can say with Paul, I "glory in tribulation." I never felt my standing in Christ surer than I do to-day. Again, I can say with the Apostle, "Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day." I will end in the words of a good man, George Doudney—

" He helped me then, He'll help me now.
Eternal honours crown His brow,
He'll help me till He leads me home."

Amen.

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

To the Editor of the Sower.

DEAR MR. HULL,—I feel constrained to write a few lines to tell you how much I enjoy the *Sowers*. They do indeed contain rich savoury meat, such as I love. The "Seekers' Corner" is very nice, and it is nice to hear the lambs of Christ's fold seeking the good Shepherd. They seek Him because He has sought them; as the Word says, "We love Him because He first loved us."

I hope, dear sir, the Lord will still bless you in sowing the good seed and in preaching His Word, and give you all needful grace, and richly anoint you with the Holy Spirit in all you do. The dear Lord has blessed your labours, and He will again. I often think of the dear Lord's people on Sundays who are favoured to meet in His house, and look back to the sweet times I have there enjoyed; but now for five years I have been confined to my home, and it is nearly two years since I left my

bedroom. But, dear sir, I have proved again and again that the dear Lord is not confined to time or place. He has blessed me in my sick-room very many times; and when He has visited me and dropped a word into my heart, then I could say, "It is good for me to be afflicted."

My dear pastor Mr. G. Burrell's visits I much enjoy. The dear Lord often sends me a crumb, and sometimes a feast, through him, and the reading in the *SOWERS* has often refreshed me; and now, dear sir, I hope you will forgive my liberty in thus writing.

I have enclosed some lines for you to put in the *SOWER*, as I believe they will prove encouraging to the dear seekers. They were sent to me when the Lord first brought me to seek His face, and were then made a blessing to me; and in March, 1889, I sent them in a letter to one of the dear seeking ones, and they proved encouraging to her. They appeared first in the *Little Gleaner* for September, 1874. So you see, dear sir, the seed then sown was not lost. May this be an encouragement for you still to press on. I must say they did me much good:—

"Lord, help the seeking, thirsty ones,
Who fain would come and call Thee theirs,
To fall before Thy mercy throne,
And plead Thy gracious promises.

"Show them how groundless are their fears,
Show them Thy promise cannot fall;
Oh, heal their wounds and dry their tears,
Give them to take Thee as their All.

"For never, never didst Thou say—
No, never, blessed be Thy name—
To needy comers, when they pray,
'Seek ye my face, but seek in vain.'"

From an afflicted one,
R.

March 21st, 1894.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND PASTOR,—May grace, mercy, and peace be with thee and thine, from our Triune Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Although I feel my utter inability to write to you, yet I feel a liberty in so doing, hoping the Blessed Spirit will help me and teach me what and how to write in honour of His great and precious name. I am quite sensible of one thing, dear friend, that without the blessed Spirit's dictating nothing I write can be of any real profit to one of His dear children. How often, when I have written to some of God's dear children, I have been tempted by the enemy of souls to cast it into the flames, and, to my shame, I have done so; but there have been other times when I could say, "No, thou enemy of souls, I

desire to send it in the fear of my God"; and I feel sure when I have that blessed persuasion, that it is the dear Lord which prompts me to write, and I then feel it will be well with the writer as well as the reader. When I came up to chapel last Wednesday night I felt much cast down in my soul, and I feared, like one of old when he says, "That which I greatly feared is come upon me"; and when you gave out your text I thought, "The subject is about affliction"; and you spoke so much about affliction that I said to myself, "It seems to fit my case"; for I said to a friend as I came into chapel, "I fear that I shall have to lay by"; but these thoughts seemed only to raise my natural feelings, so that I felt a rebellious spirit at once arise. I found that old carnal reason had not deserted me yet, he seems to be a constant guest in me. Dear friend, how much I feel the need of reigning grace to overcome my natural heart, and enable me to set my "affections on things above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God." Sometimes I am so carnal in my feelings that I say with one of old, "Can ever God dwell here?" This proves to me, time after time, that I am a poor, lost, and ruined sinner, without Jesus Christ; I cannot only say that I am a sinner, but a great one, and I daily need a great Saviour, although I hope and believe that He has many times been precious to my poor sin-bitten soul; yet I feel a continual need to be plunged into that crimson ocean of the dear Redeemer's blood. What an unspeakable mercy that "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin"!

Dear friend, I must tell you that the dear Lord gave me a little encouragement as I lay on my bed yesterday, with these words, "If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons, for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not?" Oh, dear friend, this gave me to feel submission to His heavenly will. I could say, with dear Hart—

Finish, dear Lord, what is begun,
Choose Thou the way, but still lead on."

I hope, dear friend, you will forgive me, and may the Lord blot out all which is wrong in His sight. I also pray that He will be with you on the morrow, and may you be enabled not only to preach the Word, but may you feel His blessed presence in your own soul.

Do remember me, dear friend, at the throne of grace, which I so desire to do for you. Hoping the dear Lord will abundantly bless you and your dear family, is the prayer of a poor sinner hoping in the precious blood of Christ.

I remain, yours in the bonds of Christian love,

March 30th, 1894.

S. S.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEARLY BELOVED SISTER IN THE FAITH OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—I thought I would try and write you a few lines in answer to yours, and thank you so much for it; I found it very encouraging. Yes, my dear sister, we all, at times, have to mourn over our hard and stony hearts. I have been mourning an absent God, but I felt a little sweetness last Sunday afternoon, at the beginning of the service. I was thinking there was not another child of God, who had made a profession, with the marks of grace so low as in me, especially when our pastor was reading the chapter, and I began to inquire, "Lord, is it I?" But, bless His precious Name! He touched my heart, and I felt much nearness to Him, and could say, "Lord, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I desire to love Thee." Oh, my dear sister, I can say—

"No voice but Thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart;
No love but Thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart."

I do so long for His presence. There are some nice verses in the SOWER this month; one is—

"Without His loving presence near,
Earth is indeed a desert drear;
We tremble at the worldling's frown,
And darkness, doubts, and fears abound."

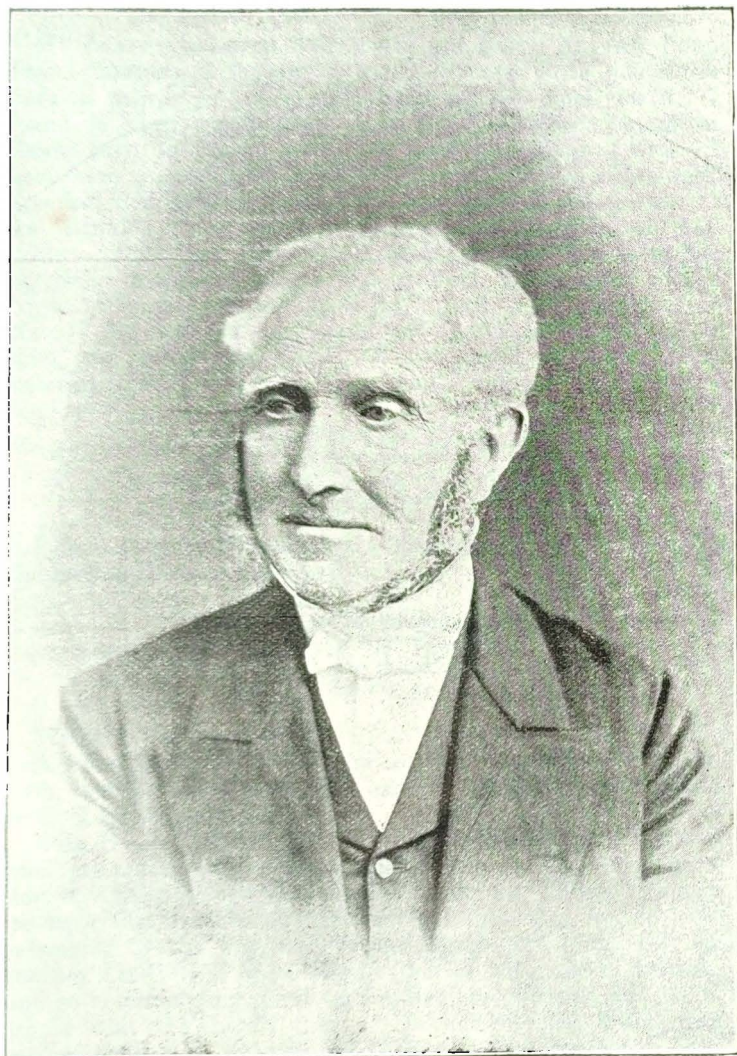
Without His sweet presence (on the road), I could not live here; sin soon would reduce me to utter despair. I often say, "Oh, that He would show me a token for good, and say unto my soul, 'I am thy salvation.'"

Dear D——, I heard Mr. K—— last Wednesday, and liked him very much. Was sorry I could not be at H—— on Thursday, but was not very well, and it was so wet. I hope we may be especially favoured on the coming Lord's Day, for we need refreshing by the way, and we need grace every day till our journey's end. I so often long for the full assurance of pardon, and go home to glory, for I cannot live here without sin; but I would wait the Lord's time. "He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust." But I must bring this to a close. May we be much in prayer for one another, and our cause at H——.

I remain, your affectionate sister in the faith of Jesus,
September 20th, 1893.

M. S.

The Sower, June, 1894.



THE LATE MR. ROBERT PARMINTER KNILL.

THE LATE MR. ROBERT PARMINTER KNILL.

"THE memory of the just is blessed," and the memory of this beloved servant of the Lord is fragrant to thousands of the Lord's children who have been privileged to receive the Gospel message from his lips. It is now thirty-five years since we first knew and heard Robert Knill preach, and many times have we heard him since, and he has ever preached the whole truth, and clearly supported all he had to say from the Scriptures. He was eminently a preacher of the Word, and his knowledge of Scripture was simply marvellous, often giving long quotations correctly. He frequently spoke about his own experience, but he ever kept the Word to the front and himself in the rear, which we can but think is the proper form of experimental preaching; and not as we once heard a minister, who took for his text, "Preach the Word," but at once commenced talking of himself, but of "preaching the Word" according to the text, scarcely anything was heard. We must contend for experimental preaching, but not to the exclusion of the Scriptures, which is the only standard by which souls must stand or fall. "To the law and to the testimony," said the Prophet of old, and so ever said the late Robert Knill.

Our late dear friend was born at Barnstaple, in Devonshire, June 28th, 1809. He was apprenticed as a printer to Dr. Nolan, a clergyman of the Church of England, who had his own printing presses at Prettlewell, near Southend, for printing his own works. When Dr. Nolan gave up printing, he placed R. P. Knill with a firm of printers in Leadenhall Street, where he remained between thirty and forty years. Those of our readers who knew Mr. Knill personally will remember that he suffered from deafness, but during the time he was a printer he felt his deafness was made a blessing to him, for it was the means of shutting out the conversation of his fellow workmen, which was not always of a profitable character, or congenial to one who loved spiritual meditation.

We are not aware of the circumstances that led to Mr. Knill's conversion, but after coming to London he loved to attend at Zoar Chapel, and also the ministry of the late Mr. Shorter, to whom, we believe, he filled the office of deacon. He was exercised in his mind respecting the ministry for seventeen years previous to preaching his first sermon, which he did in a small chapel at Mile End, London. His ministerial labours soon became abundant, and he was "in journeyings oft," that he might preach the Gospel in various parts of the kingdom. He was for a few years the settled pastor at Oakham, with the people amongst whom the late beloved J. C. Philpott laboured for so many years. Here he suffered much darkness and distress of

mind, from which at length the Lord most sweetly delivered him, and he was enabled afterwards, in his ministry, "to comfort others with the same comfort wherewith he himself had been comforted of God."

After leaving Oakham, he again resumed his labours amongst the Churches, and many friendships were formed far and near, for to know Robert Knill was to love him. His kind disposition and fatherly manner seemed to draw young and old towards him, and enabled them to confide their troubles to him, and they always received a loving response.

His health began to fail about two years ago; he preached his last sermon at Zoar Chapel, London, on March 13th, 1892, his text being Hebrews xii. 1, 2. Immediately after this he became very feeble in mind and body. On the 19th of the same month he was much favoured in his soul. Soon after melancholia set in; but although frequently suffering from great weakness and depression, he had at times most comforting and refreshing seasons, speaking sweetly of his Saviour, who, he said, had promised never to leave or forsake him.

On March 23rd, of the present year he was suddenly taken worse and gradually sank. He was most kindly and carefully attended by Dr. Evans, to whom he was greatly attached. He frequently spoke of dying, and for hours would speak of what his dear Lord had done for him. He also referred most beautifully to his mother, and spoke of things that had occurred during his earlier life, especially of how the Lord had blessed him when staying with Mrs. Grace, at Brighton. He said, "I never can forget that time." He was continually quoting Scripture, especially the Psalms, the 139th seeming to be his favourite. He also quoted many beautiful hymns, the last being the "Rock of Ages." He prayed constantly for all those about him, and his end was perfect peace. He passed away in his sleep, without the least struggle, to be for ever with the Lord, whom he had so long delighted to exalt in his ministry. His complete deafness was a great trial to those who attended him during his last illness. He died at Hurstpierpoint, Sussex, on April 21st, 1894, aged eighty-four years, and was interred on April 27th, at the Extra-Mural Cemetery, Brighton. The burial service was conducted by Mr. Mockford and Mr. Prince, a large concourse of friends being present, anxious to show the last token of respect to the memory of this departed servant of the Lord.

Blackheath.

E. W.

FAITH quickens love. Love excites obedience. Obedience glorifies our heavenly Lover, Jehovah, Father, Son, and Spirit.—*W. Mason.*

WHAT IS THE CROSS ?

WHAT is the cross? Not always fire,
 Peril, and sword, and death ;
 They bear it, round whose polished brows
 Hath twined no thorny wreath ;
 They bear it, round whose gentle hands
 No manacles are thrown,
 Whose tears for others' woes oft flow—
 God only sees their own.

What is the cross? it is to walk
 As children of the day,
 When loved ones from the paths of light
 Would tempt us far away.
 It is to hear the altered tone,
 The cold, averted face ;
 And loving still, to smile at scorn,
 And welcome all disgrace.

What is the cross? 'tis only that
 Which Christ sees good to send,
 And oh, how light, when on us bound
 By such a faithful Friend—
 One who knows our feeble frame,
 Remembers we are dust,
 And bids us cast our care on Him,
 And place in Him our trust.

What is the cross? 'tis only that
 Which, through a Father's love,
 Shall meeten us to wear the crown
 And wave the palm above ;
 Then with the wing-veiled cherubim
 Prostrate before Thy Throne,
 Saviour, we'll own the glory Thine,
 The victory all Thine own,

And tell 'twas only through Thy cross
 We gained admittance there,
 And only through Thy sacrifice
 Our God accepted prayer.
 Then lowliest of the radiant band
 Who dwell beyond the skies,
 Yet owing most, and loving most,
 Our praise shall highest rise.

(Taken from an Old Magazine.)

IF God opens not the door of His promise to be a Sanctuary unto poor humbled sinners, flying from the rage of their lust, truly then I know none of this side heaven that can expect welcome.—*Gunnall.*

NOTES OF TWO SERMONS,

PREACHED BY MR. J. P. WILES, AT ELY, JUNE 15TH, 1890.

"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."—MATTHEW vii. 7.

MORNING.

THE importance to be attached to words depends upon the person by whom they were spoken. These words were spoken by the Lord Jesus Christ, who is God; by Him who created the worlds, and upholdeth them by the word of His power; by Him who supplies the need of every living creature. Did you ever think of it, that the great and eternal God, the Maker of heaven and earth, and the Sustainer of all things, calls poor sinners to His footstool? Yet the Lord Jesus is nothing less than Almighty God; at His lowest, He is God. Then there is power in Him who spoke these words. He causes the sinner to feel his needs; He gives him the heart to pray for the things that he needs, and kindly tells him to ask; and do you think, after He has done all this, that He will not hear your prayer? He cannot turn that soul away who, feeling his need, comes to Him pleading His promises, or He would be denying Himself, and this He cannot do.

Many look upon these words as applying to anybody and everybody, and so they may in a general sense, but in a closer and more particular sense they apply to comparatively few people. "Ask, and it shall be given you." "Well," many a man would say, "I have all I want, and therefore have nothing to ask for." This is just where the distinction comes. Those in whom the Holy Ghost is working have needs which none but the Lord can satisfy. You that fear God, and desire to walk in His ways and to be found among His people, what is it that you most need, that weighs most heavily upon you, and causes you to frequent the throne of grace? "Well," you say, "it is the forgiveness of my sin that I desire above everything else." I think I am right in saying you did not always feel like this; sin was not always such a trouble to you. Who, then, caused you to think and feel about these things? Did you by any power of your own make sin appear different now from what it did? Nay, it is the power of the Holy Spirit working in you, causing you to feel your need of a Saviour. He that has made you feel your need says to you, "Ask, and it shall be given you," and He has the power to give a sense of the forgiveness of sins. On one occasion the Lord Jesus said, "Now, that ye may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins (then said He to the sick of the palsy), Arise, take up thy bed and walk." He never turns a poor seeker away. He may keep him waiting, but it will be that His

mercy may be more clearly seen. What would even sixty years of waiting be in comparison with an eternity of blessedness? It may be you have waited long for the blessing; well, "Ask, and it shall be given you"; plead the Lord's promise; He likes to hear His children remind Him of what He has promised. But, one may say, "How am I to know whether my sins have been forgiven?" I answer, that I believe the Lord often assures His people of the pardon of their sin by making them feel their interest in His promises—by making His promises speak to them. He will cause His people, while they are reading His Word, to feel that the Word applies to their case. They may have read the same words scores of times before, but at this season there is a special power in them which affects the soul, and causes a calm resting on the promise. I know how it was in my case. I had got very low in my feelings, fearing lest my sins would plunge my soul into hell. It was at this time, while walking in the country, reading my Bible and praying, praying and reading, that I came to this verse, "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved"; and the words had a power in them, so that they spoke to me, for I felt assured that I had called upon God in prayer. Thus was a sense of guilt first removed from my heart. Many times since then have I needed to be assured of the forgiveness of my sin, for I am continually contracting fresh guilt. Think not, when you have once been blessed with a sense of the forgiveness of your sin, that you will no longer need the publican's prayer; that prayer will suit you down to your dying bed.

Divine instruction is another need of the quickened sinner. It is no small mercy to see and feel that there is a deep in the Word of God which none can open to you but God the Holy Spirit. Many think they can understand the whole of the Word of God, but when a poor sinner who wants to know more of the Lord Jesus as He is described in His Word, hears a preacher speak of the comfort and joy that he experiences from the Bible, he sighs for the same blessing. Well, "Ask, and it shall be given you." The Lord Jesus will not be offended if you tell Him how dark and ignorant you are, and that you need Him to teach you. It was He that caused you to feel your darkness and ignorance, and He delights to instruct those who feel their need of His teaching.

EVENING.

It has been a comforting thought to me that the Lord Jesus taught the same things as I was trying to speak of this morning. He taught His disciples to pray, "Forgive us our debts," or sins. And the Spirit saith by James, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth

not." From Luke xi. 13, it appears that it was the gift of the Holy Spirit to which the Lord had special reference when He uttered the exhortations of my text ; but He also referred to good things in general which His children have need of.

Daily bread is a need with all mankind, though some do not realise that it comes from God. Maybe you have to obtain it by your hands or brain, and you sometimes wonder whether you will always be able to do it, and if able, whether you will have the work to do. Well, "Ask." We have it in Christ's own teaching, "Give us this day our daily bread." Two of the greatest natural blessings God gives to man are work to do and health to do it. We are dependent upon Him for both. We are as much dependent upon Him, though we may not feel it so much, if we obtain our daily bread through our property. It is He that continues it to those who have it. But some may say, "Does God stoop so low as to hear cries for daily bread?" He takes notice of the sparrows, and it is His delight to hear His children ask Him to supply their needs. Even supposing that you would have it just the same if you did not ask for it, which is the sweeter, the blessing which is asked for, or that which you receive without asking for it? It is not the asking that causes God to provide for His children's wants. If you are a father, you do not wait till your children ask at the table for their food before you provide it ; you provide it knowing they will want it. Just so it is with God ; He knows what His children stand in need of, and provides for them accordingly.

"Lead us not into temptation." This is another need which the people of God have cause to pray about—to be kept from temptation. The Lord will at times cause His people to walk in the midst of temptation, but will so preserve them that it shall not touch them. There is great need for all to pray this prayer, for if temptation and opportunity meet, there is no telling what a man may do if not kept by the power of God. I remember feeling at one time how easy it would be for a needy person entrusted with money to appropriate some to his own use, especially if he thought he could pay it back again before anyone knew it. Let not any say they would not do such and such things. Agur felt the weakness of his heart, and feared it, for he prayed, "Give me neither poverty nor riches : feed me with food convenient for me : lest I be full, and deny Thee, and say, Who is the Lord ? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain." It is not a vain thing to pray to be kept from the temptations of the devil. Only those who have been tempted by him know the blasphemous thoughts which he instils into the mind ; and that which makes it so trying to a godly person is, that he cannot at the time say it is the devil and not his own heart that the

thoughts rise from. Can you not look back at some parts of your life when you must have fallen a victim to temptation if the Lord had not kept you?

The child of God also needs deliverance from evil—from the evils of his own heart, or from the evils of the world. "Ask, and it shall be given you." Many speak as though the convinced soul can take the promises just as they are, and apply them to his own case. I once heard a man preach, who said, "Why will you shut yourselves out of heaven by not taking Christ at His word?" With me it was, "Will the Lord open the gates of heaven to such a vile wretch?" The blessings of God are given. They are not to be taken as though they were our due, but as free gifts. Beggars know where they are treated well, and leave a mark in such places. The needy soul knows where to get supplied, and also that the only place to get supplied is at the throne of grace; and he that goes most frequently knows it best.

There may be some souls in need of the Lord's guiding hand, in some step that they are about to take; it may be marriage, or business; but whatever it is, they want to know the Lord's will about it. If it is in regard to business, they may have been waiting a long time, looking for something at the Lord's hand; but it has not come yet, and they have proved the truth of the passage, "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." They dare not move till they have seen the Lord's hand guiding them, and that has kept them looking to Him. It may be you have been looking for your position to be bettered, but with all your waiting and longing and praying it is still delayed. Well, still wait and pray, pray and wait; it may be that the way will be opened while you are looking up for guidance. The Lord Jesus would never tell you to ask, seek, and knock for what you need, if He did not mean to give it to you.

"To praying souls He always grants
More than they can express."

When Mercy (in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress") saw Christiana taken in at the wicket gate and the door closed upon her, she thought she was entirely shut out; but she saw above the gate the words, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you," so she, feeling her desperate condition, knocked by prayer, and presently, after she had knocked several times, the door was opened and she was admitted. She thought her knocking was very weak, and was afraid lest it should not be heard; but Christiana told her she thought she saw her Lord give a wonderful innocent smile at the great "lumbering noise" she made. Pray on, then, poor soul, for the Lord will surely hear and answer in His own good time and way.

HENRY FOWLER, OF GOWER STREET, LONDON:

(Continued from page 107.)

IN the spring he removed to a comfortable little home in the Bristol Road; as the rent was only twelve pounds, he could not be accused of extravagance. He now felt the weight of the ministry more than ever, and the different characters he had to mix with tried him not a little. One of his hearers used to enter chapel very late on a Lord's Day morning; upon inquiry he found that this professor was obliged to collect his cottage rents, and could not come sooner. Forethought saw an evil in delay, for the poor cottager, with his free companions, might perchance run through his earnings before Lord's Day night. But shame on such professors of religion! Here at Birmingham he continued to labour for upwards of seven years. Soon after his arrival he became acquainted with his worthy assistants, Warburton and Gadsby, and ever afterwards they continued in brotherly friendship. His chapel, however, and the doctrines he preached, were held in contempt by most of the professors in Birmingham, who branded him and his people as Antinomians. As he increased in numbers, the opposition of these pious people increased; but their opposition answered the purpose of a bell-man, or town-crier, and saved Fowler the expense. Many came out of curiosity to hear him; some of them carried back a good report of the land, which induced others to come. This very much displeased a Mr. B——tt, as if he could help Mr. B——'s hearers leaving him. Another minister (Mr. Brewer), who also lived near him, was more friendly, and would often talk for a few minutes when they met. The last time Mr. Fowler saw him, he was much grieved on his account, for he appeared to be very ill, and in a very low place. Mr. Brewer was the author of the well-known hymn, "Hail! sovereign love, that first began." "If," says Mr. Fowler, "he felt what that hymn expresses, he doubtless is singing in nobler strains above, gloomy as he might have been in his last moments." Another minister was a Mr. Isaiah Birt; he was deeply drenched in the doctrines of Andrew Fuller. One of his hearers one day sent for Mr. Fowler to visit her brother, who was very ill. As Mr. Fowler entered the poor man's dwelling he met Mr. Birt coming downstairs, and paid him the usual compliments, which he civilly returned, though he seemed rather abashed. It seems Mr. Birt asked this poor man whose ministry he had attended, the reply was, "I have been several times to hear Mr. Fowler, and I bless God that I ever heard him, for by his ministry the fear of death has been removed, and my interest in God's electing love made plain to me." Mr. Birt, quite shocked, said, "What! go to hear such a dangerous character as

that ? he preaches dangerous doctrine." "I know nothing," said the poor man, "of Mr. Fowler, nor where he came from, but I know his doctrine is the truth of God, for I have felt the power of it in my own soul, and if spared, I shall go and hear him again." "If," said Mr. Birt, "you are so determined, I must leave you to do as you please," and he abruptly departed. A wealthy gentleman, well trained in the school of Christ under that venerable servant of God, Mr. Romaine, once paid a visit to his relatives at Birmingham ; they were the leading parties in Mr. Birt's Church. Dissatisfied with the report he heard of most of the ministers in Birmingham, this visitor ordered his carriage and went to hear Mr. Fowler. He was so well satisfied with him that he went again the following Lord's Day. At the close, he came to Mr. Fowler with tears in his eyes, and said, "I will not support errors ; but where I hear Christ exalted, and the union set forth between Christ and His Church, and a full and free salvation preached, I feel a pleasure in supporting it," and he placed twenty pounds in the hands of Mr. Fowler, who thanked him, and they parted. After the visitor left, the proceeds of the collection at the doors were brought into the vestry, and it was found that his wife had put a five-pound note, in the plate which more than doubled the usual collections. One circumstance arising out of this smiling providence must not be omitted, "Though not much," as Mr. Fowler says, "to my credit ; but I set down these things as a buoy that the spiritual mariner may steer his vessel, and avoid the rocks on which I split. True, I was got off at *springtide*, but not without much damage." He had some time before borrowed fifteen pounds ; as soon as the worthy visitor gave the sum before stated, this debt came before him, and he felt truly thankful to the giver, and to God for putting it into his heart at such a time. "Now," said he, "I will pay the fifteen pounds ; send one pound to an aged disciple in the country, and spend the remainder to meet the wants of my family." But when he considered what his children wanted, he found he could not spare a sovereign for the poor old disciple ; no, he must do the best he could. His last plan having been carried out, he was severely reprov'd both by conscience and the Word of God for his selfishness. And on reflection, he said to himself, "I shall not be surprised if the Lord withholds his providential kindness from me, as a chastisement for my base unbelief, and so it fell out ; for I do not think that I received any very manifest displays of providential kindness for six months after this. So true are the words of Solomon, Prov. xi. 24."

During Mr. Fowler's seven years' residence at Birmingham, death made many vacancies among his hearers, some of whom died with a well-grounded hope in the mercy of God, but others doubt-

ful. In his "Travels," he has remarked at considerable length on two of them. The first had been a manager of his chapel shortly before he came to Birmingham: he had formerly been a very unsteady, drunken man, whose habits ultimately brought on him a dropsy, of which he died, in the prime of life, full of anguish and despair. This poor man's wife, who was also a hearer of Mr. Fowler's, seemed quite inconsolable on account of her husband's eternal state. But, alas! two years after the death of her husband she was apprehended for receiving stolen property, and sentenced to a long term of transportation. Says Mr. Fowler—and so may we—"Let us admire the grace which has made us to differ." The second instance, which formed a happy contrast to the above, was a Mrs. C.—, who attended his ministry a few months only, when she was missed from the chapel. Upon Mr. Fowler being questioned as to what was become of her, he replied, "Who she is, or where she comes from, I know not; I suppose she belongs to the *flying camp*." A few weeks after this Mr. Fowler received a note requesting him to visit this very person, who was ill in bed. He went, and upon his entering her room she said, "Oh, my dear sir, how glad I am to see you! I was always afraid to speak to you; but now my Lord is come, I can tell you what He hath done for my soul. Come, sit down, and I will tell you all about it." The substance of her relation was as follows:—

"When a young woman I used to hear several Gospel ministers, sometimes walking many miles; the preaching took hold of my heart, as I thought; I found great love to the ways of God, to His servants, and to His children, and for some time felt as happy as my soul could wish. But after a while my comforts abated, I became worldly and carnal, and at length I married quite a man of the world. I was then wholly taken up with the cares of this life, and so became indifferent to everything spiritual, and spent the Lord's Day in pleasure. Thus I went on for about twenty-five years! but not without remorse and checks of conscience. By-and-by I began to reflect on former days, and the life I had been living for so many years, and becoming much distressed on account of my eternal state, I went to hear more constantly the preached Word, but though I met with a little encouragement, my distress increased. At length I heard of you, and from what I heard, I felt a determination to come and hear you; but you do not know what I suffered under your ministry: for you used to ransack my heart, and point out all my sins, backslidings, and baseness in such a way, that I could not look up; nor should I ever have spoken to you if the Lord had not in mercy visited me. Three months ago I was laid on this bed of affliction, and in the greatest agony both of body

and mind, saw nothing but death before me ; so that my soul was overwhelmed with trouble. In this distress I was encouraged and constrained to call mightily upon the Lord, to show me the light of His countenance, and proclaim my pardon through the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ. He heard my prayer ; and I saw by faith that He had blotted out my sins, as a cloud, never more to be remembered, and I know that I shall be with Christ, die when I may ; I have the evidence in my own soul, and He assures me that He will never leave me nor forsake me."

Mr. Fowler visited her again and again, and the pleasure and sweetness he found by her conversation he could not express. He poured out his heart in gratitude and praise to God for His great mercy towards her, and was filled with remorse at his rashness in supposing her to be "one of the flying camp."

Mrs. C—— continued for some time after this, and had sweet joy and peace in believing up to her last moments. She was blessedly comforted, and her comforts increased as the moments flew. Having the free use of her speech, and knowing that her departure was at hand, she said to her friend, "Find me that precious hymn that has been made such a blessing to me,* and do read it over and over, until I leave the body. I shall not be long here ; the messenger is come, and I am all ready to go." Her friend had not read long before the Saviour said to this precious child of His, "Come away."

Mr. Fowler adds, "How often have we expected to find the most rapturous enjoyments in some of our more steady and spiritual brethren in their closing scene ; but how often have we been disappointed ! while the timorous and halting, nay, and even those whose life has been marked by many blots, have left a most satisfactory proof that they have gone to glory. This is puzzling to our reason. But we should remember, that it is much easier for God to pardon the greatest offences against Him, than it is for us to pardon the least offence against us by one of our brethren. And, 'My thoughts are not as your thoughts, neither are My ways as your ways, saith the Lord.'"

After Mr. Fowler had been at Birmingham about four years, certain men and things so tried him, and he found his sphere so limited in that great town, or in the places around, that he had good reasons for thinking he should be removed. He preached at West Bromwich a few times, but found no union of soul to the people there. At Walsall he was more successful ; the last

* Mr. Fowler believes the hymn to have been the twelfth in his first volume of original hymns. The first five verses of the hymn will be found in Gadsby's selection, No. 1,028.

two years he spent in Birmingham he frequently preached there on a week-day evening, his first-text being, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ," &c.* He says, he seldom had a barren time there, though he never saw less spirituality among a people, considering the person they had been in the habit of hearing, namely, Thomas Grove, whom he much respected, having heard him, with some satisfaction, preach in London about the year 1799. Several years after he left Birmingham, he met with a person in Reading who used to hear him at Walsall, and he told him he was confident his testimony had been blessed to many. He mentioned one person particularly, a common prostitute. This reclaimed poor sinner went, after Mr. Fowler's removal to London, to join the Church where Mr. Grove† used to preach. When she was requested to give an account of the means of her conversion, she said, "The life I have lived, and the sinful course I have followed, is generally known throughout the town; and these practices I followed, till I went one night to hear a man by the name of Fowler, at the "*mud hole*!" (for that was the name the pious people gave his preaching room,) where I was struck with horror at the awful state I was in; and I could no longer continue in those abominable practices, but wish to be with God's people, not that I am worthy to be in their company." Mr. Fowler says, "If this was the real work of God on this poor sinner, I am amply satisfied for all my harassings of mind and body, which were sometimes too much for my frail frame. God has, in all ages, manifested His mercy to many of the worst of characters, and, in viewing these things, I am ready to exclaim, with George Whitefield, 'Free grace for ever!'"

In 1818 and 1819 Mr. Fowler preached occasionally at Coventry. In August, 1819, he received an invitation to preach at Bodicott for four Lord's Days. He had had a previous intimation that he might be invited to preach in London; but hearing nothing of it for some time, he wrote and accepted the invitation to preach at Bodicott four Lord's Days as requested. The morning he left home, however, he received a letter from London, requesting him to supply the chapel in Conway Street

* It was at Walsall that Mr. Fowler met that godly young woman, "Thamar," whose interesting experience he afterwards published. On page 325 in the "*Recollections of John Grace*" will be found a brief account of "Thamar," whose proper name was Martha Mason, afterwards Mrs. Joesbury. She died in peace at Birmingham, in May, 1888.

† This good man was one of the six students of Edmund Hall, who, in 1768, were expelled from the University of Oxford for holding *Methodistical tenets, and taking upon them to pray, read, and expound the Scriptures, and singing hymns in private houses!* See "*The Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon*," vol. I., p. 422, and the Rev. John Macgowan's sermon, entitled, "*The Shaver*."

three Lord's Days, to which he consented. At Bodicott he was as barren and lifeless in his soul all the time he was there as he had ever been since he knew the Lord. When he arrived in London he was kindly received by the friends; but owing to the bondage and darkness of soul he had recently laboured under, he was greatly tried, and was also in delicate health. This was a time of much prayer, for he felt most sensibly that if the Lord did not help, he could neither pray publicly nor preach; but after all, he really grieved that he had consented to preach in London.

When Lord's Day morning came, he was surprised to see so vast a number of people crammed together, so that it was with some difficulty he got to the pulpit. The heat of the place was such from the low-pitched ceiling, and being but feeble, that he feared he should not be able to speak so as to be heard. He lifted up his heart in prayer to God, for he felt the need of His helping hand, and God graciously heard him; for as soon as he began to pray, he found nearness of access to his blessed Majesty, and he was overwhelmed at a sight of His goodness, which was made to pass before him. His text was, "Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise Thy name." This had been his prayer for many weeks; but the answer was delayed till this time of need. It appears he never found so much liberty in preaching as at this time; God was present with him and with the people in a special manner. He spent three weeks with these people, and left them in love and affection, with a promise, at their request, to see them again. This event led ultimately to his being settled in London.

(To be continued.)

CHRIST hath suitable cordials for His people: if men frown, He hath smiles; if men disgrace, He hath honours; if you lose perishing riches, He hath durable, unsearchable riches. Whatsoever you suffer loss in, He will make it up.

ABRAHAM staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief. Why not? Because he consulted not nature, reason, and sense; but considered the sovereign power, everlasting faithfulness, and irresistible ability of God the Promiser. So faith gives glory to God. Learn and do likewise.—*W. Mason.*

WHEN Christians look around them, and see thousands in worse than Egyptian bondage, it is impossible but for them to be zealous; to show by their lives and conversation, that while others contend for the form, the religion of Jesus alone is attended with the power of godliness.—*J. P.*

BRANDS PLUCKED OUT OF THE FIRE.

A BRIEF MEMOIR OF ISAAC GODDARD, AND EMILY HIS WIFE.

(Concluded from page 110.)

ISAAC GODDARD was born of godly parents, and brought up to attend the Lord's house; but we saw in him a disposition to follow the world, and, under the influence of worldly companions, he became an easy prey to Satan's temptations, which much grieved his dear parents, for he was a child of many prayers. His health began to fail about two years before he died; he was then living in London. I often wrote to him on soul matters, and he seemed pleased to read "Hart's Hymns" (which I sent him), but, alas! there was no change of heart. With careful nursing, he recovered sufficiently to come to Brighton, that he might die among his own people. The change here strengthened him, but the improvement did not last long. It was not until he saw his poor wife's body lowered into the grave, that he felt his solemn position; then it seemed as though a voice said, "You, too, are going, and where are you going to?" From that time he had not much peace of mind, but, being of a peculiar disposition we feared to say much to him on the best things. Our dear pastor, Mr. Harbour, called upon him; his prayer and conversation was so blest to him that he desired to see him again. He said to Mr. Harbour, "I know the way of salvation now you have shown it to me." He had been such a wanderer, that his youthful teaching had been forgotten; he had not been inside a place of truth for seventeen years, except once to Mr. Spurgeon's; neither had he read his Bible. He thought, in his ignorance, that with his education he could soon pick up what he had lost, but he had to learn his own helplessness, and that God only can teach to profit.

He went to West Street Chapel twice; the last time was only eleven days before he died. About a fortnight before his end, our friend, Mr. E——, called, to whom he said, "I have asked the Lord to send you." Mr. E—— replied, "Why?" He said, "You know what kind of life I have led; do you think that the Lord will have merey upon me?" Mr. E—— replied, "What do you feel?" He answered, "I am very dark, and have so long neglected reading the Bible." Several scriptures upon repentance were then referred to, to which he attentively listened. When telling him of the one offering, and Christ's work as the Sacrifice for sin, he said, "Oh, how beautiful! I never saw it in that light before." Our friend, Miss M——, visited him on Friday; he was then in great distress. She read to him the fifty-fifth of Isaiah, "Ho, every one that thirsteth," &c. The sixth, seventh, and eighth verses she had to read over again.

He hung upon the word mercy; he said it was a sweet word to him. And when at the eighth verse, he said, "I've proved that, 'My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways, saith the Lord.'" Miss M—— told him how powerfully some words had come to her on his behalf—

"While the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

"Do you mean that for me?" he said. "If you feel yourself to be vile," she said, "there is hope for you." All seemed trouble with him till the Lord spoke with power to his soul (after a night of pleading for salvation) these words, "All sinners that come unto Me shall be saved." Joy and peace then flowed into his soul. He said, "I have been a vile wretch, no one more vile than I; and to think that He has condescended to hear me! now I can join the happy throng," and tears of joy rolled down his face. The deliverance here spoken of was on the Saturday before he died. Then I wrote, rejoicing with him, to which he returned me the following:—

"MY DEAR SISTER,—To think I can write a few lines under such happy circumstances! I know that you have opened your heart in prayer for me on many occasions; now, my dear sister, I do feel that the dear Lord has spoken to me. Oh, may I not be deceived! I had such a happy night, though a very trying one, but that is nothing compared with my salvation. Oh, how I hope now that I am safe in the blessed Rock! Oh, that blessed Saviour, to condescend to hear my humble petitions! Oh, do let us hope that I may be safe! Oh, how I long to join my dear parent! What a dreadful miss, to die and not know where you are going to! Do pray for a continuation of the blessing the Lord has been kind enough to show me. Good-by! Trusting we may meet in the better land, never to part again,

"Your loving brother,

"ISAAC."

