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

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The Bower, January, 1897.



DANIEL SMART.



THE SOWER.

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

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

VOL. XIX., NEW SERIES.

1897.



LONDON :

HOUULSTON 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.

I N D E X.

| | PAGE |
|---------------------------------------|---------|
| All these Things are Against Me... .. | 96 |
| Answer to Inquiry... .. | 94, 144 |
| Augustus M. Toplady... .. | 147 |

| | |
|--|-----|
| Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be Saved | 191 |
| Brief Account of the Last Days of Thomas Bury, of Haslingden, A | 274 |
| Brief Memoir of Mrs. E. Rowe | 188 |
| "By their Fruits ye shall Know them" | 56 |

| | |
|------------------------------------|-----|
| Cast Down, but not Destroyed... .. | 212 |
| Changeless Name, Thy | 110 |
| Childlike Faith | 138 |
| Crucified with Christ | 164 |

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-----|
| Daniel Smart | 7 |
| Day of Rest | 89 |
| Destres for Zion's Welfare | 228 |

| | |
|--|-----|
| Editor's Closing Remarks for 1897, The | 282 |
| Editor's New Year's Address, The | 3 |
| End of the Way, The | 168 |
| Everlasting Theme and Occupation | 163 |
| Example, An | 63 |
| Extracts from the Diary of the devoted Missionary, Henry Martyn | 177 |
| Extracts from the Diary of the late Joseph Worsley | 40 |

| | PAGE |
|------------------------------|------|
| Forgetful Hearer, A | 236 |
| Fraternal Greeting, A | 46 |
| Gathered Home | 107 |
| Gathering the Lambs | 47 |
| Gracious Counsel | 259 |

| | |
|--|-----|
| Handful from an Old Author, A | 252 |
| He that hath My Word let him Speak My Word Faithfully | 161 |
| He will Abundantly Pardon | 204 |

| | |
|---|-----|
| Incident in the Life of Mr. Covell, An | 278 |
| In Memoriam. — Elizabeth Whiting | 31 |
| In Prayer | 213 |
| Interesting Anecdote, An | 43 |
| I will Redeem them from Death | 39 |

| | |
|--------------------------------|-----|
| Jesus Himself drew near | 227 |
|--------------------------------|-----|

| | |
|---|--------|
| Late Mr. Edward Samuel, of Sleaford, The | 51, 82 |
| Late Mr. J. T. Morton, The | 263 |
| Late Mr. William Vine, The | 27 |
| Letter for the Young 23, 72, 95, 120, 143, 167, 192, 216, 236, 262, 281 | |
| Light at Eventide | 211 |
| Lo, I am with you A way | 166 |
| Longing for Rest | 164 |
| Lord our Help, The | 248 |
| Love to Christ | 251 |

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-----|
| Malady and the Remedy, The | 37 |
| Memoir of Mr. Charles Cook | 99 |
| Memoir of William Tiptaft... .. | 195 |

| | PAGE |
|---|--------|
| Memory of Sandon, A | 249 |
| Mercy is Free | 29 |
| Ministerial Exercises | 11 |
| Mr. Grey Hazlerigg | 75 |
| My Grace is Sufficient for Thee | 178 |
| My Times are in Thy Hand | 81 |
| New Chapel | 237 |
| Notes of a Sermon...155, 179, 205 | |
| Obituary of John Jeays, of Leicester | 158 |
| O Death, Where is Thy Sting? | 240 |
| Old-time Baptist Minister, An | 20 |
| On Gratitude | 216 |
| Overcoming Faith... .. | 119 |
| O Zion! | 157 |
| Poem on Divine Love, A | 283 |
| Preaching the Gospel | 65 |
| Preach the Word | 135 |
| Pulpit Gleanings | 130 |
| Quench not the Spirit | 258 |
| Record of Divine Mercy and Faithfulness | 202 |
| Released | 86 |
| Reviews | 48, 67 |
| Righteousness of God, The... .. | 30 |
| Robert Pym, Late of Elmley | 243 |
| Romish Sisters | 156 |
| Samuel Turner, of Sunder- land | 123 |
| Sanctified Affliction | 13 |

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| Sanctuary of God at Great Granden, The | 267 |
| Seekers' Corner, The 19, 45, 62, 92, 116, 139, 165, 190, 214, 234, 261, 280 | |
| Simple Meditations of Scrip- ture Subjects | 104 |
| Sin the Cause of Man's Ruin | 273 |
| Soul's Aspirations after Christ, The | 134 |
| State of Zion, The... .. | 226 |
| Study of Prophecy | 90 |
| Sun's Behind the Cloud, The | 187 |
| Table Pew, The | 78 |
| Tenison Road Chapel, Cam- bridge | 171 |
| That Rock was Christ | 225 |
| Thirsting for Christ | 272 |
| Thoughts on Daily Readings, 44, 59, 112, 142 | |
| Trophy of Redeeming Grace, A | 14 |
| True and Lasting Friendship | 38 |
| True Vine and the Branches, The | 79 |
| Trust in the Day of Trouble | 61 |
| Weary | 154 |
| Weighty and Important Matter, A | 115 |
| Welcome Visitor, A | 260 |
| Whole Gospel, The | 87 |
| Why so Cast Down? | 279 |
| William Grimshaw | 219 |
| Wonder-Working God, A | 118 |
| "Yea, He is Altogether Lovely" | 248 |



THE SOWER.

THE EDITOR'S NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

DEAR FRIENDS,—As we commence another year, we desire to acknowledge the merciful goodness and loving-kindness of our covenant God, who has spared and helped us through all the changing scenes of the past year, and granted us to realize the truth of that precious promise, “Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy days so shall thy strength be.” Under a sense of His unchanging faithfulness and love, may we, with you, be able to thank God and take courage, feeling assured that, all our times being in His hand, and He having confirmed the promise with an oath, there is strong consolation for us who have fled for refuge, to lay hold on the hope thus set before us, in Christ Jesus, who is “the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.” Changes and war may seem to be against us; tribulations, temptations, unbelief, the world, flesh and Satan may all unite their evil forces, and our felt weakness may fill us with dismay, but if our eyes are up unto Him, like the good man of old we shall still prove that the battle is the Lord’s, and He will so order it that “the lame take the prey.” “Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.” And thus we learn what He has determined to teach us, “That no flesh shall glory in His presence,” but in the Lord alone. Do you not find, dear friends, that the longer you live the more firmly are you persuaded and grounded in the truth that, salvation is all of grace from first to last; and that the maintaining and performing of the good work in you is all of the sovereign loving operations of the Holy and abiding Comforter, who quickens, calls, gathers, teaches, and builds up in Christ all His chosen and redeemed members? And the Word declares that, “As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of

God." Do you prize His leadings, teachings, inward promptings, tender and sacred motions in the heart? Oh, how we value the thoughts Godward, Christward, and heavenward, begotten in our heart by the Holy Comforter's sweet breath. They are such we cannot beget of ourselves, and they go upward where Christ is at the Father's right hand, within the veil, therefore we feel sure they are of divine origin, for the flesh can never carry us up in thought and desire to that holy place, nor give us those sweet and "strong affections [which] fix our sight on God's beloved Son." Oh, friends! how much we are indebted to this Holy Testifier of Jesus, who takes of the things which are given us in Him, and shows them unto us. We never could have known the love of the Father and of the Son, had it not been for the love of the Spirit in revealing it. Whereby He is often reminding us that we are not our own, but we are bought with a price, and we are therefore called upon to glorify God in our body and in our spirit, which are God's (1 Cor. vi. 19, 20). May we be more mindful of these things, and less engrossed with the world and the things thereof—less inclined to the lulling of mere formalism and to sleeping on doctrines sound, while the vital work within is damped and chilled, low and dormant, by reason of our grieving the blessed Spirit of God.

Dear friends, let us seek to encourage any sweet moving of the Spirit in ourselves and in others by prayer and watchfulness, lest our hearts should harden and our bondage become hard and long. We know we have by nature no power to keep alive our own soul, but by backslidings of heart we may procure unto ourselves dearth and leanness of soul. It is our mercy that the Lord Jesus is the Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the End of our salvation. Oh that He who first made us to live may not only still keep us alive, but also lively in divine things and in His ways. And remembering who made us to differ from those who were left in their sin, may we give Him all the glory, singing, as we often have done, with a humbled heart—

"No, it was not the will of man
My soul's new heavenly birth began,
Nor will nor power of flesh and blood
That turned my heart from sin to God.

"Herein let self be all abased,
And sovereign love alone confessed;
This be my song through all the road,
That born I am, and born of God."

May we ever be kept tender and careful as to quenching the sweet motions of thought and desire begotten in our hearts by

Him, for though the life and work of the Spirit within can never be extinguished, yet it may be quenched, or damped. Some of us know the truth of Mr. Hart's words—

“So gentle sometimes is the flame,
That if we take not heed,
We may unkindly quench the same,
We may, my friends, indeed.”

How often the hustle-bustle of the world, the cares of this life, lightness and vanity of spirit, choke the tender motions of the Holy Dove in our breast, and it is thus we often grieve Him, and then miss His precious presence; for though He never finally departs from His chosen holy temple, where He loves to dwell in His saints, yet He hides Himself, and withholds His gracious operations, to make us know that our iniquities have, for a time, separated between us and our God. This made the poet cry out—

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

Is not the confessed spiritual dearth among us traceable to this cause? Are we not, as plants of the Lord, suffering drought and barrenness, through a lack of the gracious renewings and bedewings of the Holy Ghost, procured by our cold neglect and slighting of His admonitions and inward promptings?

“Oh may this love my soul constrain
To make returns of love again;
That I, while earth is my abode,
May live like one that's born of God.”

This is the true testimony concerning ourselves, and we believe it will be the true testimony of all who shall meet to sing before the throne of God and of the Lamb in heaven.

Oh that we could realize in ourselves and in the Church of Christ more of the power and work of the Holy Ghost among His saints and in the quickening of sinners. We know the Lord will do His own work and gather His own people, but we do not wish to be mere fatalists and stoics respecting these things. We desire to feel and see more of the spirit felt for the Church by the great Apostle, as manifested in his writings to the Philippians, chapter i. 8-11; and for his unbelieving brethren, as shown Romans ix. 1-3, x. 1-3; and in his rejoicing over the fruits of his labours among the Philippians, chapter iv. 1, and 1 Thess. ii. 19, 20. Oh that this grace might be poured out upon us by the Lord, who has promised the Spirit, as the Spirit of

grace and of supplications, sha'll be poured upon His Church (Zech. xii. 10), and as a convincing Spirit, (John xvi. 7-11), and as the Teacher (John xvi. 13-16), &c. &c.

Oh that these times of refreshing may come upon us, and that Zion may arise and shake herself from the dust, and become a praise in the midst of the earth. Brethren, our enemies are many and mighty, but our God is greater and mightier than they all, and He has said, "I will work, and who shall let it?" Popery, and its offspring Ritualism, are trying their utmost to urge those in authority to promote their schemes for securing the control over the education of the young, and for circumscribing the religious and social liberties of Protestants. God has, however, up to the present, in answer to prayer, defeated their open attempts, but we need to be on our guard, for they seem determined to renew their efforts to make priestly authority supreme. Let us lift our voice and urge our protests against priestcraft and religious idolatry being made supreme in our public schools, and may God overturn the devices of our foes. We can hope for little favour to be shown to vital truth by rationalists and co'd formalists, but these may, in a political sense, prove a breast-work against the tyranny of priestcraft. Our only hope and defence is in God, while at the same time it becomes us to use every means for the spread of the Gospel of Christ and the Scriptures of truth.

Do not forget to pray for us : we need your prayers, sympathies, and help, and we believe they will not be wanting. The Lord be with you, and bless you all with a truly happy New Year, is the prayer of

THE EDITOR.

YOU cannot be in any circumstance in life, but it is a trial for your faith.—*Romaine.*

WHEN the corn is near ripe it bows the head, and stoops lower than when it was green. When the people of God are near ripe for heaven, they grow more humble and self-denying than in the days of their first profession. The longer a saint grows in this world, the better he is still acquainted with his own heart and his obligations to God; both which are very humbling things. Paul had one foot in heaven when he called himself the "chief of sinners." When corn is dead {ripe, it is apt to fall of its own accord to the ground, and there shed; whereby it doth, as it were, anticipate the harvestman, and call upon him to put in the sickle. Not unlike to which are the lookings and longings, the groanings and hastenings of ready Christians to their expected glory, they hasten to the coming of the Lord — *John Flavel.*

DANIEL SMART.

THIS faithful servant of God was persuaded, not long before his decease, to dictate an account of the Lord's gracious dealings with him in providence and grace ; from which interesting account, and a few of his published sermons, the following particulars have been gathered.

Mr. Smart was born at Devizes, on the 27th of April, 1808. His mother died when he was only three years old. His father feared God, and was managing deacon at the old Baptist Chapel, Devizes. He kept a large boarding-school for many years, and accumulated considerable property, much of which at his death—not long after a second marriage—melted away. Mr. Smart was educated at Warminster, and shortly after his father's death he was apprenticed to an ironmonger at Marlborough. The Lord, however, never prospered him in business ; the more he prayed for custom the less he got. "It was," he says, "a hot furnace, and brought up the scum from the bottom of his heart." Having begun to preach, his friends persuaded him to give the business up, therefore he had nothing to do but to walk out of it.

While at Marlborough he attended church with the family until August, 1824, when he was brought to have some concern for his soul, which led to an outward reformation. When, however, the law was applied to convince and to condemn, he declares, "It ripped up my wicked heart from the core, and my leprous hovel fell down in a lump. What so much amazed me was, that that infernal principle, *sin*, delighted in wallowing in the basest desires and vilest imaginations that ever polluted the mind of man ; it caused me to feel in the sight of God the chief of sinners, the sore has been running almost constantly ever since, and the thought that I should be a sinner to my latest breath against so good and compassionate a God, has very often grieved my very soul."

"I requested my master to let me attend a small chapel in the town, where a few people met for reading and prayer : sometimes on a week-evening there was preaching, on which occasions I was most anxious to be there. I tried to lift up my heart to God for a blessing ; it was a matter of life and death with me. In the morning, before business began, my heart used to be lifted up in confession and supplication to God. On the Sabbath I would walk solitary by the mile in the same employ. Herbert's hymns were made a blessing to my soul. Psalm xxxiii. 18, 19, and John vi. 33, were also made precious in raising me to a lively hope in God's mercy. My own sins have been the greatest stumbling-block in my path, and yet

they have brought me more than all things else to need an interest in the atoning blood of Christ. I went one Sabbath to hear Mr. Dymot, he quoted from an old author the following words, 'Real saving faith was the venture of a perishing soul alone upon Christ.' It was the very state my soul was then in, and I was enabled to

" Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude ;
None but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good ;'

and peace and mercy flowed into my soul. That was a good day to me."

Mr. Smart was baptized at Wantage, on Christmas Day, 1829.

"The first impressions I felt respecting the ministry," says Mr. Smart, "were while walking in the country to collect money for my master. I felt peace in my soul, and unexpectedly a desire arose, if it were the will of God, that I might be of some use to those who feared His name; and when Hart had the same desire, he said, as I felt, 'Nor did the Lord offended seem.' It is not likely He will be offended at the desires created in His child's soul by the Holy Ghost. On the 12th of August, 1832, I left my house to go to the chapel, where we were to meet for reading and prayer. I had no thought of what lay before me. When I got about half-way, I felt as if these words came with power out of heaven into my soul, 'Comfort ye, comfort ye My people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned: for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins.' I said nothing to anyone. The verses I found in Isaiah xl. As I began to read, light shone upon the Word, and I spoke. There was no opposition on the part of the people, for I had a place in their esteem, and they expected what the Lord designed me to do. The first text I took was Job xxiii. 10. I told them the way I had taken, and the way the Lord took with me; and as to coming forth as gold, I came forth on the ground of free grace, and there I have been ever since.

"Some time after I sank very low, the shades of despair gathered over my soul, the enemy suggested I should be doubly destroyed for presuming to speak in the name of the Lord, and nothing God had ever said or done in a way of peace to my soul entered my thoughts. But all in a moment a divine blessing I once had when crossing Lambourne Downs came into my mind, the snare was broken, and I was once more on my feet in peace. It is confession that meets the case of sin-bitten, tempted souls, and an untried man is nothing but a plague to God's tried

people. If a man is to be of use to the afflicted Church of God, he must sigh for it. I have had many desires to be of use to those who love and fear God. My general drift has been Christ and the sinner, attempting to take up the stumbling-blocks out of their way, and to encourage them to hope in God's mercy through Christ."

The first four years of Mr. Smart's ministry he spoke at Grove Chapel, near Wantage, where he continued to supply for many years. In 1836 he removed from Wantage to Welwyn, in Hertfordshire. In 1850 he left Welwyn for Lakenheath, where he remained fourteen years. He was conscientiously a Baptist, but not a strict communionist. He married his first wife in 1830; she was the daughter of Mr. Fay, of Enford Farm, in Wiltshire. Mr. Fay was a gracious man; he built a chapel on his farm and maintained it himself. Mr. Smart greatly esteemed him, and when he died travelled one hundred and twenty miles to bury him.

In domestic or private life Mr. Smart was called to bear many heavy trials in providence, and some most heartrending afflictions and bereavements in his family; concerning which, among other gracious declarations, he says: "I am not of a roving disposition, but when one door in providence has been closed, I have always found the Lord can open another; and I have lived to prove that all things work together for good. There will be no school bills, shop scores, or rent days in heaven; but these things below press many sighs from honest hearts. I once opened the Bible with no particular desire or expectation to gain anything, and soon came upon these words, which proved spirit and life to my soul, and did me real good, 'I was cast upon Thee from the womb; Thou art my God from my mother's belly.' I sensibly felt I was cast upon His providence and grace, for body and soul, for time and for eternity, and that He was willing in love and mercy to take charge of me, and bless me in life, in death, and for ever. When some hear that I have finished my course, they might take comfort from the thought that they were a means of smoothing my path through the wilderness. Some have no heart to be kind to others, because God has no heart to manifest mercy to them. The Lord not only blesses his servants for their own comfort and encouragement, but for the help and consolation of others."

"In the year 1838 I was supplying at Brighton. I went for a solitary walk on the Saturday evening. My mind was anxiously exercised for a subject for the next day, and I began to meditate upon what Christ was to His people. I was then led to consider what He was to me, and the moment it became personal, I began to feed upon Him by faith. 'Verily, verily, I say unto you,

Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you.' I was led to see and feel that to eat His flesh, and drink His blood, was to receive by faith the peaceable fruits and effects of His broken body, shed blood, and bruised soul, and that He loved me, and gave Himself for me. I returned to my lodgings in Preston Street, and the blessing greatly increased upon my soul. I sat upon the sofa, covered my face with my handkerchief, and wept the sweetest tears I have ever shed; tears made by the blood of Christ; and the sweetest joys are mixed with mourning over Christ. I had distinct fellowship and communion with the Three Persons in the Trinity, and this is the best way of being established in that glorious truth—

“ ‘That Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To save our souls are all concerned.’ ”

I said, in child-like simplicity, ‘Why pass by millions and set Thy love on me?’ I looked on Him whom my sins had pierced, and mourned for Him as one mourneth for his only son. ‘Thou dear Redeemer, why pass by millions and shed Thy precious blood for me?’ I was almost overwhelmed, and swallowed up in love and blood. Any one might have thought me to have been in the deepest grief, though my soul was never more blessedly sanctified than then: weeping at a Saviour’s feet; like Mary, loving much, having much forgiven. And then the blessed Spirit, the Comforter, ‘Why pass by millions, and bid me live?’ More especially my soul would lean in love and sympathy to the Son of God, for His love and compassion towards me. It was the most powerful, overwhelming manifestation I ever enjoyed in my life. When able to attend to anything, I looked at Hart’s hymns on the sufferings of Christ, and I could not meet with a line but what I had the substance of it in my soul. I believe no power, but the power and blessing of Almighty God, could have caused me to enjoy what I then enjoyed. I believe it to be utterly impossible for a soul thus blessed to perish at the last. Though I am naturally an atheist, it matters not what state of mind I might be in, the moment that manifestation enters my thoughts, I know there is a God, and I know He is my God. I never knew it fail. I have always felt, if it did fail, I should sink in despair. I thought at the time I should never enjoy the like again, to the same degree, and I never have.

Mr. Smart lost his wife in 1847. In 1848 he married his second wife, who was the eldest daughter of Mr. Sladen, of Ripple Court, Kent, and widow of Major Reed, of Her Majesty’s 48th Regiment; he died suddenly of fever, at Gibraltar. During his lifetime it pleased the Lord to call her by His grace. At that

time Mr. Philpot's father was the parson, and Mr. Sladen the squire, of Ripple. Of this his second wife Mr. Smart declares "he never knew a more decided character. She was never left to parley for an hour with parents, husband, or any one." She died in 1867.

In July, 1864, Mr. Smart removed to Cranbrook, in Kent, where he ended his days, preaching as long as health and strength permitted to the congregation at Providence Chapel. This chapel was built in Mr. Huntington's days, for Mr. Beeman. On the 12th of August, 1882, Mr. Smart attained the fiftieth year of his ministry. On the 17th of the same month Jubilee services were held in the chapel, which were attended by large congregations from far and near. Mr. Smart preached morning and afternoon, and Mr. Prince, of Forest Hill, in the evening. In the afternoon Mr. Smart was presented with a testimonial which had been raised by the congregation and his numerous friends. This valuable testimonial proved a great help to him in his last lingering illness. The Sunday School children also presented him with a handsome edition of Bunyan's works, to be handed down to his descendants as a memento of the occasion. He preached his last sermon at the end of October, 1885, and passed away quietly on the morning of April 25th, 1888. He was interred on the 30th, in the same grave where rest the remains of his second wife, in Cranbrook churchyard. The services were conducted, in the presence of about seven hundred people, with the utmost reverence by the vicar, the Rev. A. H. Harrison. At their close a large congregation assembled at Providence Chapel, where an appropriate service was held, conducted by Mr. T. S. Wakeley, of Rainham. B. H. N.

MINISTERIAL EXERCISES.

DEAR MR. W——,—Like myself, you no doubt have your hands always pretty full, and never stand still for want of work. How very different is such a life to that of those who, as they say, hardly know how to kill time. And beside the continual *work*, there is, too, continual, or almost continual, *worry*—trying to do the best, yet can by no means please everybody. Well, I have long ceased to do that; but then, what seems worse is, I can't please myself, and that, at times, bothers me. Yet worse, I fear often that I do not please the Lord. And what is all toil, however religious it seem, if He takes no pleasure in it, and we have no consciousness of His approbation? Nothing can ever supply this particular lack. This tries me, exercises me, makes me pray. Sometimes I see so much of folly and sin in myself that I do not wonder that God's favour and approbation should be withheld. Then fear arises concerning

my position as a teacher in His name; and the solemn responsibilities of the office are a great weight upon the spirit. This leads to real confession at His feet, and I seldom get there without finding His own Word verified, He is "exalted a Prince and a Saviour, to give *repentance* unto Israel, and the *forgiveness* of sins." Being thus assisted by the Holy Spirit, how sweet it is to confess, how free is the confession; not a single reserve, the whole heart is opened to Him. How near He is now, and how precious. All the mountains of fear, unworthiness, and everything else, flow down at His presence, and I am not concerned about self at all, for the time being, but prove indeed that Christ is All in all. Now it is His love, not my failings, that fills my heart; and now, "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and what is spoken is surely to His praise. I had just a touch of this yesterday, while seeking His face under a sense of barrenness and need. I was led to read the twenty-second Psalm just before going to chapel, and the sufferings, crying, roaring of Christ under all His sorrows being met by disregard, no help or deliverance, but being forsaken of God: yet notwithstanding all this He exclaimed, "But Thou art holy, O Thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel." How I was reprovèd! Christ in the midst of unknowable sufferings, and His cries disregarded, yet no murmuring at His Father's silence, but in the midst of all proclaimed Him *holy*. Oh, what an example is Christ! He was indeed exalted in my heart. Then *Israel* was in His thoughts. Israel's praises ascended to God in such a way as to form a kind of habitation in which God dwells. He *inhabits* those praises, lives in the midst of them. They ascend like a cloud of incense, encompassing His Divine Majesty; and I had a peculiar impression that the little praise I had in my heart mingled with the ascending cloud even to His presence, and the Lord's words became my own, "*Thou art holy*," although I am unworthy. I went to chapel with this, and told my people about it as well as I could; but oh, how short one comes when attempting to speak His praise. But is it not good to aim at it? His approbation makes you feel that, notwithstanding all that is so contrary within full often, yet He takes pleasure in us. Our attempts are just those of children, in which He both pities and loves us. Thanks to His name.

I have felt free in speaking to you, as I am sure you will understand me better than some would, as you have to tread in similar steps.

Hoping the Lord is with you, and that His blessing still attends your labours, and with Christian regards,

Yours in truth,

Swinton, October 5th, 1896.

ROBT. PIGOTT.

SANCTIFIED AFFLICTION.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I thank you for your sympathetic letter and kind wishes on my behalf. There has been, particularly during the earlier part of the time, great pain; of late very little, comparatively speaking; still, there is some at times. I lie for the greater part of the time on my back in bed, from which I am now sending these few lines.

The Lord, I believe, has graciously sustained me, and has not left me at any time to dispute His will or murmur at it. I am a sinner.

“His strokes are fewer than my crimes,
And lighter than my guilt.”

Indeed, so much mercy has been mingled in with the affliction that I hardly know how to call it a stroke. In the night just passed away, I could even thank the Lord for it all. I knew the fall could not have taken place without His permissive will, and I felt it was one of the things Paul includes, “In everything give thanks.” I feel, too, that the Lord has adapted His very visits and communications to my case. At first, bearing grace was needed, and I was enabled to lie quite still and passive. Just lately He has given me more soul-reviving grace. He has, I believe, put me into the hearts and prayers of numbers of His people, and the sympathy and kindness shown have been wonderful to me. Who am I, that so many should love, esteem, and pray for me? It is true I have a little desired and endeavoured to help and do good to His people, and wanted to aim at His glory. But this is from Him; anything good is not properly mine, but His—His wine and milk, His myrrh and spice, His honey and honeycomb, His pleasant fruits: indeed, what is not His is worthless; this I own, and love to have it so. In my right mind, I want nothing but what may be to His glory. I said to Him this morning life was not worth having without praising Him—“Let soul and body praise the Lord.” I think the Lord will raise me up again; I expect yet to show forth His praise in the gates of the daughter of Zion, but when I cannot say, and I have to move forward very cautiously, and live by the day. I dare not make fresh engagements; I have had to give up some, and may have to give up more. At present, though I am moved into a bath-chair, and have been out, I cannot take a single step even with crutches, but I wish to lie passive in His hands, and do and bear His will by His own ability.

Your exercises as to the chapel affairs must have been trying, though salutary. The trial of what God works proves its divinity.

Believe me, yours sincerely,

Leicester, May 31st, 1896.

G. HAZLERIGG.

A TROPHY OF REDEEMING GRACE.

SARAH JANE POLLITT, the subject of this memoir, was a native of Runcorn, in Cheshire. When young she had no opportunity of attending a day school. Being the eldest of a large family, she had to nurse the younger children, and at the age of twelve left home to enter service. About this time a gentleman gave her a Bible, which she learnt to read. She made good use of this blessed book, and no doubt, in after years, the knowledge gained from its perusal proved "a lamp unto her feet, and a light unto her path." After a few years she came, in 1890, to Manchester, into the service of a lady who is now a member of our Church. Hitherto she had attended a certain church, and her new mistress gave her permission to continue to attend church, or to go with her. She thereupon voluntarily decided to attend with her, and also to go to the Sunday School. She got very much attached to her teacher, Mr. E. Bailey, and said she got more encouragement in the Sunday School than anywhere else. She attended the services as often as she could, and continued so to do as long as health permitted. At this time nothing very particular was noticeable in her beyond the strong desire she had to attend both the Sunday School and the services. Also she appeared to much enjoy hearing the singing of hymns. In May, 1895, she was taken very ill, and went to Ramsey, Isle of Man, on the recommendation of the doctor, but came home again much worse, and the night after, she was so bad the doctor gave no hope of her recovery. She then showed a great concern about her state, and would ask, in deep anguish of mind, what would become of her never-dying soul? saying, "Oh that I was prepared to meet a just and holy God!"

At this time she told her friends that she had been concerned for a number of years, and was at times in great trouble and distress about her soul, feeling to be such a great sinner that she dare not kneel down to pray. On one occasion, while in this state, the dear Lord appeared, and the following words were applied with power to her soul, "Though thy sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; and though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool," and the cloud was thus lifted from her mind. After she came to Manchester the same words were again applied with power; and she was enabled to hope in them at this time of sickness, although they did not completely allay her fears, for she expressed great fear of death, at times distressing to hear.

It was found necessary to remove her to the Manchester Royal Infirmary. Her affliction proved to be long and very painful, with no hope of her recovery; and, what was far worse,

all the time she lay in bed in this institution she was in great darkness and distress. Visits of Christian friends were much appreciated. She said the 283rd hymn expressed her feelings—

“ ’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? ” &c.

Her former employer now found it was useless to expect her back again, and was reluctantly compelled to fill her place. This was a further great trial, as she was practically a lonely young woman in the world, with an incurable sickness, and no visible means of subsistence. After five months' stay in the infirmary, she so far recovered as to be sent to the Cheadle Convalescent Home. Whilst here she was blessed with the following words, “ I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee,” and her fears went, and peace came into her soul; and many times afterwards she looked back and said she believed her dear Lord would never forsake her, and this she proved right up to her death. As the improvement in her health continued, she was discharged from the Home, after about eight weeks' stay, but a like period of time found her again seriously ill, and on the 1st of January, 1896, she was once more thought to be in a dying state. We give below some poetry which had been blessed to her, and which at this time she longed to get hold of, when one of the Sunday scholars copied it, we believe, from a tombstone, for her :—

Lonely? No, not lonely,
While Jesus standeth by;
His presence fills my chamber,
I know that He is nigh.

Friendless? No, not friendless,
For Jesus is my Friend;
I change, but He remaineth
True—faithful to the end.

Tired? No, not tired,
While leaning on His breast;
My soul hath sweet possession
Of His eternal rest.

Saddened? Ah! yes, saddened
By earth's deep sin and woe;
How can I count as nothing
What grieved my Saviour so?

Helpless? Yes, so helpless,
But I am leaning hard
On the mighty arm of Jesus,
And He is keeping guard.

Waiting? Oh yes, waiting,
 He bade me watch and wait;
 I only wonder often
 What makes my Lord so late.

Happy? Yes, so happy,
 With joy too deep for words,
 A precious, sure foundation,
 A joy that is my Lord's.

Once more she was taken from her few Christian friends to the Infirmary, this time to wait and suffer, till the dear Lord called her home. She lingered on through a painful and distressing sickness, much longer than was anticipated, and her sufferings were so acute, she said, had it not been for the grace of God, she would have done something to put an end to her existence. For some weeks after her removal she was in deep distress of soul through fear of death, and the temptations of Satan. One day she found comfort in reading the 14th chapter of John, also hymns Nos. 117, "Awake, sweet gratitude, and sing," and 9, "Awake, my soul, in joyful lays." The following Tuesday the doctors all considered her very near her end; she was rambling, and quite unconscious to all around her. A Christian friend called to see her, and when recognised, Miss Pollitt began to tell what the Lord had done for her soul. Her tongue was set at liberty, and she burst into praise and adoration of the dear Lord Jesus. She said, with much assurance, "'I know that my Redeemer liveth!' I know it, He has told me. Only to think of the Lord looking upon such a sinful creature, the vilest of the vile!" It was for nothing she had done, she exclaimed, but all of His grace wrought in her heart. She talked incessantly from 9 p.m. to 2 a.m., blessing and praising God, and repeating portions of Scripture and hymns. The enemy tried to rob her, but she said there was One mightier than he, and Jesus had conquered. In this frame of mind she continued many days. The second verse of hymn No. 9 was very precious at this period—

"He saw me ruined in the fall,
 Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
 He saved me from my lost estate,
 His loving-kindness, oh, how great!"

After this, all fear of death was taken away—at which she was greatly surprised, for it had been an exceedingly heavy burden aforetime. Now she longed to be gone, to be for ever with her precious Jesus.

She lingered on, however, for some months, but she had many

sweet visits from her blessed Saviour, and she was often full of praise and gratitude to Him for His great goodness. She expressed great thankfulness for all the kind friends who had taken an interest in her and visited her; and also spoke very affectionately of the nurses, who had shown great kindness and patience.

A week before she died, the 14th chapter of John was again blessed to her, and she could repeat it all through; and hymns, Nos. 9, 303, 143, and especially the following verses of hymn 1122, were very sweet to her:—

“The vile, the lost, He calls to them :

‘Ye trembling souls appear,
The righteous in their own esteem
Have no acceptance here.

“‘Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse
The banquet spread for you.’

Dear Saviour, this is welcome news—
Then I may venture too.

“If guilt and sin afford a plea,
And may obtain a place,
Surely the Lord will welcome me,
And I shall see His face.”

On the Sunday before she died she told a Christian friend that she had just enjoyed a grand and glorious view of heaven—the Celestial City. She could not describe in words what she had seen, but exclaimed that it was *so very beautiful, bright and shining*. She had just been asking the Lord to let her look farther in. Her friend remarked, “You would want to go in altogether;” when she replied, with a bright smile, “Yes, that’s it.” As she thought of the glories she had seen, she would clasp her hands earnestly, in admiration and ecstasy of delight, but she realized with Paul, that the things she beheld were beyond description, and “not lawful to utter.”

The Tuesday following she spoke of what a sinful, guilty creature she was, the most unworthy, and yet, she said, the dear Lord Jesus was so good to her. Though in great pain, she was in a sweet frame of mind. Through the night she was not able to talk much, and suffered much pain, but would doze for a while, and then break out, “Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His holy name.” She was sweetly resting on that precious Rock—Christ Jesus, and mentioned that hymn—

“On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake my sure repose?”

On Thursday evening a friend visited her, and found her

sinking fast, and in great pain. On Friday the same friend came, and repeated the 4th verse of Psalm xxiii., "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for Thou art with me ; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." She smiled sweetly in reply.

At 4 a.m. Saturday, a change was seen, and she was sinking fast, and at 7.30 a.m. she gently passed away, without any struggle, or a sigh, the only sign being that her breath had ceased. Her happy spirit had fled to be for ever with Jesus, whom she loved.

Thus died one of our scholars, a meek and lowly follower of Jesus. Like Israel of old, she was led about and instructed and showed what was in her heart, and she also proved the faithfulness, long-suffering, and love of a covenant-keeping God.

It was her wish that even her poor body should be laid beside the remains of the Lord's people, and, in accordance with her desire, she was buried, on the Wednesday, at Harpurhey Cemetery (a place honoured with the dust of many departed saints), by Mr. S. F. McKee. A goodly number of friends attended, and she was carried to her last resting-place by the superintendent of the Sunday School, a teacher, and two Church members. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and may my end be like his."

Before concluding, we would mention that several ministers went to see her when alive, including Messrs. Farmer, Brown, Croft, McKee, Wadsworth, and Oldfield, and she very much enjoyed their visits.

On the occasion of Mr. Farmer's visit, a poor woman in the next bed, a Roman Catholic, appeared much impressed, and spoke afterwards of what a beautiful prayer he made, without the aid of a prayer-book, much to her surprise. She said she was sure it was a real prayer from the heart. We feel this worthy of mention, and the result must we leave with Him who knows His own people.

If you can spare the space, we should like some verses, composed for Miss Pollitt by her teacher, Mr. E. Bailey, to be inserted.

F. C.

"Your path, my dear sister, as well as my own
With sorrow, and sadness, and care hath been strewn ;
The fire has been hot, and the billows ran high,
Our heart, well-nigh broken, heaved sigh upon sigh.

"Like Naomi of old, we oft sigh and complain
That our pathway is hard, and the things that remain
Against us rise up like the waves of the sea,
And we say, 'The Lord's dealings are bitter with me.'

"Oh, let us remember, my sister, that He
Who rides in the bark is still Lord o'er the sea;
The billows may roar, and well-nigh overwhelm,
But Christ is the Pilot who sits at the helm.

"Then trust Him, my sister, whose love never dies,
He's the joy of our hearts, and the light of our eyes.
His love never varies, He's, e'en to the end,
Our Lover, our Husband, our Brother and Friend.

"Soon, soon shall we see, where no veil comes between,
That face, once so marred, now so fair and serene;
And hear His kind voice as we enter our home,
Saying, 'Come in, ye blessed, come, weary one, come.'"
ONE OF THEM.

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

MY DEAR MR.—,—I feel constrained to send you a few lines to-day. Truly the Lord was with you in speaking last evening. I did beg that there might be a word for me, and the Lord answered, for He led you into my pathway; you told me all my exercises far better than I could have expressed them. It was indeed a good time to my soul. When you were speaking of the various trials of God's people being for their good, though often they seemed to come cross-handed to us, I felt all must be well, for

"A Father's hand prepares my cup,
And what He wills is best,"

and wherever He is pleased to lead, however trying the path may be, I would gladly follow Him, knowing

"He cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still."

Oh that I could more often feel this! but when I come into crooked places my heart often rises up with rebellion against God. It is a mercy indeed that I am spared, and not cut off and sent where hope never can come. In my right mind, I would bow before Him and say—

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

I want Him to lead, guide, guard, and keep me, or I shall surely fall. May I ever be kept from reproaching His blessed Name.

May the Lord still go on to bless you indeed, and spare you for many years, if His will.

With kind regards, believe me to remain,
Your affectionate young friend,

December 2nd, 1895.

E. V.

AN OLD-TIME BAPTIST MINISTER.

"I SHOULDN'T dare to tell my people what tears I shed over them in this chair. They talk about hearing me to profit. Pooh! I wish they would come to hear wet-eyed. I have had both hells and heavens in this room about my ministry, and the people don't know half of what it costs me." Such words would scarcely have fallen from the lips of other than "a good minister of Jesus Christ." Their author was not a trained minister in the modern meaning of the term; he had not passed through a college curriculum, but he possessed the prime qualifications for the ministry, and had learned that best of all lessons—how to put first things first. Francis Covell, from whose little, unpretentious, but extremely interesting biography,* just written by his friend, Mr. E. Wilmshurst, this quotation is made, has gone to his rest. He was an old-time Baptist pastor, and a prototype in more than one respect of the immortal Bedford tinker. He was a working tinman; as a boy he had a Church of England up-bringing, and used to be very strict in attendance at Croydon Parish Church, during which time he "watched over his words, gave money to the poor, and set about a general reformation;" but in all this he found no abiding peace, and after conversion, when reviewing that experience, used to say that "he was glad to part with a better righteousness than many hope to be saved by."

The light streamed into his soul when he was but a very humble worker in a London manufactory, and then it was that he discovered that the preaching at the parish church did not suit him. This brought him into straits, for his father thought it unpardonable that his son "should think that he knew better than the parson," and it involved him in the bitter trial of leaving the home of his youth which he loved so well. But the Nonconformists did not suit him either. He attended a seven o'clock Sunday morning prayer meeting at the Congregational Church, and told some of the people there that God had pardoned his sins and saved his soul; but they told him he was an Antinomian. "What that meant he could not tell, any more than he could understand Arabic; but nothing could strip him of the hope of salvation God had given him." He had at that time to be often satisfied with scanty meals, "his dinner being frequently made from a few dried sprats and bread," but all his experiences were evidently going to the making of a minister. He seems not to have heard what he deemed "a Gospel sermon"

* "Gathered Fragments in the Life of Francis Covell." By E. Wilmshurst, Blackheath, London.

until after his marriage, and it came from the lips of William Gadsby, to whose preaching, as well as to that of the famous John Warburton—whose fame is great in Wiltshire to-day—and Cowper, the new convert acknowledged heavy obligations. Mr. Gadsby's discourse was based on Romans viii. 28, and Francis Covell found great difficulty in restraining himself from shouting in the chapel, "I am called! I am called!" As he could not get the people with whom he then worshipped at Croydon to have such men to preach, he and his wife stayed at home on Sundays to read and pray, and four or five years later they were joined by ten or twelve other friends. Mr. Covell had then an impediment in his speech, and "cried to the Lord with tears to loose his tongue." At one of the little home gatherings he felt constrained to make some remarks, and "immediately his tongue was loosed; lo! the impediment was gone." Thereafter he never once stuttered. The event seemed miraculous; it certainly proved a crisis to himself and to the Church of Christ, to which he subsequently was helped to render a lengthened and quite remarkable service.

Francis Covell was, for eleven years before he began to preach, a great Bible student. His knowledge of the Bible was simply wonderful, and therein lay the secret of his kingly culture, though he was what the world called an unlettered man. His earnestness and natural gifts as a preacher were recognised, and in 1848 the little band to whom in the back parlour of his tinman's shop at Croydon he had quietly ministered determined to arise and build. Providence Chapel, in West Street, was the outcome of their resolve, and it stands to-day quite a sacred spot to our Strict Baptist brethren of Middlesex and Surrey. The original pastor sleeps the sleep of the just. Curiously enough, his mortal remains rest in the small churchyard at Addington, in the company of no less than five English Primates, and beneath the shadow of the Archbishop's palace. A unique cemetery! As the simple gravestone records, he was minister of the Baptist Church he founded for no less a period than thirty-one years. He was a prophet *not* without honour in his own country; his singular teaching power was equalled and its usefulness assured by his life of genuine goodness, and when Death's finger touched him he was widely mourned by his townsmen, very many hundreds of whom attended his funeral, and closed their shops along the route of the sorrowful cortège. His was a character all his own save as to his saintliness, and that was another's. No biography was needed to keep his memory green; his life has been indelibly graven on human hearts. But the "Gathered Fragments" of reminiscences now, though some seventeen years after the death of their subject, given to the world, recall some striking features

of a ministry which Mr. Covell once said was at first "scorned by professors, despised by the world, often the jeer and contempt of fools," but which in its impress upon its age certainly became imperishable.

We have ourselves not a few pleasing remembrances of Mr. Covell in his pulpit. He was an anti-Ritualist of a severe type; his chapel ceiling had no cornice to it, the seats were as upright as the minister,—for want of panels they forbade the listener to rest; and no single gas bracket or pendant had anything like a curve in its make. But first and last he was a man of the Book. An expository as distinguished from a mere textual preacher, he made a regular habit of selecting every week one passage of Scripture, which became the theme alike of both his morning and evening discourses on Sunday, each deliverance occupying a full hour and being replete with mnemonic quotations from the Sacred Word, ranging all through the Old and New Testaments. He was absolutely extemporaneous, interestingly colloquial, and natural to a fault. Very many of his sermons were published and quickly ran out of print. He was singularly humble-minded, and spoke of experiencing fears and shakings and puffings from the devil, that he would not in his ministry hold out and hold on, and that his people would tire of him. But at the close of about thirty years of successful work he testified: "We have had no penny readings to get you together, no concerts; we have had nothing else to attract you but the truth that you are sinners and must be saved by the grace of God." While he constantly burned with anathemas against sin, he fervently taught the doctrines of Divine sovereignty and election, but his daily living proved him to be far from a cold fatalist. From his stipend he maintained a little circle of pensioners among the Lord's flock, and it is recorded that he gave away about £1 a day.

He died at the age of seventy-one, and his death-bed was a rapturous time of home-going. "Hallelujah!" was his parting word. "Whose faith follow, remembering the end of their conversation, Jesus Christ, the same, yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

We thought our readers would be interested in the above article upon Mr. Covell, which we extract from *The Baptist*.

THERE is not a trouble a Christian has, but if he lives by faith on Christ in it, it will turn into a blessing.—*Romaine*.

IF we would take Christ into all, and make use of Christ in all, troubles and joys would both tend to set us forward in our way heavenward.—*Romaine*.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

GODLY COUNSEL.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I received your kind letter. I did not think you uncandid. My inquiry was to learn something of the Lord's dealings with you; because with dear Hart I am sure

“ True religion 's more than notion,
Something must be known and felt; ”

and that daily, too. While we are walking here, we look at some few Christians of whom we entertain a very high opinion in reference to vital, experimental religion; and, as we have opportunity, we feel disposed to open our mind to them, and we wish to know their opinion of us and our experience, whether they think we have the right mark. If they speak approvingly, we feel encouraged; if otherwise, we are cast down. If they give us what we conceive good advice, we are thankful for it, and try to follow it, and we hope by doing so to grow more in grace and divine experience. But it may be, with all our sincerity and anxiety in consulting the excellent of the earth, we have been looking too much to the sinner saved, and not enough to the Saviour of sinners. Too much to the gracious work of the Holy Spirit in others, and not enough to the Holy Spirit as Jehovah the Quickener, Teacher, Comforter, Revealer of Jesus, and Sealer of the testimony of God in the conscience. We often err in God's sight in our most earnest inquiries after the way to Zion, and I think, from this cause, very often we walk in darkness and bondage. May we not forsake the Lord in heart and spirit, and yet for a time not be aware of it? And all the while, perhaps, our fellow-creatures are trying to comfort us, and prophesying good concerning us. Yet the Lord will not smile upon us. Our dear friends quote God's Word, and tell us how they have been led on, and delivered from just such a state as we are in. We hear and believe it, but remain in the same frame; or if we feel a little while they are relating their experience, it is soon gone, and we return to our own sad place.

The most precious of God's ministers and people are nothing but instruments, unless indeed, only as the Lord puts divine power into them; and though poor, vain man would be wise. Alas! what is man? “To which of the saints wilt thou turn?” Where can we find infallibility and perfection, but in the Lord alone? “Look unto Me and be ye saved; for I am God, and there is none beside Me.” “If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.” Berridge speaks of some that “squint, and peep another way.” I believe the Lord will, in

His own time, lead you on to become "a weaned child," and then you will know experimentally the holy and glorious liberty of the sons of God. When I was a child ("a weaning child"), "I spake as a child; I thought as a child; I understood as a child. But when I became a man, I put away childish things."

The Lord's teaching is various, and very mysterious, but true and sure. Some of the Lord's people, like Messrs. Fearing and Ready-to-Halt Bunyan speaks of, are all their lives subject to bondage. With trying fears and distressing doubts and darkness, they go on for years without that sealing of the Spirit, the earnest of their inheritance they daily pray and long for.

But there is this one blessed and sure mark of the Spirit's teaching, viz., "the fear of the Lord." This is very evident to me in your exercises; you say you feel poor, and needy, and helpless. The Lord is the God of the poor and needy, and He says, "I will hear them; I will not forsake them." You say, "I want an application of the blood of Jesus." The blood of Christ was freely shed for all that are brought to feel they really need it.

"The man who feels the heaviest load
Will prize forgiveness most."

You say the worm at the root of all is your coming short in the preceptive part. This, your great discouragement, is a direct mark in your favour, because it shows the fear of the Lord, and a sacred regard for God's Word and ways.

"When they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both." The invitation is to him that hath no money. Could we do all we would do, then we should be able to do without the righteousness and blood of Jesus. The Gospel is a glorious exhibition of everlasting love and mercy to the chief of sinners. If we could do what we would perfectly, the Gospel would not suit us; we should be too good to receive it or need it. Should we pray for and prize the visits of a precious Christ if we could be happy and comfortable without Him?

"What comfort could a Saviour bring
To those that never felt their woe?"

The conclusion of it, dear friend, is this: We fell in Adam, and are totally ruined and depraved in nature, heart, life, and lip. Taught by the blessed Spirit to know and feel our sad state, we do groan in this tabernacle, being burdened. "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from this body of death?" But the weaned child can say feelingly, "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord," &c.—*Extracts from a letter by the late R. De Fraine.*

The Sower, February, 1887.



THE LATE MR. WILLIAM VINE.

THE LATE MR. WILLIAM VINE.

FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS PASTOR OF ZOAR CHAPEL,
DICKER, SUSSEX.

THIS servant of God was born at the Dicker, Sussex, but when very young his parents removed to Wilmington, where he lived till he was apprenticed to a draper at Hailsham. While here he was convinced as a sinner, felt his lost condition, and a cry for the first time was wrung out of his heart, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" He began to seek to hear the truth. He could not get on at Hailsham—could not get what his soul longed for. This was years previous to his friend Mr. Nunn being pastor there. At length he went to a little chapel at Horsebridge, where the late Mr. Pitcher was preaching. There, on one occasion, Mr. Vine met with Mr. Clark (now the senior deacon at the Dicker), whose friendship he always prized. Mr. Clark was at that time an attendant at "Zoar," and although he, Mr. Vine, had heard (from enemies) such a bad account of the doctrines said to be held by Mr. Cowper, the then Pastor, he, being in such soul trouble, resolved to go and see what the preaching was like. Here he went again and again, till at length the Lord blessed his soul, and gave him a hope in His mercy.

He was pew-opener for some years during Mr. Cowper's life, after whose decease Mr. Drake was appointed pastor, and soon after his death it became known that Mr. Vine's mind had been for years much exercised about the ministry. He was at length asked by the deacons to speak in public, and it was soon made manifest he was called to preach the Gospel, and was shortly unanimously called to minister to the Church, of which he continued till death the honoured pastor, a little over twenty-five years.

His health had been failing for some time past, but he was only laid aside from his loved employ for two Lord's Days. On the morning of November 28th he was struck with paralysis. After reviving a little, he was much blessed in meditating upon Hart's hymn, "Lord, what a riddle is my soul." He also found comfort from the portion of the Song of Solomon, "He standeth behind our wall, He looketh forth at the windows, showing Himself through the lattice. My Beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away."

Mr. Ashdown had an interview with him on December 2nd, and found him much favoured in soul. Mr. Ashdown read to him some of the hymns and portions that had been sweet to him, and he said, "*Write proved! proved!* I have found the sweetness."

On December 8th the Holy Spirit applied to him, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee;" also some portions of the 103rd and 23rd Psalms. He asked those with him to sing (420, Gadsby) —

"O bless the Lord, my soul,
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless His name,
Whose favours are divine."

The same evening he was seized with another stroke, and soon passed peacefully away, to be for ever with the Lord. He leaves a widow and two children, with his Church, to mourn their loss.

On Monday afternoon the funeral of Mr. William Vine, of Holly Cottage, London-road, Hailsham, took place, the remains being interred in the burial grounds adjoining Zoar Chapel, the Dicker. For over twenty-five years Mr. Vine, who was sixty-five years of age, was the pastor of the chapel, and during the long period that he had fulfilled those duties he had won the affections of those amongst whom he laboured. The earnest and sincere manner in which he discharged his ministry has had a marked effect, and his loss will be felt to an inexpressible degree. It was only during the past few months that he resided in Hailsham, but previous to this he was in the neighbouring parish of Chiddingfold. He was known for miles around, and people often came a considerable distance to attend the chapel. The large number of persons who attended the funeral and the sympathetic tokens of respect manifest showed how much his ministry had been appreciated. The funeral *cortège* left Holly Cottage about two o'clock. The weather was very cloudy and rain fell at intervals. There was a large number of carriages. The relatives present were: Mrs. Vine (the widow), Mr. J. B. Burton, Miss M. Burton, Miss S. Burton, Mrs. Ashbey, and a large gathering of friends. On arriving at Zoar Chapel the service was conducted by Messrs. H. Bradford and Ashdown, and both, in the course of appropriate addresses, testified to the loss which the Church had sustained in the death of its pastor. At the graveside the remainder of the service was conducted by Mr. Ashdown. The funeral arrangements were superintended by Mr. J. T. Thompson.

THE Word of God humbles the sinner, and comforts the humble soul.

"SURELY," says the believer, "never sinner wanted Christ more, never sinner deserved Him less than I."—*Romaine*.

MERCY IS FREE.

A REVIEW OF THE PAST.

"Let Israel hope in the Lord; for with the Lord there is mercy, and with Him is plenteous redemption."—PSALM CXXX. 7.

IN silence of night,
On past life I lay musing;
And wept that 'twas all
God's great mercy abusing;
And I scarcely could think there was pardon for me;
But a voice in my heart whispered, "MERCY IS FREE."

I thought of my sins
That no angel could number;
Their greatness and blackness
O'erwhelm'd me with wonder:
If there be but *one* soul beyond mercy 'tis me;
"But there's *none*," said the voice, "seeing MERCY IS FREE."