Heseemed to have had some deliverance on the previous Wednesday night, for when my friend Mr. E—— called on Thursday, he said, "I've had such a happy night; I feel that the Lord has pardoned my sins, and now that I feel He has forgiven me, I long to be gone." He said that the words, "All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me, and him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out," were very sweet to him; then he seemed to be very dark again until the deliverance on Saturday. On Sunday the Lord had again hidden His face; his distress was very great. His brother John tried in all ways to encourage him, telling him that the Lord would come again.

Mr. E—— called again, to whom he earnestly said, "Do you think that the Lord will cast me off?" "No," our friend replied, "I'm sure He will not;" and repeated the words, "All that the Father giveth Me," &c. He said so feelingly, "Yes, that is it, He will in no wise cast out."

A hymn of Fowler's was very sweet to him, "'Twas in the night when troubles came," &c. And the verse, "My God, I felt Thy goodness then." He was led to see that the government was upon His shoulders. "Ah!" said he "I've proved that, and can see it clearly now, that all things are of Thee." That evening he was so happy; tears of joy streamed down his face at the wonderful condescension of God to such a vile wretch again, as he felt himself to be. On Tuesday our dear pastor was there; he seemed tried again then, but he encouraged him with many passages, such as, "I am He that blotteth out thy sins as a cloud," &c.; and, "Who is a God like unto Thee, that pardoneth iniquity?" Tuesday night was a most distressing one. My husband took me in a cab, as Isaac wished to see me once more. He looked so pleased, and said, "How good of the Lord to clear away the clouds and enable you to come; it is so long since we have met." (It was three weeks.) He said, "I cannot say much; what I told my brother John was from my heart." "Yes," I said, "I am sure it was." He gave such a look then. He then said, "He won't cast me out, will He?" "No," we said, "that He never will." I stayed an hour and a-half with him, and he was so grateful for any little thing that I did for his comfort. When I bade him Good-by, he said, "You will pray for me, won't you?" He kept begging for another token for good. We spoke of the dying thief, which he said encouraged him much.

A little while before he died, a calmness came over his face; and he breathed his last so quietly that his brother scarcely knew that he was gone.

We insert the above for the honour and glory of God, and for the encouragement of praying parents; and we sincerely hope that the reading of it may be blest to some careless sinner, for there are many such as he was. The time will come when they will have to lie as low as he now does, or they may not have a sick-bed, but if the publican's prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner," is put into their hearts, as it was in these two trophies of redeeming grace, death will have no terrors for them.

H. G.

AFFLICTION is a pill which, wrapt up in patience, may be easily swallowed; but when discontent puts us upon chewing it, proves bitter and disgusting.—*Flavel*.

ON JESUS' BOSOM.

"Whereunto I may continually resort." "He shall gather the lambs in His arms, and carry them in His bosom."

BELOVED John, so dear unto thy Lord,
His sacred bosom was thy resting place;
There thou didst learn the secrets of His Word,
And viewed the God-man, full of truth and grace.

There with the Lord of glory thou didst hold
Sweet intercourse, which filled thee with delight;
To thee He did His wondrous love unfold,
Unveiling His rich glories to thy sight.

Oh, precious place, where weary lambs may rest!
Though so unworthy, Lord, we fain would come,
And, leaning on Thy tender, loving breast,
Would learn of Thee, Thou meek and lowly One.

This loved retreat Thou hast reserved for those
Whom Thou hast taught to know their helplessness;
No harm can reach us from our many foes,
If thou dost deign to be our lovely Guest.

'Tis here Thou dost reveal Thy secrets, Lord,
And tell poor sinners of Thy Father's love;
Unfolding thus the mysteries of Thy Word,
We taste of joys reserved for us above.

'Tis here we learn that Thou, all heaven's delight,
Didst leave Thy Father's bosom for our sakes;
And, riding forth in all Thy kingly might,
Conquered our foes, and opened heaven's gates.

What matchless love, that Thou should'st thus become
Our heavenly Bridegroom, very near to us!
One with Thyself, and thus with God made one,
Jesus, in Thee is all our hope and trust.

Within this precious place we would abide,
While passing through this dreary wilderness;
Then Thou wilt bear us to yon brighter side,
And we shall ever dwell in Thine embrace.

R. E.

As a pearl needs no painting, so truth wants no needless decorations.

A SENSE of duty alone (in the matter of obedience) will leave us guilty of many deficiencies in our daily walk Zion-ward. But when the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts, what is our duty will become our delight. Gospel obedience will be a light yoke; the performance of God's commands will then be our meat and drink.—*J. P.*

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

To the Editor of the Sower.

DEAR SIR,—It is some time since I sent a few lines for insertion in the "Seekers' Corner," and oh, what a variety of changes my heart has known since then, on account of which I have felt unable to write any more; and it is with much hesitation I try to write now, with the desire that someone may be helped by it, if the Spirit of truth may be pleased to guide the writer and bless it to the reader. How truly has Mr. Hart depicted the narrow way in his 26th hymn—a hymn which has been familiar to me for years—but how little is the spirit of such words of truth known till the soul has had to prove them—

"Before we've journeyed far,
Two dang'rous gulfs are fixt;
Dead sloth and pharasaic pride,
Scarce a hair's breadth betwixt.

"On the left hand and right,
Close cragged rocks are seen,
Distrust and self-wrought confidence;
'Tis hard to squeeze between."

Oh, how great are these two enemies, "distrust" and "self-wrought confidence." How bitter my reflections are sometimes when my wanderings are brought vividly to my mind, knowing the truth so well and yet walking so perversely.

"Having sometimes no strength,
And often lacking will;
And often, lest one might go wrong,
Choosing to stand quite still."

And oh, when the Spirit of truth shows how greatly the Eternal Son of God is dishonoured by such unbelief and mistrust, followed by such guilt, how the soul is bowed, and made to loathe itself.

"But oh, the goodness of our God,
What pity melts His tender heart."

For though our nature is such that evil alone can be wrought by it, and therefore possesses no strength to please God, yet when He has caused a soul to feel all this, how graciously He reveals "Jesus."

"Sudden He stands confest;
We look and all is light;
The foe, confounded, swift as thought
Sneaks off, and skulks from sight.

"Again we cannot see
His helping hand, but feel;
And though we neither feel nor see,
His hand sustains us still.

"The meek with love He draws,
The *rash* restrains with fear;
Searches and finds the wand'ring out,
And brings the distant near."

May He especially bless you in soul and body, for His name sake.

September, 1893.

F. V. E.

MY DEAR SIR,—You will see that I had written the enclosed note for "Seekers' Corner," some months ago. For some time after, my path seemed to lead me under dark clouds; nor could I, try as I might, get under the sunshine and feel the sweet peace-giving effects of a blood token. Truly when He hideth His face, who then can behold Him? For weeks His hand was heavy upon me. At night often I was so distressed inwardly I could not rest; sins of commission and of omission rose up before me, and the Accuser struck them home. My heart answered to the charge, "Oh, 'tis true." Space would not allow me to relate the deep rebellious feelings often prevalent in one's heart, and then following the harrowing feeling that one had sinned against the Holy Ghost, against light and knowledge. But oh, deliverance came in His time. It was one Lord's Day morning the release came, and the reprieve was the gracious assurance, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," accompanied with sweet melting views of Himself and His work. Dear seekers, "The Lord whom thou seekest shall not tarry long." K.

DEAR MR. HULL,—It has been upon my mind for some time to write and tell you a little of what the Lord has done for my soul. I have often been encouraged in reading the letters in the "Seekers' Corner." I do hope I am one of that flock of which Christ says, "Fear not, little flock; it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Oh, how I love to meditate upon the 23rd Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." Oh, how sweet to be able to say, "*My* Shepherd"; what can we want more? I have felt Him to be the "chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely," to my soul. I feel I could bless and praise Him all the day long for His goodness and mercy to such a vile sinner as I. Oh,

"How sovereign, wonderful, and free
Is all His love to guilty me."

I feel blessed with that spirit of adoption to call God my Father; and I feel I could part with anything rather than part with Him.

"To part with Him, 'tis death; 'tis more;
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair."

I feel I would like to go to be with Him for evermore. How I wish I could exalt a precious Christ more. The happiness I feel I cannot possibly describe. I feel I can say with the poet—

"Away, my needless fears,
And doubts no longer mine;
A ray of heavenly light appears,
A messenger divine."

Oh, what am I any more than others that He should set His love upon me?

"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?"

Ah! it must have been "the same love that spread the feast that sweetly forced me in," or I am sure I should never have entered. "We love Him, because He first loved us"; for if we have any desire or love after God, it must be because He first gave that desire. We can do nothing in and of ourselves, for has He not Himself said, "All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags"? Yes; we must look to Christ, and to Christ alone, for salvation. "Look unto Me, and be ye saved." I have found Him to be a very present help in trouble; and at times, when

"Satan's fierce temptations
Vexed or grieved me day by day,
And my sinful inclinations
Often filled me with dismay,"

then He has appeared and said,

"Thou shalt conquer,
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood."

But I must not trespass on your valuable space any more, hoping you will forgive these poor attempts. Oh, may the dear Lord still encourage dear seekers to wait upon Him until He is pleased to shine upon them and give them peace.

"The Lord whom thou seekest will not tarry long,
And to Him the weakest is dear as the strong."

May this be the portion of each seeker, is the desire of the unworthy writer.

May 1st, 1894.

ANNIE.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR FRIEND.—I am sending you a few lines now as I believe I gave you reason to expect a note from me when I met you last. I have been thinking of you several times since then, and have rejoiced at the favours you have received in the things of salvation. The matters of time are fleeting, and will soon be over, as they affect us individually, but the things of eternity will be important to soul and body for ever. You have found, I believe, right-hand blessings here, and such as find right-hand mercies in time will enjoy right-hand portions for eternity. Think, my dear friend, again and again, at this condescension of your Lord, who has passed by many more learned, more wise or noble, but has said unto you in tones of love and mercy, "I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art Mine." When such a blessing has been given by the Lord to a poor sinner, all else sinks into nothingness, and each one that has this token and testimony is the first to cry out, "Why me, why me, O blessed God? why such a wretch as me?" How often has this been my language both in heart and voice, and how blessed then are His commandments. Truly they "become our happy choice." I was glad to hear you had had the will and heart to obey the Word about the ordinances of the Lord's house; and though doubtless feeling your unfitness and unworthiness in great measure, yet, now you have ventured, you feel no wish to go back, and no regret that you went forward. It has been a matter of surprise and regret to me to find some of the Lord's children so reluctant to obey the sweet commands of their Master. His commandments are not grievous, His yoke is easy, and His burden so light, and yet many hesitate and tremble, and still neglect. I feel that many young converts that are favoured with peace and joy in their souls, would find their faith and hope strengthened by Church fellowship, and their love would abound yet more and more to one another, and also to their own dear Lord. You are aware as well as myself that there is no fitness in us to have any claims upon the Lord, and certainly no fitness to follow Him in His ordinances, but we do feel our dependence upon Him, and our need of Him, and this, as Mr. Hart says sweetly, is what is needful.

"All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him."

How many times I have been constrained to say to truly gracious ones, "Why tarriest thou?" "Wilt thou go with this man?" "See, here is water, what doth hinder?" &c.

Well, I am not writing this to constrain you, as you have

already felt the constraints love brings ; and in saying what I have, you will notice I dwell upon the willing mind in believers. I have found some ministers dwelling upon the command, rather more than on the privilege, of an ordinance. I feel you esteem it a privilege to be buried with Him, and rise with Him, to follow Him, and to go forth with Him, and this was very sweet to me to hear you had thus found a home in divine things. So we go on, from year to year, and so I feel especially about you. Since I had last seen you, the mercies of the Lord have been great to you, and you can say, like one of old, that you have been "led forth by the right way." and He that has helped in the past will prove faithful, and will never, never leave you. You will have trials, conflicts, and temptations, but you have something to look back upon with sweetness, and this will be a help and encouragement to you in the path that lies before you. There is a verse that often comes to my mind as I am meditating on the things of God, and the joy in heaven over repenting and returning sinners—

"Another sinner born of God
Makes heaven's vast conclave ring ;
Again they strike their harps of gold,
And hallelujah sing."

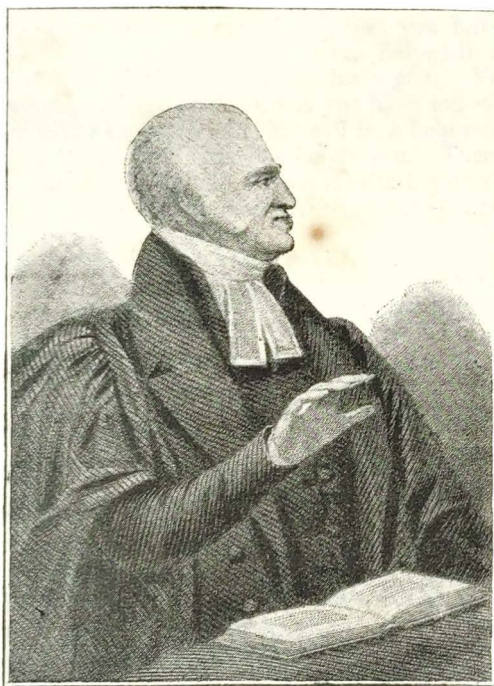
With love in the Gospel, I close this hasty note, and remain
yours affectionately,

Hailsham, February 9th, 1894.

J. DAW.

EXTRACT FROM AN OLD UNPUBLISHED LETTER.

THERE is an aged woman in this village who has been desiring manifested mercy for above thirty years, and never got anything decisive till the last two or three years, and now her cup runs over. "At evening time it shall be light." She is naturally high-spirited, but her long season of fear and trembling helped to check it. The Lord's ways are all in infinite wisdom. You may have many changes without knowing what they all amount to, what value to put upon them. There must be some means used to break down pride, and to be kept begging again and again, with little or no manifested regard paid to your petitions, while many pass you by, some fed, some happy, some confident, and you only a beggar. It is hard work ; rebellion will rise, but the thought of what you deserve checks it ; it is a mercy to be out of hell. How hard it is to use and not abuse earthly things ; they get from under the feet to the crown of the head, and exert such an influence over us, that we are near choked in the dust while they trample us down.



CHARLES SIMEON.

CHARLES SIMEON OF CAMBRIDGE.

CHARLES SIMEON was born at Reading, September 4th, 1759. He was the youngest of four brothers. Of the others, Richard, the eldest, died at a comparatively early age. The second, John, became a distinguished lawyer, and for many years represented the borough of Reading in Parliament. A baronetcy which was conferred upon him has descended to the present Sir John Simeon. The third brother, Edward, was an eminent merchant and a Director of the Bank of England. Charles was sent at an early age to Eton, where he obtained a scholarship, and, according to custom, was promoted in due time to a scholarship, and afterwards to a fellowship, in King's College, Cambridge.

As to his Eton days, we are told that he was an active lad, delighting in feats of dexterity and strength, and a bold and skilful rider. Of his religious condition at that time he speaks himself in most self-condemning terms. Yet it appears that a solemn impression was made on his mind by a national fast which was ordered in 1776, when he was about seventeen years of age.

The extremity of his distress prepared him to appreciate God's deliverance when it came. He says, "I felt somewhat of hope springing up in my mind, but it was an indistinct kind of hope, founded on God's mercy to real penitents. But in Passion week, as I was reading Bishop Wilson on the Lord's Supper, I met with an expression to this effect, that the Jews knew what they did when they transferred their sins to the head of their offering. The thought rushed into my mind, What! may I transfer all my guilt to another? Has God provided an offering for me, that I may lay my sins upon His head? Then, God willing, I will not bear them on my own soul one moment longer. Accordingly, I sought to lay my sins upon the sacred head of Jesus, and on Easter Day, April 4th, I awoke early with those words on my heart and lips, 'Jesus Christ is risen to-day, Hallelujah.' From that hour peace flowed in abundance into my soul, and at the Lord's Table in our chapel I had the sweetest access to God through my blessed Saviour."

The Hallelujah of that Easter morning was the beginning of a life of praise commenced on earth and to be prolonged eternally in heaven. And the truths which were fixed in his heart during that memorable time of distress and deliverance became the basis of his preaching and teaching during a ministry of more than fifty-four years.

The Scripture says, "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity," &c., and we here see how Simeon, like all true seekers, desired to realise by faith this divine transfer, as the poet says—

“ My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.”

The persecution which he endured at Cambridge was not limited to his own parishioners. Young gownsmen came to his church, not to worship God, but to display their wickedness by profane behaviour. And older members of the University showed in other ways their dislike of his principles. The extent to which this prevailed may be judged of by the fact that, when upon one occasion a fellow of his own college ventured to walk up and down with him for a little while on the grass-plot adjoining Clare Hall, it was to him quite a surprise, so accustomed was he to be treated as an outcast. But the grace of Christ was sufficient, not only to uphold, but to cheer him. Referring to this period of his life, he related the following anecdote:—“ Many years ago, when I was the object of much contempt and derision in this University, I strolled forth one day, buffeted and afflicted, with my little Testament in my hand. I prayed earnestly to my God that He would comfort me with some cordial from His Word, and that, on opening the book, I might find some text which should sustain me. The first text which caught my eye was this: ‘ They found a man of Cyrene, Simon by name, him they compelled to bear His cross.’ (You know Simon is the same name as Simeon.) What a word of instruction was here! To have the cross laid upon me that I might bear it after Jesus; what a privilege! It was enough. Now I could leap and sing with joy as one whom Jesus was honouring with a participation in His sufferings.”

In 1783 he writes: “ Having but one sermon in the week at my own church, I used, on the week days, to go round to the churches of godly ministers very frequently to preach to their people, taking one church on Monday, another on Tuesday, and another on Wednesday. Amongst the places where I preached were Potton, Wrestlingworth (Hicks’), Everton (Berridge’s), Yelling (Venn’s), &c., and these seasons I found very refreshing to my own soul, and they were peculiarly helpful to me in my composition of sermons. I trust, too, that many of my fellow creatures were benefitted by them; indeed, I have no doubt but that God made use of them for the conversion and salvation of many.”

1788. At the close of this year there was a great scarcity of bread, a subscription was raised by the University for the town of Cambridge; but Mr. Simeon asked, “ What was to become of those in the villages?” They could not answer. “ Then,” said Mr. Simeon, “ that shall be my province.” Accordingly he set on foot a plan by which the villages might be benefitted. Every

Monday he rode round to them to see that the bakers performed their duty in selling to the poor, bread at half price, he thus included twenty-four villages around Cambridge. He had been till now considered an enthusiast, or mad, but many now said, "this is not madness, the man means well."

1796. Visiting the Highlands, he says, "I had a letter of introduction to a Mr. Stewart, at the village of Moulin; he was a man in high repute for amiable manners and learning, but he was very defective in his view of the Gospel and in his experience of its power. When we were all retiring to go to bed, I had him with me alone in my chamber, and spoke such things as occurred to my mind, with a view to his spiritual good, and it pleased God so to apply them to his heart, that they were made effectual for the opening of his eyes and bringing him into the marvellous light of the Gospel of Christ. From that moment he changed the strain of his preaching, determining to know nothing among his people but Jesus Christ and Him crucified, and God has now for these fifteen years made his ministrations most eminently useful for the conversion of many souls. I went to Lady Ross's grounds. Here also I saw blind men weaving. One of the blind men on being interrogated with respect to his knowledge of spiritual things, answered, 'I never saw till I was blind, nor did I ever know contentment when I had my eyesight as I do now that I have lost it. I can truly affirm, though few know how to credit me, that I would on no account change my situation and circumstances with any that I ever enjoyed before I was blind.' He had enjoyed eyesight till twenty-five years of age, and had been blind now about three years. My soul was much affected and comforted with his declaration. Surely there is a reality in religion! In the evening we arrived at Edinburgh, crowned with loving-kindness and mercy."

1794. Mr. Simeon procured the curacy of Stapleford, where himself and Mr. T. Thomason officiated to a congregation who had formerly heard John Berridge. These two spent many happy hours at their pleasant home at Shelford, called the garden of Cambridgeshire, and from this pleasant home visited their flock at the adjoining village of Stapleford. While devoting his best efforts to advance their spiritual good, he was not slow to promote their temporal welfare. He formed a society, chiefly amongst the poorer classes, which met together at stated times for prayer. He also introduced the plaiting of straw, a species of industry which still exists there, and which has contributed greatly to the welfare and comfort of the poor. "My grandmother and her sister, Elizabeth Stevens (see SOWER, page 121, 1886), were sent by Simeon to Luton to learn the art, so as to

instruct the village people. Their mother, Rebecca Rawlings, being the village doctress, made *their home* the centre of several spiritual and philanthropic enterprises established by Simeon and Lady Godolphin Osborne; the fruits and effects of which were seen after many days."

In 1808 Simeon lost one of his faithful domestic attendants. He was most anxious about her, and requested the physician to attend her constantly. He was also much concerned about her spiritual state; relative to this, he says: "This morning I was with her about half-past seven, and it appeared that she was about to be taken from us. I conversed and prayed with her; but still all my inquiries relative to her interest in Christ were attended with a shake of her head. I returned to my room to breakfast, and then went to her again; but still I could get nothing from her. This was exceedingly distressing to my soul, and I endeavoured, with many tears, to set forth again to her the willingness and all-sufficiency of Christ. Upon this, with a distinct and audible voice, she cried, 'Lord, save me!' and I then prayed with her to that God whom I had long known to be a God that heareth prayer. And oh, how gracious was God to His poor suppliants. I still continued talking with her, and on asking her again whether God had answered our prayers, whether she was now able to cast all the burden of her soul on Him, and if she felt peace in her soul, she intimated that she did. I immediately praised and adored our God, who had heard prayer on her behalf, and in less than an hour she departed to her eternal rest. My whole experience is comprehended in this plain tale, that my innumerable corruptions have supplied me with abundant matter for humiliation and contrition every day of my life; but the Gospel of Christ has afforded me still more abundant ground for hope in fleeing to the Saviour and to the fountain open for sin and uncleanness, and to this I have had recourse from day to day, precisely as I did the first moment that I gained a sight of Christ, hoping that God would glorify Himself in saving the very chief of sinners."

During the last year of his life he wrote thus to one who was in a state of despondency: "You judge well, there is the same God now as formerly delivered Peter from prison in answer to the prayers of His people, and He is still a God that heareth prayer. I can, in some small measure, sympathize with you. I have known what it is to envy the dogs their mortality. But I found God to be abundant both in mercy and truth, and so you will find Him if, in the name of His dear Son, you wait patiently upon Him. With the desponding soul God justly expostulates in Isaiah xl. 27: 'Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, My way is hid from the Lord, and my judg-

ment is passed over from my God ?' And exposing the folly of such a state (verse 28), gives us a clear direction for our deliverance, and a promise that shall assuredly be fulfilled to us in its season (verses 29-31). I would have you expostulate therefore with your own soul as David did (Psalm xlii.), 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul?' &c. That there is ground for humiliation in the best of men there is no doubt. Holy Job exclaimed, 'Behold, I am vile.' But to the vilest of men there is no ground for despondency when we recollect that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin, and that He has said He will cast out none who come unto Him. The Psalmist himself was in your state and justly ascribed his despondency to his own weakness. He saw how erroneous had been all his conceptions of the Deity, and learned to look from himself to the Holy Scripture in order to form a right judgment of His power of grace (Psalm lxxvii.) Follow him in this respect, and you shall ere long follow him also in his testimony in behalf of God as an almighty and all-merciful Benefactor (Psalm xl.) I have no wish to know your name. It is sufficient for me that you are a fellow-sinner in distress. The Lord, even our Great High Priest, has your name written on His breastplate, and *that* is my consolation when I am constrained, through forgetfulness, to express my intercession generally; when, if I were able to speak before my God the names and states of all for whom I have been desired to pray, I would gladly do it." R. F. R.

Charles Simeon preached his last sermon on Sunday, September 18th, 1836, being then in good health and spirits, and died just seven weeks later, on November 13th, aged 77. Having never married, he retained his fellowship and his rooms in the College to the last. Through the whole of his last illness, his soul was kept in perfect peace. The following words spoken ten days before his death, may serve to indicate his state of mind: "If you want to know what I am doing, go and look in the first chapter of Ephesians, from the third to the fourteenth verse. There you will see what I am enjoying now."

The following incident of his last days affords a striking display of his character. When his servant, Mrs. C., came into the room on one occasion to arrange the fire-place, he said: "When C. is going out, tell her to come to my bedside, and let me give her a last look." When she came, he looked at her most affectionately and said, "God Almighty bless you, my dear C.; now go." Both his servants left the room overwhelmed at the sight of their dying master, from whom they had received so many kindnesses. He then turned his eyes towards me and said, "Dear faithful servants! No one ever had more faithful and

kind servants than I have had. And to have such dear creatures to attend me when I am such a poor wretch and deserve nothing but perdition!" The tears trickled down his face, and he appeared quite overwhelmed at a sense of God's mercies towards him.

Charles Simeon was buried in the Fellows' vault of his College Chapel. His funeral presented a remarkable contrast with the days when he stood almost alone, bearing the reproaches both of town and gown for his Master's sake. A procession occupying nearly all the four sides of the spacious quadrangle followed the coffin. "Heads of Colleges, and Professors, and men of all classes and ages from every College in the University came to do him this last honour. The ante-chapel was occupied by a crowd of his parishioners, men, women and children, clad in mourning, and many showing the reality of their sorrow by their sighs and tears. And not the least interesting sight was the assembly of young gowmsmen, all in mourning, who stood between the coffin and the communion rails." Thus God fulfilled to His servant, even upon earth, the promise: "Them that honour Me I will honour,"* a promise to be fulfilled more gloriously hereafter in the kingdom of heaven.

ADAM'S state, even in innocency, seems to crave for help; wherefore it is manifest that state is short of that we attain by the resurrection from the dead; yea, forasmuch as his need required earthly help, it is apparent his condition was not heavenly. "The first man is of the earth, earthy; the second Man is the Lord from heaven." Adam in his first state was not spiritual. "That was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterwards that which is spiritual." Wherefore those that think it enough to attain to the state of Adam in innocency, think it sufficient to be mere naturalists; think themselves well, without being made spiritual. Yea, let me add, they think it safe standing by a covenant of works; they think themselves happy, though not concerned in a covenant of grace; they think they know enough, though ignorant of a Mediator, and count they have no need of the intercession of Jesus Christ. Adam stood by a covenant of works; Adam's kingdom was an earthly paradise; Adam's excellency was, that he had no need of a Saviour; and Adam's knowledge was ignorant of Jesus Christ. Adam, in his greatest glory, wanted earthly comforts; Adam, in his innocency was a mere natural man.—*Bunyan*.

* This was the text chosen by Dr. Dealtry for the funeral sermon which he preached in Trinity Church.

"WHEN THE KING COMES IN."

THE King came in to see the guests ; strange *guests* at such a feast,
Where every luxury of life those Eastern tables graced ;
Mannerless mortals from the hedge and highway, things of sin,
Feasted by invitation there ; when lo, the *King* came in.

A cloud stole o'er his royal brow, and the guests held their breath
It was an Eastern monarch, in whose frown was certain death ;
One revelled there who in mad haste, or may be in his pride,
Had scorned the wedding garment ; it was *he* the king espied.

"How cam'st thou here?" but he was dumb ; bound hand and foot
they bore
The wretched criminal aside ; and the King's wrath was o'er ;
"Eat, oh my friends, the *feast* is yours, and the provision mine ;"
Ah ! the King's smile was sweeter than the rarest of his wine.

True parable of old, so deals our God with men to-day ;
He spreads His mercies, but the bulk of the invited "go their way" ;
Farm, home, and merchandise for them have more alluring guile,
And heaven and God are shadows in the light of nature's smile.

Yet He, all patient, fills His board with rich provision still ;
The living water streams to-day, and "whosoever will"
May blend contrition's tear-drops with the death-destroying cup,
And thankful, as for dangers past, bless God, and drink it up.

Oh Bible, oh sweet Calvary, oh Jesus, slain for sin,
What sustenance, what comfort, for a sinner to take in ;
While an exalted Saviour, in the power of His blood,
Makes daily mention of the soul before the throne of God.

Not sense, not intellect, can feed on this delicious fare ;
"Except a man be born again," he finds no dainties there ;
Earth's food will satisfy its own ; but for God's truth 'tis plain
There is no appetite, "*Except* a man be born again."

How comes it then, that when the King comes in to see the guests,
One yonder, and another here, among the children rests,
Whose life and language bear no trace of sanctifying power,
And who, indeed, at heart *despise* the truths which they devour ?

Know ye yourselves ? How came ye here ? Oh, think what wrath
remains,
What scorn of men and angels, aye, what never-ending pains,
When those who simulated life, a name or place to win,
Shall be, in strictest equity, *lost* when the King comes in.

Come, weeping sinner, there is room at the King's board for *you*,
Although the called be many, and the chosen be but few ;
There is internal evidence where God has set His seal,
The which to many a chosen one 'tis pleasure to conceal.

But *the Lord* knoweth you, my friend; the Lord whose life you share;

Born from above, your spirit seeks its sustentation *there*;
Crouching beneath *His* righteousness, you long to find a place,
And feast among the children on the riches of His grace.

Come in, Come in; the King *approves* appreciative zest;
Mercy like *His* is heaven to the miserable guest;
And oh the fulness that awaits when death shall banish sin,
And not one test remains to wake *fear* when the King comes in!

Galleywood.

M. A. CHAPLIN.

FLETCHER ON THE ORIGIN OF MORAL EVIL.

CAN God be termed the "Author of sin," when His own Word most expressly assures us of His hatred to sin, and all the requisitions of His law, all the acts of His government, and all the discoveries of His mercy, inculcate on accountable beings eternal opposition to it? There can be only one answer to this inquiry on the part of those who revere the authority of Scripture, and regard the dictates of conscience. The simple question is, are we to give implicit credit to the statements of revelation, or ought we to contradict them, in deference to the metaphysical perplexities to which the speculations of our limited faculties may have conducted us?

It is fully admitted that *the existence of moral evil* is a fact for which no human reasonings can present an adequate solution. The question concerning its origin has been one on which reflecting minds have, in all ages, felt unutterable difficulty; nor can any modification of theological principles, or any system of rational theism, be freed from that difficulty. There are, however, notwithstanding this admission, some reasonings which have afforded to my own mind a measure of satisfaction and relief, when oppressed by the mental anxieties which this awful and mysterious subject has occasionally excited; and, as it is possible that the train of thought which has been pursued may afford a similar relief to other inquirers, I shall avail myself of this opportunity of recording the process and results of the investigation.

I. It is unquestionable that man sustains a moral relation to his Creator, arising out of his physical and mental capabilities. This relation renders him a moral agent, and constitutes the basis of his responsibility. He is, therefore, justly answerable for the consequences of voluntary actions—actions which are performed with the full consent of his will, and in opposition to the inducements and considerations which might be presented to a contrary course of actions.

II. From the nature of things, and the capabilities and

relations of responsible agents, it might be presumed that some system of moral probation would be established. By a system of probation is meant such a constitution of things as puts to the test the rectitude and obedience of a moral agent. Every moral agent possesses intellectual capacity—freedom from restraint—a liberty of choice and action—and sufficient means of information in reference to the motives and inducements by which obedience is enforced. These advantages were enjoyed by man in the primitive constitution of his nature. To whatever temptation or trial he might be subjected, he possessed adequate power to resist and overcome such temptation. He was, therefore, “sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.”

III. The specific test of man's allegiance was an arbitrary prohibition, and of a nature altogether positive. It was such as rendered the action sinful, because forbidden; at the same time it was distinguished by its wise adaptation to the condition and circumstances of the first human beings. At that period, the observance of a precept enjoining what was morally right, antecedent to all injunction, could scarcely be considered as *a test*; while a *positive* prohibition which rendered an action, in itself indifferent, criminal by virtue of that prohibition, afforded the best opportunity of evincing implicit submission to the Divine will. It was also, as a test, simple, intelligible, and instructive. The extent of privation was limited and trivial, while on every hand there were unnumbered proofs of the Divine beneficence, and it was designed to remind them of their obligations, dependence, and responsibility.

IV. As all the actions for which moral agents are responsible are *voluntary* actions, it can never be proved that the Divine Being is under any obligation, arising either from His character or His government, to restrain them from performing such voluntary actions. For, if He were so obliged, it would be on the ground of some claim which such agents might be supposed to possess in this exertion of restraining power; in which case it would be an act, not of mercy, but *equity*. But if equity be the ground of exemption from the consequences of probation, then it would necessarily follow that all moral agents would be *indefectible*. Either sin would be impossible, or the Divine justice would be impeachable! But who that reflects on the mutability of creatures and the essential perfection of Deity, could for a moment admit either alternative? The capability of change for the better involves in it the possibility of change for the worse; for, if a finite being be susceptible of improvement, such a being is also susceptible of deterioration. It is no more a reflection on the Divine Being to say that He could not form such an indefectible creature, than it would be to suppose the

creation of an omnipotent being impossible. But if defectibility be a necessary property of created nature, then the idea of probation is admissible. Admit the idea of probation, and let the moral agent, whether human or angelic, be placed in a state of probation, possessing intelligence, volition, conscience, a law revealed for the guidance of his voluntary actions, motives, and inducements for the purpose of enforcing that law, in the penalties of transgression and the rewards of obedience—suppose all these circumstances to exist in the relations of such an agent—and who can have the hardihood to assert that the Deity is *bound* either to keep him from falling, or to extricate him from the consequences to which, by voluntary defection, he may reduce himself? He may interpose if it be *κατὰ τὴν εὐδοκίαν αὐτοῦ*, “according to His good pleasure” to do so; but to imagine that He is under an obligation, on principles of equity, to restrain accountable agents from the course of actions to which they are inclined, after all the moral inducements and legislative enactments with which He has surrounded them for the very purpose of restraint is an unhallowed and presumptuous conception, and altogether subversive of every principle of right, and every dictate of just reasoning. The perversion and abuse of moral freedom is the true source of moral evil; and, therefore, the creature only is accountable for the consequences.

If it be still asked, *why was temptation ever permitted?* it may be answered, this alone, or something equivalent to it, could put moral and responsible beings to the test: and, unless it be supposed that God is obliged to do more than equity obliges Him to do, and to grant to accountable creatures more than intelligence, capability of resistance, and sufficient moral inducements, then He is not bound to prevent one being from falling, or one fallen being from tempting another.

I am aware of the difficulties that, after all human reasonings, still press on this mysterious subject! Sin exists. God did not choose to prevent it. He is *holy*; therefore, in no sense that implies approbation, or involves the imputation of it, can He be its Author. He is *wise*; therefore He must have had good reasons for not preventing it. He is *just*; therefore, in all His administrations, He is unimpeachable. He is a SOVEREIGN; therefore, to any extent, and in any way He pleases, He can make provision for counteracting its effects both here and hereafter, and render that counteraction the means of illustrating and magnifying all the perfections of His adorable nature!—*From “Spiritual Blessings.”*

WHEN religion is become our delight, it will then be our comfort.

HENRY FOWLER, OF GOWER STREET, LONDON:

(Continued from page 135.)

HAVING finished his engagements in London, Mr. Fowler returned to Birmingham after an absence of about two months. His long absence, it seems, begat a fear and suspicion in the minds of his Birmingham friends that he would be removed from them. The first Lord's Day after his return he was completely fettered in the pulpit, and for some time he preached in bondage and darkness. While at Birmingham it appears he was kept in constant exercise of mind. Sometimes he laboured under the most horrid temptations for many nights and days together before the Lord delivered him. Those temptations afterwards furnished him with texts and sermons, which were made a special blessing to many poor souls labouring under similar temptations (Judges xiv. 14). But in general the Lord helped him by His power in delivering His truth; on some occasions, indeed, his heart was greatly enlarged, and his cup ran over. Several young persons were called out of darkness into marvellous light, who lived and walked in the fear of God, and will be his crown of rejoicing in that day when the Lord maketh up His jewels. He many times travailed in temptation in great darkness, and in bitterness of soul, and God heard his prayers for them and for their salvation; and through their prayers for him he was strengthened in weakness, both of body and soul. He enjoyed the friendship and affection of these and most of his hearers; and in temporals he declares he was never more comfortable, for his people generally were open, generous, and kind, which he speaks to their praise. There were, however, others of whom he could not so speak.

Nearly all that has appeared in previous pages is extracted from Mr. Fowler's "Travels in the Wilderness," which interesting narrative is brought up to the close of the year 1819 only. At its close Mr. Fowler states that he had materials for another volume; but the latter has never been published. For what follows in the present number of the *SOWER* we are indebted to the late Mr. John Gadsby, who, at various times between 1872 and 1889, published in the *Gospel Standard*, and in his *Christian Monthly Record*, a series of most interesting letters by various persons concerning the rise and progress of the cause of truth at Conway Street Chapel, London, and the erection of Gower Street Chapel, together with an account of the ministers and people at those places.

The following year (1820) Mr. Fowler again preached for two Lord's Days in March and several Lord's Days in May at Conway Street. The congregation at this place consisted of about six

hundred persons, who, for the most part, seceded (in 1814) from Providence Chapel, in Gray's Inn Lane, after the death (in July, 1813) of Mr. Huntington. Providence Chapel—Mr. Huntington's private property—was left to four trustees, Mr. Huntington having hoped that Mr. Chamberlain, of Leicester, would be his successor. But Mr. Chamberlain declined when he saw the people divided, for two of the trustees refused to allow certain ministers to occupy the pulpit at Providence Chapel, hence the separation of the people at Conway Street. In March, 1815, a question arose among the latter as to the appointment of Mr. William Abbott* as their pastor; but as many of the people dissented, the appointment fell through. Shortly afterwards a letter came from Lady Sanderson (Mr. Huntington's widow), in which she expressed a hope that the seceders would see their way to return to Providence Chapel, and so heal the breach that had been made, and bring about the reunion of both congregations. In reply to that letter, the committee at Conway Street proposed a new trust-deed, with additional trustees; but the two trustees above mentioned would not give way on the point at issue, nor would Lady Sanderson use her influence—if she had any—to induce them to do so. That proposition, therefore, never came to anything. At the close of the same year Mr. Edmund Robins, of Bath, preached at Conway Street, and continued there for some time. In 1817, after much correspondence on the subject, the Conway Street people appointed him their minister; but soon after, his health failed, and the people had again to procure supplies, such as Messrs. Gadsby, Vorley, Warburton, Payton, Turner, and Oxenham. Early in 1818 a prospectus for buying, renting, or erecting a chapel was issued by the committee of Conway Street Chapel. At that time Mr. Robins was thought to be dying; but in July, much to the surprise of his friends, he rallied, and again preached for two Lord's Days. He then went to Brighton to recruit his health, and, while there, he wrote to the committee that, as for "a new chapel," he wished the Church to be formed first, and all power in secular as well as Church concerns vested in the hands of minister and Church, so that no

* Mr. Abbott was one of Mr. Huntington's sons in the faith. In 1815 he published "Conflicts and Conquests," being an account of his call by grace and to the work of the ministry. For many years he preached the Gospel at Mayfield and Five Ash Down, in Sussex, and the Lord blessed the word to many poor sinners. He was laid aside by paralysis for several years before his decease, which took place in January, 1838. In his last days he was much favoured with joy and peace in believing. Shortly after his decease, Mr. Fowler re-published "Conflicts and Conquests," for the benefit of his widow.

outside subscriber should have any voice in such matters." The prospectus therefore was laid aside for Mr. Robin's wish to be carried out; but his recovery was not permanent, for in October he was again laid aside, and at the close of the year he entered into rest. His wish therefore was never carried out; but the idea of building a chapel, according to the prospectus, was revived and acted upon. In 1819 subscriptions were raised, a piece of land in Gower Street secured, plans were prepared, and the foundations of the chapel laid in January, 1820. On Lord's Day, July 9th in the same year, the chapel was opened; Mr. Gadsby preached morning* and evening, and Mr. Cheffins, of Sleaford (who had been supplying at Conway Street), in the afternoon. A clause in the prospectus stated that the intended new chapel was to be named, "The Union Chapel." But since its opening it has always been known as "Gower Street Chapel." The lease was granted by Sir W. Paxton, for ninety-nine years, from March 25th, 1820, at a ground rent of £32 18s. The chapel itself cost £4,000.