I thought of the vows
Which in fervour I'd spoken;
All meant to be kept,
Yet all shamefully broken;
Oh, baser than Judas! can grace stoop to me?
"E'en to thee," breathed the whisper, "for MERCY IS FREE."

I thought of the talents
With which I'd been trusted;
Some wasted on pride,
Some with slothfulness rusted;
And I cried in my anguish, "Oh, where shall I flee?"
Said the whisper, "To Jesus, His MERCY IS FREE."

I thought of the souls
That around me were dying;
Alas! I was dumb,
When I should have been crying!
How many are lost, and their blood is on me! *
"Yes, alas!" sighed the voice; "still, God's MERCY IS FREE."

Oh, how can such guilt
As is mine be forgiven?
Oh, how can a soul
Such as I enter heaven,
When in hell there are millions that ne'er sinned like me?
"It is all," said the voice, "because MERCY IS FREE."

* See Eze'iel iij. 17-21; and Acts xx. 23, 27.

O Jesus, my Lord,
 At Thy footstool now kneeling,
 I ask Thee afresh
 Both for pardon and healing;
 And I pray that henceforward Thou'lt keep me for Thee:
 Said the whisper, "'Tis granted, for MERCY IS FREE."
 —Written by the late John Dickie, of Irvine, Scotland. J. D.

THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF GOD.

THE righteousness by which a sinner stands just before God, or in the light of God, from the curse, is a righteousness of God's providing; so also it is of His putting on. Thus therefore a man is made righteous even of God by Christ, or through His righteousness. Now if, as was said, a man is thus made righteous, then in this sense he is good before God, before he has done anything which the law calls good before men, for God maketh not men righteous with this righteousness because they have been, or have done good, but before they are capable of doing good at all. Hence we are said to be justified while ungodly, even as an infant is clothed with the skirt of another while naked as touching itself. Works therefore do not precede, but follow after this righteousness; and even thus it is in nature, the tree must be good, before it bear good fruit, and so also must a man. It is as impossible to make a man bring forth good fruit to God before he is of God made good, as it is for a thorn or bramble-bush to bring forth figs or grapes. But again, a man must be righteous before he can be good, righteous by imputation, before his person, his intellectuals, can be qualified with good, as to the principle of good. Neither faith, the Spirit, nor any grace is given unto the sinner before God has made him righteous with the righteousness of Christ. Wherefore it is said, that after He had spread His skirt over us, He washed us with water, that is, with the washing of sanctification. And to conclude otherwise is as much as to say that an unjustified man has faith, the Spirit, and the graces thereof, which to say is to overthrow the Gospel. For what need of Christ's righteousness, if a man may have faith and the Spirit of Christ without it, since the Spirit is said to be the earnest of our inheritance, and that by which we are sealed unto the day of redemption. But the truth is, the Spirit that makes our person good, I mean, that which sanctifies our natures, is the fruit of the righteousness which we have by Jesus Christ. For as Christ died and rose again before He sent the Holy Ghost from heaven to His; so the benefit of His resurrection is by God bestowed upon us, in order to the Spirit's possessing of our souls.—*John Bunyan.*

IN MEMORIAM.—ELIZABETH WHITING.

THE following is only a brief account of the life and sudden death of Elizabeth Whiting, eldest daughter of William and Susanna Whiting, who was born on August 22nd, 1864. It may be interesting to know that from a child she was most gentle and kind in her manners, which greatly endeared her to all around. Her school days began when four years old, and continued until she was thirteen. But being blest with ability and a desire to learn, her parents had no trouble in sending her to school, and she was much loved by her teachers, the last of which greatly desired that she might continue her studies, with a view of being a teacher herself. But her parents thought her strength was not equal to it. The education she acquired, however, was the means of her becoming a great help and blessing to her parents, as she for many years assisted her father in his business by doing most of his writing. Before she was four years old her father used to take her most Sabbaths to Great Brickhill Chapel, about two miles distant. When she was about six years old, her next sister was born, and between school hours she was her mother's little nursemaid, and eventually nursed all her seven sisters and brother, and all this was done, as far as health and strength would admit, most willingly. As she grew in years she became a great help to her mother in nearly all domestic work. When our dear child was thirteen years' old, in the providence of God, her parents moved to a farm one mile from Great Brickhill Chapel, and seven years afterwards to Bletchley, which was four miles away. And again, in less than two years, they moved to Little Brickhill. During this time she availed herself of every favourable opportunity of going to the services with her father or other members of the family, and would often say to her father (on their way home from the prayer meeting) how nice the dear old men did pray. From a child, we believe, she was blessed with the tender fear of the Lord, to which many could testify. She took great interest in the house of God and all the means of grace, and was very fond of reading good books, especially her Bible, hymn books, the *Gleaner*, and the *SOWER*, &c. She also committed much to memory, and at favourable opportunities would recite the same.

Having a desire to learn music, her parents encouraged it, and in course of time she was able to teach her sisters. She always chose sacred music for her own playing, and though she could play the "Messiah" very nicely, she preferred the good old tunes, and would sing from memory many hymns in Gadsby's Selection. She was not only a constant attendant at the services

she also became a quick discerner between truth and error, and was a real lover of a free-grace Gospel, and likewise of those that preached the truth as it is in Jesus. She was taught by the blessed Spirit to renounce all creature merit and free-willism, and was for many years a real lover of the people of God. If she could speak to us, as we are writing this, we are sure she would say, "Give all the praise to my dear and blessed Saviour;" and, like the Apostle, would exclaim, "By the grace of God I am what I am."

The Lord, in mercy, was pleased, in 1886 and 1887, to deepen the impression of divine realities upon her soul, and more fully to convince her of her lost and ruined condition as a poor undone sinner in the sight of a holy God. In the early part of 1888 her father had some close conversation with her about her state, when she confessed that the Lord had indeed convinced her of her sins, and caused her to mourn over them; also that He had blessed her with a good hope in His mercy, by giving her to feel and believe that there was forgiveness and salvation for her in Christ Jesus, who bled and died to redeem sinners, and she was satisfied that there was salvation in no other, but that His is sovereign and free to all His people. She began to express a desire to obey the Lord according to His own Word, and to join the Church at Brickhill. She came before them and gave an account of what she believed the Lord had done for her soul. The dear friends were quite satisfied, and received her with pleasure. She was baptized by her father, on June 3rd, 1888, and the Lord graciously enabled her to walk worthy of her high vocation, through the grace which is in Christ Jesus her Lord. She was certainly blest with a very humble and meek spirit, and her Lord's prayer was efficacious on her behalf, for she was mercifully kept from the evils of the world, so that she was not of the world, even as the Lord was not; and because of this, even the worldlings took knowledge of her that she had been with Jesus.

In the order of God's providence we removed, in March, 1893, from Little Brickhill to Linslade, near to Leighton Station, which is four miles from Great Brickhill Chapel. Notwithstanding the distance, she mostly managed to get there, and took pleasure in finding the hymns and texts for the dear old friends, who much appreciated her kind attentions. And all her dear relatives can bear their testimony to the great interest she took in the family worship, she being accustomed for some years to read a part of the Holy Scriptures and Philpot's Portions.

Many of our Christian friends could join us in saying how, in some humble measure, this part of the Word of God by Paul to the Corinthians might be applied to Elizabeth

Whiting, "I thank my God always on your behalf, for the grace of God which is given you by Jesus Christ; that in every thing ye are enriched by Him, in all utterance, and in all knowledge; even as the testimony of Christ was confirmed in you. So that ye come behind in no gift; waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ: who shall also confirm you unto the end, that ye may be blameless in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ."

It might be here stated that during the last year of our dear child's sojourn in this vale of tears, it was found necessary to provide a pony that was quiet, and a four-wheel chaise for the journey to chapel, owing to the occasional ill-health of herself and her mother. We little thought when we left home on Sabbath morning, August 16th, 1896, that her heavenly Father had determined that as the set time for her last journey to the chapel. He once said, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." He gives no account of His ways, and they are past finding out.

"Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround;
Mysterious deeps of providence
My wondering thoughts confound.

"When I behold Thy awful hand
My earthly hopes destroy,
In deep astonishment I stand,
And ask the reason why."

But God no reason gives: "He is of one mind, and who can turn Him? and what His soul desireth, even that He doeth." Dear Lizzie's last earthly Sabbath had now come. The pony and chaise being provided, as usual, she drove the little party to chapel in safety. The service commenced with 481st hymn (Gadby's Selection), "Descend from heaven, Immortal Dove," &c. Great solemnity seemed to pervade the assembly. Her father's text was Psalm cxxxv. 4. After speaking of the Lord's choice of His people, he went on to say that all the Lord's people must be tried, and know something of Jacob's troubles in their measure, and must be refined and prepared for glory. It was a sweet and solemn time in speaking and in hearing. This was followed by the dear old friends' prayers at the afternoon prayer-meeting, when it was evident they were in the Spirit on the Lord's Day, and found liberty and access at the throne of grace. We also found it good to be there, and our dear departed one especially so, for she wept with holy joy.

After service, she, with her sister Alice, took tea with one of the members who has been sorely afflicted for a great number

of years, nearly nineteen of which she has more or less kept her bed. The two sisters sang the 730th hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," &c., and then somewhat freely conversed about the Lord's special dealings with His people, which greatly cheered the dear afflicted one, whom dear Lizzie often visited on Lord's Days. That Sabbath evening's service proved to be the last on earth to our dear child, who had led the singing there for about sixteen years.

Her father's text was John vi. 40, "And this is the will of Him that sent Me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on Him, may have everlasting life: and I will raise him up at the last day." It was a sweet and refreshing season to us, but we then little thought what was about to take place. The last hymn that dear Lizzie joined in singing, and sweetly too, was the 130th, "Christ is the Eternal Rock," &c. And dark as the dispensation of God's providences may appear to human reason, her father, in closing the service, prayed for travelling mercies homeward. The pony and chaise were soon ready, and dear Lizzie drove as usual. When Linslade was reached, all of us except Lizzie and her sister Daisy alighted to walk the nearest way home, leaving dear Lizzie and her youngest sister to take the pony home into Leighton, as they had done previously in perfect safety, the distance being only about two hundred yards; and the report soon reached us that the pony started off, and ran most furiously the latter part of the way. And it appears that Lizzie, who quite lost all control over it, told her sister to jump out, and she did so at once, Lizzie immediately followed, and fell on her back and head on the hard road. She was at once picked up unconscious, and carried into a house close by. The doctor living near was in attendance at once; but in five minutes she breathed her last, and her spirit fled to be with Christ her Saviour. So with her it was a Sabbath begun never to end. Her youngest sister, Daisy, was taken into the doctor's house, and in less than twenty minutes two gentlemen came to fetch her father, who went tremblingly to the sad scene. He was first shown Daisy, who was unconscious, and now his anguish and terror began to increase as he was led to the house to see his eldest daughter, and found his much-loved and devoted Lizzie (as she was called) on the couch a lifeless corpse; he fell upon her dear face to kiss her, but in such distraction and deep anguish of soul as none but God and the loving and bereaved father could enter into. Soon after this he, broken-hearted, and his youngest daughter were conveyed home, when the deep waters of tribulation overflowed into the soul of the dear mother, two sisters and brother that were at home; and when, a little later,

dear Lizzie was brought home pale in death, this happy home where, through grace, Jesus Christ was loved and worshipped, in some humble measure, was a scene of tears and grief never to be forgotten while the sorrowing parents and family remain in this vale of tears. Truly—

“God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.”

But what a solemn and mysterious ending of a very enjoyable Sabbath Day, when the Lord sent His angels to fetch the redeemed spirit of His dear child to her heavenly home, but left the pleasant corpse for broken hearts to mourn over. Nevertheless, as the storm abated a little, we remembered that we had not to sorrow as others which have no hope, for we verily believe that our great loss is her eternal gain. Bless the Lord for His rich grace bestowed upon her in life, and which united her in heart to His dear people. All that remained to us of our dear daughter was neatly laid in her coffin and conveyed in the hearse to Great Brickhill Chapel, on the 20th August, 1896, being followed by five carriages, full of mourners, and a great many more friends joined them there.

Mr. Jeeves, who conducted the funeral service, read the 320th hymn (“God moves in a mysterious way,” &c.), which was sung very impressively. He then read several portions of Scripture, and gave a short address upon the following points of the case, namely, the mysterious providence of God—the goodness of God in several ways to our dear departed one—and made some reference to her character, life, and walk before God, in the Church and before the world, as a living evidence or witness of her union with the Lord Jesus, the great Head of the Church, and as a fruit-bearing branch in the living Vine. Also the Lord enabled him to speak a few comforting words to the mourning and bereaved ones, and he addressed the thoughtless in a solemn and scriptural manner, warning them concerning their danger; and as he pointed out the uncertainty of everything in this life, he tried to show where safety alone is to be found, as proclaimed in the glorious Gospel of the grace of God.

We believe many felt it to be a very solemn season. Oh, what a mercy to be able to sing—

“Sweetly sleep, dear child, in Jesus,
Thou with us shalt wake from death;
Hold he cannot, though he seize us,
We his power defy by faith.”

“So shall we ever be with the Lord.”

“And shall my bleeding heart arraign
That God whose ways are love;
Or vainly cherish anxious pain
For her who rests above?”

“From adverse blasts and lowring storms
Her favoured soul He bore,
And with yon bright angelic forms
She lives to die no more.

“Prepare me, blessed Lord, to share
The bliss Thy people prove,
Who round Thy glorious throne appear,
And dwell in perfect love.”

W. WHITING.

IN MEMORIAM.

ELIZABETH WHITING,

Of Maple Cottage, Linslade, Leighton Buzzard,
Who was called home on Sabbath evening, August 16th, 1896.

AT REST.*

GRIEVE not, dear friends, for one you lost so sadly,
Our Father always knoweth what is best;
Grieve not for her, but rather think how gladly
She reached her home above, and is at rest.

There were no sad farewells nor bitter parting;
A few sad moments, then her pain was o'er:
How soon she passed away, no weary waiting,
And now she is at rest for evermore.

For us, the anguish and the aching longing,
For her dear face on earth we ne'er shall see again;
For her, the glad sweet joy and peace belonging
To the land that knows not weariness or pain.

For us, deep sorrow and the bitter weeping;
For her, eternal joy and rest and love:
We know she is in God's most sacred keeping,
And we shall meet her in the land above.

Then let our lonely grief with hope be blended,
We have a few more battles yet to fight,
And then our days of mourning shall be ended,
For Christ shall be our everlasting light.

* Composed by Miss Emily Mattocks, of Great Brickhill, on the sudden death of Lizzie Whiting, August 16th, 1896.

THE MALADY AND THE REMEDY.

I FIND the general darkness and death coming nearer and nearer, and affecting me more sadly and powerfully, so that I am often like one shut up in a dungeon, and who cannot come forth. I seem like those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and iron. I am afraid to speak lest my own mouth should condemn me, and my own lips prove me perverse. Our carnal mind is enmity, and turns everything into poison and death. Oh to be spiritually minded, which is life and peace! The Spirit of all grace convinces of sin and righteousness, and of judgment, and brings the poor, guilty, vile, perishing sinner to the Saviour, and applies the blood of sprinkling, which speaks pardon, purity, and peace. Oh, what a blessing to have the Holy Spirit, as the promise of the Father through the Son, to be the Advocate in the soul, abiding for ever. As the Spirit of the Father, He reveals the Son, the only Mediator, to the soul, saying, "This is my Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." As the Spirit of the Son, He reveals the Father, and breathes into the soul the spirit of adoption, crying, "Abba, Father." As the Spirit of grace and supplication, He presents the needs of the poor soul to God in Christ, saying, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" and making intercession in the creature "with groanings which cannot be uttered." Those that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened, seeking to be clothed upon with a house from heaven—to have the soul transformed, after Christ's lovely image, and the vile body at last fashioned like unto His glorious body, and to be ever with the Lord.

Mr. S— was upon Hebrews xii. 1, 2, yesterday. But the more one looks into these weighty truths of eternity, the more one feels his ignorance and unworthiness. If we love the Lord we must needs hate sin, come out and be separate from the world, and have self dethroned and cast into the dust. And who is sufficient for these things? The Word of God is our only light and guide in this dark wilderness, and we need the Holy Spirit to reveal and apply its precious truth to our hearts.

J. H.

LET what will come they who are in Christ will be safe; let the fire, the deluge come, you are safe in the Rock.—*Romaine*.

It is wrong to suppose that using all possible diligence to press into the kingdom of God will dispose us to depend on what we do. Just the reverse is true. The closer we live to God, and the more diligent we are in His appointed means of grace, the farther removed shall we be from a legal spirit.

TRUE AND LASTING FRIENDSHIP.

SCRAPS OF A SERMON PREACHED BY MR. HARBOUR, OF
BRIGHTON, JANUARY 12TH, 1896.

"A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity,"
—PROVERBS xvii. 17.

It is a privilege to have *real* friends—friends like David and Jonathan. Spiritual friendship is more lasting than that which is natural, though sometimes *it* dries up, and a separation comes; but when this is so, it seems sad to think that those who are to spend an eternity together cannot be closely united here, but all that is of old nature will drop on this side of the grave. What a mercy to be taught to look at our great Friend, the Friend of sinners, "A Brother born for adversity," and to be able to take all our troubles to Him. He knows us and all our afflictions. What are all our troubles for? To lead us to God. Our souls are like something on a pivot, they are caused to turn to Jesus Christ, the one Mediator between God and man. In all our troubles we may go to Him, "for we have not an high priest which *cannot* be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."

"Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same."

And why all this sympathy? Because Jesus is the Head of the Church, and He feels the pains which each member feels. He is a Brother that can help us. We could not have gone to heaven in our fallen state, but a Brother born for adversity came to give us an inheritance, and this inheritance, bought with the blood of Jesus, is stable and safe; you cannot *lose* it, though you may lose the *comfort* of it.

Some of *you* are waxen poor. "Ah!" you say, "I am very poor, and I have no freedom. I am in servitude, and my relations are so poor that they cannot redeem me." None but Jesus can buy or purchase us; He was born on purpose to seek and to save the lost, and to heal the sick; not the whole, who need not a physician. Friends, it is painful to feel to be lost, but it is profitable; especially so if when you are brought into spiritual trouble you feel like the hymn, we sang just now, expresses—

"When overwhelmed with sin and shame,
To Jesus Christ I trembling came;
Burdened with guilt and full of fear,
Yet, drawn by love, I ventured near."

Do you *know that*? I expect you do, and so does your minister. Do you feel you have sinned against Him more than ALL? and yet you trembling came. Jesus is a Brother that came (remember it) to pay our debts; and see what debtors we are. Then He is Surety for us. Since He has done *that for us* which we could not do for ourselves, and He has done it once and for ever, it is a complete work. Oh that all here would consider the life of Christ, and what His work was for. Have *you* had your debts paid? "Once I thought I had," (do you say?) "but I have sinned since that." Well, have you not had a pardoning visit from the Lord again? Who among us has not contracted fresh sins during the week? Who has always spoken all kindness? Then these sins bring us into adversity and we say, "Oh, visit me again, and wash me in Thy blood." Jesus is a Brother born to sympathize and help. Can you find such another Brother to help and comfort?

I was talking to a poor woman the other day and she said, "Ah! I have asked, but get no comfort." We said to her, "If you have no comfort, *He loveth you STILL*." Think, then, of this Brother, and turn to Him, ye prisoners of hope, for He is your only Stronghold.

The Lord bless His Word, for His Name's sake. Amen.

A. C.

"I WILL REDEEM THEM FROM DEATH."

DEATH, which sin brought into the world, is now become the only means to destroy and kill sin. Death, which is contrary unto life, is now turned into a port and passage into life. Death, that before was an armed enemy, is now made a reconciled and firm friend, a physician to cure all diseases, and an harbinger to make way for glory. The grave, also, by Christ's lying in it, is become a bed of rest, in which His saints fetch a short slumber until He awaken them to a glorious resurrection. It is the chamber into which He invites His beloved ones, to hide themselves until His indignation be past, the ark into which He shuts His Noahs while He destroys the world with an overflowing deluge of wrath and displeasure.—*IV. Spurstowe.*

THE obedience of the saints before the throne constitutes no part of the justification of their persons; this is wholly the work of Christ. The pure obedience of saints above is a blessing emanating from their justification while here below. Man is justified to be made obedient.—*Howells.*

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF THE LATE
JOSEPH WORSLEY.

I WAS born in the parish of Ticehurst, in Sussex, in a farm house named New Barn, on January 20th, 1809.

When about ten years old, I came to Brighton with my father, and worked for him at baking, but was a useless boy. As I got older I grew in the practice of sin—gambling and most things that were bad, taking that from my father which was not my own; this has since much grieved me. I stopped at home until my brother James and I disagreed so much that my father apprenticed me to my brother Thomas as a carpenter, and, liking the business, I soon became a good workman. I was still a wild youth, and frequented bad houses and playhouses, and often called my dear brother up in the night to let me in. But my father used to keep me and my brother to chapel. Thus being brought up under sound truth, I had it drilled into my head; and at family prayer my brother would often pray for me that the Lord would have mercy on such as had no mercy on themselves. Since the Lord has shown me the need of His mercy, I have felt those prayers were preserved. One thing I must name, for which I have often been thankful, I seldom or ever resisted the truth. I always thought there was something in it, while, with my brother, I frequented a Sunday School in Bond Street, Brighton. About this time my sins became a burden; I felt I must go to hell. When Mr. Savory was showing the end of a natural man, I thought this would be my end. Soon I became like the Prodigal, in want. I could not satisfy myself with worldly husks any longer. I began to hunger and thirst after a knowledge of salvation. This led me to wrestle hard with God to have mercy on my soul. I went on in this state about two or three years. Life! life! life! was my cry. I gave up worldly amusements from necessity. Now my companions were God's people. I loved to meet with them, and talk about the best things, but did not, to my recollection, open my mind to anyone. In this state I was sometimes helped a little. Oh, how I loved those who preached the Gospel! I have stood at my door and watched them as they passed with intense love in my soul. At this time I had great trial through becoming surety for a professing man, who, in a dishonourable way, failed to pay, the whole charge falling upon me. This trial greatly endeared a throne of grace to me, and also showed me the deep deception of the heart. Still, like Gideon, I was faint, yet pursuing. I often got a crumb under Mr. Warburton, Mr. Shorter, and dear Mr. Gadsby at Church Street.

On one never-to-be-forgotten time—it was a Sunday evening—the dear old man so traced out my path that at last I was brought into a wealthy place, and saw by faith my name in the Lamb's book of life, without doubt. I can only describe it as a friend coming to me in a dark dungeon and leading me into the glorious liberty of the Gospel of God. Such was the power of the Word that I pushed through the crowd of people to see the dear old man, feeling he was like an angel sent to me from heaven.

After this I had many changes, and became concerned about joining the Church. I was brought up among the Baptists, being in the school at Bond Street. Mr. Stedman often wanted me to join, but I could not see the way clear.

One day these words came with mighty power: "Why call ye me Lord, and do not that I command thee?" I could object no longer, and as God led the way, with trembling I put on Christ by public profession about the year 1836.

About the year 1839 the ministry became my burden. I felt a great desire to be of some use, if the Lord's will. One day when walking up Edward Street the words, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people," &c., kept coming into my mind, but I could not tell why, until some days after, when Mr. Stedman, who had begun to preach, sent from London, asking me to preach for him to a few people in a house. The solemnity of the work caused me great searchings of heart and wrestling with God on the subject, when the words came, "My grace is sufficient for thee." For the first time, I preached from these words, and I believe it was blessed. Here I started, and I do not think I ever turned aside, and have no wish to now, from proclaiming an accomplished salvation in the Person and work of the Lord Jesus Christ, and all-sufficient grace founded upon an omnipotent Jehovah, which I have proved to be sweet and suitable.

The next time I spoke to a few people in a room in West Street, from the words, "If the foundations be destroyed what can the righteous do?" showing Christ as the foundation, and the righteous as the materials composing a spiritual edifice, which being brought by the power of God out of the quarry of nature, and then built on this foundation, it was impossible for them to be removed. So I went on, with much fear and trembling, proclaiming occasionally, both in town and country, where doors opened, the unsearchable riches of Christ. For a time I passed through great trials in my family, and found it hard work to leave my wife and children on Sunday, and seemed to succeed but little in the ministry. About the year 1848 I commenced preaching the Word constantly at Barcombe, St. John's Common, Hellingly, Willingdon, and other places. As the doors opened I had rather more success. Once when riding alone on horse-

back, grieving because I had not seen the Lord's hand that day, my horse fell down, and pitched me over his head, without doing me any sort of hurt ; then I saw the Lord's hand in preserving man and beast. On another occasion, when coming from Hellingly with horse and cart, my horse (a valuable one) fell in coming down a hill, damaging the harness, which, with the help of a countryman, was repaired. I had eighteen miles to go in the dark, but came home singing in my soul, as neither horse nor I were hurt. Having at this time eight or nine children, I was greatly tried about staying at home on Sunday, but the words fixed so powerfully on my mind, "Except a man hate father or mother, wife or children, and his own life also, and take up his cross and follow Me, he is not worthy of Me." Of course the word hate refers to cleaving to and hanging on Christ in preference to near relations. This settled the matter and made me willing to endure hardness. Once I had been praying for an evidence that the Lord had sent me, and this Sunday I was going to open a new place. Through some mistake, when I got there no people had collected. I had walked fifteen miles, and had the same distance to return ; it rained in torrents, and my shoes were full of water. I stood under a tree about to return, when the words, "Go forward," came with power. I started forward, and as there were no people in the place, I went into a strange person's house, near at hand. She dried my stockings and fed me, and while she was doing this, I told out my sermon in a low desponding way, next door to despair, as my perseverance seemed struck dead by this circumstance. But God applied the words and delivered her soul. He also answered my prayer, crucified my pride, and confirmed my ministerial hopes.

On another occasion, when preaching at Hellingly, I was most dark in the morning—never so shut up in my life. I was brought to cry mightily to the Lord until the afternoon. But when in the pulpit, such was the deliverance that, "whether in the body or out of the body" (as the Apostle says), I could not tell. My joys abounded. Here was again another evidence of the Lord's presence, by which I was lifted up. Another time I had been praying for a blessing on the Word a long while, and was often ready to give all up, feeling my labour was lost ; but this time, when at St. John's Common, the dear Lord so blessed the Word that it seemed like the Holy Ghost poured out in comforting the people ; and since then I have seen the Word blessed here a little and there a little, but to no great extent. I have prayed to be faithful, as God's steward, to the hearts of God's people, and I wish also to be faithful to poor sinners and to my own conscience ; and as I do not feel guilt in the matter, I cannot but think the Lord's hand has been with me so far. I am now

nearly forty-four years of age, but at present seem to be in the place of the stopping of mouths, being laid aside. I sometimes fear I shall not be able to resume my labours again, but my times are in His hands, who knows the end from the beginning, and says His counsel shall stand, and He will do all His pleasure.

AN INTERESTING ANECDOTE.

A MINISTER of the Gospel, who is still living, was, about thirty years ago, called to the important work of preaching to his fellow-sinners the unsearchable riches of Christ; but being extremely diffident of his abilities, and having preached for several years seemingly to little purpose, he came to a resolution to preach no more. Happening to be much straitened in his sermon on a Lord's Day afternoon, and drinking tea afterward with some Christian friends, he hinted his intention to them, and declared that he could not preach even that same evening. They represented the disappointment it must be to a large congregation who were assembling together, as no other minister could possibly be procured then to supply his place, and therefore they begged he would try once more. He replied that it was in vain to argue with him, for he was quite determined not to preach any more. Just at that instant a person knocked at the door, and being admitted, she proved to be a good old experienced Christian, who lived at a considerable distance, and she said she came on purpose to desire Mr. — to preach that evening from a particular passage of Scripture; she said she could not account for it, but she could not be happy without coming from home to desire it might be preached from that evening. Being asked what the text was, she said she could not tell where it was, but the words were these, "Then I said, I will speak no more in His name. But His Word was as a fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay."

This extraordinary circumstance so struck the preacher, that he submitted to preach from these words that evening (Jer. xx. 9), and experiencing much liberty, has continued in the work ever since with wonderful success and comfort.

N.B.—The good woman has often protested since, that she knew nothing of the minister's intention, or the debate about his preaching.—*Evangelical Magazine*, 1794.

THE more you trust in Christ, the more you will experience the sweetness of a happy, growing communion with Him.—*Romaine*.

THOUGHTS ON DAILY READINGS.

"Who hath made thee to differ from another?"—1 COR. iv. 7.

AN, Lord, this calls to my mind the time when I was a child of wrath even as others, a part of the same rock, and lying in the same pit with those who have not known Thy saving mercy, distinguishing grace, and redeeming love. Oh the mercy of realizing the spirit of those great words, "Such *were* some of you, 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, to grace how great a debtor" am I! How soul-humbling, heart-dissolving, and sweet, at times, it is to reflect that it is alone "by the grace of God I *am* what I *am*;" and *that* grace was given me, in Christ Jesus, before the world began, and was made manifest in and by my call from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, who had before determined to bring me to the knowledge of His Son.

Here I see and feel the solemn, yet blessed truth, that Thy choice of me, and *for* me, has brought about the difference between myself and those whom Thou didst leave to choose for themselves. I should have had no will to be Thine, no desire for Thy love or Thy Son more than they, if Thou hadst not chosen *me* and my portion in Christ *for* me. I, like them, should still have turned away from Thy Word and voice, preferring darkness to light and death to life, to my eternal ruin, but Thy eternal thoughts of love and grace decided it otherwise; and now I bless Thee that I not only heard the sound of Thy Word, as others do who are not begotten again by it, but Thou didst, in sovereign mercy, give faith and power with the Word, and it was to me Spirit and life.

Ah, Lord, I clearly see that man's ruin is of his own self-will and choice, and the salvation of every believer is entirely of Thy everlasting love, sovereign grace, and abounding mercy, through Christ Jesus, in whom they were predestinated to the adoption of children, before the foundation of the world. All thanks and glory to Thee for ever and ever.

EDITOR.

THE believer puts all his concerns, his family, his friends, and his business, into the hands of his heavenly Father, to receive them back again with covenant blessings on them.

GOD will never leave the believer until He has accomplished what He has promised concerning him: and God will never leave the sinner until He has accomplished what He has threatened concerning him.—*Romaine*,

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

MY DEAR SON,—I am glad to find your mind settled in the important matter of openly confessing Christ Jesus before an openly ungodly world, and also in a different way than that of a fashionable religion of any kind whatsoever. I am sorry I said anything in my last to unhinge your mind for ever so short a time, but it was the feeling of my heart, right or wrong, and from what you said in your last, I perceive trials will attend you, but this ought never to deter us from doing what is commended to our conscience. Ever remember, man, though he be ever so wrathful, is held in with bit and bridle, and forget not, “the wrath of man shall praise Him, and the remainder He will restrain.” My advice to you still is, say as little as possible, but act out to the last letter what the Lord, by His Spirit, lays upon your conscience, or else you will either suffer condemnation, or God will leave you to walk without the comforts of His Holy Spirit. “Grieve not the Holy Spirit, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption.” This matter is lost sight of to a most fearful extent by God’s own children ; and there is no period so favourable to watch the matter of close walk and fellowship with Jesus as the spot you are now in, and will be till soon after your profession. It is no idle charge, nor is it at all uncommon, “I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love.” This always arises from not heeding the little things, as they may at first appear, which concern our inward as well as our outward walk before God. God will be obeyed before all others ; God will be loved above all others ; or He will withdraw from the soul the fresh and sweet comforts of the Holy Spirit. “Ye cannot serve God and mammon.” “I the Lord God am a jealous God.” However much God loves the soul, and He does love it with an infinite and eternal love, yet He will not share the heart of His bride. “Give Me thy heart.” God will cleanse the heart of His own from idols, and sometimes the Lord and His Bride have a controversy for years. But God never gives in.

Be not afraid, my son, to speak before God’s people ; they are but men. Heed more what you say before the Lord. I have lived to see the greatest talkers come to nothing. Even those I have trembled *at*, I have had to tremble *for*. Be not afraid of professors, if their walk be not in strict accordance with the word of truth. Stay awhile, and they will be made manifest. “Commit your way unto the Lord.” In all your ways acknowledge Him.” “Study to be quiet.” I was never too quiet yet, but have many times repented being in haste.

Whitchurch, Hants, February 5th, 1874.

S. BARNETT.

A FRATERNAL GREETING.

DEAR friend and brother in Christ Jesus, who—

“Near thy soul has always stood,
His lovingkindness, oh how good!”

who—

“*Safely* leads thy soul along;
His lovingkindness, oh how strong!”

who—

“Though thou hast Him oft forgot,
His lovingkindness *changes not*!”

who—

“*Saved* thee from thy *lost* estate;
His lovingkindness, oh how great!”

who—

“*Justly* claims a song from thee;
His lovingkindness, oh how free!”

who'll—

“Make thy last expiring breath
His lovingkindness sing in death!
Then sing with rapture and surprise
His lovingkindness in the skies.”

Am glad to see you are still able from time to time to use the trowel and wield the sword; but we live to prove that only the Lord can “build the city,” and only He can cause the “sword of the Spirit” to enter and divide that which He determines to divide and cut off. “Sword and trowel” must, however, soon be laid down, and we pack up our tools and be off home—to supper! then to bed: and how “satisfied” we shall be when we awake with His likeness; for we have been thoroughly sick of our own likeness ever since the Lord held before us His looking-glass, that we might see in ourselves naught but “wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores,” and a “heart deceitful above all things and desperately wicked;” so “*malignant as past cure*,” only fit to be “sown in corruption;” but, blessed be God, we have a hope that it will, by the mighty power of God, be “raised in incorruption,” and though “sown in *dishonour*” it is to be “raised in glory.”

Yours affectionately in the Lord,

To Mr. T. H.

D. F.

IT is an old saying of the Reformers, and has a great deal of divinity in it: “God’s biddings are enablings.”

WHATEVER Christ can do, He will do for His poor people.—
Romaine.

GATHERING THE LAMBS.

Halifax, October 4th, 1894.

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIEND,—In great haste I write, as the train won't wait. I have a letter in my pocket written to you September 27th in reply to yours. I was leaving home in haste to catch a train then and took up the paper and off, and here it is.

I have no hesitation in expressing my judgment on your letter, and that judgment would be upheld by our Church. We do not so much consider the age of a person, nor the degree of spiritual life that must be manifest before joining a Church. The question is, as to *reality*, and if it is real in your belief, it is your duty to receive. Christ said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not." Peter says, "Can any man forbid water to these?" though only just emerged from ignorance. For, if the work is of God, it is "First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." We are only learners ourselves, and where could a plant, tender and pliable, be better brought up than in the warmth and moisture of Christ's kingdom, the true vinery of His own planting? "That they might be called the planting of the Lord." And every plant that He hath not planted shall be rooted up. And again, they that be so planted, David says, "shall flourish in the courts of our God," and shall, even, in time, "be fat and flourishing." Did not our Lord say, "I thank Thee, O Father, that Thou hast revealed these things to babes?" Again, John speaks of the Church as "little children," and "young men," and "fathers," and I feel that God requires the young to join in the worship. Paul said to Timothy, "Let no man despise thy youth." Oh, how pleasant for youth to bring their offerings when the sunshine is in their hearts, before the evil days come on, in the warmth of their espousals, when the dew is on their branch. Friend Kirk, I say, Bid them come. Say, "Why standest thou without, thou blessed of the Lord." Shall I ask God to open a poor sinner's heart and then I attempt to close the door? God has set me a door-keeper in His house, to watch for souls, as those that must give an account. I desire to watch and look out for them, and I ask again, when God says to the Church, "I have set before thee an open door, and no man shall shut it," on what ground shall I try to shut the door?

Do not I remember the words of our Lord to those Pharisees, to whom He said, "they that were entering in *ye hindered*." True, they did not *prevent* their entrance, but by ritual and ceremonial they were kept back from the touch of His presence in outward worship, and I could not say but as the Holy Ghost says in Revelation xxii. The Spirit first says, "Come," and then

the Bride says, "Come," so I say, "Come in," "and whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely." God Almighty bless you abundantly, so that the little hills may rejoice on every side.

I have missed my train; never mind, my heart is enlarged, the tears fill my eyes, my heart is melted in tenderness, as I feel a love to the coming one. Nay, don't only just allow them to come, but *encourage* the seeker, the weeper, the thinker on His name, the wanderer, the stranger. "Yet there is room" in My Father's house. Yes, there are many mansions for beggars.

Oh, am I, a poor thing, made to hope, to long, to look, to wish, and to desire, or even to desire that I might have a desire? then it is well.

May God Almighty bless you, and "make the little one a thousand, and the small one a great nation." God's love is not narrow. Oh, if so, it had not come to me, but it is high as heaven, and deep as hell. "Not as the world giveth give I unto you."

I have written this letter in twenty minutes, and would not have been without the feelings I have had and now feel for much money.

Yours in Christian love,

To Mr. Kirk.

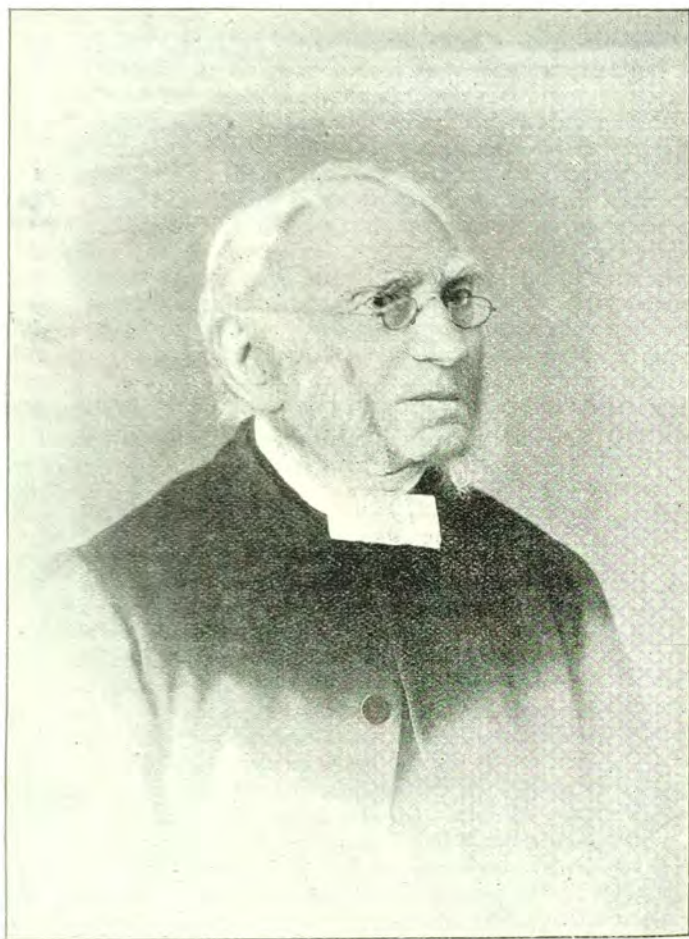
THOMAS SMITH.

REVIEW.

Fragrant Memories: The Life and Experience of CONSTANCE JANE BLUNDEN. Price 1s. E. Wilmshurst, Blackheath, S.E. THE subject of this little work, who throughout is made to speak for herself, was early wrought upon by Divine grace, and her ear bored to the door-post of the sanctuary, where she found meat to eat the world knows not of. There is nothing visionary nor any extraordinary circumstances altogether different to any other of Zion's pilgrims to be found in her experience, but it is throughout the gentle, inward teaching of the Spirit, with light and shade, hill and dale, which will be found to set forth the more usual experiences of the godly; and those whose leadings have been of this nature will feel that, as face answers to face in the water, so does theirs to the experience of the departed one. The book shows signs of very careful editing, and is compiled in a very orderly and able manner.

ALL those who live in communion with God must necessarily be poor in spirit. All the hosts of heaven are poor in spirit, and ever will be. The reason is obvious; they are conscious of their dependence upon God every moment, while they delight and triumph in that dependence.—*Howells.*

The Sower, March, 1897.



THE LATE MR. EDWARD SAMUEL.

THE LATE MR. EDWARD SAMUEL, OF SLEAFORD,
LINCOLNSHIRE.

MR. SAMUEL was born in the town of Vinooty, Russian Poland, on the evening before the feast of the Passover, in 1812. His parents were Jews, strictly observant of their religion. His maternal grandfather, of whom he had a perfect recollection, held the rank of Rabbi over twenty or thirty thousand Jews. His father (a wholesale woollendraper) and mother were very young when they were married; he was the fourth child of a family of twelve.

Mr. Samuel was blessed with extraordinary natural gifts and abilities, and an unusually retentive memory. From a child he was educated in the Mishna and Talmud, and read the Old Testament; when seven years of age he could repeat from memory the whole book of Psalms and the Song of Solomon.

When an infant he had the small-pox and measles together. The doctors declared he would never recover; if he did, he must remain blind, which, indeed, he did for more than twelve months. An old Gentile woman, who was one day introduced by the servant to his mother, volunteered to effect a cure, and at the end of fourteen days she was successful, though it left a weakness in his sight to the end of his days. He well remembered his mother relating the circumstances to others many times.

When a child he fell into a lime pit full of water, and was rescued from drowning by a neighbour who happened to pass just as he was sinking for the second time. On another occasion, he accidentally received a cut on the head from an axe, which at the time was thought fatal. The doctor who was sent for gave but little hope of his recovery, and said, should he recover, he would in all probability be a lunatic. Through sovereign mercy, however, his life was again spared, and he retained his rationality.

He was kept at school until he was sixteen years of age. Nicholas had recently succeeded his deceased brother Alexander, as Emperor of Russia, and he issued a law compelling Jews to serve in the army and navy, from which they had before been exempt. Knowing that sooner or later his turn must come, Mr. Samuel's grandfather advised him to quit the country, which he did with his next youngest brother, and the son of a banker, who were also terrified from the same dread. They were provided by their parents with letters of recommendation, but as no passports were allowed, they left home in the middle of the night, disguised in female attire, and after great difficulty and risk, arrived in Prussia the following night. Thus they left a good home, weeping and affectionate parents and friends, to face an unknown world; for after visiting Mr. Samuel's uncle at Königs-

burgh, they had not decided where they should go. However, leaving his brother at Memel, as their father had advised, Mr. Samuel and his companion proceeded to Dantzic, Leipsic, and Frankfort-on-the-Maine, where they parted company. Mr. Samuel afterwards visited most of the principal towns in Germany, and in part of Holland, then proceeded direct to Rotterdam. Here, as at other places, he met with much kindness from strangers, particularly a wealthy Jew, who tried hard to induce him to remain at Rotterdam. "My refusal," says Mr. Samuel, "to remain I can now attribute only to the overruling power of God, who had appointed London as my spiritual birthplace." Therefore, from Rotterdam to London he came. He was often in great danger, and underwent much hardship on this journey. In crossing the gulf at Dantzic the vessel was wrecked; the same thing occurred on his voyage from Rotterdam to London; on both occasions passengers and crew must all have been lost but for the friendly and timely assistance of other vessels. Once being overtaken by night, he got into a wood, and unable to find his way out, he became hungry and filled with terror. Providentially, about ten or eleven the next day, an old man appeared, who treated him kindly, gave him some food, and led him out of the wood, into which he had advanced four or five miles. On his way to Leipsic, he became very ill. A Jew, an entire stranger, met and questioned him, and, after hearing his circumstances, took him to his house, where he remained a full month under medical treatment, with little hope of recovery. On his way to Rotterdam, he was attacked with fever, and laid aside for another month dangerously ill; in recovering he had a relapse, with severe affection of the brain, those about him expecting every moment he would breathe his last. Here again, as on several other occasions, he was plucked from the jaws of temporal and eternal death. Reflecting upon these several hair-breadth escapes, he many times afterwards read the 107th Psalm with pleasure and profit to his soul.

Soon after his arrival in England he was joined by his brother, whom he had left at Memel. They commenced business in the jewellery trade at Bristol, and travelled a great deal round that neighbourhood and various parts of the country. They were very strict in their religion and lived together on most affectionate terms. On one occasion his brother had to go to London, leaving him in Wiltshire. While in London, hearing a great deal about America, his brother wrote that he intended to go to America: Mr. Samuel replied he would go with him if he would meet him at Warminster. Before his brother could arrive there, however, Mr. Samuel was obliged to go elsewhere, but left his new address with the landlord, who lost it, so that

when his brother arrived at Warminster he knew not where to find Mr. Samuel, and after waiting more than a week he was obliged, as he had engaged his berth, to go to America alone. After Mr. Samuel found what had occurred, he two or three times attempted to follow his brother, but each time something occurred to prevent him. When eighteen months had passed he heard that the house in which his brother slept in New York, caught fire, and he was burnt to death, while the rest of the inmates escaped.

His brother leaving him to go to America was the greatest trial he had ever had, and rebellion rose to a high pitch, as he never expected to see him again. But when—at an eating-house in London—he heard of his terrible death, he fell from his seat and fainted away. For six months it brought him in a low desponding state, so that he could scarcely attend to business. His brother had prospered, and left a deal of property in America, but he was too much oppressed with grief to trouble himself about it. After this he entered into partnership with a French Jew at Dover. While away in London, his partner collected all the money that was owing, sold off everything, and went off to France, leaving him almost destitute. He remarks, “I was promising myself many great things, but the Lord crossed me in everything. He had something better in store for me—imperishable riches, life eternal, and a crown that fadeth not away. When I take a retrospect, I cannot but admire the goodness of the Lord, and can truly say, ‘He hath done all things well.’”

But want of space reminds us, enough of Mr. Samuel as a Jew. We will therefore now view him as the happy inheritor of New Covenant blessings. In 1836 he came to London, expecting to meet one of his countrymen, and there to keep the Passover with him. One day he called with him at the eating-house where he had heard the melancholy news of his brother's death. A converted Jew came in, and seated himself at the same table. Mr. Samuel said, “We will have a bit of fun with him.” He then began to accuse this converted Jew of forsaking the religion of their forefathers, &c., and entered into controversy with him touching the Messiah. At last the converted Jew told Mr. Samuel that if he believed not that Jesus of Nazareth was the Messiah, he would die in his sins and perish. Mr. Samuel and his companions then began to ridicule him, so he left. Mr. Samuel left soon after, and while alone in the street these words came to him very powerfully, “Who can tell but that this Jesus was the Messiah?” and get rid of the words he could not. The more he tried to get rid of the thought, the closer it claved to him; the uneasiness of his

mind kept increasing for many days, until he became greatly distressed. Then these words came, "If thou diest in thy sins, thou shalt surely perish." For the first time he went down on his knees and wept bitterly, calling upon God to show him the cause of his misery; the thoughts of death and perishing were dreadful to him. His distress continuing, he went to a house in Bishopsgate, where Jews may converse about Christianity. There he met with Dr. Alexander and others, who belonged to the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. To them he unburdened his troubles, and told them, among other things, how tried he was about believing that Christ was the true Messiah, &c. After some time spent in this distressing way, Dr. Alexander persuaded him to go into their institution at Palestine Place, Cambridge Heath, where he would receive instruction, and have time to read and study the Word of God.

After a few weeks' instruction, he began to read the New Testament with interest, and the Lord sanctified it, so that he felt a little love springing up in his soul towards the Lord Jesus Christ, and was favoured to see the blessed harmony that exists between the Old and New Testaments. By degrees he was delivered from the bondage in which he had been held touching Jewish ceremonies, particularly about the Sabbath and the Passover. He now and then gained a little comfort, though no complete deliverance. His soul-trouble was great, and he had to keep most of it to himself, praying, groaning, and sighing inwardly. He used often to steal away from his companions, go to his room, and cry to the Lord that, if it were His sovereign will, He would pardon his sins, for they were many and great. As a result of his connection with the above society, he was sprinkled on December 24th, 1837, and shortly after confirmed by the Bishop of London. Thus he became a communicant in the Church of England. When he was sprinkled he took the Christian name of Edward, his Jewish name being Nisan Samuel. He was, however, still greatly exercised, and that with fresh temptations. The first time he partook of the Lord's Supper 1 Corinthians xi. 29 was applied to his conscience, and he felt like a criminal going to be executed. These temptations and fresh soul-trouble brought him on a bed of affliction.

After a time he went to hear the late Thomas Hughes, at Trinity Chapel, Hackney. Mr. Hughes told him all that was going on in his heart; that sermon humbled him, produced love in his heart toward God and His dear people; it was the very thing he wanted. Mr. Samuel speaks well of his kind instructor, Mr. Reichardt, and others in the above-mentioned society, par-

ticularly of Dr. Alexander (who afterwards became Bishop of Jerusalem). But going to church time after time, and receiving no comfort, life, nor power, he became dead and barren in his feelings and got rebellious and discontented. He many times prayed to the Lord for Divine direction, and after much exercise about it, gave the usual notice and left the society. He then continued to hear Mr. Hughes, and under his ministry was much comforted, strengthened, and established. His health also began to improve. Still he was the subject of much bondage, doubt, and fear; new trials came on. In the society he was treated with kindness, but now he had no means of support, and had no trade. Unknown and friendless, it seemed as though he must perish. One summer's evening he was walking in the Hackney Road, not having that day broken his fast: these words came to him with very great power, "Bread shall be given, and your water shall be sure." When these words came, he thought it a strange portion of Scripture, being just then in want and without any prospect for the future; but the words were repeated with still greater power. After this the Lord soon appeared. Soon after he obtained employment in Bermondsey. His employer was a good and gracious man, he acted towards him as a father and brother. Here his cup was mixed with mercies, sorrow, and comfort.

(To be continued.)

ALL temporal mercies are the mercies of God's left hand, which He gives to many whom He will put at His left hand at the day of judgment. Spiritual mercies are the mercies of His right hand, and mercies *in* His right hand. Let us be earnest petitioners for those mercies, which whosoever hath, shall be placed at the right hand of Christ at the day of judgment. Let us see that we make temporal mercies as so many footstools to raise us up to higher mercies. Let us not make these mercies our God, but bridges to lead us over to God.—*Edmund Calamy*, 1642.

I HAVE been a fugitive servant to the most glorious Lord and Master: I have deserted His service, and denied my obedience. But now, Lord, nail my ear to Thy door-post, that I may serve Thee for ever; nail my heart to Thy service, that no trouble, temptation, or desertion may drive me away from Thee; nail my eyes to Thy service, that I may never look upon vanity; nail my hands to Thy service, that I may never do an ill turn; nail my feet to Thy way, that I may never turn aside from Thee. Let all the faculties of my soul be nailed to Thy service and obedience.—*Ralph Erskine*, 1765.

"BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM."

THE following is a short account of Samuel Bainton, who was born in Wiltshire in 1816, and died at Hastings, July 27th, 1896, aged eighty years.

I regret that I cannot speak of the beginning of a work of grace on our friend's heart, but the fruits of his life showed that he was one who had come through the second birth. Godly sorrow for sin; low views of himself; a love to God's people, His house and His ministers; longings and pantings after manifestations of the Lord's favour; these were among the features we have seen and admired in our dear friend. The Bible and hymn book were the first books with him; after which, he loved the writings of good men. He was much encouraged by an occasional letter from a very dear friend (one whom he had talked with on the best things). In a reply he said, "Your letters always do me good." He had many sweet encouragements under Mr. Hull, at Ebenezer Chapel, where he had attended, to the writer's knowledge, nearly thirty years; he was a true gleaner in the Gospel field. In a letter before me he says: "What a mercy to be out of hell, and on praying ground; for if the Lord had dealt with me after my sins and as I deserve, I should have gone long ago; but He has in mercy watched over me and kept me alive up to the present moment. You ask how I get on in soul matters. Well, dear friend, I often feel like a barren land, and it is a painful place to be in; but still, I do get a crumb here and there, and how it does refresh me for the time! I wish I had more of them; there is nothing here can satisfy, but I do not get the assurance that I long for. If you were near and I could have a word with you sometimes, I might be able to tell you what I cannot express in writing. I often think of the many times we have had together in times past."