In April Mr. Fowler wrote to the committee, and among other things said, "When I look back at my testimony among you, I desire to bless my God upon every recollection of His abundant grace, in enabling me to declare among you the unsearchable riches of Christ, and to point out that path which the vulture's eye hath not seen. . . . I am at present much perplexed with cursed errors in my Church; I have some who would swallow the doctrines of P—— and F—— by wholesale: yea, and E—— too. I am more and more convinced that Bradford sowed the seeds of Sabellianism in my Church (though ignorantly, I would hope), and whenever I have seen that error stir, I struck at the beast with the sword of the Spirit, and am determined so to do so long as the Lord shall see fit to keep me here, which I imagine will not be long, for various reasons." In the reply of the committee to that letter they said, "Your message during your last visit has left an odour amongst us that time cannot deface, and a union that will not easily be dissolved. . . . Remember us kindly to your friends at Birmingham, and thank them for sparing you to come to us."

What with the death of Mr. Robins, the erection of a large chapel, and the difficulty of procuring and maintaining supplies, the committee at Conway Street now found themselves in a very onerous and responsible position. They were too well guided to be found "laying hands suddenly on any man"; but to be blessed with a "pastor after God's own heart" seemed to

* Mr. Gadsby's morning text was, "In this will I be confident. One thing have I desired," &c. (Psalm xxvii. 3, 4).

them the one thing most desirable. It is not surprising therefore that they and Mr. Fowler entered into a mutual correspondence on that all-important subject. On 17th May Mr. Fowler penned another letter to the Committee, in reply to theirs of the 11th of the same month, in which he says, "I think it now highly necessary to give you an outline of the things which, after due consideration, have led me to think that I shall remove from Birmingham. My coming here was, I believe, by the direction of God, and I think the event has proved it. God has by His blessed testimony comforted many of the saints, and pulled many out of the dark places of will-worship and confusion, to whom I feel a sweet union, and ever shall, and they to me. Then why think of leaving them? First, because I have no regular Church. I took them as I found them—upon too broad and general a plan. And such is the mind of the leading persons, that I find it impossible to alter the plan without breaking up and dividing the place; and this I cannot do consistently with my feelings. These things have made me get upon my watch-tower and look up higher, and pray that God would alter the present plan, or remove me wherever He thought proper among His people, that I might know my flock as well as they know me.

Secondly, the place I preach in is low, damp, and cold, and is enough to kill the people and me too; and is also a bad place to speak in, because of the vibration, through want of a gallery. And sometimes there are not two hundred people to hear, in a town that contains one hundred thousand inhabitants, and no truth in the town besides. Added to these things, many of my pretended friends, and the old props of the chapel too, run hither and thither, or sit at home on a Sabbath Day, to enjoy a friend, too often. As for week nights, I have not fifty hearers.

Thirdly, I am in a part of the country where no doors are open for the preaching of experimental truth. I preach once a week at Walsall, but there are very few among them who can either taste, smell, or see. They are like a sponge; they can hear or approve of either truth or error. And there is scarcely a place within a hundred miles where I can be received. I except Manchester and Leicester, where I am not wanted, as they have faithful men. I covet not popularity for the sake of popularity, but certainly wish to make known the riches of grace more extensively.

Fourthly, and the settling point of all is this: Since I first preached at Conway Street, and God made it a Bethel, I have scarcely ever had light or liberty at home; and such have been the death and indifference of the people, and the distress, want of liberty, and bondage of my own soul, that I have sometimes found

it hard work to preach at all. Do these things speak anything? Are my views and feelings fleshly? Do I labour to conceal and keep back the truth from those whom I love in Jesus? What comment can I put upon these things? Kindly say in your next."

The committee having taken Mr. Fowler's last letter into prayerful consideration, they on the 3rd June addressed a very affectionate reply to him; in concluding which they wrote, "For our part, we confess we have you in our hearts, and are unanimous that, should it be the will of God, you would be a suitable minister for us, if the Lord should see fit to remove you and bring you among us. We have sent you one of our prospectuses, that you may see if there is anything you could not, with heart and hand, subscribe unto; as it is our determination to abide thereby in every particular, that we may discharge our duty to our brethren. We hope to act with prudence and caution, and are persuaded you will do the same. May the Lord pour upon you and us the spirit of supplication, and give us to watch thereunto, and wait till He is pleased to make fully manifest what is His will concerning us; that should it be His will to bring you among us, it may prove a lasting blessing to you, to us, and the Church at large."

To this Mr. Fowler replied, on the 24th of the same month:—"I did think, from the consideration of various circumstances, which I thought proper to name in my former letters, that the Lord was about to remove me from this place, and so it may at length fall out. But in some things I was, perhaps, mistaken. Respecting my supposed unprofitableness in preaching, I certainly was much mistaken, for I have had more proofs of the word being blessed since I received your last letter than I have ever had in so short a period. How short-sighted am I, and worse than that! These things have brought me to a pause, as well as other things of a personal and domestic nature. I have considered the Word of God, and have sometimes been able to approach a throne of grace on the subject, though often in great darkness; and I feel inclined to come to this conclusion, that I had better wait patiently than run too fast. Haste is the parent of disorder and bitter reflection. . . . If I am to be your minister, it will be to fill a most arduous situation, for which I have no skill or ability; but nothing is too hard for the Lord. If I am to be your minister, I have no doubt the Lord will make that appear plain, both to you and myself, in His time; plainer than, perhaps, it now appears to either you or myself." And, in conclusion, "Should my engagements and yours be so ordered, I may see you personally at some future time, and speak face to face. But if, in the meantime, God should send you a man of His own sending, to go in and out before you, I hope I shall still wish and pray for your prosperity, and quietly say, 'The

will of the Lord be done.'” In their reply to this, on the 1st July, the Committee wrote, “As we hear you are going to Brighton, we beg of you to let us know when you intend to pass through London, that we may prepare to have an interview with you on the subject of our late correspondence. All the friends are desirous of seeing you.”

The suggested interview was held, and Mr. Fowler, in a letter dated October 30th, announced his decision thus: “On the first Sabbath in January you may expect me to preach in Gower Street Chapel, and continue with you six months, agreeable to your prospectus, unless any unforeseen circumstance should occur to prevent me. The path I am now called to tread is quite new, and forms a new period in the annals of my history. Nothing less than the clearest conviction that I am taking a proper step could reconcile my mind to leave Birmingham; so far the path is straight to me. I am fully satisfied; but the result I wish to leave entirely with my most wise and most adorable Father. Were I to leave it to my people to decide whether I should go or stop, they would say, ‘Stop,’ without a dissentient voice. But, then, how would Zion’s cords be lengthened if I were to be guided by their voice? I have found more light, more enlargement, more power, more hearers, and more attention among you, and I make this the principal cause of my leaving, both to my people here and to you.”

Mr. Fowler preached on probation the first six months in 1821 at Gower Street, and his testimony met with such hearty acceptance that he was forthwith appointed minister of the place.

(To be continued.)

CHRIST AND ANTICHRIST.

“*What think ye of Christ?*”—MATTHEW xxii. 42.

It is written, “Jesus asked them, saying, What think ye of Christ? whose son is He? They say unto Him, The son of David. He saith unto them, How then doth David in spirit call Him Lord, saying, The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit Thou on My right hand, till I make Thine enemies Thy footstool? If David then call Him Lord, how is His son? And no man was able to answer Him a word.” The Jews were looking for the promised Messiah, a deliverer; but they understood everything that related to Him and His mission in a carnal sense. According to their ideas, He was to sit on the throne of an earthly kingdom, and deliver them from all their foes; but here was a man who, according to their views, pretended to be that Messiah, without sustaining the character of such a person. No sooner was human wisdom thus brought into contact with

that which is divine than it was utterly at fault. "Is not this the carpenter's son? Are not his brothers and sisters with us? Whence then hath He this wisdom? And they were offended."

When I was a child I was taught to speak of Jesus Christ as "our Saviour," and as one who would save me if I would fulfil the conditions connected therewith. My parents attended the Church of England, and when I was sprinkled, my godfather and godmother promised and vowed, and went their way. In due time I was "confirmed," soon after which my mother died; but a few weeks before her death she was convinced of her real state as a sinner before God; she walked her chamber in agony of soul. My father read to her the promises, but she could take no comfort till pardon and peace were sealed home to her heart by the blessed Spirit, and, after a sore conflict with Satan, she departed in peace. This was a riddle to me at the time, and for ten years afterwards, till the law was applied to my conscience, and Jesus Christ was revealed to me as, "The Way, the Truth, and the Life." Now, reader, has the axe been thus laid to your roots? and have you found balm in Gilead, and a Physician there? Every sin-sick soul finds in Him a Physician of the greatest skill; every weary, heavy-laden soul finds rest in Him. The woman with the bloody issue highly esteemed Him when she said, "If I may but touch His garment, I shall be whole." The woman of Samaria said, "Come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did." The man who was born blind said, "Herein is a marvellous thing, that ye know Him not, and yet He hath opened mine eyes." Paul said, "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord, . . . and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ" (Phil. iii. 8). "For me to live is Christ" (Phil. i. 21).

None but those who are thus brought to know Christ, and to feel their need of Him, can think rightly of Him. Of all others, He says, "He that gathereth not with Me scattereth." Those who deny the Godhead of Christ, or who exalt the Virgin Mary above Him, even her whose body is in the dust, and her spirit with those who are redeemed from among men, these are "Antichrist." To them God says, "But draw near hither, ye sons of the sorceress . . . against whom do ye sport yourselves? against whom make ye a wide mouth, and draw out the tongue? are ye not children of transgression, a seed of falsehood, enflaming yourselves with idols under every green tree, slaying the children in the valleys? Among the smooth stones of the stream is thy portion; they, they are thy lot: even to them hast thou poured a drink offering" (Isaiah lvii. 3-6).

Reader, may you and I be found among those who know and love the ever-blessed Son of God.

J. J.

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

To the Editor of the Sower.

DEAR MR. HULL,—I feel constrained to write you a few lines to say how much I enjoy reading the *SOWER* and *GLEANER*. I read the remarkable narrative of Jenny Russell this morning, and can truly say I felt it good to read that nice account. I have been in a dark state of mind for a long time, and have been tempted to give up praying, but blessed be the name of the Lord,

“He at the most distressing hour,
Displays His great delivering power.”

I have found it so time after time. I remember, a while ago, feeling very rebellious, and thinking the Lord was dealing very hardly with me, when these words came with power, and at first made me feel afraid, “Be still, and know that I am God.” Oh, the quietness I felt within! it seemed like pouring oil upon the troubled waters. I wonder sometimes how the Lord can bear with me, such a vile, unworthy sinner. I remember the time when I had no desire after the Lord, but drank in the pleasures of sin, caring for nothing or no one but my own pleasure, but oh, I do desire to thank the dear Lord more and more for stopping me in my mad career.

“Determined to save, He watched o’er my path,
When, Satan’s blind slave, I sported with death.”

Why should He pass by so many, and look upon such a hell-deserving sinner as I? What a mercy that,

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

I sometimes long for that time when all the redeemed of the Lord shall meet, never to part again, but always be with Jesus. Oh, “What must it be to be there!”

But I must conclude, hoping you will excuse this scribble. May the dear Lord bless your soul with the best of blessings, is my humble desire.

I remain, yours in the truth,

May 30th, 1894.

A BABE IN GRACE.

DEAR SIR,—I feel an earnest desire to have a small space in the Seekers' Corner—that is, if you will kindly allow me. For a long time I have prayed to the Lord to give me a full realization that my sins were pardoned, and one evening lately

the words, "And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree," were powerfully applied to me by the Spirit, and I felt filled with peace and happiness. The same evening it seemed as if the Saviour appeared to me in a dream, and said the very same words to me, that He had "purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree." Since then I have passed through severe trials and conflicts. During one severe trial the words were powerfully applied to me, "I am He that comforteth thee." What poor creatures we are if left to ourselves! How glad I am to be able to say—

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

May the Lord help and bless all the Seekers, is the prayer
of Yours faithfully,
June 2nd, 1894. K.

LIGHT AT EVENING TIME.

DEAR MR. HULL,—I have often thought that what occurs sometimes in the secrecy of the death chamber ought to be proclaimed upon the house top. This conviction was much strengthened a few days ago when we witnessed the last hours of one of God's dear children—Mrs. Bane, a member of the church at Kenninghall. There are no sights in the world that can be compared to the triumphs of faith in the dying hour. We read, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," and this sweet truth is then drawn out in living characters. What a full proof of God's Word, and what a sweet commentary upon it! At such times we breathe out most ardently, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

Our dear sister was one of God's fearing ones. She had many times been in bondage through fear of death. The experience of her soul can be described by the lines—

"When Thou my righteous Judge shall come
To fetch Thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?"

But when the time of her departure came, her fears were all gone. She proved the sufficiency of the Redeemer's grace for the dying day. She feared not the death sweat, because, as dear Romaine says, she realized her interest in the bloody sweat of her Saviour. We noticed also how truly and completely she was enabled to roll the burden of her family upon the Lord. Being a most fond and anxious mother, she had carried this burden for

years, but in her last hours she was to rest in the Lord from it all, and her oft-repeated words were, "My dear children, the Lord will provide." We saw further how the dear Lord indulges His saints by granting them their desire. She desired to leave a testimony behind. The promise, Proverbs x. 24 (last clause), was fulfilled, and she left sweet evidence as to her interest in the love, blood, and righteousness of Jehovah-Jesus.

The following are some of the utterances that fell from her lips: "Jesus is all my salvation; there is no other. I trust in Him. I *have* trusted in Him. This is the Rock; it is a sure foundation. Oh yes! oh yes! there is no other." A part of the 23rd Psalm was read to her, "The Lord is my Shepherd," &c. "Read that again," she said, and then added with much emphasis, "He is my Friend—my best Friend." She was very fond of Isaiah lv., and when reminded that she was one of the thirsty ones, and that the sweet invitation was for her, she replied, "What a mercy!"

Our dear friend had a very refreshing sight of the "Lord our Righteousness." She saw His merits to be a complete covering, and quoted Romans x. 4, "For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth," and added, "His righteousness, the best robe, is put upon me." Medley's hymn, beginning, "Jesus is precious, says the Word," was a great favourite of hers, and she said with much frequency and fervour, "Jesus is precious in the dying hour."

In health she often complained of her memory, but, when dying, portions of Scripture that had been a comfort and blessing flowed freely from her lips. Is not this a fulfilment of the Saviour's promise, John xiv. 26, as to the blessed Remembrancer? Among her last audible words were, "Jesus is precious." Thus passed away, on April 22nd, to her eternal rest one that we much loved. We shall miss her liberal help to God's cause, but we shall miss more her Christ-like life and walk. Her presence was a great help to me when preaching the Word; and that the Lord enabled me to feed a saint so ripe and well taught, I cherish as a cheering proof that He has graciously called me to the work of the ministry.

I trust, dear Mr. Editor, that this short account may encourage some who are asking, with much anxiety, how it will be with them "in the swelling of Jordan?"

JOHN W. SAUNDERS.

DID Jesus bear our sins in His own body upon the tree? Look then to the Lamb of God, so shall no sin reign in thy mortal body.—*W. Mason.*

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

Burgess Hill, December 10th, 1860.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—It will be twelve months next month since the Lord was pleased to send the arrow of conviction into my heart, with these words spoken by our dear beloved friend Mr. Doe, "So sure as you are a sinner, and live and die in your sins, you will be lost, and that for ever, for where God is you can never come." The terror which seized my mind I cannot well describe; all my sins stared me in the face, and my mouth was completely stopped, which was, only a few hours before, giving vent to everything against God and His dear children, for I had told my dear father that I would never enter the place of truth any more. Oh, how I longed to get home that I might be alone, and those words followed me, "Lost, lost!" When I reached home, for the first time I bent my knees in prayer. I had heard some of the friends speak of the Lord's mercy, and I did beg the Lord to show mercy to me. The language of my soul was, "Oh that I knew where I might find Him!" I felt myself to be a law-condemned sinner, and I expected nothing but wrath and indignation for ever, as I was justly deserving of it. Still, I could not help crying for mercy, though I thought it presumption to do so, for Satan suggested to me that it was no use my praying, that I had disobeyed my parents, and therefore I had committed the unpardonable sin. I used to search my Bible, but I could read nothing but curses; all the promises, I thought, were for others, and not for such a wretch as I. Ah! my dear friend, many a time I have never closed my eyes during the night, for fear I should open them in hell. Sometimes, while walking, I have felt as though the ground would open and swallow me up. Thus I went on for some time before I could open my mind to anyone, until I was suffering with a bilious attack. I asked my sister to bring me a Bible, though, poor thing, she is, I believe, ignorant of her own state; still, she thought it strange I should ask for a Bible. My dear father came in to ask me how I did, and I then threw my arms round him and begged he would forgive me for all my base ingratitude to him, one of the kindest of earthly parents. He asked me what book I had got. I told him, and he asked me what induced me to read the Bible. Then I opened my mind to him, and he said he could bless God for it; he tried to point me to the Lamb of God, and quoted many precious promises, but I could not receive them as mine. But it pleased the Lord to keep me crying for mercy till the 28th of June last, when, while sitting at my work and in my own feelings apparently on the brink of despair, it pleased the Lord to apply these words with power, "Fear

not ; be not dismayed : I am thy God : I will strengthen thee yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness" ; and I said aloud, " What ! me, Lord ? what ! such a wretch as I ? " and these words followed so quickly, " Fear not, O Jacob ; I that formed thee, O Israel, I have redeemed thee ; thou art Mine," &c. I seemed quite a new creature ; I was so full of praise, I went to my room, and there I blessed the Lord for what He had done for me, one of the most hell-deserving wretches under the sun. Oh, how my poor soul leaped for joy ! it was the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of my God to all my enemies : all my sins were gone ; I tried to bring them to remembrance, but they were gone, never more to be found. I could see my interest in a crucified Redeemer, and I felt Him truly precious. Oh, how I longed for Sunday to come, that I might attend the house of God ; and our dear friend Mr. B—— preached from those words, " The mercy of the Lord endureth for ever." I had such a feast ; I felt it good to be there. But, my dear friend, I was not long before I began to doubt and fear whether it was all a delusion, and if after all I should perish. I have come to the house of God, and gone away as empty as when I came ; yet at other times I have gone home full and running over. I have, dear friend, as I told you, had a desire to follow my dear Lord in the ordinances of His house ; but fear has kept me back, till last ordinance Sunday, while our dear friend was directing us to the suffering Saviour in the garden, all doubts and fears fled, for I could see Him suffering, bleeding, dying, and all for such a wretch as I. I could see my interest so clear, and I had such a blessed view of my suffering Saviour, that I seemed lost in wonder, and fully I could sing with the poet—

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

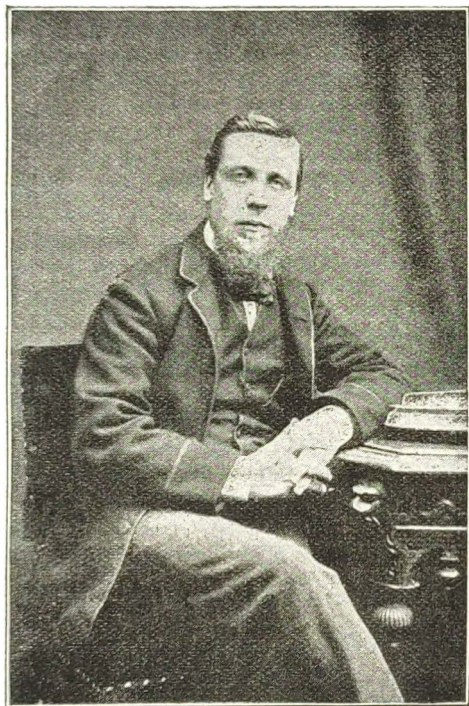
I do not believe, dear friend, baptism is essential to salvation ; far from it. I do think I can say that the little hope I have is centred in Christ ; take that away and I am undone, for I do think there is nothing will satisfy my needy soul but a living faith in a living Christ ; this is all I want, and nothing will do but that. Neither do I think anything short of that will satisfy any hungry soul. I hope, my dear friend, if I am accepted by the Church, the Lord will keep me a humble and sincere follower.

Remember me in your prayers ; my love to your wife and Miss M——.

I am, yours affectionately for the truth's sake,
To Mr. William Hoadley.

ANNIE CARTER.

The Sower, August, 1894.



MR. JOSEPH FREEMAN.

MEMOIR OF MR. JOSEPH FREEMAN.

My dear brother was not one of those who, like the Gadarene in the Gospel, or the Philippian jailer, were made conspicuous objects of the power of God in their first conversion, nor like others called to wade through great deeps of distress and soul travail under the severe discipline of a chastising God. He never knew the depths, nor the heights, many have experienced. This was often a source of trouble to him, especially in his earlier days ; but which, I have not the least doubt, was made to work for his good, as it caused him to search diligently for the truth, that he might understand the all-important principles of salvation, and to dig deep, that he might find the Solid Rock—Christ—formed in his heart the hope of glory.

It led him to search into the writings of the good old Puritans, as well as many since their day—as Huntington, Philpot, Toplady, &c., but especially Newton, of whose letters he was particularly fond, and many a grateful meal he has found in them. Often have I known him refer to something in Newton's letters as so expressing his own views and the feelings of his own heart, that he has been moved almost to tears.

He was a man of peace ; but not peace at any price. His constant aim was to be led by the Word of God and conscience, whatever the consequences might be ; and I believe it would be difficult to find a man more sincere in his aims than he was. He was greatly opposed to the fatalistic spirit which has so lamentably crept into the Churches for many years past, enfold-ing many as in the arms of iron, and stifling the tender, gracious feelings of the soul. At the same time he was firm as a rock in respect to the distinguishing doctrines of divine grace, in opposition to all Arminianism, Baxterianism, or kindred error.

As secretary of the Hastings branch of the Calvinistic Protestant Union he took a great interest in the spread of truth, and opposing the Popish conspiracy against the religion and liberties of the country, and will be greatly missed.

He was born October 3rd, 1841, at Devizes, Wilts. I am not aware of any particular circumstances in his youth of sufficient importance to record, but I believe the Spirit of the Lord often checked him in youthful follies, and brought him into concern at times about his state as a sinner, even from a child. But it was not till after our removal to London, in 1855, that any marked change was apparent ; and then, like the gradual spread of the leaven in the meal, or the secret work of the moth in the garment, and not by any sudden change, he was made to realize his fallen, ruined condition, and his need of mercy.

In the year 1857 he was apprenticed to a man named St.

Julien, a gilder, and here he was thrown into the company of some of the worst of London atheists. Himself being young, and in the constant society of such men, whose mouths were full of all uncleanness, whose gibes and taunts he keenly felt, and his master, though a professor of religion, far from adorning his profession, he seemed in the greatest jeopardy. But a watchful Providence was over him, who kept him amidst the slippery paths he trod, and made the things that appeared to threaten his ruin a means of driving him to seek Divine aid. He, being the only one among them who made any pretence at religion, became the butt of all their ridicule, and every effort was made to infect him with their atheistical views.

It was at this time he was brought more deeply into concern about himself, and the more he was assailed by his wicked associates the more he was constrained to seek the Lord by prayer and reading, so that it may truly be said, "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong sweetness," for the things he met with were a means, in the Lord's hand, of showing him the dreadful condition of those who know not God.

As the work of grace was deepened, so he was enabled to make a firmer stand against the awfully blasphemous language and wicked conduct of those around him. He often used to tell me what had transpired during the day, and how he had met some of their objections against the Bible and religion. But though they hated his religion his firm conduct gradually won their respect. After a few years, his master died, and he entered into the service of another, where he remained till his removal to Hastings. Here he found the same opposition he had met with before, and many times he felt constrained to stand in defence of religion and Scripture against their infidel sneers and objections; in fact, he was enabled so far to silence them that they had often nothing to reply, and his presence had a great influence in restraining their filthy and blasphemous language. One or two on their death-beds were very glad to see him, and one, I believe, he was not without some hope of.

But during the greater part of this time he was in much concern and doubt about himself; he had a great fear lest his hope should prove ill-grounded—a religion consisting of head-knowledge could not satisfy him—and when he heard people talk of the Lord having spoken a promise to them, or of a portion of the Word being applied to them, it made him question whether he might not be wrong altogether, as he could not say the Lord had ever spoken to him in the way he heard many talk. But he felt himself to get worse and worse; strive how he might, he could not get through the day without guilt; there was sure to be something, within or without, or both, as well as the company

he was among, to make him feel very unhappy; at the same time he was not without tokens of the Lord's favour to him, sometimes a little melting of the heart in prayer, at others some crumb under the preached Word encouraged him, still he could not obtain what he so earnestly desired.

It was about this time the following extract from a letter to our dear father was written, which will give some idea of the daily exercises of his mind:—

MY DEAR FATHER,—I came straight home to-night expressly to answer your kind letter, but must be more brief than I ought to be, as I have left it till it is late. I have very much enjoyed the reading of some hymns and the 22nd Psalm this evening. My desire is expressed in the 156th hymn. I cannot say I am without an abiding hope, and sometimes much more than a hope of my interest in His love and mercy; but I sometimes long for clearer manifestations of it in my own soul, and before His people and the world, and I do hope that He will keep me earnestly seeking and waiting till He is pleased to give me the full assurance of faith. I am subject to such frequent changes in my feelings; so often, especially of late, the things of time take so much of my thoughts and affections, that I feel cold and dead in my feelings in the best things, and immediately a spirit of slavish fear prevails. I was under these feelings last night, and awoke this morning very heavy in my spirit; but going to work, trying to seek Him as I walked along, I felt such a change in my feelings; the substance of the 156th hymn—

“ If dust and ashes might presume,
Great God, to talk to Thee,”

was the chief subject of my desires, and I do not think I should desire it unless the Lord intended to answer it. I hope I shall prove it so in His own time (mine is ready). As I hope, I get more clear perceptions of the doctrines of grace, so I see how exactly suited He is to my wants, and I hope it is He that enables me to trust Him with a more simple dependence in all things, and I have felt much, I believe, of His strengthening, sin-subduing power of late.

Hope to hear again soon. With love to all,

Your affectionate son,
JOSEPH.

The above extract will serve, I think, to show the state of his mind and how he was being gradually led along. Some time after this he was favoured in a special manner while he was in Kensington Gardens. Being much cast down, he felt he could go on no longer in the state he was in—he must know how matters stood—and being pressed in spirit, he poured out his heart to the Lord, begging for a clear manifestation of His love to his soul. While he was thus wrestling in prayer, the dark cloud was removed, and the Lord shone into his soul with light and peace unutterable, which so dissolved his heart in love and gratitude

that for a little while he could not question his eternal interest in the Covenant of Grace, his soul was set at happy liberty, and he was lifted up above all his fears. This was a memorable occasion to him and which he referred to many times. But this visit from the Lord did not last long, and he soon returned to his old doubts and questionings as to the reality of the things he had passed through.

However, by degrees his faith was strengthened as he began to see that true religion consisted in the habitual intercourse of the soul with God ;—that it did not depend upon visions or voices, but on the creative power of God, who by His constraining grace conforms the soul to His own will ;—that the kingdom of heaven in a believer is a new power wrought in the heart, opposing and overcoming the corrupt affections and the deceitful lusts of the old man of sin ;—a holy influence drawing the heart upward unto God, making the things of God a delight, inspiring the man of God with ardent longings and heartfelt breathings after full communion with Him who is the fountain of holiness, truth, and love ;—that it is a new and heavenly light diffusing itself in all the soul, discovering the true nature of sin in the heart, and the suitability of Christ in His blood and righteousness to the believer's case. These were the things that he knew he felt and desired to know more and more, and in which he was greatly established in reading Owen on "Indwelling Sin," "The Glory of Christ," "The Work of the Holy Spirit," and his exposition of the 130th Psalm, as well as many other writers.

The following extract will show the state of his mind in this respect. It was written soon after our dear father's death :—

DEAR G.,—One dear object is mentally before us, go where we will—sweet, dear father. Oh, to think amidst our trials and comforts we shall never again be able to see him in this life! Oh, that we may be more earnest, constant, watchful, and striving against sin, and blessed with heavenly love—that is the *touchstone*, do we walk in the precepts for reward, or because we love, or long to

"Love the Lord with mind and heart,
His people and His ways,"

and so find the precepts the delight of our heart as the path of peace of conscience? When we feel the Spirit working in us, *holiness* is the substance of the law. The Lord said He would write the law in His people's hearts, is not that the holy principle that dwells within—that rejoiceth not in iniquity, but in the truth? How many branches there are in gracious experience, but all can be traced to this point, "Christ in you the hope of glory." Dear George, I hope I am not deceived. I feel a measure of love, I believe, and desire to honour, love, and serve the Lord in my day and generation, and experience more and more of His grace. I long for full assurance of faith that I am His.

In the beginning of the year 1872 he was constrained to go before the Church at Gower Street, and was cordially received into their communion, where he remained till 1888, when, in the providence of God, he was removed to Hastings, and was received into the Church at Ebenezer, where he remained till his death.

When the Calvinistic Protestant Union was formed, he became secretary of the Hastings Branch, in which he took a great interest, feeling it was the duty of all true Protestants to make an open stand against the inroads of Popery and Ritualism.

He had been failing in health for some time, suffering considerably from indigestion, but neither himself nor any of us had any thought of its being so serious; but in January he was obliged to take to his bed. During his illness he was kept in a very peaceful state of mind, quite content to live or die, as the Lord saw good, and though not filled with triumphant joy, his mind was stayed on the faithfulness of God. Several friends who saw him went away from his bedside refreshed, their own faith strengthened with the evident proof of the Lord's faithfulness to the promise, "Thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness." His face often brightened up when speaking of the firmness of his hope, in the solemn position he was in. On one occasion he said to me, "I don't feel full of joy as I should like to, but I feel a firm reliance upon the Lord, that if He is about to take me, I can rest upon His faithfulness, feeling satisfied He will not leave me." On another occasion, my sister read the hymn (482nd Gadsby's), "In heaven my choicest treasure lies," and Psalm ciii.; he seemed very much to enjoy it, and when she had finished he said, "Oh, beautiful! beautiful!" with much feeling.

Mr. Hull saw him frequently during his illness, and he much enjoyed his visits, to whom he was greatly attached.

We were not without hope till almost the last that he might be raised up again; but it was not to be, the Lord's time was come to take him from the stormy scenes of this life to his desired haven.

On the 22nd of February he was evidently sinking, and the following day, about one o'clock, he peacefully breathed his last and entered his eternal rest. The last words that could be caught from his lips were, "On the Rock." Thus he passed within the vail, to enjoy uninterrupted communion with that God he loved below—to cast his crown before Immanuel's feet, and join the victors' song.

G. F.

[For a goodly number of years, we were acquainted with our late dear and valued friend, Joseph Freeman, and while he lived in London we have, at different times, when we have been supplying at Gower Street Chapel, had very profitable intercourse

with him on spiritual things. He was a man of a gracious spirit, and loved the company and fellowship of those who evidenced the Spirit of Christ in their conversation and conduct. After his removal to Hastings, we knew much more of each other, and enjoyed close fellowship as fellow travellers to Zion. He often expressed his gratitude, in his prayers, that God had so favoured him with a spiritual home under a ministry so suited to his spirit and exercises, and among a people with whom he felt so united in heart. We found him, in our times of illness and over-taxation, a very useful help in looking through or transcribing articles for our Magazines, and we greatly miss him in this respect. We had some sweet seasons by his bedside, during his illness. A dear friend who one day accompanied us in a visit to him said he felt it to be a taste of heaven as he listened to our sick friend's words. He has safely entered the land of peace and rest, to be for ever with the Lord. May we in due time come to the same blessed home, is the prayer of the Editor.]

The following lines were written on his twenty-fourth birthday, and addressed to his sister, October 3rd, 1865 :—

THE PEACEFUL HOME.

The trav'ler, as he journeys on,
 If in the way,
 Each step he takes is nearer home,
 His peaceful home,
 With Jesus evermore to stay,
 He hastens on without delay.

His years as milestones by the road,
 Oft make him say,
 Reflective o'er the path he's trod,
 With love to God,
 "'Tis Jesus keeps me in the way,
 And brings me back whenc'er I stray."

He sees what dangers have beset
 His wandering feet.
 How sin within and Satan met
 His heart to set
 On things of time that seem so sweet,
 And thus beguile him with a cheat.

How Jesus' secret influence came
 Into his breast,
 Which did his heart and soul inflame
 With His dear name,
 The earnest of the promised rest,
 The sweetest portion and the best.

Thus too would I a trav'ller be,
 To Canaan bound;
 But though I long have sought the way,
 I cannot say
 That I the way of life have found,
 That leads to Canaan's happy ground.

Just four-and-twenty years I've passed,
 And that in sin;
 A retrospective view I cast
 O'er all the past,
 To find some sign of life within,
 That I the glorious Prize may win.

But oh, my heart so bad has been,
 And still grows worse;
 My actions base, my thoughts unclean,
 I sometimes seem
 Deserving God's most righteous curse,
 For being to His laws averse.

Yet still I know some secret power
 Has drawn my heart,
 And oft I've longed for that sweet home,
 That peaceful home,
 With Jesus, never more to part,
 Where sin ne'er makes the conscience smart.

And there, dear Annie, may we meet,
 Before the throne,
 And sing with adoration sweet
 At Jesus' feet,
 When we're at home, that peaceful home,
 Where Zion's pilgrims all shall come.

J. FREEMAN.

"TO DIE IS GAIN."

THE testimony of John Rogers, of Bridport, was one of the many beautiful death-beds of which we have heard. The night before he died he said, "I am going home." Putting out his arm, and beckoning and smiling, he said, "Coming, coming." Early next morning he asked for his favourite testament, and, placing it close to his heart, he said, "I am dying, resting on Jesus: nothing remains but the death-struggle. Christ is my All in all." The passage was repeated to him, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me." He said, "And He will be with me to the end." Then he gently fell asleep.

A PROUD man is called the devil's chair of state, and an idle man his cushion.

DEATH AND GLORY.

ON June 30th, 1894, Mrs. Butler, who was for many years a member at Alvescot, sweetly and peacefully fell asleep in Jesus. Her last words to be understood were, "Precious, precious Jesus," and she continued to wave her hand to indicate the happiness she experienced until she had no strength left. She was buried by Mr. R. Pigott, of Swindon. By her removal I have lost a personal friend and the Church a praying member, and one who sought the peace and prosperity of Zion. Our loss, however, is her gain, for she has gone to be with Him whom she loved to serve and adore while here below. During her illness she repeatedly said, when I visited her, that she hoped she might have been in heaven. She said, "I long to be gone, but I want to wait the Lord's time." Her aim throughout her life was to exalt a precious Christ, and her conversation was that of one who lived in close communion with God. Often when I visited her she has clasped her hands and said, "Oh, I do love Him who has redeemed my soul." Her longing desire to see Him in whom her soul delighted has now been gratified, and pain and sorrow for her have passed away. Her sufferings were very great, but she bore all with much patience, and no murmur ever escaped her lips. Whenever I called, her conversation was on spiritual things. She repeated this verse very many times—

"O glorious home! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of my soul."

May we follow in her footsteps.

D. C.

With Christ! ah, yes, with Christ in bliss,
Home reached at last, and perfect peace;
Rest undisturbed, ne'er felt before;
Joy sweet and full for evermore.
Now never more in pain to moan,
No fear or tear, no sigh or groan;
Henceforth, while endless ages pass,
To enjoy the bliss of heaven "with Christ."

The following is a brief account of my dear father's (Charles Bunting) last hours on earth. On the morning of March 21st, mother said to him, "Is Jesus precious?" He looked up with such meaning, answering, "Yes." His heart was evidently fixed on heavenly things. A few minutes afterwards he tried to sing, "Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord," &c. Finding his voice weak, he said, "We shall have to get the other side of Jordan to use

our voices.' Again he raised his voice, singing in more than natural tones.

" I'll sing the honours of Thy name
With my last labouring breath ;
And dying, clasp Thee in my arms,
The antidote of death."

Afterwards quoting several passages of Scripture, namely, " He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure." Also, " Trust in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." With several other passages and hymns, appearing to greatly enjoy them himself. He was much in prayer, praying especially for the little cause, and the Church generally, that it might be built up and strengthened, that poor sinners might be gathered in, to the Lord's praise. A friend said to him a few minutes before he passed away, " You will soon see Him now." He replied (his dear face beaming with light), " See Him in His bright array." His last breath was spent in praising his precious Saviour, then, without a struggle, he passed away, to be " For ever with the Lord." " O death, where is thy sting?" We feel the lines of Berridge on the triumphant death of a believer, very aptly describe the closing scene of a loving and godly parent's life—

" At length he bowed his dying head,
And guardian angels come ;
The spirit dropt its clay and fled—
Fled off triumphant home.

" An awful yet a glorious sight,
To see believers die !
They smile and bid the world good-night,
And take their flight on high.

" No guilty pangs becloud the face,
No horrors make them weep ;
Held up and cheered by Jesus' grace,
They sweetly fall asleep.

" On death they cast a wishful eye,
When Jesus bids them sing,
' O grave, where is thy victory ?'
' O death, where is thy sting ?'

" Released from sin and sorrow here,
Their conflict now is o'er ;
And feasted well with heavenly cheer,
They live to die no more.

" So may I learn by grace to live,
And die in Jesus too ;
Then will my soul that rest receive,
Which all His people do."

THE ROD OF THE WICKED AND THE LOT OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED BY MR. HULL, AT EAST PECKHAM, ON THE MORNING OF MAY 1ST, 1894.

"For the rod of the wicked shall not rest upon the lot of the righteous; lest the righteous put forth their hands unto iniquity."—PSALM CXXV. 3.

WHAT a dividing line the Word of God is. I do not speak in a spirit of egotism or pride in saying that, often when I read a portion of the Word of God as a text, I wish the people felt this solemn division as I do. I do not want people to come to the house of God and go out again like stocks and stones. I desire that the Word of God may produce in them a feeling such as I had when I read this text. Here is the dividing line drawn, my friends, and you are on one side or the other. I want you to feelingly ask the question, "Where am I? How do matters stand between God and my immortal soul?" I do not want to live in uncertainty myself, neither do I desire you may. I want a religion that will do to live with and to die with. We all have to die. Have we received the faith of Christ? If so, God does not give and take away again. "The gifts and calling of God are without repentance." What God gives me in a way of grace satisfies my heart, and it will satisfy the heart of all anxious ones to have matters made right between God and them. You will find as you read the Word of God that it takes in and leaves out; it is so with these words that I have read this morning as my text, the righteous are separated from the wicked. To me it is a solemn thought that, even of the number gathered here this morning, some are on one side of the line and some on the other. Who is concerned about it?

In our text we have set before us the righteous and the wicked. These two characters take in the whole world, the whole posterity of Adam, and there is a line drawn between the two; they are two separate people, two manner of men. There is no mixing the goats and the sheep here; the goats may run amongst the sheep, but that does not turn them into sheep, for they still have their goatish nature. I know some people do not like this separating line set forth, and I do not wonder at it; they do not like a faithful reprovcr, because they prefer their own way; and I like to come across their way, that they may hear God's own testimony against them. My dear friends, people in general do not like ministers to make a faithful separation, they say they are suspicious; you may preach the doctrines of grace and the finished work of Christ, if you will but let their

consciences alone. Is it because there is something there that they cannot bring to the daylight? If that is the case, how will they stand in the judgment, where the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed? What will they do then? Many people think that ministers should encourage them to believe that they are all right, and going to heaven. Oh, but in God's awful day, when Christ comes to the judgment, He will separate the goats from the sheep—the goats will be at His left hand, and the sheep at His right; and what a reproof that will be to the dumb dogs, who are now afraid to reprove false professors. Well, if they do not, may every godly minister say, "By the Lord's help I will; if you have dyed your hands in the blood of souls, I will not dye mine there." Oh, my hearers, if you have never known anything of a change of heart, of being translated from the kingdom of Satan to the kingdom of Christ, you are still strangers and enemies to God, whatever you may think of yourselves. It is of no use you trying to appear as sheep, the separation will come; and God has said in His Word that every man shall receive according to his deeds. "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Mark, He lays the loss of the man's soul at the man's own door; he loses it, and God charges the loss upon him. That man's mouth shall be stopped in that day, when he finds that his own sin is the cause of his damnation. Oh, you that are unsaved, if you live and die in your sin, you will stand in that state in the judgment, and God will be clear and just in your condemnation; the curse comes where the sin is found.

I always wish my hearers to understand where I am in these matters. I was made to feel these solemn truths when God separated me from the Arminians. I felt, when He brought me to His bar, that I was undone, and I said, "Lord, I deserve the lowest hell"; I felt that though God justly demanded perfect obedience of me, I had nothing to pay, for I had lost the ability to do it. But when He said, "By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God," "Why," I said, "I now see that God has given me all the law demands in Jesus Christ; all supplies of grace are in Him. The Spirit works with and by the Word in the chosen ones, others are left to their native knowledge and strength. To them it is not given to know the mysteries of the kingdom, but the Lord's people have to buy the truth, and they know what they buy.

Which of these characters do we belong to, the righteous or the wicked? The Lord has given me a love to righteousness; to be righteous among men is a very blessed thing, to be righteous in all our dealings with our fellow-men is most desirable, for Christ has said, "Whatsoever ye would that men

should do unto you, do ye even so to them." Thus there is a moral righteousness, and I thank God for moral righteousness before and toward all men. But, for things to be right between me and God is the great matter. To be righteous before God, with an unspotted righteousness, is the one thing needful. When we have tried to spin a righteousness of our own and have failed, when there is nothing left, when we have come to the end of self, we are glad to find a Helper in Jesus Christ, then we are glad of God's gift. I found God gave me in Jesus Christ that which made me righteous—righteous before a holy but a sin-offended God. The robe of Jesus puts everything right, when He looks upon us with a smile, and we can look upon Him without being ashamed. It is a knowledge that they are wrong before God which makes sensible sinners tremble; they want this wrong made right, they long for matters to be put straight between God and their souls; they want to live right with God, and to die right with God. Oh, sometimes my heart recalls the time when I was as a lump of clay in His dear hands, and could say—

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall;
Be Thou my Strength and Righteousness,
My Jesus, and my All."

I now and again get another pick up, and know what it is to be thus set on my feet again. Well, it is a mercy to be found among the righteous.

Then there is the lot of the righteous; the righteous God is their God, their lot is chosen by Him; He chooses their inheritance for them, He divides it to them by line. The children of Israel were separated according to tribes and families; all their land was measured with the measuring line, according to where God had assigned their inheritance. So we read, in Jeremiah, of the measuring line, "And the measuring line shall yet go forth over against it upon the hill Gareb." God knows where to draw the line for His people. This measuring line David spake of on his death-bed, and it made his death-bed comfortable; he said, "Although my house be not so with God, yet He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure." This is the measuring line for me. You, perhaps, may say, "I want to know if that measuring line is drawn around me." Well, I shall never forget my feelings of wonder when God first showed me I was in the covenant, and while the wicked were left where their sin had put them, I saw that neither I nor they had any claim upon God, nor could make any just complaint against Him. I saw there that man is responsible to God for his own sin, though

he is a fallen, helpless sinner ; and the Lord takes, as He pleases, portions of the corrupt rock and clay to form vessels to His praise ; and He has a right to do so. That part of the rock that He takes is just as bad as what is left. "Yes," says God, "I know all about that ; I will do with that rock and clay according to My will ; I will make vessels of that rock and clay just according to My own mind ; I will make it to be a glory to My name." "This people have I formed for Myself, they shall show forth My praise." The everlasting arms and the line of His covenant are round about them, and His eye is ever watching over them. I never quarrelled with God's covenant after I knew it shut me in. No, no ; but I felt—

"Why me, why me, O blessed Lord ?
 Why such a wretch as me ?
 Who must for ever lie in hell,
 Was not salvation free."

A few years after that, in a time of great affliction and trouble, I was one morning in a very naughty temper, with respect to my being crossed and plagued in my work, while trying to get some patterns ready for the warehouse before I had my breakfast. I was determined to have my own way. Do you think I could get my machinery to go ? No, no. "Who is he that saith, and it cometh to pass, when the Lord commandeth it not ?" I could not get the patterns done, it seemed almost as if Satan was in the machinery, so I had to give up and let the others go to breakfast, and I went to mine. My old Bible had been laid upon the breakfast table as usual ; but I felt I dare not open it, it seemed as if it must tell me of my condemnation. I still have that little Bible in my bookcase, and was looking at it only last evening. Though it is worn out, I should not like to part with it, for if it could speak it could tell many a tale worth hearing. At last it was as though I heard a whisper, "Will neglecting the Bible make the bad case better ?" I felt it certainly would not, so I took it up, and opened on the forty-third of Isaiah. I shall never, never forget it. The Lord came with the words, "Thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and He that formed thee, O Israel, Fear not ; for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name, thou art Mine." Oh, He claimed me that morning at the breakfast table, and I yielded to the claim. My heart was broken, and I was melted to tears when He thus in mercy appeared ; and when I found the measuring line was drawn round me there, He soon made darkness light and crooked things straight ; and I read on, "Since thou wast precious in My sight, thou hast been honourable, and I have loved thee." I laid down the book, and said, "Lord, it is too much ; I cannot understand

how I can be honourable before Thee. When I was angry just now, did I feel honourable then? Could I think myself honourable then? But the words came again, "Since thou wast precious in My sight, thou hast been honourable, and I have loved thee." I replied, "Then, Lord, it must be so; I must give in." Ah! friends, I myself could not have effected this change, it was sovereign mercy—it came from God.

Thus the Lord taught me by these things how He saves His people, and I find God's salvation in Jesus Christ suits me well—every spot and blot covered, no spot of sin to be seen, covered with His righteousness—holy as He is holy—perfect as He is perfect. I would not give a straw for any other religion, there is no perfection elsewhere. But faith and hope shall be perfected in the end. David had the secret of it; he said, "I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness." The time is coming when we shall awake in His likeness, and the righteous shall shine as the light of the sun in the morning—that morning without a cloud, when we shall awake in the likeness of Christ—that likeness which will satisfy us as well as David, and nothing less can. Yes, some of us hope to come where the sun shall always shine, and, "We shall see Him as He is."

(To be concluded.)

HOLINESS.

HOLINESS, as I wrote down some of my contemplations on it, appeared to me to be of a sweet, pleasant, charming, serene, calm nature; which brought an inexpressible purity, brightness, peacefulness, and ravishment to the soul. In other words, that it made the soul like a field or garden of God, with all manner of pleasant flowers; all pleasant, delightful, and undisturbed, enjoying a sweet calm, and the gently vivifying beams of the sun. The soul of a true Christian, as I then wrote my meditations, appeared like such a little white flower as we see in the spring of the year, low and humble, on the ground; opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory; rejoicing, as it were, in a calm rapture; diffusing around a sweet fragrant; standing peacefully and lovingly in the midst of other flowers round about; all, in like manner, opening their bosoms to drink in the light of the sun. There was no part of creature holiness that I had so great a sense of its loveliness as humility, brokenness of heart and poverty of spirit; and there was nothing that I so earnestly longed for. My heart panted after this, to lie low before God, as in the dust, that I might be nothing, and that God may be ALL, that I might become as a little child.—*Jonathan Edwards.*

THE HISTORY OF JONAS EATHORN.

BY THE LATE HENRY FOWLER.

JONAS EATHORN was by trade a barber and hairdresser. He attended close to his business, and when he went from home to attend upon gentlemen, he used generally to be seen in full trot, but such a lover was he of *white ale* (a beverage I never saw but at Plymouth) that he seldom passed a public house without hastily taking half a pint. This he continued in the practice of many years, and as the day closed he was generally in a state of intoxication. He resided very near a meeting-house, called the Old Tabernacle, in Plymouth, but was not in the habit of attending any place of worship; he followed his hair-dressing up to a late hour on a Sunday, and then finished the day a beastly drunkard.

In a state of intoxication one Lord's Day evening he entered the aforesaid meeting-house, and with some difficulty he got into the gallery facing the minister. Just as he was settled, the minister, Mr. Shepherd, of Bath, gave out for his text these words, "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God? Be not deceived; neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God" (1 Cor. vi. 9, 10.) The preacher in a strong and solemn tone immediately added, "And thou, drunkard, art the man!" The words had such effect on Jonas that in one minute he was quite sober, but in the greatest terror of mind imaginable. He left the meeting-house with a dismal hell before his eyes, groaning and weeping, "I am a lost man! I shall certainly be damned, as sure as there is a God in heaven!" His wife was quite alarmed. "What!" she said, "am I to be plagued again with another Methodist?" Her first husband, I would observe, was a godly man, and she was opposed to everything that had the appearance of religion. When her husband died she was determined, if she altered her condition again, to marry a man that was no Methodist; she therefore was quite content to be married to Jonas, the proverbial tippler in the town, that she might not be plagued with religion. This I had from her own mouth.

Now began Jonas's trials. He could no longer continue carrying on his business on a Lord's Day, consequently he lost the best part of his income, which drove him to great straits, and this increased the rage and malice of his wife against him and his religion. But he bore with great patience all her cavils and contentions, and used often to say, "Who maketh me to differ?" Jonas now became a steady follower of the Lamb, and

a regular attendant with the people of God in the place where He called him by the preached Word. I think he was not brought to taste the sweets of redeeming love for nearly three years after the Lord first convicted him, but was striving and labouring under the yoke of Moses, as most poor convinced sinners do, some for a greater length of time than others. As he was tried without, so the Lord abundantly blessed him in his own soul. He was often destitute of a penny to buy food for his family.

One day when he came home, his wife said to him, with an angry tone, "We have neither bread, butter, nor tea in the house, nor any money to get them; you see what your religion has brought you to." Jonas said to her, "Put on the kettle; we shall have something by-and-by." "What use is it to boil the water?" she said; "I cannot see where anything is to come from." Jonas retired, and for some time poured out his soul to God in prayer, and he begged of God to appear for him as a God of providence, that his poverty might not open the mouths of the ungodly to reproach His cause. Jonas told me that before he left praying he was quite satisfied by the freedom he had in prayer, and by the sweet promises the Lord gave him, that supplies were on the road. He came downstairs in that strong confidence, and had not been down many minutes before a knock was heard at the door. Jonas went to answer the door, and saw a young woman, who said, "I was directed to deliver the contents of this basket to Mr. Eathorn." "Who sent it?" said Jonas. "I am not to tell you who sent it," said the woman. Jonas delivered the contents of the basket to his wife. "Here, Mary," said Jonas, "did I not tell you we should have supplies? Here is bread, butter, tea, and meat. God is a God that does hear and answer the cries of His children, and He has now confirmed His faithful promise to me, as He has often done." His wife was struck with silent surprise, and this and many other like striking providences stopped her from persecuting Jonas, as she has told me.

I forget how many years Jonas was with the people at the Old Tabernacle, but I imagine it could not be but a few years before he was seized with a paralytic stroke. This affliction of his puzzled all the medical men in the town, for it only extended to the lower half of his body, so that he quite lost the use of his legs and thighs. In this state of affliction the Lord continually made His goodness to pass before him, both in spirituals and temporals. He was confined on the bed of affliction up to the close of his life, a period of nearly *twenty-seven years!* But I cannot dismiss the reader without giving him some further account of my worthy brother Jonas.

Soon after Jonas was taken ill, some one requested Dr. Hawker

to visit him, which he did. But at that time Dr. Hawker was little better than an Arminian, as Jonas found by his conversation. On this occasion, Jonas stated very freely to Dr. Hawker his views as respects the justification of a sinner before God, and he told the Doctor how the Lord had dealt with him, with which account the Doctor was rather struck. Before Dr. Hawker left Jonas, he asked him if he was willing to receive the sacrament. Jonas said he was quite willing. "Then," said the Doctor, "when shall you be *prepared* to receive the sacrament?" "*Prepared*, sir," said Jonas; "I hope, sir, you know the meaning of Solomon's words, 'The preparation of the heart in man, and the answer of the tongue, is from the Lord.' I am quite ready, sir. I am a poor, needy sinner, saved by grace." Many other observations Jonas made, which I believe Dr. Hawker never forgot.

From this time the Doctor, as well as many others, used frequently to visit Jonas. There was also a prayer-meeting established in Jonas's room, where twenty or thirty godly persons met two or three times a week, and the Doctor used to meet with them at times; and for many years he used to break bread once a month to Jonas and the brethren, and truly it sometimes was to me the house of God and the very gate of heaven! Jonas generally gave out the hymns, and very appropriate they were to the occasion. By the help of a rope fastened at the foot of the bedstead, he used to sit up in the bed and read the hymns, while his countenance bespoke the inward joy of his heart.

When first I became acquainted with Jonas, I used to write his letters to his numerous friends, but at length it struck me that I would try to bring him, by degrees, into the practice of writing. When I proposed it to him, he seemed terrified at the thought. "Oh, no!" said Jonas, "I have not had a pen in my hand for some years, and I cannot think of attempting to write again." At length I prevailed on him to try. I guided his hand as I would a child's, and when he found that his letters were well formed he was greatly pleased, and after a few lessons he could write a bold hand. My chief object was, that he might be fully employed, and much gratified by correspondence with his Christian friends, both for their edification as well as his own; and indeed his letters were full of Christ, if I may so speak. Jonas also collected from various authors about five hundred hymns which he left in manuscript, but were never printed. This new employ of his used to beguile many of his solitary hours. He was generally lively in conversation, for his mind displayed all the vivacity of youth, but free from levity. I have indeed sometimes found him very much cast down by a

sense of indwelling sin, and by darkness of soul ; but when I began to tell him of the wretched state of my mind, he would lose sight of himself and his troubles, and begin to preach to me of the stability of the promises, amidst all our darkness, deadness, guilt and sin ; of our complete justification in and by the imputed righteousness of Christ, until his gloom has been changed into a smile, which indicated the peace of God in his heart, a peace which passeth all understanding. Many times has my soul been refreshed by the spiritual conversation of my brother Jonas. He had something to say about his dear Lord and Master to every one that visited him : his whole delight seemed to be to speak of divine and spiritual things. Many of the Lord's dear children, as well as myself, have left his room under a sweet sense of the precious love of Jesus Christ, the Friend of sinners !

About 1807, Jonas was deprived of his wife by death, which greatly shook him ; he had now lost his tender nurse and partner of his joys and sorrows. I have reason to hope she died in the Lord, though her mind was much beclouded the most of her days, as many of the Lord's family are. I have often heard her complain of her sin-polluted soul, and of her many fears and unbelief. Soon after her death, Jonas was removed to his only daughter's house, which, in a great measure, destroyed his pleasure in having frequent meetings with the children of God ; this he found the loss of much. But he was often visited by the best Friend, and I have often seen him, in his new station, longing to depart and be with Christ.

I would observe, that when Jonas was removed from his old habitation, the men that took him in the Sedan chair asked him if he would have the covering removed that he might once more see the sun, which was then shining in all his brilliance. Jonas replied, " Oh, no ! keep the top covered, and the curtains drawn ; I never wish to see the material sun shine again ; I long to see the Sun of Righteousness ! That is the Sun I long to see ! " But, lest by accident the curtain should admit the rays of the sun, he told me, he closed his eyes, until he was safely lodged in his daughter's house, which was adjoining the street where he had resided many years.

Jonas survived his wife about three years. Dr. Hawker had a particular desire to be with him in his last moments. He had lain for many days before his death in a kind of torpor, taking little or no food, nor speaking to any one. At length the summons, long expected and often wished for, came. His attendants round the bed perceived a visible alteration in his countenance, and watched with anxiety his parting breath. He had not moved in bed for some days ; but, now, without any human

assistance, Jonas arose in the bed, and, with a heavenly smile, waved his hands, and exclaimed with holy rapture, "The victory is won! the victory is won!" and, without a struggle, fell asleep in Jesus. Thus Jonas realized the truth of his favourite promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

When the friends perceived a change in Jonas, they sent for Dr. Hawker, but he was engaged at church, and was a few minutes too late—Jonas was gone: and the Doctor, on entering the room, fell on his knees, with the friends present, and poured out before God thanksgiving and praise for His faithfulness, mercy, and love to the departed. He was interred in the churchyard of Charles, Plymouth. Dr. Hawker, after reading the usual service in the church, delivered a short, but sweet discourse from the desk, on the occasion, and towards the close he made this remark respecting Jonas: "Though I never preached to him, he has preached many sweet sermons to me." I gave out, over his grave, that fine funeral hymn, chosen by himself, "Why do we mourn departing friends?" and the Doctor joined with his noble bass voice.

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

To the Editor of the Sower.

MY DEAR SIR,—It was with great hesitation I sent you my last notes for the "Seekers' Corner," and now with much the same feelings I try to record just a little more of what I trust are God's gracious dealings with my poor wandering soul. The sweet visitation referred to in my last note—signed by mistake "K"—which was accompanied by the precious words, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," was one of those seasons which the soul longs to have ever in remembrance. Scarcely had I awakened out of a troubled sleep, when they dropped so sweetly, and with such power into my heart, nor did I lose their sweetness for some days. Never before do I remember such a peaceful Lord's Day. Oh, how much more to be desired is a visit from our loving and compassionate Immanuel than all this world calls good or desirable. How much more beautiful, too, all nature appears, while the sun beams out with a radiance never seen before. All this because the "Sun of Righteousness" has arisen "with healing in His wings," revealing the awful darkness which envelops our souls by nature—being dead to God in trespasses and sins, without God, and so without hope in the world.

How awful is the fact that this is just the truth of every human being, which is manifested daily by the continued rejec-

tion, by all but opened-eared sinners, of the wondrous Gospel of peace. Yet surely "God moves in a mysterious way," seeing that this truth—sad and awful as it is to every unpardoned soul—is, in the heart-consciousness of it to the awakened soul, one of the evidences by which he knows that God Himself has brought him from death to life; so that while before we neither saw nor felt what a sad state we were in, now He has implanted a new life, and has appeared in the glory of His love, His power, His grace. Now are His services more or less craved for, as a hungry man looks forward to meal-time, (and are they not meal-times, dear fellow seekers?) especially when with sharpened appetites, through having so much rough travelling at times and conflicting, our gracious Provider seals home His own Word by the mouth of His servant.

Such indeed, I do hope, I have found them since the substance, Jesus, has been known to me. How gladly have I gone up to His house on a week-day evening (oh, may we prize these opportunities more), after a busy, harassing day, in both spiritual and temporal things, when my heart has re-echoed the words which I had previously dotted down as an expression of my felt need—

Oh, high beat the waves of mistrust and doubt,
Which, ebbing and flowing, so toss me about;
And dark are the clouds which thus hide from my sight
The harbour of rest, the sweet haven of light.

Oh, when wilt Thou come, Living Spirit of grace,
Revealing once more our Jesus' sweet face?
Which, like the sweet beams of the sun, giving life,
Dispel all the darkness, and end all the strife.

Yes, and He does come in His own set time. Much thanks do I owe Him for Tuesday evening last, when His servant so sweetly unfolded that word, "When the Lord shall build up Zion, He shall appear in His glory. He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer." Yes, how assuring, dear fellow seekers, is it not? It is true indeed that we cannot imagine such an unsearchably great God stooping to such as we, so hateful as in ourselves we must appear in His sight. But oh, the weakest believer He views in Jesus, and—

"The work which His goodness began,
The arm of His strength will complete."

May He be very near to our beloved Editor, is, I trust, the sincere prayer of every seeker, as also of one grateful for help received.

July 6th, 1894.

F. V. E.

WARRING AGAINST SIN.

PLEAD the promise against sin at the throne of grace. He that hath the law on his side, we say, may sue the king; and he that hath a promise on his side, may, with a humble boldness, commence his suit with God. As the veins in the body have arteries to attend them with spirits, so precepts in the Word have promises to inspirit the Christian, and empower him with strength for his duty. Is there a command to pray? there is also a promise to enable for prayer (Zech. xii. 10; Rom. viii. 26). Doth God require us to give Him our heart? "My son, give Me thine heart" (Prov. xxiii. 26); the promise saith, "He will give us a new heart" (Ezek. xxxvi. 26). Doth He command us to mortify our corruptions, and doth He not promise that sin shall not have dominion over us? (Rom. vi. 14.) Now, to obtain this promise, thou must plead and press it believingly at the throne of grace; what the precept commands, the prayer of faith begs and receives. Look, therefore, thou take God in thy way. First, besiege heaven, and then fear not but thou wilt overcome sin and hell when thou hast conquered heaven. Now thou art at war at God's cost; He that sets thee on will bring thee off. David was a man-at-arms, and could handle his weapon against this enemy (sin) as well as another, yet dares not promise himself success till he hath made God his Second: "Order my steps in Thy Word, and let not iniquity have dominion over me" (Psalm cxix. 132). But if thou thinkest to steal a victory by thy own resolution, expect an overthrow. And it will be a mercy thou shouldst be so served; for a defeat will learn thee humility for the future, but a victory would increase thy pride; and that is a sad victory when sin carries away the spoils which thou hast taken from another. Jehoshaphat took the right course to speed, who, though he had almost a million of men he could draw into the field, without draining his garrisons, yet bespeaks God's help, as if he had not a man to fight for him: "We have no might against this great company that cometh against us, neither know we what to do, but our eyes are upon Thee" (2 Chron. xx. 12). If an Alexander, or a Cæsar, had been at the head of such an army, I warrant they would have known what to have done, and not doubted to carry all before them. But Jehoshaphat, a holy, humble man, was better instructed. He knew a host signifieth nothing which hath not the Lord of hosts with them; and that the most valiant can find neither heart nor hand in the day of battle, without His leave who made both. Nor wilt thou, Christian, be able to use thy grace in an hour of temptation, without new grace from God to excite and enforce what thou hast already received from Him; and if thou expect this from

Him, He expects to hear from thee ; neither is God unwilling to give what He hath promised, because He pays not the debt of the promise until it be sued for at the throne of grace ; no, God takes this method only to secure His own glory in the giving, and also to enlarge our comfort by receiving it in this way of prayer.—*Gurnall.*

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY VERY, VERY DEAR MARY,—If God as a God of grace in Christ Jesus were not a stronghold ; if the name of Jesus were not as a strong tower ; had not the Father of all mercies given His well-beloved Son to be the propitiation for our sins ; if the all-glorious Son of the Father in truth and in love had not come in the flesh, and delighted to do the Father's will in bringing back His banished ones that they might not be expelled from Him ; if the precious blood of Jesus were not sufficient to cleanse us from our sins, and His perfect, wondrous obedience sufficient to acquit us from all condemnation, and to justify the ungodly ; if He were to cast out them who come to Him, although they can scarcely believe they are of that happy number ; if God were not to carry on His good work where He has begun it ;—in short, if He were to forsake the work of His own hands, you, my dear girl, as well as your father, would be utterly lost ; lost utterly, indeed, we should be if He were not, through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus, to be merciful to all our unrighteousnesses, and so remember our sins no more.

Has my dear girl ever felt her need of the Son of God and His sin-atoning sacrifice and justifying righteousness ? and would she not rather have this portion than all this world can present ? How does my dear girl, in real sincerity, answer these simple questions ? Go on, my dear Mary, like Mary of old, choosing, through rich grace, that good part that shall never be taken away from you ; take courage and say, "The Lord would not have shown you these things, if He meant that you should perish."

My dear Mary's affectionate father,

September 21st, 1853.

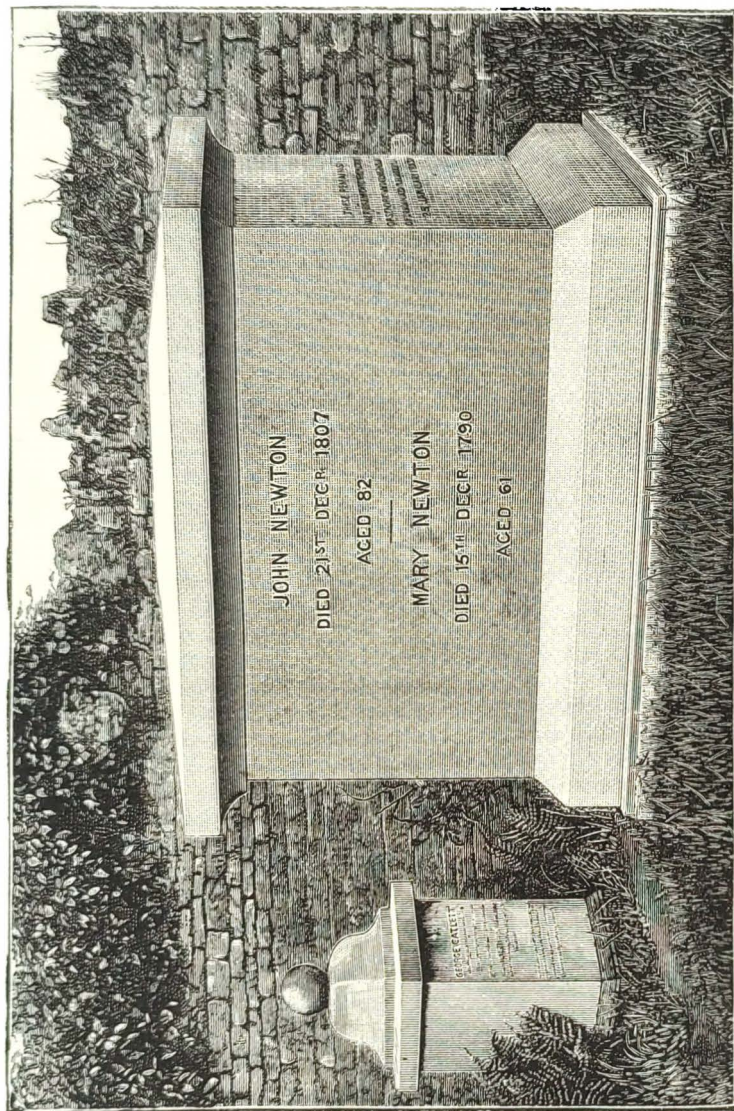
W.

P.S.—Can my dear girl pray for her father ?

[The writer of the above letter was for some years one of Mr. H. Fowler's deacons.—ED.]

IF thou art a foolish virgin, the congregation is necessary for thee ; and if a wise one, thou art necessary for the congregation.

HE who prays for faith, or for the increase of faith in God's word, honours the truth ; and the God of truth will honour him.—*W. Mason.*



JOHN NEWTON'S TOMB AT OLNEY.

JOHN NEWTON'S TOMB AT OLNEY.

IN January, 1893, the remains of John Newton and his wife were removed from the church of St. Mary Woolnoth, London, and reverently interred in the churchyard at Olney. Since then a substantial monument has been erected over the grave, and we are glad, through the kindness of Mr. W. H. Collingridge, to be able to reproduce a photograph of the poet's last resting-place, which we know our readers will look upon with loving interest.

The monument was erected at a cost of £128. On the sides are the following inscriptions:—

South side—

JOHN NEWTON, clerk;
once an infidel and libertine.
A servant of slaves in Africa, was,
by the rich mercy of our
Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ,
preserved, restored, and pardoned,
and appointed to preach the faith he
had long laboured to destroy.
Near 16 years as Curate of this parish,
and 28 years as Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth.

West side—

These remains
were removed from the Church
of St. Mary Woolnoth, in the City
of London, and re-interred here
25th January, 1893.

East side—

This monument
is erected by a large number
of subscribers, who revere the
memory and value the works of
this eminent servant of God.

SONNET.

Scene of his early labours! much-lov'd spot!
'Twas fit his ashes should to thee return,
Albeit the transit well a place may earn
Among the strange events that marked his lot.
The clouds and storms of fourscore years have nought
Obscur'd his memory; still the breath of praise
Is vocal with his sweet and solemn lays,
With Attic terseness, rich experience, fraught.
With reverence we his resting-place prepare,
And hers, the object of his heart's deep love;
We know their dust is still their Saviour's care,
And soon will rise to dwell with Him above.
Then shall the ransom'd soul and body join
Their Lord to praise, in accents all divine.

W. H. S.
K 2

HENRY FOWLER, OF GOWER STREET, LONDON.

(Concluded from page 162.)

ON January 11th, 1821, Mr. Fowler wrote the late Mrs. Grace, who was then living at Eastbourne: "Through the good of God I am brought safely to London. My removal to London has made much work for faith and patience, and I sometimes seem to have neither. I have to lament over six evils that frequently beset me in my path. 1. A proneness to discredit the promise of my God, which is, "Yea, and Amen." 2. A forgetting of that Rock of refuge who has appeared as my strong tower of defence again and again. 3. Carnal reason, and giving way to fear where there is no real ground for fear. 4. A murmuring spirit under the various dispensations of the Lord. 5. A vain wish to know what to-morrow may bring forth. And, 6. A nature which shudders at the thought of a cross, ever tempting me to despise the chastening hand of the Lord. But it is better to feel these evils and groan under them, than to be settled on the lees of an empty profession and know no changes. It was my prayer from the first time God taught me the need of a Saviour, that He would never suffer me to be deceived; that He would lead me in a plain path because of my enemies; and that He would make His face to shine upon me, that I might know I was right; and, blessed for ever be His precious name, He has fulfilled His gracious promise and answered my prayers."

While Mr. Fowler was fulfilling his six months' engagement in London, he was bereaved of his brother Samuel, who died of a consumption, March 18th, at Birmingham. Mr. Fowler writes—"He had known the Lord about eleven years. His first convictions were deep, and in about two years after his deliverance was clear. His whole life after he knew the Lord was rough and thorny, *without* and *within*. Nevertheless, he was at times highly blessed with solid peace, and spiritual communion with God. His judgment was remarkably clear in the doctrines of grace, and he would freely censure the least departure from truth in any one, preacher or hearer. He had a deep acquaintance with human depravity, which all his conversation proved; and a rich knowledge of Jesus Christ, of which he would as freely speak. Three months before his departure he knew his end was near, and expressed a wish, *with all possible composure*, to accompany me to Edgbaston Churchyard and fix on the piece of ground where he intended to be buried, but his strength would not allow him. My last interview with him was most trying to my feelings, insomuch that I could not help discovering it: he said, 'Brother, why are you so cut up? I know in whom I have believed—the Lord is mine; I am satisfied that He is my Father, and I shall

be ever with Him.' I then left him for London, and in nine days after he died. He was perfectly sensible to the last, and said a little before his death to several of God's children who stood round his bed : '*I cannot express the peace and joy I feel. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."*'"

Within a few days after Gower Street Chapel had been opened, the place was duly licensed. The original certificate has been recently framed and hung in one of the vestries ; it was signed by the following persons, most of whom were on the Committee, but they have all long since passed away :—Charles Gell, Thomas Appleton, Nicholas Pritchett, Edward Bushby, Thomas Palmer, James Brown, Thomas Watkins, John Miles, and John Gautrey.

It had been agreed among the Committee that on a minister being appointed at Gower Street Chapel, he should decide whether the cause should be a Baptist one or not. Mr. Fowler, however, at his appointment declined to undertake that responsibility. In September, 1821, he preached a sermon at Gower Street from Psalm cxxxiii. 1, which was published under the title of "Church Communion Vindicated." In this sermon he plainly and unequivocally expressed his reasons for accepting the pastorate, his views on the use and abuse of the supply system and Church order ; also his reasons for objecting to water baptism in any form, and his belief that differences in judgment on water baptism and other non-essential points ought to be no bar to communion. Shortly afterwards he formed a Church from among the friends with whom happily he had become mutually acquainted. For some time he had to endure great opposition from certain individuals, and that of such a nature, that he one day said to a friend, "I sometimes think these things will kill me outright." *

On January 24th, 1822, he again writes Mrs. Grace :—"I am full of tossings to and fro, and yet can glory in tribulation, knowing that it comes from my heavenly Father. Mr. M—— has tried to do me much mischief, though he once told me in a letter that every circumstance connected with my coming to London evidently appeared to be of God. But God meant it for good, for neither he nor the party of opposers to me have accomplished their enterprise. I am well attended at the chapel, and God has enabled me to smile at the devil's rage and their folly. I was never able to preach better in my life than in the midst of

* We are ever willing to concede to others the liberty we desire for ourselves, to worship God according to what we have received by the teaching of the Holy Spirit ; yet we cannot consent to what others do contrary to what we believe to be the order revealed in the Word of truth. Thus, while we ardently love the name and writings of Mr. H. Fowler, we, at the same time, are compelled to say that we are not one with him in his views as to baptism and Church order.—ED.

the storm, and it is a grief to my enemies to hear the report. My Church consists of seventy-eight members, and I administered the ordinance of the Lord's Supper to them the first Lord's Day in this month, in the presence of a gallery full of spectators." *

Mr. Fowler had been in London only a few years when he was bereaved of his eldest daughter. Mr. Hardy having on one occasion brought "Janeway's Token for Children" to Mr. Fowler's house, he said to his two little girls, "This book is for either of you to read." The elder of the two took the book to school with her, but was sometime after taken ill, and returned home. One day, perceiving the child much cast down, Mr. Fowler said, "My dear, what is the matter with you? What are you troubled about?" After a long pause, she said, "Father, I am afraid I shall die, and be lost; I am such a sinner." Mr. Fowler said, "My dear child, how long have you felt yourself a sinner?" She replied, "Father, you recollect Mr. Hardy gave us 'Janeway's Token for Children'; that book I have read when at school, and wept over it many times. I used to get away from my companions whenever I could find an opportunity, and pray the Lord to teach me what He taught those children, and pardon my sins. I don't want to live, so that I knew my sins were forgiven." "These remarks," said Mr. Fowler, "and the more brilliant expressions that dropped from her lips before she died, lead me to think unerring Wisdom directed Mr. Hardy with the book to my dwelling."

June, 1826. To Mr. WELLER, of Maresfield.—"Zion's sighs and groans, cries and tears, are sweet in the estimation of her God as well as her triumphant songs of praise. When a boy, I have thrown a stone at a sweet singing bird and stopped it in the midst of its song: and it is a fact I have received the same treatment from old Adam and the father of lies, and my song has ended in gloomy silence. Thus, ere I was aware, I have been brought down from the mount of enjoyment into the valley of humiliation. Ephraim became broken in judgment, dumb at a throne of grace, a coward in the day of battle, and a silly dove without a heart: he tried to fly away to escape the windy storm and tempest, but could not stir. In this conflict a man learns more of law and Gospel, more of sin and grace, more of self and more of Christ, than he would by sitting at the feet of Gamaliel fifty years."

December 19th, 1831. To Mr. GRACE.—"There is an unfathomable mystery in the dealings of the Almighty with His children; yet all His dealings are most wise and just. And the design of our covenant God by the furnace, is to take away our

* This was the first communion service ever held in Gower Street Chapel.

dross and tin, and to make us partakers of His holiness. Wayward children frequently want the rod, and God will not spare for our crying : when the end is answered by the rod, we can bless Him and say with the Church of old, ' We lie down in our shame, and our confusion covereth us.' Oh, what a mercy is a right beginning and a daily cross ! I bless God, He has given testimony to the word of His grace of late, in many instances so plain that my very enemies are silenced. My letters to Bulteel* are published ; I am now compiling a selection of hymns, to be used in my congregation as a companion to Mr. Hart's hymns.

This selection was published April 14th, 1832. In sending the first few copies to Mr. Grace he writes, " I have little expectation that many Churches will use them. There is not enough in them to please the flesh. But this I will say, I have never yet seen so desirable a companion to Hart's hymns. In this selection there are about a dozen of my original hymns. Doubtless old prejudices in those who use Mr. Hart's hymns alone are difficult to conquer ; but however I may justly admire Mr. Hart's hymns, those that are suitable for public worship are too limited in number for any congregation.

This selection, however, met with more acceptance than Mr. Fowler anticipated ; particularly in several places in Sussex, where it has been in use nearly ever since its first publication. The " original hymns " above referred to by Mr. Fowler were published many years before : Vol. I. in 1818, and Vol. II. in 1824. Many of these sweet hymns have been published in Gadsby's and other selections. In the original editions, each hymn is accompanied by some very experimental reflections in prose. These reflections, as well as the hymns, particularly the hymn commencing, " Jesus, o'er the billows steer me," have been greatly blessed to many of the Household of Faith. Several of the original hymns have appeared at various times in the *Gospel Magazine*.