In another letter he said: "I do not seem to have much to tell you about the best things, but I am still craving for that blessed assurance, which would do my soul more good than all the world beside. I had a nice time at the chapel, at the re-opening services, under Mr. Hull; he got right into my path and was very encouraging: his text was Isaiah lvii., the latter part of the thirteenth and two following verses. I went again on the Wednesday, and enjoyed it very much. I love to meet among the Lord's people, and desire to be found there as long as I am able. The walk often tries me very much; I feel the outer man decays very fast, and I should like to feel the inner man revive more and more."

In another letter, dated August, 1895, he speaks of great

encouragement from a letter received, and says, "A word spoken in season, how good it is;" and continued, "I do not get any better, but rather worse. I have been very poorly in body lately, and have thought that my days are very short, for 'I feel this mud-walled cottage shake'; and if I were assured that all was well with me, I could say, 'I long to see it fall.' I do hope the Lord will have mercy upon me, and assure me that He is mine, and I am His. Sometimes I have a hope that at eventide it will be light with me. I often have to say with dear Newton, 'Tis a point I long to know'; that is such a blessed hymn, and describes my case so well. It is the earnest of these things that I am seeking after. I often fear I am not right, but desire to be made right. I know His mercies have been very great towards me."

About the year 1889, he was taken into the hospital in a very critical condition, and while there he had a very precious visit from the Lord. His dear wife, on visiting him, saw his face beam with joy. He ever spoke of those few days in the hospital with gratitude, as he not only had the Lord's sweet presence, but he also felt the benefit of the attention he there received. All the rest of his days he felt it was a step ordered by the Lord, although at the time he dreaded going there. The writer felt a spirit of prayer that he might be spared, which prayer was answered in a wonderful manner.

On another occasion he was so overcome with a blessing from a verse of a hymn, that he did not want any dinner. He said he had it in his soul. The 198th hymn (Gadsby's) was turned down in his book, which he would do when favoured, so that he could refer to it afterwards. The 940th was one of his favourites, for he did not want anything short of Christ. He so often said that if he had Christ, he should have all that he desired. The 921st was made very sweet to him, also 328th.

When he was able to get down to his little garden, he would often return distressed, as wicked boys stole his vegetables. The inward commotion it caused was a greater trouble than the thefts. He has complained to me how it robbed his mind of better things.

When he came to his last illness, he was often much distressed, but longing for a manifestation of the Lord's love to his soul; his cry was, many times, "Lord, help me;" "Prepare me, gracious God, to stand before Thy face;" "O Lord, sprinkle my conscience with Thy precious blood. Lord, have mercy upon me, a vile sinner." One night he begged the Lord to give him a little sleep, and he had two hours' nice refreshing sleep, which made it a comfortable night, and he said to his wife and a friend that, if he were able, he would sing, "Praise God from whom all

blessings flow," &c., repeating the whole verse. After this, when in great suffering, these words dropped into his heart—

"Heaven is that holy, happy place
Where sin no more defiles,
Where Christ unveils His blissful face,
And looks, and loves, and smiles."

He felt what a relief it would be to lay the body down: the 119th hymn, especially the fourth verse, was very sweet to him. Not long before he died, he said, "'Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.' Precious Lord Jesus, come quickly." He spoke of hymns 748 and 749 as suited to his case; at one time he said that he had often felt like what Jeremiah had expressed in the third chapter of Lamentations. His dear widow says that the Bible was the last book he read. He was very fond of the hundred and seventh Psalm, and he greatly enjoyed hearing the fourteenth chapter of John's Gospel read, about a week before he went to the place prepared for him. The Lord very wonderfully ordered it, that the friend with whom he had felt so much union should be on a visit at Hastings a few days previous to our friend's departure, and they were favoured to once more converse on the *one theme* so dear to their hearts. Our aged friend expressed his gratitude to the Lord for His goodness in thus permitting them to meet once more in the flesh, and they parted with the sweet hope of a glorious meeting above.

May we be favoured to live, and die, the death of the righteous, is the prayer of the unworthy writer; and may the Lord bless these fragments, for Christ's sake. Amen.

"Dear saint, thy desires in fruition are granted,
Unveiled is the glory, seen darkly while here."

M. C. D.

[We visited Mr. Bainton (whom we had known for many years) a few days before his death, previous to our leaving home to fulfil some preaching engagements; and we felt we were in the company of one of the Lord's sanctified vessels of mercy, and that when he breathed his last, he would be for ever with the Lord. When we returned home, his body was laid in the grave, and his spirit was with Christ in the upper temple.—ED.]

EVERY believer is a pensioner on grace.

IF we have high thoughts of self, we shall have low thoughts of Christ.—*Romaine*.

THOUGHTS ON DAILY READINGS.

"But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us" (2 COR. iv. 7).

THE Apostle calls "this treasure" "the ministry of reconciliation," and says that God, of whom are all things, and who "was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself," "hath reconciled us to Himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation" (chapter v. verses 18-20). The one great question with every truly convinced sinner is, How can I hope to be at peace with God? To all such anxious inquirers the Gospel becomes, in due time, good news and glad tidings, because it brings the word of reconciliation, which yields divine and lasting comfort to Zion's children, declaring that the breach has been healed, peace made, and a new and living way opened whereby transgressors may draw nigh to God, who says to His ministers, "Cry unto her, that her iniquity is pardoned" (Isaiah xl. 2). The Lord hath done it. It is the glorious plan of His own devising, and according to His eternal purpose, that His Son, His Well Beloved, who knew no sin, should be "made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." He took our flesh, and in it offered Himself without spot to God, and by His one offering He has for ever perfected them which are sanctified, for by the shedding of His blood He purged the sin of His people and made our peace with God. "This Man shall be the peace." No other way, no other name will Heaven own, than Jesus, who "is the end of the law for righteousness, to every one that believeth," and all such believers are "made accepted in the Beloved." This, then, is the substance of the Gospel treasure, "the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all and upon all them that believe." They "being justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus; whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood," &c., "to declare at this time His righteousness; that He might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." Thus the believer "is justified by faith without the deeds of the law," and boasting is excluded "by the law of faith" (Rom. iii. 20-28). Now the Gospel trumpet sounds forth, "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God." Oh, how sweet is the music of the following words in the heart of one who realizes reconciliation by Christ, "But now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ." What are all other themes, compared with this, to a poor, burdened, distressed, and helpless sinner, whose great

anxiety is to know that matters are made right between him and God? This was the case with the eunuch; and Philip was sent with this Gospel treasure, to set before him the new and living way. He "preached unto him Jesus," God's grand remedy for the sinner's malady, Christ the Peacemaker for transgressors. All is bound up in that one name, JESUS. Mr. Hart beautifully puts it in these words—

"Some this, some that good virtue teach,
To rectify the soul;
But we first after Jesus reach,
And richly grasp the whole."

"This treasure" is put into "earthen vessels." Men of mean origin were selected at the very first to preach the glad tidings sent from heaven, and as they preached "repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ" (Acts xx. 21), the Lord was with them, "bearing them witness," &c. (Heb. ii. 4). And the Gospel proved to be "the power of God unto salvation" (Rom. i. 16), to "as many as were ordained to eternal life" (Acts xiii. 48; and ii. 47). The Lord, after His resurrection, commanded His disciples to tarry at Jerusalem until they were "endued with power from on high" (Luke xxiv. 49); and on the day of Pentecost the promise made through the prophet Joel was fulfilled, Christ having received the promised gifts for men, shed them forth upon His witnesses, who were but earthen vessels, to fit them for, and make them useful in the great work of spreading abroad the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, which "is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Thus a few plain, unlearned men, but honoured of God, were made instrumental to the conversion of many thousands in a very short space of time; and the people "took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus." They preached Christ crucified, and the power of God was upon them, and in the words they spake. There was no shaping of their preaching according to the traditions of men; with them it was, "That which we have seen and heard, declare we unto you;" and they left their unadorned, unfettered testimony with the Lord, to use it as He pleased. They were not like many in our day, who cannot trust the Holy Ghost to explain and apply the Word, apart from their own qualifications and safeguards, as *they* think them to be. No, they drew the naked two-edged sword and wielded it unsparingly, as helped by God, and He honoured them by making their testimony successful in the conversion of sinners, far and near. They made known the treasure the Lord had put in them—the ministry of reconciliation given to them—by preaching JESUS, and the Lord confirmed the word with signs following. Were such

men to preach in our day, as Peter did on the day of Pentecost (Acts ii. 38-40 ; and again, chap. iii. 19-26. See also his words to the sorcerer, chap. viii. 22, 23 ; or like Paul, chap. xiii. 38 41 ; also chap. xvii. 22-31 ; chap. xxvi. 29 ; or even as the Lord Jesus Himself did, Mark i. 14, 15), they would be branded by some as Fullerites, duty-faith men, implying that natural men have power to repent and believe, and that if they do but use the powers and privileges they have, they may be saved. Yea, they would be denounced as arrant Arminians. All such godly men as adhere to the word and example of Christ and His Apostles, in declaring the whole counsel of God, may smile, yet with sorrow, at these vile, untruthful reproachers, and say with Him who trod the same path, "My judgment is with my God," who has said, "Not by might, nor by power (of the creature), but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." Yes, we glory in the truth that the Gospel of Christ *is the power of God* unto salvation. All of free grace, a free gift, not by the law of works, "but by the law of faith." Thus, while we have this treasure in earthen vessels, we rejoice that the *excellency of the power is of God, and not of us.* EDITOR.

TRUST, IN THE DAY OF TROUBLE.

"Call upon Me in the day of trouble : I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me."—PSALM l. 15.

Thy will, not mine, my Father ; though thorny be my way,
I would not weep, but rather wait the approaching day ;
Though trials sore oppress me, with Thy supporting grace,
I'll cast my care upon Thee, and seek Thy smiling face.

Teach me to trust at all times in Thee, my God, my Guide,
My Shelter and my Refuge, my Tower in which I hide ;
I'll pour my heart before Thee, confess my sin with shame,
And humbly seek forgiveness, through Jesus' precious name.

I call, this day of trouble—surely my cry Thou'lt hear?—
Oh, send deliverance quickly, and bid me not to fear ;
Thus far Thou hast, in mercy, my daily needs supplied,
Surely, Thou wilt not leave me alone without a guide ?

Thy promise stands for ever, from which I comfort take,
"I'll never, never leave Thee ; I'll never Thee forsake."
E'en while 'tis dark and cheerless, and lions seek to raid,
My God can make me fearless—"trusting," I'm not afraid.

Though dark the night and lonely, my pathway strewn with grief,
My Father knows the sorrow, soon He will send relief ;
Jehovah keeps me safely, men cannot do me harm,
My soul, in faith, is leaning on my Beloved's arm.

Leicester.

N. B.

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

MY DEAR PASTOR,—The Lord helping me, I feel I should like to write you a few lines. I also feel I must say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His holy name," who hath not yet left off His loving-kindness to His poor, tried "Ruths." I came into chapel last night, feeling indeed barren, cold, dead; insomuch that I was despairing almost, that I had not a spark of real life or vital godliness in my soul, but when you gave out your text a secret "Who can tell?" arose in my breast; and I do so often feel that I am neither like the world or the Lord's dear people. I seem so *unfit* to associate with them, and I *know* I could not mix with the busy throng; yet I can say of a truth, with dear Ruth, concerning the Lord's people, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." And oh, dear sir, how you did describe my case; pen fails to express half what I felt; I felt I must cry out, "What hath God wrought!" It seemed almost too wonderful; for I, with another dear young friend, had been comparing notes together, and I believe we both felt a fear that we were out of the "grand secret"; and during your sermon it was as if you had heard what we said, every word dropped as sweet confirmation to my poor soul, and as oil to a wounded spirit. Oh, how sweet I felt it thus to taste *once more* a little of the balm of Gilead, and one or two of the grapes of Eshcol.

"Dear Lord, more drops of honey send
From Christ Thy Son, the sinner's Friend,
And larger make my share;
More grapes from Eshcol may I bring,
And of the Heavenly Canaan sing,
Whilst I am stationed here."

Oh that I could praise and adore Him *more* while enjoying thus His grace! Oh, why should I be taken, while others are left to run on in their mad career?

"Why was I ever made to hear
Salvation full and free," &c.

And how fresh does everything come from this *precious* Jesus, even the smallest sip of His love, while things of earth grow stale, and make one feel to be a weary one.

"My Best Beloved keeps His throne
On hills of light, in worlds unknown,"

but, blessed be His dear name,

"He still descends and shows His face
In the young gardens of His grace.

"Oh, may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies,
Till death shall make my last remove,
To dwell for ever with my Love."

How I long for my affections to be set more on a *lovely Jesus*.

Now I must close, hoping you will forgive my boldness; and may the God of all grace bless your labours richly, and especially in the conversion of precious souls. I remain yours truly, and, I hope, in the best of bonds,

February 8th, 1897.

F. D.

MY DEAR PASTOR,—I have felt several times lately that I should like to write and tell you how sweet the preached Word has been to me; and when I received the card from you on the 25th, I felt I could delay no longer, as the motto on it has been to me a very sweet one during the year that is now nearly at an end. I was led in a special way to "commit my way unto the Lord, to trust also in Him," and He has been faithful to His Word, for He has brought it to pass.

I was very much perplexed over a circumstance that occurred, and I did not know how to act for the best. I had taken my case to the Lord, but did not feel to have faith strong enough to leave it all in His hands, and yet I desired to do so. I was very much cast down, and came to chapel on the Thursday evening, when you took for your text the words of David to God, "I am now in a great strait; let me fall into the hand of the Lord;" and you were led so fully to describe all I was passing through, so that I was so strengthened and helped before I left my seat as to be enabled to roll it all on to the Lord, and leave it all with Him, and He did bring it to pass. The words you were led to speak were as the rain upon a dry land. You were led to speak on this point, that when we are in trouble, it is best to "be still," and let the Lord work for us; and you said it meant to "let go" all our workings and complainings, and let the Lord work. It seemed to throw such a light upon my path.

A few weeks ago I had a letter from a sister in the Lord, who has been passing through a great trial, and she told me, in her letter, that the words, "Be still, and know that I am God," had been brought to her with great power. I wrote and told her what you had been led to say, that it meant, in other words, "let go;" and when I saw her a few days ago, she told me that those words had come so sweetly to her, and that she had been helped by the Holy Spirit to "let go," and to cast all her trouble on the Lord; also that He had heard her prayer, and made a way of deliverance for her. We both rejoiced together.

Oh, what a faithful and unchanging God is our God ! And to think and know that this God is our God for ever and ever ! I write this for the glory and honour of His dear name ; also that you may still be encouraged to bring before us the Word of the Lord, knowing that it will not return unto Him void, but it shall accomplish that which He pleases, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto He sent it.

I feel the dear Lord has been very good to me, and I do desire to bless and praise His holy name for all His mercies to such a sinful, unworthy worm. The more I see and feel the wickedness and deceitfulness of my heart, the greater does His love appear.

I had a very special time a few Sundays ago, when you preached from the words, "Consider what great things He hath done for you." The dear Lord did indeed bless His Word, and lead me to consider the great things He had done for me ; but I must not enter into that now, as it would take me some time to tell you all about it ; but unto Him be all the glory.

And now, my dear pastor, may the Lord refresh you with the dew of His grace, and make H's face to shine upon you. May the Holy Spirit help and strengthen you, so that you may be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might, holding forth the Word of life, and giving utterance boldly to make known the mystery of the Gospel. And may our dear Saviour Jesus Christ lead you to "lean hard" upon Him when you are weary and heavy laden.

Yours in Christian bonds,

December 31st, 1896.

C.

[The above letters were written to two different ministers.—
EDITOR.]

THE gate is strait, and therefore a man must agonize and strive to enter. Both the entrance is difficult, and the progress of salvation too. God hath not lined the way to heaven with velvet. It is an easy matter to presume, but hard to believe in Christ. It is easy for a man that was never humbled to believe and say, "It is but believing ;" but it is an hard matter for a man humbled, when he sees all his sins in order before him, the devil and conscience roaring upon him and crying out against him, and God frowning on him,—now to call God, "Father," is hard work. It is hard to see Christ as a Rock to stand upon when we are overwhelmed with sorrow for sin. It is hard to prize Christ above ten thousand worlds of pearl. It is hard to desire Christ, and nothing but Christ. Hard to follow Christ all the day long, and never be quiet till He is yet in thine arms, and then, with Simeon, to say : "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace."—*T. Sheppard*, 1640.

PREACHING THE GOSPEL.

To the Editor of the Sower.

DEAR MR. HULL,—Although strangers to each other in the flesh, yet there is a feeling that in spirit such is *not* the case, but I believe we rather are fellow pilgrims in a world of evils. I write to encourage you in the battle of life and truth, and to say how pleased I was, and what a relief was brought to my mind by your answer to S. H. I., in the December number of the *SOWER*, and also by your New Year's Address, which breathes forth the same solicitations I feel for the extension of the Lord's kingdom in the conversion of poor sinners. The first petition in the Lord's Prayer seems to have a place in your heart, rather than the unspiritual creeds, dogmas, and systems of men, which are by some called *truth*. I feel sure we may be carnally wise in spiritual things, and I fear this may be the case with many in our Churches of truth; at all events, the present state and condition both of Churches and teachers has, for a number of years, laid as a heavy burden upon my heart—I may almost say, a daily one; and I am not alone in this matter, for there are others of my fellow-travellers who both groan over, and sympathize with me in respect of these evils. The ambassadors appear to be deeply engaged in seeking to unravel the secret decrees of the Almighty, instead of faithfully enforcing and declaring the plain, unfettered, spiritual message God has given them. There evidently appears to them to be a lack of consistency between one part of the Divine message and the other—namely, the word of promise to the believer, and the warnings to the unbeliever—therefore, a great part of their time is taken up with improving and harmonizing what they think appears to be out of order, instead of faithfully declaring the whole counsel of God. No wonder we have but little blessing in our midst, while men are afraid to let the Word of God go free, and unclothed of their own ideas. Surely, we need not wish to be *more* consistent than the Lord. I feel sure there are many who mistake the Gospel for Arminianism, and so put away that which is for their good. This device is of the enemy, and has, I fear, succeeded too well. "Every word of God is pure" (Prov. xxx. 5); and there is no doubt but He has an important work to perform by it. We read that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God" (2 Tim. iii. 16). When shall we cease to be partial, find fault, and thus pour contempt upon the wisdom of God? Why are we always pressing home one particular set of truths and ignoring others? Is not this being partial? Can we teach the Almighty wisdom? or did He send His precious Word for His creatures to harmonize or

reduce to a state of what they think is consistency? Are the implements of the husbandman made merely for the purpose of harmony? Are they not prepared to perform a work? and, in the end, do they not prove to be consistent with the design of Him who made or uses them? There appears to be but little original preaching, spiritual power, and freedom of speech in these days. That is a wide-reaching word, "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty" (2 Cor. iii. 17). Is there not reason to fear that even the Lord's people are too much influenced with a desire to please the promoters and the upholders of a system or policy which is insulting to the Holy Ghost? What a ghost-scare to many is the term creature power, with which some have been falsely, wilfully, and persistently branded, and what a slaughter-weapon has the word implied become in the mouths of evil thinkers and speakers! What numbers of the Lord's people these forged spectres have frightened! Is there not reason to fear that there is something wrong when men go on preaching for ten or twenty years without hearing of a single case of conversion, and they seem quite unconcerned about it? We read in the Word, "Without faith it is impossible to please God" (Heb. xi. 6), and, "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin" (Rom. xiv. 23). One says, "I believed, therefore have I spoken" (2 Cor. iv. 13). May not this want of true faith be at the root of the matter? Is not faith necessary for all profitable speaking as well as hearing? Do our professed ambassadors really believe that God has called them to their work? Do they really believe that He who sent them will put forth His power with the word? If this truly were so, how it would deal a death-blow to that grim bogie of "creature power" and "implied ability" in man, which they have conjured up. When shall we get back to the good old Gospel preaching of Whitefield, Newton, E. and R. Erskine, and those worthies the "Marrow men," who seceded from the Church of Scotland during the early part of the last century, whom God so signally blessed to the conversion of many precious souls? Well, I do hope there are some signs of a shaking among the dry bones, and I believe there are many who are, like myself, dissatisfied with the present man-crippled Gospel, preached even by some who profess to have felt the terrors of God in conviction of sin, and I hope God is giving a spirit of prayer that He would raise up preachers after His own heart. I am sure that many hearers of the Gospel are getting sick at heart with the weary sameness and monotonous grind of this partial, man-shaped orthodoxy and set phraseology. We do not want any *new* wine introduced, we prefer the *old*, "the whole counsel of God." Would not anyone

reading the Word for the first time, conclude that God was addressing men as His natural creatures? Then why need we wish to adopt a different method from God Himself and the holy apostles and prophets? One says, "How forcible are right words" (Job vi. 25). Did not Paul when he went to a heathen city proclaim salvation by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, before he looked for marks of grace in his hearers? Were not the apostles told to say, "Peace be to this house," before they knew whether the Son of Peace was there? And then there is the parable of the Gospel net being thrown over the fish, both good and bad (Matt. xiii. 47); with much more that might be found in the Word after the same tenor, but I forbear, lest I weary you. My object is not controversy, but a real desire for the advancement of His kingdom, who, I trust, has redeemed me, and been a present help in times of trouble.

I trust your valuable life may long be spared, and that your usefulness may more and more increase. I do try to pray for you.

Believe me to be, yours very sincerely,

Leicester, January 26th, 1897.

A WEARY ONE.

[We heartily sympathize with the spirit and feelings of our correspondent evidenced in the above letter, and we believe many of our readers will be at one with us in this. We want no new-fangled views preached or taught, but the plain declarations of the Word of God, as *a whole*, faithfully promulgated. To seem to wish to blunt one edge of the sword of the Spirit, by excusing man on the ground of his *wilfully procured* inability, is a thing we hope we may never be guilty of, as we could not then rejoice with Paul, that we are "pure from the blood of all men." He that hath My Word, let him speak My Word," says the Lord. May He ever help us thus to "*preach the Word*," and leave it in His hands to accomplish thereby the purpose He has designed.—EDITOR.]

REVIEW.

Reminiscences of the Lord's Lovingkindness, in the Life of Mr. W. E. Bond, Minister of the Gospel. Price 1s. 6d. London: F. Kirby, 17, Bouverie Street, E.C.

THIS is a record of a living experience, and will be read with interest, and, under the Lord's blessing, with profit. We know some gracious people think that the lives of the godly should not be published during their lifetime, but in this we feel each must be guided by his own leadings before the Lord. In the case of ministers, they are often led in their discourses to tell out some of the Lord's dealings with them, much to the profit

of their hearers, therefore, it cannot be wrong to publish the same leadings through the press. We cannot do better than quote here what Mr. Hazlerigg has wisely written upon this point:—"I have long been persuaded that the Lord's ministers and people do not belong to themselves, but are a sort of public property, belonging to one another (2 Cor. i.); consequently, what they individually experience is not merely on their own account, but for the sake of others as well, therefore any broken bone, and the experiences of God's mercy in connection with it, are not merely their own property, but belonging to the family of God, if they can derive any benefit therefrom."

Mr. Bond tells us several interesting things in connection with the ministry of Mr. Mortimer, of Chippenham, who was his nursing father. His deliverances from fear and bondage were clear, and are written in a savoury manner; trials have abounded, so have consolations, and have helped to make the writer a useful minister in Jesus Christ. May the Lord bless the little record abundantly, which we are sure is the sincere desire of the writer.

AN EXAMPLE.

DEAR MR. HULL,—The accompanying letters seem to be of more than local interest. In these last days we hear much of the divisions, and evil speakings, and carnality in Zion, but shall we not also hear of the Lord's goodness? We have much to mourn over in ourselves, and those around, and whilst we weep with those who weep, we can at times rejoice with those who rejoice. The Apostle Paul informed the Church at Corinth of the kind liberality of the Churches in Macedonia; this he did to stir up the Corinthians, and to record the fruits of the Gospel as borne by the Macedonians. I feel sure that many readers of the SOWER will rejoice with us as they read the enclosed correspondence.

The "contents" of the purse was the handsome sum of £59 10s.; and the "accompanying gifts," a beautiful china tea-service and plated tea-pot. That the Lord may be very gracious to us, and that He may abundantly bless you in your many labours, is the heart's desire of yours in sincere esteem,

Stamford, February 15th, 1897.

M. J. TRYON.

TO MR. M. J. TRYON.

Stamford, January 4th, 1897.

DEARLY BELOVED PASTOR,—The Lord having, in His kind providence, graciously spared your valued life to its year of

jubilee, the Church and congregation under your pastoral charge desire, on this your natal day, to express to you the love and esteem in which they hold you for your work's sake, and also to acknowledge the Lord's goodness in bringing you amongst them.

They feel that they have great cause for gratitude to a gracious God, for having given them a Pastor who faithfully preaches the Word of God, and declares the unsearchable riches of God's free grace in Christ Jesus to poor lost sinners; and that He has enabled you to continue as their Pastor for a period of eight years, during which time many signs have followed of the Holy Spirit's blessing resting upon your labours; and their prayer is that God may long spare your life, and continue you amongst them, and may more abundantly own your labours in the future, to the good of souls and the glory of His name.

They also desire to express their sympathy with your dear partner in the trying affliction through which she has passed, and they pray that God may graciously sanctify it to her, and, if it be His will, speedily restore her to perfect health.

They trust that the purse and contents will be received by you as a token of their deepest affection for you, together with the accompanying gifts for dear Mrs. Tryon.

Signed on behalf of the Church and congregation,

Yours in the bonds of the Gospel,

FREDERICK MASON, *Deacon*.

TO THE CHURCH AND CONGREGATION WORSHIPPING AT
NORTH STREET CHAPEL.

Stamford, January 10th, 1897.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I feel indebted to a kind Providence which has so ordered events, that my dear friend and brother, Joseph Wiles, should occupy my pulpit to-day. Had I been at home, I should have felt it necessary, and you would have expected me to make some reference to recent events. I refer to those connected with the fiftieth anniversary of my birthday, in which you took such an active interest. This I feel I can do better with my pen than with my lips; indeed, I must confess to you that at present I should be quite unable to give expression by my voice to what I feel.

And now what shall I say to you? In the first place, I say, "Thank you." I say thank you, not only on my own behalf, but also on behalf of my dear wife and children, who, by your kind thoughtfulness, are sharers with me in this spontaneous expression of your kind and prayerful interest. Often have I thanked God for the place He has given me and mine in your hearts. When

I think of the amount you got together, and that, as I understand, without any trouble; also of the secrecy you preserved, and the appreciation of my labours amongst you, to which you have testified by word and deed, I am lost in wonder; and am obliged to look higher than man, and acknowledge the good hand of God towards you and myself. The beautiful tea-service you have given us shall be used from time to time, and I hope many of you may have the opportunity of joining with us in making use of it; and then, when we have done with all earthly things, I hope it may pass on to a succeeding generation, a memento of the love and esteem the Church and congregation worshipping here had to its Pastor and his family. As to the money you so generously gave, I look upon it as sacred, and have devoted it to the Lord. I have a plan in view to which I wish it to go, with your consent, about which I hope to consult you on some future occasion.

And now, in the second place, what shall I say to you? Let us thank God for His goodness to us. He is good, and to Him belongeth praise and thanksgiving, "for His mercy endureth for ever." "He hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." For eight years He has helped me, as many of you can testify, to preach His blessed Gospel to you, and many of you have heard the voice of the Master through the lips of the servant. I must believe that this is so, and the assurance of it has many times humbled me in the dust before God, and filled my heart with wonder and gratitude and self-loathing, deeply conscious as I am of my own vileness and unworthiness and insufficiency. In answer to our united cries and secret prayers, the Lord hath dealt very mercifully and graciously with us; we are, through His goodness, preserved in a spirit of increasing love and union; Satan has not been allowed to foster a spirit of discord and contention among us. During the eight years that I have been your Pastor the Lord has taken many from among us, of whom we have no doubt that they are now "with the Lord;" we rejoice in their joy, though mourning our loss. The Lord has also added to our number those whom I sincerely hope and believe will endure to the end, and thus make it manifest that their names were written in the Lamb's Book of Life from before the foundation of the world. Then there are many who meet with us, concerning whom I have much hope that the Lord Himself is teaching and leading them, and that in His time and way He will bring them out into the liberty of the Gospel; and that they will feel it a duty and privilege to walk in the ordinances of God's house blameless. We have also many friends—young people and children—whom I love to see sitting under the sound of the Word, for whom my heart's desire

and prayer is that God may open their hearts to the things they hear ; with John, we say, we "have no greater joy than to hear that our children walk in truth."

I feel that this spontaneous acknowledgment by you of the blessing my ministry has been made to you, has drawn us all closer together, and I much hope that we are and may be "fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth according to the effectual working in the measure of every part," so that we may ever hold up one another's hands by prayer and mutual sympathy, which shall find expression in practical interest, and personal sacrifice if needs be, in all that affects the common good. *All* that we have and are we owe to the Lord ; let us then devote ourselves more and more to Him and His service, "knowing that our labour is not in vain in the Lord," and that in "due season we shall reap if we faint not." May it be ours to walk humbly before God, conscious of our own unworthiness, and of His long-suffering kindness and goodness towards us ; may He give us lively faith in His dear Son Christ Jesus, and true repentance and sorrow for sin ; may His grace sweeten every care as we learn to wait upon Him day by day ; may faith be strengthened not to look at the things which are seen, but at those things which are not seen, even that "city which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God ;" in which city shall be gathered together in due time a number—of which I hope many of us shall form a part—which no man can number, who shall spend a never-ending eternity in ascribing "blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and might unto our God, for ever and ever. Amen."

And now, dear friends, whom I love for Christ's sake, I once more thank you ; and begging you to remember me without ceasing in your prayers, and commending you to a kind and gracious God, "who hath from the beginning chosen us to salvation, through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth," which truth is "by the Gospel preached unto you," and which you have received in faith and love,

I subscribe myself,

Your unworthy, though sincere, Friend,

Well-wisher, and Pastor,

M. J. TRYON.

[We sincerely pray that it may be our privilege to record many such tangible proofs of the Lord's sanction and approbation of the spiritual union between pastors and people, as are contained in the foregoing letters.—ED.]

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

DEAR MR. HULL,—I have felt for some time a desire to write a few lines to you, and on reading the New Year's Address that desire was increased, for I did greatly enjoy it, and I do so much enjoy reading the SOWER from time to time. They do indeed contain rich savoury meat as well as the pure milk of the Word. I am glad the dear Lord has so far spared your life and given you fresh supplies of grace and the fresh anointings of His Holy Spirit, both in your preaching and writings; and my desire is that He will still go on to bless, and make you a blessing.

The dear Lord still keeps me in the furnace of affliction, so that I am unable to take a step alone, yet I do hope I can say He has not left me, although I have not realized His dear presence as much of late as I have done in times gone by. Lately my fears have risen high that He has left me alone, and I do so dread being left alone; but still, at times, there have been glimpses, drops, and crumbs in reading the Word, the SOWER, and other good books, and sometimes He favours me with sweet nearness at the mercy-seat.

My dear pastor's constant and unwearied visits have often proved refreshing seasons, for we have felt it good to meet in this room, and when Jesus comes and warms our hearts we can't help feeling loth to part. For over ten years he has visited me in my affliction, but now, as his age is advancing, he finds it quite as much as he can do to get thus far, as it is a mile from his house. The dear Lord still blesses him in the pulpit, and gives him fresh supplies from time to time, so that he indeed proves the truth of those words, "To them that have no might He increaseth strength," and I have no doubt, dear Mr. Hull, you have found that promise true very many times, for the dear Lord does teach His servants and His people their weakness and nothingness. And I do feel I want the dear Lord to teach me, for I feel so ignorant; and really, the more I seem to beg of Him to teach me, the less I feel to know; but I do prize His teaching, and crave it, for "Who teacheth like Him?" And although the lessons are often hard for flesh and sense, yet, in my right mind, I would say, "Choose Thou the way, but still lead on."

Now, dear servant of the Lord, may the dear Lord abundantly bless you, and still spare your life, and enable you still to sow the good seed; and oh, may He water it and make it bring forth fruits that shall abide for ever. With Christian love, from your afflicted friend,

Watford, February 8th, 1897.

R. P.



MR. GREY HAZLERIGG.

MR. GREY HAZLERIGG.

SOME REMARKS ON HIS ACCIDENTAL FALL.

MANY of our readers, we know, have felt much sympathy in Mr. Hazlerigg's recent affliction, and they have also felt thankful to know that prayer has been answered, and that he is so far restored as to be able again to proclaim the Gospel that he loves.

During a sermon preached at Providence Chapel, Croydon, on October 3rd, 1896, Mr. Hazlerigg gave the following interesting account of his accident, and the profitable experience that was connected therewith. After reading 2 Corinthians, i. 1-11, Mr. Hazlerigg said:—

Now, dear friends, at one time it did not seem at all likely that we should see each other's faces again in the body; but our thoughts are not God's thoughts, nor our ways God's ways. I daresay you would like to hear something of God's dealings with me—I might call them His kindly dealings, His loving dealings with me. You may have heard a little, but you would no doubt like to hear more from my own mouth. I am quite sure that my presence here this morning is in answer to your prayers, and the prayers of others. The kind feeling that has been shown to me by people in various parts of the country has surprised me. And it has really humbled me to the dust to think such a one as I, so utterly unworthy, should have such a place in the hearts of God's people, and should meet with so much sympathy. I never could have thought I should have met with so much respect and kind feeling, even among my fellow-men in the town where I live, unless it had been shown to me. These things, instead of lifting me up with pride, humbled me into the dust, knowing I am such an unworthy creature.

The night before the affliction took place—I won't call it an accident, there are really no such things, everything is known to God—well, on this night the Lord seemed to rather wonderfully help me, and came down on my spirit while I was speaking to my own people from the words, "God which raiseth the dead." One word was extremely powerful to me, "God of eternal love," and I felt to have a humble hope that God was a "God of eternal love" to me. I suppose you know somewhat of a similar experience. But what poor, frail, changeable creatures we are! As soon as the Lord withdraws from us, good frames are scattered to the winds. Well, I got into a very poor state after the Lord's goodness to me; but when I went to seek the Lord the next morning, to my surprise, God came to me with His presence, and the same words again that He had spoken to me the night before, and two other lines of the same hymn (318 Gadsby's selection) as well—

“ Now they believe His words
While rocks with rivers flow.”

And I said, “ O Lord, Thou art worthy to be trusted even when rocks do not flow with rivers; ” and I prayed that the Lord would enable me to trust Him when this was the case. It made me feel very buoyant, and I went out in a buoyant spirit. The Lord took me at my word, and let me meet with a terrible fall. The wonderful thing to me was, and still is, the marvellous way in which the Lord’s mercy was mixed with it.

There was a doctor on the spot; and the fall took place close to the municipal buildings, where the ambulance was kept; and the men were so very tender in moving me; not but that I must say the agony was very intense. But what I am coming to is the extraordinary composure that I felt. I can truly say, my chief anxiety was about those at home, how they would feel to see me carried home on a stretcher. I do not believe this extraordinary composure was natural—it was supernatural. I did not so much feel my own agony, as I did the shock it would be to my wife and family: though to have a jagged bone grinding backwards and forwards is very trying, as you know, if any of you have ever felt it. But what was so good was, that when the pain was almost overpowering, God came down again on my soul with the same words He had spoken to me the night before, “ God of eternal love; ” and I looked to Him just as the same “ God of eternal love ” as before. And afterwards I looked to Him for help when lying so long in one posture. The goodness of the Lord was so abounding, it hardly seemed even a chastening. I felt the kind hand of God overpowering the chastening, and the Lord kept me in the greatest quiet when quiet was necessary. It was not always comfortable support; but the Lord supported me with the greatest calmness and composure in bearing the pain; and on one or two occasions He helped me to do something more than bear it with composure, and in His great goodness He never left me to murmur. He gave me to feel that He could make a broken bone useful to His people, and I felt, when suffering intense pain, “ Has such a sinner as I am, and one hoping in the mercy of God, any right to find fault with Him? ” On one occasion I was reading the 103rd Psalm, “ As for man, his days are as grass. ” I felt my own frailty, and thanked God for it, coupled with the view of His sweet mercy in Christ. Oh! it is sweet to thank God in affliction.

He took me back to the place where I lay with my broken thigh, and I could thank God for putting me there; and I believe you have reason to thank God too. I feel I have been borne up in answer to the prayers of God’s people. I am very pleased to see you again, and to talk to you a little, and I

thought you would like to hear a few particulars of my affliction, and of the marvellous, superabounding goodness of God—the “God of eternal love,” for that is His name from eternity to eternity.

[Mr. Hazlerigg made a further reference to his affliction in the introduction to the sermon, which was preached from Matthew xxv. 1-13.]

We do not, of course, in a great variety of cases, know when the Lord will come—we do not know when He may come in a way of affliction. This parable refers to the Lord's coming to bring to an end the present state of things ; but then we should never forget this, God may come to us at any time in a way of trouble, and if we have no provision for it, we shall not be able to pass through it. I hope my trouble has shown that I have the grace of God in me, because I believe God has brought me through it. Some of you might think that I am a very heroic character. Why, naturally, I tremble at the very approach of pain. But, dear friends, the promise of the Word is this, “My grace is sufficient for thee.” You do not know what you have to go through. Last time I was here I did not think that before the time came round for me to visit you again, I should be laid aside with a broken thigh bone. But now the grand thing after all is to be ready, so that whatever the Lord is pleased to bring upon us, we may be prepared for it. We read, “The prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself.” He sees there may be all sorts of evil come, and he seeks to have a provision, and the only real provision is the grace which is in Christ Jesus. You will never be able to rightly go through all the things you have to pass through, unless you have got the true grace of God. I do not say these things to trouble you, because I have you in my heart, and I believe you have me in your hearts, and I want to do you good. I want to warn you that a provision is necessary to carry you through trouble, a provision is necessary when death comes, and a provision is necessary for that great day when the Lord shall come and wind up the end of all things here.

“Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone,
And e'en an angel would be weak
Who trusted in his own.”

NEVER think that one and the same soul can have much pride and much of Christ. Ever the more grace a man hath, the more sense hath he likewise of his own unworthiness and God's free mercy, and consequently the more humility.—*Archbishop Leighton.*

THE TABLE PEW.

I DO not slight the pulpit ; that has prestige of its own ;
 An atmospheric sanctity, which lingers there alone ;
 But when the history of a Church comes honestly to view,
 Prosperity's unfailing test is in the table pew.

Here is the deacon's citadel ; hark ! how they snap the lock,
 And hand a few worn hymn books to the poorest of the flock ;
 Nor scarcely dares a pastor ask permission to explore
 The acts and deeds and settlements within *that* table drawer.

Here, in the good old days, there came the aged and the deaf ;
 The big preceptor, who was bland, benevolent, and brief ;
 The "leading person," keen and small, hard-handed, head on high ;
 And the "bass viol"—shall we go back to the times gone by ?

Here, with quick clangour, almost ere the worshippers were gone,
 The plates were overturned, and soon by he in power 'twas known
 What had been given to support the Gospel in this place
 For the next quarter—the amount being written in his face.

Here godly deacons have deplored a cherished pastor's fall,
 And one was deputed to lock the square box in the wall ;
 While, for some Sabbaths afterwards, the little they could do
 Towards God's worship was performed about the table pew.

Here stood the candidates, and here, thank God ! they stand to day ;
 Oh, never from the Church on earth may such scenes pass away.
 Come in by testimony, friends, come tell what God has done,
 And bear sweet witness to the grace of His beloved Son.

And now, O Muse, breathe reverently ; for here with calm delight
 The emblems of our dying Lord are spread before our sight ;
 While quietly from heart to heart steals up the blessed tide
 Which overlaps life's sorrows ; all is well if Jesus died—

If Jesus died for *me*, you know, the world may do its worst,
 The heart may ache, the heart may break, the nation be accursed ;
 God shall be near *me* in my needs, and blest my end shall be,
 And heaven shall ring as I pass in, if Jesus died *for me*.

So with such prospects, at such times, here stands the man of God,
 Ringing glad changes to the worth of Christ's redeeming blood :
 Sweet are the pulpit utterances, helpful and calm and true,
 But heaven *seems* nearest when the words float from the table pew

So be it still an honoured spot in every little hill ;
 Changed and decayed, but bearing fruit to life eternal still ;
 Think of its good old deacon's prayers ; its trusty deeds and true ;
 Think how it bears the pulpit up, and spare the table pew.

Galleywood,

M. A. CHAPLIN.

THE more you trust in Christ, the more you will experience
 the sweetness of a happy, growing, communion with Him.—
—Romaine.

THE TRUE VINE AND THE BRANCHES.

"I am the true Vine, ye are the branches: he that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without Me ye can do nothing."—JOHN xv. 5.

TRUE religion springs from Christ the Fountain Head, and is made manifest in our absolute weakness. Paul says, lest he should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to him a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet him, lest he should be exalted above measure. For this thing he besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from him. But the Lord told him that His grace was sufficient for him, for his strength is made perfect in weakness. The Apostle therefore rejoicingly says, "Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me" (2 Cor. xii. 7-9). As Hart beautifully puts it—

"Every moment be receiving
Strength, and yet be always weak."

Every twig in the vine receives nutrition, grows, derives benefit, and feels the virtue of the sap flowing, equally real, though perhaps in less proportion, than the stronger branches. And when the sap is down, in the winter season, all branches are equally barren. So it is with the believer; when faith is not in lively exercise, when he does not feel sap to flow to him from a precious Christ, he is full of complaints. Then his soul cries, "Woe is me! for I am as when they have gathered the summer fruits, as the grape gleanings of the vintage: there is no cluster to eat: my soul desireth the first-ripe fruit" (Mic. vii. 1). The Psalmist says, "In the day of my trouble I sought the Lord: my soul refused to be comforted. My spirit was overwhelmed." He says, "I considered the days of old, the years of ancient times. I call to remembrance my song in the night: I commune with mine own heart: my spirit made diligent search. Will the Lord cast off for ever? and will He be favourable no more? Is His mercy clean gone for ever? doth His promise fail for evermore?" (Psalm lxxvii.) And Paul says, "For this thing I besought the Lord thrice." But the Lord says, "And every branch that beareth fruit He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." Well the exercised believer knows, at these pruning times, that without Him he can do nothing; and it is by means of these cutting circumstances that he is able to bear fruit to the glory of God; "that the excellency of the power might be of God, and not of us" (2 Cor. iv. 7). "For it hath pleased the Father that in Him all fulness should dwell"

(Col. i. 19). All we have is derived. "He that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit." The religion of our blessed Christ is a feeling religion. Let nominal Christians have their nominal faith, and tell us that they can believe at all times. Our religion springs out of Christ's strength in our weakness; our emptiness, and Christ's fullness; our unworthiness, and Christ's suitability to supply all our needs. Without Him we can do nothing, and we know it.

"We cannot see without His light,
We cannot walk without His might."

Our treasure is immense in Him; and "when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall we also appear with Him in glory" (Col. iii. 4). It is only as we are united to Him that we can bear fruit; only as sap is derived from the true Vine, as light shines from the Sun of Righteousness, and virtue flows from a precious Christ, that we can reflect His image, or glorify God; and we know what it is to groan after it, long for it, and feel our need of it. And our Lord, for our encouragement, has said, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." So I say, we love a feeling religion; and we know what it is to feel this blessed sap to flow into our souls, at times, and to be able to say with the Apostle, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me" (Phil. iv. 13). The poor woman said, "If I may touch but His clothes, I shall be whole. And straightway the fountain of her blood was dried up; and she felt in her body that she was healed of that plague. And Jesus, immediately knowing in Himself that virtue had gone out of Him, turned Him about in the press, and said, Who touched my clothes?" (Mark v. 28-30.) Here we see that a living faith draws virtue from a living God. Christ was aware that virtue had gone out of Him, and the woman was sensible of receiving the benefit. So it is that we derive virtue from the true Vine, by a vital union to Him; or, as the Saviour says, by abiding in Him, and He in us; and our Lord says, "the same bringeth forth much fruit;" and, while the mere talkatives, or nominal branches, are cast away, we ever remain sensible of the fact, that all our life and fruitfulness depend on true union with Him, and that without Him we can do nothing (John xv. 5).

H. CUTMORE.

CHRIST is not a winter sun, which only gives light; but He is like a spring sun; He deadens the man to a wintry state, warms and cultivates his heart, and makes the fruit spring forth.
— *Romaine*.

"MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND."

GOD holds the lives of His people in His keeping. He leads His own by a peculiar way (to them), but by the right way to a city of habitation. He is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of all hearts. I was impressed with a beautifully sweet thought of the overruling sovereignty of God the other evening, when leading my little two-year-old niece to bed. As we wended our way up the stairs she was a little frightened, and said, "Is it not dark, auntie?" As I held her tiny hand all was dark both to her and myself, but I knew the way. Thus it is with us as children of God; the dispensations of His providence are often difficult to be understood by us, but "He knows the way." What does Job say about it? "He knoweth the way that I take," and, "When He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." That is a very precious thought, "He knoweth the way." Should not such words as these make us content to lie passive in God's hands, and know no will but His? to suffer and be still, if He desires it? When circumstances seem all against us, let us remember that "He knoweth" the path which we have to tread, and He will lead, guide, shield, and support His chosen ones as long as they are journeying here in the wilderness, and, when life's task shall be over, will receive them into the many mansions prepared for them.

"My times are in Thy hand."

My God, thou knowest all;
I cannot tread a path but thou
Know'st all that will befall.

Thou ledest through the dark
And lonely path, to peace;
And so lead thou me on until
My pilgrimage shall cease.

The way so oft is drear,
I cannot understand
Why thou should'st make me suffer so,
In this dark, desert land.

And yet I know 'tis best,
For trials bring me near
Unto Thy favoured mercy-seat,
To seek Thy face in prayer.

Then help me e'er to trust,
And wait upon Thee still;
"My times are in Thy hand," O Lord,
Teach me to do Thy will."

ROSA.

THE LATE MR. EDWARD SAMUEL, OF SLEAFORD,
LINCOLNSHIRE.*(Concluded from page 55.)*

SOON afterwards he became acquainted with the late David Denham, and frequently heard him, as he preached near to where he lived. The distress of his soul now became indescribably great. The language of his soul was, "O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me." Mr. Denham tried to encourage him, saying he was as sure that he would enjoy glory as that the Apostle Paul is now in glory: the night was very dark, but he believed the Lord would soon reveal Himself to his soul.

One evening, between eleven and twelve o'clock, he was in his bedroom with an open Bible before him, musing upon his miserable state and a solemn eternity, when Lamentations v. 22, came to him, and he cried out, "I am damned! my damnation is sealed!" In that horror of soul he remained until the same hour in the following evening, when the Lord appeared and spoke pardon. With his Bible before him, deploring his unhappy state, these words came with very great power (we will give his own account of it):—"I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. God is not the God of the dead, but of the living." I exclaimed, 'Lord, is it me? Art Thou *my* God?' The clouds immediately began to disperse; the horror of my soul fled; I burst into a flood of tears, and said, 'Lord, can it be me?' when the same portion was repeated thrice, with as much power as before. Glorious light broke into my soul; the light appeared greater than the former darkness. I went down on my knees, blessing and praising the Lord for this infinite deliverance. What! said I to myself, instead of hell, have I heaven? Instead of damnation, have I salvation? Instead of the wrath of God, have I His love? Instead of His frowns, have I His smiles? 'O my soul, bless the Lord, and forget not all His benefits. Who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases.' Tears continued flowing, when another portion came, 'I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins. Return unto Me, for *I have redeemed thee.*' The words, 'I have redeemed thee,' were very precious to my soul. . . . I felt heaven in my soul; all was calm, serene, and tranquil. It was joy unspeakable and full of glory. I, by precious faith, then sat at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in my right mind, and, with Mary of old, washing His precious feet with tears."

The next morning, after a few congratulatory words upon his joyous expression, from the old gentleman and lady he lived

with, he went happily to his employ; he was so overjoyed he could scarcely tell what he was about. Like Mr. Huntington, with the hoe and the rake in the tool house of his master's garden, he took up one thing for another, until some of his fellow workmen exclaimed he was mad. Just then his employer came in, and calling him aside said, "I know where you are; better have a holiday to-day." He thanked him, and was glad to leave. The joy lasted about a week. Since then he had to mourn the absence of Christ, and to feel a daily conflict with sin and corruption, and had to combat with pride, the world, and Satan, yea, even to question the very existence of divine grace in his heart. But, blessed be God, this lasted but a short time; the Lord entirely removed from him the terrors of hell and the fear of death. Who can resist omnipotence? God comes to the sinner with power and authority, opens the heart as he did that of Lydia, carries on His work, and will not leave the sinner until He brings him safely to heaven.

When he was under the law, he often told the Lord that, if it were His sovereign will to bestow mercy on him and deliver his soul, he would spread His fame abroad, and tell sinners what He had done for his soul. And the Lord was pleased to open His Word very sweetly to him, give him liberty in speaking, and blessed the Word to the comfort and encouragement of many poor souls. The first time he opened his mouth publicly was at Mr. Denham's prayer meeting, and the first time he preached was at a small chapel near Mr. Denham's own place of worship. Soon afterwards doors were opened, unsought for, round the neighbourhood of London within twenty or thirty miles. But preaching brought him into heavy exercise. "Nothing," he well declares, "short of an almighty and gracious arm, can keep a man honest and faithful, either in the pulpit or out of it." When supplying at Hartly Row, Hants, he stayed at the house of Mr. Goodchild, who is now in glory; and there he was led to see and embrace the ordinance of believers' baptism. While at Hartly Row, he was asked to preach at Farnham; there his ministry was from time to time so much blessed that the friends invited him to settle there, which he did, and he was the instrument in constituting the first Baptist Church ever known in that place. From Farnham he removed to Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, where he stayed six years, after which he was at Leicester for a short time; then for some years at Salford, Manchester, where, in February, 1860, he wrote and published the second edition of his Life.*

For about ten years Mr. Samuel occasionally supplied the

* "Memoir of Edward Samuel." F. Kirby, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.

pulpit at Providence Chapel, Sleaford. This chapel was built in Mr. Huntington's days, and opened by him in June, 1808. In July, 1864, Mr. Samuel formed a Strict Baptist Church in that place, he having been just before appointed the Pastor. He preached his last sermon there on June 26th, 1877. The following Lord's Day he and his people gathered together in the upper room of the Corn Exchange, and continued so to do for four years, when they built a new place of worship, now known as the Temple. The foundation stone of this building was laid April 7th, 1881, by Mr. David Challis, of Leicester; and it was opened on the 5th July following; Mr. Hazlerigg, of Leicester, preaching in the morning, and Mr. Peet, now of Trowbridge, in the afternoon and evening; it is a comfortable place of worship, and free from debt.

For the last two months of his life, Mr. Samuel had an impression that his time was short. His friends also had noticed for some time that his strength and memory were failing; though few of them thought his end was so near. He had often complained of pain at his heart; about a week before he died he had a violent attack in the night. In the morning of the Sunday before his death, being very feeble, he read and expounded the Scriptures, and engaged in prayer; after singing a hymn, &c., the congregation separated rather earlier than usual. In the evening he seemed better, his voice was certainly as strong as ever; he preached a solemn discourse from the words, "He hath done all things well." After speaking of the work of each Person in the Blessed Trinity in the glorious work of redemption, he exhorted his people to cleave close to the Lord, and abide by the truth; saying, "Though I may never see you again, I am persuaded I shall meet a goodly number of you in glory." He then administered the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, and spoke of death being swallowed up in victory; not only death, but all the sin, trial, afflictions and sorrows connected with this present wilderness state of the dear people of God.

On Monday he said, "I have been reading the 27th Psalm, and found it so sweet;" he also read it the following morning at family worship. Among his last utterances were the following: "The end is come;" "I know in whom I have believed;" "Why should I be cast down, when I have such a prospect? I have a good home to go to." After a painful attack, "It is all dealt out in weight and measure." This verse was often repeated:—

"Oh that in Jordan's swelling
I may be helped to sing,
And pass the river telling
The triumphs of my King."

On Wednesday evening he was very cheerful, and seemed much better. In the evening he conducted family worship, and read the hymn ending—

“As to man’s merit, ’tis hateful to me;
The Gospel, I love it; ’tis perfectly free,”

and exclaimed, with much emphasis, “And so say I.” When he had retired to his room he was again in pain, and had several attacks in the night; special remedies seemed no longer of any avail. At three o’clock a.m., on Thursday, December 10th, 1896, a change came over his countenance; and in about ten minutes afterwards, with a sweet smile, his ransomed spirit quitted the clay tenement, to be for ever with the Lord.

For some time prior to his death, Mr. Samuel had requested his old friend, Mr. Hazlerigg, to bury him; that gentleman, however, owing to a severe injury in the early part of the year, was unable to be present. At his solicitation, therefore, his friend, Mr. Walker, of Northampton, kindly conducted the funeral services. That at the Temple commenced with the singing of hymn 480 (Gadsby’s Selection), and that at the grave at Heckington, with hymn 483—a very favourite hymn with the deceased. In the course of Mr. Walker’s faithful address at the Temple, he dwelt on several parts of Mr. Samuel’s long and eventful life—“his hairbreadth escapes on sea and on land, and the hardships he underwent in his youthful days, made it almost a miracle that his life had been preserved. His arrest under the solemn words spoken by the converted Jew in a London eating house; the way the Lord afterwards led him, step by step, and his account of the peace and joy which at last came to him, were most affecting. In his call to the ministry, the hand of God was equally manifest; from the time of that call until eleven days ago, he had continued in the ministry. His closing testimony—what could be better—to take a retrospect of a long and chequered life, to come before them there and be able to say, ‘He hath done all things well?’ And as Mr. Hazlerigg told him (Mr. Walker), he had never met one who more closely maintained communion with the Lord, for he seemed to desire to live in God’s presence, and to be alone in a room in communion with God.”

It has been truly said, that as a faithful expositor Mr. Samuel was almost without a compeer; for, as a Jew, he could throw light on Scripture in a most instructive and helpful manner; whilst as a preacher, he was faithful and earnest to a fault.

Mr. Samuel was followed to his grave by his widow, her brother, and niece; Mr. and Mrs. Harding, of Leicester; Mr. T. Cartwright (deacon), Mr. Thompson, most of the Church and congregation, and many others.

RELEASED.

ON February 4th, Elizabeth Weavers, aged seventy-eight, of Hall Road, Southminster, Essex, entered her heavenly rest, after seven weeks of intense suffering, from cancer on the liver. At the beginning of my dear mother's illness her mind was very dark, but her feet were firmly fixed on the eternal Rock of Ages. After a few days the Lord was pleased to draw nigh and grant her sweet and happy liberty, lighting her soul quite up with His glory, and removing all fear of death and bondage. The sweetness of that visit never left her while life lasted. She was blessedly enabled to cast all her care upon Him, and leave husband and children in His dear hands; her mind being kept like a calm sea; for not a wave of trouble was permitted to roll across her peaceful breast, but she was longing to depart, and be with Him whom her soul loved. Frequently she was begging of the Lord to come and cut His work short, and take her to Himself, and to let her go to sleep and wake up in glory. She could calmly look death in the face and say—

“Death is no more a frightful foe,
Since I with Christ shall reign;
With joy I leave this world below,
For me to die is gain.”

My dear mother was visited by several friends, and was enabled to testify of the Lord's goodness to her; and though her sufferings were heartrending to witness, they were borne with great patience. She was interred on February 10th, by Mr. Hacking, Pastor, at the little chapel where she had been a hearer for thirty years, in the presence of a large number of sorrowing relatives and friends. Hymn 466 (Gadsby's) was sung, and Mr. Hacking spoke very earnestly and affectionately, both in the chapel and at the grave. Thus passed away our dear, kind, and valued mother. “Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.”

“We too, amidst yon sacred throng,
Low at His feet would fall;
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.”

E. W.

YOU are not to be saved by your acts of faith, but by the object of your faith.

AS sure as the sorrows of the righteous shall be turned into joy, so shall the joys of the wicked be turned into sorrow.—*Romaine.*

THE WHOLE GOSPEL.

To the Editor of the Sower.

DEAR SIR,—After reading the *SOWER* for March, I felt I must write and tell you how much I have enjoyed those sweet and savoury writings, your closing Address for 1896, and your New Year's Address for 1897; they were both very much blessed to my poor soul. I would desire to lift up my heart in gratitude to a merciful, kind, and gracious God for enabling you so boldly to stand up for the *pure* and *unadulterated* truth of God. My mind has been deeply exercised (especially of late) with regard to many of the solemn words in the Scriptures addressed to poor sinners, and your very excellent reply to S. H. I., in the December number, proved to me, I trust, under the Spirit's teaching, the blessed truths as set forth in the Book of books; and then, as though to bring home with more force and power, you so very sweetly went into those gracious truths in your New Year's Address, that I felt my heart go out to you in love; and, dear sir, I was compelled to thank God for so graciously leading you into those things. Oh may you be long spared to work in the Father's vineyard, and may you be so filled with the Holy Ghost, that the frowns of men shall not discomfort you, nor stop your progress; but, with a "Thus saith the Lord," may you be enabled, under the sweet and blessed influences of the Holy Spirit, to go forth and preach the glad tidings of free grace unto poor lost and ruined sinners. And oh, may the word spoken or written be accompanied with almighty power, so that many poor sinners may be brought from darkness to light, and may the kingdom of our precious Christ be greatly extended. How encouraging also is the account of the Church of God under the pastoral care of Mr. M. J. Tryon, especially whilst many of our Churches are in such a sad and low state; what a proof that the dear Lord does bless His faithful ministers. Oh for more of the outpouring of the Spirit of Christ upon some of our poor parched-up places of truth. Especially do I feel it to be desirable here in this large and important borough of S—; we are indeed in a low place. The friends, some of them, do not like practical truths, they say it is legal, and savours of creature power, but it is because they do not seek Divine light upon the inspired Word. Oh that the Lord would in His mercy send a revival, breathe upon the dry bones—

"Shed abroad His sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours."

The letter signed "A Weary One," in this month's *SOWER*,

expresses the very desires and thoughts of my mind, but I have not the ability to so set them forth. My dear sir, I do pray that the dear Lord may strengthen your hands, and give you many proofs of His Divine favour; and oh, may you have health and strength given unto you to carry on your work of faith and labour of love. I trust the SOWER will be scattered abroad all over the land, and that many poor sinners, under God's blessing, may find comfort and help in reading its pages, whilst passing through this vale of tears. I feel I must again say how I have enjoyed reading the SOWER, more especially the first three months of this year. The Lord has indeed blessed it to my soul, and I felt I must write and let you know. I hope you will pardon me, and do not look at the poor way in which I have tried to express my feelings, but accept it as another token of the Lord's favour to yourself, in making you the means of comforting and helping a poor hell-deserving sinner to look to a precious Christ, who is the only Way, the Truth, and the Life. Oh, my dear sir, I do want to be led more and more into those precious truths which you so blessedly set forth. I can say that I do thirst for a sip from the wells of Bethlehem; and when the dear Lord is pleased to make use of one of His dear servants to cause the stream of love Divine to flow into our hearts, how it melts us down, and humbles us before the Lord; and we have to thank and praise a merciful God for the blessing, and we also thank the Lord for leading His servant into our very soul's experience. Wishing you every needful blessing for time and eternity, believe me, dear Mr. Hull, to remain,

Yours sincerely,

J. C. R.

[We are glad that our correspondent, like many others, has found spiritual promptings, encouragement, and profit from the articles contained in the SOWER. The Lord knows that our desire and aim is to promulgate the *whole* truth, both to saint and sinner. This we are determined to do, by the help of God, and we hope that we may not have the bitter reflection upon our dying bed that we have kept back, or pared down, any part of Divine truth, for fear of offending any who dare not publish the Word of the Lord, without their qualifications or safeguards. We believe and are sure that the Holy Ghost knows better how to use the Scriptures than we can guide Him in doing so. May we ever have grace to trust Him who inspired the Word, as to the best means of using it, to the effecting of His eternal and Divine purpose, in the calling of His chosen from among the unbelieving and impenitent.—ED.]

"SURELY," says the believer, "never sinner wanted Christ more, never sinner deserved Him less than I."—*Romaine*.

THE DAY OF REST.

WHAT is the Christian's Sabbath? It consists in resting upon Jesus, and in depending upon His having finished the works of redemption, and then in living upon them for our souls, as much as we do upon the works of creation for our bodies. Sweet is the day of rest spent in this holy employment. Happy time! set apart for spiritual intercourse with God, and consecrated for keeping up fellowship with Him in His Fatherly love in Jesus, and for receiving from Him communications of His graces and blessings. Thrice happy day! in which this fellowship is kept up, and these graces and blessings are enjoyed.

By this heavenly converse the inward man is renewed with growing strength, his faculties are enlarged, and their happiness is increased; by which means he comes nearer to the spiritual rest of the heavenly Sabbath. He calls it his delight, holy of the Lord, honourable, because the end of its institution is answered to him, and he has in it happy communion with his God. When he draws near to God in His appointed ways, he finds God in them, and experiences His loving-kindness, which is better than life itself. Blessed is the man who is thus highly favoured. He enters within the veil into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, and finds a most loving Father upon the throne of grace. In every service on the Lord's Day he seeks a more intimate acquaintance and more spiritual fellowship with Him; his very heart is engaged in this work; his soul thirsteth; and his very flesh longeth to meet God as he has met Him in the sanctuary. Therein he has found communications of grace, which has rendered the ordinances delightful indeed. He rejoices in hope of meeting God, and of drawing near to Him in prayer; of praising Him still more and more for His abundant mercies; of hearing the reviving sound of Gospel grace and of everlasting love, and of receiving it, not as the word of man, but as it is in truth, the Word of God; and of sitting down to the banquet of heaven in communion with Christ crucified, through Him partaking of the Father's love by the Spirit's influence.

Blessed is he of the Lord who is thus spiritual in Sabbath duties! By keeping up constant communion with God in them his blessedness is increased. He is already in possession of the same things which his elder brethren are enjoying in heaven, and he will become more heavenly minded while he maintains daily fellowship with the Eternal Three in their covenant offices and blessings.

Consider, O my soul, that these privileges are thine. Look well to thine improvement of them; remember thou art already, by believing, entered into rest. Thy Sabbath is begun—a day

whose sun shall never set, whose glory shall shine brighter for evermore. May thine enjoyment of this rest, which is so glorious, be growing, until thou attain to the eternal Sabbath. Oh pray thy Lord to lift up the light of His countenance upon thee; to vouchsafe thee more of the love of His heart and more of the bounty of His hand, more communion with Him, and more communications from Him, that thou mayst be growing up into Jesus in all things, and be ready whenever He calls thee, to enter with Him into His perfect rest.—*Romaine*.

THE STUDY OF PROPHECY.

ONE great benefit of the historical interpretation of the prophetic Scriptures is, that we are attracted out of the too selfish and narrow concentration of our thoughts upon our own small lives and surroundings, and reminded of the glorious power of the Truth upon those, who, in martyrdoms and sufferings innumerable, bequeathed it to us. I always rejoice to remember two distinctive characteristics of all the Churches which God honoured by martyrdom, and in which I hope we may claim, with all our confessed unworthiness, yet to be in that true "Apostolical succession." The martyr Churches whether before or after the great reformation in England, France, the Netherlands, Bohemia, or any other country, had an intense devotion to the Psalms, and they all agreed in holding the blessed doctrines of predestination and grace as these are taught—however much they are despised and forsaken in the present unhappy times by those who have yet solemnly sworn to maintain them—in all the Articles and Confessions, still of authority in the Churches of the Reformation.

Hear St. Augustine indignantly asking, 1,400 years since, in his great treatise, "On the Gift of Perseverance," after quoting Rom. ix. 16, Eph. i. 11-14, &c. : "Seeing these things are said in Holy Scripture, whether to a few Christians or to the whole multitude of the Church, why are we afraid to preach, as Holy Scripture preaches, the predestination of the saints and the true grace of God,—that grace which is given according to no merits of ours?" Is it that we fear to offend and lose popularity?

If the historical interpretation of the Apocalypse is, as I believe, the true one, reverence for our Lord's own words in St. Matthew xxiv. 36 (also, Dan xii. 9, 10) need not forbid our believing that the great prophetic week, "the times of the Gentiles," is fast running out, and that this is "the time of the end" (2 Peter iii. 10-14). May the grace of God deliver us from the world-centered indifference, foretold by the same Divine Voice of our glorious Lord in the following verses (St. Matthew

xxiv. 37-42), especially while, as now, the professing Church seems so ready, in the miserable and vulgar competition for popularity and crowds, to exchange her mission of gathering and feeding Christ's sheep for that of "amusing the world's goats,"—as it has been too truly said. May He grant us, as our one holy purpose and aim, as a Church of God, a good desire and resolve, by His Spirit quickening us, to maintain the Truth in its purity, and to live the Truth in its inward grace, power, and experience. How true are Berridge's words (sometime Vicar of Everton)—

"There is a godly life
Built on a worldly plan,
Which brings no scorn or strife
Upon the godly man :
With credit he may fast and pray,
While *self* usurps and bears the sway.

"*His* noble will and wit,
And *his* courageous arm,
Shall guide *his* trusty feet,
And guard *his* breast from harm ;
And, sure of merit, such will boast
For good they seem at their own cost.

"But he who seeks to live
A godly life in Christ,
And unto Christ will give
The praise from first to last ;
Is surely doomed to worldly shame,
And born (John i. 13) to bear a scoundrel name.

"Though friendly in his will,
And meek his manners are,
Some persecution still
Attends him everywhere :
Faith in the Cross brings high disdain,
And usage coarse from carnal men.
(John vi. 64-68.)

"Well : let me count that pain,
Which Jesu's Cross will bring,
As most substantial gain—
A present from the King :
And let the King smile on my face
When for His Name I meet disgrace."

Believe me, my dear friends,
Always yours in His truth and service,

Cheltenham.

J. E. WALKER.

ERRATUM.—We ask our readers to kindly notice that on page 61 of SOWER for March, the word "reproachers," twelfth line from the top of page, should have been "reproaches."—ED.

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

MY DEAREST F.—How shall I write you a birthday letter? This question has been on my mind for several days, and now I have begun, I do hope it will please the Lord to give me something to write about. It is now about twelve months since I first came to H—— as my home. Then I was a stranger among you; but now it has pleased the Lord to give me a place and a name amongst you His dear people. How much has happened since my last birthday, and how much has happened since yours! What a mercy to be brought, while so young, to follow in the footsteps of the flock. To have a hope in your heart that you shall some day see the *King in His beauty*. O glorious thought! Dear F.—, does it not send a thrill of joy through your soul when you think of it? And though Satan may try to rob you of that hope—which I know he often does, and will do to the end—yet the Lord's

“Word shall stand, His truth prevail,
And not one jot or tittle fail.”

“They that trust in the Lord shall be as mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but *abideth for ever*. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people from henceforth even *for ever*.” Oh, that precious word *for ever*! It does not mean for a little while, just when He first calls them. Oh, dear F.—, supposing the dear Lord had said He would just show us the way, and then we must try and find it by ourselves, where should we be? How many times during the past year have we strayed out of the path! How many times has the dear Lord found us, and brought us back again among the flock and into the green pastures! Oh, what a mercy that He has promised to guide us all the way. He says, “Even to hoar hairs will I carry you.” What wondrous love to such poor worthless worms—such hell-deserving wretches as we! Are we not a highly favoured people? Oh, may the dear Lord fill our hearts with gratitude to Him for preserving us from day to day, and year to year. Every day we live we are greater debtors to His mercy. How many hundreds there are around us who have no desire to know this precious Redeemer. Neither should we, had not the dear Lord implanted that desire in our hearts; and wherever He implants the desire, that desire will assuredly be fulfilled, in His own good time. It is now about twelve months since I was brought to a full assurance of my interest in Jesus' precious blood. I love to think of that time; it was under a severe conflict with the enemy. I was in great darkness of mind, feeling my religion was all a delusion. I had

lost all my evidences, like Christian when he went to sleep while climbing the hill Difficulty, and lost his roll. He went back to try to find it. So did I. I looked back, but oh, it was all in vain. I cried, "I am lost, lost for ever, and I read it, as it were, upon the wall of my bedroom; praying seemed of no use; the heavens seemed shut against me, and I walked the bedroom in an agony. It was the morning of Mr. H——'s twenty-five years' pastorate, and we were intending to go to chapel in the evening; but I felt it would be hypocrisy for me to go. However, I went about my work with a heavy heart, ready to burst with grief, and as I was doing mother's room I was trying to groan out a prayer to the Lord, when these words came to me, "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty." I said, "Me? that does not mean me; *I never shall*, for I am lost—lost for ever. It cannot mean me." Then came the words, "He that hardeneth his heart shall suddenly be destroyed." And I said, "Oh, I do not want to do that, but I am afraid that promise does not mean me." And again the words came, "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty." And again I still doubted; but still they came, and I began to feel more calm. And during that day I pondered over the words; and when in the evening I came to that happy meeting, I was so set at happy liberty and filled with joy, that I felt the words were from the Lord. And though I have had many doubts and fears since then, yet I have never been sunk so low as at that time; and I believe, dear F——, that I shall one day "see the King in His beauty." And yet doubts and fears will come, and I want the dear Lord to revive that feeling again and again.

"Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospects fly;
Like Noah's dove I flit between
Rough seas and stormy sky.
Be Thou at my right hand,
Then I can never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail."

May the dear Lord bless you on this your eighteenth birthday; and may you have His presence throughout the day, and then I am sure you will not mind whether you are at home or abroad; for all earthly things are nothing when He comes into our hearts, and fills us with that sweet peace which passeth all understanding.

Accept my very best wishes and love; and may you be spared to see many more birthdays, is the sincere desire of

Your ever loving Sister,
SARAH.

ANSWER TO INQUIRY.

TO A READER.

THE portion in question—"God commandeth all men everywhere to repent" (Acts xvii. 30)—is the general declaration made in the Gospel showing the necessity of it. It does not prove that men have the power to repent, nor that the gift of repentance will be bestowed upon all who hear the command. Man, by transgression, has lost all power to do good, therefore although repentance is enjoined upon him, unless it is provided for him and wrought in him, he will never manifest it towards God, but, notwithstanding all the Gospel calls he may hear, may live and die in impenitence, since he lacks not only the power and the disposition to obey the command God has published in the Gospel of Christ, but he is also at enmity against it (see Rom. viii. 7). We hope you may be preserved from thinking it inconsistent on the part of God in commanding men to do that which they have rendered themselves unable to do. All men are sinners by the fall, as well as by the wilful transgressions of their lives; in fact, the former is the root of the latter; but though they have lost both power and will, He, as a God of equity, is just in commanding obedience to His Word and in condemning them for their disobedience. *He* did not render them unable and unwilling, it was *their own act*; therefore *they*, not *He*, are chargeable for their state. In the case of all those who are ordained to eternal life, He, as the God of sovereign love and mercy, has provided for them, in Christ Jesus, all that the Gospel calls them to. So, when they hear the call to repentance and find themselves helpless as to obeying the command, they are taught that Jesus is exalted a Prince and a Saviour, to give the very thing they stand in need of. This is the blessed fruit of electing love, which God as a Sovereign has decreed shall be given to all for whom Christ has made reconciliation with His own blood. And thus, when it says that repentance and remission of sins is to be preached among *all* nations, it does not say that these blessings will be given to *all* who hear them preached. We find that while the Lord Himself preached the Gospel in the hearing of all who came under the sound of His voice, there were but few among them to whom it was given to savingly receive the Word. All *heard* the command to repent, but only to the chosen Israel of God was the *grace given* to repent and believe the Gospel. The Gospel is to be preached to *every* creature, repentance and remission of sins is to be preached among *all* nations, for God "*now commandeth all men everywhere to repent*;" and this preaching shows to men the necessity of "repentance towards God and faith towards

our Lord Jesus Christ," and declares that there is no salvation otherwise. And those who are ordained to eternal life are made, like the dry bones, to hear and feel the Word of the Lord, are called from among the dead, and made manifest as vessels of mercy. Thus, while the Gospel net is spread wide, only the chosen seed are brought savingly to Christ. As the Word declares, "*Many* are called, but *few* are chosen" (Matt. xxii. 14). The unbelievers and rejecters of the Gospel of Christ are left where their free will has plunged them, in their hardness and sin, and God, in *equity*, will judge and reward them for it. The *reward* of their hands shall be given them; while, at the same time, He exercises His sovereignty, through the sacrifice and obedience of Christ, in the bestowment of free-grace salvation upon all those whom He has set apart for Himself. Thus He is just in saving them through Christ, and He is just in giving up the impenitent to everlasting condemnation. They will appear in the judgment without excuse, and every mouth will be stopped, while all the chosen will appear as trophies of electing, redeeming grace and dying love, and will for ever sing, "Salvation is of the Lord."

We are sorry we cannot give more space to this subject, but hope what we have written may be useful. EDITOR.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR SON,—I am about trying to fulfil my promise of writing you a few lines; how many times more I may do so I cannot tell, but every time leaves one the less, and should cause great care and caution how such a thing is done, as when one has done a thing it cannot be undone; if done right and well, there is no need to wish it otherwise, but if done ill there is much regret. I believe there are but few of those who die, in their right mind, but have many things left undone which they fain would wish had been done, and many things done amiss; and I know of no way to avoid this better than what the Word of God directs, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might;" and that other universal Christian obligation, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Let these, my dear son, be your guiding stars in whatever darkness of soul and mind you are called to pass through; you will always, doing this, come forth into the light *somewhere* and *somewhen*, just when you have come to that spot and place where Infinite Wisdom and Goodness has decreed to meet you with a "well done, good and faithful servant." You see God's own people are called servants as well as sons; you will find some spurning the name of servants because they esteem

themselves sons, but Jesus Christ did not spurn the name of servant: "Behold My Servant whom I have chosen, Mine Elect in whom My soul delighteth." Don't, I beseech you, copy from any man, save the Man Christ Jesus, for He hath left us an example that we should follow His steps. You will never see His steps unless you very diligently trace His path below: you are, I sometimes fear, too much occupied with the walk of others. It is well to have our eyes open and ears too, and well to compare all with God's Word, but it is not wise to pronounce judgment in the hearing of a fellow creature; time or eternity will make all plain. I also fear you are in danger of avoiding duties because they are likely to bring you into perplexity and trouble; but remember, troubles avoided may be double troubles. When God hides His face we are troubled, and this He has often done to me when I have "gone round the cross," and have not taken it up. Remember, there is ever a great difference between thrusting yourself forward, and in drawing back out of the soldiers' ranks to avoid some foe or deserter. The only safe place is to stand where the Lord by His grace has brought your feet. "Whereto we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule, let us mind the same thing; and if in anything ye be otherwise minded, God shall reveal even this unto you." All I have written I know to be true. "Ponder the path of your feet;" "study to be quiet;" "be ready for every good work;" fall not into the error of the day, to spend half your time in hearing sermons, and then the other half in picking them to pieces. I must now conclude; it has been an effort to write, owing to headache.

October, 1874.

S. BARNETT.

"ALL THESE THINGS ARE AGAINST ME."

WE, too, are ready to say in trouble, "All these things are against me!" but a Christian should say, "This or that may *seem* against me; but there is mercy for me." There is a Saviour, there is God's Word; and there are His ordinances. He should be more careful to enumerate what is for him, than what is against him. He should look over the list of his spiritual and temporal mercies, as well as that of his sorrows, and remember, that what things are against him are so on account of his sin. Our pilgrimage is but short—God has given us a guide, and a support to lean on; when the clouds gather, we love only to look to Jesus; we are not to expect the joys of heaven while on earth;—let us be content that there is a highway for us to walk in, and a Leader to conduct us in the way.—*Richard Cecil.*

The Sower, May, 1897.



MR. CHARLES COCK.

MEMOIR OF MR. CHARLES COCK.

THE following are a few things which have been gathered relative to the late Charles Cock, of West Mersea Island, Essex, who stood as a faithful watchman upon Zion's walls for more than half a century.

He was the son of a farmer of considerable business in the county of Essex, and was born about the year 1810, at Uptree Heath. It is matter for regret that, in the case of a minister of such abilities and experience, nothing in writing is left as to either his call by grace, or to the ministry; from what has, however, fallen from his lips while preaching, and in conversation, we have gathered the following particulars.

It appears that he lived in ignorance of his state, and rather wildly, until near twenty years of age. But as dear John Kent sings, so in Mr. Cock's case, it was manifest that—

“ There is a period, known to God,
When all His sheep, redeemed by blood,
Shall leave the hateful ways of sin,
Turn to the fold and enter in.”

The people called Ranters were rather strong and noisy in those days, in Essex, and one day, either at Uptree or Totham, there was to be an open-air service, when some woman was expected to preach. Charles Cock went with some others on purpose for a game, and to make a disturbance. Such was *his* intention. The Lord's thoughts, however, were otherwise, for during the service the female preacher announced that solemn hymn of John Newton's—

“ Stop! poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you further go;
Will you *sport* upon the brink
Of everlasting woe?”

This verse was carried as an arrow from King Emmanuel's bow right into C. Cock's conscience. He knew that he went for *sport*, and he now felt that he was sporting upon the brink of eternal woe. Two persons are yet living who were present, and witnessed his tears and the agony of his soul during the service, and from that moment the young farmer was a changed character, and, his heart being changed, a change took place in his *deportment*. It appears that what is justly termed a law work was very deep in his soul, and he felt justly condemned in his conscience, and, as we have sometimes heard him testify, while preaching, he felt—

“ If sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce Thee just in death ;

And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well."

And the words that afterwards gave him the aboundings of hope, being used by the Holy Ghost, were these—

"And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The *vilest* sinner may return."

"The *vilest* sinner" he experimentally felt suited his case, and he derived hope therefrom, and was encouraged in prayer until his deliverance. He was just outside the back-door of his father's house, at Uptree Heath, when the Lord spoke these blessed words of joy and peace into his soul: "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." His reply was, "What! *me* Lord? What! *me*?" When the words were again very powerfully repeated. Before this he was in great ignorance as to the doctrine of God's election, but now it was made plain, and he realized his own personal interest in the blessings arising therefrom. Thus he found, what all God's dear elect find, viz., that "the entrance of Thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple." And being often favoured to hear Mr. Cock ourselves, when we were first led into the enjoyment of the love of God, we have frequently said that no man ever preached to us more blessedly the eternal union of the Church with the great Head thereof, in election and in redemption, than did Mr. Cock. How powerfully have we heard him quote this verse of John Kent's—

"Before the day-star knew its place,
Or planets went their round,
The Church, in bonds of sovereign grace,
Were one with Jesus found."

And after dilating upon the glories of redemption, how sweetly would he recite the following lines by the same poet:—

"My soul anticipates the day,
Would stretch her wings and soar away,
To aid the song, a palm to bear,
And bow, the chief of sinners, there."

And, indeed, is it not a fact, that that branch of divine truth a minister has been more especially led into in youth, he delights more particularly to dwell upon in his ministry?

It appears that Mr. Cock's call to the work of the ministry was also especially clear. While following his father's plough, he one day saw, what appeared to him, a very special light in the northern part of the heavens, which, from the exercises in his soul respecting the ministry, he concluded that he had to go *northward* to preach. He had been a few times to Witham and

around that neighbourhood to preach, but this *northern* direction proved to be *Mount Bures*, just upon the borders of Suffolk, from whence he received an invitation, and first preached in a cottage, to nine persons in the morning, and about eighteen in the afternoon. He continued to go there for years, and used to walk the sixteen miles from Uptree, and preach three times on the Sabbath (his father being so opposed to his religion and preaching, that he would not allow him a horse); but being taught and led by the Holy Ghost, he was enabled to bear his parent's unkindness, and to resort in prayer to his God; sometimes being compelled to leave the plough at the end of the field and get under the hedge and call upon the name of the Lord. His God heard and answered his cries, and before long his father bought two more horses, and when Charles asked him what they were for, the reply was that *one of them was for him to drive to Mount Bures to preach*; and eventually his father put the management of his banking account, and other responsible matters into his hands, showing the truth of God's Word, "Them that honour Me, I will honour; and they that despise Me shall be lightly esteemed."

The Lord blessed the word of his grace at Mount Bures abundantly. Numbers flocked to hear the young farmer, and a nice chapel was soon built. We have heard our friend say how the Lord sent farmers and tradesmen for miles around, to the chapel, who communicated to the cause until the chapel was free of debt, and then, having done the work the Lord designed, many of them "went lack, and walked no more with him," the Word being too *searching* for them. After preaching about twelve years at Bures, Mr. Cock became pastor at West Mersea, and the late John Hazleton, of London, succeeded him at Bures, and for life and spirituality, Mount Bures is this day considered one of the best Baptist causes in Essex.

Mr. Cock never, we think, took one shilling for preaching the Word in his life, and although he travelled many miles—indeed, all over East Anglia and the districts round—he did not even take his railway expenses. After he removed to West Mersea Island, the Lord prospered him wonderfully in his business, so much so, that some of his neighbours said, "If Charles Cock sowed wheat on the top of his barn it would grow."

We come now to his last days, which were embittered with heavy losses in business and afflictions in the family. His son, Mr. John Cock, who preached over twenty years at East Mersea, died rather suddenly of diphtheria, leaving a widow and a large family. These things told heavily upon our old friend, and, he was likewise so incapacitated through weakness and paralysis that he could not preach for several years previous to his death.

When visiting Mersea, in 1895, we were informed that he was still living, and was in his eighty-fifth year. It was arranged for us to visit him the next day. When we entered the room, there lay on the couch God's dear saint and servant, partially paralysed. There was the same expression of intelligence, the same noble head, the same keen eyes, and, as he tried to speak, we distinguished the same beautifully-toned voice, but the outward man was perishing, his physical power was gone. We at once reminded this servant of the Lord of an utterance we heard from his lips in Framingham pulpit, Norfolk, over twenty years since, which was this: "I shall not die this year, friends." Then, pointing with his finger out of the window, he said, "Yes, it was in yonder field, more than fifty years ago, when I was weighed down with trouble, my father having, because of my religion and preaching, threatened to disinherit me. I was also greatly tried with the ministry, and about my soul, and the business, indeed I felt for several years I must die. I carried death about with me for years, but when at plough in that field the Lord spoke these words into my heart, 'Even to hoar hairs will I carry you.'" We then interposed "You had not those hoar hairs twenty years ago, sir." "No," was the reply, "I had not, but you see I have them now" (indeed, his hair was quite white), "and I never knew my God to tell a lie." Then looking us in the face, he repeated these lines of Dr. Watts—

"And if He speaks a promise once,
The eternal grace is sure."

Oh, it overcomes me to think that the Lord should ever bless my poor preaching, but He has! He has!" He told us once that he could count more than a hundred persons who were called by grace and brought into Gospel liberty under his ministry; in fact, there is every reason to believe that a special blessing attended his ministrations. When he ascended a pulpit his hearers often felt an awe upon their spirits; indeed, he taught as one having authority, and not as the scribes. He was, as a minister, able, eloquent, and bold in the pulpit, but a little too charitable, perhaps, in his judgment of erroneous ministers, and people outside. He never belonged to any party. If his name ever appeared in a periodical, it was not of his seeking. He read the monthly periodicals, but went where the Lord sent him and preached the preaching He bade him, and always commanded large congregations. One remarkable trait in his character was brotherly affection, and the constancy he showed to those whom he had once received as God's dear children.

A friend writes us as to visits he was favoured to pay him the last few years of his life: "Mr. Cock's mind was clear, and full of

the Gospel he had been enabled to preach so long. On one occasion I asked him if he was satisfied with the doctrines he had set forth. He replied, 'Yes, George, I can die by them; it is all of grace.' He would mostly talk of his early days, and, as I go to speak where he often went, he would inquire after one and another to whom his ministry had been made a blessing. Some months before he died he seemed very anxious to be gone, wondering why the Lord should keep him here in such a helpless state, when these words were brought to his mind, 'All the days of my appointed time will I wait until my change come.' Not long before the end, seeing him much weaker and hardly able to speak, I said, 'You will soon see the King in His beauty;' to which he replied, with tears of joy, 'Yes! yes!'"

The writer has not the exact date of his death, but it was the latter part of July or the beginning of August, in 1896. He was nearly eighty-six years of age. For parts of the foregoing, and the photograph, we are indebted to the kindness of Mr. G. F. Smith, of West Mersea Mills, and Mr. George Appleby; the former being pastor of East Mersea, where Mr. Cock's son John used to labour, and the latter being an itinerant Gospel preacher. Both of them were much blessed under Mr. Cock's ministry, and, of course, they loved and esteemed him highly for his work's sake.

A. D.

A SANCTIFIED person dreads more being left to the corruption of his own heart than he fears all that men and devils can do unto him. And the more a person experiences the work of sanctification being carried on with power, the more such a person is affected with, and sensible of, the odious and God-dishonouring nature of sin, and loathes himself the more on account thereof.—*Dr. Goodwin.*

SOMETIMES the soul, because it hath somewhat remaining in it of the principle that it had in its old condition, is put to question, whether it be a child of God or not; and thereupon, as in a thing of the greatest importance, puts in its claim, with all the evidences that it hath to make good its title. Satan, in the meantime, opposeth with all his might; many flaws are found in his evidences; the truth of them all is questioned, and the soul hangs in suspense as to the issue. In the midst of the contest the Comforter comes, and overpowers the heart with a comfortable persuasion, and bears down all objections, that his plea is good, and that he is a child of God; at the same time enabling him to put forth acts of filial obedience, crying, "Abba, Father."—*John Owen, 1660.*

SIMPLE MEDITATIONS ON SCRIPTURE SUBJECTS.

No. 1.—ON ELECT PERSONS.

"Elect."—1 PETER i. 2.

I. IS Peter a qualified person to speak on the important doctrine of "God's election?" He had been a fisherman. Jesus, the Son of God, called him from that occupation to be an Apostle of Himself—this term signifying an ordained, sanctified messenger to bear, in the name, and with the authority of Jesus, and to preach the living word of the everlasting Gospel of salvation. Hence he appears before us in the Scriptures as an inspired servant of Christ. His qualification, then, is placed beyond question.

II. Under Divine inspiration, he is instructed to write this Epistle with a special design of Christ. Who is the Epistle written to? "The strangers" scattered through various provinces. Why called "strangers?" A "Hebrew" in the land of Israel would be a "native," but a Gentile would be looked upon as a "stranger," in ancient times. But, under the Gospel dispensation, an unrenewed person is a native of this world, while one possessing the Spirit of Christ is a native of heaven, born from above. This constitutes such a one a stranger here: in conduct and conversation, they declare plainly that they are pilgrims and strangers upon earth. But they are said to be not only strangers, but "scattered." Well, they were believers in Jesus, owned and confessed His name, and were hated for it. Most likely about the time of the death of Stephen, when the disciples were fiercely persecuted (Acts viii. 1-4) these brethren were scattered. But they did not deny their Lord when scattered, but they went "everywhere preaching the Word." Jesus, therefore, seeing their sorrows, and being touched with the feeling of their infirmities, directs His servant Peter to send them a word of comfort in these afflictive circumstances. Notice, then, the means of comfort which Peter uses. First, he reminds them of *what* they are—"Elect." Who in our day would have put God's election in the very front of comforts for scattered and persecuted pilgrims? Yet here we find it so. Why were they elected? were they better than others? By no means: for when the choice of them was made they had no existence. The why and wherefore Peter intimates to them in verse 20, showing that verily Christ was foreordained to this end, and before the foundation of the world. And Paul says, Ephesians i. 4, "He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world," &c. Yes, God's own choice of His own people has everlasting comfort in it, for they are elected to everlasting glory.

"Ab," says one, "that is my doctrine, that is just what I believe. I believe the elect will be saved, and they only. Christ's sacrifice is perfect. He is my Surety; all my imperfections are swallowed up in Him. That's my religion, all in Christ. I am nothing; no, my doings, good or bad, don't matter. Chosen to salvation."

"But," thinks the tender child, "your life does not accord with your profession." Ab, no; "not he that commendeth himself is approved, but whom the Lord commendeth." Listen, then, to Peter while he describes how God marks the characteristics of His own elect. They are, *first*, hidden in the infinite depths of His foreknowledge; and there they remain until (*secondly*) it be His pleasure to make them manifest. This He does as follows:

1. "Through sanctification of the Spirit." This implies that He puts the Spirit of His Son into their hearts. This being a Spirit of divine *life*, sanctifies, or sets them apart from death: and, being heavenly, it separates from this present evil world; and, being holy, it sanctifies or separates from sin, both in the love and practice of it. Thus they are made holy in heart and desire, and their general conduct and conversation being godly, they become known, even to the world, as those who have been with Jesus. Without these conspicuous marks, let none make claim of being the "elect of God."

2. Another manifestation of being elect is that these persons are remarkable for their "obedience" to Christ. Being sanctified by the Spirit of Christ and indwelt by Him, they aim to follow His example, and do, in their measure, as He did. He said, "I came to do the will of Him that sent Me." To *some* Jesus said, "Why call ye Me Lord, Lord, and do not the things that I say?" *These* say, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" and, knowing His will, they endeavour to do it. But though they never do His will as they desire, nor ever cease from aiming at it, yet in this they discover another of their gracious qualities, which is, their *high value* of the "blood of sprinkling." Of old nearly all the vessels of the sanctuary were sprinkled with blood, and so they, in all their felt shortcomings in the worship of God, gladly apply to the blood of sprinkling to have their conscience purged from dead works by it, and to hear its voice speak peace. Ye are come "to the blood of sprinkling" (Heb. xii. 24). Let those who love not to obey, and who are not glad of the "blood of sprinkling," forego all pretence of claiming to be of the "elect of God." But for all those who answer Peter's description of the elect he prays, "Let grace and peace be multiplied."

III. Another point of comfort for these scattered ones is, God is the Father of that Jesus for whom they suffer, and all that

He has He has given to Jesus. He therefore points them to a future inheritance, a most glorious inheritance, beyond our present powers of conception: yet they are "*begotten again*" unto a *lively hope* of entering upon the enjoyment of this blissful inheritance. At their first spiritual birth, they became possessed of unknown blessings in Christ—pardon, forgiveness, deliverance from hell, everlasting life, future glory. These they had in possession *then*. But now the Lord begets in their soul, by His Spirit, a lively hope that, after present sufferings and trials, they should enjoy a most glorious inheritance in heaven. Its most excellent glories cannot be told; but its enduring qualities are mentioned as—(1) being "*incorruptible*." It is utterly impossible to corrupt the place itself, or of anything in it. (2) "*Undefiled*." It is undefiled now, and an eternal law has been issued prohibiting anything defiling ever to enter into it. (3) "*It fadeth not away*." Neither its beauty, bliss, joy, peace, or happiness ever fades, or its perfect glories ever diminish. The hope of this blissful inheritance was begotten in these "*scattered strangers*" as fruits of their being the elect of God.

How did God beget this hope in them? He used His servant Peter to this end, by his preaching Jesus to them. Peter preached Christ as—

1. *Living* to do the will of God, in saving poor sinners from the curse of the law, and testifying, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

2. *Christ dying* for our sins, according to the Scriptures. "He bare our sins in His own body on the tree."

3. *Christ's burial*. "He made His grave with the wicked and with the rich in His death."

4. *His resurrection*. His Person—"Jesus," and His power as "God," as well as "His Sonship," were hereby declared.

Now, as Jesus had promised His disciples in His life, "I go to prepare a place for you," and this was in His Father's house above; and, again, the promise, "I will come again, and receive you unto Myself," &c. The death of Christ ends all our sins. The resurrection of Christ is the commencement of our jubilant hopes. Hence the word, the begetting word of promise in our hearts, being now linked by faith unto the risen Jesus, now preparing this inheritance in heaven, makes the whole scene full of life. God's *abundant* mercy in Christ—to me, as one of His elect in Christ. The inheritance reserved in heaven for me, and I kept by the power of God through faith for it. May this meditation stimulate some remaining "*scattered strangers*" to "make their election sure," and hope for the promised inheritance.

Swindon.

ROBT. PIGOTT.

GATHERED HOME.

ON September 9th, 1896, aged eighty-three years, Eleanor Jenner (widow of the late Jesse Jenner, senior deacon of the church at Handcross, in the county of Sussex) entered into eternal rest. She was born at Lower Beeding, in Sussex, November 14th, 1813. Her mother died when she was about fifteen years of age; and soon after that life's struggles commenced, and, like many more of the labouring class, she had to travel in poverty's vale. She was first married to a widower, with three children; she was then about twenty-two years of age, her husband being some years older than herself. There were four children by that marriage; and her husband died when her youngest child was about three months old. She was again married, to Mr. Jenner, August, 1854, whose obituary appeared in the SOWER for 1893. We have no account of the exact time when the Lord began a work of grace in her soul, but we believe it was in her early married life. Her first husband was fond of company, and frequently played the fiddle at the village festivals; and she sometimes accompanied him thither, until she could go no longer, as she found sin to be such a burden to her guilty conscience. About this time she used to steal off to Bolney, to hear the Word preached in a cottage, by the late John Grace and other godly men. Once she went and had such a heart-melting time, that, in going home, she scarcely felt the ground she walked upon, and when she arrived home she found one of her children had fallen out of a loft and cut its face. The enemy took advantage of this, and told her she ought to stop at home and mind her children.

However, the Lord heard her sighs and cries, as He did Israel of old, and soon restored the little one; and then the longing sprang up again for another sip of the streams of that river which makes the poor sinner glad. It was October 7th, 1855, she was baptized, at Zoar Chapel, Handcross, by Mr. Worsley, and for many a year she, with her late dear partner, travelled to hear the truth proclaimed at Zoar, from time to time, and it was a sacred spot, and a real Bethel to their souls. They could say, "There my best friends, my kindred dwell," She was a very tender, savory, humble follower of the meek and lowly Lamb of God. A friend who lived near her in her last days says, "I have intimately known our friend, Mrs. Jenner, who is now departed to be for ever with the Lord, where she has long desired to be; and according to what I have seen and known of her the past five years, she has always been anxious and tried on spiritual things, as to how matters stood between God and her never-dying soul. She has often said to me, 'Oh to be

right with God at last, and to come down to my grave in peace; what a mercy it will be to be found in Him when called to die. I do want the dear Lord to say unto my soul, "I am thy salvation, I have redeemed thee." I do want Him to come in the Spirit, and tell me Himself; it is not enough for me to read it in the letter, I want it in power from the Lord himself, so that it will draw my soul to Him in love. I feel so often cold and barren within and without, and things of a spiritual nature seem so far off. Oh to know more of Him, "whom to know is life eternal." That verse was very sweet to her on one occasion, "Tell me, O Thou whom my soul loveth, where Thou feedest, where Thou makest Thy flock to rest at noon." She said, "That is my desire, that I might find Him, these are my best times; but how often I find my mind wandering, which brings me into trouble and darkness, and I feel full of everything but the right, for I feel to have no might nor power in myself to approach a Holy God, except the dear Lord draw me; and when he gives me a little glimpse of his love, then I feel lifted up." At another time she said, "I have had such a nice time in the night, dwelling upon the 139th hymn, Gadsby's selection, the two first and last verses in particular." She went under the sweetness of that hymn for a week, "But," she said, "I lived to prove the Canaanites were still in the land, to harass, perplex, and dismay; but it is our mercy to know that the dear Lord remembers we are but dust, and poor worms of the earth, entirely dependent upon him for every good thought." "At another time she said, "I have had such a gloomy week in my feelings, not at all as I could wish—sin within and sin without, and temptations of every kind; the enemy comes in like a flood, and makes me question all my religion, whether it began right. Then I took my hymn book, and opened on the 402nd hymn, 'My soul lies cleaving to the dust,' and as I read all through the hymn I was lifted up in my feelings, and felt to hope that, after all, the dear Lord had a good purpose toward me, and that He will not suffer me to go to destruction at last. I know if my poor soul is saved, 'tis Christ must be the Way." She often used to say—

"Prepare me, gracious God,
To stand before Thy face;
Thy Spirit must the work perform,
For it is all of grace."

At one time, when reading the 119th Psalm, the 49th and 50th verses seemed to cheer her up, and bring to her mind so many little helps in times past, that she felt the Word was her comfort in her affliction, and His goodness and mercy toward her was very great. And she said, "What a mercy I have my eyesight, so as to enjoy

the reading of the word. It has been my comfort many, many times, and what should I do if I had not a good God to go to? what a miserable wretch I should be! ' The Book of Ruth was a great favourite with her, she had often felt to be like Ruth. She had been brought out from her father's house and her kindred, to follow her spiritual Naomi. At another time she said she felt it much that she could not get out to hear, through infirmity, but said " The dear Lord will hear my poor prayers for you; oh, that He may bless the little cause." She used to look forward to meeting with the dear friends at Handcross around the Lord's table, with a true spiritual joy and gladness only felt by those who know the joyful sound. She has told me what nice times she has had under various ministers there, especially one anniversary, when hearing Mr. Daw from the words found in Isaiah xxviii 10, " Line upon line, here a little and there a little," which she referred to from time to time, down to the end of her days.

On another occasion a friend called to see her, and read the fourteenth chapter of John, " In My Father's house are many mansions," which was made a word of comfort and peace to her soul. He spoke a few words in prayer, which revived her drooping spirits, and she said the next day what a nice feeling she had, it was just what she had been longing for. At another time she said, " Hymn 938 has been on my mind all day. Oh, what a favour to think that such a hell-deserving sinner should find favour in His sight! Oh, when will the time come for me to go home, and to be no more weary of earth, myself and sin?" At another time she said, " I have had a portion this morning that was given to me sixty years ago, it was a great blessing then, and more so this morning." It was Judges, fifth chapter, and latter part of the twenty eighth verse, " Why is His chariot so long in coming? why tarry the wheels of His chariot?" And in the early part of the summer of 1895, she was much favoured in reading the Word with profit and comfort. She also greatly prized Mr. Philpot's " Harvested Sheaves." I have seen her in tears many times under the portions she had been reading.

Now I will come to her last illness. She said she could not think what the dear Lord was keeping her about here so long for, unless she had not been stripped of all her creature goodness, of which she felt she had none, saying, " My only hope is in a precious Christ, and His all-atoning blood, shed for poor unworthy sinners, of whom I feel to be the greatest. But the Lord's time will be the best. I want Him to give me patience and resignation to His will, although I do want Him to come and take me home to Himself, for there I long to be, for ever done with sin and sorrow. I want

nothing else in this world." Just at this time that portion of the Word was given her from the Lord, with power and much sweetness, "My grace is sufficient for thee." On this she was able to rest. It came fresh and fresh the last few days. I saw her twelve hours before her death, and she said to me, "It will soon be over; 'My grace is sufficient for thee.'" She was sensible up to the last, and passed away without a struggle, to be for ever with the Lord, who was all her hope and whom her soul loved. She was not a great talker, but a humble walker. She was laid with her departed husband, by two of her old friends, Mr. Picknell, of Red Hill, and myself, in the little chapel ground at Crawley, and truly our loss is her eternal gain; and, as the Lord is gathering home His old sheep, it would rejoice our hearts to see lambs gathered into the fold. So prays, yours affectionately,

Horley.

WM. HOADLEY.

THY CHANGELESS NAME.

JESUS, Thy name, Thy changeless name,
Thy love, Thy boundless power,
The vilest wretch on earth may plead,
To cheer his dying hour.

The dying thief Thy mercy craved,
And he is with Thee now;
How *many* dying thieves Thou'st saved,
Bless God, we do not know.

Manasseh killed, yet he was Thine,
David forgot and fell;
Moses was angry, Peter swore,
And yet they loved Thee well.

Jesus, Thy name, Thy changeless name,
Secured repenting grace;
Their lives may wear a cloud of blame,
Yet they behold Thy face.

We would not wear a cloud of blame,
We would not tempt Thy power;
But there are bitter things, we fear,
Will dim our dying hour.

And so we turn us to the one
Great sacrifice for sin,
The sweet atonement of Thy cross,
And think what Thou *hast* been:

Ever the Saviour of the lost,
Ever the sinner's Friend,
Ever Thy weary people's trust,
When other trustings end.

And Thy dear name, Thy changeless name,
 Bids hope and comfort spring ;
 Never a soul was driven back
 Who sought Thee sorrowing.

Never a sad and tear-dimmed eye
 Uplifted unto Thine,
 But it was met with sympathy
 And succour, both Divine.

We leave it to Thy credit, Lord,
 Whate'er our future be,
 There *have been* moments in our lives
 When we have dealt with Thee :

And Thou hast been beyond all praise,
 Beyond all hoping kind ;
 A sea of rest, in which to drown
 The sorrows of the mind.

We may not lay us down to die
 Upon a peaceful bed ;
 Thou gatherest Thy lilies oft
 With thunders overhead.

The roaring wave, the raging flame,
 The earthquake and the flood,
 Have tossed full many a weary saint
 Into the arms of God.

Come when, come where, be ours to cling,
 O Lamb of God, to Thee ;
 And leaning on Thy changeless name,
 Enter eternity.

Galleywood, 1877.

M. A. CHAPLIN.

CHRIST has more love for His people than heart can conceive, and more blessings than hands can receive.—*Romaine*.

FAITH most shines in believing things that seem incredible, and Hope in expecting things improbable ; so Patience in bearing crosses that appear intolerable. If thou fear thou canst not be able to bear then consider, that if thy heart be willing, God will take notice of that which is good in thee, and not charge thee with thy failings. For you shall find, Job not challenged for impatience, but contrarily he is crowned, and chronicled, and many times mentioned in Scripture, for an example of patience. You hear of Job, and God boasts as it were of Job ; and it is evident that what we do or suffer for God, He will make a fair and favourable construction of it, and not upbraid us with our failings.—*Thomas Valentine, 1643.*

THOUGHTS ON DAILY READINGS.

"Brethren, ye have been called unto liberty."—GALATIANS v. 13.

THE Apostle here addresses the Galatian Church as brethren, a part of the Lord's family, born of God, begotten of Him (1 Peter i. 3, and 1 John v. 1, 18). Therefore, God is their Father and they are His children; they were predestinated by Him to the adoption of children before the foundation of the world (Eph. i. 4, 5); therefore it was altogether an act of divine sovereignty on the part of God, before they had an existence, save in His purpose; and the spring of this act of His sovereignty was the good pleasure of His will. He foreknew them, not as being better than the rest of mankind, nor as having any claim upon His mercy and grace, or in any way meriting salvation, but as those whom He was pleased to set apart for Himself, in and by whom He would be glorified, as He said: "This people have I formed for Myself; they shall show forth My praise" (Isaiah xliii. 21). They were chosen in Christ, made accepted in the Beloved to the praise and the glory of His grace, who thus set His love upon them and predestinated them "to be conformed to the image of His Son" (Rom. viii. 29). And all thus predestinated are called at the time appointed by God; and the sovereignty of His grace is equally manifest in their call, as in their predestination. The state of all mankind by nature is described as "dead in trespasses and sins;" and even the chosen ones in Christ are said to be, while in that state, "the children of wrath, even as others" (Eph. ii. 3); but though they are dead, spiritually, by reason of the fall (Rom. v. 12), yet they are made to hear the voice of the Son of God and live, for the Son quickeneth whom He will. Thus said Paul to the Ephesians (chapter ii): "You hath He quickened," &c. All quickened ones are called from death to life, from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan, who worketh in the children of disobedience, unto God. Oh, the mercy of being thus called! Well may we, who have heard His voice and felt His power in our hearts, exclaim, "Who am I, O Lord God, that Thou shouldest set Thy love upon me, seek and save me? O, blessed be the Sovereign Lord, who wrote my poor worthless name in the Lamb's book of life, Who passed by, when I lay in sin, polluted and dead, and said unto me, 'Live.'"

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

"By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves :

it is the gift of God." Yes, it is all of grace—sovereign, rich, free, unmerited grace, that we, who were far off, have been called from death to life, from the world to Christ, and from the slavery and bondage of sin to the liberty of the sons of God. Oh, the mercy of being made free by the blood of Christ! We sold ourselves for nought, and He redeemed us without money, when we had nothing to pay, and when we were without strength, destitute of both power and will, yea, when we were at enmity against God.