Mr. Fowler's pen was seldom at rest : beside the works mentioned in other parts of this memoir, he wrote, " Jesus the Hope and Saviour of Israel " ; " Gleanings from the Bible " ; " The Shepherd of Israel " ; " Vital Godliness, Displayed in the Life and Writings of R. Goddard, of Hellingly " ; " Scraps for the Household of Faith," and sundry Tracts. He was also for many years an occasional correspondent with the Editor of the *Gospel Magazine*—the late Walter Row, of whose orthodoxy and abilities he had a very high opinion. Mr. Row died in July, 1839. In

* Mr. Bulteel, like Mr. Philpot and Mr. Tiptaft, was a seceder from the Establishment ; but he afterwards became entangled in the errors of Andrew Fuller ; hence Mr. Fowler's letters to him on that subject.

the June number of the Magazine for the same year, Mr. Row, in reviewing, "Seven Spiritual Letters to a Soldier," written by Mr. Fowler in the early days of his ministry, says of him, "The worthy man, though we belonged to another communion, called upon us previous to his last illness, to bid us farewell before he entered the celestial city."

In the latter part of Mr. Fowler's life, he resided at 23, Grafton Street East; in the rear of which house by a short cut he could pass into the vestry of the chapel. For several years his youngest son, Ebenezer,* lived with him, and carried on a bookseller's business in the same house. His son seems to have continued the business of Ebenezer Huntington, formerly of High Street, Bloomsbury, as he had for several years on sale the remaining copies of Bensly's edition of Mr. Huntington's Works, as well as many other copies of Mr. Huntington's works.

In 1833 Mr. Fowler's health failed, and for many months he was the subject of a painful illness, which had a most depressing effect on his naturally nervous temperament. His affectionate people were, however, most considerate and kind to him, and did all that lay in their power to bring about his restoration to health.

January 7th, 1833. To Mr. Gorringe, Eastbourne, "I am a little braced up by the weather, and better braced by the girdle of truth. I was favoured yesterday with some silent dew-drops—some little entering into the grand mysteries of our eternal redemption. All the glory of this world, all the wisdom of man, and all the riches of the East sink into insignificance, into entire nothingness, when compared to Jesus, and the stores of wisdom and knowledge treasured up in Him."

October 2nd, 1833. To Mr. R. MANNINGTON, Maresfield.—"I reached home safe, and found my family well, but they were much afflicted at finding me no better after so many weeks' absence. How prone are we to dwell on second causes; but this is not the worst, we reason stoutly against God, because He crosses our poor ill-contrived purposes. This is our folly; however, 'Trials make the promise sweet.' I dare not say that I have had no merciful helps and comforts from the God of my salvation in the midst of my affliction, but to my sense the bitter seems more than the sweet, and the darkness more than the light. It is, however, the Lord's way, though my prospects of health and usefulness seem all blighted; yet God can and will be glorified in and by my affliction, however it may terminate.

* This amiable young man was wrecked in the ship *Madagascar*, on his return from Australia, in the year 1855, where he had been to recover his health.

I would believe with a settled faith that God is *now* doing all things well, and would draw some blessedness from His rod as well as from His staff.

"I perceive by the *Gospel Magazine* that Daniel Herbert has gone home, aged eighty-two. I hear he was much favoured and made a blessed end. This morning I received a letter from my venerable correspondent, John Radford, of Exeter; he is well, and writes in a blessed strain. I still have my mind set upon publishing our late brother Hardy's life. I hope it is not presumption in me to believe I shall live to get through it.*

"Oh, how sweet is the thought that, though God's servants are taken home in the midst of their greatest usefulness, the Great Head of the Church liveth still, and will live for evermore! He has engaged to be with His people down to the closing scene, and to supply His Church with means of instruction so long as His spouse is in this dreary wilderness. The day is approaching when we shall see Him as He is, and be eternally delighted with the abundance of His glory. God grant us more of His heavenly visits; these will deaden us to this perishing world, and make us joyful in the prospect of a better."

July 15th, 1835. To the same.—"It is no small mercy for me that my salvation is not dependent upon glad frames and comfortable feelings, for I seldom have them; and when I have them I am apt to forget that they are not the Fountain Head, but only the streams. The streams may be dried up, but the Fountain is ever the same, 'yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' This, my brother, is our security amid all our dead frames and wretched feelings. The covenant, the faithfulness, and the oath of God Himself forbid despair. Look without and within, all is confusion, dismay, and death! Look around, and all is disorder and distraction! Empires, kingdoms, cities, towns, and villages are just alike. All share, in a greater or less degree, the sad and awful effects of the fall. Where can a man find a place to hide his guilty head but in the Rock of Ages? What is there in this beggarly world that can afford a poor sinner one single draught of real joy? Oh that the blessed Spirit would enable us to weigh and measure everything by the measure and the balance of His sanctuary!"

January, 1836. To Mrs. GRACE.—"My valuable old friend, Mr. Jackson, trustee and deacon, finished his earthly career last night. He was my first member, and has kept a steady pace during my fifteen years' campaign. He had a fall from a ladder about four months ago, and has never been at chapel but once since. In the early part of his affliction he was much favoured

* He did get through it. And a most interesting little book it is.

by the light of the Lord's countenance, and was anxious for his dismissal; in his latter days, however, he had some hard fights with Satan and unbelief, but was still favoured with a solid, well-grounded hope. During my affliction he manifested uncommon attention to the cause in our place; he used to read on the Monday evening services, and made remarks as he read. Some of our old friends predicted that he would shortly be taken home, he seemed to enjoy so much sweet and happy liberty. He was a peaceable Christian, and very tender-hearted to God's poor; but our loss is his eternal gain. Thus, 'The fashion of this world passeth away, but 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.'

"I am every day expecting to hear of the death of three others of my hearers, each about eighty years of age. All three are fixed on the Rock of Ages; I saw two of them last week, and much enjoyed their sweet testimony. Well, we are travelling after, and may a gracious God keep and preserve us safe unto His blessed kingdom."

In February, 1838, he wrote the late Mr. Grace, of Brighton, who had been in the ministry only two years:—"I desire to rejoice in your prosperity. God's smiles on us and our work are great indulgences. In the day of prosperity we are to be joyful. I have had the early rain both in private and in public, and, like Jeshurun, waxed fat and kicked, and lightly esteemed the Rock of my salvation. But now it is with me a day of adversity, a day of breaking down, and a time of close consideration.

"I well remember Thomas, the gardener. Once, when at Brighton, I was much tried to find a text, and he came to request me to preach from these words, 'Because I live, you shall live also.' I preached from them the same evening. It was, I think, the best sermon I ever preached in Brighton; but very likely no one thought so but the preacher, for he is very apt to imagine he preaches best when he has much liberty in speaking with some sweet enjoyment, without beating about the bush to pick up something to spin out the time. But I rarely hear much about my best sermons. How mortifying this to flesh and blood! In all probability, if I hold on till May, I must retire into some quiet place, and be *quite silent* while my supply (Mr. Warburton) is in London. In glancing over the map of my travels in Sussex these last seventeen years, I find no cause for regret, but have great reason to bless God for His mercy to me and, I hope, to many of His dear children also; although I cannot consider myself to have been anything more than a clod-breaker. If it should please God for me never to visit those parts again, I can willingly acquiesce, under a full persuasion that He will not leave them destitute of His precious Gospel."

During the winter of 1837-8, Mr. Fowler was in deep affliction both in body and mind. It was then that he wrote his last work, namely, a third volume of original hymns, with prose reflections. This was published after his decease, under the title of "Sighs and Songs of a Pilgrim." In the preface, dated July 30th, 1838, he says: "I have good reason to think this is my last publication. The pins of my poor tabernacle are loosened, and everything about me seems to say, *Be ready*. I am not anxious to live, nor under fearful apprehensions of death. Jesus is death's Conqueror; he has made that enemy my friend. I have done nothing for God that I can boast of, but He has done much for me; and I hope He has done something by me for poor sinners. To His name be all the glory."

On April 14th, 1838, his health again gave way, and from that time until he died it was in a very precarious state. October 21st he wrote: "I have been silent four months, and have been travelling for my health most of the summer. This has put me to great expense; but my gracious God in His kind providence has furnished me with ample means. I am certainly much better. I know not that my travelling did me any good, for I have been better since I have been at home and left off medicine. I would rather say, 'It is the Lord that has restored me,' and give Him the glory. I am now continuing my public labours with a measure of increasing strength, but my cough continues; and, like Jacob's lame thigh, I expect to carry it down to my grave. I am still weak, and have complaints upon me of a serious nature; am obliged, therefore, to be cautious."

On November 9th he wrote his brother John: "It is now twelve months since I first ruptured a small vessel in my lungs, and the vessel has opened again seven times since, but not lately. My appetite is good, and I gain strength. Surely the hand of the Lord must be seen in my recovery, for most of my friends thought mine a hopeless case; but nothing is too hard for the Lord. May I never forget the mercy of the Lord; God has been very gracious to our family. Our brother and two sisters, I believe, are enrolled in the Book of Life, and are gone to glory; and I hope we who are left shall join the redeemed multitude. I am more plagued with my blind, legal heart to this day than I am with all my outward sins—and they have been great—so that I wonder at the long-suffering and patience of my God to such a rebel."

Only six days passed, and on Tuesday evening, November 15th, he preached his last sermon. The following Monday he was obliged to take to his bed; his cough was very violent at first, and as weakness increased, his suffering became very great. Not being able to lie down through a sense of suffocation seizing

him when he did so, he sat up nearly the whole time of his confinement to his bed. He spoke frequently with great affection of his friends in London and in Sussex. When asked by his wife how he felt in his mind he replied, "I am under shades and glooms. The Lord sees fit to lead me through much tribulation, but I know it is well with me whatever my frame of mind, and will be so at the last. I must come in on the old ground—redemption free, justification free, salvation free."

December 2nd.—He said to his son Samuel, "Satan has been very hard with me since my affliction; and at times I have had hard work to keep hold of the hem of the Saviour's garment; but this is my consolation, that though He is not now precious to me, yet I am precious to Him," and added, "Since thou wast precious in My sight Thou hast been honourable, and I have loved Thee." For the last fortnight his mind was in a far more happy frame. At one time he sang this verse—

"If Thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in Thee."

On the sixth he talked to his son Ebenezer, and said, "Let my funeral be plain, without any Popish rags. I have no fortune to leave you, my dear boy, but an interest in Jesus Christ is worth more than all the fortunes in the world. I look upon every day as my last on earth." When spoken to about the physician, he said, "I know that the whole of the doctors cannot cure me, all I want is an easier passage." On the 14th, feeling easier, he quoted in an expressive manner these lines—

"'Tis *He* forgives thy sins,
'Tis *He* relieves thy pains,
'Tis *He* that heals thy sicknesses."

In the evening of the following day he took his wife's hand, and said, "*My dear, I feel quite happy; Christ is very precious to me, I think I have been wandering a good deal this evening, but what I now say I speak from the real feelings of my heart.*" He then asked the time, and when told, he said, "Not later! Lord, when? when?" During the whole of his illness he spoke to all in the most kind and affectionate manner, and to his wife and the nurse in a very pleasing and consoling way. Towards the end his voice became broken and changed. About half-an-hour before he died, he said in a tone of child-like entreaty, which those in the room never forgot, "*My God, my God, come take me to Thee, to see Thy face and sing Thy praise.*" The last connected

words he uttered were, "*Dear Jesus, come fill every vacant corner of my wandering heart.*" This was not more than ten minutes before he died. He spoke several times after this, but all that could be distinguished was "Jesus—my God—come"; and after a little silence, with a long sigh, he drew his last breath, at one a.m., on Sunday, 16th December, 1838. His son Ebenezer, who was present, says, "He blessed us all continually when we pressed his hand at the bed-side, and often said, 'May Christ be your portion! His features are serene and beautiful; he looks far younger than he is; he was fifty-nine on 11th December.'"

On the 25th his mortal remains were interred in *New Bunhill Fields*,* Church Street, Islington, in the presence of a sorrowing assembly. The body was first placed in the Chapel in front of the pulpit. His beautiful hymn, commencing, "Jesus, o'er the billows steer me," having been sung to tune "Calvary," Mr. Abrahams ascended the pulpit, and after reading and praying, he preached from these words: "There shall be no more pain" (Rev. xxi. 4). About eighty members of the Church and congregation, in mourning coaches, and a considerable number on foot, then followed the remains to the ground, where Mr. Abrahams delivered an appropriate address to the mourning assemblage, which then sang, to tune "Mariners," Mr. Hart's well-known hymn commencing, "Sons of God by blest adoption." And the services, which had been conducted in a most orderly and reverent manner, were brought to a close by Mr. Abrahams engaging in prayer. In the evening of the same day, Mr. Sylver preached what is usually called a funeral sermon in Gower Street Chapel.

On the stone which stood over Mr. Fowler's grave, recording the decease of his eldest daughter and himself, were the following lines. They were written for the grave-stone of Mr. Edmund Robins, and were inserted by Mr. Fowler in the second volume of his original hymns, as a testimony of regard to Mr. Robins, with whom he was acquainted for several years:—

Distinguished, by the sovereign grace of God,
To know and feel the sweets of pardoned sin,
He loud proclaimed the Saviour's precious blood,
And laboured hard to bring poor sinners in.

* This small ground is private property. At the date of Mr. Fowler's interment there were sufficient memorial stones in it to pave a cathedral; these and the pathways have all been removed, and the ground left like a wilderness. The owner was actually about to dispose of it for building purposes; but this further act of desecration has happily been prevented by an Act of Parliament, which applies to all such burying places in the metropolis.

Deep was his knowledge of the human heart :
 Guided by God's unerring Word, he spake
 Of man the sinner, vile in every part,
 Till Jesus saves him for His mercy's sake.

Bold in His cause, whose love his tongue employed
 When throbbing anguish seized his vital part;
 He preached a full salvation, and enjoyed
 A full and free salvation in his heart.

O Thou Supreme! Thy people's God and Guide,
 Raise up and send more lab'ers in his stead,
 To feed the Church, Thy chosen, mystic Bride,
 And gather in the members to their Head.

B. H. N.

EARS TO HEAR.

WHEN the Lord Jesus had spoken to the multitude the parable of the Sower (Matt. xiii. 1-9), He cried; "Who hath ears to hear, let him hear." All heard the word with outward ears, but not all heard with circumcised, or given, ears. There was a division made by His preaching. Many, after hearing His words, continued as they were; only a few were wrought upon by the power of the Holy Ghost, and these sought unto Him, after the sermon was over, that they might learn of Him the secret of those weighty and solemn things He had been uttering to them all. To these anxious inquirers He said, "It is given unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to them it is not given" (verse 11). And here lies the great secret of all true hearing. All alike are to have "the Gospel preached to them" (Mark xvi. 15), but not to all is the Holy Spirit given with the Word; therefore it is not mixed with faith in them who have not the Spirit. They are hearers, but not receivers with the heart, of the Word; yet they are accountable to God for their not receiving of the Word (see John xii. 48), because God did not create them with blind eyes and deaf ears; but they lost, by transgression, the power to see and hear the Word of Life, to their profit. Hence, when God leaves them where their sin has brought them, He does them no wrong, even though He holds them responsible for their evil doings, and for their not doing His Word.

But all true hearers believe, because they have given to them what by nature they do not possess, namely, the grace and power to receive the Word in their heart, because they are ordained to believe unto life, and the Holy Spirit accompanying the Word, it is mixed with faith in *their* hearts.

NATURE AND FAITH.

(Lines copied by the late Mr. J. Freeman.)

WE wept—'twas nature wept—but faith
 Can pierce beyond the gloom of death,
 And in yon world, so fair and bright,
 Behold thee in refulgent light!
 We miss thee here, but faith would rather
 Know thou art with thy Heavenly Father.
 Nature sees the body dead—
 Faith beholds the spirit fled;
 Nature stops at Jordan's tide—
 Faith beholds the other side;
 That, but tears farewells, and sighs—
 This, thy welcome in the skies.
 Nature mourns the cruel blow—
 Faith assures it is not so;
 Nature never sees thee more—
 Faith but sees thee gone before;
 Nature tells a dismal story—
 Faith has visions full of glory;
 Nature views the change with sadness,
 Faith contemplates it with gladness;
 Nature murmurs—faith gives meekness,
 Strength is perfected in weakness;
 Nature writhes, and hates the rod—
 Faith looks up, and blesses God;
 Sense looks downward—faith above;
 That sees harshness—this sees love.
 Oh! let faith victorious be,
 Let it reign triumphantly!
 But thou art gone! not lost, but flown
 Shall I then ask thee back, my own?
 Back, and leave thy spirit's brightness?
 Back, and leave thy robes of whiteness?
 Back, and leave the Lamb who feeds thee?
 Back, from founts to which He leads thee?
 Back, and leave thy Heavenly Father?
 Back, to earth and sin? Nay! rather
 Would I live in solitude:
 I would not ask Thee if I could,
 But patient wait the high decree
 That calls my spirit home to Thee!

THE terrors of the law may break a man's peace for having sinned. The grace of the Gospel only breaks a man's heart for sin.

PRAYER reminds us of our own poverty—keeps up a sense of our dependence on God—honours His promises, while it pleads His fulfilment of them.

THE ROD OF THE WICKED AND THE LOT OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

(Concluded from page 184.)

GOD'S covenant is a covenant of love, of everlasting love, and grace, and blessing; everything good is in that covenant; God has put all in Christ, therefore everything is made over to us in the Righteous One; that is *the lot of the righteous*. Turn to the sixteenth Psalm, and you will find the Psalmist speaks of this in the fifth verse, "The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance, and of my cup: Thou maintainest my lot. The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage."

I read of this dividing line, this measuring line, where one woman went to her father, to ask something of him. She said, "Give me a blessing?" "Well, and what do you require?" "Thou hast given me a south land." Pleasantly situated, with a southern aspect, in a nice position. Well, what more does she want? Why, it is a dry land—nice for the sun, but dry, so she says, "Give me also springs of water"; and the good man doubled the blessing, for "he gave her the upper and the nether springs," springs at both ends; it was a large and a good blessing. "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places." The springs flow both ways. A south land, where the streams flow not, a dried-up land, is very different from that where springs issue out of the rock, a well-watered land, the inhabitants of which can say, "Yea, I have a goodly heritage." "The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance, and of my cup: Thou maintainest my lot." What a *good* lot!

Turn to the third of Lamentations, and hear what the good man Jeremiah said, after a fit of unbelief and rebellion against the Lord's dealings, who, he thought, dealt hardly with him: "It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because His compassions fail not. They are new every morning: great is Thy faithfulness." Ah! just before, he said, "I am the man that hath seen affliction by the rod of His wrath." He felt as if he was God's mark; he felt to be one forsaken or hated by God. What a different song when God appeared. Poor Job said, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him," and Jeremiah, notwithstanding his unbelief, was brought to say, "The Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in Him." Blessed lot for those who can say, "The Lord is my portion, and my hope is in Him." My dear friends, God gives us Christ, and Himself in Christ; all His covenant blessings are in Christ. That is the lot of the righteous. "His covenant is ordered in all things and sure." "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose." "It

shall be well with the righteous, with them that fear God, with them who fear before Him."

"'Tis well with them while life endures,
And well when called to die."

God has pledged Himself, for, "Because He could swear by no greater, He swore by Himself: That by two immutable things in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us." Here, my dear friends, is the lot; we have God, His covenant, His promises, which are, "Yea and Amen in Christ Jesus, unto the glory of God by us." We are included in that measuring line; "For all the promises of God in Him are Yea, and in Him, Amen, to the glory of God by us." They were made *for us*, given in Christ to us, and God is faithful to His promises. Do not we sometimes bless Him for it? Yes, of course we do. "All Thy works praise Thee, O Lord, and Thy saints they shall bless Thee." They will put the crown upon His blessed head, whose "is the kingdom and the power, and the glory." Do we not give Him the pre-eminence? Yes, we do. God's gift, His only begotten Son, is the first born, we the younger children. It is a great favour to be reckoned among His tribe, His family. "Heirs with God, and joint heirs with Christ."

"For the rod of the wicked." The wicked one implies Satan; he will cast an envious eye at you if God loves you; he will have a spite against you, and he will dog your steps. If we are within the line, he hates us. What an envious eye Satan cast on Job. "Doth Job fear God for nought? Hast Thou not made a hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side?" Now, see how the Lord draws the hedge a little closer, leaving his family and his substance outside. Poor Job then stood stripped of his family and substance, but he said, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." Satan did not expect to get that reply. So he said, "Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath he will give for his life." Again the Lord draws the line a little closer round about the jewel, but leaves the frame outside. "Behold, he is in thine hand; but save his life." He had sore boils from head to foot, which made his life so miserable that he sat down upon a heap of ashes, and scraped himself with a potsherd, which made his agony more dreadful. But he said, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." "O that I knew where I might find Him!" What? Him! Yes, Him, that Him who seemed to have turned His back upon poor Job; yet Job knew he could find no better friend elsewhere.

"The rod of the wicked shall not *rest* upon the lot of the righteous." It may come upon it, as it came upon poor Job and his lot, but it did not *rest* there. The Lord brought him from under the rod of the wicked, the envy of the ungodly. "All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me," said the poor troubled Psalmist. But they shall not *rest* there; thank God for that. The stroke may sometimes come, and it may be heavy, but it shall not *rest* there. God used the Assyrian as a rod to afflict His people; and He said, "I gave the rod to chasten My people, because they had displeased Me, but you do not use it as for Me, for their good, but take pleasure in doing it, of your own will and delight to afflict My people, so I will break thy rod in pieces." Which He did, and so He will again. "The wrath of man shall praise Thee, and the remainder of wrath Thou shalt restrain." "For the rod of the wicked shall not rest upon the lot of the righteous." "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be moved, but abideth for ever." Do you not know what Paul says, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" The Lord Jehovah has fixed the Church on a firm and immovable Rock.

"And death and hell can do no more
Than what My Father please."

Devils obey His will, and so shall men. He has promised that He will be with His people, that He will never leave them, nor forsake them. "Lo, I am with you alway," and all needful good shall be given; as Paul says, "But my God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." That is a great mercy. The cup God gives us to drink is the cup of salvation; bless the Lord, friends, if He has put that cup into your hand; it is all right with you. The poet says truly—

"The way I walk can not be wrong,
If Jesus be but there."

We come to the right place, as soon as ever He steps into the boat; we are sure to end on the right side. "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." Oh, my friends, you will feel the rod of the wicked to be severely afflictive, and yet you must not lay it upon another. We do not, in our right mind, want to use carnal weapons—no, not upon an enemy; the Lord knows I do not want to dirty my hands with these weapons. If you pray instead of fight, you will win the battle, and they will not know how. Use that weapon, All-prayer, and what you cannot pray about you had better leave alone; if you use carnal weapons, you cannot rightly pray about it. The Lord will remove the rod of

the wicked, "Lest the righteous put forth their hands unto iniquity," or learn and practise the way of the wicked. You may safely leave these poor potsherds to strive alone; there they are in Satan's net, and it is through God's favour to us that we differ from them. We are not better by nature than they, nor even those in hell.

In your troubles and sorrows wait on the Lord; He will guide you, counsel you, and do you good, if you are His dear children. What more do you want? God said to the children of Israel, "Ye are to pass through the coast of your brethren, the children of Esau, but remember, I have given that land to Esau; meddle not with them; leave that inheritance to them, it is theirs." I hope you can say as I once did, "Lord, Esau may have it and welcome, I do not want any of his land; I only want to pass through it, I do not want to live in it, or to die in it." The Lord Himself shall choose the inheritance for Israel, better than with the measuring line of Edom. I only want to travel through the land, not to have my portion in it.

Some of us have tasted a little of these things by faith, and heartily approve the portion chosen for us by our Lord and King. May the Lord add His blessing, and He shall bear the glory.

A PANTING SPIRIT.

O FOR a spirit stayed on God,
And bound for things above;
Sweetly composed in pardoning blood,
And all dissolved in love.

But how my foolish, wavering mind
Roves from Immanuel's breast,
Leaves a bright heaven and God behind,
Yet vainly seeks for rest.

Sometimes it moves and sweetly soars,
And mounts the hill of light;
The realms of blessedness explores,
And feels a pure delight.

Again 'tis healed of every smart,
And beats for things divine;
Lord, take this strange, mysterious heart,
And sink it deep in Thine.

There may it lie entombed in love,
Absorbed in conquering grace,
From Thy dear bosom never rove,
But dwell in Thy embrace.

* * These verses were given me by the late C. Cordelier. He was very fond of them; but I do not know who their author is. R. F. R.

"A HOLY PRIESTHOOD."

"Ye also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house, an holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ."—1 PETER ii. 5.

WHEN we write a letter to a friend, we are careful that the address be correct, so Peter's epistle is addressed "to the strangers" scattered through various countries (see first chapter). Lively or living stones; when a wall, of any thickness, is built, the outside is laid with squared blocks of stone, between these the space is filled up with smaller stones; and mark this, ye little ones of Christ's flock, ye are one with the polished stones, and one with the Chief Corner Stone, even Jesus Christ. To you, as well as to them, it is written, "Wherefore gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ"; and however weak, and helpless, and vile, and unworthy you may feel to be in and of yourselves, yet almighty power and love are engaged for your defence. I have to put myself among the little insignificant stones, and often doubt whether I am even one of them; this verse came to me once—

"Thou canst overcome this heart of mine,
Thou wilt victorious prove;
For everlasting strength is Thine,
And everlasting love."

And the very thought that He would do so melted me down, for a heart that is prone to evil continually is my worst enemy. "An holy priesthood." What! are all God's people included therein? Yes, verily, for it is written, "And has made us unto our God kings and priests: and we shall reign on the earth" (Rev. v. 10). We must take particular notice of Peter's words touching this holy priesthood, because a certain priesthood is just now claiming relationship with Peter, which he would entirely repudiate. Whoever shall read attentively the Epistles of Peter, and observe the spirit that pervades every sentence of them, and then read the history of his pretended successors, must needs be convinced that on one side is Christ, and on the other Belial. Now, this holy priesthood is holy in two ways; it hath a High Priest who "by one offering hath perfected for ever all them that are sanctified" (Heb. x. 14), and as He Himself is perfectly holy, harmless, and undefiled, He hath imparted by His Spirit a measure of His holiness to every member of this priesthood, "to offer spiritual sacrifices." It is written, "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise." "Then shalt Thou be pleased with the

sacrifices of righteousness" (Psalm li. 17-19). If God is pleased with sacrifices of righteousness, O ye priests of Baal, how doth He regard the sacrifices ye have been offering for ages? is He pleased, think ye, with your murders and massacres innumerable? Surely the fires of Smithfield, the valleys of Piedmont, and the dungeons of the Inquisition shall be a witness against you, "when the earth shall no more cover her slain"; and when God shall make inquisition for blood, your secret holes and chambers of imagery shall be laid open and exposed before the whole universe. Then it shall appear that ye were not successors of Peter, but of Cain, of Balaam, of Achan, and of the traitor Judah Iscariot. And these words of Peter shall be verified in the case of all the chosen generation, and shall awfully echo throughout the regions of darkness, through eternal ages, to the everlasting dismay of religious idolaters, "We have not followed cunningly devised fables" (2 Peter i. 16).

J. J.

A LETTER OF SYMPATHY BY THE LATE MR. COVELL.

TO MRS. JAMES WILMSHURST, CRANBROOK.

DEAR FRIEND,—I can feel for you in the loss of your dear husband, but what a blessed exchange for him! How the Lord granted his desires by death! for that did more for him than all his prayers, hearing, or ordinances; for death put an end to time, and brought him into the presence and enjoyment of his God and the Lamb, whose praise he now sings with immortal tongue and lungs. Blessed man! For many years I had felt an union of soul to him as a man made tender in the fear of God; and though a man of but few words, yet his feet talked, and God loves broken hearts and humble walkers. There were two things that exercised his mind—whether he was really united to Christ? and whether he should endure to the end? What fears and anxieties about these things! So death proved his best friend, for it put an end to these questionings; and he now proves that, "They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy." Oh, to be followers of them "who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

May you, my friend, feel and prove you have an interest in his God, and find Him to be the Husband of the widow. Our days on earth are fast passing away; for "What is our life? It is even a vapour, that soon passes away." Oh, to have nothing to do but to die, and to realize, "I know in whom I have believed." May this be your happy state and end, is the desire of

Yours truly,

Croydon, September 25th, 1872.

F. COVELL.

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

To the Editor of the Sower.

MY DEAR MR. HULL,—I have thought of writing to you for a long time, but the fear of being, after all, deceived, has kept me from doing so, yet I feel I must tell you how I have sometimes enjoyed reading the "Seekers' Corner" in the SOWER. It is seven years since the dear Lord, I hope, made me feel in some measure what a sinner I was in His sight, and I felt I must sink at last into hell; but the Lord appeared unto me and said, "I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward," and under this assurance I felt I must confess Him before men, and I was baptized. But, dear sir, a few weeks afterward, this blessed assurance left me,* and I soon began to question if it was the work of the enemy and not of God, and I have never felt since then really sure that my name is in the Lamb's book of life; but I do earnestly desire to know this. I feel sure if the Lord has begun His work in my soul, He will carry it on; but dear sir, do you think He would leave me like this if I was His? I do so desire to hear Him say that He is mine and I am His. There have been many whom I have dearly loved called to die, and I feel if the Lord never speaks to me again, how can I face the monster death? I was reading the other day that the Lord's people love to think of death, and I felt how different I am. I have a dread of death more than anything else, at times; but if I knew I was a child of God I should long for it. What a sight it will be to see the King in His beauty. Oh, shall I see Him as my Saviour or as my Judge?

"How can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When Thou Thy people call!"

Dear sir, I must not write more. I do earnestly hope the dear Lord will bless you in health for many years, and may you enjoy His blessed smile.

So prays,

A SPARROW ALONE.

* When the Lord gives a testimony He never takes it away, although it may be hidden from our sight for a time; but He says, "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice." Seekers may have no special words applied for a long time even, but yet they will have a hope in the Lord's testimony concerning such, that they shall find the blessing they desire. He has said so. See Matt. v. 6, and vii. 7, and still seek on after Jesus. "He that believeth shall be saved."—ED.

DEAR SIR,—When I have the SOWER each month I always look for the "Seekers' Corner" first, and as I have been very much encouraged by reading what the Lord has done for others, I would like to write a little of His dealings with me.

Truly I can say as the Psalmist did, "The Lord hath done great things for me, whereof I am glad" (Psalm cxxvi.) He called me while young to leave the ways of sin and death, and to walk in the way which He has marked out for His people. He has revealed Himself to me as my Saviour, and also enabled me to follow Him in the ordinances of His house; and I would now—

"Tell to others round
What a dear Saviour I have found";

what a privilege I feel it to be that I am found among those people whose delight it is to serve the Lord. I would say—

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

I have proved Jesus to be my help in times of trouble and temptation. Sometimes when in any trouble, and I cannot quite understand all the way the Lord is leading me, it is a great comfort when He gives one of His precious promises to rest upon. I then feel I can leave all in His hands, who will only do what is best for His dear children. Now may the Lord bless every seeker and strengthen their hope in Him.

"If babes so many years ago
His tender pity drew,
He will not now let seekers go
Without a blessing too.

"For while His favour to implore,
Their youthful hands are spread,
He does His sacred blessing pour
Upon the seeker's head."

That the above may be of a little use to someone is the prayer of the writer.

London, June 5th, 1894.

MAY.

THE sufferings of hell can never make one convert to Jesus; the joys of heaven need not.—*Mason.*

WHEN a child of God looks up by faith to the glory of his Father's kingdom, he looks down with contempt upon the kingdom of this world.

THOUGHTS ON LAST LETTER.

DEAR brother, when I've had a dip
Into salvation's wells,
I've been constrained thus to rehearse
What sweetness in them dwells.

So sweet, that I have for a while
My poverty forgot,
And well I may, when I am led
Into my heavenly lot.

No limits can we ever trace,
Or set up any bound ;
Our riches are unsearchable
When we God's Christ have found.

But there are times, dear brother, when
I feel I am so dark,
I seem so void of any sign,
Yea, e'en one gracious mark.

Like you, I have to struggle on
And wrestle with the foe,
Not only from without—within
I find him active too.

I'm not so much upon the mount
As you may seem to think,
Because I write to you from thence,
But seldom when I sink.

But when the dew is on my leaf,
And fetters drop away,
'Tis then I give my friend a call
For converse by the way.

Upton Manor, June, 1892.

J. S.

WHY is the victory over this world ascribed to faith ? Because, through faith in Jesus, the Christian enters upon the possession of the kingdom of heaven. This kills the love of this world in his heart, and overcomes the powers of the world in his life.

SINCE Jesus ever lives to pray for us at the right hand of God, why then need a Christian pray for himself ? His Father loves to hear His children's voice, therefore He commands it. His children love to obey God, draw nigh to, and converse with Him, therefore they pray to Him. All the younger brethren of Jesus on earth delight to join their petitions to their Elder Brother's intercessions in glory.

The Sower, October, 1894.



DANIEL HERBERT.

DANIEL HERBERT.

THIS plain, faithful, and unadorned preacher of the Gospel and writer of sweet hymns and poems (as a former editor of the *Gospel Magazine* styles him) was born at Sudbury, in Suffolk, in 1751. He was greatly tried by a long series of losses and crosses in mind, body, and circumstances, as well as in his family. Two of his daughters were blind, Sarah and Hannah, but these with their younger sister, Jemima, were all godly women. One daughter married James Groom, a well-known writer in the *Gospel Magazine*, whose long-afflicted daughter still lives at Wisbech. He had also three sons. He was a preacher in and around Sudbury, among the Calvinistic Independents, sometimes going into Lincolnshire and sometimes to Liverpool, where he had friends who valued the Gospel he proclaimed. As the sweet and precious account of his last days and entrance into glory have appeared not long since in the *SOWER*, I need not again record it here, but present the reader with what I have been able to collect from his own pen.

November, 1819.—"I trust you have no objection to acknowledge with me the freeness of that grace that has reached our hearts. Free it is as the rain from the clouds, and as uncontrollable as the winds, whose gentle whisper at times is heard amidst the rustling leaves, while at another its irresistible power is felt and shown by the uprooted tree; for while a sweet, soft breeze opens the heart of Lydia, a rough blast tears the poor Philippian gaoler up root and branch, yet both were by the same Spirit and lead to the same end. While thousands are boasting of free will, may we be led to boast of free grace, believing that our God is justly merciful in calling us, and mercifully just in saving us. 'O to grace how great a debtor,' is often your song as well as mine. I would tell you what wonders God has wrought for my soul, and the various vicissitudes He has led me through, from a state of independence to almost beggary, from a state of prosperity to adversity; but having obtained help of God I continue to this day, with a warm desire to tell others what God has done for my soul. I have a few poor troubled, tried outcasts that I speak to on a Sabbath evening in Sudbury, but I am much opposed, being called by many, but proved by none, Antinomian. Blessed be God, I have got a Bible, and when my Lord is pleased to shine upon it, I can credit what my Father has declared, that 'the righteous shall never be moved,' and I trust, amongst those constituted righteous in the eye of Jehovah, stands the name of the poor scribbler."

January, 1822.—I am conscious of having but one thing to recommend me, God has made me honest, for my whole

dependence is upon my God, who led me to wrestle with Him for what I deliver forth to others. I know my dear Lord sometimes makes use of poor weak, contemptible instruments to accomplish His great and glorious designs, and if my poor unpolished and unstudied addresses are approved of by the people of God, then I am sure my God is entitled to all the glory. Tribulation, you know, is our heavenly Father's legacy. But is that all? No! no! That God who weighs and measures our tribulations counteracts them by saying, 'Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God: I will help thee.' I want to live upon such precious declarations, believing the world to be overcome, sin and hell subdued, redemption completed, salvation secured, the law fulfilled, justice satisfied, the debt paid, and God well pleased for His own righteousness' sake and well pleased with me, being clothed with it."

July, 1830.—"I have sweet anticipation of visiting West Deeping once more, but whether my heavenly Father has so appointed it I cannot determine, but I hope I am enabled to say, 'O my dear Father, not my will but Thine be done, and make me contented.' I feel so sensible of my inabilities and infirmities, for I am really a poor old helpless, forlorn man, but I hope to declare what God shall put into my mouth, and leave the event with Him, knowing, I trust, experimentally, that the words of our mouth and the answer of the tongue are both alike from the Eternal Jehovah. I want Him to whisper into my soul and say, 'Go, and My presence shall go with thee, and I will be with thee where thou goest, and I will bring thee back.' You see, I want both a wet fleece and a dry one to encourage my poor doubting mind."

May, 1832.—"God has been pleased to lay me by as a poor helpless, destitute sinner, sometimes contending, like mistaken Jacob, that all these things were against me, afflicted in body, distressed in mind, my poor dear wife and daughter and myself all afflicted at the same time. I have sometimes feared I should be smothered in the Slough of Despond; yet my precious Lord was pleased to hold me up by saying to my poor disconsolate mind, 'Fear not, I have redeemed thee, thou art Mine; I will surely deliver thee, thou shalt not fall.' I have often felt myself just on the borders of despair, but at other times, blessed be my Almighty Friend, I have been the happiest man living, knowing, feeling, and believing, it would soon be better with me than now. I have sometimes been enabled to look forward for my next estate, when I know I shall be far more rich than I am now poor, far more happy than I am now miserable, far more blessed than I am now distressed. Sometimes my dear Father has favoured me with that faith that I

found to be the substance of things hoped for. I am now kneeling upon a chair with a pillow to scrawl this with a trembling hand, a weak body, and mental pain, but it is my mercy to know that my Redeemer liveth and I am hoping and longing and waiting to hear my precious Saviour say to me, 'Come up hither.' I am weary of this wretched world, I am weary of sinful self and all below the skies. Last February, when I fixed the time for my much anticipated visit to Deeping, I felt so well and hearty. My very heart and soul's desire is that God may bless you for time and eternity, and when you arrive at that glorious city where Jesus reigns, you will find poor Herbert there."

He died August 29th, 1833. Drawing near his end, he said, "It will soon be over, redeemed by precious blood, saved by sovereign grace, rich and free. Come, Lord, with Thy smiles and take Thy poor servant home." R. F. R.

A SONG OF THANKSGIVING.*

Now is my heart enlarged! My tongue shall sing:
The matchless grace of Zion's God and King
Shall be my blissful theme! My sweet employ
Shall be to praise His name in songs of joy!
He saw my sad condition; knew my grief;
Answered my prayers, and quickly sent relief.
Help followed thus: I laid me down to rest
On New Year's Eve, but feeling much oppress
By mental gloom and illness, failed to sleep,
Yielded to sorrow, and began to weep.
Said I, "O Lord, attend unto my prayer;
Grant me a blessing for the coming year.
With some sweet token of Thy mercy bless,
List to my cries, and my complaint redress."
My prayer was heard, and by a welcome friend,
He kindly deigned me present help to send.
The blessing I received with glad surprise,
And praised His holy name with streaming eyes.

While musing on the goodness of the Lord,
There crossed my mind this passage from His Word:
"They that unto the sea in ships go down,
And business do where heaving billows frown—
These see Jehovah's wonders in the deep,"
Whose mighty power alone their bounds doth keep.
Thought I, "Ah! then He brings into a strait
Ere He reveals His loving-kindness great;
That so His mercy we might higher prize
By having all escape hid from our eyes."