"O Thou bleeding love divine,
What are other loves to Thine?"

That made us, who were strangers and aliens, manifest as adopted children, yea, "heirs of God and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ." Oh, what a blessed, precious liberty! "No more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God," "Who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will." This salvation and calling is not according to our works, for we were only evil, contrary to God, servants of sin, children of wrath; and, even after we were made alive and enlightened, we could do nothing to promote our salvation or make our peace with God; but O, the rich mercy of the Lord, who called us to the knowledge of His Son, who did all for us, and made us nigh to God by His own blood. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy Name would we give glory, for Thy mercy, and for Thy truth's sake" (Psalms cxv. 1).

Lord, give us to sweetly realize the liberty wherewith, we trust, Thou hast made us free from the dominion of sin; may our song ever be, "God be thanked that we who *were* the servants of sin, have been made free from its reigning power, having been taught to obey that form of doctrine which has been delivered unto us, and to which we have been delivered" (Rom. v. 8-11; vi. 1-23). This is not a licentious, fatalistic, or antinomian liberty, which is destitute of a broken and a contrite heart, but that sweet state where the fear of God and the Spirit of Christ predominate, causing the soul to cry unto God, "Keep me from evil that it may not grieve me." Therefore being brought under the reigning power of grace, we are no longer under the law, we having been killed to that, and that having become dead to us, by the body of Christ" (Rom. vii. 4). Paul says (Gal. ii. 19): "*I through the law am dead to the law, that I might live unto God.*" The law "being weak (not capable of helping us) through the flesh" (which was unable, by reason of transgression, to perform its requirements). He found that the law, which in itself is good, was by reason of the workings of sin in him, made death *unto* him, therefore he died when the commandment came

and sin revived. Thus, as a helpless man, he became dead to the law, and the law became dead to him, useless, as to all hope of salvation by it, for "By the deeds of the law, there shall no flesh be justified in His sight." God has, however, by the gift of His Son, opened a new and living way, whereby all that believe in, and rest upon the doing and dying of Christ, are "freely justified by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus" (Rom. iii. 20-28). Oh, that many who are in bondage, through legal hope of helping themselves by the deeds of the law, may behold Christ as "the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth" (Rom. x. 4), and thus enjoy the liberty of the sons of God, and that peace which Jesus made by the blood of His cross. Such may often groan under the workings of indwelling sin and the captivity it produces (Rom. vii. 23-25); but they will not be given up to its dominion, for there is "no condemnation" to such as believe and are in Christ Jesus. Thus, Paul could say with rejoicing, "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord." A troop may overcome God for a time, "but He shall overcome at the last." Micah could exultingly exclaim (chapter vii. 8), "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me." Dear Lord, make us overcomers "through the blood of the Lamb, and the word of our testimony." Oh, lead us continually into the secret of Christ and the liberty to which Thy saints are called, who are "dead to the law," and are "looking unto Jesus;" who renounce their own righteousness as filthy rags, and trust in "that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith." Gracious Spirit, pierce the hearts of hardened and self-righteous sinners, and teach the seeking ones how to thus "win Christ," so that "being justified by faith," they may "have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ," and may we all, living and dying, "be found in Him."

EDITOR.

(To be continued.)

PRAYER is thy buckler, prayer is the helmet that keeps thee safe; when a man neglects it, when he ceaseth to go to God by prayer, when he shows himself to be a stranger to the Lord by neglecting this duty, then he is out of the pale of His protection, like the conies that go out of their burrows; for so is the Lord to those that pray. The Lord is a protection to those that call upon His name. The very calling upon His name is a running under God's wings, that is, putting ourselves "under His shadow;" but when thou neglectest that, thou dost wander abroad from Him.—*John Preston*, 1631.

A WEIGHTY AND IMPORTANT MATTER.

CHRISTOPHER LOVE, in his book, treats of that point which is the weightiest and most important matter with such as we are—whether the struggle within is merely that between conscience and corrupt nature, or that wonderful conflict between the Spirit and the flesh, which shall end in the triumph of grace and the everlasting destruction of sin. My doubts and fears and struggles daily are many and varied, and if I could be sure that the latter was my case it would help to comfort me; but perhaps I might abuse it and fall asleep, or cease from watchfulness and prayer. As the enemy within is ever struggling for the mastery, so our efforts, through grace, must be constant and life-long, for only “death, which puts an end to life, will put an end to sin.” Many mistake the goodness of their state for saving faith, in consequence of which most in this evil generation are quite sure that they shall be in heaven, before ever they have been awakened to flee from the confines of hell. Multitudes can say and sing, in a mechanical way, that they are saved, before ever they have been convinced that they are lost. It seems a great part of heavenly wisdom to use the Word of God aright. It is a sharp, two-edged sword in the hand of the Holy Spirit, who alone can effectually apply it. It will find out our sin, and read to us our state and character. It will act as a bitter medicine. It will find out our diseases, and lead us to the remedy. But by nature we corrupt the Word, if left to ourselves; we bless and flatter ourselves and speak peace to our own hearts, when the Word may be speaking war and sudden destruction. I find many, even religious teachers and writers, speak as if we should merely pick out the promises and get our feelings warmed and kindled with these, when perhaps the threatenings are our due. It is not right to take the children’s bread and cast it to the dogs. May we take the lowest room among the dogs, yet beg for a crumb of the bread of life. “The tongue of the wise useth knowledge aright. To the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet.” “All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.” These are the humbling but profitable effects of the Word. But that is not the way of it *now*; men either turn away from the Word altogether, to the fables of Satan or the inventions of men, or they pervert the Word, saying, “Prophecy to us smooth things, prophecy deceits.” In this dark and perilous time the closer we stick to the Word the safer for us, the more likely we shall be to escape the awful floods of delusion and scepticism that are sweeping multitudes down to destruction.

Hope Street.

J. A.

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

MY DEAR FRIEND MR. G——,—How many times have I taken up my pen and began writing to you ; and perhaps you may have thought it unkind of me not writing to you before ; but somehow, I have always felt myself insufficient to do so, feeling myself such a child in the things of God ; yet my thoughts often wander to you, especially as I know your prayers often ascend on my behalf. Oh, what a favour I feel it to be to have an interest in the prayers of God's dear children, and I know many, many have ascended on my behalf, unworthy as I am. And as I think of it, my mind wanders back to the time when dear E—— and I have stood together to wish you good-night, and your words to us were, "Ah, my girls! I do not forget you at the throne, and you need prayer." Yes, truly, I felt to need it, especially so at that time. Excuse me speaking of it, but it came again to me in all its freshness as I sat thinking over the past week, and feeling what a week it had been to me, having Satan's darts and my own bad heart to contend with. Truly, I have felt the value of the prayers of God's dear children, for Satan has seemed like a devouring lion to my soul during the week ; and I have felt unable to cry unto the God of heaven. How I have thought of the tired disciples, and the Lord's command, "Watch and pray." Oh, how we, or at least I, need this exhortation ; yet daily, like them, we prove how utterly unable we are to truly watch and pray, unless power from on high is given us, though spiritually we may desire to do so. And Satan seems particularly busy to harass the soul after a season of the felt presence of the Lord, which I feel I may say with confidence I experienced during my late trial at the hospital, for He was indeed my Refuge and Strength ; and for many, many days after I felt sensibly His sweet presence, which seemed in a measure to absorb my whole soul. I felt indeed I could rest in His love, and my thoughts often seemed to soar to that place of many mansions, where we shall see Him as He is, and be like Him. Yet, what a conflicting time my soul passed through some time previous to this, especially on the subject of that last enemy, death ; but space will not allow me to write it. It seemed to strip me of everything, and I stood alone, as it were, with God. My only hope was in Christ, and His precious blood : had that hope been veiled, I must have sunk in that solemn conflict. Truly, the words of the poet suited me then, "Other refuge have I none," and—

"In that dread moment, oh to hide
Beneath His sheltering blood."

I had always felt the necessity of a personal religion, from the time that, I believe, the Lord began His work in my soul, and my only hope then was in His precious blood, shed upon Calvary for sinners ; but never do I remember feeling the solemnity of it as I did at that time. Have you ever passed through a time like this ? if so, you can better understand me, as I cannot fully explain myself here ; but it was followed by a deep sense of my entire, utter dependence upon God for everything, even my every breath that I draw. And day by day I felt the truth of that saying, " In the midst of life we are in death ; " and that the cord of life was in the hand of One who could snap it at His will. Perhaps some would be ready to say, " That is what one always feels. " True ; but when it is brought home as a solemn reality, it is then we more fully realize the sovereignty, power, and majesty of God ; and although this was many weeks back, before I even knew I was to go to the hospital, yet it is still fresh in my mind. Many and diverse have been my lessons in the school of affliction, yet, though often painful, I feel I can say truthfully they have been profitable. And has He not shown me, in the very midst of these painful lessons, much of His great love, which otherwise I might never have thus known ? Has He not been my strength and support when no other arm could support me ? Oh, my dear friend, if ever I stand among that redeemed throng around the throne, I shall indeed have enough to praise Him for, enough to make the mansions ring ; even if I had nothing more to praise Him for but for the great, unspeakable mercy in ever bringing me there, apart from the goodness and mercy that has followed me ; but not until I see the King in all His beauty shall I praise Him as I ought. Shall I ever see Him in His beauty ? Shall I stand among that favoured throng ? is often my question.

I was very grieved to hear of the death of Mr. T—— ; I do hope he did not suffer much. My heart goes out in sympathy for the bereaved ones, but to him it was the opening of the heavenly portals, where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow or pain. He is now seeing the King in His beauty. I am very sorry also for Mrs. ——'s son ; it is a long and painful affliction for him ; I do trust it may be sanctified to him, and that his dear mother may be supported under it, and that God may yet be pleased to restore him, if His divine will.

Please give my kindest love to the Misses G—— ; I trust ere this they are well. Dear E—— wrote a short time ago, saying they had been very sadly. My kindest love to dear Mr. and Mrs. H——, and excuse this letter if it savours of self. I have no desire to exalt my poor worthless self, but a precious Christ and His goodness. I still beg an interest in your prayers ; I do need

prayer, I am often so cold and earthy. May the God of all grace bless you continually, be your strength and support under every trial, is my true desire, hoping you are well. My love to dear Mr. R. F—; love from my parents to you, and Christian love from myself. Am feeling better generally, but gain strength slowly.

Your sincere young friend,

March 10th, 1897.

EDITH.

A WONDER-WORKING GOD.

"I am as a wonder to many; but Thou art my Strong Refuge."—

PSALM lxxi. 7.

DAVID'S life was indeed full of wonders. In his youth, while he was tending his father's sheep, there came forth a lion and a bear to make havoc of the flock. Under ordinary circumstances both he and his sheep would have fallen easy victims to such terrible foes; but God, who is wondrous in power and excellent in working, so wrought upon this lad and these powerful beasts, that he prevailed against them and slew them both. Was he not in this case a wonder unto many? what could his acquaintances do but marvel at an exploit so entirely out of the natural course of things?

Soon after this, Israel was at war with the Philistines. David was sent by his father to his elder brothers, who were with the army. While he is there, a giant comes forth out of the Philistine ranks, defies the whole army of Israel, and challenges any man in that army to single combat. Now for another wonder. While the hearts of tried warriors are dismayed, this stripling, David, declares his desire to go and meet the giant. A hundred tongues are eloquent upon the imprudence and presumption of such an act; but David's plea is, "He that delivered me from the lion and the bear, will also deliver me from this Philistine." King Saul, half in admiration, half in scorn, arrays David in his own armour. David says, "I cannot go with these," and puts it off. His sling and stones, and his "Strong Refuge" (the Name of the God of Israel), are enough against a thousand foes.

David's life furnishes many instances of what God's people are in themselves, and what they are by grace. They are a wonder to others and to themselves. One of them sings—

"Unconsumed amid the flame,
I a living wonder am."

There are no wonders in the lives of the enemies of God—who declare openly, "We will not have this Man to reign over us;" or mock Him, by drawing near unto Him with their mouth,

while their hearts are from Him—except the wonder that He spares them so long as He does. What wonder there was when Daniel came forth from the lions' den, and the Three Children from the fiery furnace, and Peter from the prison, all unharmed. And how much greater wonder is it, O ye seed of Jacob, to be

“Snatched from a darker deep,
And waves of wilder foam!”

No mere theory, no abstract notions here. “I will sing of Thy power; I will sing aloud of Thy mercy in the morning.” Why? “For Thou hast been my Defence and Refuge in the day of my trouble” (Psalm lix. 16). J. J.

OVERCOMING FAITH.

NOTHING can discourage this woman. Not her sex, not her nation, not her misery, not her delays; but she gathers strength by her wounds, and comfort out of discouragements. Will Christ give no answer? “Good,” thinks she; “this is no denial yet.” Gives He a discouraging answer? “That’s well,” saith she; “I have obtained words, I expect deeds too. He that opens His mouth, will open His hand also.” Calls He her a dog? all the better. Dogs some way belong to the family—have some right to scraps, crumbs, and something she makes of it. I never met with such a woman. Have it she will, and have it she shall, this very hour.—*Harris*, 1642.

* * * * *

It is done, O Canaanite! The victory is thine; thy child is healed. Now the tables are turned. It is the man who triumphs, and the Lord who yields; it is the Creator of the heavens and of the earth who says to the poor sinful creature, “Thy will be done.” Such is the power of faith. And what is it that has decided this astonishing victory? This simple expression of faith and humility: “The dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from their master’s table.” These are the decisive words. The Saviour says, “for this saying.” The words of the woman of Canaan open the heavens, triumph over the Lord, drive away the devil, and accomplish whatever she wishes. O wonder of wonders! O wisdom incomprehensible! Mystery unfathomable! Light Divine! How happy are those meek ones, whose expectation is in the Lord their God! They shall inherit the earth;” they “shall reign on the earth.”—*Monod*.

DOUBTS and fears come from nothing but suspecting the truth of the Father’s promise.—*Romaine*.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

BLESSINGS OF A GOSPEL MINISTRY.

MY DEAR B——,—I was glad to hear that you and your husband intend, God willing, to come over when Mr. S. Turner is at ours ; I trust you may not be disappointed, and that it may be a blessing to you both in hearing the servant of the Lord, and that you may be led to see that you are God's workmanship, created anew in Christ Jesus, and formed for His glory, that the good work in you may be revived, fruit in you produced ; that your interest in the Saviour may be clearly manifested, and the Lord abundantly praised for His infinite condescension, grace, and mercy to creatures so vile and base, as His Word declares we are ; and we, in a measure, are brought to know it, and so are taught to know that by grace alone we are saved, and the Lord alone is worthy to be glorified ; for this good work is often hidden from such as are the subjects of it, and it is only in the light of the Lord that we are led to see it, and that often by the preaching of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, who instructs and leads His servants to set forth a true and saving work of God upon the souls of His dear people, so that they are as eyes to the blind, who cannot discern the work for themselves ; and also to make crooked things straight for them, that many things that perplex, confuse and distress them, and make them say, "If I be the Lord's, why am I thus, and thus ?" and so to conclude that all these things which you see and feel are against you, and not marks and evidences of God's family. And no wonder, when sin, Satan, and the world prevail over us, that we are brought to doubt and fear that all is not right with us. And by these things our hearts seem hardened from the fear of the Lord, love grows cold, prayer a task and burden, the Word of the Lord a sealed book, as it respects speaking any good to us ; but perhaps the threatenings of the Word are felt that condemn us for our folly, sin, and shame in so requiting the Lord after such mercy and kindness manifested to us.

Whether this is your state I know not, nor why I thus wrote I know not, for nothing of the sort was premeditated by me, so that should it be any light to you on the path you are in, it is of the Lord alone. My heart's desire is that you might bring forth fruit that may redound to the glory of God—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Yet what I have written I have experienced, and know the bitterness of sins and fears prevailing, which rob us of our peace and the Lord of His glory. From this I would say, "Good Lord, deliver us. Amen."

With love, from your Father,

Ely, 1842.

THOS. PRIGG.



SAMUEL TURNER.

SAMUEL TURNER, OF SUNDERLAND.

SOME fifty years ago, in the cold, black, northerly port of Sunderland, there was a little garden of the Lord, where He had many precious plants of His own right hand planting, assembling together in His name in the Corn Market Chapel, under the pastoral care of His servant, SAMUEL TURNER, whose name heads this paper. Rich provisions were brought forth and spread upon the Gospel table, while many a weary, heavy-laden one was refreshed and sent on their way rejoicing. He was a true under shepherd, serving under his great Master, a workman that needed not to be ashamed, for God the Holy Ghost gave testimony to the Word, and many, very many, remarkable seals were given him to his ministry. A spirit of love, union, and affection was a marked characteristic of that little flock; they were, indeed, one family, and had a mutual regard for, and interest in, each other. Alas! at this present period, pastor, chapel, and people have all long since, with but one or two solitary exceptions, passed away, and the name, once so familiar in that large town, is now but little known.

As Mr. Wm. Benson, of Hertford, only a few years ago published a very precious little memoir of Mr. Turner, which may still be had, I shall only give a very brief sketch of his life to introduce his portrait, and two or three unpublished letters from my collection.

Mr. Turner was born in the parish of St. Giles, Clerkenwell, in the year 1778. His parents were professing Christian people, and he remembered going with his mother to the Tabernacle, Moorfields, to hear Mr. John Berridge preach. When about eighteen years of age he had a severe bodily affliction, and soon after, or under the same, the Lord began to work upon his mind in conviction, and he was brought into great distress of soul, which continued for some months, when it was impressed upon his mind that if God had a way to save such sinners, he might hear of it at Providence Chapel, where Mr. Wm. Huntington preached. His father had at one time been a hearer of Mr. Huntington. Samuel attended for some time, until one Lord's Day morning, when the text was, "He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted them of low degree." While Mr. Huntington was describing those of low degree the Holy Spirit so powerfully applied the words to his soul that his fear and misery fled, and he exclaimed, mentally, "I am His child! I am saved at last!" Soon after, he joined the Church under the ministry of Mr. H——, who, with several of the members, were delighted and encouraged by his account of the Lord's dealing with him. He published a volume of his letters to various friends when only twenty years of age, entitled,

A Mite for the Treasury, which contains very precious experiences of the Lord's grace upon his soul; attached to this are twenty-two verses containing his experience; one or two verses I append:—

"For pardon of sins I most earnestly prayed,
And I was forgiven, through Jesus, my Head;
God's justice and mercy unite sweetly there,
And come to lost sinners in answer to prayer.

"By faith in His blood, joy and peace quickly came,
Contrition, self-loathing, and praising His name;
My burden removed, my heart light and fair,
Leaped high to His glory who answered my prayer.

"Continually changing, I have no resort
But in the Almighty, whose will changes not;
Of which He begat me, and made His arm bare
In applying the truth in sweet answer to prayer.

"The kingdom of God is the end of my race,
'Tis sure to the seed, 'tis of faith and by grace;
Jehovah that gives it will bring us safe there,
To bless Him for ever for answering prayer."

In 1801 Samuel Turner was married to Susanna Elizabeth Knight, the daughter of a watchmaker, of Thaxted, Essex, who was living with a brother in London. She had been called by grace, and brought to a knowledge of the truth a year or two previously. They were united together as husband and wife for thirty-three years, when the Lord called her home. Mr. Turner published a beautiful narrative of her experience and last days, which may be seen in *Witnesses of the Truth*, No. 80. In a sermon entitled *The Ministry of the Word*, Mr. Turner says: "The Lord impressed my mind that I should be a preacher of His Word, and I will tell you how. On the Monday evening after my soul had been set at liberty, and I could converse with Him familiarly as with a brother and friend, I was thinking of my past life and God's love to me, such a sinner as He had suffered me to be; I said, 'O Lord, how didst Thou suffer me to go to such lengths in sin?' The reply was, 'You can assure your fellow-sinners of the all-sufficiency of the atonement that has purged such a heart, and of the greatness of God's mercy that could pardon such a rebel as you.' I burst into tears and cried out, 'O Lord, do not let me go out of the world till I have preached Christ to my fellow-sinners.' I could heartily say, 'Here am I, Lord, send me.' Some time elapsed ere this was brought about. He was employed in the cloth trade, and was travelling in Somersetshire. There he was urged by a customer with whom, he conversed on Divine things, to relate his spiritual exercises

and the manner of the Lord's dealing with his soul, at a little meeting in the village of Corsley. When the time came for him to speak, all his natural fear and timidity, which had previously troubled him, was taken away; the Lord gave him a text, his heart and tongue were set at liberty, and the Lord was truly with him to help him and bless the Word. Mr. Turner ever considered his call to the ministry of the Gospel as a sacred trust, and he never allowed any circumstance to come in the way to prevent him carrying out preaching engagements; even in cases of illness in himself and family, he has been enabled to commit the sick one into the Lord's care while going about *His* business, and when ill himself he has preached when unable to attend to other duties. On one occasion a friend visited him at Sunderland, and pressed him to take a change with him, as he was going on to Edinburgh. Accordingly, it was announced on Sabbath Day that there would not be a week-night preaching, as Mr. Turner would be away. On Monday they set off for Edinburgh, but he had not been there long before it was brought with great power to his mind, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" He felt it was a rebuke from the Lord, so he wrote home to his step-daughter to let the friends know that he would be back for the usual preaching.

Mr. Turner began his first stated labours at Helmsley, Blackmoor, in Yorkshire, in the year 1806, being recommended there by Mr. Huntington, who was in the habit of preaching occasionally to the people there. After about three years his labours were divided between Helmsley and the Corn Market Chapel, Sunderland, for upwards of thirty years. Many a weary journey has he had over the bleak moors of the North, this long distance in an open gig. The earliest letter I have was written to one of the friends there (see page 346, Mr. John Grace's Memoir).

"To Mr. John Sparks, Ironmonger, Helmsley, Blackmoor.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—We are born again that we might love one another; and as there is a common proverb, that some are born to be troublesome, so I am born again to be troublesome to you and many others. The Apostle speaks of the labour of love, which shows that charity has its trials as well as every other grace; but having the God of all grace for its Supporter and Preserver, it will struggle through every difficulty and triumph at last. Through the mercy of God, I arrived safe at Sunderland on Friday noon; it was a wet journey from Castle Eden, and I found all well, and Mrs. T., Betsy, and John desire their kind love to you. Jesus is 'the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' This is to be the substance of the Gospel ministry, and the people of God are exhorted to consider the

end of the conversation of every Gospel minister, which is the all-sufficiency and immutability of Christ and His salvation, which are the same throughout all generations. The Lord bless us with brighter views of Him, stronger faith in Him, increasing love to Him, and more conformity to His image, and enable us to "walk in love, as He hath loved us, and given Himself for us an offering and sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savour." But I must leave off; it is market day with me, and I must take my empty basket to buy provision for the family, 'without money and without price.'

"With kind love to all friends, I remain, yours affectionately,
"October 2nd, 1824," "S. TURNER."

Mr. Turner had four children; one died in childhood, the other three, Elizabeth Susanna, John, and Mary Ann, all pre-deceased him, and of each of these he wrote very precious and touching memoirs of the grace of God manifested in and towards them. To the last survivor of these he wrote as follows:—

"To Miss Turner, at Mr. Newman's, Tobacconist, Tottenham Court Road, London."

"MY DEAR ELIZABETH,—With pleasure we received your letter, and were glad to hear that you had so quick and fine a passage, and do hope the voyage will be of benefit to you. Oh, my dear girl, how happy should I be if it would please God to favour you with the saving knowledge of Himself, that I may not have three children in glory and one at last shut out. The trifling pleasures of this life, on the one hand, and the light afflictions, on the other, are not to be compared to everlasting life. Death, judgment, and eternity are the portion of all, and only wise and blessed are they who seek for an interest in Christ, that they may die happy, be acquitted in judgment, and be eternally happy with God and Christ, and redeemed sinners. Dorothy Brown, that used to work for your dear mother, was buried yesterday. She had been ill for some time, and sorely distressed in her mind on account of her sins and false profession of religion, till a few minutes before she died, when she said, 'I am happy; Christ is precious,' and then turned her head and expired as though she was going to sleep. I hope, my dear Elizabeth, that the God whom your father fears will teach you these things and enable you to pray unto Him to be delivered from sin, death, and hell. How many thousands live and die unconcerned about them, and never consider their danger till it is too late! It is ours to use the means; none but God can bless them or make them profitable. May the Lord incline your heart to choose and seek the better part—a heavenly portion that fadeth not away.

I wrote to Elizabeth Williams, and expressed a hope that she would be able to come and see us soon. Our kind love to all friends.

"August 1st, 1825."

"Your affectionate Father,
"S. TURNER."

Mr. Turner's labours were not confined to the north; his text-book now before me testifies how wide-spread they were, especially when he took his annual journey to the south, taking in his way Grantham, Peterboro', Ely, Lakenheath, London, Lewes, Brighton, &c., &c., and at these places his labours were signally owned and blessed; many choice and loving friends were met with in this way, with whom he corresponded until his death, and to whom his memory was ever fragrant. To one of these he writes as follows:—

"To Mr. William Household.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Do not suppose that it is for want of Christian love that I have not replied to your letter before. No. I was waiting for a letter from Ely, that I might give you some account of my coming your way. I have received one this morning from Mr. Spooner, wishing me to come to Ely after Mr. Chamberlain's visit to Downham, I have, per this post, written to Mr. S——, and fixed upon some time between haytime and harvest (perhaps July), if agreeable to them, and have requested him to send me word when the haytime commences, I will endeavour to spend one Lord's Day at Lakenheath, and, by the special help of a gracious, almighty, covenant God, to preach the glad tidings of salvation for sinful, guilty, helpless creatures, obtained by the great God our Saviour Jesus Christ. Oh, what a display of the glorious Person and perfections of Jehovah there is in the salvation of sinners by Jesus Christ. But these, though sweetly and clearly revealed in the glorious Gospel, can only be discerned by precious faith. Hence the Apostle saith, 'If our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost. In whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ should shine unto them.' This I believe *not* to be your state. But light alone will never satisfy the living soul. Tasting the good Word of God is not sufficient, such must eat before they can be satisfied. The light of the glorious Gospel discovering a free, full, certain, and everlasting salvation by Christ, quickens the appetite of a living soul, and makes him earnestly desire the good things that the glad tidings reveal. For these he waits upon God; and the gracious promise is, 'They shall not be ashamed that wait for Me.' Truly, as Solomon saith, 'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick; but when the desire cometh it is a tree of life.' Often does the Lord strengthen

the heart of those that wait upon and for Him, else they would give up or give over; but where the Lord has begun a good work He will perform it until the day of the Lord Jesus. 'Faithful is He that hath promised, who also will do it.' Feeble, waiting, praying faith has the strong, the never-failing faithfulness of Jehovah to secure the promised blessing. 'Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.' Christ formed in the heart, 'the hope of glory,' is the only thing that can give full satisfaction to the conscience of a quickened sinner. He, by His precious blood, everlasting righteousness, all-sufficient grace, and the Holy Comforter revealed in us, will more than satisfy, will cause 'joy unspeakable, and full of glory;' and, to show the certain accomplishment of His precious promises, it is expressed in the past tense, 'for I have satiated the weary soul, and I have replenished every sorrowful soul'—that is, every mourner in Zion, for it cannot respect the sorrow of the world that worketh death. So far from that, it is expressly said that those who kindle their own fire, &c., shall lie down in sorrow; but the mourners in Zion shall be comforted. When, is not mentioned; therefore the sweet Psalmist of Israel, discouraged by delays, and fainting for the salvation of God, saith, 'Mine eyes fail for Thy word, saying, When wilt Thou comfort me?' It is not little encouragement to find that we are treading in the footsteps of those eminent saints who have gone before—

" ' Who once were mourners here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
And struggled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.'

May the Holy One of Israel bless your little Church with His gracious presence, and add unto it such as shall be saved, for the dear Redeemer's sake.

"Yours affectionately,

April 10th, 1845.

"S. TURNER."

After the death of his wife, about the year 1835, he married Mary Harrison, a godly widow, who had long been attached to his ministry. She, with her affectionate daughter Elizabeth, were a stay and comfort in his declining years. It is said that Mr. Turner much resembled Mr. W. Huntington in his voice, manner, and matter of his discourses. Like Mr. Huntington, too, he published many sermons, letters, memoirs, &c., and compiled a choice selection of hymns, containing some of his own, which passed through several editions. He preached his last sermon March 1st, 1854, from Psalm xxv. 13, "His soul shall dwell at ease, and his seed shall inherit the earth." Soon after he was taken ill he writes to a friend, "I have no appetite, nor can I

touch any solid food ; I live on beef tea and nourishment of that kind. The Lord has been very gracious to me, and has sweetly employed my mind with precious passages of Scripture, admonished and comforted me with many psalms, hymns, and songs. The language of my heart is—

“ ‘ Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust His firm decrees ;
Sweet to lie passive in His hand,
And know no will but His.’ ”

The friends here are exceedingly kind ; my prayers for them have been graciously answered. Blessed are those afflictions, my dear friend, which bring us nearer to God, wean the heart from all earthly things, and draw the mind and affections to those ‘ things which are above.’ ” In conversation with one of his deacons he said, “ I feel my strength gradually failing, and I and death have been for some time walking hand in hand ; at times we are very friendly, at other times we quarrel.”

On the day he died he said, “ Oh yes, I have been a highly-favoured creature all my life, surrounded with loving-kindness and tender mercy from my God. I have had sweet meditation on the covenant characters of my precious Christ, and on the gracious dealings of my God in the wilderness ; but oh, the ingratitude and want of love for such goodness and mercy manifested so wonderfully to me ! Heaven and earth are not firmer than God’s salvation by Jesus Christ.” One of his deacons asking if he was comfortable in his mind, he replied, “ Oh yes, I have solid peace and comfort.” Severe pains came on ; clasping his hands and looking up with great earnestness, he said, “ Lord, have mercy upon me ; O Lord, relieve me.” On the abatement of the pain he repeated the lines—

“ ‘ And when my life’s last hour is come,
Own this mean dwelling as Thy home ;
Let me but die as in Thy sight,
And death shall vanish in delight.’ ”

And soon afterwards quietly fell asleep in Jesus, May 10th, 1854, aged seventy-six years.

For some years Mr. Turner resided at Salem House, the old house at the top of the street, with the walled-in garden. His study was the curious little room at the top of the house, formed in the roof, from which, at that time, he had pleasant views across the corn fields, where now are the thickly-populated streets. He was buried with his wife and children in Bishopwearmouth Churchyard. The tomb, with flat stone and iron railings, is very near the north entrance gate.

Saffron Walden.

R. F. R.

PULPIT GLEANINGS.

"How shall I put thee among the children, and give thee a pleasant land, a goodly heritage of the hosts of nations? and I said, Thou shalt call Me, My Father; and shalt not turn away from Me."—JEREMIAH iii. 19.

It was not an easy service for Jeremiah to go, as he often had to, with rebukes and reproofs to Israel. It is one thing to come into contact with loving, united people, but quite different to have to speak to those who are in disunion and discord. Yet how faithful the Prophet was! he never turned from the mind and will of God, the grace of God in his heart kept him faithful. He is called the weeping Prophet, yet he dried not his tears; he does not appear to have had any home, or wife, or family, but he loved his God, and, in consequence, endured whatever might come. His messages were not always reproof and rebuke: sometimes God by him made known His mind and will in a way of mercy to His backsliding Israel, and sent him with a portion of a Gospel character.

Now to the words of my text. "How shall I put thee among the children?" Here you have an inquiry. God has a family, for the term children implies a family, and God knows those who are His, those who come with sincere repentance for their wanderings and backslidings. The question is put as if there was a difficulty, "How shall I?" &c. But there is none on the part of God. He has never sent a poor broken-hearted sinner away because of the difficulties that might appear in the way. But He speaks after the manner of men. That difficulty is removed. He says, "Thou shalt call Me, My Father." A few reasons as suggested by the existence of a family. They are children whom God has loved, a family who are redeemed; a family with whom He has made a Covenant of grace; a family who are one with Christ, united to Christ as their Elder Brother, and a family who shall all finally be taken to glory. There never was another family like this one: it can in no way be compared with an earthly family, for it is of heavenly origin, and their God and Father sees them from the beginning to the end of their pilgrimage. God knows all His children, they are a complete family; and how valuable the Bible is which gives us a description of this family, and to assure us that it will for ever be a complete family. His mind can never be altered. How beautiful the Bible appears when we can read it thus. Men may put their construction on the Word, but "to the law and to the testimony, if they speak not according to this." And the Word bears testimony that salvation, redemption, sanctification, and the

promises, yea, all the blessings and riches contained there, belong to these children of this family. You may search from beginning to end, and you will find that all is to character. We do not know all who are of this family: some of the most unlikely, the vilest of the vile, some that we should little think of, have been, and may still be made manifest as belonging to these children. It was so in the days of Christ. Mary Magdalene, the dying thief, and she who touched Him in the press, with many others, are examples of this. But God their Father knows them all; they are begotten to a new birth by the Holy Spirit. Christ is made known to them as their Saviour, and His name is written on their foreheads.

But further to this question, "How shall I put thee?" Literally it referred to Israel, who came confessing their sin, their aggravated guilt, their base backslidings, and forgiveness was granted. As it respects you, sinner, it is not just coming and saying "Oh yes, I am a sinner." This does not meet the case. There must be the power and feeling accompanying the confession. If this comes from the heart and soul sincerely, this will be a living repentance, and not easily forgotten. They come before God, they stand before Him as backsliders; there were the very stains of idolatry upon them. While He thus beholds them with the eye of His holiness and justice, He says, "How can I put *thee* among the children?" They were His own dear children, but He speaks to them as sinners, and their condition was a fit representation of every poor fallen sinner. They may be far off, but God has, in His own time, a message that shall reach them and touch their heart, and speak to them, saying, "Oh, *you* poor sinners, what have you been doing? why have *you* been led captive by the devil? Oh, *you* who have lived ungodly and unholy lives, how can I put you among the children?" This expostulation touches the heart. Have you, my hearers, and have I, been brought here thus face to face with God, and felt the inquiry arise, "How can God make over His love to me? My good deeds can avail nothing, and I am sure my bad ones cannot." When God whispers "How shall I put thee?" &c., does He tell the poor sinner who comes with true contrition to go back and try and do better for the future, turn over a new leaf, and lead a different life? No! He brings home the difficulty to our own minds, and we each have to confess, "I do not see how God can put me among His children. There is my neighbour, he is a good-living, consistent, moral man; he is very kind to the poor and very generous. It does not seem as if the difficulty would be so great in his case; but as for me, from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot, I am full of sin. And then, I feel I have an unholy and wicked heart, which God

only knows. I see there is a difficulty. God is holy and just, and has declared a curse against all transgressors of His law. How can I expect to be put amongst the children? This would never be felt unless Divine life was communicated. Pharisees laugh at one who speaks about his exercises of mind. "Oh," they say, "we like the outside to be kept all right in the sight of men." But the poor sensible sinner does not know how he can be put among the children. I have heard others talk,—“How happy they are, never troubled, and tried, and exercised as I am. Here am I, all I feel is my sin, my guilt, and my unworthiness.” This is the work of God in thy heart.

Now let us notice some of the gifts that belong to these children. The “pleasant land,” identified with the Gospel land of peace and pleasantness. When the heart and soul is drawn away from looking at self, then it says, “The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage.” We realize the pleasantness of the land when Christ is precious, when we discover ten thousand beauties and glories in Him. Here we know the pleasures of delightful union, but by-and-by we shall know it in its perfection, and the goodly inheritance, the Canaan of heaven; then and there Christ will be precious for evermore. Even here below they inherit the promises, and Christ and the Holy Spirit dwelling in their heart. And the weakest of them make Satan tremble when he sees them upon their knees. I wish God’s people would more often make Satan tremble. The Church of God is a mighty host, doing battle against the world, the flesh, and the devil. “The weapons of their warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds.” And the question comes again, “How can I put you in this position? How shall I give you all this? You are not fit for it.” “No,” says the poor sinner, “I am not. When I think what God’s children are, I see I am not like them.”

Now, mark you, how does God settle the matter? He intends to give the sinner more than a taste or a crumb. “Thou shalt call Me, My Father.” Ah, my hearer, “*Thou shalt.*” It is not enough to utter the words, “God is my Father,” just simply from the lip, while the heart is far from God—saying, “God is my Father, therefore it is all right,” and then go on still in sin. Oh, no! God knows where the reality is, and His heart is towards such. “*Thou shalt call.*” God brings on the poor sinner to understand relationship, as recorded in Romans viii., “Ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear, but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby ye cry, Abba, Father.” The Spirit of adoption, the living Spirit in you,

ye have received as the gift of grace. You *must* have the Spirit, for you cannot till then in reality call God your Father. "No man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost." And until you can say this, you will not fully realize the privileges, the door of that house, that home, and that family. When we can say, "Abba, Father," it is from the revelation of the Holy Spirit witnessing that God is my Father, and that I am His child, and hear Him say, "I am not only your God, as the Just and Holy One, but view Me in another light, even as your Father." You then have the revelation of it, and the Spirit of adoption is there. Is not that blessed, and to have this favour now in this time-state?

"Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song."

I can easily picture it all, having passed through the like experience myself, expecting to be dashed to perdition when our heart-sins have been made known to us. How soft, how tender and loving the words, "Call Me, My Father." Oh that fatherly relationship, which gives us a claim to the inheritance! An heir of God, and a joint-heir with Jesus Christ. Oh, what a happy change, what a change of delight. Once afar off, but now made nigh, an heir of God through Jesus Christ; and this is only the earnest, we shall have more by-and-by. Have you realized it so? Have I? Have these now before me? Has the Spirit wrought a change in your heart? It was bondage once, and you thought, "I must be better before I go to Christ, He will never receive me just as I am." The light of God's justice shone upon you, and you felt it. You did not then realize a childlike spirit. But by-and-by the appointed time came, and the Spirit wrought faith in your heart to say, "This very God is my Father. I know He will have compassion on me. He loves me. I am His child." The universal brotherhood is a fable, it is not true. Our God is the Covenant God and Father of His children. He will show His sympathy, for "like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." I love to come home to the definition of divine truths. We must have the Spirit of adoption before we can say from our heart, "*Our* Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name." All is nothing without it. You may read the words and feel nothing, but if you have the Spirit of adoption within you, oh, how sweet to say, "Hallowed be Thy name," and we do from our heart want His kingdom to come. And, my hearers, this is the spirit of a child—a bond that holds us fast, so He says, "Thou shalt not turn away from Me." Why? "Because I will not let thee go." We may be tried with evil

thoughts, vain desires, and Satan, our great foe and adversary, may use all his power against us, but this blessed word holds good, "Thou shalt call Me, My Father, and shalt not turn away from Me." But if you are left to wander away first into one thing and then into another, and are never brought back, and know nothing of this returning, then it is a proof you have never had adopting grace.

May the Lord lay these things with weight and solemnity upon your mind, and add His blessing, for His name's sake
Amen. R. F. R.

THE SOUL'S ASPIRATIONS AFTER CHRIST.

"For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face."
—1 CORINTHIANS xiii. 12.

MAKE haste, my Beloved, and take me to Thyself. Let me see Thee face to face, and enjoy Thee, Thou dearest Jesus, whom my soul longeth after. It is good to live upon Thee by faith, but to live with Thee is best of all. I have found one day in Thy courts, conversing sweetly with Thee, better than a thousand; but this has only whetted my appetite. The more communion I have with Thee, I hunger and thirst still for more. My soul panteth for nearer, still nearer, communion with Thee. When shall I come to appear before the presence of God? O Thou Light of my life, Thou Joy of my heart! Thou knowest how I wish for the end of my faith, when I shall no longer see through a glass darkly, but with open face behold the glory of my Lord. Thou hast so endeared Thyself to me, Thou precious Immanuel, by ten thousand thousand kindnesses, that I cannot be entirely satisfied until I have the full vision and complete enjoyment of Thyself. The day of our espousals has been a blessed time. Oh for the marriage of the Lamb, when I shall be presented as a chaste virgin to my heavenly Bridegroom! How can I but long earnestly for this full enjoyment of Thy everlasting love. Come, Lord Jesus, let me see Thee as Thou art. Come, and make me like unto Thee. I do love Thee, but not so fully as I would. I am now happy in Thy love, but not so fully as I hope to be; I am often interrupted here, and never love Thee so much as I desire; but those blessed spirits standing around Thy throne are perfected in love. Oh that I was once admitted to see, as they do, the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ! Is not that the voice of my Beloved which I hear answering, "Surely, I come quickly?" "Amen," say I; "Even so, come, Lord Jesus." "Make haste, my Beloved, and be Thou like to a roe, or to a young hart, upon the mountains of spices."—*Romaine*.

"PREACH THE WORD."

(2 TIMOTHY iv. 2.)

THESE three words are a part of Paul's solemn charge to Timothy, whom he calls his son in "the faith"—his "dearly beloved son;" and this expression from the Apostle's mouth, "dearly beloved," conveyed the real feeling of his affectionate heart. "I thank God," he says, "whom I serve from my forefathers with pure conscience, that without ceasing I have remembrance of thee in my prayers night and day; greatly desiring to see thee, being mindful of thy tears, that I may be filled with joy." Here was heartfelt, genuine Christian love, expressed in a very feeling manner on the part of Paul and Timothy. Their love was mutual and fervent, and from this true and powerful motive the Apostle writes as an aged and experienced saint and Apostle to Timothy this and the first Epistle, in both which, as an affectionate father, he exhorts and charges him as to the solemn office he was called to. Real love always prompts to faithfulness. Paul does not use flattering words, but faithful words, solemnly charging Timothy, "before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at His appearing and His kingdom;" and amongst other solemn charges this is one, "Preach the word."

First: What is the subject-matter of preaching?—"The Word."

Secondly: How is the Word to be preached?

By the Word here, of course, is intended and included the essential Word of God, the Second Person in the glorious God-head, and the Incarnate Word; the same glorious Person made flesh and dwelling among us; but I believe the Apostle here means *the written Word of God*, the inspired and revealed will of God, and of which the essential and Incarnate Word of God is the sum and substance. So that if the Word is preached, Christ must be preached, for He says Himself of the Scriptures, "They are they which testify of Me." "To Him give all the prophets witness." And as for Moses, "he wrote of Me," so that we may take, and must take, "the Word" here to comprehend the whole of the blessed book of God, from Genesis to Revelation. This was evidently Paul's meaning, if we consider the context, as to Timothy's knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and faith in them; the design being, "that the man of God might be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto every good work." The entire Word of God is meant, the Old Testament and the New, both being breasts of rich consolation and instruction to the Church of God, to which both Christ and His Apostles were constantly referring. Our blessed Lord, when He preached *Himself* to the hearts of

the two disciples going to Emmaus, we read, began at Moses and all the prophets, and expounded unto them in all the Scriptures, the things concerning Himself. "It is written," was the weapon He Himself fought the Devil with in the wilderness; and as predicted events transpired, He said this and that was done that the Scriptures might be fulfilled: and says the Apostle, "Whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope." Here, then, is the wide range of preaching, the whole of the blessed Word of God, and here is the limit; beyond the covers of the Bible Gospel preachers have no warrant to go; and why?

(1.) Because it contains in itself *all* that is necessary for us to know in this present time-state. "Secret things belong to God; but those which are revealed belong to us; and to our children."

In His Holy Word God has revealed Himself. Just as the sun in the firmament discovers itself by its own light, so our God discovers, reveals, and makes known Himself by His Word, which is *Light*. His Word is a lamp from heaven, by which we see all things as they really are. Creation declares God as a Creator, but the Word of God alone reveals Him as the God of salvation. His character, His perfections, His purposes, His thoughts, and His will are fully revealed in His Word. The Bible is a definer of all characters—not only of God, but the devil, his origin, nature, work, and doom. Popery, its origin, rise, progress, and fall: sin, its nature and consequences: salvation, its Author, Performer, and Revealer; the nature of salvation and the saved themselves are fully described in the Word: heaven, its nature, inhabitants, place and employment: hell, its nature and inhabitants: the way to heaven, the travellers in that way—all these features are described; the hypocrite, his character and doom, and the mere professor and his end, all laid open in the Word. The Bible is a most comprehensive book. It not only tells me what God *has done*, but what He will do, "Declaring the end from the beginning."

(2.) Not only because it is the great and only fountain of all knowledge, but because it is the *only ground of faith* and hope of a sinner. Hence called the Word of faith and foundation of hope. The righteousness of faith speaketh on this wise, "Say not in thine heart, Who shall ascend into heaven? (that is, to bring Christ down from above:) or, Who shall descend into the deep? (that is, to bring Christ again from the dead.) But what saith it? The Word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thine heart: that is, the word of faith, *which we preach*." The Word therefore preached is *faith's rest*, for faith will rest alone on that

which is rock, firm and immovable, and such is the Word of God. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away," but all be fulfilled. It is the food of faith, as well as its foundation, therefore, "*preach* the Word." "I have esteemed the words of Thy mouth more than my necessary food," says Job. "Thy words were found, and I did eat them," says Jeremiah. "Thy word is sweet to my taste ; yea, sweeter than honey and the honeycomb," says David.

(3.) It is God's great ordinance for finding and feeding His flock. "It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." Hence we read that the Apostles went everywhere "*preaching* the Word." "Brethren, pray for us, that the Word of the Lord may have free course, run and be glorified." "My Word shall not return unto Me void ; it shall accomplish that which I please, and prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

Now, secondly, in a word or two, How should it be preached ?

(1.) By Holy Ghost *made* and *sent* ministers. "How shall they preach, except they be sent ? as it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things" (Rom. x. 15). "Separate unto Me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto *I* have called them," and these were sent forth by the Holy Ghost to the work, the specific work, ordained for them ; and, in the sovereignty of the Holy Ghost, the work of different men differs much, and gifts are bestowed by Him accordingly, some evangelical and some pastoral.

(2.) Faithfully. "He that hath a dream, let him tell a dream ; and he that hath My Word, let him speak My Word faithfully. What is the chaff to the wheat ? saith the Lord" (Jer. xxiii. 28). "I have not shunned to declare the whole counsel of God" (Acts xx. 27).

(3.) Discriminately, and distinguishing between the living and the dead ; between the reality and the semblance, the possessor and professor ; between truth and error ; between gifts and grace, persons and principles. "If thou take forth the precious from the vile, thou shalt be as My mouth" (Jer. xv. 19). Where doctrines and experience are preached, this trying and necessary element is required.

(4.) Fully. Doctrine, experience, practice ; promises and precepts ; law and gospel ; covenant of works and covenant of grace ; duty repentance, and gracious evangelical repentance ; faith as a duty, and faith as a gift : and keeping them all distinct, and pointing out to whom they belong ; not mixing up, but discerning between things that differ ; uttering knowledge clearly.

(5.) Solemnly and reverently, as the weighty matters and

work require. "Did I use lightness?" says the Apostle. No; "as God is true, my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." "Sound speech, that cannot be condemned; that he that is of the contrary part may be ashamed, having no evil thing to say of you" (Titus ii. 8). The pulpit should be the last place for trifling and lightness. Who that has been by faith let into the mysteries and wonders of the sufferings of the Son of God in the Garden and at Calvary can trifle?

(6.) Heartily, not fearing the frown or courting the smile of mortals. "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ," says Paul. Why? "It is the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth" (Rom. i. 16).

(7.) Affectionately. "Speaking the truth in love," avoiding an attempt to work upon the emotions and passions of the flesh—the great delusion of the day—producing temporary joy and temporary professors. "Sensual, having not the Spirit."

(8.) Practically, the hands, feet, and mouth acting in harmony. "Do all things without murmurings and disputings: that ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world; holding forth the Word of life." How far, alas! beneath this mark I lie, but still believe this is to "preach the Word." The Lord enable and so bless all His own servants. Amen.

GEORGE BURRELL.

CHILDLIKE FAITH.

AS children trust, without suspicion, their superiors who speak to them, so do we whom the Son of God has purchased with His precious blood have like faith in our Lord. Woe to him who sows distrust in the soul of a child towards the word of its mother. Cursed also be he who plants a doubt of our Lord in our souls. We hang on Him with a true thirsting eye; let other masters, if they choose, give their disciples stones for bread, a serpent for fish, a scorpion for an egg; the word of our Lord is always the bread of life—whether I understand it or not. If I understand it, then it nourisheth me. If I understand it not, then there is something stored up for me in the future; at any rate, this I am certain of, from the mouth of my Lord no other word has ever flowed but the word of life. He who has attained to this childlike faith in his Lord, is like one who has run in from a wide sea into a safe haven.—*Dr. Tholuck*, 1829.

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

DEAR FRIEND,—

I thank you for your letter sent,
It did my heart rejoice,
To know you had been favoured thus
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

He who in mercy made you pray,
And at His footstool wait,
Has granted you to enter in
By Christ, the living Gate.

He also has in mercy let
Your eyes, by faith, behold
A beauty in the dying Lamb
More precious far than gold.

You feel that you can truly say
He's all your soul desires ;
To reign with Him in glory, too,
Your soul, by faith, aspires.

He has the blessed witness given,
And made you to rejoice,
That you are His, and not your own,
By His eternal choice.

Bought with a price—e'en His own blood—
What tongue can ever tell
What it has cost your heavenly Friend
To ransom you from hell ?

He would not thus have blessed your soul
Had such not been the case,
But He has now bestowed on you
This token of His grace.

You wish to love Him in return,
And do you not remember
What He commends such souls to do ?
To make a full surrender.

"If Me ye love"—what is the next ?
Need I the words repeat ?
I'm sure that you have read the text—
"All My commandments keep."

You're not your own, but His, by blood,
Then may your feet be led
To follow Him whom now you love,
And in His footsteps tread.

"For he that My commandments keeps,
'Tis he that loveth Me,
And with him I will surely dwell,
Great his reward shall be."

You're not your own; then may you yield
The obedience that you owe;
Tell to His own dear people here
What of His love you know.

You say it's sweet, let others hear
The charms in Him you see,
Perhaps it might encourage some
Who now may fearful be.

Oh, tell them how He led you on,
His blessed face to seek,
And how the little sips of love
Have to your taste been sweet!

Oh, render then the praise that's due,
For all He does bestow,
Since, dear young friend, it clearly proves
You're not your own, you know.

Then as you're His, He has a right
To all you have to give;
What, do I hear you say within,
"Will He poor me receive?"

I'm sure He will, for I have proved
His kindress every day,
Since first He gave me grace and strength
To His commands obey.

It's not a cross, when His sweet love
Makes us on this intent;
Oh, no, it is a privilege great,
To walk where Jesus went.

Take heed, my dear, don't quench the flame
That now you feel within,
Or you may long His absence mourn,
Ere He returns again.

With such sweet tokens as the past,
I fain would have you go
Unto His mercy seat by prayer,
His holy mind to know.

I would not you unduly urge
This Christ-marked step to take,
For 'tis a solemn thing indeed
Profession thus to make.

But yet I feel that it is right,
For you to ponder o'er
The great command the Lord has left,
The path He trod before.

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

You now are laid upon my mind
With an especial weight,
And many times I've had to go
Unto the mercy seat—

That God will bless my dear young friend,
And help her to declare
The great things He for her has done,
That she His love might share.

Oh, precious treasure, to be prized
Beyond earth's trifling toys !
'Twill guide through life, and lead you safe
Up to eternal joys.

You feel your great unworthiness
Among the flock to rest—
Numbered with them, and here below
Sit with them at the feast.

But it's for those who, like yourself,
Feel, " Oh, may I dare to come ? "
Yes ! Jesus sinners still receives,
And bids them welcome home.

He takes especial care of such,
And to them will impart
More than they ever can expect,
For they lie near His heart.

He has you blessed, and made you feel
This world's a vexing cheat ;
None can with Jesus now compare,
His love and words are sweet.

But oh, dear friend, to view His face !—
Ah, who can tell the bliss ?—
To sing in heaven redeeming grace,
And see *Him as He is* !

There, there to serve Him, without sin,
As here we cannot do ;
I hope that rest to enter in,
And *you* will be there too.

Good-by ; a line ere long from you
I'd welcome with delight ;
Oh, may the Lord lead you to do
The thing that's good, and right.