West Brighton.

R. E. HARDING.

* These lines were occasioned by a particular providence which occurred to the writer, January 1st, 1876.

"GRIEVE NOT THE HOLY SPIRIT."

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED AT PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, CROYDON, BY MR. M. J. TRYON, FEBRUARY 7TH, 1894.

"And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption."—EPHESIANS iv. 30.

IF I did not feel sure I stood before praying people, I dare not attempt to speak from such words as these. The reason I have taken this text is, because these words and the context have been very much on my mind ever since I came to Croydon. On Monday I felt persuaded I should have to preach from them, though I have felt the greatest fear of doing so, as though one dare not take such words. But I have found, as I have found before, when my will has been bent to God's, the cloud has been removed. I went into my room before coming here, feeling I must try and take this text, and as I began to feel I could pray again, I felt some hope that God would help me to speak from these words. I do not suppose anyone in the chapel can realize how I feel to need wisdom and help from God. I hope I have, in some measure, been made to feel an earnest desire not to 'handle the Word of God deceitfully.' Oh, what a solemn thing to be a minister of God's Gospel, to speak in the presence of God, and from such solemn words as these! We know we live in a day when people cannot bear to hear the preceptive part of the Word spoken of. What a solemn thing for the Church to be a clog to the ministers! My dear friends, if your soul is not from time to time moulded, in some measure, into the preceptive form of the Word, you have no evidence that you are born again. If no one else in the chapel loves the preceptive part of the Word, all I can say is, at times I love it from my very heart, though I have to hang down my head with shame, because my life is so little in harmony with it. But that is no reason why we should not preach it.

As God shall help me, I will speak from these solemn words this evening, "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption." Let us look for a few minutes at "the day of redemption"; then at what is meant by being "sealed unto the day of redemption"; and then we will take up the exhortation.

"The day of redemption" here evidently means the consummation of redemption, the final completion of redemption. You know, dear friends, your bodies are as much redeemed as your souls. God the Son took a human soul and body, that He might redeem your soul and body, and that He might present you, soul, body, and spirit, to the Father without spot or wrinkle.

The work of redemption will not be consummated till that wonderful day comes, when Jesus Christ will take His bride, and present her to the Father, "not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing." It is a redemption from hell, a redemption from under the curse of God's most holy law, which we are all under by nature; a redemption *from* sin and all its consequences; and a redemption *to* unbroken communion and fellowship with the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. What a wonderful thing redemption is! Now do you think that anyone is able to redeem his own soul? Do you think that anyone has any hand whatever in his own redemption? I do not; I believe that Christ wrought redemption, and is a living Redeemer. I believe that Jesus Christ came into this world, that having obeyed the law, He suffered death and rose again, and ascended to the right hand of God, and is waiting there till all His enemies be put under His feet. Who are His enemies? The enemies of His people. Death shall be put under His feet, Satan shall be put under His feet, sin shall be put under His feet, sorrow shall be put under His feet; and His Church shall be brought out of this world, brought out of temptation, brought out of the fires, brought out of all sorrow, and landed in eternal glory. What a wonderful thing it will be to get to heaven! What a wonderful thing it will be if *you*—if *I*—get to heaven! I am amazed at the hardness of my heart, that I can have a hope of getting to heaven, and at the same time retain a hard heart. But I thank God that my heart is not always hard. I thank God that His blessed Gospel sometimes softens my heart. The very hope of getting to heaven softens my heart, and the prospect of being set free from the hell within, free from all sin, fills my heart with joy. Oh, my friends, have you ever thought of what it will be to drop "the body of this death"? Have you ever thought that—

"The death that puts an end to life
Will put an end to sin"?

I have sometimes felt I could die in hope, when favoured a little to realize the truth of those two lines. Yes—

"The death that puts an end to life
Will put an end to sin."

Every child of God wants to get rid of sin, though he is a sinner with an evil nature. When grace affects the soul, one of the first things that the sinner wants is, to get rid of sin; he wants to be freed from the guilt of sin, from the power of sin, and from the consequences of sin. One of the most bitter consequences of sin, that I can conceive, is, being banished for

ever from the presence of God. I have told God many times, that I could not live in hell, I could not live where I could never pray to Him. And you know the consummation of redemption is this—unbroken communion, eternal fellowship, and perfect liberty of spirit in the presence of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

People are "sealed to the day of redemption" by the Spirit of God, when they are taken possession of by God the Holy Ghost. A thing is said to be sealed when it receives the mark or impress of a seal. They are, so to speak, stamped by the Spirit of God; His mark is put upon them, like we read, in Ezekiel, of the man clothed in linen, with an inkhorn, who was to set a mark upon the foreheads of those who sighed for the abominations done in the land. The Holy Ghost takes, and marks certain people. Sometimes they can read their own marks, and that is a blessed sealing. But sometimes others can read their marks, though they cannot read them themselves. And sometimes they are hidden characters, but God can see them. How I have rejoiced in this—God can see His mark on me, if I cannot see it myself. When a shepherd marks his sheep, he can pick them out, and tell them from all others; and God knows His sheep. People are sealed by the Spirit of God, when they are born again by the Spirit of God, when their hearts are opened by the Spirit of God. What a mercy if your heart has been made attentive to the things of God, this is one part of the sealing. What a mercy if you are hungering and thirsting for Jesus Christ, that is part of the sealing. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." No one yet ever hungered and thirsted after righteousness, who was not sealed. If you have ever been favoured to pick up some handfuls of purpose when hearing the Gospel, that was a sealing. If ever in the ministry of the Word your heart has been softened, and prayer drawn out, there was a sealing. You may have been some Gentile dog in your feelings, altogether an outcast, yet perhaps God has allowed you to pick up some crumbs from the Master's table; you have been sealed then. The work is confirmed again and again by the Spirit of God, and thus the sealing goes on. Some of you, my friends, know what this blessed confirming is. You may receive some blessing from God, and in your feelings, you have like Elijah to "go in the strength of that meat forty days." Or you may get into the place described in the words that God puts into the mouth of His people—"Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, My way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God?" (Isaiah xl. 27.) Yet the poor soul cannot help

thinking that it is so, you are cast down and sorely oppressed. You may be brought to the place where Hezekiah was, when he cried out, "O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me." But if you are in any of these low places, and the Lord draws near, and gives you one more blessing, how it seals your soul. Fresh mercies and fresh deliverances always seem to throw up a light on our path. You are not anxious about the past then, it all looks clear; but when we are in the dark, the past looks all clouded, and at last the poor soul has to leave the past alone, and to come to the Lord, like a poor empty-handed beggar, and ask the Sun of Righteousness to shine upon him. And when He does shine, all the crooked things are made straight at once, and you feel, as I heard a person say, "I believe I shall get to heaven after all."

Before we pass on, I want to say this to you, Do not despise the day of small things. Be very thankful for little helps. God gave me a very solemn lesson about this; it was as though God said to me, "If you despise the day of small things, you shall have no small things to despise." I used to call it godly jealousy to put away little helps and touches I had, because they did not come with that clearness and power some others had. But I would say to you, Be thankful to God for the least touch. Thank Him for what He has done, be it ever so little. If you have ever had a soft heart, if you have ever felt a little breaking in of life, be thankful. Do not despise the day of small things. I hope I practise what I preach in this respect. I sometimes read my Bible, and I do not look so much as I used to do for the Word to come with marked power. But sometimes I find my soul praying over the Word, "Lord, do bend my will to Thy Word." You may say, "Is that all your religion?" Well, my friends, I am very thankful for that, I am very thankful that I am not quite dead. I value power, but I have learned to be very thankful for even a day of small things.

The Holy Ghost is the Person who "seals unto the day of redemption." "That we should be to the praise of His glory, who first trusted in Christ. In whom ye also trusted, after that ye heard the word of truth, the Gospel of your salvation; in whom also after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise. Which is the earnest of our inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession, unto the praise of His glory." This is exactly the same truth over again. Any and every time your poor soul is sealed, or confirmed, or revived, or renewed by the Spirit of God, it is God's earnest to you, that you shall come one day into possession of the whole inheritance. Some time ago I was astonished at the death-bed of a dear friend, with the thought that all her religion seemed reduced to such a

small focus—a simple, naked venturing on to Christ, or else she would be lost. I thought, what a tiny link connects us with eternal life; what a little focus religion is brought into—venturing on to an unseen Christ. No person like that will be lost.

"And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption." If men will wrest the Scriptures of God to their own destruction, we must leave them. One thing I am sure of, you cannot lose redemption. Such is the grace of Jehovah, that not one of His people can ever forfeit redemption. You cannot sell your birthright, you are born into this world to be made manifest in due time an heir of God. His eye has been on you from all eternity. You were chosen in the Son, by God the Father, redeemed by the Son of God, and in due time taken possession of by the Holy Ghost. Some may say, "Well, if I believed in that religion, I should live as I like, and not trouble about it at all." My dear friend, if you really in your heart reason like that, let me tell you, you have no scriptural evidence of being one of the redeemed. No child of God would ever speak like that, it is the language of an unredeemed soul, so far as he is manifested at present.

But though you cannot lose your redemption, you may lose your seal, you may lose your comfort, you may lose the gracious renewings of the Holy Ghost, you may lose His gracious revivings, you may lose the earnest by grieving the Holy Spirit. It is a very small matter to me whether you call this legality or not, I am certain it is the truth. If you grieve the Holy Spirit of God you lose your seal, you lose your comfort, you lose that satisfaction, peace, and joy which properly belong to you. I cannot do as some people do, when they ascribe all their coldness and darkness to the sovereignty of the Holy Ghost. I have not so learned Christ. One of the most stinging words at times to me is, "Hast thou not procured this unto thyself?" (Jer. ii 17,) and I am obliged to confess I have. But what a mercy, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John i. 9), but not while you justify yourself.

In connection with not grieving the Holy Spirit, the Apostle is writing not so much to individuals as to the Church, the whole body of Christ. At the commencement of the chapter he says, "I beseech you, that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called." Are you walking worthy of that vocation? Am I walking worthy of that vocation? Have we any realizing sense of that vocation? It is a redemption vocation. Are you walking like an heir of heaven? Are you walking like a person who has any hope that when he has done with time he shall enter eternal glory? Are we walking like people who have any hope that God

so loved us, that He sent His Son into the world that we should not perish, but have everlasting life? Are you and I walking worthy of such an honourable vocation as this? How many of us must hang down our heads, and plead guilty of unworthy walking. Specially in reference to our connection one with another. I have thought so much about this—the present state of the Church of God viewed in its scriptural aspect as "one body." When we speak of the Church we mean "the living in Jerusalem," they constitute the body of Jesus Christ. I want my heart enlarged to love all who love Jesus Christ in sincerity. I want to live in the affections of God's people, and I want them to live in my affections. The Apostle speaks of the Church as a body, and different persons as members of the body, and he says one member cannot suffer without the whole body's suffering. O my dear friends, think of it. "Suffer the word of exhortation," not for your own personal comfort merely, but for the sake of the whole body. Do you not see what need there is for us "to exhort one another daily," lest we grieve the Holy Spirit? Would to God we had more love for one another, that if we see a brother erring, we might go and tell him, and not go and talk about his failings to others in such a way as to show our own great superiority. If you see a brother erring, go and try and show him the error of his ways, and especially try to pray for him. Oh, I do love to think of the Church of God as a body, and all the members fitted in, not by themselves, but wholly by God. And the more feeble parts are necessary, the little finger is necessary or the body would not be perfect. What need there is for us to listen to this word of exhortation! The same word that is translated exhortation, is elsewhere translated consolation. Here is sweet consolation, "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed." It points out to you where you have gone wrong. The Lord speaks as a kind Father, and tells you it will not be for your spiritual welfare to grieve the Holy Spirit, He tells you to be tender. Then the soul says, "Lord, do make me tender, help me ever to remember Thy Word, and to act on it." "For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself" (Romans xiv. 7). The whole Church of God has, or ought to have, an interest in your spiritual welfare, and you as members of the Church ought to have a hearty interest in the spiritual welfare of every other member. If this is not the case there is a bone out of joint, and then there is inflammation, there is friction, there is pain. How important it is for us to take heed to the Word of God; my dear friends, do take heed to it. "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God."

Then to notice one other thought. I am afraid there are many people, and many of the Lord's people, who, though they

dare not do it openly, do in spirit (let me with all reverence say it) charge God with being legal. The Holy Ghost says to these people, "Put off the old man which is corrupt, according to the deceitful lusts, and put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness" (Eph. iv. 22, 24), and in spirit they call this legal. I can only pray to God to teach me, and to help me to "put off the old man, and put on the new." By "putting off the old man," I in part understand this—putting off those sins that feed the old man, and strengthen him; those lusts, those sins, those evil spirits, that worldly-mindedness that strengthen the old man. Try and read your Bibles, search the Scriptures, you little know what there is between the covers of your Bible. Yesterday this verse cut me to the quick, "But David waxed stronger and stronger, and the house of Saul waxed weaker and weaker" (2 Sam. iii. 1). I felt I could only confess my sad state and say, "It is not true of me, Lord, make it true, I find just the reverse; Lord, wilt Thou turn the battle for me? wilt Thou let me manifestly see in my own heart, the house of Saul getting weaker and weaker, and the house of David getting stronger and stronger?" "Put off the old man." Put off all those things that tend to feed the flesh, put off all party-spirit, put off all evil jealousies and surmisings, put off all false humility; and "put on the new man," put on bowels of tenderness, put on those things that strengthen the new man; especially put on prayer, put on the shield of faith and hope. There is no religion without prayer. So glad am I when I find my heart helped to pray; I am glad when in public prayer I can feel that the Lord is present with the people, to hear united supplication; and in secret, when I can feel alone with God, and pour out my heart to Him. You pant after that sort of religion, aim after it, seek after it, persevere after it. If you are indulging the flesh, you are grieving the Holy Spirit. If you are trying to get to heaven, and at the same time are sailing as near the world as possible, depend upon it, you are grieving the Holy Spirit of God, and sooner or later you must suffer; you lose your seal, and you are unable to fill your place in the body, and so the whole body suffers (see 1 Cor. xii. 25, 26). Oh, may God deliver you from the world! I appeal to you, my friends, for the sake of your families, for the sake of the Church, keep clear of the world. I am not going to particularize things, but I am persuaded of this, God has, so to speak, put the Red Sea of redemption behind you, to separate you from the Egyptian world, and you are grieving the Holy Spirit if you are looking back over the Red Sea, and longing for the onions and garlick of Egypt. People do not like to hear these things spoken of; they say, "Oh, let us

have doctrine, let us have experience, but we do not want to hear anything about the precepts." God says to you to-night in His Word, and He says to the preacher quite as much as to you, and he has heard His Word, "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God." All I can say is, "Lord, I am guilty; Lord, I have erred, teach me how to 'put off the old man which is corrupt, according to the deceitful lusts,' and teach me how to 'put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness,' and then 'restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation, and uphold me with Thy free Spirit!'" (Psalm li. 12).

"Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption." And you see from the words immediately following, how the subject is handled by the Holy Ghost, still keeping up the connection which exists between each member of the body. "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you with all malice. And be ye kind to one another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." Would to God He would give us bowels of compassion! I cannot do with that hard spirit, I cannot do with that judging spirit some show. I feel I want such bowels of mercy, I want such abundant mercy from Jesus Christ, that I must be merciful to others. I cannot always be looking out for the mote in my brother's eye, I want to see the beam in my own and cast that out, and then by that time, perhaps, I shall not be able to see any mote in my brother's. "And be ye kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving one another." Is not that good advice? They are the words of God—"Be tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." May the Lord add His own blessing.

"MORE LIGHT, LORD."—Prayer supplies a leverage for the uplifting of ponderous truths. One marvels how the stones of Stonehenge could have been set in their places; it is even more to be inquired after whence some men obtained such admirable knowledge of mysterious doctrines: was not prayer the potent machinery which wrought the wonder? Waiting upon God often turns darkness into light. Persevering inquiry at the sacred oracle uplifts the veil, and gives grace to look into the deep things of God. A certain Puritan divine at a debate was observed frequently to write upon the paper before him; upon others curiously seeking to read his notes, they found nothing upon the page but the words, "More light, Lord," "More light, Lord," repeated scores of times: a most suitable prayer for the student of the Word.

THE MANNA GATHERERS.

ALTHOUGH the rebellion of the children of Israel is not, by any means, to be justified, yet, looking at matters in a merely human point of view, their fears about provision for so vast a multitude, standing as they did upon the edge of a wide-spread, barren wilderness or desert, are easily to be accounted for. We leave out, for a moment, for argument's sake, the faith, trust, or dependence bestowed upon them, and by the great principles of which they were to be actuated.

The reader is reminded that they were a special people, and were under the covenanted influence of a special Power, ensuring both provision and protection. This was Jehovah's pledge on their behalf; and this pledge, coupled with all the Lord did for Israel both before and upon their leaving Egypt, renders their forgetfulness, ingratitude, and rebellion the more heinous. Considering what they had personally witnessed in regard to the plagues upon Pharaoh and his people, and their entire destruction, over which they had just so recently rejoiced, the utterance of Israel, to say the least, was sinful to the last degree. We read that it was only on the fifteenth day of the second month after their departure out of the land of Egypt that "the whole congregation of the children of Israel murmured against Moses and Aaron in the wilderness; and the children of Israel said unto them, Would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the flesh pots, and when we did eat bread to the full; for ye have brought us forth into this wilderness, to kill this whole assembly with hunger" (Exod. xvi. 2, 3). We repeat that, taking into consideration the striking facts of which they had personally been the eye-and-ear-witnesses, and that all was in precise accordance with the fore-showing of the Most High, as to what should verily take place, the conduct of Israel was most base and unbecoming. The so recent occurrence of these events renders their distrust and rebellion the more marked and God-dishonouring. Alas! reader, this is but too true a setting forth of what our poor fallen nature is capable. The more striking the divine deliverances, the more subtle the suggestions of Satan, and the greater the scepticism of the human heart. It was under this two-fold influence, Satan and themselves, that Israel fell into the spirit of carnal reasoning as to how so great a number—six hundred thousand strong, beside children, and a mixed multitude—were to be sustained in a bleak, barren, waste, howling wilderness? We repeat that this was only natural. It is just the way in which poor fallen man calculates and argues.

But now, reader, mark the character, the compassion, the care

of Him of whom it is most emphatically declared that "like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust." In spite of the fact of what He had pledged Himself to be to, and to do for, Israel, and notwithstanding, likewise, the so marked and gracious way in which He had acted on their behalf—so distinct from His dealings with the Egyptians—immediately upon the base ingratitude and distrust of Israel we read, "Then said the Lord unto Moses, Behold, I will rain bread from heaven for you; and the people shall go out and gather a certain rate every day, that I may prove them, whether they will walk in My law, or no."

Moreover, to show the ever-constant mindfulness of the Lord, and His never-failing kindness and care over Israel, it was to be a daily supply. If, in doubt of to-morrow's provision, they gathered an overplus to-day, that overplus would breed worms and stink by the morrow. Further, the supply was to be according to their need. "He that gathered much had nothing over, and he that gathered little had no lack; they gathered every man according to his eating." Again, in order to assert His right to, and purpose for, the Sabbath, the Lord ordained that Israel should find a double supply on the sixth day; and, in direct opposition to other days, what remained over and above their use on the sixth day did not breed worms and stink. Here was a display both of divine sovereignty and Fatherly care and consideration. The teaching therefrom is embodied in the following well-known lines—

"Day by day the manna fell;
Oh, to learn that lesson well!
'Day by day' the promise reads;
Daily strength for daily needs."

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST.

MOST readers have read of the rock of Gibraltar. It is a high, rugged rock, being connected with Spain only by a low, narrow isthmus. This isthmus, and the whole rock, are completely undermined, so as to form underground magazines and batteries.

Two soldiers were one night guarding the passage under the isthmus, when an officer returned from the main land, and demanded the watch word. One of the sentinels had just become a Christian, and deeply absorbed in his meditations on the love of Christ, exclaimed, "The precious blood of Christ." Then immediately recollecting himself, he replied correctly. But his words, "the precious blood of Christ," were not lost on

his companion. They brought relief to his burdened heart, he found his Saviour, and soon after being sent to Ceylon, he obtained a discharge from the army and completed the translation of the Bible into the language of the Ceylonese.

Ah! to how many aching hearts have those words, "The precious blood of Christ" brought relief. When the soul has been wrung with anguish on account of its sins, when it has quailed before its offended God, and nothing seemed left but despair—despair, how have those words, the precious blood of Christ, burst in like sunshine through the clouds, and diffused a peace passing all understanding. "Tell us that again," cried the Greenlanders, as the faithful Moravians preached to them of this precious blood. "Oh, that is the very Saviour I have all my life been seeking," exclaimed the Hindoo, who for years had rolled himself on the ground, and now first heard of Jesus from the lips of Schwartz. The precious blood of Christ! How many sins has it covered! How many sorrows wiped away! How many tear-streams dried! What but this "can do helpless sinners good?"

DESIRES OF THE HEART.

PRECIOUS JESUS, Lamb of God,
Shelter me beneath Thy blood :
From all sin I would be free ;
Lamb of God, to Thee I flee.

Thou dost pardon rebels base,
Magnify in me Thy grace :
Take me to Thy open breast ;
Lamb of God, give me Thy rest.

Wash me in Thy blood once spilt,
Purge me from all spot of guilt :
Seal my pardon on my heart ;
Lamb of God, Thy peace impart.

Free me from each earthly snare,
Let me in Thy mercy share :
Fix my heart on things above ;
Lamb of God, give me Thy love.

On Thee I by faith would live,
To Thee all myself would give :
Still do Thou my strength renew ;
Lamb of God, lead safely through.

Give me foretastes of that home
Where I hope ere long to come ;
And when death tides o'er me roll,
Lamb of God, receive my soul.

A GATHERED LAMB.

THIS short account of the Lord's goodness and mercy manifested to our dear daughter, Edith Kate Stock, is given with the hope that the Holy Spirit may bless it to the encouragement of parents and friends to remember those that are dear to them at a throne of grace.

Dear Katie was born at Leicester, on November 18th, 1875. When a child she was very passionate, and we often had to reprove her on account of it; but as she got older she grew out of it, and became a very thoughtful, affectionate, and obedient child. When very young she would sit and read the fourteenth chapter of John's Gospel over and over again, always reading it aloud. She thought it was the nicest chapter in the Bible, and I believe some portion of it was made a great blessing to her during the last few days of her life.

Dear Katie was a scholar in Zion Chapel Sunday School for some time, but when about twelve years of age she had an attack of measles, and as she did not seem at all strong, we thought it advisable to keep her away from school. She suffered very much from neuralgia and indigestion, which we think were the means of bringing her system down so low. In January, 1892, she began to be troubled with a cough, and thinking at first it was only an ordinary cough, we tried a great many simple remedies, but they proved useless, so we then called in a doctor, who attended her for some time, but she did not receive much benefit. We then decided for her to go away for a change of air, the doctor thinking this might prove beneficial to her. We took her to Barmouth for three weeks, and though she seemed to gain a little strength while staying there, her cough was very distressing, and she became very depressed in her mind, so I asked her several times what it was that so depressed her; her only answer was that her cough seemed getting worse, and she felt so low in her mind. I was not aware then that the Lord had begun to work effectually in her soul, although it was a continual source of anxiety to me, wishing many times she was not so reserved.

Two days after returning home from Barmouth, dear Katie was taken much worse, so we called in another doctor, who, after examining her, said the symptoms were very grave, and he was afraid she was going to have an attack of typhoid fever, but it turned to pneumonia. She was very poorly for some weeks, during which time the doctor frequently examined her, and found that her right lung was affected. This, of course, distressed me very much, and I felt sure she had symptoms of consumption, so I begged of the Lord, if it was His will, to restore her again; if

not, that He would make it manifest that she was one of His dear children. The doctor then advised us to take her into the country; so we went to Kirby Muxloe for five weeks, but she did not receive any lasting benefit.

Dear Katie was always pleased to go to chapel when she had the opportunity, and often fretted when she was not able to go on account of her health. I believe the Lord had bestowed upon her a very tender conscience, as she seemed as though she could not enter into the pleasures of the world as many young people do, being always afraid of doing anything that was wrong. Although my nature shrank from the thought of losing our dear child, I felt an inward persuasion that the Lord would make it manifest in His own time that He had a purpose of mercy towards her. My faith being strengthened by the application of several promises concerning her: thus, "Have faith in God," and, "The child shall die an hundred years old," being continually brought to my mind, I felt sure the Lord would fulfil His own word.

Dear Katie would talk to me at times about things in a general way, but I longed for the time to come when she would be able to say something to me about her own personal state. Knowing that religion is a personal matter, it was my continual prayer to the Lord that He would remember our dear child with the favour that He bears to His own people, and visit her with His salvation.

Some weeks before she died there was a little circumstance occurred which gave me to hope dear Katie was a child of prayer. She had been out for a walk one day, and when she returned home she laid a particular article down on the table, which was afterwards lost. I kept asking the Lord to direct us to the place where we might find it, and on the third day after it was lost I found it in quite an unexpected place. I went to her with it in my hand, and she burst into tears, saying, "I have just been asking the Lord to direct us to the place where we might find it." She seemed quite overcome with the Lord's goodness in hearing and answering prayer, which made us shed tears together. I said to her, "What a mercy for us that the Lord hears and answers prayer; and surely if He takes notice of such small matters, will He not take notice of things concerning our immortal souls?"

As time passed on, it became more evident that poor Katie was gradually getting weaker, and that there was no hope whatever of her recovery. My anxieties about her soul grew more and more intense, until I felt I must put the question to her about her eternal welfare. About three weeks before she died—not knowing then her time would be so short upon earth—we

were sitting alone one evening, and I said to her, "My dear, have you any hope of going to heaven when you die?" and she said, "I hope I have." I said, "Do you feel you 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?"

She replied, "I think I can." Then she began to open her mind to me, and tell me how that when we were at Barmouth she felt such a wretched, miserable sinner, and that the Lord would send her into hell on account of her sins. Of course I could understand then how it was she was so depressed in her mind at that time. She then told me of the hope the Lord gave her several months previous to her death, as she was sitting alone one morning watching the sparrows in the garden. She thought how the Lord cared for the sparrows and provided for them; she felt the Lord would care for her, and the words came, "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." She felt such happiness in her soul that she had never done before; she thought it must be from the Lord, as her burden seemed in a measure removed from her. I felt my heart go up in thankfulness to the Lord for what he had done for her, and begged of Him to finish the work which I trust He had begun.

After this, dear Katie was led to converse with me about the exercises of her soul. One morning, when I went into her bedroom, she seemed very much cast down, and I asked her how she felt in her mind. She said, "I feel that I hav'n't a word to say this morning," her countenance looking so sad. I tried to ask the Lord to manifest Himself unto her again, and show her another token for good. After awhile I went into her bedroom again, and she said, "Oh, mother, I have had such a visit from the Lord; those words have come with such sweetness, 'I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.'" It seemed then that her sorrow was turned into joy, and the sweetness of those words never left her.

About a week before dear Katie died, the doctor said he had done all he could for her, and we could only try to relieve her sufferings and do what we could to comfort her. She said, "I am quite prepared for what he has said." The only trouble was the thought of leaving her mother behind, as she knew it would be such a trial to me; but even this was taken away in a measure by the hope of meeting each other again, as the parting would not be for long. On Sunday afternoon our dear friend

Mrs. Baker came in, and was very pleased to hear dear Katie express herself in the way she did. On another occasion when I went into her room, she said, "Oh, mother, I feel persuaded more and more that if I am saved it must be through the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ and what He has done, as I cannot do anything myself towards my own salvation." I repeated those lines—

" 'Tis not for good deeds,
Good tempers, nor frames ;
From grace it proceeds,
And all is the Lamb's."

She said, "No, I am sure it is not." At another time she said those words were so sweet to her, "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from before the foundation of the world." At another time she said, "Oh, mother, I have had such a faith's view of the Lord Jesus Christ dying for my sins upon Calvary. Oh, what happiness it brings to my soul ; what a glorious sight it is !" I felt sure in my mind that dear Katie would not be with us much longer, and I felt anxious that our dear pastor should see her. When I mentioned it to her she seemed so afraid ; one reason being on account of her dreadful weakness, and another she was afraid she should not have anything to say ; but I tried to encourage her by telling her the Lord was all-sufficient, He could both give her strength and enable her to speak to him of what the Lord had done for her.

On Tuesday evening our dear friend, Mrs. Bentley, called, and she mentioned it to Katie about Mr. Hazlerigg coming to see her, and I said that I should like him to come, to which dear Katie consented. When Mrs. Bentley went away, Katie wished her good-bye, asking her to give her love to their children, and tell them she hoped she should meet them all in heaven. On the following morning dear Katie told me she had asked the Lord, if it was His will that Mr. Hazlerigg should come, He would take all fear away and enable her to speak to him. In a short time after our dear pastor came, and the Lord had heard and answered her prayer, for as soon as dear Katie heard his voice all fear was gone, and her breathing was more comfortable. She was very pleased to see him, and enjoyed his visit very much.* Mr. Hazlerigg read and expounded the 32nd Psalm : he spoke of the blessedness of the person whose transgression is forgiven ; he

* When I visited our young friend, I was indeed agreeably surprised with the liberty and sweetness with which she spoke ; I had not expected such a ripened work, but, "The child shall die a hundred years old." This was verified in her case.—G. H.

also prayed that if the enemy were permitted to come in like a flood, that the Spirit of the Lord would lift up a standard against him; and I believe he was not permitted to do so, as she enjoyed such sweet peace of mind, and said, "When I have heard Mr. Hazlerigg speaking at chapel about the happiness of the Lord's people, I never thought it was like this." I said to her, "They are pleasures the world knows nothing of"; to which she replied, "They are." There were several friends came to see her, to whom she was able to testify of the Lord's goodness to her, and she would say, "Do pray for me, that the Lord will give me patience and enable me to bear my sufferings." On another occasion, she said, "Oh, mother, what are my sufferings compared with what Christ has suffered, and the martyrs in days of old?" and I read to her part of the 11th chapter of Hebrews, after which she seemed to doze into a little sleep; in a short time after she said, "Mother, those words have been so sweet to me, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'" She said, "Oh, that rest, how sweet it will be; how I do long for it." Then she seemed to go off in a doze again, with the words, "Rest! rest!" On another occasion she was speaking about heaven, and she repeated the verse—

"There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours."

At another time dear Katie said, "Mother, I feel sure the Lord has some wise purpose in taking me away, but it will not be for long, I shall soon meet you again." Again she said, "How good the Lord is to me, He does enable me to bear it; what should I do now without such a good hope? what a mercy to have a good hope on a dying bed!" At another time she began to repeat the hymn—

"With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above."

I helped her to repeat the hymn through, as her strength was giving way; she said, "What a nice hymn that is." She said several times, how she longed for the time to come when the Lord would take her to Himself; but her father was a long distance from home that week, and she would say, "I should like to see father once more, and then I am quite ready;" and the Lord was pleased to grant her request, as he came home on the Friday evening as she died on the following Sunday morning. On Friday afternoon, our dear friend, Mrs. Baker, came to see her, and she asked Katie if she had any fear of death, and

whether the sting of death was taken away? She replied with such confidence, and said, "I do not fear death in the least; it seems to me as though it was like walking into the next room."

When speaking of forgiveness, she said, "The Lord has forgiven me so much, I feel I can forgive every one that has been in any way unkind to me." On Saturday we could perceive she was gradually sinking, and that her time would not be long; but her hope was still firm, and early on Sunday morning, May 7th, 1893, she said, "Mother, do you think I am dying?" To which I replied, "I think you are, my dear; is your hope still fixed upon the Rock?" She answered, "Yes;" and she looked up into the sky, and said, "What a beautiful morning, how lovely the sky looks; I shall soon be there! I shall soon be there!" and in a little while she breathed her last, and her spirit entered into that rest which she had so longed for. I felt such confidence she had gone to heaven, as the verse was on my mind the whole of the day—

"She's gone in endless bliss to dwell,
And I am left below,
To struggle with the powers of hell,
Till Jesus bids me go."

HER MOTHER.

DEAR one, thy race is run,
Thy sufferings all are o'er;
No cloud will e'er obscure thy sun
On yonder blissful shore.

All conflict now is past,
No more shall pain be known;
Thy sky shall ne'er be overcast,
For thou art near the throne.

The Lamb once slain for thee,
Who ransomed thee with blood,
Thy ravished eyes for ever see,
'Midst the high throne of God.

There thou hast cast thy crown,
To Him will render praise,
And through eternity wilt own
The freeness of His grace.

Amen, our hearts reply,
May we that city gain,
Where tears ne'er dim a single eye,
Nor partings cause a pain.

EDITOR.

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

To the Editor of the Sower.

DEAR SIR,—I have been longing for some time to write to you, but have felt so unworthy. I am very much interested in the "Seekers' Corner," and find many others have been the same case as mine. It was a few months ago that I was brought to feel my need of the Saviour, but I cannot get satisfied that my sins are forgiven. I feel I am sinning every moment of my life, and yet how forbearing the dear Lord is. I am sometimes so happy, that I have no desires for the pleasures of this world, and I feel I would like to die, if only I knew my sins were all pardoned. At other times I am so far away from Christ, and Satan says, "It's of no use your praying now, you can never get back where you were"; and oh, I am then so miserable; nothing but ill seems to lie before me, and that I know is what I deserve. Everything is dark when He hides His face, but it is not for long. He knows that we cannot do without Him, and He has promised that if we truly seek Him, we shall find Him. If He had not called us we should never have come.

" 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin."

When I look at the many thousands around that have never been brought to Jesus, but are taking their own course, how much I feel to owe to Him for having chosen me. Only a little while ago I was one of them, and yet, why did He call me—one so unworthy? It was one Sunday evening, while sitting alone, that He called me, and made me cry to Him for mercy; and one day when I went to chapel, the minister's text was, "I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely." I felt much happier after hearing that sermon, I thought it was all intended for me. I thanked God with all my heart for His great goodness and kindness to one so vile and ignorant. Sometimes I have heavy trials to endure, but I hope they are all for my good, for, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." But now I must bring this unworthy letter to a close. May the Lord send showers of blessings upon you, and help you to still carry on your work of love, is the prayer of your affectionate young friend,

Hampstead, September 4th, 1894.

A. S.

DEAR MR. HULL,—Though a stranger to you in the flesh, I feel I am not a stranger in spirit. I have not been a reader of your worthy SOWER many months, having had it put into my

hands by a friend, but I shall continue to take it in the future ; for the savoury pieces that have appeared month by month have been blessed to my soul.

I am writing this just after reading the blessed and soul-cheering death of dear Mr. Fowler. Really, dear sir, my hard heart was melted, and tears flowed from my eyes (which is rather unusual), as I read the above account, which you have given in the September number of the *SOWER*. May my last days be as blessed ! I hope I may have the pleasure of seeing you ere you or I leave this world, if it is the Lord's will, because it is a pleasure to me to know the Lord's watchmen, who, like yourself, are placed upon the walls of Zion, to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ.

May you have health and strength to continue in your work of love, both in the pulpit and press ; and desiring earnestly that the blessing of the Lord may accompany the same,

I am, yours gratefully in Christ Jesus,
Prittlewell, September 3rd, 1894. JOHN CHANDLER.

[We hope the above testimony will cheer the heart of the kind friend who compiled the excellent account of Mr. Fowler, which, we believe, has proved to be both interesting and profitable to many gracious readers.]—ED.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

DEAR FRIEND,—Now I am attempting to write you, I do not know what to say, other than to make a confession of my emptiness and barrenness of all that is good, and my fulness of sin, unbelief, and all that is evil. I want to look out of self, but cannot until there is some refreshing given me ; nothing but grace will do for me, it gives me eyes and enables me to look up. Under its influence I can “look up unto the hills, from whence cometh my help,” then I can see Calvary ; what a hill that is, and what a mercy to see help come from there, a Saviour's blood. I hope you have seen it, and known its helping influence : you will say,

“O precious blood ! O glorious death !
 That sets the sinner free.”

May you be enabled to look again and again to that hill, then you will know what the poor man meant when he said, “Once I was blind, but now I see.”

I sincerely hope you may be favoured to see the Lord's Hand going before you in a way of providence.

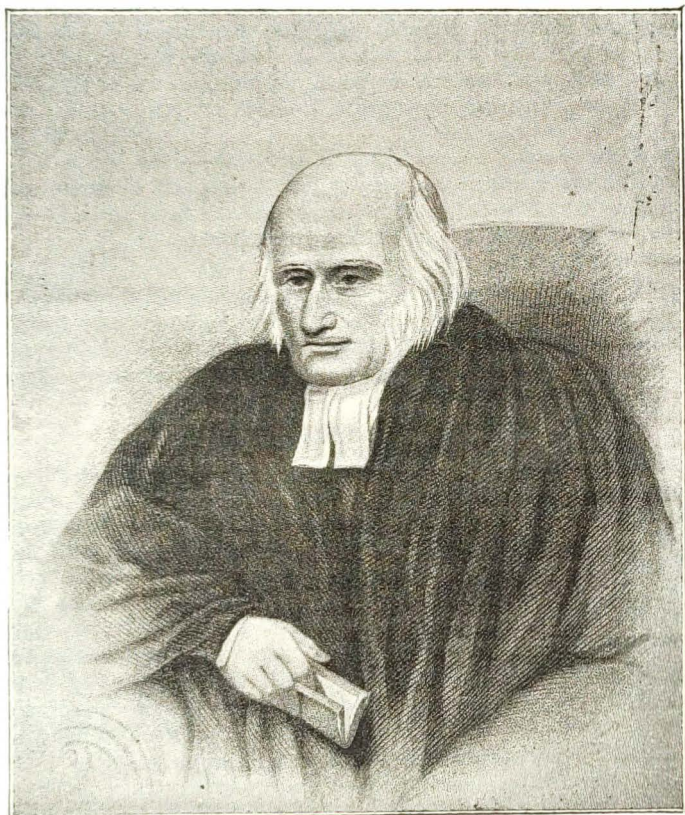
With very best wishes for you and your sister,

I remain, yours sincerely,

May 2nd, 1893.

W. S. J. BROWN.

The Sower, November, 1894.



WATTS WILKINSON.

WATTS WILKINSON.

THERE is a sweet savour ever attending the memory of some good men, especially among grace-taught souls ; it seems handed down from one generation to another, and though long since dead, yet they speak by their writings, and the testimony they were enabled to bear and left behind them, so that of them it may truly be spoken, "The memory of the just is blessed." The name at the head of this paper was one of these. A distinguished yet gracious lady who attended his ministry has left this precious record concerning him : "You read his name in no printed lists, you hear of him in no company, but go to his church, there you find him ; the words are few, the ideas few ; he comes like one blindfold from his closet to the pulpit, to tell in one what he has learned in the other, the most secret, the most mysterious, the most precious purposes of God to His own elected people ; a tale with which none else can have to do, and which none else can understand.

Watts Wilkinson was born in London, November 14th, 1755. His father, Robert Wilkinson, was a Protestant Dissenter of the old school, and a member of the congregation under Dr. Gwyse, in New Broad Street. Watts was under the influence of religion at an early age ; but these feelings wore off when at school. A friend attached to the ministry of the excellent Henry Foster, of Clerkenwell, prevailed on him to attend one of his lectures at St. Antholin's Church, though at that time his prejudices to the Church were so strong that he said he felt afraid lest the steeple should fall upon him ; but to that evening (September 11th, 1772), he frequently alluded as one never to be forgotten by him, and has pointed out the spot in the aisle where he stood during the sermon, which was delivered from 2 Corinthians ii. 11. From that time he attended the ministry of Mr. Foster. Having experienced the power of divine grace speaking peace to his soul, and being filled with love to his Redeemer, he felt an earnest desire to proclaim the Gospel of God's grace to others. He entered Worcester College, Oxford, took the degree of B.A., and was ordained to the ministry at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, February, 1779, and preached his first sermon that afternoon at Romaine's Church, St. Ann's, Blackfriars, the subject of the sermon being the conversion of Manasseh. At the close of the same year he obtained the lectureship of the united parishes of St. Mary Aldermary and St. Thomas the Apostle, London, and in February, 1780, was elected chaplain of Aske's Hospital, Hoxton. In 1798 he obtained the Tuesday Morning Lectureship of St. Bartholomew. This had long been called the Golden Lecture, from the very large endowment attached to it. This lecture Mr. Wilkinson retained

the long period of upwards of thirty-seven years. The contrast on a Tuesday morning between the scene *without* and *within* the church was peculiarly striking. Outside, a dense multitude of persons, apparently in eager pursuit of temporal things, amidst the noise and bustle of carriages innumerable, passing to and fro in every direction. *Within* its walls, a crowded congregation engaged in the solemn worship of God, pursuing those things which are unseen and eternal, listening with devout attention to the words of eternal life, even the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. His last sermon was preached September, 1840, from Ephesians ii. 19, "Ye are no more strangers and foreigners," &c. On his return home he expressed his conviction that he should never preach again. His apprehension proved true. His appointed work was done. It pleased God, however, to spare him fourteen weeks longer in the body, and his dying day confirmed and sealed the witness to the truth of his public ministry.

He frequently observed to one and another, "Glory be to His name, I am fixed upon the Rock, a firm foundation is beneath me. I find it very delightful to look back upon all the way by which the Lord has been leading me these twice forty years in the wilderness. Never did I expect on earth to have the "need be" for every trial so clearly revealed to me as I have of late. I feel and know that I have not only been led by a right way to a city of habitation, but by the only right way that could have led me there. When (said he) I recollect how many thousands in the course of my long ministry I have had to speak to, I am quite overpowered. One thing I am quite certain of, that in all sincerity I have preached unto them the truth, nor do I recollect that in any one sermon during my whole life I have ever disguised my sentiments to meet the prejudices of any one."

On one occasion he observed: "I have been trying to read a little in my Bible, but I cannot do that now without fatigue: that blessed book (and he cast his eyes upon it) has been my constant study for above sixty years; I can still feed upon it; it seems as fresh in my memory as ever. Oh, the mercy and loving-kindness of the Lord to me is unbounded. Cleave closely to Jesus, cleave closely to Jesus. The truths I have been preaching all my life are my support and comfort now. I wish to leave this as my dying testimony, that these alone were the doctrines which supported me when I was first convinced of sin, without which I never could have found peace; and with this experience of their preciousness in my own soul, how could I withhold them from others? They have been my support and comfort all my life, and now, in the near approach of an opening eternity, I still find them sufficient to bear me up as a firm foundation beneath my feet."

On the night but one before his decease he was overheard to say, "Christ is worth more than ten thousand worlds. I do desire to depart; I do desire to depart."

One word more was heard from him which he repeated three times feebly, "Name, name, name!" What name could that be but the name of Jesus? A gentle slumber followed, and he was "absent from the body and present with the Lord," 14th December, 1840, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. He was buried in Bunhill Fields. Many of his sermons were published during his lifetime, also a Memoir and letters by his son after his death, and to the present time his sermons occasionally appear in the *Calvinistic Pulpit* and other publications. "Whose faith follow."

R. F. R.

"HE IS LORD OF ALL."

(ACTS x. 36.)

JESUS is the sinner's Friend;

He whose blood was spilt

On the cross of Calvary,

Cancelled all my guilt.

At His word, beneath His feet

All His foes shall fall;

He is Prophet, Priest, and King,

"He is Lord of all."

Other lords and other gods

Would His sceptre claim;

But by Him alone will I

Mention His great name.

In His might, through many a troop,

Over many a wall,

I have run and I have leaped—

"He is Lord of all."

Priests of Baal from His throne

Strive to thrust Him down,

And would fain on their own head

Place His kingly crown;

But to Him briars and thorns

Are but trifles small,

He will tread them down to dust—

"He is Lord of all."

Open wide, ye heavenly gates,

Lo, the King draws near!

While my soul His summons waits,

Love doth banish fear.

Virgin souls, your Bridegroom meet,

Hear His joyful call,

Cast your crowns at His dear feet,

Crown Him "Lord of all."

J. J.

MEMOIR OF MRS. GREEN,

(WHO DIED AT HAILSHAM, APRIL 18TH, 1892.)

A FEW particulars of the life and labours of the late Mrs. Green may not be unacceptable to the readers of the *Sower*, many of whom knew her in her life and home, and some are doubtless remembering the tender love and wise counsel and advice which it was her happiness to manifest and to impart, to all that were brought into an acquaintance and friendship with her in the sphere of usefulness which the Lord had designed for her. There are many that we meet in our daily life, who are partakers of grace, and have made and maintained a profession of religion and godliness in their walk and conversation, and yet we miss something that the favoured few are possessed of, and we have to confess, though they have grace, yet they have not grace enough to be gracious. But it can be truly said of the subject of this memoir, that she was a most gracious woman. There can be no greater commendation of a person, man or woman, upon earth, than to have this testimony recorded of their life and walk, that they are truly gracious. Though this can be said of her, and though it was also clearly manifested in her life, yet the departed one would be the first to acknowledge with the Apostle Paul, "By the grace of God I am what I am."

Mrs. Green was born on February 12th, 1839, and spent several of her earliest years in Australia. We have but few particulars of her early trials and struggles, yet we have reason to believe that even in the days of childhood the Lord spoke to her, and that there was a knowledge granted to her as a child that the Lord heard and answered prayer. Speaking to a friend once upon this subject, after the lapse of many years, she related how in one of their journeys through the bush, the waggon which contained their household goods, broke down, and in childlike confidence she turned aside into the bush to pray that it might be raised up so that they might proceed on their journey. This prayer, prompted by the urgent need of help, was remembered for many days. Many a gracious soul has had their little spots to look back upon; after hard struggles in the wilderness, and after clearer light has been given, they look back, even as Jacob looked back upon Bethel, and remembered how the Lord first spoke to their souls.

On her return from Australia, in 1854, she was sent to a school kept by Miss Lassiter, at Worthing, Sussex, being at that time fifteen years old. Here she received her education, and her amiable disposition and engaging manners won the hearts of both teachers and scholars in the school, as many have since testified. On her leaving school she came to reside with her

parents at Hyland's Farm, Waldron, Sussex, which farm they had purchased on their return from Australia; and while residing here they first attended Hadlow Down Chapel, afterwards attending the little chapel at North Street, commonly called Mr. Ashdown's Chapel. It was while attending this latter place that Mrs. Green, then a young woman of about twenty years of age, met Mr. Nunn, and here the friendship began, to end only by death. Great events flow from simple matters, such as meeting at a place of worship, or in conversation, or in a visit to a friend, and the high purposes of our covenant-keeping God are surely and blessedly brought to pass. Some that are casual hearers of truth are moving from point to point; they may come once or twice, the minister may notice them a time or two, and then lose sight of them for ever. Others may, like Ruth of old, come and glean and abide and find a home, and prove most useful in the cause of God, and be comforts to both minister and people. Such an one was our dear friend, who found the ministry of Mr. Nunn sweetly encouraging; and when Mr. Nunn was settled over the people at Hailsham, about the year 1860, Mr. and Mrs. Foord and their daughter came to Hailsham to reside.

Here it was, in the Sunday School attached to the Baptist Chapel, that she first met Mr. Green, and here her labours among the young were destined to become the means of help and guidance to many, and will be long remembered by those that were brought under her gracious influence. For some years, dating from 1860, she kept a private school for girls, which was well attended, and at the same time devoted much of her time to her parents, who were failing in health. After much patient nursing, marked by the greatest solicitude on the part of our friend for her dear mother, Mrs. Foord died in 1869; and in 1873, Mr. Foord, her father, followed after his beloved wife. These were years of great labour and severe trial to Mrs. Green, and when her father died her health seemed shattered, and for a season her life was despaired of.

During the latter years of her father's life a union sprung up between Mr. Green and Miss Foord, and on May 20th, 1875, they were married at the Baptist Chapel, Hailsham, by Mr. Nunn. The union was, in every sense of the word, a happy one, and peace and comfort abounded in their hearts towards each other, and their home and hearts were ever open to entertain their friends, to relieve the poor and needy, and for the nourishment of such as were sick. Many trials and sorrows also were mingled with their lot, Mr. Green's loving mother dying in 1876, and many dear friends in the cause being removed about this time. Their first child was an afflicted one, and this little girl needed

much care and attention, and this proved again that the weakly helpless ones are often lying the nearest the hearts, and are exceedingly precious to the parents that watch over them. So when the separation came, in March, 1887, the blow was most severe; and though resignation was given to say from the heart, "Thy will be done," yet the shock was so great, that from this time the strength of the mother was but small, and the seeds of the illness that remained with her the remainder of her life were then sown. Previous to this the Lord had blessed the parents with two dear boys, and the sweet promise of these two lads—one near ten and the other eight years old—took some of the keenness of the stroke from the parents. A few years previous to this an orphan niece of Mrs. Green's had come to live with them, and had become very dear to the family; and while the afflicted daughter was in her last illness, the niece being out at a friend's house one evening, and laughing very heartily, ruptured a blood-vessel, from the effects of which she never recovered. She died on the 8th of May, 1887, and her obituary appeared in the *Little Gleaner*, in August, 1888. This was again a heavy blow to Mrs. Green; and truly it may be said in the language of Job, "He breaketh me with breach upon breach," &c. But the gracious Hand that sent these dispensations had previously drawn her to trust all her matters and to confide all her sorrows with Him, who does all things well, and who makes no mistakes in life or death; and who will be justified by every one of His people, in every act that affects their peace or welfare while travelling through this wilderness towards the heavenly home.

In April, 1883, the Lord set forth His hand more especially in the work of grace upon Mrs. Green's soul, and the following extract from a letter sent to a friend will show how the Lord had led her on, and will testify of an inward conflict and desire which are not found in the unregenerate:—

"For years I have longed to have some assurance that I am a child of God. When I have heard others speak of the great liberty they have enjoyed, I have felt, Oh! I would that I could enjoy it, too. If I could only feel I am one of those for whom Christ shed His precious blood, happy indeed should I be. Once, truly, some years ago, when on a bed of sickness, I felt very happy in repeating the 91st Psalm, 'He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.' I felt as happy as if I were dwelling there; then it all went, and I felt as though I had no part or lot in the matter. Sometimes I feel how very wrong it is of me to be so unbelieving, when I have so often found Him to be a prayer-hearing and answering God. Sometimes after praying very earnestly to be delivered from some great trouble, I have thought

if He would only *just this once* deliver, I would never doubt again; but after the trouble was gone, the same unbelief stole in. Often I have enjoyed our dear pastor's preaching very much, then, again, I have felt so dark. How often I have wished to speak, yet feared to do so, and sometimes I have felt I would not go to school again, but could not keep away when opportunity offered. Lately, I have had a little hope that the Lord would not have given me these desires, and then leave me. Yet, strange to say, another tumult has been warring within me, and why, I cannot say (for I do not feel a fit subject), that is, ought I to make a public profession? Mr. Nunn, a few Sundays ago, alluded to it, and in speaking from the text, 'Oh that I knew where I might find Him,' said, 'If anyone really felt from the heart that they had that longing wish, then they were really of His family.' I thought, *I have* indeed, truthfully, had that longing wish."

By the foregoing remarks it will be seen that for years there had been a knowledge of the Lord as a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God, and through all the bereavements, afflictions, and painful watchings, there had been a secret intercourse going on between our dear friend and the Lord. It is well to notice this now, as some might have thought in seeing her cheerful countenance and pleasant look, that there was no inward conflict, and no great exercise or trouble. But it is not the ready talkers nor the forward ones in company, that have the deepest experience or the most grace. The broken heart, the contrite spirit, the subdued mind, the repenting soul, the tender manner, and the unselfish life, are more sure evidences of the Spirit's work in the heart; and in all these features Mrs. Green's silent profession and godly walk proclaimed the evidence of a true believer. It has become too much the custom now among professors to accept extreme expressions as a mark of a living experience, but it is more reliable to insist on a consistent walk and conversation than any extreme language, and these characters are dearest in the Lord's eyes. Any vain professor can use language which the godly use, but only the Spirit-taught soul can manifest the inward life by outward actions, for they have the Spirit of Christ, without which none are His. When the Lord lays the ordinances of His house on a waiting soul with power, there is no further delay; the special concern and the importance of obedience becomes then the consuming and engaging thought from day to day, and such as have been this way will easily remember their own individual exercises and struggles, until the Lord gave deliverance, and strength to come out and declare His gracious work upon their souls. This was exactly the state of Mrs. Green's mind in the

beginning of April, 1883, and an extract which we give from another letter, written soon after, will show how the Lord was constraining her to obey His commands:—

“I have decided, with the help of the Lord, to come forward as a candidate for believers' baptism—in fact, I have given in my name. No one knows how I have been exercised the last few weeks, and last week especially. I could not open my Bible but there was the command; I could not hear a sermon or go to the prayer-meeting, but there it was, ‘This is the way, walk ye in it’; and yet I felt so unfit, so unlike what I should like. I begin to feel, all the time we are sojourners here we shall have the same indwelling sin to contend with. To-day, I feel as if I should like to go through the ordinance at once. It is my desire to venture on Him, to—

“ ‘Venture wholly,
And let no other trust intrude,’

for I feel—

“ ‘None but Jesus, none but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good.’

I don't think for a moment that by observing the ordinance it is going to make me any more fit for heaven: nothing but the precious blood of Jesus can do that. Oh that I may ‘be found in Him, not having on mine own righteousness.’ Pray for me, that I may be kept in the right path, and that I may never bring disgrace on the cause of God.”

This letter was written a few weeks before Mrs. Green was invited to give an account of the Lord's dealings with her soul, before the Church at Hailsham; and though well grounded and settled in divine things, yet there was some of the fear which attends the Lord's people in relating what they have felt of a change by grace, and this hindered her from giving so full and clear a testimony as she desired of the gracious leadings and dealings the Lord had so abundantly manifested to her. The people had already received her into their hearts, and on hearing her relate her experience, unanimously welcomed her as a fellow-member to their communion. Like some others, after the Church meeting was over, her bondage was removed, and many things flowed sweetly into her mind which she would gladly have mentioned before the Lord's dear people.

This is often a time of special exercise to the people of God, and perhaps the plan of inviting them to come before the Church to give in their experience may have kept many back; but the Lord is all-sufficient in this, and some have been favoured with liberty to speak, while others have been suffered to sit still and

scarcely open their lips. Some even have been known to linger because they thought they had not anything good enough to tell. An extract from a letter of Mrs. Green's, after the Church meeting, will describe what her exercises were on this point, agreeing, perhaps, with many others :—

"I feel I must write and tell you how humbled I felt in not being able to give more of the fundamental part of my experience yesterday. The special Psalm, 'Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy loving-kindness,' it seemed to go from me, with many other things I wished to say. I felt yesterday morning, while in bed, I could tell them such a lot, but this was not permitted me; and this morning the thought came across me, it was quite as well, for perhaps there was too much thinking of the *I was going to tell*. I cannot tell you how I felt before going in, as well as when in; but I could tell you so much more than before them all. The thought came, 'How searchingly they look at me,' but there is one more Eye more searching still—the Eye that can read all hearts. He knows I want to be sincere; 'He knows I have no strength at all.' Strange to say, yesterday 'the Way' seemed so much impressed on me, especially the lines—

"Lead me to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let me from His pastures stray."

Shortly after this letter was written, Mrs. Green was baptized with some others, and received into the Baptist Church at Halesham, in the year 1883, and continued a consistent member to her death in 1892.

The following extracts are from a letter sent to a friend in July, 1883, after partaking of the Lord's Supper for the first time after joining the Church :—

"I had felt so much the solemnity and importance of partaking of the Lord's Supper, that I felt such an utter unworthiness to sit down, and really felt almost as if I could not go, then your letter came telling me to remember I was an invited guest. Oh, the condescension! the blessed privilege of being an invited guest! Then when our dear pastor spoke those words (and put it personally), 'This God shall be *my* God for ever and ever; He shall be my guide even unto death,' I cannot tell you what a sweet feeling came over me. For years I have had such a dread of death, but *then* it seemed as if I felt sure that my God would give dying grace in a dying hour. . . . A week ago last Monday evening, in bringing my dear child to the prayer-meeting for the first time, I felt such a spirit of prayer come over me, that the dear Lord would be gracious to him, and bring him to a know-

ledge of Himself, in his youthful days, and that eventually he might become a pillar in that place; and most singular, so much was said that evening upon the Lord hearing and answering prayer, that I felt as if my prayers would be answered on his behalf."

After joining the Church, Mrs. Green had many trials and bereavements, as mentioned before, but found the Lord faithful in His promise, and very nigh in many a dark hour. Her Bible Class, composed of young women, was a sweet labour, but at times proved almost too much for her strength, but she was enabled to hold on until, health failing, it had to be given up. Perhaps it is from her labours among the young that Mrs. Green will be longest remembered by those not connected with the family, for truly in labours she was abundant. It was not merely going for an hour or two on Sundays, but a close knowledge of the young people that were brought into contact with her, a warm sympathy with them, a real desire for their best welfare; and after they had left the school and gone out into life, a correspondence ensued, and they were still followed by earnest and loving counsel and exhortations, the benefits of which in their far-reaching effects will never be fully known in time. Hundreds of letters are now in existence, prized by the possessors, that this truly Christian woman sent to the young people once in her class, and these will be the first to agree with the writer in tracing and ascribing many of their first impressions of divine truth to her instrumentality. Not to dwell on this, however, here, for in this matter truly her "record is on high," in 1888, after a long season of trial and tribulation in the pathway through this wilderness, the enemy of souls was permitted to sorely harass her, and it will be noticed in the following extract from a letter, written at that period that it was not all light, or joy, or peace, and the truth of the lines was exemplified in her experience—

" Eternal Wisdom ne'er designed
To give thee always joy."

" *July, 1888.*—What a time of temptation and darkness I have passed through, from which nothing but the almighty, sovereign power of God could deliver. Strange to say, while passing through this dark path, some texts I had heard preached from would keep coming to my mind, but brought me no comfort. One was, 'Made nigh by the blood of Christ,' and another, 'Who is he that condemneth?' There seemed nothing for me only condemnation. Truly I was humbled in the dust of self-abasement. My case was something like the one afflicted with the palsy—unable to go himself, but was carried by his friends to Jesus, for pray, sometimes, I could not; sins rose up

mountains high, and the enemy would have it I was nothing but a hypocrite. I am often constrained to cry with the poet—

“ ‘ Do keep me by Thy power,
Do keep me by Thy love,
Do keep me hour by hour,
Till called above.”

After a conflict lasting about eighteen months, she was brought out into the glorious liberty of Christ, mingled more or less with sorrow and temptation, and this was maintained until the year 1890. In December of that year her health quite gave way, and, perhaps, the words of Mr. Green will best describe the beginning of the illness which ultimately ended her journey on earth :—

“ In December, 1890, my dear wife was seized with a dreadful bleeding one Saturday evening. She went to bed at 9.30, after prayer and supper; and at 11.15 I went to bed, but had not lain down more than ten minutes when she was seized with a fearful vomiting, and I found it was black clotted blood. I was very much alarmed, and promptly called my dear niece (who was staying with us) from Australia, while I fetched the doctor. She brought up a great quantity of blood, and as I returned from the doctor, after being gone about twenty minutes, she vomited again, and appeared as white as a sheet. The doctor came after an hour, and immediately gave her ice, which warded off the bleeding until the following Monday, at four o'clock in the afternoon. She becoming very poorly an hour before this, we sent for the doctor again, but he was from home. We followed up the ice, and wired for Dr. Smythe, from Lewes. He came at 6.10, and stayed with the sufferer till 7.20; when he left her somewhat better. He came daily for some days, and, no more bleeding coming on, it gave us great hopes; but we never expected her to be strong again.”

From this time there seemed a gradual break up of her powers—some days a little brighter, sometimes more feeble, and continued thus until April, 1892. Easter Monday, falling on the 18th, was the anniversary at the chapel, and this will be a memorable day indeed unto many that knew Mrs. Green. It was to be her last day on earth, and it was to be the time for receiving her ransomed soul into the Paradise above. She arose soon after seven, and came down to breakfast at half-past; she had a great desire to attend the services at the chapel, and as she appeared a little revived in strength, when the hour of meeting drew near she decided to go. Mr. Green suggested having a fly to take her to and fro; she said she could walk very easily, but was prevailed upon to ride, as the danger of fatigue was too

great, although the distance would be but a little over a quarter of a mile. So she went out from her home on her last day, and had the last look on her pleasant dwelling, the home of her married life and many joys and sorrows, and took the last glance to see all in order for the friends that might come back to stay with her for a few minutes after the service, but she was to be brought back again by weeping friends, and to open her eyes no more upon those that she dearly loved.

The fly came at three o'clock, and she seemed so delighted as she passed into the chapel. After the afternoon service was over Mr. Green took his usual place at the bottom of the stairs leading up into the school-room, where tea was provided, and Mrs. Green stood near him for some minutes, speaking cheerfully to the friends as they passed by. This will be remembered by many as the last time they were favoured to hear her voice or see her friendly smile. The air was chilly, and Mrs. Green, who was waiting for a special friend, said to her husband, "James dear, I do not think I shall wait longer for Mr. Yeates; it is cold. I think I shall go up to tea." So she passed up into the room, but had not been up more than a minute, when she suddenly put up her hands to her head, and sank back for support on a friend that stood near. Her face grew ashy pale, and such as knew her delicate state of health had reason to believe that the end was near. Mr. Green was called up, and was by her side in a minute, and she was tenderly borne down the stairs, and laid on a sofa in the minister's vestry.

A doctor was summoned, and pronounced it a rupture of a vessel on the brain. From five o'clock, when she was first seized, until 7.50, she remained unconscious, receiving the greatest attention from all around, but never rallied. Meantime, the evening service was held in the chapel, and the congregation was a large one. At the conclusion of the sermon, the beautiful hymn, "All hail the power of Jesu's name," was given out, and as they commenced singing, the soul of this favoured woman took its flight to join their song who in perfect bliss cry,

"Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all."

Her death, as it was made known to the friends as they left the chapel, cast a gloom upon many, and many tears were shed at the solemn and sad event. But what a blessed end for the departed, and how desirable for the prepared soul! Surrounded by husband and children, her nearest and dearest friends, in the house of God, that was a sacred spot to her, close to the graves of her parents, without pain, without fear, she thus breathed out her soul into the hands of her Redeemer!

“ In vain the fancy strives to paint
The moment after death—
The glories that surround the saint
When yielding up her breath.”

There is no chance to the people of God that can in any way affect their life, path, or end. All their times are in His hand, and the first and second births fixed to a moment, the hour and manner of their departure arranged and ordered in every detail. It is this that supports the Lord's people as they go down into the valley, and, in the spirit of the patriarchs of old, as they recline on the bed of death, they can say, “I have waited for Thy salvation, O Lord,” and truly may it be said of such, “Blessed are all they that wait for Him.”

The funeral took place on Saturday, April 23rd, at the Baptist Chapel, where she had worshipped and where the end came. The chapel was crowded with mourners and friends, and the service was particularly solemn. Nearly everyone present felt that they had lost a personal friend, and many of the mourners had received encouragement and strength from her loving counsel and attention. The following Sabbath Mr. Nunn spoke from a verse in the 14th chapter of Revelation, “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.” So this dear friend died the death of the righteous, and is now awaiting the resurrection of the just; and the sorrow of the mourners was not as those that sorrow without hope, but as such as had been suddenly bereaved of a friend who had endeared herself to them by many acts of kindness and affection.

In closing up this brief memoir of Mrs. Green, it may be mentioned that no exaggeration has been given of her usefulness, her labours, or her loving, tender Christian character. Many that have passed through her Day School or her Sunday School Class have letters even now treasured up as sweet memorials of her interest in their best welfare, and by these letters, “She being dead yet speaketh.” The few extracts inserted in this brief sketch are but faint examples of her large correspondence, and many letters from the young received by Mrs. Green, in answer to epistles from her, testify that her labours had not been in vain. As a loving mother, an affectionate wife, a genuine friend, a sincere Christian, a humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, given to hospitality, to acts of unassuming charity, our beloved friend will be remembered by many with love and gratitude, and her life and death will be subjects of interest for many days to come.

J. D.

THE SUPPLY SYSTEM.

[We insert the following remarks by request, deeply regretting, with our correspondent, the necessity there is for them, and that, from present appearances, the state of things complained of is likely to become far worse and more injurious to the best interests of strict Baptist Churches. We do not wish to publish all we know, but we fear the Holy Spirit has been insulted and grieved by some who have forsaken Him, and substituted for His gracious rule a system of carnal policy, which is partially sustained and enforced by those who are mostly dependent upon their patronage for the position they occupy as supplies among the Churches. We should be sorry indeed to say a word against any one the Lord has sent forth to be a help in His vineyard. But we would affectionately caution all in authority in the different Churches against those who seek to dictate in matters affecting the peace and union of brethren who are at present favoured to walk together in harmonious fellowship, cemented by the love of the Spirit. Carnal policy is in utter opposition to the Spirit of Christ and the peace of His Church.—ED.]

THE evils connected with the supply system, which of late years has become so extensively prevalent among our people, are of such a far-reaching character as to have now made it almost impossible in many Churches for any minister to accept the pastorate without an entire reconstruction. This fact is an illustration of the truth that Churches, as well as individuals, must reap what they have sown.

By the supply system the whole tone of the ministry is lowered. One has only to observe what follows too often when a supply has ended his visit, to learn how very little either deacons or people respect or esteem many of those whom they invite to preach for them. This is one of the saddest features of the case.

Moreover, many supplies endeavour to visit as many places in the year as possible, which greatly increases the amount of tale-bearing and mischief-making. Another unhappy result is, that many quite small causes have from thirty to forty different ministers during the year. This is very unprofitable. No wonder that itching ears and gossiping tongues prevail, and bring death and barrenness into the services of the sanctuary.

Again, the maintaining of the supply system has a very detrimental effect upon some who are settled pastors, inducing them to a lamentable extent to neglect their own flocks—and to what end? It is notorious how little real blessing rests upon this itinerating. Much of it is wholly unnecessary. All those at all familiar with the facts of the case know how much harm is done by settled pastors leaving their own people fifteen, eighteen, or

twenty Sundays during the year. Anyhow, if a pastor desires to be away so much, and his deacons and people are willing he should, it shows there is something painfully *wrong* or grievously *lacking* somewhere. Six or eight Sabbaths should be the utmost limit. Such texts as Proverbs xxvii. 8, apply very appositely to this matter.

One peculiar thing the writer has observed which reveals the hollowness of the whole system is, that the popularity of a supply is in the inverse ratio to the distance he travels, the farther he comes the more acceptable he is—for a time or two. It seldom—very seldom—lasts twelve Lord's Days. This explains what otherwise seems so inexplicable, that at different periods the same people will be lauding quite different ministers. Some Churches change their favourites with astonishing rapidity. The cry of "Hosanna" to-day, is speedily altered to "Crucify him." One would conclude that the fear of the Lord cannot be much in exercise in fickle, unstable souls, who judge so hastily, unwisely, and wrongly.

From another point of view the supply system stands condemned. Where it is maintained by a great variety of fresh supplies, it is too much the case that people do not come to the house of God to be judged by the Word, they come to *judge the preacher*. This is a habit of mind fatal to satisfactory hearing. The mistakes that are constantly being made, to the great injury of the cause of God, ought to open the eyes of lovers of Zion to the futility and unscripturalness of thus heaping up to themselves teachers!

Another evil which calls for careful and prayerful consideration, is the unnecessary multiplication of small causes.* Few things are more detrimental to the peace and prosperity of Zion than this. In many towns there are two or three, where one would amply suffice. It is truly surprising how some ministers are ready to encourage unjustifiable divisions and the erection of new chapels, where there is not only no need, but where it tends greatly to the weakening of the cause already established. The furtherance of the Gospel is seldom, indeed, the real object sought. Thus too many incur the curse resting upon schismatics and the creators and abettors of strife and division. Chapels are built and maintained with great difficulty. They are obliged to have unsatisfactory ministers, are thinly attended, and the cause of God languishes. There is real need of concentration. One good cause, with a God-sent pastor, might

* While rejoicing in the spread of Gospel truth and the setting up of a light in any dark place, which is most desirable, we fully agree with our correspondent as to the evil of unnecessary causes and chapels.

well take the place of several struggling ones in many towns and neighbourhoods.

Next, a most distressing matter calls for a few plain words. It is painfully notorious that the supply system encourages, and is too often the direct source of—the scourge of the tongue. It is unhappily the case that too many ministers seem to think the best foundation upon which to raise themselves is the ruin of the reputation of others, which accordingly they seem to accomplish by sly inuendo, idle gossip, and even downright slander. This sort of thing is too much relished by too many.

There are other matters sorely needing rectification, such as the manner in which “supplies” are invited, recommended, and paid, whom no one with any discernment believes to be sent of God to the work. The laxity shown by many deacons in this respect is bringing much evil upon the Churches.

Moreover, an alteration should take place in the length of time which elapses between the making and fulfilling of engagements, often amounting to two years. It is contrary to God’s Word, leads to much inconvenience in the event of deaths and changes, tends greatly to the extension of the supply system, and hinders the settlement of pastors.

Nothing has been said of the heavy expenses incurred by long railway journeys, much of which might be avoided; nor the manner in which many supplies seek to obtain invitations to pulpits; nor of many other matters which call for earnest and prayerful consideration. Let these few hints suffice for the present.

There was never a time when prayer was more needed, that the Lord would raise up and send forth “*labourers*” into His vineyard; just as, it is to be feared, there was never a time when so many were running, unqualified, unsent, and uncalled to the work.

All who truly fear God and seek the peace and prosperity of Zion, must surely feel with the writer, in adopting the words of the Prophet, “It is time for Thee, Lord, to work,” in the manifesting and overturning of what is wrong, and the establishing and confirming of what is of God among the Churches.

VIGILANS.

[The arrow has flown, the subject has been launched, and we hope it may be productive of some good fruit. It certainly is a matter which calls for serious and immediate attention, especially on the part of those who have to engage supplies. A heavy responsibility rests upon such, and we hope the remarks of our correspondent may move all such to seek counsel and guidance of the Lord, and that they may do the work as His stewards. Brethren, receive the admonition in love.—ED.]

"HEAR THOU THE WORD OF THE LORD."

(AMOS vii. 16.)

"When they shall say, Peace and safety; then sudden destruction cometh upon them."—1 THESSALONIANS v. 3.

THERE is but one spot to be found where men may dwell in perfect peace and safety. It was not to be found even in the garden of Eden. Where, then, is it to be found? It is written, "The needy shall lie down in safety" (Isa. xiv. 30). Where? "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty" (Psalm xci.). "For in the time of trouble He shall hide me in His pavilion: in the secret of His tabernacle shall He hide me; He shall set me up upon a Rock (Psalm xxvii. 5). "A Man shall be as an hiding place from the winds, and a covert from the tempest" (Isa. xxxii. 2).

Again, Micah, testifying of One that should come out of Bethlehem, saith, "This Man shall be the peace." This is all for the poor and needy; that is, for those who feel their need. "They that be whole need not a physician, but those that are sick." Now of this Man it is written, "Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance to Israel, and remission of sins." And this Man saith, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." So you see here is safety, rest, and peace for those who feel their need of them; peace with God through Jesus Christ, and safety and rest in Him. But there are those who "Cry, Peace, peace, when there is no peace." The antediluvians, the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah, and Pharaoh and his host, said, "Peace and safety," but sudden destruction came upon them all. Thousands in our day are saying in their heart, "I shall have peace though I walk in the imagination of mine heart." Reader, do you say, "Peace and safety," though you are living in open rebellion against God, despising the only way whereby sinners can be saved? Do you say, "Peace and safety," though you talk of Christ with a "heart of flint and a front of brass"? Who are they that are doing much to open the gates and let in floods of popery and infidelity, but those who sit in the house of God as the people of God, while their heart goeth after their covetousness? Never was the Gospel hindered so much by its avowed enemies as by its pretended friends. Never, alas! was faithful counsel more needful than at this present time. Hear what the Son of God says, "He that is not for Me is against Me, and he that gathereth not with Me scattereth."

J. J.

"MY SHEEP HEAR MY VOICE."

MY MUCH-ESTEEMED FRIEND,—I have taken the pen to write to you, for I have so much I want to say, but know not how to put it into words. I must first say I have had the privilege of hearing Mr. Covell. I enjoyed the discourse very much. Mr. Covell spoke from John x. 27, 28. He spoke so sweetly upon "My sheep hear My voice, and I know them." There now! I cannot tell you about it, but I thought, when hearing, surely I should not forget. However, he said that when a man had sheep he put a mark upon them, and as anyone passed by them, they would say, "These sheep belong to So-and-so, by their mark"; and so the Lord put a mark upon His sheep, that others might see it, and not only that, but so that they might know it themselves. Thought I, "But that is what I want to know"; and I doubted for a moment whether I knew anything of the matter. Really, he laid it out so plain, that I could not get out any way, for I felt sure I knew all about it, and felt sure I had the marks to prove that I must be one of the little flock. But he spoke, too, about wolves, for says he, "If you are not a sheep, you are a wolf"; and he said, too, how many wolves there were in sheep's clothing. I have of late been so much afraid I am only a hypocrite. I have often thought I should like to hear the first nine verses of the tenth chapter of John preached from, "I am the Door: by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved." I feel so afraid whether I came in at the Door, and I trust I do pray that if I am wrong the Lord will set me right; for if I came in any other way, I am only a thief and a robber, and shall be sent by a by-way to hell.

Dear Ann, if you knew how much coldness, deadness, hardness, and insensibility I feel within, I think you would be surprised; for I have thought no one could ever feel like me, when I read that piece in the *Standard*, which is called, "Return, thou backsliding Israel." I don't know how I felt when the writer said, he had no feeling in prayer, except sometimes pain to feel he could not feel, and sometimes pain that he could not feel pain. Dear me, that is exactly as I have felt, but I desire to thank God that I have felt more love and desires after holiness. Do write, dear, and tell me how you are getting on now. Mr. Tharp said you are getting on very nicely, but do write and tell me all you enjoy and all you feel. My paper is almost full; I should not like to send it, only that you ask me to send you anything. May you have much of the Lord's presence. Dear Ann, I must just say that the Lord still favours me with joy and light. One day these words came so sweetly into my mind, "He died for our sins, and rose again for our justification."

I enjoyed a good deal from that which I know I cannot produce myself.

Remember me to dear Mr. Westcott, and may the choicest blessing rest upon him ; and do give my love to all dear Christian friends.

Believe me, your sincere well-wisher,
Croydon, October 11th, 1847.

MARY LEIGH.

"I DO SET THIS BOW IN THE CLOUD."

"*Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.*"—HEBREWS xii. 6.

WHAT ! God loveth me, when He is discharging His quiver upon me !—emptying me from vessel to vessel !—causing the sun of my earthly joys to set in clouds ? Yes, O afflicted, tossed with tempest, He *chastens* thee because He *loves* thee ! This trial comes from His own tender, loving hand—His own tender, unchanging heart !

Art thou laid on a sick-bed ? are sorrowful months and wearisome nights appointed unto thee ? let this be the pillow on which thine aching head reclines—It is because He loves me ! Blessed be His name, it is part of His covenant to visit us with the rod. What says our adorable Lord Himself ? the words were spoken, not when He was on earth, a sojourner in a sorrowing world, but when enthroned amid the glories of heaven, "As many as I *love*, I rebuke and chasten" (Rev. iii. 19). Believer, rejoice in the thought, the rod, the chastening rod, is in the hands of the living, loving Saviour, who died for thee ! Tribulation is connected with the King's highway, and yet that highway is paved with love. As some flowers before shedding their fragrance require to be pressed, so does thy God see meet to bruise thee. As some birds are said to sing their sweetest notes when the thorn pierces their bosom, so does He appoint afflictions to lacerate, that thou mayest be driven to the wing, singing in thy upward soaring, "My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed." "Those," says the heavenly Leighton, "He means to make the most resplendent, He hath oftenest His tools upon." "Our troubles," says another, "seem in His Word to be ever in His mind ; perhaps half the commands and half the promises He gives us there, are given us as *troubled* men."

Be it ours to say, "Lord, I would love Thee, not only despite of Thy rod, but *because* of Thy rod." I would rush into the very arms that are chastening me ! When Thy voice calls, as to Abraham of old, to prepare for bitter trial, be it mine to respond, with bounding heart, "Here am I ! —*Extract from "Bow in the Cloud."*

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

To the Editor of the Sower.

DEAR SIR,—No doubt you will be surprised to hear from me, but I hope you will forgive me for being thus bold. I thought on Sunday evening, when you gave out your text, "I believe that will suit me"; and, indeed, it did, as you seemed sometimes to go into my very path. Oh, how I do desire to seek the Lord. But the question with me is, "Do I seek aright? are my cries real ones?" Oh, how often I fear they are not. I feel it is indeed a solemn thing to live unprepared to die. I can truly say the language of the hymn suits me, commencing—

"Prepare me, gracious God,
To stand before Thy face";

especially the third verse. It seems so nice to feel my heart a little warm, for it is so often cold and dead.

"Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

"If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixed with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?"

I know that I could not happily mix with the world, and there was a time when I could not say, "'Tis a point I long to know"; and yet there seems a vast difference between me and the Lord's dear chosen ones. They are to me the excellent of the earth. I have lately had such a view of Jesus kneeling in the garden, and the large drops of blood falling from His dear face; and to think it was all for poor sinners! Oh that I might be found to be one among that blessed number whom He came to save! My daily and hourly desire is to have that blessed witness within, and to know that I am an heir of everlasting bliss. That alone would truly satisfy me. But I wish to be very grateful for the little helps, though with me they soon seem to be gone. But now I will close.

Believe me to remain, yours truly,

September 18th, 1894.