I close my scribble, with much love,
And hope e'er to remain
Your faithful, though unworthy friend,
Called AGNES HAFENDEN.

Hastings, August, 1896.

THOUGHTS ON DAILY READINGS.

"Brethren, ye are called unto liberty."—GALATIANS v. 13.

THE call unto liberty which the Apostle speaks of is connected with that renewing and translation, which is wrought in the believer by the Holy Ghost, in bringing the chosen seed to Christ. He testifies of Him, and shows them the things which are given them of God in Him; and as He reveals the atoning blood of Christ and sets Him forth as the end of the law for righteousness to them that believe, they come to realize the liberty of the children of God, who are delivered from the wrath to come, and from the bondage of sin and of the law, and to whom is given the power, or privilege, as believers, to become the sons of God (John i. 12, 13). These are said to receive the Son of God by believing on His name. This act of faith differs from mere notion or self-persuasion, as life differs from death; self-persuasion is not a *receiving* the gift of God, but a self-wrought confidence, whereas those who receive Christ by faith have the witness of God within them, as to the truth, power, and reality of what they believe; they being led by the Spirit of God, are thereby manifestly the sons of God, and the Holy Spirit, as the Spirit of adoption, in due course witnesses with their spirit that they "are the children of God," which is an indisputable testimony, and one that brings the receiver of it into a large and wealthy place, where he is able to say, "Abba, Father." And though not free from troubles, temptations, and exercises, yet with this clearer passport, as Mr. Hart says, "They walk with joy to heaven." Not always in the bright sunshine of the Redeemer's face, but feeling that whatever changes may go over them, the Rock of Ages never moves. Lord, lead Thy weak sheep and Thy lambs into these green pastures, where they may feed and lie down in safety, and help those who are thus favoured to speak Thy praise. May we remember the rock from whence we were hewn, and the hole of the pit from whence we were digged, and may we reflect upon the many who have heard the general call of the Gospel, but have not been called with a holy calling, and have become hardened under the Gospel proclamation, so that the Word of God never makes them truly tremble before Him. The general call has fallen upon their ears, but the heavenly call has never reached their hearts, therefore impenitence and hardness of heart is their state. These are the characters who choose the things of the world, to the gratification of their lusts, which things, the Lord Jesus declares, make the Word unfruitful" (Mark iv. 19). And may we not say, "*were* some of you?" Yes, that is true, yet what a mercy if we

can add, "but ye are washed," &c. Lord, help us to continually remember what debtors we are to Thee, whose grace alone has made us to differ from those who love darkness and bondage rather than the light and liberty which is the result of Thy heavenly calling. Oh, lead us on in the new and living way, and help us, while we live here below, to present ourselves, body, soul, and spirit, a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to Thee, which is our reasonable service; and when our earthly sojourn shall end, may we come home to Thy kingdom, where full liberty, peace, and joy will be our eternal portion, is the prayer of THE EDITOR.

ERRATUM.—In the SOWER for May, on page 114, eighteenth line from the top, for "a troop may overcome *God*," read "a troop may overcome *Gad*."

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR SON,—I now attempt a few lines, but feel myself quite unfit for writing both mentally and physically, being very tired and very worldly. . . I could write oftener if I had the heart for it, but that day is gone by; there was a time when I found pleasure in writing, now it is a task, therefore, while you have the mind and the energy of youth, do whatever your hand finds to do, and be very careful not to fall into the plausible error of many professing free grace, "We can do nothing," nor do they want to do anything. Scripture saith, "*Without Me* ye can do nothing," but it is not fair for such men to claim union, vital union, indissoluble union, eternal union with Christ, who, when the promises are brought forward, with all that Christ is and does, directly the *fruits* of that union are sought for *in them*, and insisted upon as proofs of their oneness with Him, then to excuse themselves by saying, "Oh, we can do nothing;" but this is the continual answer we get from such, just because the do-nothing cry suits their slumbering state of soul: this is to "sleep on doctrines sound." I do not believe a Christian is ever severed from Christ, therefore I say, it is not fair or honest for such people to claim union who, when the sweet privileges of the Christian are brought forward, and Christian marks of faith and love are set forth, to begin to speak as if there was no union, for there is always as much sap flowing forth into the branch of the Living Vine when works are required as when faith is demanded; both are fed from the same source, both are equally God glorifying, both are equally acceptable to Him, and both are comforting alike to the soul. "Show me thy faith *without* thy works, and I will show thee my faith *by* my works," says James. I would not give a farthing

for all the faith in the world of the first sort, for it is "dead, being alone." "Every branch in Me that bringeth not forth fruit He taketh away." It is a cumberer. "Every branch that bringeth forth fruit He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." Fruit is the great end God has in view, and all comes through union with, and communications from Christ; it is from Him the fruit is found. I know full well it is only as the soul abides in Him by faith that fruit *is* brought forth, and it is only as fruit is brought forth that the soul feels living peace. I care not for a *dead* peace, dead men are welcome to it. I know—to my misery, too often—what the sluggard's desire is, "to desire and have nothing," and I know what it is "not to eat that which has been taken in hunting." "Go to the ant, thou sluggard," is not written in vain; thousands run to hear the Word, and, in their way, approve it, but *do it not*. It is he that *heareth and doeth*, that is founded upon the rock; the doing proves the foundation, the fruit proves the union. May the Lord give you wisdom to hear what I say.

Whitchurch, Hants.

S. BARNETT.

ANSWER TO INQUIRY.

To A. M.

To neglect the proper instruction and godly care of the young is a most serious reflection upon any who believe in the use of the means. If Sunday Schools are to be set aside as dangerous, so may every other means of grace, for preaching, &c., has been, and is still, as much abused as are Sunday Schools, but because there are those who make a *wrong* use of a good thing, are we to be afraid of trying to make a *right* use of it? God forbid, for then we do not know where the evil of neglect may end. Once give way to slighting the means, and fatalism, with its accompanying blight and death, has a field to work in. Proverbs xxii. 6, has respect to the good effect of religious instruction and example, *as a rule*, not a *universal* one, but one most likely to result in good, in cases where, as Abraham's children and household (see Gen. xviii. 19), the young are brought up under proper influence. Surely children had better be reading the Word of God, and gathered under the ministry, than be left to run loose in evil ways and company.—EDITOR.

If we receive a mercy, and are given to see ourselves unworthy of it, we receive two mercies in one; for a sense of our unworthiness is one of the greatest mercies that God can bestow.—*Romaine.*



AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

THE above honoured name needs no commendation ; it is too well known among those who love and value the truths of the everlasting Gospel, which were his joy and delight to contend for, and proclaim to listening multitudes. He was born at Farnham, in Surrey, November 4th, 1740, his father, Major Richard Toplady, dying shortly after, at the siege of Carthage. His widowed mother bestowed very anxious care upon him, both for his education as well as his soul concerns. He received his early education at Westminster School, and soon after accompanied his beloved parent on a journey to Ireland. Whilst here, at the age of sixteen years, he was arrested by the Holy Spirit of God and awakened to a sense of divine realities. His own words concerning this memorable circumstance are as follows : " It was that sweet text, Ephesians ii. 13, ' Ye who sometimes were afar off are made nigh by the blood of Christ,' that Mr. Morris preached from on the memorable evening of my effectual call by the grace of God. Under the ministry of that dear messenger, and under that sermon I was struck, brought nigh by the blood of Christ. Strange that I, who had so long sat under the means of grace in England, should be brought nigh to God in an obscure part of Ireland, amidst a handful of people met together in a barn at Codymain, and under the ministry of one who could hardly spell his own name ! Surely it was the Lord's doing, and is marvellous. The excellency of such power must be of God, and cannot be of man."

After further instruction, he entered the Church of England, and was inducted to the living of Blagdon, in Somersetshire, in 1762. This he resigned, and was afterwards at Fen Ottery until he became Vicar of Broad Hembury, near Honiton, which he held until his death. Among his MS. papers was found one entitled, " Short Memorials of God's Gracious Dealings with my Soul in a way of Spiritual Experience," from December 6th, 1767, with this motto, " Bethel visits ought to be remembered." The following are extracts from this :—

" *Sunday, December 6th.*—In the morning read prayers and preached here, at Fen Ottery, to a very attentive congregation. In the afternoon, the congregation was exceeding numerous, and God enabled me to preach with great enlargement of mind and fervour. The doctrine did indeed seem to descend as the dew, and to be welcome as refreshing showers to the grass.

" *Thursday, 10th.*—I wrote thus to my honoured mother :—' God has fulfilled His promises to me so often and so many ways that I think if we could not trust His faithfulness and power we should be doubly inexcusable. That He works by means is cer-

tain, and I hope to try all that He puts into my hand. In the meanwhile, let us cast our care on Him, and remember that he that believeth shall not make haste. There is one thing that pleases me much about Broad Hembury, and makes me hope for a blessing on the event, namely, that it was not, from first to last, of my own seeking ; and every door, without any application of mine, has hitherto flown open, and all seems to point that way. The all-wise God, whose never-failing providence ordereth every event, usually makes what we set our hearts upon unsatisfactory, and sweetens what we feared ; bringing real evil out of seeming good, and real good out of seeming evil, to show us what short-sighted creatures we are, and to teach us to live by faith upon His blessed self. Do not let your tenderness for me get the better of your confidence in God—a fault, I fear, too common even with believing parents. An interest in the covenant of grace is of more value than all the worlds God hath made.’ In my chamber, before I went to bed, was much comforted while singing praise to the great Three-One, the Author of all the blessings I enjoy and of all I hope for. I can testify by sweet and repeated experience that singing is an ordinance of God and a means of grace.

“12th.—At night was earnest with God in private prayer for a blessing on my to-morrow’s ministrations, and received an answer of peace. I am less than nothing, if less can be ; and oh, I am worse than nothing, for I am a vile sinner. But Thou art infinitely gracious, and all power is Thine.

“13th.—The Lord was with me both parts of the day. Water, O God, the souls that heard ; and the seed of Thy Word, sown in weakness, do Thou raise in power.

“Friday, 25th.—Read prayers, preached, and administered the Holy Sacrament here at Fen Ottery in the morning. Farmer T——(whom I happened to meet, no longer ago than last Wednesday evening, so drunk that he could hardly sit on his horse) presented himself at the Lord’s Table with the rest of the communicants, but I passed him by, not daring to administer the symbols of My Saviour’s body and blood to one who had lately crucified Him afresh, and had given no proof of repentance. He appeared surprised and abashed. I can never be sufficiently thankful that my religious principles were all fixed long before I ever entered into Orders ; through the good hand of My God upon me, I set out in the ministry with clear Gospel light from the first—a blessing not vouchsafed to every one. Many an Evangelical minister has found himself obliged to retract and unsay what he had taught before in the days of his ignorance.

“Tuesday, 29th.—At night, before I betook myself to rest, I was

enabled to act faith very strongly upon the promises. It was as if I held a conversation with God. He assured me of His faithfulness, and I trusted Him. It was whispered to my soul, 'Thou shalt find Me faithful.' My soul answered, 'Lord, I believe it, I take Thee at Thy word.' This, I am certain, was more than fancy. It was too sweet, too clear, and too powerful to be the daughter of imagination. In my experiences of this kind, when under the immediate light of God's presence within, my soul is in great measure passive, and lies open to the beams of the Sun of Righteousness. The acts of love, faith, and spiritual aspiration are subsequent to, and occasioned by, this unutterable reception of Divine influence. I bless my God, I know His inward voice, the still sweet whisper of His good Spirit, and can distinguish it from every other suggestion whatever.

"*Thursday*.—Before I went to bed God gave me such sense of His love as came but little short of full assurance. Who am I, O Lord ? the weakest and the vilest of all Thy called ones, not only the least of saints, but the chief of sinners. Upon a review of the past, I desire to confess that my unfruitfulness has been exceeding great, my sins still greater, and God's mercies greater than both. The following verse from one of my hymns expresses both my sense of past, and my humble dependence on Divine goodness for future favours—

"Kind Author and ground of my hope,
Thee, Thee, for My God I avow,
My glad Ebenezer set up,
And own Thou hast helped me till now.
I muse on the years that are past,
Wherein my Defence Thou hast proved,
Nor wilt Thou abandon at last,
A sinner so signally loved."

"*Wednesday, 17th*.—In my chamber this evening, those words (2 Timothy i. 7), 'God hath not given unto us the Spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind,' were impressed much upon my heart, and my meditation on them was attended not only with great peace and sweetness, but with joy in the Holy Ghost. My sense of union and communion with God was very clear, and I was enabled to see myself one of God's regenerate people, by finding within myself (through the riches of grace alone) those three infallible evidences of conversion which that delightful text lay down. The Spirit of Christ was to me a Spirit of power, when He effectually called me to the knowledge of Himself, in the year 1756, at Codrington, in Ireland, under the ministry of Mr. James Morris. He has been, and is, a Spirit of love in my soul to all the Divine Persons, and, as such, the principle of sanctification : and He has been to me a

Spirit of a sound mind, by leading me into, and confirming me in the light of Gospel truth, in its full harmony and consistency. It is the Divine power and the love of God shed abroad in the heart which renders soundness of judgment not only comfortable, but a mark of saving grace.

"Tuesday, 5th.—Whilst Mr. Harris, of Wellington, and I were taking a walk, we saw smoke ascending in the direction of Harpford, but continued our journey, thinking it was farmers firing weeds. On our journey we called on old farmer Franke, and were hardly seated before he asked us whether we had heard of the fire at Harpford, adding that, according to what he could discern, it was farmer Edicott's house. I posted away for Harpford, and by the time I reached the wooden bridge I met a man coming to acquaint me with what had happened. Upon seeing me he saluted me with, 'Sir, your house is burnt down to the ground.' Entering the village, I found it almost literally true. When I saw the vicarage irrecoverably lost, I returned to Fen Ottery and took horse for Exeter, to acquaint the agent of the London insurance office. Found upon inquiry that the fire at Harpford happening after the living was vacated by my resignation of it, the exchange will certainly stand good, and the melancholy event there cannot possibly affect me. Who would not trust in the Lord, and wait until a cloudy dispensation is cleared up? Through grace, I was enabled to do this, and the result of things has proved that it would not only have been wicked but foolish to have done otherwise.

"Saturday, 26th.—A letter from London informs me that poor old Lady Goring is lately turned Papist. Surely, it is a debt I owe to God, to truth, to my own conscience, and to the friendship with which that unhappy lady formerly honoured me, to write to her on this sad occasion.

"Saturday, 2nd.—After breakfast rode to Exeter, where I dined at Mr. Holmes's. Found that dear and excellent man not only more resigned to the will of God, but even more cheerful than I could well have conceived. Mrs. Paul, of Topsham, and Mr. Lewis, a worthy Baptist minister, dined with us. Our conversation at table was on the best subjects, and I found our Christian discussions sensibly blest to my soul. After tea myself and four more followed the remains of Master Holmes to the place where they were interred. Mr. Cole, curate of the parish, read the funeral service, and I preached a sermon, suitable to the solemn occasion, to a large auditory, and one of the most attentive ones I ever saw.

"Wednesday, 6th.—This afternoon, about two o'clock, I received institution at Exeter to the living at Broad Hembury. While

on my knees the Chancellor was committing the souls of that parish to my care, my own soul was secretly lifted up to God for a blessing, which I humbly trust will be given, for His mercy's sake in Jesus Christ.

Friday, 8th.—Mr. Ince dined here. We walked to Harpford, where I inducted him into that living. In the course of this day I was favoured with some comfortable glimpses of my heavenly Father's countenance. Oh that I could ever have a heart warm with love! Blessed be the Comforter of God's elect, a live coal from the golden altar which is before the throne is sometimes dropped into my heart, and then I can sing—

“Loved of my God, for Him again
With love intense I burn;
Chosen of Thee ere time began,
I choose Thee in return.”

To have a part and lot in God's salvation is the main thing, but to have the joy of it is an additional blessing, which makes our way to the kingdom smooth and sweet.

Sunday, 24th.—What a day has this been! A Sabbath day indeed; a day of feasting to my soul, a day of triumph and rejoicing. “He brought me into His banqueting house, and His banner over me was love.” I never was more assisted from above than this afternoon, very seldom so much. Lord, bless the people as Thou hast blessed me! Here let me leave it on thankful record for my comfort and support—if it please God—in future times of trial and desertion, that I never was lower in the valley than last night, nor higher on the Mount than to-day. The Lord chastened me, but did not give me over unto death—and He never will. He may, indeed, for a small moment hide His face from me, but with everlasting kindness will He have mercy upon me.

Sunday, 4th.—On my return from Sheldon, a most violent storm of rain obliged me to return and take shelter at Richard Lane's. After an half-hour's stop there I returned to Broad Hembury, where I read prayers and preached. Wet as the afternoon proved, a great number of strangers were at Church, and I verily think the presence and power of God was amongst us. After service, good old Mrs. Hutching and Joan Venn drank coffee with me at the vicarage. Our conversation was for the most part savoury and comfortable. Was rejoiced to hear that the Word of God from my lips has been greatly blest of late to those two persons, to farmer Copp and his eldest son, to old Mr. Thomas Granger, farmer Smith, and several others. Since I came down last into Devonshire from London God has owned my ministry more than ever, particularly at Harpford and here.

Blessed Lord, the work is Thine alone. Go on, I beseech Thee, to speak to the hearts of sinners by the meanest mouth that ever blew the trumpet in Zion."

The damp air of Devonshire affected his weak chest, and he was advised to come to London in 1775, when he became more intimately acquainted with the Countess of Huntingdon and her preachers. His friends engaged for him the French Calvinistic Church in Orange Street, London, where he was followed by large numbers. During his residence in London he was Editor of the *Gospel Magazine*, from December, 1775, to June, 1776, and published his hymns; his well-known one, "Rock of ages, cleft for me," having appeared in the *Gospel Magazine*, March, 1776, entitled, "A Living and Dying Prayer for the Holiest Believer in the World." He maintained very firmly and faithfully the Calvinistic doctrines, which brought upon him much calumny and reproach; but his God, whom he honoured, did not forsake him, nor did His precious truth fail. Mr. Toplady wrote various works, and published some sermons of intrinsic value. But he was destined to an early grave.

In June, 1778, there was such a visible change in him that he was looked upon as a dying man. During his last days he frequently disclaimed with abhorrence the least dependence on his own righteousness as any cause of his justification before God, and said that he rejoiced only in the free, complete, and everlasting salvation of God's elect by Jesus Christ through the sanctification of the Holy Spirit. A remarkable jealousy was apparent in his whole conduct for fear of receiving any part of that honour which is due to Christ alone. He desired to be nothing, that Jesus might be All and in all.

"A short time before his death," says a friend, "at his request I felt his pulse, and he desired to know what I thought of it. I told him that his heart and arteries evidently beat weaker and weaker. He replied immediately, with the sweetest smile upon his countenance, 'Why, that is a good sign that my death is fast approaching, and, blessed be God, I can add that my heart beats every day stronger and stronger for glory.' A few days preceding his dissolution I found him sitting up in his armchair, and scarce able to move or speak. I addressed him very softly, and asked him if his consolations continued to abound as they had hitherto. He quickly replied, 'Oh, my dear sir, it is impossible to describe how good God is to me. Since I have been sitting in this chair this afternoon (glory be to His name!) I have enjoyed such a season, such sweet communion with God, and such delightful manifestations of His presence with, and love to my soul, that it is impossible for words or any language to express them. I have had peace and joy unutterable. The consolations of God to such

an unworthy wretch are so abundant that He leaves me nothing to pray for but a continuance of them. I enjoy a heaven already in my soul. My prayers are all converted into praise. Those great and glorious truths which the Lord in rich mercy has given me to believe, and which He has enabled me (though very feebly) to stand forth in the defence of, are not dry doctrines or mere speculative points. No! But being brought into practical and heartfelt experience, they are the very joy and support of my soul, and the consolations flowing from them carry me far above the things of time and sense.' Soon afterwards he added, 'So far as I know my own heart, I have no desire but to be entirely passive—to live, to die, to be, to do, to suffer whatever is God's blessed will concerning me, being perfectly satisfied that, as He ever has done, so He ever will do, that which is best concerning me. Welcome, ten thousand times welcome, the whole will of God. I wish to live and die with the sword of the Spirit in my hand, and, as one expresses it, never put off my armour until I put on my shroud. Oh,' said he, 'how this soul of mine longs to be free! Like a bird imprisoned in its cage, it longs to take its flight. Oh, that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away to the realms of bliss and be at rest for ever.' "

Being asked by a friend if he always enjoyed such manifestations, he answered, "I cannot say there are no intermissions, for if there were not, my consolations would be more and greater than I could possibly bear; but when they abate they leave such an abiding sense of God's goodness and of the certainty of my being fixed upon the eternal Rock Christ Jesus, that my soul is still filled with peace and joy." Within the hour of his death he said, "It will not be long before God takes me, for no mortal man can live (bursting, while he said it, into tears of joy) after the glories which God has manifested to my soul." And on Tuesday, August 11th, 1778, he departed. He was brought from Knightsbridge, where he died, and interred in Tottenham Court Chapel, where his remains now await the archangel's trumpet sounding.

R. F. R.

THAT crown, promised to the saints by the Lord Jesus is a sure crown, a matchless crown, a glorious crown, a lasting crown. "I will give you a crown of life." I that am faithfulness itself; I that am truth itself; I that am goodness itself; I that am power itself; I that have all in heaven and earth at My disposing: "I will give thee a crown of life." Promises of reward to the master and mariners, oh! how do they raise up their spirits to go through any storms, to go through many dangers; and so doth the glorious promises of reward that God makes to His, they carry them bravely through all storms.—*Thomas Brookes*, 1649.

WEARY.

WE are so weary, Lord, of all the strife,
The toil and bustle of our daily life ;
With weakness and with sin we are oppressed,
Both head and heart are longing for Thy rest.

Our feet are weary, they are often torn
And wounded sore with many a pricking thorn ;
And trifles often vex and make us sigh,
Which others smile at, or would pass them by.

So weary are we, Lord, we stumble too,
We cannot walk so straight as others do ;
The smallest stone will trip our trembling feet,
For they are aching 'mid the dust and heat.

Yet we have heard Thy gracious, welcome word,
"Come unto Me and rest." Thou knowest, Lord,
This is just what we want, but—can it be ?
We feel too weary e'en to come to Thee.

Oh touch our heart, dear Lord, and we shall spring
Upward towards Thee, yea, as with eagle's wing ;
Weakness and weariness will pass away,
As darkness flies before returning day.

Rest sweet, yes, soul-refreshing, perfect rest,
Is found, dear Jesus, on Thy loving breast ;
We long amidst our sins, and doubts, and fears,
For Thy soft hand to wipe away our tears.

Oh draw us, then, into Thy loving arms,
That blessed Hiding-place from all alarms ;
Thus give a sweet foretaste of heavenly rest,
Then we can wait, and feel Thy time is best.

That time will soon arrive ; a few short years
Will end our sojourn in this vale of tears :
Oh guide and keep till, all our journeyings o'er,
We rest with Thee in heaven for evermore.

L. D.

GRACE is but small at first ; it is not with the trees of righteousness as it was with the trees of paradise, made perfect at once ; grace is but like a "grain of mustard seed," a spark of fire easily quenched. We have need of an overruling power to draw forth our graces and perfect them. This is the work Christ takes into His own hand : as His hand plants and sows, so it is His hand that waters and gives the increase. He will cherish the seeds of grace, till that holy frame of grace begun in our souls be brought to such a height and completeness, that God's kingdom in us shall be victorious over all opposite corruptions.

—*T. Temple*, 1642.

NOTES OF A SERMON.

APRIL 13th, 1879, heard Mr. James Boorne preach morning and evening. I felt very dull and stupid myself, though many profited. He said, burglars do not break into empty houses, but houses where there are jewels and valuables; and Satan never troubles those who have not the treasure of grace in possession, the rich jewel of eternal life; he lets them rest secure; but where these valuables are, he is ever trying to rob the possessors of them. He said, too, that Sodom was a better place for Lot than outside upon the mountains; for while in wicked Sodom, he was vexed with the filthy conversation of the wicked, but when outside he fell into great sin himself. His text in the evening was Hebrews vi. 9, "But, beloved, we are persuaded better things of you, and things that accompany salvation, though we thus speak." It was a solemn, searching time. He said it does not always do to say "Comfort, comfort" to the people of God; it is good for them at times to be stirred up. He noticed the verses preceding his text, "Those that were once enlightened." We are all born blind, but some get light in their judgment, a perfect knowledge of the plan of salvation in their head; these are enlightened, but know nothing of the grace of salvation in their heart. "And have tasted of the heavenly gift." Gifts are not graces, and persons may have great gifts, yet not grace. "Tasted" only, not eat or digested, so it could do them no good. It was not sweet to the taste, but bitter, and they spew it out of their mouth when tasting it. Thus they do with the Word of God—they have no relish for it. "And were made partakers of the Holy Ghost." Is it possible to go so far, and yet be lost? Yes, it is, in the sense which is intended here. What did they say of Saul?—that he was among the prophets, and was a partaker of the Spirit, and yet perished. As also Balaam. Who dare say he was not moved by the Spirit when he uttered that language?—"God is not a man, that He should lie; neither the son of man, that He should repent. . . . Behold, I have received commandment to bless . . . and I cannot reverse it. He hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob, neither hath He seen perverseness in Israel." "And the powers of the world to come." How thoughts of God's judgments and things to come have made men tremble who never had grace, see in the case of Felix. When Paul reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, he trembled.

But I must pass on to some of the better things that accompany salvation. They are not in themselves salvation, but they accompany it, so that those who possess these marks are saved characters:—1. The fear of the Lord. Ah, this is a light—an

enlightenment indeed, but how different to the enlightenment spoken of in the fourth verse, for this fear of God is.

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

2. A spirit of prayer. This is found only where the Spirit of God is at work. Love to God's people is another thing that accompanies salvation. And faith. Faith not only tastes, but receives, digests, feeds, and lives upon the Word of God.

"To live upon His precious death
Is faith's divine repast;
The language of His dying breath,
See—how she holds it fast!"

Repentance, meekness, patience, godly sorrow for sin, are amongst the many better things that accompany salvation. May we each be made manifest as the partakers of these things.
R. F. R.

ROMISH "SISTERS."

CONSIDERABLE indignation is expressed by the Rev. Father Fitzgerald at the treatment a letter of his recently received from the Swansea Board of Guardians, and he sends to the Press a copy of the letter and the comments reported thereon. He says the comments were an insult to the seven thousand Catholics of Swansea:—

[Copy of letter.]

St. Joseph's, Greenhill,
Swansea,
Feb. 15, 1897.

DEAR REV SIR,—Will the Guardians kindly grant permission for the Sisters of St. Joseph's Convent to visit the Catholic children in the Cottage Homes?—Yours sincerely,
C. J. FITZGERALD.

To the Rev. J. Gomer Lewis,
D.D., Chairman of the Board
of Guardians.

[Answer.]

Mr. Philip Jenkins: "The Sisters are members of a secret society."

Mr. David Jenkins moved, "That the letter be allowed to lie on the table for an indefinite period—say, until the priests got married."

Mr. Johnson seconded the amendment, which was carried.

—From the Counsellor.

[We wish all our local authorities would act with similar firmness against our open and secret foes.—ED.]

O ZION !

(Written for a gentleman just returned from Jerusalem.)

O mountains of Zion, O hills of Judea,
What charm had the sound of your names to my ear ;
How keen was the longing to breathe in the place
Where Jesus unfolded His mission of grace.

And now I have seen thee, O land of delights ;
Have traversed thy valleys, and breathed on thy heights ;
Have tearfully stepped on Gethsemane's sod,
And tried to remember the groans of my God.

But oh the rank filth, and the beggars that lie on
The highways and byways of beautiful Zion ;
The trafficking Arabs, the Jews of the city,
Alike, in their turn, move our scorn or our pity.

Ah ! children of Judah, the house of your pride
Is left to you desolate—Christ is denied ;
The robbers still linger on Jericho's way,
And Simon the Pharisee lives there to-day.

But Olivet's mountain and Calvary's height,
And the cedars of Lebanon, stand in their might ;
And the Man who was God is as able to save,
As when His voice quieted Galilee's wave.

His footsteps through Bethany's village I traced
(Though, where man *could* do it, His marks are erased) ;
And memory will hug, with a thrill of delight,
Those pictures of Canaan which gladdened my sight.

Yet, not in the city, and not in the street,
And not on the mountain my Lord did I meet ;
And heaven is as near at the desk or the store,
As it was when I dreamed by Gennesaret's shore.

Galleywood, February, 1897.

M. A. CHAPLIN.

SENSIBLE joys and consolations in God do encourage and enlarge the heart ; but these are not so general to all, nor so constant to any. Love is the abounding fixed spring of ready obedience, and will make the heart cheerful in serving God, even without those felt comforts, when He is pleased to deny or withdraw them.—*Archbishop Leighton.*

DEEP convictions of sin will not spring from rational consideration. No man can work them in his own soul ; they are the arrows of the Holy Ghost. And when He sends them they stick fast ; they can neither be drawn out by human skill nor the wounds healed by human balm, such as self-righteousness, business, or diversions.—*Rev. J. Berridge.*

OBITUARY OF JOHN JEAYS, OF LEICESTER.

THE following is a brief account of our dear father's end, which may, we trust, be read with interest and profit by some of the Lord's exercised people. Our beloved father had for more than forty years been a partaker of grace. He was baptized at St. Peter's Lane Chapel, by Mr. Samuel, when a young man, and became a member of the Church there. He had during his life been favoured with some remarkable revelations of God, and had experienced seasons of wonderful blessing, especially in his younger days. He knew also what it was to go through deep waters of soul trouble, to a degree experienced by comparatively few. He dearly loved the habitation of God's house, and the society of His children; he was a companion of the afflicted, and delighted to comfort those that were in any trouble, as many can testify. About six months before he died he had a severe attack of sickness and diarrhœa, from the effects of which he never recovered. His chronic complaint (kidney disease) also rapidly developed, producing, as it frequently does, stupor and depression. In spite of all these things we clung to the hope that he would yet rally and recover, although he himself seemed to have solemn forebodings that his end was drawing near; his mind seemed dark and clouded, and he talked but little, but would sit for hours looking unutterably sad. We were all deeply pained to see him thus, as he was naturally of a very cheerful disposition. As the end drew nearer the gloom seemed to increase, and it was intensely painful to listen to his broken attempts to pray in family worship. Once while thus engaged he said he feared he was a "castaway," and burst into tears. The bondage and darkness of his mind was truly painful to witness, especially to those who so dearly loved him. We tried to comfort him, and cried earnestly to the Lord on his behalf, but he said he was afraid there was nothing better than a profession between him and a holy God. This was said to me a week before he died. I sought to lead his mind to the precious declarations of God's Word, such as, "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God," and other similar passages. The Lord was pleased to bless these simple yet sublime truths to his soul, so that at last he began to exclaim, "Oh, that is good news; that *has* done me good;" but it was not till Wednesday evening that the cloud was finally dispersed. During the night he awoke my mother, saying, he wanted to get up to praise Him as Job praised Him, and quoted those words, "On His head were many crowns." During the day also of Wednesday he had sent for my mother up-stairs to tell her, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in

no wise cast out," and had quoted that word of the Psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities."

Seeing a change on Thursday, we wired for my sister Annie, who was out of town. When she arrived, and asked him, "Is it well?" he replied, with much energy, "It is well; it is well with my soul," at the same time repeating, "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble," putting special emphasis on the word "stronghold." Again, he said, "How amazing is the goodness of God; He alone doeth wondrously." He said he had proved that He was a faithful God, and Satan a liar. I need not say how we rejoiced to see his captivity turned.

On the Saturday I went by train to Cheltenham, to fulfil my engagement there on the Lord's Day. Though I had greatly dreaded the thought of leaving my beloved father in such a critical condition, yet I was kept in perfect peace, resting on the words the Lord had given me that morning concerning him, namely, "My loving-kindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer My faithfulness to fail."

On the Sunday morning he asked my mother and sister to sing to him, and joined with all his strength in singing to the praise of his blessed Redeemer. When told it was Sunday morning, he said, "Tell Mr. Turner I am going home." Mr. Turner had kindly been to see him several times. Many times he said, "It will not be long; ask the Lord to come." His joy seemed too great for utterance. Upon my sister Annie remarking to some one who stood at the foot of the bed looking at him, "This is no theory," he heard it, and said, "No." My sister said, "This is the power of God;" he said, "Yes yes." All day on Sunday he longed to be gone, and when my sister Annie said, "Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly," he replied, "That's the word." About five o'clock in the afternoon he began to sing, and kept on for an hour and a-half, singing, "Praise the Lord!" "Bless the Lord!" "Hallelujah!" His voice expressed something of the glory which his soul felt, and his face beamed with a heavenly radiance. He did not cease till quite exhausted, and soon after had a terrible fit of choking, which brought him quite double in the bed, the perspiration standing upon his face with agony. He said to one of my sisters, "Oh, my dear, let me die," but when laid back upon the pillow he looked up with a smile and said, "All is well!" "Bless the Lord!" After this he seemed much weaker, but even when unable to speak out plainly they could catch the sound of blessing and praise in his throat. Once my mother turned to someone entering the room, and said in an undertone, "I believe he will sing while he has got breath." He heard it, and quickly made answer, "I shall."

I returned by the mail train from Cheltenham on Sunday night, with the hope of once more seeing him alive. When I arrived he was unconscious ; but, oh, what a change I saw ! His face looked perfectly heavenly, like the countenance of one who was an inhabitant of that "better country." I watched to see if he would revive, and, blessed be God ! he did, and immediately, as I listened closely, I could hear him praising and blessing God in his throat. Later, as I was lying on a couch at the foot of the bed, he broke out quite distinctly, "Bless the Lord." I jumped up eagerly and went to his side, and, taking his hand in mine, I said, "It's all victory now." He could not speak, but squeezed my hand in token of assent. I said, "It's all glory now," and again he squeezed my hand. Upon my saying "Soon be home," he again pressed my hand to show he understood and appreciated. After this, he gradually sank, and fell asleep like a little child, about half-past four o'clock on Monday afternoon.

Deeply mourning the loss of such a parent, we nevertheless adore that God who gave him such an abundant entrance into His eternal kingdom and glory, and us the unspeakable privilege of witnessing his triumphant departure. Never can we forget it. His trials are now ended ; he has gone in to his King's presence ; his body peacefully sleeps till the resurrection morn—

"Until the Easter glory lights the skies,
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise."

May we have grace to follow him who now through faith and patience inherits the promises.

J. C. JEAYS.

P.S.—Our dear father was, at the time of his death, a member of the Church at Zion Chapel, under the pastorate of Mr. Hazlerigg.—J. C. J.

PRAYING always, is the Christian's motto. One can just as well conceive of a living man entirely destitute of all fears, passions, hopes, affections, desires, yea, of breath also, as of a regenerate soul living without constant prayer to God. Prayer is the spiritual breathing of a quickened soul.—*W. Mason.*

CONSCIENCE, under the influence of the Word and Spirit of Jesus Christ, condemns as God condemns, and acquits as He acquits. It lays hold of the cleansing Word and justifying righteousness of Jesus Christ. When this is the case all sins are swept for ever into the depths of the sea. God as a Judge acquits eternally, and embraces the rebel in His arms as a child.—*Howells.*

"HE THAT HATH MY WORD, LET HIM SPEAK
MY WORD FAITHFULLY."

(JEREMIAH **xxiii**, 28.)

"For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears."—2 TIMOTHY iv. 3.

IF there ever was a time when these words were verified, it is in the present day. In the first place, what is sound doctrine? Is it constantly dwelling on the doctrinal and experimental parts of God's Word, and suppressing or neglecting the precepts and exhortations thereof? Surely not. Yet such preaching prevails to a lamentable extent. Did Jesus Christ teach unsound doctrine when He said, "If ye know these things, blessed are ye if ye do them?" Paul, after many exhortations, charges Timothy, "These things command and teach" (1 Tim. iv. 11). Again, "Receive with meekness the engrafted Word, which is able to save your souls. But be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves" (James i. 21). "Let my heart be sound in Thy statutes; that I be not ashamed" (Psalm cxix. 80).

Reader, if you can wallow in sin as the swine wallows in the mire, if you can add drunkenness to thirst, and then say in your heart, "in Christ I am clean every whit;" if you avoid a faithful preacher of the Word, and prefer those who wrest the Scriptures to their own destruction and yours also; then truly you do, "after your own lusts," heap to yourself teachers; and, if grace prevent not, your itching ears shall tingle when Christ shall say, "I know you not;" for such teaching and such hearing God hath nothing to do with; "It shall be as when a hungry man dreameth, and, behold, he eateth; but he awaketh and his soul is empty" (Isaiah xxix. 8).

We have read much that is true about the evils of the supply system, let us also see what God says about some pastors. "The pastors also transgressed against Me" (Jer. ii. 8). "For the pastors are become brutish, and have not sought the Lord: therefore they shall not prosper, and all their flocks shall be scattered" (x. 21). "Woe be unto the pastors that destroy and scatter the sheep of My pasture! saith the Lord" (xxiii. 1). "Many pastors have destroyed My vineyard" (xii. 10). Nevertheless, His gracious promise is, "I will give you pastors according to Mine heart, which shall feed you with knowledge and understanding" (iii. 15). "And He gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for

the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ" (Eph. iv. 11). Ezekiel was a faithful witness for God, and God said of his hearers, "Lo, thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument: for they hear thy words, but they do them not" (Ezek. xxxiii. 32). Surely, these are not sheep, but ravening wolves. In the next chapter the Lord hath a controversy against false shepherds, who feed themselves and not the flock, and these are worthless either as pastors or supplies. As of old, "The harvest is great, but the labourers are few." Here is the remedy, "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He would send forth *labourers* into His harvest" (Luke x. 2).

"O Lord, exert Thy power,
And make Thy Gospel spread,
And thrust out preachers more,
With voice to raise the dead;
With feet to run where Thou dost call,
With faith to fight and conquer all."

J. J.

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GOD is no more niggardly in giving than He is in promising.—*Romaine.*

WHAT idle chatterers there are in the visible Church of God, who are always talking, talking, talking about religion, and know nothing secretly of groaning and crying unto the Lord! Bunyan has drawn their character with a masterly hand under the name of "Talkative," in his "Pilgrim's Progress." Who so forward as these to discuss the most knotty point of doctrine; and who so backward to call upon the Lord in secret? Who so forward with their tongue; and who so backward with their heart and hand? Who so much for the mere talk of the lip; and who so ignorant of the hard labour and severe exercises of a troubled and tried soul? Who so ready to condemn others; who so slow to condemn themselves? Who so nimble with the letter of Scripture; who so ignorant of the power? With them it is all talk, talk, that tends only to penury. They will never profit your souls, children of God. Talkative associates will never be your help and comfort, if you are labouring under heavy loads. It is the meek, quiet, humble, broken-hearted, exercised family of God, who have often not a word to say, and can only speak as they feel some little power moving in their heart, that will be your choice associates. Take Solomon's advice, ye that fear God, "Go from the presence of a foolish man, when thou perceivest not in him the lips of knowledge" (Prov. xiv. 7).—*J. C. Philpot.*

THE EVERLASTING THEME AND OCCUPATION.

IN her collective capacity, the Church, as the body of Christ, shall herself afford an everlasting theme to all the other inhabitants of the universe who are or shall be created. They shall look upon the Bride, the Lamb's wife, and they shall glorify God in her. She shall be at once the teacher and the lesson. Jesus, by His Spirit, shall be their eternal Instructor. "He will dwell with them;" "They shall see His face." With them He will look back to the places of their nativity, their birth, their country, and their kindred. Their trials, the seen and unseen dangers to which they were exposed, and the undeserved blessings that were vouchsafed, shall be rehearsed. The means of their conversion, the preservation of their faith, and the time and circumstances of their death, shall be fully remembered. In the abundance of their satisfaction the redeemed shall exclaim, "'He hath done all things well.' The covenant was ordered in all things and sure. Not one pang too many, not a sorrow too great, not a trial too severe. From the cradle to the grave, all was right and wise and good!"

The faithful minister and the missionary shall say, "We have not laboured in vain, nor spent our strength for naught." The parent shall exclaim, "My prayers have not been lost upon my child." The tried and afflicted Christian shall acknowledge that his deep trials were his greatest blessings. All the saved shall be perfectly and eternally satisfied. In the gladness and gratitude of their hearts, they shall come to the throne of glory, arrayed in their white robes; they shall be there presented faultless, and "without spot" in soul and body.

Bright and lovely with the comeliness of the imputed righteousness of their Head and Saviour, they shall cast their crowns at His feet, and strike their golden harps, saying, "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him who sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever."—*Stevenson*.

WHEN you do not consult Christ, you will blunder; when you do not lean on His arm, you will fall; and when you do not drink of His comforts, you drink poison.—*Romaine*.

"SHAPEN in iniquity," the common lot of all men. Hence it was not any loveliness in persons elected which moved God to love them at first. He chose them for that blessed image He would afterwards imprint upon them, and He still prosecutes His work, notwithstanding their backslidings, which were all foreknown and may eclipse His love, but not remove it.—*Rev. J. Berridge*.

CRUCIFIED WITH CHRIST.

How must we be crucified with Christ? In partnership, in person, in partnership of the suffering—every particularity of Christ's crucifixion is reacted in us. Christ is the model, we the metal: the metal takes such form as the model gives it. Every believing Christian, hath both the lashes and wounds and transfixions of his Jesus wrought upon him. The crown of thorns pierces his head, when his sinful conceits are mortified; his lips are drenched with gall and vinegar, when sharp restraints are given to his tongue; his hands and feet are nailed, when he is, by God's Spirit, disabled to the wonted courses of sin; his body is stripped, when all colour and pretences are taken away from him; his heart is pierced, when the life blood of his formerly-reigning corruptions are let out. He is no true Christian that is not thus crucified with Christ.—*Bishop Hall*, 1650.

LONGING FOR REST.

"In Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."—PSALM xvi. 11.

O FOR that happy shore!
Blest land of joy and peace,
Where we shall sigh and sin no more,
Where our dear Saviour is.

No carking care or woe,
No anguish or distress,
In heaven there ne'er was known to flow
A tear of bitterness.

Nought, nought shall e'er destroy
The bliss of that abode,
'Twill all be love, and peace, and joy,
A blessed rest in God.

P. I.

A MORAL action, when done with a Christian spirit, is changed into a heavenly grace.—*Romaine*.

WHAT God permits His Church's enemies to do, is for His own further glory; and reserving this, there is not any wrath of man so great, but He will either sweetly calm it, or strongly restrain it.—*Archbishop Leighton*.

"WHEN I awake with Thy likeness." Delightful prospect! My sin eternally annihilated! My soul so admirably prepared and disciplined by the Lord as to enable me to enter into the richest and sweetest friendship with Him.—*Howells*.

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

MY VERY DEAREST B——,—I have thought much of you since last evening, and hope I was helped to pray for you this morning, dear, that the Lord would strengthen you to let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven. I was reading the 5th of Matthew this morning: what blessings are pronounced upon those who carry out the precept of His Word! though I know we need daily and hourly to cry for help to do this. This verse seemed so nice, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God," but how hard this seems at times; yet the Saviour has said, "Take up thy cross daily and follow Me." I do want to resemble Him more, but, oh, I am not like Jesus, as any one can see. I seem to get worse every day. Oh, if I could get away from wretched self, and look away to the dear Saviour, who is able to save to the uttermost! It is a sweet thought to me that He ever liveth to make intercession. These words have been with me the last day or two—

"There we shall see His face,
And never, never sin;
There from the river of His grace
Drink endless pleasures in."

But I often doubt, dear, whether I shall reach the desired haven of rest.

"To Thee my spirits fly,
With infinite desire,
And yet how far from Thee I lie—
Dear Jesus, raise me higher."

I want Him that was wounded to draw the arrows out and heal my heart, but it is such a long waiting. May the dear Lord increase my feeble faith.

"Oh could I but believe,
Then all would easy be;
I would, but cannot, Lord, relieve,
My help must come from Thee."

Sometimes when I am on my knees my thoughts travel far away from what I am asking. What a grief and burden this is to me! How I pray to the Lord to sprinkle my poor breathings with His precious blood.

"When I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixed with all I do."

Yet, dear, it gives one a little encouragement when you hear of God's children passing through the same. My prayer and wish for you is, that the Lord would lift up the light of His coun-

tenance upon you, and give you peace, that peace the world knows nothing of. How kind the Saviour has been to me in placing me in the midst of so many of His dear children. Must now conclude ; and believe me, dearest B——, ever your loving friend and sister,
E.

August 14th, 1896.

"LO, I AM WITH YOU ALWAY."

(MATTHEW xxviii. 20.)

JESUS, whisper sweetly with Thy love Divine ;
Speak so soft, so tender, tell me I am Thine ;
Tell me Thou dost love me with unchanging love ;
Grant a sweet, a gracious smile
From heaven above.

Jesus, send Thy Spirit down into my heart,
Then that dreadful hardness, Lord, will soon depart ;
Make me, Lord, Thy temple, fill me with Thy grace ;
Guide me with Thy loving hand,
Show me Thy face.

When the way seems lonely, friends are far away,
When the heart grows weary in the pilgrim way ;
Then let rays of comfort from Thy glory dawn,
Turn the night of weeping drear
Into joy of morn.

Give me grace to battle, 'till the conflict's o'er,
Then I'll leave my armour on this earthly shore ;
Cross the peaceful river, enter into rest,
Sing the song of the redeemed,
For ever blest.

Leicester.

N. B.

FAITH is a grace of new covenant love. It is a precious gift which is bestowed upon all the beloved of God. It is a grace peculiar to them only ; hence it is called the faith of God's elect (Tit. i. 1). For "all men have not faith." Oh, believer, remember time was when you had not one grain of this precious grace of faith ; ever consider that the faith of God's elect beholds and fixes upon God's "chosen Servant, His beloved Son, in whom His soul delighteth ;" ever know that Jesus is both the Author and Object of your faith. So sure as your faith fixes upon Christ as its only object for life and salvation, so sure are you beloved and chosen of God. This you may be as fully assured of as though Christ was now upon earth and told you so with His infallible lips of truth. Faith manifests itself to be of God, and proves that the believer is beloved of God, and born of God.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER,—This day I have arrived to the age of fifty-seven years, which is months and years by far beyond what I once expected to arrive to ; but in this I have found that my thoughts were not the thoughts and ways of the Lord ; for had they been so, it would have been sin and sorrow, misery and wretchedness in this life, and hell and destruction in the world to come, as the just desert of my sin and rebellion against the God that made me. In this we do well to reflect on what we have been, as Hart observes, and that this good and gracious God had respect unto us when thus in our sin, and—

“ When, lower and lower we every day fell,
He put forth His power, and snatched me from hell.”

Yet, though the good Lord hath performed this great work upon me years past, and led and fed me up to this age, I have not one good work to plead, nor anything in and of self to name, when I approach unto God, as a reason why His favours, temporal and spiritual, should be continued unto me ; for my all is nothing worth, and my soul rests alone on the merits, blood, and righteousness and all-prevalent intercession of God's beloved Son. My Husband and Elder Brother, who engaged with His and our Father in Him, as our glorious Surety, to pay that infinite debt that I had run to Divine justice, by fulfilling that law that I in all things had broken, so becoming our Righteousness, and after that to bear the curse due to us for our sins, being made a curse for us. Thus He becomes our Life and our Salvation, and in His own time sends His good Spirit to quicken us when dead in trespasses and sins ; and He brings us to know the state and condition in which we are, both by nature and practice, and also leads the soul to know that salvation from this is alone from God, and so opens our blind eyes to see that Jesus Christ is the Way appointed to save the lost, the Truth set forth in all the types and sacrifices of the Old Testament, and in all the prophets have written and testified concerning Him ; and thus we have the testimony of God the Spirit, the Holy Word of God, the testimony of the holy Prophets, who wrote and spake as they were led by the Spirit ; so that the whole of God's Word, which is a revelation of the love, mercy, and grace of God the Father, Son, and Blessed Spirit—all unite and declare that salvation from sin, the curse of the law, the power of Satan and eternal death, is all from the free grace of this our Covenant God, and not for the worth or worthiness of the creature. The longer I live, the more I am made sensible of this, and, notwithstanding my utter unworthiness of the least of all God's mercy, grace, and salvation, and also of

eternal blessedness, glory, holiness, happiness, and likeness to the Son of God; seeing Him as He is and being like Him, yet this is my hope, as being predestinated to this by the eternal love and grace of God, my good Father. Oh, it is very blessed to be the workmanship of God. The Holy Spirit is a Rock, and will perfect this work He hath begun, and so present us in this glorious likeness of the Son of God, that so we may be brought to shout eternal victory over all evil within or without us, by this sovereign grace of the eternal Three-in-One. Our own God in covenant designed me to be brought into this wealthy place, and to have my greatness thus increased, and to be comforted on every side. The Lord hath led me through fires and through waters, yea, hath led me to know the Mystery of Iniquity, of enmity, of unbelief, and almost all manner of evil dwelling there with the power, malice, temptations, delusions, errors, and snares that he has suited to these our vile hearts and natures; so that when left in some measure in his power and to what is within us, he can make us, from what we have within us, think we are devils incarnate, and under these things we conclude that the devil's portion will be ours in time and to eternity. Yet, though I have looked for all curses, God hath turned them into blessings; so that, should you conclude against yourself because of your unworthiness, know assuredly that where sin abounds grace doth much more abound in our God of all grace. The good Lord bless you with grace to fear, believe in, love and serve Him here below, and prepare you for eternal glory. Amen.

Your Father,

Ely, March 4th, 1842.

THOS. PRIGG.

THE END OF THE WAY.

THIS life, 'tis a wearisome journey,
 I am sick of the noise and the heat;
 The heat of the sun beats upon me,
 And the briers have wounded my feet.
 To a city of joy I am journeying,
 That will more than my trials repay,
 And the toils of the way will seem nothing,
 When I get to the end of the way.

The hills which I have to climb over
 Make me weary and long for rest,
 But He who has appointed my pathway
 Knows what is most needful and best.
 know in His Word He has promised
 That strength shall be as my day,
 And the toils and the road will seem nothing,
 When I get to the end of the way.

The Sower, August, 1897.



MR. J. P. WILES.

TENISON ROAD CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.

PASTOR, MR. J. P. WILES, M.A.

IN the year 1842 a few people met for worship in a school-room in Elm Street, Cambridge, and continued to do so with, perhaps, one or two interruptions, till the year 1861. They then bought a piece of ground in Paradise Street, and built a place of worship, which they called Hope Chapel. For many years they had no pastor; the pulpit was served by supplies. On July 20th, 1892, they unanimously chose Mr. J. P. Wiles for their pastor. Since that date their numbers have increased to such an extent that the need of a larger chapel has been felt for some time past.

In November of last year it was resolved to purchase a site in Tenison Road, at a cost of £480, and that amount was raised in four months. The means adopted for raising the sum were simple and, by God's blessing, effectual. Some circulars were sent to generous friends; two boxes were placed in the chapel for contributions and cleared once a week; a few collecting cards were issued, and constant prayer was offered to the God of heaven (Nehem. ii. 4). Building operations were begun in May; the architect is Mr. Walter Bell, of Cambridge, and the builders are Messrs. Bell and Son, of Saffron Walden. The chapel is to be of red brick, with stone dressings. A portion will be partitioned off as a schoolroom; but if the congregation should increase sufficiently, the partition will be removed, and there will then be sittings for nearly 350 people. After this, the accommodation could be further increased by the building of a gallery. The extreme inside length will be 61 feet 7 inches, and the width 35 feet 6 inches. It is expected that the building will be ready for use in the autumn.

On Thursday, July 1st, the last anniversary of the old chapel was held. Mr. Morriss, of Hitchin, and Mr. J. Oldfield, of Godmanchester, preached in the morning and evening, instead of Mr. Hull, who was ill; and in the afternoon the foundation stone of the new chapel was laid by Mr. Joseph Sturton, in the presence of a large congregation assembled under a marquee within the rising walls. The pastor began with prayer, and the following hymn, adapted from Montgomery, was then sung:—

“ This stone, O Lord, in faith we lay;
We fain would build a house to Thee:
Thine eye be open night and day
To guard and bless Thy sanctu'ry.

“ Here when Thy people seek Thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear Thou in heaven Thy dwelling place,
And when Thou hearest, oh, forgive!

"Here when Thy messengers proclaim
The blessed Gospel of Thy Son,
Still, by the power of Jesus' name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

"But will the God of heaven deign
To be within these walls a Guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

"Oh, may Thy glory ne'er depart!
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone:
Thy kingdom come within each heart;
Within our bosoms fix Thy throne."

Mr. Sturton then laid the stone, and delivered a short address, in which he showed that there was good reason why the chapel should be built. He also spoke in the most affectionate terms of his own life-long knowledge of Mr. Wiles, and of the value which he put upon his ministry. Finally, he exhorted the people to cleave to their pastor in love, and invited strangers to come and hear for themselves what the preaching was.

Mr. Wiles then spoke nearly as follows:—

"God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." That, my beloved friends, is the Gospel, as it was preached by Jesus Christ. For the preaching of that Gospel, and for that only, this chapel is being built. I have wished, therefore, that the first utterance addressed to a congregation on this spot should be that Gospel, in the very words of Him who is the substance of the Gospel; that the ground might be, as it were, sanctified thereby. Here we shall have no other attractions; no "pleasant Sunday afternoons," except as they are made pleasant with the sacred pleasure of the worship of the living God.

It is not, however, my intention to preach to you now a Gospel sermon. This is not the time for that. I wish to say a few words suited to the present occasion.

We have strangers with us this afternoon, and we are glad to see them. We love to see strangers with us; we say to them, "Come with us, and we will do you good." But I hear one of them ask me three plain questions: "Who are you?" "What are you doing?" "What do you want?" Very fair questions, my friend, and very much to the point. I will try to answer them one by one, clearly and briefly.

1. We are Christians; and our creed is fully set forth in the first of our Articles of Faith: "We believe in the authenticity and Divine inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, which we receive

as a gracious revelation of the mind and will of God." But the law of England calls us Particular Baptists. The disciples were first called Christians at Antioch. I cannot tell you where they, or any portion of them, were first called Particular Baptists. However, we are not ashamed of the name. We are called "Baptists" because we submit to Christ's command, "Teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." We are called "Particular," not because we think that nobody is going to heaven but ourselves, but because we believe that Jesus Christ said what He meant, and meant what He said, when He uttered those memorable words, "I lay down My life for the sheep."

2. We are building a larger chapel, because we wish to make known more widely the old-fashioned and eternal truths of the Word of God. Believing as we do that God is a Sovereign, and saves whom He will save; believing as we do that man is dead in trespasses and sins, and that his will is, and has been since the fall, in bondage to evil; believing in the power of the Holy Ghost to quicken souls, and in the virtue of the blood of Jesus to cleanse from all sin;—we desire to deliver to all who will come to hear us the old message, in all its authority and all its freeness, "Repent ye, and believe the Gospel:" "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

3. Lastly, my friend, if I remember right, you asked me, "What do you want?" In the first place, we desire the salvation of your soul; and to this end we desire your presence among us. "Come with us, and we will do you good." Who knows but that God may cause you to hear in this place words for which you will praise Him to all eternity? And then we want to get out of debt. God has given us this land. We cried to Him, and He answered our prayers. I once thought of the walls of Jericho; and I paced up and down seven times along the sixty feet frontage of this ground, and prayed to the God of heaven, "O God, give me this land by March! O God, give me this land by March!" And before March was out the money was all in the bank, and I wrote my cheque. Since then we have received £61, of which we have spent £11. The old chapel is sold for £250, so that we have now £300 towards the £1,500 which this building will cost; and we humbly leave it to our God to give it in such quantities, at such times, and by such means, as His wisdom and His love see fit. And when He has done it, we will say, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory, for Thy mercy, and for Thy truth's sake."

Dr. Watts' hymn, "Great is the Lord our God," was next sung; and then Mr. Wren, of Bedford, addressed the meeting thus:—

My dear friends, we are come together to-day to further the work of the kingdom of God. Now let me say that the kingdom of God should claim our first and best energies. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God."

1. The preaching of the Word of the kingdom is one of the chief things of the kingdom of God. In Acts viii. we have an account of Philip's preaching. He preached the Word unto the people, preached *Christ* unto them, preached concerning the things of the kingdom of God, and preached unto the eunuch, Jesus. It should be our aim to preach the Word of the kingdom to the people as it is, without any attempt at human improvement. Neither should tradition, however old, or from whatever source, have any authority over the preacher in his use of the Word, or in his interpretation of Scripture. The sermons of Jesus Christ, recorded in the Gospels, and those of the Apostles in the Acts, ought to be our models.

2. The next thing is a convenient place to meet in for the preaching of the Word. Your old chapel has become too small for your growing numbers, and the necessity of building a larger one is forced upon you. I have had to pass through the same experience. The preaching of the Word was the means of filling your old chapel, and, I trust, will be the means of filling this. God will bless His Word, and will surely prosper those who faithfully preach it to the people. In such an undertaking as this you will find many difficulties. You have already found some, and many new ones will arise. God sends them that we may not be able to be independent of Himself. Prayer is our only resource. God will hear prayer; and by these things we know that He is with us. I am not superstitiously attached to buildings. Some will say, "I am sorry to leave the old place. The sweet seasons I have had there have endeared the place to me." Many persons said that concerning the old chapel at Bedford. But I had a note the other day from a person, who said, "God has made the new chapel as dear to me as the old one." It is God's presence that makes the building dear. Bring His presence with you, and you have everything which makes the place to be the house of God.

3. God has two purposes in instituting public worship. "And God said, Build Me a tabernacle;" and though the type has passed away, the spiritual substance of the type remains, and is carried to its highest point on Christian lines. God said, "Here will I meet with you." And the other purpose was that the people might meet with God. Let this be our purpose too.

4. Another thing I wish to speak to you about is the persuasiveness of God. However irresistible the power of God

is in the Word of the kingdom, it manifests itself in its own irresistible persuasiveness upon the hearts of men. The words God has chosen to describe His saving work upon the heart are such as these: "I have drawn"; "to draw"; "to persuade;" "laying meat;" "calling unto men;" and very many others in which is found the very essence of persuasiveness; and by this men become willing in the day of His power.

5. If God's gracious power chooses such a course of irresistible persuasiveness, then that ministry is the best copy of God's mind and ways which persuades men. There are grounds upon which it is founded; "The terror of the Lord" is one; the resurrection and eternal judgment is another; "The kingdom of heaven is at hand" is another. W. Bridge says that, "God's institutions are always beneath the work which He accomplishes by them." The preaching of the Gospel is God's appointed means to open blind eyes; and the preacher, the weak and helpless instrument, is sent to *do the impossible*. But every sent servant of Jesus Christ has in the background a power (of which he is conscious at times) equal to every exhortation and invitation given in the Holy Scriptures.

6. God's purpose in the preaching of the Word is that men might be saved. Now, if I am God's servant, shall I not heartily enter into this purpose of saving men? The Lord Jesus and the Apostles went and preached that men should repent and believe the Gospel. Did they discuss with men whether men were able to repent and believe? No; indeed not. They testified upon Divine authority that this was God's way of saving men, and they put these things before the people as real facts, and not as mere theory.

7. Another purpose of God in the preaching of His Word is the feeding of His sheep. "Feed My sheep;" "Feed My lambs;" "Feed the flock of slaughter;" "Take care of My sheep;" and God prepares the minds of His servants so as to answer to this purpose.

8. God had another purpose in the preaching of His Word, namely, to leave the rejecter of His Word without excuse. You who have heard the Gospel of God preached cannot be in the same condition before God as those who have never heard it. There is a kind of responsibility laid upon those who hear the Gospel. To say that there is no sin in not believing the Gospel, is to contradict the Scriptures. Why did not the people who came out of Egypt enter into the promised land? "So we see that they could not enter in because of unbelief." Is this "because" an evidential one or a moral one? Again, "He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar, because he believeth not

the testimony that God gave of His Son." Is this "because" evidential—or is it a moral "because?" Unbelief of the Gospel is called disobedience; but how can it be disobedience in the case of that person upon whom the Gospel has no claim? Let us, my brethren, keep close to the Scriptures. The reasonings of men may seem wise, but when set by the side of the Scriptures, such wisdom loses all its lustre.

9. The minister should be careful so to speak as to be clear from the blood of all men. Ezekiel's rule was Paul's rule; and their rule is our rule to day. Ezekiel's authority was from the glorious Lord; Paul's authority was from the glorified Son of God; and our authority is from Him who says, "All authority is given unto Me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore." In this command of Christ the condition of the people is not named. It is not because *they* have power, or have no power, but because "*I have all power. Go ye therefore.*"

10. The people who love the Gospel should be helpers of the minister in doing this work of the Lord. Many persons who claim to love the Gospel are real hinderers instead of helpers in this work. This ought not to be the case.

11. One word more. Lying between here and Bedford there are several fields which, twenty-one years ago, were in a fair condition of cultivation. When agricultural depression set in, they were left in a semi-wild state. Now there is some slight improvement in agriculture, the farmer is turning up these fallow fields, with a view to putting in the seed. So there have been during the last thirty years many a sermon preached, and not a single word addressed to the sinner. Like the unploughed fields, year after year no care was bestowed upon them. But now several of God's servants on His great farm feel they have not been faithful to God, nor to the souls of their hearers, unless they have preached the Gospel to sinners also. And because of this turning up the fallow ground here at Cambridge, you require a larger chapel. This is the secret of your success. I will say now what I have never yet said before your pastor's face, that I highly esteem his ministry. My people love him for his work's sake. And if I were a hearer, and in want of a *Sunday home*, I should come to Cambridge, and hear Mr. Wiles. May God's blessing be upon you in your undertaking.

The meeting then sang Dr. Watts' well-known hymn—

"God in His earthly temple lays
Foundations for His heavenly praise,"

and Mr. Morris concluded with prayer.

The collection at this service was £62 0s. 3½d., and the collec-

tions throughout the day, with one or two subsequent additions, came to £75 15s. 6d. We thank God and take courage.

[Friends will do well to help Mr. Wiles and his people in their good work; will all our readers try and send a subscription, and our younger friends might send for a collecting card, and thus all lend a helping hand in raising this much-needed building. The Pastor's address is Mr. J. P. Wiles, Warkworth House, Cambridge.—ED.]

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF THE DEVOTED MISSIONARY, HENRY MARTYN.

“BLESSED be God, I have now experienced that Christ is the power of God and the wisdom of God. What a blessing is the Gospel! No heart can conceive its excellence but that which has been renewed by Divine grace. What does it signify whether we be rich or poor if we are sons of God? How unconscious are they of their real greatness, and they will be so till they find themselves in glory. When we contemplate our everlasting inheritance it seems too good to be true, yet it is no more than is due to the kindred of ‘God manifested in the flesh.’

“How awful and awakening a consideration is it that God judgeth not as man judgeth! Our character before Him is precisely as it was before or after any change of external circumstances. Men may applaud or revile, and make a man think differently of himself, but He judgeth of a man according to his secret walk. How difficult is the work of self-examination. How needful, then, the prayer of the Psalmist, ‘Search me, O God, and try my heart, and see if there be any evil way in me.’ Men frequently admire me, and I am pleased; but I abhor the pleasure I feel. Oh, did they but know that my root is rottenness. I heard Farish preach at Trinity Church, on Luke xii. 4, 5, and was deeply impressed with the necessity of the fear of God. What a sink of corruption is the heart! and yet I can go from day to day in self-seeking and self-pleasing. Lord, show me myself as nothing but ‘wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores,’ and teach me to live by faith on Christ my All. The reading of the Prophets is to me one of the most delightful employments; one cannot but be charmed with the beauty of the imagery, while they never fail to inspire me with awful thoughts of God and of His hatred of sin.”

To his sister he writes: “You have been the instrument in the hands of Providence of bringing me to a serious sense of things, for at the time of father's death I was using such methods to alleviate my sorrow as I almost shudder to recollect.”

“Preached at St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row, under the care

of Richard Cecil. Before leaving for India I was introduced to the aged and venerable John Newton, who, expecting soon to be gathered to his people, 'rejoiced to give the young minister about to proceed on his embassy of love his benediction.'

On another day Martyn says: "Breakfasted with the venerable Newton, who made several striking remarks in reference to my work. He said he had heard of a clever gardener who would sow the seeds when the meat was put down to roast, and engaged to produce a salad by the time it was ready; but the Lord did not sow oaks in this way. On my saying that perhaps I should never live to see much fruit, he answered, I should have a birdseye view of it, which would be better. When I spoke of the opposition that I should be likely to meet with, he said he supposed Satan would not love me for what I was about to do. The old man prayed afterwards with sweet simplicity; our hearts seemed full of the joy which comes from the communion of saints."

His loving friend, Charles Simeon, of Cambridge, for whom he had officiated as curate, accompanied him to the ship when he set sail from the Channel. He writes: "It was a very painful moment to me when I awoke on the morning after you left us. Though it was actually what I had been long looking forward to, yet the consideration of being parted for ever from my friends almost overcame me. It was only by prayer for them that I could be comforted, and this was indeed a refreshment to my soul, because by meeting them at a throne of grace I seemed to be again in their society."

"MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT FOR THEE."

(2 CORINTHIANS xii. 9.)

A BELIEVER finds himself weak in knowledge; a simple child in the knowledge of God, and Divine things. He is weak in love, the sacred flame does not rise with a perpetual fervour. He is weak in faith, he cannot suspend his all upon God's promises with cheerful confidence; nor build a firm fabric of hope upon the Rock, Jesus Christ. He is weak in hope; his hope is dashed with rising billows of fears and jealousies. He is weak in repentance; troubled with that plague of plagues, a hard heart. He is weak in resisting temptations; he is weak in prayer, in filial boldness in approaching the mercy-seat. He is weak in courage to encounter the king of terrors. He is weak in everything in which he should be strong. These weaknesses the believer feels, and bitterly laments; and this sense of weakness keeps him dependent on Divine strength, enabling him to say, "When I am weak, then am I strong."—*President Davies, 1750.*

NOTES OF A SERMON.

PREACHED BY MR. T. HULL, AT EBENEZER CHAPEL, HASTINGS,
ON SUNDAY MORNING, 27TH JUNE, 1897.

"I acknowledged my sins unto Thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord, and Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sins. For this shall every one that is godly pray unto Thee in a time when Thou mayest be found."
—PSALM xxxii. 5, 6.

WHAT a mercy there is such a thing as forgiveness of sins ! Do you feel that to be a mercy ? I feel it the greatest of all mercies. If I had all other mercies, and had not that mercy of forgiveness, I should be undone—utterly undone ! To live and to die with sins unforgiven—oh, dreadful thought ! That is to be lost ! that is to perish from the Lord : to be for ever cast out from His presence, and to be a companion of devils and lost souls ! Oh, friends, have you realized this mercy ? Have you been enabled to say, God's mercy is sweet, and His salvation is great ? Have you entered into the experience of the Psalmist, who says at the commencement of this Psalm, "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven—whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile ?" There is a way of covering sin that is not blessed. When a man goes to work to cover it himself, he is not a blessed man, I am sure, and never will be while he is trying to do it. He never can have the favour of God, he can never realize the peace of God, for he never can cover sin and prosper. But when God covers it, He covers it with the imputed righteousness of Christ ; thus the sin is blotted out so that it cannot be seen, and put away so that it cannot be found. Yes, there is another covering put upon the sinner by God. He says, "Take away the filthy garments from him, and cover him with change of raiment." Oh, what a hiding of sin ! what a blessed covering of sin ! Oh, there is the joy of salvation there ; there is the favour of the Lord there ; there is the peace of God there. The forgiveness of sins is sweet.

"Forgiveness, 'tis a joyful sound,
To malefactors doomed to die."

Oh, may this blessing in our hearts be found this morning, that we may "redeeming grace enjoy."

David knew what it was to be a sinner, in more degrees than one. He knew what it was to be a sinner by nature, conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity, polluted from his very birth ; all unsound, altogether corrupt and unclean. He knew something

of the fall and its terrible results. He knew what it was to have a wicked heart, a heart full of uncleanness, full of abominations and evil workings, which often made him bow his head, and which often made him cry, like the Apostle, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" He knew that God understood him, because He searcheth the heart, and trieth the reins of the children of men. In that searching David had been convicted again and again, and brought to cry to God for special mercy, for pardoning grace, and for pardoning blood. And again and again God heard his cry, and blotted out his transgressions; washed his polluted soul and made him clean, and filled him with love, with peace, and with joy in His salvation; and such was his gladness he thought he should never sink so low, and be in such great trouble with his enemies and with his sins again. Yet no sooner did the Lord withdraw the light of His countenance and withhold His special supporting grace, than his mountain began to shake.

He knew what it was to be a marked sinner. Not only to be a sinner in general, as all men are by the fall; not only a sinner by daily transgressions and iniquities, but a sinner grieving the good Spirit of God, and afflicting the people of God, by bringing dreadful reproach upon the cause and name of the God of his salvation, and that even by adultery and blood-guiltiness. Ah! the beginning of evil is like the letting in of water. A rat may work its way through an embankment and let the water follow him; but the stream of water, though small, does not heal the breach, it makes it wider; the water rolls on and carries something with it, until the embankment at last gives way, and there comes a general outpour. So it is by the working of sin. Oh, friends, can you not see this morning, some times and circumstances in your experience when you have had to thank God that He had preserved the embankment; that He kept back the water-flood; that He did not suffer it to overflow you to your shame, reproach, and ruin? Oh, we know but little of God's preventing mercy. We know but little of His preserving hand. We may see it sometimes, but oh, how multitudinous are the instances where God has preserved us, and we have been unobservant. We have not realized our danger, therefore we did not realize the mercy of our deliverance.

But there is such a thing as being brought into judgment with God; and it is a mercy to be brought into judgment with Him in this life. If there is one here this morning that God has begun to work with, if He is judging them in their conscience, they will be writing all manner of things against themselves; they will be coming to the conclusion that there is no mercy for them, no hope for them, no salvation for them; they are too great sinners, too

black, too foul, too hell-deserving for God ever to have mercy on them. Yet while they tremble you and I can rejoice, because we know that God takes notice of such as tremble at His Word. When those who are brought to judgment turn to the Word of God, they cannot find the Word of God to be on their side, they cannot find its declarations in their favour, but all seems to be against them.

I will tell you how it seemed to be with me. It was like that flaming sword placed at the gate of Eden's garden, which turned every way—yes, every way,—so that there was no one point at which a poor sinner might come in from any quarter, no, not one! I was as given up, cast out, yea, as lost! These are the things they realize who are judged, and these are the conclusions they come to, yet God, in mercy, is carrying on His good work of salvation in their hearts, and He is just teaching them what they need to be saved from. He is just beginning to teach them that the salvation they need is so great that none but God can do it for them, and that there is no hope for them out of Christ; that no mercy can come unto them but through the precious blood of Christ. Now, those who are thus brought into judgment shall be justified. There is mercy with Him that He may be feared, and forgiveness that He may be sought unto. And God will surely teach them something better than their lost estate and their ruined condition. For by teaching them that, He will teach them the greatness of His salvation and the abundance of His mercy and His grace, and they will realize ere long the truth of that word, "He will abundantly pardon." Oh, what a blessed experience is that for a guilty sinner! "He will *abundantly* pardon." David came into a place some of us can understand a little about. Hardened under sin, not repentant, not filled with godly sorrow, not pouring out his confession before the Lord; but holding back, standing out against the admonitions of the Word of God, and standing out against the dispensations of God. Ah! God's hand may come down weightily upon such an one in providence, but that alone will not break his heart. There must be something more to break the sinner down, or it works wrath and enmity and a spirit of fighting against God in the heart, instead of humbling and breaking it down. "Day and night" (he says) "Thy hand was heavy upon me; my moisture is turned into the drought of summer." That was through keeping silence—that is, keeping back from free, open, sincere godly confession. "When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long." I was vexed, I was annoyed, I rebelled, I complained against God, and my bones became like the drought of summer under all this.

Need we wonder at it? Who ever hardened himself against God and prospered? Who ever hardened himself in his sin and enjoyed the peace of God? He found out that it was a dry land, a desert place; he seems to have become thoroughly dried up, as though grace had vanished and died out and could not be found. "Day and night Thy hand was heavy upon me, my moisture is turned into the drought of summer." When that adulterous affair took place, he tried to do the best he could to get out of it, or through it, or by it; but God was marking his footsteps and his spirit all the time. It was some time before God met with him, and laid it to him, and made him feel it; but he was not to be given up to hardness, he was not to be a castaway. He was a godly man, but he fell—yes, he fell. Oh, how it shows that the most godly are not proof against the temptations of the enemy and the lusts of their own flesh. It proves that we are all liable to fall, unless kept in the hour of temptation. Solomon was the most renowned man for wisdom upon the face of the earth, and yet he was led astray by foolish women; yes, *foolish* women led the *wise* man astray! Oh, how the weakness of the creature is sometimes seen when God withholds His preserving power. This action of David was marked in Heaven, godly man as he was, a man of a tender and contrite spirit, as his writings fully prove; yet he tried to compass the matter with his own ingenuity, and instead of openly confessing it before God, he resorted to this and to that stratagem to hide his sin. The devil always has the next step ready for a poor sinner when he begins to go wrong, but it is sure to be on the *decline*; it is his aim to bring his prey down lower and lower; so when David had got rid of that poor man Uriah, he thought, "The way is open; I can compass it without anyone knowing my guilt." But no, no, no, David; God won't have such crafty conduct in those He loves. I tell you, friends, as a witness for God, He will not have it; He marked it in David's case, but He took some time in bringing it to the light. We are told that Bathsheba bare David a son; so it was not a thing of a day or two, more or less; there was some time spent in trying to compass the matter, and to cloak it over, but God intended to have the thing brought to light. His love to David was such He would not leave him where his sin had put him, though he had hardened himself against God, and had acted so contrary to that blessed fear God had favoured him with.

The Prophet went to him, and put that parable before him concerning the poor man with his one ewe lamb. And David, a king, an upright man, a man of integrity could not think of such a thing being allowed, but said, "As the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this thing shall surely die. And he shall

restore the lamb fourfold, because he hath done this thing, and because he had no pity." And Nathan said unto David, Thou art the man ! " The arrow flew, it was directed to and reached the heart, and he felt the powerful stroke. " Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, I anointed thee king over Israel, and I delivered thee out of the hands of Saul ; and I gave thee thy master's house, and thy master's wives into thy bosom, and gave thee the house of Israel and of Judah ; and if that had been too little, I would moreover have given unto thee such and such things. Wherefore hast thou despised the commandment of the Lord to do evil in His sight ? " Mark the charge, "*despised the commandment of the Lord, to do evil in His sight.*" " Thou hast killed Uriah the Hittite with the sword, and hast taken his wife to be thy wife, and hast slain him with the sword of the children of Ammon. Now therefore the sword shall never depart from thy house." Ah ! friends, how true, " That which a man soweth, that shall he also reap." God is true to His Word, " It shall never depart from thy house, because thou hast *despised Me.*" Mark that ! "*Thou hast despised Me,* and hast taken the wife of Uriah the Hittite to be thy wife. Thus saith the Lord, I will raise up evil against thee out of thine own house, and I will take thy wives before thine eyes, and give them unto thy neighbour, and he shall lie with thy wives in the sight of this sun." He will do this thing before all Israel and before the sun. " Thou didst it secretly " but I will not have it hid ; I will not have it cloaked ; it shall not be kept in darkness and be a secret thing, but it shall be known.

My friends, God has a way of making those things known that others would keep secret, even to the sacrificing of their life ; yes, He can and will make it known. " And David said unto Nathan, I have sinned against the Lord." Now you see he was brought to the right place. Poor dear man, he had been going about here and there to hide his sin, but God had brought it to light, and laid it home upon his conscience, and he says, " I have sinned *against the Lord.*" " And Nathan said unto David, The Lord also hath put away thy sin ; thou shalt not die." This is the old-fashioned Gospel, " Cry unto her that her iniquity is pardoned ; " yes, *is pardoned.* No sooner did the arrow make the wound, than the balm was there to be poured into the wound ; no sooner was the heart broken, than the Physician was there to bind it up ; no sooner was guilt charged, than prepared mercy was manifested. Thus God healed His servant, bound up his broken heart, and made matters all right. " Nathan departed unto his house. And the Lord struck the child that Uriah's wife bare unto David, and it was very sick." You know what the result was, the child died. Now, in the fifty-first Psalm, he makes his confession

under these circumstances. Oh, friends, how many times I have been glad this Psalm was ever written; but oh, think of the price; think what it cost, personally in the case of David, as well as the trouble in Uriah's house. Then the affliction, the sorrow and the reproach endured by the Church of God. Well might he cry, "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy loving-kindness: according unto the multitude of Thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me." Now, you perceive, he comes in a right way, and to the right thing. "Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight: that Thou mightest be justified when Thou speakest, and be clear when Thou judgest." He comes to confess sin in general, "I was shapen in iniquity," was born a sinner. Then he comes to his present case, "Hide Thy face from my sins, and blot out all my iniquities. Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from Thy presence; and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me. Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation; and uphold me with Thy free Spirit. Then will I teach transgressors Thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto Thee." Ah, he was a man who could preach of God's mercy, of God's salvation, of His free pardon; and how *abundantly* He can pardon sin, so that sinners hearing the report will be made glad that God has opened up such a new and living way, and made such a provision in His dear and well-beloved Son. "Deliver me from blood guiltiness, O God, Thou God of my salvation: and my tongue shall sing aloud of Thy righteousness." It is no more, "Well, the sword slays one as well as another." No, but as one needing the blood of Christ, he cries for mercy, saying, "And my tongue shall sing aloud of Thy righteousness." "Open Thou my lips." Oh, do let me speak of Thy mercy, of the abundance of Thy grace, Thy pardoning grace and love. "Open Thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth Thy praise."

"Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say, 'Behold the way to God.'"

Now he remembers the Church of God. "I have sinned against my God. See how my lust has led me on to the forsaking of God, and even to commit murder as well as adultery. I was hardened in my sin, and felt no compunction and no repentance; no godly grief or sorrow on account of it, but carried myself as upright, as though nothing was wrong, as though the Church of God had no trouble, no distress of heart.

Now, he says, "Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion." I have done great evil. I have done that which has caused the enemy to blaspheme; remember poor Zion; remember Zion in sackcloth; Lord, remember Zion morning in ashes. Look upon her; do good in Thy good pleasure unto her; build Thou the walls of Jerusalem, which I have been breaking down. Build them up. Lord, bring about a restoration. "Then shalt Thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt offering, and whole burnt offering; then shall they offer bullocks upon Thine altar. "The sacrifices of God," he says, "are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise." Dear man! he felt the sweets of repentance, the sweets of forgiveness. Oh, my friends, godly sorrow is not the worst feeling we have in our heart. It is much to be desired. Oh, the mercy for a hard heart to be melted into tears; for a stony heart to be made like wax—

"The contrite heart and broken,
God will not give to ruin;
That sacrifice He'll not despise,
For 'tis His Spirit's doing."

We have no stones to throw at the fallen; but we have great cause to rejoice when the fallen are raised up and restored, like Peter. When the Lord comes, He says, "Thou hast done this evil and brought on thyself and on others this reproach." Nevertheless, He says of Ephraim, "My bowels are troubled for him; I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord." Ah! I have thought this last week, what a sweet word! What a confession to come from God Himself upon His throne, with regard to a poor wayward sinner, "I have spoken against him: yet do I earnestly remember him still; My bowels are troubled for him." You parents when you have seen your child in danger, perhaps likely to die, you have known something of the yearning of the bowels; it is a tender feeling and inexpressible. To think that the God of heaven should feel this yearning of His bowels over poor wretched sinners, even the most vile, one that has done such base iniquity—that God should be troubled about him, and that He should have repentance for him, and forgiveness and justification, and a way of taking away his reproach! "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." But not without confession. If that is held back, pardon is held back; peace with God is held back; God will never meet a man with a kiss till He has made all things right. He will have things cleared up, and He will make His people clean. Oh, what a mercy, my dear friends, God can make the vilest clean, yea the vilest sinner out

of hell, as pure as an angel of light. There is one place where the vilest can be cleansed, and made whiter than snow, and that is the fountain of Jesus' blood. Nothing is too hard for our God. He is the God of salvation.

David confessed his iniquity and his transgressions unto the Lord, and forgiveness flowed into his heart, A deluge of grace overflowed all his transgressions, the mountains melted away, and the peace of God was restored in his heart and in his mind, and he delighted in the Lord's mercy and salvation. "For this shall everyone that is godly pray unto Thee." If there is a time when any of God's people fall, there is a time for them to be restored ; if there is a time when they transgress, there is a time for them to come to repentance. And if they come to repentance, there will be full and free confession of their sin. If that is wanting, the repentance is invalid, it is nothing in God's sight. There must be a clearing Him ; whatever your sin may be, remember, it must come out. While you hide it up God will stand at a distance ; be certain there will be no drawing nigh till you are made sorry for your sin ; you will want the pardon God has provided, and will never rest till you have received it. This is the religion of Jesus Christ, if I know anything about it. I have to mourn over myself before God, especially when I feel that dried-up state, through a hardened heart, through a want of godly sorrow, and while continuing in this dry and hardened state the rebellious find that it is a dry land indeed. God will hold such at a distance till the heart is broken, the spirit made contrite, and there is found the sacrifice that is holy and acceptable unto God. When that poor sinner comes feeling after the blood of the Lamb, hoping in that precious blood which was shed on Calvary's tree, to such an one the mercy of God will be exceedingly sweet, and the salvation of God exceedingly great. He is a prayer hearing, and a prayer answering God, and everyone that is godly will pray in a time when the Lord will be found ; to them that knock, the door shall be opened. "He shall call upon Me, and I will answer him ; I will be with him in trouble ; I will deliver him, and honour him. With long life will I satisfy him, and show him My salvation."

May the Lord add His blessing, and He shall bear the glory.

WHATEVER Christ can do He will do for His poor people.

CHRIST JESUS is the comfort of comforts, because He doubles comforts.

THERE is nothing by chance ; there is no perhaps in the will of God.—*Romaine*.

THE SUN'S BEHIND THE CLOUD.

IN that lone night, dear child of God,
 When all around is drear—
 When the smiling sun's behind the cloud,
 And pain and grief are near,
 Oh! never think, dear child of God,
 In that dark trying hour,
 That thou art left a lonely one
 In Satan's grasping power.
 No, no! 'tis true the sun's withdrawn,
 And thy complaints are loud;
 But recollect, dear child of God,
The sun's behind the cloud.

The bright and heart-reviving sun
 Is an unchanging sphere;
 It undergoes no varied form,
 Nor change from atmosphere:
 And so, thy Jesus is the same,
 Though sorrow may enshroud;
 He loves thee with undying love,
Although behind the cloud.

Thy pathway, thorny as it seems,
 Is yet so wisely planned,
 That every point is ordered by
 A loving Father's hand.
 Then recollect, dear child of God,
 That though so sadly bowed,
 All's well, All's well, e'en though it be
Thy sun's behind the cloud.

Soon there will be no shading clouds
 In that sweet land of peace,
 Where briny tears are wiped away,
 And sorrows ever cease.
 Ah! there thou'lt see Him face to face,
 Amidst that happy crowd,
 And never have to sadly say—
"My sun's behind the cloud."

Then come, dear trembling child of God,
 In that dark hour of night,
 Think not thy Lord is not the same
 Because He's out of sight.
 No, no! He sees thy low estate—
 He knows thy head is bowed,
 And He is Jesus, Jesus still,
Although behind the cloud.

[This very excellent poem by the late George Cowell can be had as a leaflet for letters and for distribution, of Miss Ruth Cowell, 1, Elliston Road, Redland, Bristol.]

BRIEF MEMOIR OF MRS. E. ROWE.

MRS. ELIZABETH ROWE was the daughter of Mr. W. Singer, a dissenting minister, of Ilchester, in Somersetshire, being imprisoned for his non-conformity, in the reign of Charles II. He was visited by Mrs. E. Portnell, from principles of compassion, which, however, terminated in marriage, and Elizabeth was the first-born of this alliance. After his release from prison, he worshipped in the dissenting way, but, for his good sense and piety, was respected and visited and much esteemed by Dr. Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells. Elizabeth was early the subject of religious impressions. She says, "My infant hands, O my God, were early lifted up to Thee, and I soon learned to know and acknowledge the God of my fathers." She began to write sacred poetry at twelve years of age, and in her twenty-second year was published her "Poems on Various Occasions." She was married to Mr. Thomas Rowe in 1710, a gentleman of delicate health, but of profound and elegant learning, the son of a dissenting minister; but his intense application to study brought him to an early grave at the age of twenty-eight, in 1715, at his residence at Hampstead, and he was buried in Bunhill-fields. Mrs. Rowe retired to her native part, Frome, to spend her widowhood and her time in retirement and writing. Her own remarks in her most celebrated work, "Friendship in Death," describe her feeling: "Quietly to withdraw from the crowd, and leave the gay and ambitious to divide the honours and pleasures of the world, without being a rival or competitor in any of them, must leave a person in unenvied repose. Ye vain grandeurs of the earth, ye perishing riches, what are your proudest boasts? Can you yield undecaying delights, joys becoming the dignity of reason, and the capacities of an immortal mind? Ask the happy spirits above at what price they value their enjoyments. Ask them if the whole creation should purchase one moment's interval of their bliss. No; one beam of celestial light obscures the glory and casts a reproach on all the beauty this world can boast."

For a number of years she enjoyed her beloved retirement in communion with God. About six months before her decease she had an attack of illness, wherein at first she had many fears; but the Holy Spirit, after a little season, filled her with gladness unspeakable, by witnessing to her soul the interest which God's free grace had given her in the atonement and mediation of Him who died for sinners. Under these assurances she experienced such repose and triumph that she acknowledged with tears of joy that she had never felt any consolations equal to these. She repeated on this occasion, as the feeling of her soul, Pope's

"Dying Christian to his soul," "Vital spark of heavenly flame."

"Hark! they whisper, angels say,
Sister spirit, come away."

"Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly!
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?"

Shortly before her death she writes: "To Him that loved and washed us in His blood we shall ascribe immortal glory and praise for ever. This is all my salvation and all my hope. That Name in whom the Gentiles trust is now my glorious, my unfailing confidence. In His merits alone I expect to stand justified before infinite purity and justice. How poor were my hopes if I depended on those works which my own vanity, or the partiality of men, have called good. Where were my hopes but for a Redeemer's atonement? How desperate, how undone my condition! O Jesus, what harmony dwells in Thy name! Celestial joy and immortal life is in Thee found. Let angels set Thee to their golden harps.

"I lay a wretched slave, pleased with my chains, and fond of my captivity, till love, Almighty love, rescued me. Blest effect of unmerited grace! I shall stand for ever an illustrious instance of boundless mercy. To that I must entirely ascribe my salvation, and through all the ages of eternity I will rehearse the wonders of redeeming love, and tell to listening angels what it has done for my soul. Shall the spark of Divine love be extinguished, and immortal enmity succeed? And shall I who was once blest with Thy favour become the object of Thy wrath and indignation? It is all impossible, for Thou art not as man that Thou shouldst lie, nor the son of man that Thou shouldst repent. Thou art engaged by Thy own tremendous Name for my security. Transporting assurance! What further security can I ask? The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but Thy kindness shall *not* depart, nor the Covenant of Thy peace be broken."

About eight in the evening she was in her usual vigour of health and spirit, and retired to her chamber; about ten her maidservant, on entering her chamber, found her on the floor. A physician was sent for, but in a few hours she expired, on Sunday morning, February 20th, 1736. She had often wished and prayed for a sudden dissolution, and God was pleased to grant her the request of her heart. She was buried in the Meeting House at Frome, in the same grave with her father.

R. F. R.

LOOK to Christ more than to the minister; look to Him more than to the sermon.—*Romaine*.

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

DEAR SIR,—Though unknown to you, I thought I must send you a few lines, telling you that I have often been encouraged in reading the letters in the "Seekers' Corner." It is very kind of you to spare a space in that valuable book, the SOWER, for the encouragement of the Lord's seeking children. May you be encouraged from time to time in your labour of love. When the Lord first called me by His grace, about six years ago, I often used to feel encouraged in reading the letters, and have had a secret hope that I was amongst the seekers, for many of them spoke of the things that I was exercised about. I felt a love and union of spirit to many of the writers, and when all other hope seemed to be taken away and comfort failed, I felt that if love to the Lord and His dear people was a mark of being a child of God, I had that mark; and though it seemed sometimes as though the Lord would not have mercy upon my never-dying soul, and the heavens were as brass, I have often felt that—

"If my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well."

Yet I often felt a secret "Who can tell?" and when I awoke in the morning, felt thankful that I was still spared, and on praying ground, and that I was not yet banished to that place where hope can never come. I wanted to know that I was born again, and that my sins were all forgiven, and that my name was written in the Lamb's book of life. I did want the Lord to seal home the Word with power, that I was complete in Him, that He had atoned for all my sins, and that I was clothed in His righteousness, and that He would increase my desires and love to Him. Since that time, the Lord has been pleased to grant my desires, and to show me some token for good, but I feel I want fresh supplies. "A crumb of mercy, Lord, I crave," is often the language of my heart. I often feel, as I look back on the past, so unworthy of the Lord's goodness, that "I weep to the praise of the mercy I've found." That sweet promise was applied the other day, "I will cause My goodness to pass before you in the way." I felt, "Hast Thou not done it, Lord?" and how many times I have seen the Lord's hand going before me in the way, making the rough places plain, and the crooked things straight. Though the Lord has been pleased to afflict me, yet there are times when I feel I would not have one thing altered, and I can sing,

"How harsh soe'er the way,
Dear Saviour, still lead on."

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

Dear sir, I see by the notice in the *Gleaner* that you are passing through a heavy trial through the loss of your son. I trust that you are being upheld by the everlasting arms, and feel that all is well. Our God can and will sustain under the heaviest load. Hymn 261, Gadsby's Selection, must be very suitable to you now. While thinking of you this morning, these words came into my mind, "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth them out of them all." Soon we shall have passed through this vale of tears, and we hope to reach that home where there will be no more parting or tears, and where sorrow and sin can never come. I hope that you may long be spared (if it is God's will) to stand on the walls of Zion and proclaim good tidings, for the comfort and consolation of the Lord's dear people. May the blessing of God richly rest upon you, and crown your labours with success, is the prayer and desire of your unworthy friend,

July 4th, 1897.

AN UNWORTHY ONE.

"BELIEVE ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, AND THOU SHALT BE SAVED."—ACTS xvi. 31.

"BE faithful!"—Lord, what's that?
 "Believe!" 'Tis easy to believe; but what?
 That He whom thy hard heart hath wounded,
 And whom thy scorn hath spit upon,
 Hath paid thy fine, and hath compounded
 For those foul deeds thy hands have done:
 Believe, that He whose gentle palms
 Thy needle-pointed sins hath nailed,
 Hath borne thy slavish load of alms,
 And made supply where thou hast failed.
 Did ever misery find so strange relief?
 It is a love too strange for man's belief.

—Francis Quarles, 1641.

HAD the Israelites believed God's promise of deliverance, they had not murmured at the Red Sea. God brought them to the Red Sea to deliver them from the Egyptians, and made all their tears end in joy and triumph. The more we trust God, the more He is concerned for our welfare; the more we trust ourselves, the more He doth to cross us. God hath always "an eye upon them that fear Him," not to keep distress and affliction from them, but to quicken them in it, and give them, as it were, a new life from the dead, new fruit from the rod. God brings us into straits, that we may have more lively experiments of His tenderness and wisdom.—Stephen Charnock, 1684.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR SON,— . . . Surely we know not what a day will bring forth. I went over last evening to see uncle John ; he is very ill, and has been so for five weeks, and I fear he will never recover. But he is in no wise troubled about leaving this world, having a good hope through grace of an infinitely better one. Not that he is a coward, and faints in the day of adversity, but he feels that “to depart and be with Christ is far better ;” and surely, if any man living has had cause to faint, it is he. Yet he has been upheld in a most remarkable way, not by visions, voices, and wonderful experiences, but by the quiet Christian graces manifest in Bible saints. The soundness of his religion would be questioned by many great talkers in what are called Churches of Truth ; yet your uncle is one who has bought *gold tried in the fire*, and white raiment, a godly regard for the will of God, as revealed in His Word. I hope you will take care to make God’s Word the standard of your walk and your expectations. There is great danger at the present time of being led to expect certain manifestations—a very great terror on the one hand, or very great assurance of interest on the other—and that we have to sit still and see God work His sovereign will. But what I find is this, when a child of God walks in the fear of God, is watchful and careful over his words and ways, when he denies himself, takes up his cross daily and follows Christ in these things the blessed Spirit directs his inward conscience in, there is then more or less (but always some) sweet sense felt in the soul of God’s loving favour ; and where the opposite is followed, through the carnality of the old man, where there is cowardice in giving way to the flesh, and a shrinking from confessing Christ before His foes, either profane or professor, then darkness, gloom, uncertainty, doubt, and felt death to spiritual things follow immediately. And let men call this legal, conditional, mongrel, or whatever hard names they like, yet I know this is correct according to God’s Word, and thirty-three years of close observation of saints, also of my inmost soul. Walk in the fear of God, and you will have more scriptural *tokens* and *evidences* of God’s favour toward you, than you will in all the marks and evidences, barely heard, from even God’s own sent servants in preaching the Word. The wayward child cannot realize, in that state, the approbation of the Father, nor can the disobedient servant have his reward whilst disobeying ; but, “If any man doeth the will of God, My Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.” Consider this, it may help you to walk well. He that walketh wisely, walks securely.

Whitchurch, Hants.

S. BARNETT.



WILLIAM TIPTAFT.

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM TIPTAFT.

(A REVIEW.)

NEARLY the last of Mr. Philpot's interesting labours was a most admirable memoir of his dear friend and fellow-labourer, William Tiptaft.*

Mr. William Tiptaft was the son of a farmer and grazier of some wealth and substance, who came of a family which had been settled for several generations at the village of Braunston, near Oakham, Rutland. He was born February 16th, 1803, and was the youngest of six children—three boys and three girls.

His elder brothers James and Robert followed the occupation of their father, while he was designed for "the Church." When less than ten years old, he was sent to the Grammar School at Uppingham, Rutland, where he passed through the school from the lowest to the highest classes. In October, 1821, he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, residing at the University during term times, and passing his vacations under the roof of his brother-in-law, Mr. Keal, of Oakham, who, in 1816, had married his eldest sister Deborah. Being full of good temper and high spirits, and very fond of conversation, his rooms were the resort of men like himself—not studious, and yet not altogether idle—moral, yet lively and cheerful.

In the year 1825 he put himself under a private tutor, at Charlton-Kings, near Cheltenham, to study for ordination; there he met with Mr. E. Coleridge, who became one of the masters of Eton College, and son-in-law of Dr. Keates, Canon of Windsor; and through this acquaintance he obtained his title to orders. In March, 1826, he was appointed curate to the living of Treborough, and in January, 1828, curate of Stogumber, the former then having a population of 140 persons, and the latter about 1,400, both parishes being in Somersetshire. During some visits of Mr. and Mrs. Coleridge in that county, their acquaintance with Mr. Tiptaft had ripened into some degree of friendly intimacy, and it was chiefly through their influence that he was instituted to the living of Sutton Courtney, in February, 1829. The Deans and Canons of Windsor were anxious to give the living to a good man—one who would do the parish some good—but little did they foresee on whom they were about to confer their living, and what secret designs of Providence were wrapped up in their action.

* This excellent memoir is published by Mr F. Kirby, 17, Bouverie Street, London, E.C. In cloth 1s. 6d., half calf 2s. 6d., and our readers will find it most profitable reading.

From his own testimony it appears that his soul was quickened in January, 1827, and from that time he had marks of the fear of God in his heart, and earnest desires to be taught aright by the Spirit of God. Gradually the scales fell from his eyes, and in 1829 he became convinced of the truth of the doctrines of free and sovereign grace, and was enabled to contend for it ever afterwards. The first work of grace was not very deep, but his distinguishing feature through the whole of his spiritual life was the fear of God, manifesting itself in a most self-denying, upright, practical walk and conduct, and a complete separation from the spirit and practice of the world.

Soon after being settled in his living, he met with and became attached to a most amiable and pleasing young lady, daughter of a highly respectable Evangelical clergyman in the neighbourhood. But his views of divine truth were undergoing a change, and one evening at her father's house, as they were sitting alone, and conversing upon religion with an open Bible before them, he dropped some remarks about election, &c., which she took up very warmly, and their contention becoming earnest, she rose from her seat and left him, and the engagement was brought to an end. But the disappointment led him more immediately to the Fountain of all comfort to heal the wound thus made in his tender conscience. It also completely cut asunder his connection with the Evangelical clergy in the neighbourhood, the young lady's father being a leading member of their clerical meetings.

It was at those clerical meetings that he first met with his dear friend and fellow-labourer, Mr. J. C. Philpot, M.A., Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford, who was then a curate at Stadhampton, about six miles from Sutton Courtney. At first they did not come very close together. One evening, however, they had a walk together, and began to converse on the things of God. Mr. Philpot, who was further advanced in the truth, soon perceived that he (W. T.) had not been led into the grand truths of the Gospel. He was, however, struck with his great sincerity of spirit, and the practical view he took upon all matters connected with religion, the one thing needful for time and for eternity. They had no opportunity for seeing each other again for many weeks, when he wrote, inviting Mr. Philpot to come and preach at one of the week evening services which he had recently set up. Unaware of the revolution which had taken place in his (W. T.'s) views and feelings, Mr. Philpot accepted the invitation. It was about the end of the summer in 1829. They went to the church together, but oh, what a congregation! It so filled the church that there was scarcely standing room in the aisles. Labourers were there in their smock-frocks and week-day clothes, as though they had just come

out of the fields; poor women in their cotton shawls, with a sprinkling of better dressed people in the pews. Mr. Tiptaft read the prayers, and especially the lesson, with all that loudness of voice, emphasis of accent, and earnestness of manner which were always such a marked feature in him, and it seemed to thrill the whole congregation. Mr. Philpot preached from Isaiah xlv. 24., "Surely shall one say, In the Lord have I righteousness and strength." And after nearly thirty-eight years had passed he wrote: "I still retain some remembrance not only of my text, but of my manner of handling it, and of the way in which I was listened to by the large congregation. As I was young in the ways and things of God, my sermon, doubtless, was neither very deep nor experimental, but it was a faithful exposition of the truth as far as I knew it." Mr. Philpot slept and stayed a day or two at the vicarage, where he and Mr. Tiptaft had much conversation on the things of God.

The change in Mr. Tiptaft was most remarkable; the things of God were his meat and drink. The Bible, which he had not much read, now became his only book, and the doctrines of grace, which he had looked on with shyness, if not fear, were uppermost in his heart and on his tongue. He never was a man to do things by halves, and calculate upon worldly consequences. If he believed a thing to be right, he did it; if wrong, no consideration could induce him to violate his conscience. If he believed a doctrine to be true, he preached it; if false, he denounced it. This made his path very clear, but it demanded much courage, singleness of eye, constant self-denial, and a patient bearing of the cross, which few can submit to, continually to maintain it.

It had been for many years the custom for a sermon to be preached in St. Helen's—commonly called, from its size, "The great church at Abingdon"—on the evening of Christmas Day, before the Mayor and Corporation. His boldness and faithfulness as a preacher were not then much known beyond the circle of his hearers at Sutton; among whom was a Mr. West, a retired medical practitioner, who had embraced with zeal and warmth the doctrines of grace; and through his influence—he having been connected with the Corporation—Mr. Tiptaft was appointed to preach the sermon in 1829. Nothing daunted, however, by the presence of the vicar of the parish (a man much opposed to the truth), most of the clergy of the town, and the Mayor and Corporation in all the dignity of mace and robes, when the time came, he entered the pulpit, and to a crowded congregation of about five thousand persons, delivered with all the effect of his clear, loud, ringing voice, the well-known sermon from Matthew i. 21, "And she shall bring forth a Son,

and thou shalt call His name Jesus ; for He shall save His people from their sins." The sensation produced on the congregation, especially the clerical and worldly part of it, was amazing. In a plain, simple, clear and forcible manner, he preached the doctrines of sovereign, distinguishing grace ; proving every point as he advanced it by the Scriptures with great aptness of selection. Its effect was undeniable, both at the time and afterwards, and since its publication, the Lord has much blessed it to the quickening and comforting of His people.

In the latter part of the year 1830 Mr. Philpot went to stay with Mr. Tiptaft. Respecting this visit Mr. Philpot wrote as follows :—

"In September, 1830, it pleased the Lord to lay upon me His afflicting hand. I had overworked myself, taken a severe cold, and increased it by going out one evening to my lecture at the schoolroom, and was quite laid aside and unable to preach. My friend Tiptaft hearing of my illness came over to see me several times, and rendered me what help he could in my week lectures. Finding my health did not improve, he kindly invited me to come and stay a few weeks at Sutton. This invitation I willingly accepted, and went to his house November 4th. He was, however, so kind and hospitable, and we got on so well together, that I was easily persuaded to remain with him the whole of that winter, not being able to leave the house all through December and January. During those winter months nothing could exceed his affectionate kindness and attention, waiting upon me like a brother. Being too unwell to get up to breakfast, he always brought it to me in bed, and afterwards assisted me to shave myself. We spent the morning alone in our own rooms, but in the evening we generally sat together, and either read the Bible or conversed—mostly on something connected with the concerns of eternity, for it was a solemn period with me at that time. I was blessed and favoured in the first part of my illness, for I well remember that, as I lay very ill in my bed on my birthday, I was so happy in my soul that I said, 'This is the happiest birthday that I ever had.' In February, 1831, I was able to leave the house, and take a walk under a sunny wall, where he would accompany me, and suit his pace to mine ; and as strength mercifully came with the advancing season, I was enabled to go to the church and hear him preach."

At that period of his life Mr. Tiptaft was singularly frank and free, both naturally and spiritually, more so, perhaps, than afterwards, when from having been often deceived in men, he had become more cautious in expressing his thoughts and opinions. In his preaching he had not much eloquence of language, but that thorough conviction in his own heart of the truths which he

preached with so much simple vehemence. A signal power and blessing rested at that time on his ministry, which was directed against error, free-will, Arminianism, and fleshly religion ; while, at the same time he preached most earnestly and clearly the grand discriminating doctrines of grace, insisting strongly on the new birth, the teaching and testimony of the Holy Spirit, and urging at the same time a life, conduct, and conversation becoming the Gospel.

About this time he became acquainted with Mr. Bulteel, a Devonshire man of good family and connections, and a fellow and tutor of one of the colleges at Oxford, who was then a curate of St. Ebb's parish in that city. Early in 1830 Mr. Bulteel, in his turn as Master of Arts, preached before the University a bold and faithful discourse from 1 Cor. ii. 12 ; in which he distinctly and clearly advocated the doctrines of grace. This sermon caused much sensation and produced much controversy at the time, which, of course, deeply interested Mr. Tiptaft, and led him to a closer acquaintance with Mr. Bulteel, who proposed that they should go into Devonshire together on a kind of preaching tour, and proclaim the Gospel wherever a door might be opened in chapels, private houses, or the open air, which they did. The Bishop of Oxford hearing of this, withdrew Mr. Bulteel's licence to the curacy of St. Ebb's. Not long after, Mr. Bulteel—having seceded from the Church of England—built a chapel at Oxford, renounced his former Calvinistic views, and then embraced such errors and doctrines that Mr. Tiptaft felt justified in breaking off all friendship and correspondence with him.