F. D.

DEAR MR. HULL,—I have many times felt I should like to send a few lines for the "Seekers' Corner." I have many times enjoyed reading the pieces in the SOWER, especially where seekers

become finders ; I do hope I can say the dear Lord has once again favoured me to feel I am among those that seek and find. I had been for some time very dark, often fearing that after all my profession I was nothing but a hypocrite. Well, a few days back, I went to stay with some dear friends in S——, and on the Sunday morning, very early, I felt such a wrestling spirit of prayer for the dear Lord to appear and bless me, like the poet where he says—

“ Lord, I cannot let Thee go,
Except a blessing Thou bestow.”

And on my way to the house of God, the hymn commencing, “ O for a heart to seek my God,” was very sweet to me. How I did beg of the Lord to give his dear servant something for me. His text was, “ As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country ” (Prov. xxv. 25) ; and as he went on he said, “ It is the living that thirst,” and he was led into the very thing that I was tried about ; and, as he was speaking, I felt the inward witness that I was among the living—I felt I could go step by step with him. How it caused me to inwardly bless and praise my God that He had not given me over to death, but that He had favoured me once again to see that I stood complete in Christ my Redeemer. And, oh,

“ If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be ! ”

I feel this is but a poor, imperfect testimony of the dear Lord's goodness to me, but I trust it may encourage some poor seeker to still press on, and wait the Lord's time. I feel I must close this scribble with this verse—

“ How sweet to wait upon the Lord,
While He fulfils His gracious Word ;
To seek His face, and not in vain ;
To be beloved, and love again.”

If you should think this is not worthy of a place in your valuable Magazine, please burn it. Trusting that the dear Lord will still bless you, and make you a blessing to His poor and needy people,
I remain, yours sincerely,

October 1st, 1894.

B.

[These are two encouraging letters, both for seekers and pastors. Blessed souls are they who thirst for Christ, and happy are they when they find Him. To the first writer we would say, be encouraged by the testimony of the latter to follow hard after Jesus, and you shall know His love to you in due time.—ED.]

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

DEAR —,—For some time I have thought of writing, but have not done so ; how often this is the case with us, is it not ? We little seeking ones fear to do as we would like to, very frequently ; sometimes lest we should not appear to be what we write, and think others might expect more from us, or look upon us as hypocrites. The word seeker reminds one of the text, "Seek and ye shall find." What more encouraging words could the Saviour say to those who do not feel satisfied, and are longing and seeking for something which they do not possess, those who feel empty, poor, and naked ? What more could He say to gain your confidence, seeking one ? Do you feel you do not know how to seek ? Well, if we seek for something, we look for it, do we not ? and so seeking Jesus is looking to Him—the upward glance, the longing sigh, the panting for something we scarcely know what, perhaps ; and does not Jesus Himself seem to explain it when He speaks to us—yes, to each fearful and doubting one—"Come unto Me" ? That is it, to fly from self and everything here, and go to Jesus just as we are, taking nothing with us to recommend us ; the more unworthy you feel, the more empty, the more suitable are you to receive the blessings Jesus has to give.

I heard a very encouraging remark the other day ; I think it was quoted from an old writer, and written for those who were uncertain whether they had ever known anything really right, and were truly taught of God. It was this, "If you can see that you have two blind eyes, and feel you have a hard and stony heart, you have been drawn by God." We want to learn all at once, we have not patience to learn little by little, and because we do not gain entire knowledge, we wonder if we know anything. The least desire must come from God, it could not come from anywhere else, and He who gives the desire will satisfy it, and teach you more and more ; and with this full desire, you are as safe for eternity as the strongest believer.

I could write more but am afraid of trespassing on your time and strength.

Dear —,—, pardon me for sending this, if not right to do so. The Lord increase your strength and raise you above your fears, for your comfort and His own glory. Yours in hope,

June 4th, 1894.

A.

To come to the blood of sprinkling, is to flee from every other hope of pardon, and to apply to Jesus for His blood alone, to cleanse the conscience from the guilt of sin.—*IV. Mason.*



THOMAS HAWEIS, LL.B.

THOMAS HAWEIS, LL.B.

THOMAS HAWEIS, afterwards Dr. Haweis, was born at Truro, Cornwall, in 1732. He came of a noble family on both sides. When old enough, he served an apprenticeship with a surgeon in his native town, during the latter years of the ministry of the beloved Samuel Walker, and through whose instrumentality he was brought to a knowledge and experience of divine truth, and also well instructed in the doctrines of free and sovereign grace. He was afterwards entered as a Gentleman Commoner of Christ College, Oxford, and Magdalen Hall. About this time there was a great awakening among the Oxford students; prayer meetings and open air preaching were established, which led to several being expelled from that University for what was termed irregularity, but what was really because they felt the worth and importance of immortal souls, and desired to preach the Gospel of the grace of God to them. Haweis was one of these. Whitefield, hearing of this, wrote very kindly and encouragingly to him, offering him a church in Philadelphia. The widow of Dr. Briant hearing of his expulsion, proposed to the Dean of Westminster that he should succeed her husband as chaplain at the Lock Hospital, but the Bishop refused, saying, his being expelled from Oxford was quite sufficient to show the sort of character he was, and to prevent the appointment. But, however, Romaine took it up, and himself preached at the Lock for some time, and so did Haweis at times, subsequently, with many other godly men, whose praise is still among the Churches of Christ, "for their works do follow them." Dr. Haweis also became a preacher under the patronage of the good Countess of Huntingdon, and for her opened the Spa Fields Chapel in March, 1779, his text being, 1 Cor. i, 23, 24, "But we preach Christ crucified," &c. He was offered the living of Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire, Mr. Kimpton, the Vicar, being a prisoner in King's Bench prison for debt, which he accepted: afterwards the Vicar was offered £1000 for the living, and he requested Dr. Haweis to resign it, which he refused to do. Some litigation followed, but Haweis retained it till his death, a period of fifty-six years. He was a popular preacher, and often preached for his friend Romaine, as well as in various chapels, especially that in his native town, Truro, where S. E. Pierce was minister. He was one of the founders of the London Missionary Society, and was the last surviving trustee of those appointed under the Countess of Huntingdon's will for the management of her chapels and property. He died at Bath, February 11th, 1820, aged eighty-eight years.

He was the author of a Life of W. Romaine, a History

of the Church, a Translation of the New Testament, &c.; and a collection of Hymns, entitled, "Hymns to the Saviour; Designed for the Use and Comfort of those who Worship the Lamb that was Slain." One of these, well known, is—

" O Thou from whom all goodness flow,
I lift my heart to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Jesus, remember me," &c.

He also composed a very sweet tune, to which it is often sung, named "Mount Calvary"; it is specially adapted to the words, and our friends who are fond of singing and music, will do well to try it. The singing at Aldwinkle Church was out of the common order, and amongst others who wrote to Dr. Haweis upon the subject, and for his advice, was C. Simeon, of Cambridge. The Doctor's interesting and valuable reply has just now, after the lapse of one hundred years, come to light, in a new Memoir of C. Simeon, by Principal Handley C. G. Moule, of Ridley Hall, Cambridge. A precious little hymn by Dr. Haweis, not generally known, having come under my notice, I shall close this brief sketch by adding it.

" Enthroned on high, Almighty Lord,
The Holy Ghost send down;
Fulfil in us Thy faithful word,
And all Thy mercies crown.

" Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous power impart,
Grant, Saviour, what we most desire,
Thy Spirit in our heart.

" Spirit of life, and light, and love,
Thy heavenly influence give;
Quicken our souls, born from above
In Christ, that we may live.

" To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of His grace,
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of His face.

" His love within us shed abroad,
Life's ever-springing well;
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell."

R. F. R.

How little we have thought, when God has sent us one trial, of the many His love has withheld.—*Whitefield*.

CLEAVING TO THE PROMISE.

A SERMON PREACHED AT EBENEZER CHAPEL, HASTINGS,
AUGUST 12, 1894, BY MR. C. MIDMER.

"If the Lord delight in us, then He will bring us into this land, and give it us."—NUMBERS xiv. 8.

YOU have been singing of the Lord having blessed the poor; and truly He has, for all that He has laid up of His goodness He has laid up for the poor. All the promises He has made in His Word are made to the poor. He has spoken good, and only good, of the poor. Of the poor in spirit He says, "Blessed are they, for theirs is the kingdom of God"; and all that go to heaven will be made to feel they are this character. There can be no exception to this rule; this is an unerring rule. This is the case of all that go to heaven, they will be made to feel they are in themselves spiritually poor, and that their springs are all in the Lord. They will all have to learn that "Salvation is of the Lord," and the truth of that portion, "By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." Most of you that are Bible readers will know the connection of these words which I have read before you. It was the outcome of twelve being sent to search the land of promise. God had promised it to Israel of old as an inheritance, though it was not "undefiled," because it was on the earth, and there is no inheritance upon earth that is undefiled; and though this land of rest which the Lord had promised to His people of old is in some measure typical of the "rest" remaining to the Lord's people, and though the Apostle so takes it up (Heb., chapters 3 and 4), it was but an earthly inheritance they were here promised.

One man was chosen out of each tribe to go and search this land, and to report upon it. Twelve were chosen to go, and twelve returned. The report of ten was, "That it was a good land," but they could see no possible way of their possessing it—no way of gaining admission into it, or receiving it as an inheritance. And they brought up an evil report concerning it. Their report was not favourable at all, nor encouraging to the children of Israel; and there was something about their naughty hearts, too, that cleaved to that report, and would rather believe an unfaithful report than a faithful one. I wish that generation had all died out, but they have not. If you observe some professed believers, they like smooth things prophesied to them. They do not like the way to heaven to be a path of tribulation and sorrow, but we know that is the path God has marked out in His Word, and the only way that will end in eternal glory (Acts xiv. 22), and His children will choose that way, though it be ever so dark, ever so rough, ever so connected with adversity (Heb. xi. 25). There

were some of that people who said, "Let us go back into Egypt." We know many have gone back. There are many *almost* Christians. Has it ever been any matter of concern as to whether you should be an "almost Christian," and not a real one, and if you shall endure to the end? Every child of God will at times fear lest they should not endure to the end, but they are anxious to endure, and if the Lord has blessed you with life in your soul, you will want to endure, and receive the crown which the Lord has promised to them that love Him. When Moses came down from the mount, he asked, "Who is on the Lord's side?" There was a dividing line. The Lord knows who in this assembly this morning are on His side. This foundation standeth sure, "The Lord knoweth them that are His." There were ten against two, but there were two that bore a faithful testimony—two who encouraged themselves in the Lord their God—who had the grace of faith, and that is the secret of it all, perseverance. It is faith that rises superior to every difficulty and every obstacle, that says, "The word of the Lord shall stand." Faith in exercise in the soul looks round upon the promises God has made in His Word, and says, "Why has the Lord spoken concerning these things, if He meant to destroy us?" They are made for the poor, for the doubting, that they may be encouraged. What a testimony the Lord bears concerning Joshua and Caleb. He has said, "Them that honour Me, I will honour." They dared to be faithful and speak truth in the face of all the opposition that came against them. "They shall possess the land." Caleb had "another" spirit, and God trieth the spirits. God looketh at the heart; by Him actions are weighed. Of Caleb He said, "He hath followed me fully." What a testimony! It was equal to that given of Enoch—"That he pleased God." Do we desire to attain to this? Are we seeking to please God? If we have the root of the matter in our hearts, that will be our one desire, to live agreeably to His Word, and to "pass the time of our sojourning here in His fear." We shall pray, "'Order my steps in Thy Word,' and let me never step outside of it." If we do, He will not be with us favourably there. We are sure it is in keeping His commandments, in walking His Word, we should be seeking to please Him. He takes pleasure in His people doing that. It was grievous to those faithful men to hear His promise spoken against. Has your heart never been stirred, like Paul's was, to see the "city wholly given up to idolatry"—to see men rushing to destruction, and lifting up their puny arms against the majesty of Heaven? It was so with Caleb and Joshua, because their fellows had brought up such an evil report against the land which the Lord had promised to His people,

and which promise they were sure He was able to perform. They rent their clothes and said, "The land which we passed through to search it is an exceeding good land." The others said that—but it was the way into it, and the difficulties in the way, that troubled them.

I was thinking yesterday morning what an awful thing unbelief is. Why, truly this is the sin which will bring damnation. I noticed it in that man, who, when Elisha prophesied plenty of food should be sold on the morrow in the gate of Samaria, said, "If the Lord would make windows in heaven might this thing be." His unbelief brought his destruction; he saw the plenty, but never ate of it. How solemn to see things but have no part in them! What a hardening thing is unbelief; what a damning thing! That rejection will bring you condemnation. "If ye believe not that I am, ye shall die in your sins." All that reject the testimony of Jesus Christ reject it to their destruction. It was so in this case. None who brought up that evil report were favoured to enter into the land. Now, instead of magnifying the difficulties, Caleb and Joshua tried to magnify the Lord. What a simple way theirs was of putting it! what a blessed way!

There may be something here encouraging for us; these things were written for our learning that we might have hope. The question is, Does the Lord delight in us? It is implied He does; past long-suffering and present mercies say He does. Well, then, He will perform His Word, and not one good thing that He has spoken shall fail us. He will do all these things and not forsake us. Instead of looking down, you should look up. Do you know the difference between looking within and looking out?

"When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark and base and wild."

And that is the best you will find within, except what is put there by the Lord. But if

"Upwards I cast my eyes, I see
God's gift in Christ, I say,
'My treasure is immense in Thee.'"

We see the ability of the Lord to do all for His people. "He is able to do exceeding abundantly *above* all that we ask or think." A great deal *above*. What is your view of the Lord helping His people on, and bringing them into the inheritance which is reserved for them (Peter says) in heaven? There will be some that will come to it; it is reserved for them, and they will have it. You say, "Am I an heir to that inheritance?" Have you no hope of it? Has the Lord never encouraged you to hope it

might be so? Have there been no Stones of Help you have set up by the way, indicating that the Lord had some pleasure, some delight in you? Is there nothing encourages you to hope in the Lord, and still to wait upon and wait for Him? The Lord teaches His people here a little and there a little. They go from strength to strength. There was a time when none of us had a sweet hope that we should endure to the end and receive this inheritance. How is it you sometimes hope that the Lord has encouraged you, made your hard heart soft, drawn you to His feet, and enabled you to pour out your complaint before Him? and He has said, "What is your request, and your petition? It shall be done." Every touch from His Word, every drawing to the throne of grace, every humbling of spirit before the Lord, gives a proof of His favour towards you. "Salvation is of the Lord," and this we have to learn. We have to come into weakness, into low places, that He may lift us up, and put a new song into our mouth. When you cannot walk, He can carry you. "He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength." Do you not often feel to answer to that character? Do you not want Him to work in you to will and to do of His good pleasure, and you cannot do it yourselves? It all hinges then upon this, "If the Lord delight in us," our salvation is sure. Such cannot miscarry, their aid is divine. Your thoughts of yourselves may be very different from His thoughts of you. His thoughts "are thoughts of peace and not of evil," to give His people an expected end. Where there has been an earnest given in the heart of enduring—of coming off more than conqueror—if the Lord cut off that hope, the expectation would be cut off. If He has raised that hope in your soul, it is a pledge that He will never leave you, nor forsake you in the wilderness. If you have had an earnest, could He leave you out, and not give you the kingdom? No!

"Glory to His name, we say,
He'll love to-morrow as to-day."

What a sweet place to fall down here, as David did on one occasion when walking through affliction and adversity. He said, "Carry back the ark of God: if God delight in me He will show me both it and His habitation." He was willing to leave it in the Lord's hand to manage all. It is putting one's self, "sink or swim," into His hand. "Without faith it is impossible to please God: for he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." Faith is His gift, and He will surely honour it. He never said to the seed of Jacob, "Seek ye My face in vain." He never raised one to a hope in His mercy, encouraged one to call

upon His name, to build upon Jesus Christ for justification and salvation, and then left them in trouble to sink. Every token He has given "confirms His good pleasure to help you quite through." If He has ever manifested Himself unto you, other than He does unto the world, set you seeking His face, given you love to His Word, to His people, and to His ways, so that everything that is dear to Him to you is also dear, He has a *delight* in you, and will never leave you in trouble to sink. He will bring us into this land and *give* it us. It will never be merited, earned, or paid for. "It is your Father's good pleasure to *give* you the kingdom." It will be a *gift*, all of His free favour, from first to last. No matter what the difficulty, it is nothing to Him to help, it is all the same to Him. But those men said, "The land is already occupied, and we saw the Anakims there." The others would say, "Bless you, He can as easily deliver these into our hand, and make our way into it, as though it was already empty and waiting for us." So He can bring you, poor child of God, through all the trials and afflictions of life. Has He not spread a table before you, made darkness light, and crooked things straight? Yes, and He can do it just as easily still. He is "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." He lives to save; He is mighty to save all that come unto God by Him. That is like this word—"He *will* bring us in." Look at the distinctiveness. There's no let in it. He *will* bring us into this land. Poor child of God, may you be enabled to lay hold of that strength of the Lord, the power of the Almighty; and as soon as ever you lay hold—

"Lo, mountains sink at once to plains,
And light from darkness springs;
Each seeming loss improves our gains,
Each trouble comfort brings."

They have something for Him to do; they bring their suit, and He magnifies His name in working for them. His goodness shall so out-measure their utmost expectation, that they shall tremble and fear at all His goodness and mercy towards them. They shall rejoice with fear and trembling, and say, as they look back, "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

"They saw His wonders wrought,
And then His praises sung."

Every token the Lord has given you, has it not established you, and confirmed you, that He will never leave you nor forsake you? Every fear that has torment in it was gone; you felt there was no ground, no room for fear. If you never had to

meet anything beyond your strength, you would never need the strength of the Lord. It is when they need His helping hand, "Then they cry unto Him in their trouble, and He saveth them out of their distresses," therefore "Hope thou in God."

"Yea, when thy eye of faith is dim,
Rest thou on Jesus—sink or swim."

He will deliver thee in six troubles, and in seven He will not forsake thee. There may be seven, there may be one right up at the very entrance into the city. Six may meet us as we come along by the way, distributed in the way: the seventh may be at the very end: "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." If we have no part in Christ, that will be the worst enemy of all. Its sting will endure for ever; if we are in Christ that sting is taken away. As sure as His people are in the way, He will carry, or bear them, to the land. Why, we have it recorded, "He bare them, and carried them all the days of old." The Lord will bear His people o' old age: and even to hoar hairs He will carry you. God's promises are underneath His people in all circumstances, they can never get below His everlasting arms. His arms will never weary, never decay. He is able to maintain the cause of His people and to fight their battles. Every one that trusts in Him, and stays upon his God, shall stand every storm and live at last. Then let them closer drive thee, for all, in the Lord's hand, will work for good.

"Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, oh, how pleasant, the conqueror's song!"

The promise is unconditional: "He will bring us in, and give it us." There is no suspicion or any condition at all. This is God's salvation, an everlasting one; "Israel shall be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation." This is the Gospel we preach unto you—everlasting salvation in Jesus Christ; it is a sure salvation. There never has been one that has cast himself on Him who has lost his way.

"The weakest saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way."

Cast on Him thy every care: the Lord will give you to realize His promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee." That leads to assurance of faith that rises upwards, and builds upon God's promise, and that overcomes the devil. Faith that stands not in the wisdom of man, but in the power of God. Abraham believed God in the face of contradiction, and it was counted to him for righteousness. May God give us this like precious faith, that lays hold on the strength of the Lord; and so sure as we have

this grace we shall hold on our way to the end. If we become faint, He will increase our strength. His heavenly love will cheer you again in every case, condition, and circumstance; whatever you wish or want, can come from Him alone. Try Him, try Him, He never will be a wilderness; He never has been; all who have gone before testify to His love, His kindness, and His ability. May we, like Caleb, bear a testimony, not according to sense and reason, they are to bow down: faith only can give a true version, and without this faith it is impossible to please God, but with it He is well pleased. He *delights* in all that know their own weakness and prize His power to save. He will bring them into this land, and give it them. May we be found with those who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises, and sing His worthy praise in the heavenly Canaan above, and there He shall bear all the glory. Amen.

THE SUPPLY SYSTEM.

To the Editor of the Sower.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—The SOWER reached me to-day while having my dinner, after which, on opening it, the first thing which met my eye was the article on "The Supply System," which I read, and do sincerely thank you for publishing it; and I also pray God that, if His will, it may be a means of causing many who (like ourselves here) have had to do with the system for many years, to "consider our ways." I have long seen much of the evil connected with it, and when I read "Vigilans'" remarks I felt like rising up and standing on my feet, saying, "Enough of it"; but oh, such a poor thing am I that, unless the Lord help, what can we do? But I feel encouraged to hope that He *will* help—help those who fear His name and desire His glory to set their face against a system, the pursuing of which often causes one to overreach another, and in which the weak go to the wall. It is so, I assure you, and it seems to me your correspondent is quite correct in his conclusion as to "the hollowness" of the system.

May the good Lord give us grace to humble ourselves under His mighty hand, confessing our sins, and, as we may be enabled, to acknowledge Him in all our ways; so may He graciously direct our paths and guide our feet into the way of righteousness and peace, causing His face to shine upon us, and fulfil the promise in His Word, of giving pastors after His own heart, to feed us with knowledge and understanding.

Trusting you are well, and wishing you grace and blessing, with love, I remain, yours sincerely,

October 30th, 1894.

J. S.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Your correspondent, "Vigilans," has well laid open the malady with respect to the Supply System. But the great difficulty is to find the remedy. There can be, I think, but little doubt that there are too many small Churches, and these small Churches are answerable for much of the mischief that now exists; and it appears to me that in some neighbourhoods, where there are five or six small causes, if there were only one it would be in most cases much more profitable. Generally these small causes can afford to pay their ministers but little, if anything. And although this is the case, they can get ministers, such as they are, to speak to them. And these, it is to be feared, are usually men who could give but very little evidence that they were ever called of God to the work,* but because they are ready and willing to go, with or without pay, and in some cases, perhaps, can give a little to the poor, these small Churches continue to have them. But is there any real profit in all this? Would it not be much better if there were one central Church, with united efforts to get good supplies until the Lord was pleased to send them a pastor who could, under the teaching and influence of the Spirit, feed them with knowledge and understanding, even if the people could not get to hear so often? Again, you will often find in towns two or three places opened where one would be sufficient, the second being only an injury to the first. Ministers are only too ready to go and support such, without inquiring into the true origin of such places; and especially if there should happen to be some rich person at the head of it. Rather, they generally say, "Oh, in a place like so-and-so, there should be room for two causes." I would ask how many are there room for in such places as Liverpool and Bristol? large and populous towns, and yet only one cause in each place, and these very thinly attended.†

I do not think Churches are at all times to blame for not having pastors. In the first place, there are a great many that could not afford to support a pastor; and in the next place, there is a great difficulty in obtaining one that would be unanimously acceptable to the Church. There are many good and gracious

* What else are we to say of those who, in order to get an invitation for a number of Lord's Days at a certain place, represent that they have only five or six Lord's Days open during the year, but when twenty-four are put before them to choose from, they at once seize upon half of them? Such conduct speaks too loudly to require comment; also their making like representations as to the probability of their being invited to take the pastorate at a place, for the sake of influencing other Churches to make them an offer. These things ought not to be, and it is time they were exposed.

† To all true lovers of Zion this must cause a feeling of sorrow, and may we not ask, "Is there not a cause" that it is so?

men of God, who are acceptable as supplies for three or four Lord's Days in the year, that would not be at all suitable for pastors.* We have heard of many sad instances of the kind, and one has sometimes wondered whatever kind of people they are at such a place, when one finds that Mr. — has accepted the pastorate of —, and wonder how long it will last. Better by far to go on with supplies than be left to make a mistake of this kind. I agree with "Vigilans," that there never was a time when there were so many men running unsent of God—at least, they give but little evidence of being sent.† And I have heard ministers, who are pastors of Churches, denounce such men from the pulpit in the strongest terms; and yet, sad to say, these very ministers have them to preach in their pulpits—and why? Because they are cheap, yea, very likely will go for nothing, and in some cases give something to the poor besides. I know of one case in particular of this kind, where a man of this sort has been allowed to go time after time, until the people would not go to hear him, and for no other reason than because he was a cheap supply. I think if a pastor has the spiritual welfare of the people and the glory of God at heart, he will do the best he can for his people during his absence.

How can a Church respect a pastor that will descend to such a course? How much better, if a good supply cannot be had, to have a sermon of some good man read, or hold a prayer-meeting, than to have to listen to such men. I shall, no doubt, be met with the objection, that the pastor cannot afford to pay for good supplies; then let a pastor and people consult what is best to be done in such circumstances, and not thrust a man upon them they cannot hear. If he does, I cannot see how he can expect his Church to prosper. May the Lord graciously pour upon us a real spirit of prayer, that He will send forth more labourers, taught of His Spirit, into His harvest.

I am, yours sincerely,

OBSERVER.

[We quite expected that the article on the Supply System among strict Baptist Churches, in last month's SOWER, would call forth an expression of feeling on the part of some who are true friends of the cause of Christ, and we gladly insert the letters of two of our highly-esteemed friends, hoping they may do much to bring home the subject to many who are affected by it. We hope to give other letters just to hand.—ED.]

* We are glad there are men who are useful as helps, and who do not ape more than that.

† But for wire-pullers behind them, such men would soon be discarded by all who have the true interests of Zion at heart.

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

To the Editor of the Sower.

MY DEAR FATHER,—After receiving your welcome letter, I feel constrained to write and tell you I have been wanting to open my mind to you for some time past, but felt I could not do so, and will now try and tell you the way in which I trust the Lord has been leading me. I have for some time been anxious about my state as an undone, guilty, helpless, ruined, and hell-deserving sinner before a holy, just, and righteous God, and felt, unless He had mercy upon my soul, I must be eternally lost; but I must tell you, I felt it more especially during my last illness at H——, and I hope the Lord showed me that I was in a most solemn condition, and I begged of Him that He would have mercy upon my soul.

On the Sunday morning I went to chapel, feeling very much burdened and distressed. Dear Mr. B—— preached from these words, “Ask and it shall be given thee, seek and ye shall find,” &c., and I heard him with such power attending the Word that it seemed to me as if I was the very character he was describing, and he seemed to be led into the very things I was passing through. I was a little encouraged, and felt a little hope springing up in my soul, and a “Who can tell but the Lord may have mercy upon me?” And in the evening that I was taken ill in the chapel, he took these words, “I will go before thee, and make the crooked things straight and rough places plain,” and felt that was what I wanted the Lord to do for me. After service, Mr. B—— said he would like to see me, if I were able for him to do so, and I said I should like to see him. When he came into the room, he said he was sure I had something troubling me, but I felt I could not say a word to him, and he took the Bible down, and read the 38th Psalm to me, and that described my very feelings, and that verse especially, “All my desire is before Thee, and my groaning is not hid from Thee.” After which he engaged in prayer, and it will be a season never to be forgotten by me. I hope I have been enabled in some little measure to bless the Lord for ever letting me go there. But, dear father, I have not yet realized, to that satisfaction I desire, my own personal interest in Jesus and His great salvation, but I do hope, in the Lord’s own time and way, I may have a clearer manifestation of it to my soul; but I must say I have had many lifts by the way, and words of encouragement while listening to His Gospel being set forth by His dear servants, which has caused me still to hope on, and I feel at times I cannot give it up, and would not for all the world, but I want Him to—

"Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear His witness in my heart,
That I am born of God."

And that He will, in His own time and way, enable me to testify to His dear people what He has done for my soul, and give me a desire to walk in His commands, though so unworthy and undeserving of a name or a place amongst His dear people. But, father, Satan often worries me, and casts me down, telling me that perhaps after all it is only fancy; but what a mercy the Lord alone knows our hearts, and those lines have often been a little comfort to me—

"Those feeble desires, those wishes so weak,
'Tis Jesus inspires, and bids thee still seek;
The Lord whom thou seekest will not tarry long,
And to Him the weakest is dear as the strong."

I trust I can truly say, I now love the things I once hated, and hate the things I once loved, and feel satisfied there is nothing in this world that can give any real pleasure. But what a mercy of mercies, to be made a partaker of God's grace in any small measure; and if we are made, it is alone of free and sovereign grace, and we shall have to say—

"Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise."

And also that verse has been a help to me at times—

"Grace reigns to pardon crimson sins,
To melt the hardest hearts;
And from the work it once begins,
It never once departs."

Now, dear father, I must close. I get the Magazines sent to me, so that I see where you are on Sundays; and I hope the Lord will be with you, and bless your labours abundantly amongst His dear people, wherever you may go; and may He grant you much of His presence, is the prayer of your unworthy daughter,
E.

October 11th, 1894.

A SINNER can just as well make an atonement to God for his sins, as he can fulfil the law of God for his justification; both are alike equally impossible.—*W. Mason.*

SANCTIFIED AFFLICTION.

Plymouth, November 16th, 1804.

MY DEAR BROTHER in the everlasting covenant of everlasting love, "ordered in all things and sure,"—According to your desire, and through Divine assistance, I write these few but imperfect, lines in fulfilment of my promise. And, oh, may the Lord guide my poor heart and pen by the influence of His Divine Spirit to tell you what a dear Redeemer I have found! Blessings on His dear name, 'tis because His compassions fail not—no, nor will they ever fail—and although it be not with me as in months past and gone, yet I will venture to say with David of old, in the confidence of faith, that the Lord hath made with me—and you, too, my dear brother—"an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure." I can say, "This is all my desire and all my salvation, though He make it not to grow."

When I look back on the past, I find my character clearly described in Jeremiah vi. 10, "Behold, the Word of the Lord is unto them a reproach; they have no delight in it." But glory to His dear name, Christ hath slain the enmity of the heart, and hath reconciled me unto God by His cross. Oh, the love of a covenant God in Christ! What could move Him to show mercy to such a vile wretch as I am? 'Tis because He died for the ungodly; and I am one of the vilest of the vile—praises to His dear name. He tells me by His blessed Spirit in His Word that He has loved me with an everlasting love; and I do know by happy experience, and by the application of the blessed Spirit of God to my poor soul, that it is with loving-kindness and much tenderness and mercy He hath drawn me. "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!"

And now, since He hath drawn me, I find it must be by His almighty power that I am kept alive to divine things, for my mind is ever cleaving to the dust and after every vain object, so that my affections are too often drawn from my dear Jesus. This sometimes brings my soul down so low that I can scarcely trace any evidence of renewed life. At such times Satan begins to growl, and says, "Ah, soul, where is thy hope? Thy God hath cast thee off for ever, and all thou hast experienced is nothing but a dream." But for ever blessed be our God, that although none can keep alive his own soul, yet the Lord's promise is Yea and amen in Christ Jesus our Lord. He hath said, "The bruised reed I will not break, nor will I quench the smoking flax." And Satan we find to be a liar and the father

of lies. Yes, and our God doth bring all his hellish plots to nought; for when Satan cometh in as a flood, the Lord lifts up His mighty standard of grace against him.

Oh, for a heart to praise Him who was made sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him. Oh, that I could

“Of nothing speak or think beside,
My Lord, my Love is crucified.”

Oh, the love of Jesus to such a vile wretch as me! My heart, while I am writing, is warm with His love; oh, that it could remain so for ever, were it the will of my blessed Jesus! I know it was my sins—my cruel sins—that pierced Him and put Him to an open shame; and, shameful wretch that I am, I only live to serve Him with my sins still. But what, what do I say—amazing grace! They are not to be found, but are all washed away in that bottomless ocean, that rich fountain of Immanuel's blood. Wonder, O heavens, and be astonished, O earth! the innocent Surety is seized and the guilty insolvent—the wretch that hath incurred the debt by his lust and sins—is for ever set free, and this by the precious blood of the immaculate Lamb of God being applied by God the Holy Ghost to each of our souls; and though our sins are of a scarlet hue and crimson dye, yet our souls are washed till they become whiter than the driven snow. Oh, that our God would increase our faith to credit what the Almighty saith! May He keep us by His almighty power, and give us joy and peace in believing. May Jehovah-Jesus enable us to live upon His faithfulness and rest upon Him in His promises, to rejoice in His salvation, and to deliver up soul and body with all our concerns for time and for eternity into His dear hands, who hath promised that “all things shall work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose.”

May the presence of Israel's God be with you, my dear brother, and your dear partner in life, who I trust is a fellow traveller to Zion. So prays your affectionate, but unworthy brother in a precious Jesus.

From the furnace of God's everlasting love to my poor soul,
JONAS EATHORN.*

P.S.—My wife joins with me in Christian love to you and your wife. Please to give our Christian love to brother Shepherd

* Our readers will remember that we gave them the history of Jonas Eathorn in the August number of the SOWER.—ED.

and son and daughter, and to all the dear people of God at your meeting. I should be glad to have a line from you.

The following hymn of Mr. Medley's has many times been a very great consolation to my poor soul, as it is from the portion of God's Word brought home by the Eternal Spirit of God to my soul when first laid on this bed of affliction. Pray for me.

"BE STILL, AND KNOW THAT I AM GOD."

(PSALM xlii. 10.)

"Let me, Thou sov'reign Lord of all,
Low at Thy footstool humbly fall;
And, while I feel affliction's rod,
'Be still, and know that Thou art God.'

"When or wherever Thou shalt smite,
I'll own Thee kind, I'll own Thee right,
And underneath the heaviest load,
'Be still, and know that Thou art God.'

"Dost Thou my earthly comforts slay,
And take beloved ones away?
Yet will my soul revere Thy rod,
'Be still, and know that Thou art God.'

"Then be my trials great or small,
There's sure a needs-be for them all:
Thus then Thy dealings I'll applaud,
'Be still, and know that Thou art God.'

"Let me not murmur nor repine
Under these trying strokes of Thine;
But, while I walk the mournful road,
'Be still, and know that Thou art God.'

"Still let this truth support my mind:
Thou canst not err nor be unkind;
And thus may I improve the rod,
'Be still, and know that Thou art God.'

"Thy love Thou'lt make in heaven appear,
In all I've borne or suffered here;
Let me, till brought to that abode,
'Be still, and know that Thou art God.'

"There, when my happy soul shall rise
To joys, and JESUS in the skies,
I shall, as ransom'd by His blood,
For ever sing, 'Thou art my God.'"

To Mr. Henry Fowler.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

DEAR FRIEND,—According to promise, and also a pleasure, to write these few lines to you to say that I came here last Friday. Oh, the wretchedness and misery that I have passed through, the dear Lord only knows. Through mercy He has in a great measure delivered me, but not fully. What it all means I cannot tell; sometimes I fear destruction is close at hand. Sometimes I am a little encouraged to cast my burden on the Lord and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord; and then, again, everything looks so dark that down I go, and it seems impossible that ever the Lord can look upon me again, and that I shall be lost for ever. But oh, the precious Word of God! it is more to me than choice jewels, for when I am cast down and ready to perish, I feel compelled to go there, even if it condemns me, and to my surprise I see some little gleam of comfort; and then there is the blessed throne of grace. Never in my life was I compelled to go so often; bless God for it! Oh that He would “lay me low, and keep me there.” Mr. Philpot says true religion is heart work between God and your own soul, and I am a living witness to it.

I must conclude with my kind love to you; and may the dear Lord strengthen and encourage you in the ways of truth, is my heart's desire. Your sincere friend, SARAH BROMLEY.

CLOSING WORDS FOR 1894.

DEAR readers, the labours of another year are coming to a close, and we desire, ere it is numbered with the past, to address a few words to you, as beloved friends, in acknowledgment of the Lord's goodness and your kindness during the months as they have passed along. We must gratefully record the loving-kindness of our covenant God, who has so wonderfully helped and so graciously blessed us in our varied work; for we have truly found His yoke to be easy, and His burden to be light, notwithstanding the anxieties and trials which have been mingled in our cup. We still find that trials do, at times, “make the promise sweet, and give new life to prayer,” and by such means the Lord often quickens His people in the way. Oh for more reviving grace and renewing power! We long to see this manifested in the Lord's Zion. She is very low, and but few truly mourn over it and earnestly seek the Spirit's reviving breath. We are glad that there are signs, in some places, of true concern respecting the things which have grieved the Holy Spirit. Brethren, let us pray that grace may be poured down from heaven upon the dry ground, that evils may thereby be removed, and Christ be magnified. Remember us and our work, and arise and help us.

Yours in hope,

THE EDITOR.

Published on the first of every Month. Price One Penny.

THE LITTLE GLEANER.

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine of Religious and General Instruction for Children.

The Editor seeks as much as possible to make this Magazine both interesting and useful to its readers, and hopes that all true friends of the young will try to secure for it a still wider circulation.

Published on the first of every Month. Price One Penny.

THE SOWER

Is well adapted for general circulation, since it aims to spread abroad the pure truth of the Gospel of Christ.

Seeing how very industriously the abettors of error sow their tares, lovers of truth, with equal or greater industry, should sow that truth which is "able to make wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

The Editor earnestly solicits all who desire the spread of Bible truth to help him in this work by increasing the circulation of **THE SOWER** and **THE LITTLE GLEANER**.

Two, four, six, or more copies of the above Magazines post free of the Editor, 117, High Street, Hastings.

London: HOULSTON and SONS, Paternoster Buildings.

FRIENDLY WORDS.

This is a little work of four pages, **GLEANER** size, which we publish monthly, for the purpose of supplying friends with a sheet of short readings, which will suit many who do not care to read page after page of a magazine or lengthy tract. It has a front-page illustration, which renders it very attractive in general distribution. We hope our friends will spread them freely everywhere. "Wherever I distribute **FRIENDLY WORDS**, I find they are most heartily welcomed and eagerly read. I hope they will be widely circulated, and that the Lord will make them very useful among the masses.—L. T." "I am pleased to see how eagerly **FRIENDLY WORDS** are received and read where I distribute them. I only wish that all who desire the good of souls would spread them abroad wherever they can do so.—S." Will other friends kindly try this plan? Price 1s. 6d. per 100; 3d. per dozen. Post free from the Editor, 117, High Street, Hastings. We can send assorted packets of back Nos. 1s. per 100, and postage. Localized Nos. 1s. 3d. per 100, and postage.

THE ANNUAL VOLUMES of "GLEANER" and "SOWER."

These Volumes are acknowledged to be most admirably adapted for Presents, where sound and interesting books are desired.

The LITTLE GLEANER , Boards, Illustrated ..	1s. 6d., or six vols. for	8s.
The LITTLE GLEANER , Cloth, do. ..	2s.	do. 10s.
The SOWER , Cloth, do. ..	2s.	do. 10s.

Sent, at above prices, post free, if ordered of the Editor, Mr. HULL, 117, High Street, Hastings.

Fact Superior to Fiction.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S TREASURY.—Vols. I. and II.

These little Volumes contain a collection of interesting narratives, setting forth the good old truths of the Gospel, and will, we believe, help to meet a want greatly felt in our families and schools, as they supply sound Scriptural reading in an interesting form, without resorting to fictitious tales. We earnestly commend them to all who seek the good of the rising race, as books which may, with the Lord's blessing, be of great spiritual use among the young.

Price One Shilling each, or eight volumes for 6s. 6d., post free, if ordered of the Editor, Mr. T. HULL, 117, High Street, Hastings.