Mr. Tiptaft, who for some time had been greatly exercised with its errors, now became harassed in his mind about leaving the Church of England ; and after much prayerful consideration, he resigned his living in November, 1831. After much difficulty he succeeded in obtaining a piece of land in Abingdon, where he built a chapel to hold four hundred people. This he did at his own cost, and he would never take anything for preaching in it, until he had spent all his own money a few years before his death. Nor would he receive anything at the various places where he laboured, not even his travelling expenses. His chapel was opened on March 25th, 1832, by Mr. Warburton, of Trowbridge, and Mr. Hitchcock, of Devizes. At that time, both at Abingdon and many other places, a signal blessing rested on his labours.

In 1834 John Kay had been compelled by reasons of conscience, to give up his curacy at Cranford, near Kettering. He was an orphan, without any resources. But the Lord directed his steps to Abingdon and provided him a friend in W. Tiptaft. For fourteen years, with a sinking income, he (W.

Tiptaft) lodged him, fed him, clothed him, paid a few debts that he owed, and was to him, indeed, a father, a brother and a friend. True, certain friends helped somewhat to bear with W. Tiptaft the pecuniary expense. Yet Mr. Tiptaft had but one sitting-room, which John Kay shared with him all those years. John Kay was a truly good man, well taught and exercised in the things of God, but in many things very eccentric. In 1848 his uncle, who had never noticed him since he left the establishment, died, and left him a handsome legacy. This at once liberated W. Tiptaft from his long yet patiently endured burden, and enabled the two friends to live apart, although as closely united as before in spiritual ties, until J. Kay's marriage, which restored to W. Tiptaft his cherished privacy of life.

His friends often wondered how he could keep up that continual stream of giving money away, which was so habitual with him. But he never wasted a shilling on anything unnecessary, and studied the most rigid economy and self-denial as regarded himself. And yet he was not parsimonious. His dress was never shabby or mean, his table, though remarkably plain, was never stinted; and no man discharged the duties of hospitality more cheerfully and pleasingly. Of pride never did a man manifest less, either in manner or appearance. He had nothing of that stiff, clerical, donnish air which is so often seen in the clergy. He desired to know no other distinction between man and man than such a difference as grace makes between them.

He frequently visited Oakham and preached there; Mr. Keal having purchased "The Factory," and fitted it up as a place of worship, to seat from four hundred to five hundred people, when it was named Providence Chapel. He also preached in 1834, at the opening of the chapel built by Mr. de Merveilleux in Stamford; and was thus instrumental in bringing together the majority of the Church and congregation in both those places, over which Mr. Philpot was afterwards the pastor for twenty-six years.

The first part of his work was chiefly to testify against evil in that particular form which had most exercised his own conscience. But now he had to be deeply searched and exercised by the light and life of God in his soul, and to be qualified to enter experimentally into the trials and temptations, doubts and fears, conflicts and struggles, darkness and bondage in which most of the Lord's dear family walk that he might be able to speak a word in season to him that was weary. What, however, made it especially trying to him was, that he had to go preaching through and amidst so much darkness of mind and bondage of spirit. But having put his hand to the plough, he durst not

look back. Besides which, as the Lord gave repeated testimony to the word of His grace, he was encouraged to go on preaching, in spite of every difficulty, and was thus often helped and favoured. In May, 1838, he was suddenly taken ill while supplying at Brighton, and was obliged to return home. In July he went to Oakham, and was persuaded to try the effects of twelve months thorough rest. This rest, combined with the care and medical skill of Mr. Keal, were blessed to his restoration, so that he was able to return home in August, 1839. Thus he went on for several years walking in much darkness of mind and bondage of spirit.

He had long been much exercised about attending to the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's supper at Abingdon; his own trying exercises of mind, however, holding him down in hard bondage, had much hindered the accomplishment of this desire; but he was enabled at last to break through all obstacles, and on January 29th, 1843, he was mercifully strengthened in body and soul to baptize twenty-three persons. It was on the night immediately following this baptism that the Lord gave him the greatest blessing he ever experienced. (See *Gospel Standard* for March, 1843.) On the next Lord's Day he gave the people an account of the signal blessing with which he had been thus favoured. The scene which followed may be better imagined than described. His ministry from this period, though not essentially altered, yet became more clear, full, and enlarged, though he was at times much cast down by inward temptations, the hidings of the Lord's countenance, darkness and deadness of his own soul.

For about twenty years from the time of the above most signal blessing, he was most abundant in the labour of the ministry. Wherever he went, his personal kindness, and his acknowledged godliness of life added a weight to his public testimony such as few ministers in our day possess. He died at Abingdon, after a lingering and painful illness, on the 17th August, 1864. His last days were decidedly his best days, as may be seen from the interesting account of his last illness and death which appears at the close of the original memoir; which book we strongly advise our readers, who do not possess a copy, to obtain, and the perusal will well repay the outlay.

We are indebted to Mr. Charles Tiptaft, nephew of the subject of this memoir, for permission to copy the only known portrait of his uncle, which he has in his possession.

It is poor hearing and poor reading, unless you mix faith and prayer with what you hear and what you read.—*Romaine*.

RECORD OF DIVINE MERCY AND FAITHFULNESS.

I AM now setting to my seal that God is true, and leaving this as my last testimony to the Divine veracity. I can from numerous experiences assert His faithfulness and witness to the certainty of His promises. The Word of the Lord has been tried, and He is a buckler to all those that put their trust in Him. "O come, all ye that fear the Lord, and I will tell you what He hath done for my soul." "I will ascribe righteousness to my Maker," and leave my record for a people yet unborn, that the generation to come may rise up and praise Him. Into whatever distress His wise providence has brought me, I have called on the Lord and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears; I trusted in God, and He saved me, Oh, let my experience stand as witness to them that hope in His mercy, let it be to the Lord for a praise and a glory.

I know not where to begin the recital of Thy numerous favours. Thou hast hid me in the secret of Thy pavilion from the pride of man and from the strife of tongues, when, by a thousand follies, I have merited reproach. Thou hast graciously protected me when the vanity of my friends or the malice of my enemies might have stained my reputation. Thou hast covered me with Thy feathers, and under Thy wings have I trusted. Thy truth has been my shield and buckler; to Thee I owe the blessing of a clear and unblemished name, and not to my own conduct, nor the partiality of my friend. Glory be to Thee, O Lord!

Thou hast led me through a thousand labyrinths and enlightened my darkness. When shades and perplexity surrounded me, my light has broke forth out of obscurity, and my darkness turned into noon-day. Thou hast been a Guide and Father to me. When I knew not where to ask advice, Thou hast given me unerring counsel. The secret of the Lord has been with me, and He has shown me His Covenant. In how many seen and unseen dangers hast Thou delivered me! How narrow my gratitude. How wide Thy mercy! How innumerable are Thy thoughts of love! How infinite the instances of Thy goodness! How high above the ways and thoughts of man. How often hast Thou supplied my wants, and by Thy bounty confounded my unbelief. Thy benefits have surprised and justly reproached my diffidence; my faith has often failed, but Thy goodness has never failed. The world and all its flatteries have failed, my own heart and hopes have failed, but Thy mercy endures for ever. Thy faithfulness has never failed. The Strength of Israel has never deceived me, nor made me ashamed of my confidence. Thou hast never been a deceitful brook, or as waters that fail to my soul. In loving-kindness, in

truth, and in very faithfulness Thou hast afflicted me. Oh, how unwillingly hast Thou seemed to grieve me, with how much indulgence has the punishment been fixed ! Love has appeared through the disguise of every frown ; its gleams have glimmered through the darkest night ! by every affliction Thou hast been still drawing me nearer to Thyself, and removing my carnal props, that I may lean with more assurance on the eternal Rock. Thy love has been my leading glory from the first intricate steps of life ; the first undesigning paths I trod were marked and guarded by the vigilance of Thy love. Oh, whither else had my sin and folly led me ! How often have I tried and experienced Thy clemency, and found an immediate answer to my prayers ! Thou hast often literally fulfilled Thy Word. I have a fresh instance of Thy faithfulness ; again Thou hast made me triumph in Thy goodness, and given me a new testimony to the veracity of Thy promises. And after all, what ingratitude, what insensibility reigns in my heart. Oh, cancel it by the blood of the Covenant ; root out this monstrous infidelity that still returns after the fullest evidence of Thy truth. Thou hast graciously condescended to answer me in Thine own time and way, and yet I am again doubting Thy faithfulness and care. Lord, pity me ! I believe, O help my unbelief. Go on to succour, go on to pardon, and at last conquer my diffidence. Let me hope against hope, and in the greatest perplexity give glory to God by believing what my own experience has so often found, that " the Strength of Israel will not lie, nor is He as man that He should repent." While I have memory and thought, let His goodness dwell on my soul. Let me not forget the depths of my distress, the anguish and importunity of my vows. When every human help failed me, and all was darkness and perplexity, then God was all my stay. Then I knew no name but His, and He alone knew my soul in adversity. " Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

" Long as I live I'll bless Thy name,
My King, and God of love ;
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright worlds above."

I have yet a thousand and ten thousand deliverances to recount, ten thousand unasked-for mercies to recall ; no moment of my life has been destitute of Thy care, no accident has found me unguarded by Thy providence ; Thou hast been often found unsought by my ungrateful heart, and Thy favours have surprised me with great and unexpected advantages. Thou hast compelled me to receive the blessings my foolish humour despised, and my corrupt will would fain have rejected. Thou hast stopped my

ears to the desires which would have ruined and undone me, when I might justly have been left to my own choice, for the punishment of my many sins and follies. How great my guilt! How infinite Thy mercy! Hitherto God has helped me, and here I set up a memorial to that goodness which has never abandoned me to the malice and stratagems of my infernal foes, nor left me a prey to human craft or violence. The glory of His providence has often surprised me, when groping in thick darkness; with a potent voice, He has said, "Let there be light, and there was light." He has made His goodness pass before me, and loudly proclaimed His name, "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious." To Him be glory for ever. Amen.

ELIZABETH ROWE (1674—1737.)

"HE WILL ABUNDANTLY PARDON."

(ISAIAH IV. 7.)

NEVER did we take so much pleasure in sinning as God doth in forgiving. Never did any penitent take so much pleasure in deceiving as God doth in giving a pardon. He so much delights in it that He counts it His wealth; "riches of grace;" "riches of mercy;" glorious riches of mercy. No attribute else is called His *riches*. He sighs when He must draw His sword; but when He blots out iniquity, then it is, "I, even I, am He that blotteth out your transgressions for My Name's sake." His delight in this is equal to the delight He hath in His Name. This is pure mercy, to change the tribunal of justice into a "throne of grace;" to bestow pardons, where He might inflict punishments; and to put on the deportment of a father, instead of a judge.—*Charnock*.

YOU must either receive Christ as held forth in the Scriptures or perish: there is no medium.—*Romaine*.

ALL real Christians are spiritual kings. The Prince of the kings of the earth loved us so well as to wash us in His own precious blood, that He might make us "kings unto God." We are kings by birth, born to a kingdom by a new and miraculous birth. We are kings by purchase, the kingdom cost Christ dear, but it cost us nothing; and, therefore, the kingdom comes to us by deed of gift also. We are kings by conquest, our Lord and Master hath conquered principalities and powers for us, He hath conquered the world and the devil for us: nay, He hath conquered even our own selves for us; and, therefore, "we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us."—*Cheynell*, 1645.

NOTES OF A SERMON

BY THE LATE MR. JAMES BOURNE, OF MANEY, SUTTON
COLDFIELD.

"And when I saw Him, I fell at His feet as dead. And He laid His right hand upon me, saying unto me, Fear not; I am the first and the last: I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death.—REVELATION i. 17, 18.

A SIGHT of Christ as a Judge will make every sinner fall at His feet as dead. And here he justifies the Lord in His sentence of condemnation against him; and being brought thus to fall before Him, then the Lord manifests Himself in mercy, as it is said here, "He laid His right hand upon me, saying unto me, Fear not; I am the first and the last; I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore." I was made myself deeply to feel this when I was mourning over the death I felt in my spirit, and bringing it to the Lord in confession and prayer, entreating Him to quicken me by His Spirit; and He answered me, I may say, with these very words, "I am He that liveth, and was dead." It was as if He said, "I have known this death that you feel; though I am alive now, yet I was dead, and therefore I am touched with a feeling of all your infirmities. I know thy works, and tribulation, and poverty; but thou art rich; fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer." I cannot express the blessed savour of this upon my spirit, but it made me feel that I could not tell where to hide my head for shame. Many may call this enthusiasm and deception; but oh, there is no deception here, when we feel the power of God upon our hearts, and how in the day that we call He answers us, and strengthens us with strength in our soul. It is asked in the forty-first chapter of Isaiah, "Who hath wrought and done these things?" and it is answered, "I the Lord, the first, and with the last," that is, with the poor, the helpless, the dead. What words of consolation to those who feel themselves such. Then, "Fear not, for I am with thee," and though you feel so much cause for fear, yet "be not dismayed, for I am thy God. Fear not, thou worm Jacob"—though you are a worm, and cannot help yourself—"for I will help thee." "I am He that liveth, and was dead." It is said in the sixth of Romans that those that were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into His death. This is His death unto sin, and we must die unto sin with Him; and this is a point we must make clear out, whether we do thus "die daily"—die to the things of time and sense—die to all hopes of being justified by the law—die to the lusts and

desires of our flesh, which must be crucified, even the old man within, the body of sin and death. Christ came for this purpose, in an ineffable and wonderful manner, not revealed to flesh and blood, to "put an end to sin, and bring in everlasting righteousness;" and having through His death accomplished this object, He raised Himself from the dead by His own power; and this shows to us that He has power also to raise us from the dead, and from that spiritual death which so alarms all the people of God when they come into it, and of which natural death is a type and emblem. The Lord Jesus says, "I was here once; I was dead, and know what it was, through the weight of imputed sin upon Me, to be shut out from the presence of God; but I have raised Myself, and I will likewise assuredly raise all My members, and they shall know that "I am the Resurrection and the Life, and whosoever believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live:" therefore, "Thus saith the Lord, the King of Israel, and his Redeemer, the Lord of hosts, I am the first and the last." And then it is asked, "Who, as I, shall call," and shall do all these wonderful things for Israel? "Beside Me there is no God" to bring such things about, therefore, "Fear not, nor be dismayed," you that are witnesses for the Lord, that He has done great things for you. If you have proved His power, rejoice. Those that are worshippers of idols (as it follows in the chapter) cannot rejoice in His power, having never proved it, and cannot therefore be His witnesses, for "they have not known, nor understood, nor considered in their hearts; but a deceived heart hath turned them aside." But Jacob and Israel, who are His servants, shall not be forgotten of Him, but shall have cause to praise Him, and to say, "Sing, O ye heavens, for the Lord hath done it," and hath confirmed and fulfilled all His Word.

In the seventh verse of the chapter from whence the text is taken, it is said, "Behold, He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him; and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him." When the Lord Jesus comes into the hearts of His people, it is with clouds and darkness; for He makes manifest the evil that is there, which covers all beside, so that the soul can discern nothing but what is for his destruction; and here the poor sinner weeps and wails for his sins, and for that Saviour whom now he is made to behold as pierced and wounded by them; and by that look he is so pierced and wounded himself, that he knows not what to do, or where to go; and in this forlorn condition he is as it were scattered by the four winds of heaven, a hurricane blows upon his soul, he is utterly lost and helpless in himself, having no hope from that quarter; and he is despised and hated by the world; suspected and not received by the Church; and, to his own feelings, he is

disregarded by God himself, so that his condition is truly lamentable. But when all this rebuke, which the Lord permits for his humbling, shall have wrought for that purpose, then the Lord will fulfil that which He says in Matthew 24th, and send His angels to gather such scattered ones into a place of shelter and safety, even the bosom of the Lord Jesus Himself. The verse before shows us when He will do this, when there is this mourning because they see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven. We are told in the following verse of this chapter to "learn a parable of the fig tree; when his branch is tender, and putteth forth leaves, ye know that summer is nigh." I take the fig tree to represent the true disciple of Christ, and the leaves are all those sorrows and piercings of his heart for sin—those deep anxieties of his soul about his salvation—those frights and fears lest he should be left out of the gathering. And when these feelings are wrought in a soul by the Holy Ghost, we may know them to be an earnest of better days; but those who are in this trouble will not believe it is so, nothing will make them do so because the piercing and mourning of their hearts for sin is so bitter that they can get no relief till Christ Himself speaks peace to their souls. We are next told, that "this generation shall not pass till all these things shall be accomplished." I take this to mean that every single individual of the whole number of God's elect in the generation then existing, as well as throughout every successive generation, from the beginning of the world to the final consummation of all things, shall feel these things apart for himself, in his own heart—even this coming of the Son of Man in terrible majesty to his own soul, which produces all this bitter and deep-wrought repentance. There is no other way but this path of tribulation by which to come at the precious experience of the power of Christ as the Saviour of sinners. He saves the lost, those who are quickened to feel they are so. This His Word declares, and it is easier for heaven and earth to pass away than that His Word should fail.

We are further warned to watch and look for this appearing of the Son of Man. This we must do in all His appointed ordinances, public and private, for we know not "whether shall prosper, this or that," or which shall be crowned with success; therefore, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand," and it shall be proved in the end that "those that seek shall find," though when this shall be we know not; and, as it says, neither can the angels know in heaven the time when the Son of Man shall be thus revealed. Christ always comes by surprise; when we think He is farthest off, and we have put our mouths in the dust for our sins, that is the time He takes to manifest Himself as the Saviour, and this brings

forth a song of praise from our hearts when we feel our immense unworthiness, and yet are so quickly brought to own and see His goodness to us. Therefore, as we know not the time, this comes with more authority, "watch," expect this promised blessing, wait for it in prayer and supplication, for "Blessed is that servant whom his Lord when He cometh shall find so doing." We are next cautioned against being like those set forth in the following verses, who in the days of Noah thought of nothing but this world's concerns; and at last "the flood came, and took them all away." The two characters of those that watch, and those that are in this tremendous manner surprised by the judgment of God, are represented by the two men in the field; the one taken is found watching, by the grace of God; the one left has the world in his heart, and cares for nothing else, and so is left to his choice. The one taken is exceedingly afraid lest he should be left; and the one left fears nothing at all, but hates the Lord and His people, and boasts in a false confidence; a snare and a trap into which many fall, as the chapter goes on to describe. It is built on various false foundations, one of which is under the idea of our being the children of God, presumptuously saying, "Once in Christ, always in Christ." This is a truth in itself, yet if it be made in an Antinomian spirit, a handle to a loose and careless life, it is a proof that it is held in utter ignorance of what being in Christ is.

We come now to speak upon another reference to our subject, contained in the twelfth of Zechariah: "In that day shall the Lord defend the inhabitants of Jerusalem." We may ask, In what day? and from what follows we may plainly gather that it is in the day of the "great mourning of each individual apart for his iniquity." Now here let us come closely upon our own hearts, and ask whether we are among these inhabitants of Jerusalem whom it is here said the Lord will defend? They are known by this mourning. "There shall be a great mourning in Jerusalem." They have "looked on Him whom they have pierced, and they mourn, and are in bitterness for Him, as for an only son." Also there is another token given whereby they may be known. It is said, the Lord will pour upon these inhabitants of Jerusalem the spirit of grace and supplication. Perhaps some of us may find this in our experience when we hardly believe that we do, for we think it is something very great; and so it is, in one sense, very great indeed; but not in the way we naturally expect, for it is surprising how little it makes us feel, how poor and empty, how vile and worthless; and here it is the Lord is helping our infirmities all the while, teaching us to bring our sins in confession and prayer before Him, and this is "pouring upon us the spirit of grace and supplication." I find myself that I cannot pray

two words except the Lord helps my infirmities, and when He shows me my inexpressible wants, and gives me power to cast them at the Saviour's feet, 'tis here I find relief. May the Lord in mercy give us this spirit of grace and supplication, and show us His great salvation, by opening to us that fountain which is appointed for the cleansing of the sins of the inhabitants of Jerusalem, which is a fourth token by which they are to be known. The souls in whom the Spirit of the Lord has wrought so as to produce this weeping and mourning will be kept constantly seeking for Jesus; like Mary, "who stood at the sepulchre weeping," and when asked the cause could only answer, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him." What encouragement it may be to us, if we are also seeking to find Him, to read how she succeeded. When she was crying and bewailing that she should never see Him again, there He manifested Himself to her, called her by her name, and her whole heart could own Him for her God and Saviour. Therefore it is good to be found in the way. "I being in the way" (it is said) "the Lord led me." But our hearts are always ready to dispute this point, and to say, "What is the use of praying or seeking for Christ? He is gone, and we shall see Him no more." The disciples seem to have been of this mind, for they came also to the sepulchre with Mary, and not finding Him, it is said, "they went away to their own homes," and so got nothing. If Mary had done so too, she would have fared with them, and missed one sight of Him to whom her soul was knit in affection and love. But it was happy for her, as it will be also for us, that she was of a different mind, and so sought that she got the first blessed sight of the Lord after His resurrection. What follows I have found very encouraging to my own mind, when I have been bowed down under the weight of guilt. I have felt for my careless and indifferent seeking, that our Lord does not upbraid the disciples with their carelessness, but immediately seems to forget it all, and sends Mary with a most loving message to them, expressive of the close union that now subsisted between them and Him. "Go to My brethren, and tell them, I ascend to My Father, and your Father; to My God, and your God," as though He said, "They are mine still, through all their perverse ways; I am not going to lose them, for I have bought them too dearly.

The account proceeds, that Mary went to the disciples, and told them she had seen the Lord, and the words He had said to her. Then they soon met all together—they felt, if the Lord had been seen by anyone among them, they must all come to hear about it. But their hearing the report of another who had seen Him would not bring Him into their hearts, but being thus assembled for inquiry and seeking, they are "in the way,"

and the Lord soon owned that they were, for "He came and stood in the midst of them, and said, Peace be unto you," and then He showed them His hands and His side. What does this showing of His hands and side mean, as it bears reference to us? for except we are concerned in it, the mere history is of no profit spiritually to us. It means that in a true and living experience He will teach His people to know Him, and to have fellowship in His sufferings. It follows, "Then were the disciples glad when they had seen the Lord." And I can tell you, if you know what it is to weep with Mary because you have lost Him, you will know what it is to be glad with her when you have found Him again; and you that know what it is to rejoice in His presence, will know what it is to cry and sigh, and weep and mourn at His absence. But in proportion to your ignorance here, so will be your easy contentedness in being left without Him. It is a home question that we ask many among us, "When did you last see the Lord Jesus?" and what blushing should it occasion when the answer can only be expressive of its being many days and weeks since. This is all for want of right seeking. I can surely say for myself, that if I pass a day without some fresh token of the presence of the Lord, I am so miserable I cannot even get on with my business. May the Lord give us all earnestness here, for a quiet contentedness concerning this matter will cost more than can be told.

The history goes on to inform us that Jesus manifested Himself again to His disciples after eight days, and Thomas not being with them, the other disciples told him "that they had seen the Lord;" but he answered, as it seems, in a spirit of unbelief, "Except I shall see in His hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into His side, I will not believe." Yet, on our Lord's appearing again when he was present, it is observable how our Lord especially addressed him the first, and gave him the very proof which he had required. "Thomas, reach hither thy finger, and behold My hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into My side; and be not faithless, but believing. And Thomas answered and said, My Lord and my God." I believe the sweetest and most heavenly consolation flowed into Thomas's soul as he spake these words, and yet with it the most bitter grief that he should have uttered such unbelieving words, so that I think his feelings cannot be described. But I believe I have felt the very same myself when the Lord has marvellously appeared for me, as He often has; and it brings to my remembrance my own ingratitude and unbelief, so that I then always feel myself worse than anyone, and that I have provoked the Lord more than any, after such repeated

manifestations of His favour. But the Lord says, "For My name's sake will I defer Mine anger, and for My praise will I refrain for thee that I cut thee not off. For Mine own sake, even for Mine own sake will I do it: for how should My name be polluted? and I will not give My glory to another." And this is all that can be said of any one of His merciful dealings towards His unbelieving and disobedient people.

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.

DEAR FRIEND in the thorny way, grace, mercy, and peace be with thee in all thy goings out, and thy comings in, through this vale of tears, and land us in heaven above, with all the redeemed family of God. The Lord of life and glory has taken from me to Himself my late loving and affectionate wife, in May last. She was brought under soul trouble in March, 1876, whilst we were standing under a tree in Cornfield Road, Eastbourne. I felt a solemn feeling in my own soul, and a cry went up to the Lord for His direction, and to give me something to speak. I then spoke to her of the solemnities of eternity, and of the value of a never-dying soul, and the utterly lost estate and condition of every one of us as we were born into this dying world. The words pierced her through and through, and she has told me many times, how she lay awake night after night, being afraid to close her eyes, fearing she should die, and fall headlong into the pit of eternal woe. Since that time, she was raised to a comfortable hope in the mercy of God. She would then say, "Oh, now I do feel a hope the Lord will pardon my sins, and make me to rejoice and praise Him." But no, the set time to favour her a Zionite was not fully come. Thus, sometimes hunted by the enemy of souls, and anon getting a little sweet hope, she went on, and on, until she was within eight days of her dismissal from the body, and she cried out, "Oh, John, I am lost for ever, and I feel myself sinking into the pit of woe." I tried to lift up my heart unto Him who alone can hear and deliver (which I had done hundreds upon hundreds of times for her eternal welfare). I was absent from her about an hour, when she rapped the floor with a stick. I went upstairs immediately, and said, "Well, my dear, are you any more comfortable in your mind?" She caught hold of me and kissed me, and said, "Happy!" six or seven times. I said, "If you feel happy, and feel you're going to heaven, lift up your hand and wave it." She did so three times, and each time she said, "Happy! happy! happy!" Oh the blessing which flowed out from my very soul, for His delivering at the eleventh hour! Paper is full. Adieu.

Yours in Gospel bonds,

Ashford, July 19th, 1897.

JOHN DUPLOCK.

"CAST DOWN, BUT NOT DESTROYED."

ART thou cast down? and does thy God
Seem far away from thee?
And do you feel at times that He
Will never nearer be?

Art thou cast down and tried because
Thy heart is full of sin;
And nothing but corruptions rise,
Whene'er you look within?

Art thou cast down because you feel
That you can nothing do?
Then there is much encouragement
And hope for such as you.

Cast down because thy life seems full
Of failures day by day;
Because the many things you would
You do not do and say?

'Tis then that Satan often comes,
And tries to make you feel
That you are nothing in God's sight,
Because you've no more zeal.

Art thou cast down because thy God
Is teaching more and more
Of thine own inability
Than e'er you felt before?

Cast down because when night comes on
Disturbing thoughts arise
Which harass and perplex the soul?
And thus the spirit cries:

"Forgive, Lord, what has been amiss,
And bless what has been right;
Help me, and give me strength to do
Things pleasing in Thy sight."

Cast down? Then look not in Thyself,
To all these changing things;
Look up—look up to Jesus Christ,
For this true comfort brings.

Think not He will despise thy suit,
Or will not hear thy cry;
He will not send you empty back,
When to Himself you fly.

Your emptiness and wretchedness
 Make not your only plea;
 Plead Jesus' blood and righteousness
 And He will care for thee.

His blood can make the vilest clean,
 Take out the blackest stain;
 And if you plead that blood alone,
 A blessing you will gain.

A. C.

IN PRAYER.

(PSALM lxxiv. 8.)

DESIRE God to look into His own heart, and therein to view the idea He had of thee, and those secret, ancient thoughts He bore towards thee from all eternity. And if at first He seems yet silent at it, then desire Him to look upon thee again, and ask Him if He doth not know thee? and if He hath not known, and taken thee for His from everlasting, and engraven thee in the palms of His hands, and table of His heart, with such deep and lasting letters of lovingkindness, as are not as yet, yea, which will not be for ever blotted out; tell Him thou darest refer thyself wholly to what passed between Him and His Son concerning thee, and let His own heart decide it. Appeal to Christ as thy Surety, and a witness thereof for thee, who was privy to all His counsel, whether thou art not one of those He gave unto Him, with a charge to redeem and save. And desire Him to look into Christ's heart also, if thy name be not written there with His own hand; and if that Christ did not bear thy name written up in His heart—as the High Priest did the names of all the tribes—when He hung upon the cross, and when He ascended into the holy of holies. Thus Habakkuk, putting up a prayer in the name of the Church, hath taught us to plead, "O Lord, art not Thou from everlasting my God, and mine Holy One?" (Hab. i. 12.) It was a bold question, yet God dislikes it not, but approves it, and presently assents to it in a gracious answer to their hearts ere they went any further; for their next words, and those spoken abruptly, by reason of a sudden answer, are an assurance of this, "We shall not die." And thus whilst thou mayest be a speaking blindfold as it were, casting anchor in the dark, He haply may own thee, and fall upon thy neck and kiss thee.—*T. Goodwin, 1651.*

WHEN the heart is full of joy, it will show itself outwardly; and when you are happy with Christ in your heart, you will show it by praises from your tongue.—*Romaine.*

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

DEAR MR. ———,—How often have I felt I should like to exchange a word with you after the services, for sure I am you need encouragement; but when the spirit is willing to write a line, the flesh is often weak. I am glad when I get home to lay the weary body down to rest, and thus it often happens that the readiness to do so passes off. However, since Sunday it has been much upon my mind to send you a line to say that I often find it good to sit under the sound of those precious truths you are enabled to bring forth, and can set to my seal that they are true. I often wish I could hear it all; but oh, when my hope is brightened, and my faith strengthened, I look forward to that time of entering into rest eternal, and hope I shall

“There bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.”

Sweet thought, to “have done with sin, with care and woe, and with our Saviour rest.” ’Tis then I can say—

“How light, while supported by grace,
Are all the afflictions I see.”

I hope I felt this, in some measure, while hearing you on Sunday, upon the trial of faith. Had you known the various exercises of my mind of late, you could not have traced out my path more plainly, though I did not hear it all. But how sweet it is when you tell me from the pulpit the exercises of my mind, when I know none but the Lord Himself knows them; ’tis then I can take encouragement, and still hope, and wait, and hang upon Him who is our Burden-Bearer. Oh for grace to trust in Him at all times, and under all circumstances, for truly I have found Him, and do still prove Him, to be my Refuge and my Strength day by day, and “a very present help in trouble.” Those lines dropped sweetly into my mind on Sunday afternoon—

“God shall alone the Refuge be,
And Comfort of my mind;
Too wise to be mistaken He;
Too good to be unkind;”

and my heart could respond, and say, “Lord, I want no other Refuge but Thyself.” ’Tis His presence I crave, His sweet voice I love to hear, and all is death apart from Him; but all is well in a moment if Jesus Himself draws near. Yes, ’tis then I can with dear Hart say—

“How harsh soe’er the way,
Dear Saviour, still lead on,”

for 'tis—

“A Father's hand prepares my cup,
And what He wills is best.”

But it is, as you said last week, when we are brought through these dark and trying paths that we can best speak of them. For when we are under a cloud, and the Lord hides His face, we are apt to misjudge His leadings and dealings, and think He is dealing hardly with us, when He is working all things for our good, and His own honour and glory. Oh for grace to still wait, and watch, and hang upon Him who is the sinner's Friend, “the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever!” Yes, I can testify He is a faithful, unchanging, and never-failing God ; and—

“His love in time past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink,”

for—

“He has helped in every need,
And this emboldens me to plead.”

As a God of providence, oh, how sweet it is to trace His loving, Fatherly care, and to watch His wonder-working Hand day by day. Truly I can say, He has and does supply all my needs, and that, too, in a most marked and often unexpected way ; so that I can say—

“Though small my stock, it lasts me well,
For God the store maintains.”

Mine is a hand-basket portion, and I find it is very sweet ; and having food and raiment, I desire therewith to be content ; but one thing I do crave for, and that is, a heart of real gratitude, thanksgiving, and praise, before Him who is the Giver of all my mercies. Yes, 'tis—

“To Him every comfort I owe,
Above what the fiends have in hell ;
Then may I not sing as I go,
That Jesus does everything well ?”

But I am afraid I shall tire you. I did not think of running on so. Please pardon wherein I am wrong. May the Lord bless, support, and comfort you, day by day, and hour by hour (I know you need Him). May He preserve and keep you, in your going out and coming in, and abundantly bless your labours of love, both at home and abroad, to the good of precious souls, and His own honour and glory, is the sincere desire and poor prayer, with kind Christian love to yourself and dear Mrs. —,

Yours sincerely, yet most unworthy,

May 18th, 1897.

R. H.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

THE following letter by Dr. Conyers, once Rector of St. Paul's, Deptford, was written by him to one of his spiritual children :—

My dearest and best-beloved child, I received your kind and very affectionate letter, but have been prevented answering you, time after time, by indisposition, fatigue, and the daily calls of my ministry. I perceive that when you wrote to me, you were still labouring under your usual deadness of soul ; it is a heavy trial, but God will appear for you. I would recommend a serious meditation upon the sufferings of our Lord. I would set before your eyes that eternal life which is with Him, and in Him. I would point out to you a thousand lovelinesses in our great Deliverer. I would set before you this delicious fare, but my child knows I cannot provide him an appetite ; yet, at the same time, he knows who can and who will. Oh, call upon Him, cry mightily to Him ; give Him no rest till you are made a living temple of the Holy Ghost—till you are baptized with fire from above—a fire that will burn up all your dross. Your Lord has long delayed His coming, but glorify His name by a steady trust in Him ; encourage not an unbelieving thought in your heart. The Strength of Israel cannot lie. Look to it that you stumble not at your own infirmities. His mercy is *undeserved* mercy ; His grace is *free* grace. Labour not for qualifications. I know of none we have except misery, and helplessness, and wretchedness, and sin ; the rest is absolutely all His own. Labour after a will swallowed up in the will of God ; labour after holy and sanctified affections ; call for grace to enable you to mortify the corruptions of the flesh, and to bring your passions into a sweet obedience to the Lord Jesus.

I long after you in the bowels of Jesus Christ.

R. CONYERS.

ON GRATITUDE.

TRUE gratitude is a sweet flower, that blossoms only in the garden of a grace-renewed heart. It often fades, even there, and loses much of its sweetness ; but the soft showers of Divine goodness from time to time descend upon and renew its life and fragrance, and then a rich cloud of grace-perfumed praise ascends heavenward to its Eternal Author and Inspirer. Lord, fill my heart frequently with the always "welcome guest."

West Brighton.

R. E. HARDING.

If the devil has but a single temptation, it is to keep you from Christ.—*Romaine*



WILLIAM GRIMSHAW.

WILLIAM GRIMSHAW.

WILLIAM GRIMSHAW was born September 3rd, 1708, at Brindle, in Lancashire, and was educated at the schools of Blackburn and Hesketh, in the same county. While he was a schoolboy the thoughts of death and judgment, the torments of hell, the glories of heaven, and the sufferings of Christ, often made impressions upon his mind. In the eighteenth year of his age he was admitted at Christ's College, Cambridge. Here for two years he seemed utterly to have lost all sense of religion and seriousness, till he was ordained in 1731, and became curate of Rochdale. From here in a few months he removed to Todmorden, and for three years he conformed to the vain and thoughtless world, attending to Sunday duty, but buried in the world and its pleasures, until 1734, when the God of all grace began to work upon his mind very strong and painful convictions of his own guilt, helplessness, and misery, by discovering to him what he did not suspect before, that his heart was deceitful above all things. Very painful apprehensions seized his mind, of what must become of him; he became exceedingly miserable, with horrid thoughts and temptations. In this state of great trouble he continued for more than three years, not daring to acquaint any with his distress, but by these lasting and deep convictions he was brought to the knowledge of the sinfulness of sin, and was made willing to receive salvation freely. He could find no rest till he obtained through faith in Christ a clear and satisfactory manifestation of God's forgiving love, accompanied with Divine peace and joy. This was in 1742. He was filled with marvellous light, and possessed a glorious liberty. "I was now (he says) willing to renounce myself with every degree of fancied merit and ability, and to embrace Christ only for my All in all. Oh what light and comfort did I now enjoy in my own soul, and what a taste of the pardoning love of God! If God had drawn up my Bible to heaven and sent me down another, it could not have been newer to me." Whilst under convictions, one of his parishioners came to him under great distress of soul, and asked him what she must do. He could only say, "I cannot tell what to say to you, Susan, for I am in the same state myself, but to despair of the mercy of God would be worse than all." Another woman, named Mary Scholefield, of Calf Lees, sought his advice. He told her to put away these gloomy thoughts, divert herself, and all would be well at last. When he knew better, he went to her and said, "Oh, Mary, what a blind leader of the blind was I at that period." He states that the perusal of "Brook's Precious Remedies against Satan's Devices," and "Owen on Justification," were extremely helpful to him at this time. Here he lost his beloved

wife, leaving him with two children : this sorrow was overruled for his spiritual good. Soon after, in May of the same year, he was appointed minister of Haworth, in Yorkshire ; the population was of the wildest and roughest order.

He commenced preaching in the plainest manner the Gospel of Christ, followed by house-to-house visitation. He says, "The method which I, the least and most unworthy of God's ministers, take in my parish is this: I preach the Gospel, glad tidings of salvation to penitent sinners, through faith in Christ's blood only, twice every Sunday. We have also prayer and a chapter expounded every Lord's Day evening. I visit my parish in twelve several places monthly, convening six, eight, or ten families in each place. This I call my monthly visitation." He welcomed others who were of one heart with himself to preach to the people—such as Whitefield, Romaine, Venn, &c., and on such occasions, the concourse of hearers being so great, they were obliged to preach in the churchyard. In one instance when Whitefield was present the numbers who came to the Lord's Table were so great that no less than thirty-five bottles of wine were used. Souls were affected by the Word, brought to see their lost estate by nature, and to experience peace through faith in the blood of Jesus. The church was regularly crowded, many being obliged to stand out of doors. His preaching was in the plainest language, for he was willing to sacrifice what he learned at Cambridge, so long as he could succeed in reaching the hearts and consciences of his people. The solemnity of his manner (says his friend, the Rev. John Newton), the energy with which he spoke, the spirit of love which beamed in his eyes and breathed through his addresses, were convincing proofs that he did not trifle with his people. Middleton says of him : "In performance of Divine service, and especially at the Communion, he was at times like a man with his feet on earth and his soul in heaven. In prayer before sermon he would indeed take hold (as he used to say) of the very horns of the altar, which he could not, he would not, let go till God had given the blessing. And his fervency often was such and attended with such heartfelt and melting expressions, that scarcely a dry eye was to be seen in his numerous congregation." The same Christ that he preached in the pulpit was the Christ that he endeavoured to follow in his daily life. He seldom preached less than twenty and often nearly thirty times in a week. Year after year the Holy Ghost applied his sermons to the hearts and consciences of his hearers, and added to the true Church such as should be saved. Wherever he could find a barn, house, or meeting room, within or without the boundary of his parish, he embraced the opportunity of proclaiming the unsearchable riches of Christ. At Booth

Bank, Rostherne, services used to be held in the house of John and Alice Cross. Alice was a woman of great spirit, and a heroine in Christ's service. Her husband was a quiet, sober man, but for some time after her conversion he remained in his old ways. When going out to worship, with her straw hat in one hand and the door latch in the other, she would say to him, "John Cross, wilt thou go to heaven with me? If thou wilt not, I am determined not to go to hell with thee." Grace conquered John at last; a pulpit was fixed in the largest room of their house at Rostherne, and the messengers of God were made welcome to their fare and farm. When beggars came to the door, she told them of the riches that are in Christ Jesus, and kneeling by their side commended them to the grace of God, and then sent them away grateful for her charity, and impressed by her earnestness in seeking their souls' good. On one occasion she stopped the Chester hunt when passing her house and addressed the horsemen, especially Lord Stamford and Sir Harry Mainwaring, who listened to her warning and rode on. Such were the kind of people who valued Grimshaw's labours and welcomed his visits. We must not suppose that he escaped persecution. "Mad Grimshaw" was the name given to him by many, and on several occasions he was molested when preaching. Once at Colne, in 1748, a drunken mob covered him and his friends with mire, dragged him violently along the road by the hair of his head, and unmercifully beat them. On one occasion a charge was preferred against him for preaching out of his parish, and in a licensed meeting house at Leeds. At his hearing he was asked by the Archbishop, "How many communicants had you when you came to Haworth?" He answered, "Twelve, my lord." "How many have you now?" "In winter from three to four hundred, and in the summer near twelve hundred." On hearing this the Archbishop expressed his approbation, and said, "We cannot find fault with Grimshaw, when he is instrumental in bringing so many persons to the Lord's Table."

On another occasion, complaints having been laid before his lordship of Grimshaw's irregularities, he announced a Confirmation at Haworth Church. On the day appointed, in Haworth vestry, while the clergy and laity were assembling in great numbers, the Archbishop thus addressed him: "I have heard many extraordinary reports respecting your conduct, Mr. Grimshaw; that you wander up and down and preach where you have a mind, without consulting your diocesan, and that your discourses are very loose. That I may judge for myself, I shall expect you to preach before me and the clergy in two hours hence from such and such a text. You can retire and make preparation while I confirm the young people." "My lord," said Mr. Grimshaw,

"seeing such large numbers of people here, why should they be kept out of the service for two hours. Send a clergyman to read prayers, and I will begin immediately." After prayers Mr. Grimshaw ascended the pulpit and began an extempore prayer for the Archbishop, the people, and the young people about to be confirmed, and wrestled with God for His assistance and blessing until the congregation and the Archbishop himself were moved to tears. After the service was over, the clergy gathered round to ascertain what proceedings the Archbishop intended to adopt to restrain the preacher. To their surprise, he took Mr. Grimshaw by the hand, saying with a tremulous voice, "I would to God that all the clergy in my diocese were like this good man."

It was his frequent custom, says John Newton, to leave the church at Haworth while the psalm before sermon was singing, to see if any were absent from worship and idling their time in the street or the alehouses, and many of these he so found he would drive into church before him. A friend of mine passing a public house on a Lord's Day morning saw several persons making their escape out of it, some jumping out of the lower window and some over a low wall. He was at first alarmed, fearing the house was on fire, but upon inquiring what was the cause of the commotion he was only told that they saw the parson coming. They were more afraid of the parson than of a justice of the peace. Haworth races were an annual festival got up by the innkeepers, and a great occasion of drunkenness, riot, and confusion. For some time Grimshaw attempted in vain to stop these races. At last, unable to prevail with men, he addressed himself to God. For some time before the races he made it a subject of fervent prayer that the Lord would be pleased to interfere and to stop these proceedings. When the race time came, the people assembled as usual, but they were soon dispersed. Before the races could begin dark clouds covered the sky, and such excessively heavy rain fell that the people could not remain on the ground, and it continued to rain during the three days appointed for the races, and it proved an effectual stop, for there were no more races at Haworth. He carried his humility and simplicity of living to such an extent, that he thought anything good enough for himself, if he could only show a Christian brother kindness and hospitality. A godly friend once came to stay a night with him; on looking out of his bedroom window in the morning he saw Grimshaw with his own hand cleaning his guest's boots! Nor was this all, for on coming down-stairs he discovered that Grimshaw had actually given up his own bedroom for his accommodation and had spent the night in a hayloft. Once, on his way to Colne, he overtook an old woman and asked her where she was going. She replied, "To hear Grimshaw." He pitied her many

infirmities, but she said her heart was already there and she would make the body follow. Struck by her earnestness, he took her up behind him on the pillion of his own horse, and thus enabled her to reach the place without further toil.

John Pawson said, in 1803, that he heard him fifty years before preach a most comforting discourse on the words, "O fear the Lord, ye His saints: for there is no want to them that fear Him." In which he spoke very strongly about God's faithfulness to His promises, and said, "Before the Lord will suffer His promise to fail, He will lay aside his Divinity and un-God Himself."

I give some extracts from a letter he wrote to some Christians in London, in 1760:—

"It is well with those of you who, being in Christ, are gone to God; you ministers and members of Christ have no more doubt or pain about them. They are now and for ever out of the reach of the world, flesh, and devil. They are gone where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest. They are sweetly sleeping in Abraham's bosom. They dwell in His presence who hath redeemed them, where there is fulness of joy and pleasure for evermore. They are waiting the joyful morning of the resurrection, when their vile bodies shall be made like unto His glorious body, shall be re-united to the soul, shall receive the joyful sentence, and inherit the kingdom prepared for them from the foundation of the world.

"It is well also with those of you who are in Christ, though not gone to God—you live next door to them. Heaven is begun with you too; the kingdom of God is within you—you feel it. This is a kingdom of righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. It is begun in grace and shall terminate in glory. Yea, it is Christ within you, the hope of glory. Christ the Rock, the foundation laid in your hearts, hope in the middle and glory at the top. Christ, hope, glory! Christ, hope, glory! You are washed in the blood of the Lamb; justified, sanctified, and shall shortly be glorified. Yea, your lives are already hid with Christ in God. You have your conversation already in heaven. Already you sit in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. What heavenly sentences are these! What can come nearer Paradise? Bless the Lord, O ye happy souls, and let all that is within you bless His holy name. Sing unto the Lord as long as you live, and praise your God while you have your being. And how long will that be? Through the endless ages of a glorious eternity. It is well with all those of you who truly desire to be in Christ that you may go to God. Surely He owns you. Your desires are from Him, you shall enjoy His favour. By-and-by

you shall have peace with Him through our Lord Jesus Christ. Go forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed by the shepherds' tents. Be constant in every means of grace. He will be found of them that diligently seek Him. Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted. Though your sins be never so many, never so monstrous, all shall be forgiven. He will have mercy upon you, and will abundantly pardon. For where sin hath abounded grace doth much more abound. He who hath begun this good work in you will accomplish it to your eternal good and His eternal glory. Therefore doubt not, fear not, a broken and a contrite heart God will not despise. The deeper is your sorrow, the nearer is your joy. Your extremity is God's opportunity. It is usually darkest just before daybreak; you shall shortly find pardon, peace, and plenteous redemption, and at last rejoice in the common and glorious salvation."

A few months before his death he wrote to Lady Huntingdon soliciting her aid to assist in building a chapel, concluding thus: "Yes, when I am before the throne, then I shall see and hear and know what you have been made the instrument of accomplishing upon earth, and at last we shall meet as two poor worthless sinners, stripped of every fancied good to bless and praise Him through eternity." On one occasion he said, "What have we to boast of? What have we that we have not received? Freely by grace are we saved. When I die, I shall then have my greatest grief and my greatest joy—my greatest grief that I have done so little for Jesus, and my greatest joy that Jesus has done so much for me. My last words shall be, Here goes an unprofitable servant!"

In April, 1763, an epidemic visited Haworth, and whilst visiting a parishioner he caught a putrid fever, from which he died. To Mr. Ingham during his few days' illness, he said, "My last enemy is come. The signs of death are upon me, but I am not afraid. No, no! Blessed be God, my hope is sure, and I am in His hands." Afterwards, when Mr. Ingham prayed for the lengthening of his life, that he might yet be useful to Christ's cause, he said, "Alas! what have my wretched services been? I have now need to cry, at the end of my unprofitable course, God be merciful to me a sinner." At another time, laying his hand on his heart, he said, "I am quite exhausted, but I shall soon be at home for ever with the Lord, a poor miserable sinner redeemed by His blood." The Rev. H. Venn came over from Huddersfield to see him. To him he said, "Never had I such a visit from God since I first knew Him. I am as happy as I can be on earth, and as sure of glory as if I were in it." At another time he said to his housekeeper, "Oh, Mary, I have suffered last night what the blessed martyrs did. My flesh has been, as it

were, roasting before a hot fire, but I have nothing to do but to step out of bed into heaven. I have my foot upon the threshold already."

He passed away April 7th, 1763, aged fifty-five years. He was buried, by his own desire, by the side of his first wife in the chancel of Luddenden Church, in the valley of Calder, not far from Haworth. He would have only a plain, poor man's burial suit, and a plain, poor man's coffin of elm boards, with the words on the cover, "To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." The Rev. Henry Venn conducted the services, at which several Psalms and suitable hymns were sung. The Rev. John Newton and the Rev. William Romaine preached funeral sermons. Mr. Romaine says of him: "He preached Christ, and Christ alone, and God gave him very numerous seals to his ministry. He himself hath told me that not fewer than 1,200 were in communion with him. He was the most humble walker with God I ever met with. His last words were, 'Here goes an unprofitable servant.'" An inscription he had written in gilt letters under the sounding board of the pulpit is said still to remain: "I determined not to know anything save Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

R. F. R.

"THAT ROCK WAS CHRIST."

IF thou wantest whereon to build all thy hopes, God in Christ is a Rock of foundations; if enemies annoy thee, He is a Rock of defence and shelter; if the sense of thy sins and God's wrath lies burning and scorching upon thy spirit, He is a Rock of shade to cool and refresh thee; if thou hunger and thirst after righteousness, assurance of God's love, peace of conscience, He is a watery Rock, a feeding Rock, to thy soul. Only speak to the Rock by prayer, and smite the Rock by acts of faith, and the living waters of consolation will flow abundantly upon thy soul. Lay thy mouth close to this Rock, thou shalt suck honey out of it. If thou fearest thou shalt fall off from the Rock, know thy safety lies not in thy holding the Rock, but in the Rock holding thee. This Rock of Ages will preserve thy soul to all eternity.
—*Edmund Staunton*, 1649.

THERE is comfort in Christ for whatever you are mourning or fearing.—*Romaine*.

Do not hearken to what your heart says about Christ, much less to what unbelief and the deceiver of the brethren say; but look at what the Father says of Him.—*Romaine*.

THE STATE OF ZION.

A FEW PASSING THOUGHTS.

OH may the Lord His Churches bless,
While passing through this wilderness
Oh may the dreadful bickerings cease,
And love and harmony increase.

It often grieves God's little ones
To see the state to which we've come :
When those who love and fear the Lord
Are often taking up their sword,

And cutting off their brother's ear
About some scandal that they hear ;
Which oft might soon be proved untrue
If it were sifted through and through.

We know by reading God's own Word,
A loving Peter took his sword :
But it's rash use Christ soon forbade—
And oh may we Christ's footsteps tread !

How sad it is to often see
Such wrangling and such jealousy
Among e'en those who hope to be
So happy in eternity.

There'll be no jars in heaven we know,
Such thorns grow only here below ;
Oh that saints would love one another,
And cease contending with each other.

Jesus, the harmless Lamb of God,
Who for His people shed His blood,
Gave saints a new, a sweet command,
Too much forgot on every hand.

The new commandment left to us
By Christ the Lord, who took our curse,
Was love, that best of blessings given
To saints on earth and saints in heaven.

We're weary of this din and strife,
It oft embitters daily life
Among the saints, who should agree
While journeying to eternity.

By this, said Christ, all men shall know
That ye are Mine (while here below),
If ye have love one to the other,
And brother walk in peace with brother.

How much all need the Spirit of life
To give more love and put down strife,
That each may feel a brother's load,
And walk in peace the heavenly road.

In heaven ! Oh what a glorious rest !
 No sinful thought can e'er molest,
 But saints of every tribe and name
 Will join to praise Immanuel's name.

But oh the thought ; Shall we be there,
 Where there's no sorrow, pain, nor fear ?
 O Lord prepare us by Thy grace
 To sing Thy love and view Thy face.

S. D.

JESUS HIMSELF DREW NEAR.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I returned to live here on the 1st ; on the 3rd I was at chapel twice, and on the 10th I intended to go. A conveyance was sent both times, but I was too ill to comply with the request of the friends who had been praying that my soul might be blest through God's great goodness. I had a blessing similar to the one you saw in the G. S. I shed very many tears of joy. I valued it, for it was much needed. The friends who saw me in my Divine enjoyment, told the friend who leads the prayer-meeting at half-past six, and when the friends heard of the answer to their prayers they were made glad. The blessing came upon me about four. How precious was Christ. How I could call the promises my own, and was not afraid to die. I tried to act in that way, that I might not be robbed. In the evening I looked out for the collection of hymns by Whitfield, and could enter into the hymns that treated of death with feeling and also much gladness of heart. What a very great mercy to have my soul blest in my long affliction ! How it makes all things right !

“ Mercies of providence and grace
 Flow from Thy bounteous hand ;
 These claim incessant songs of praise,
 And fervent love demand.”

We can bless God when He blesses our souls, and we know “ that all things work together for good to them that love God.” It is a great mercy to have any fresh proofs of the Lord's loving-kindness to me. In what various ways has God bestowed His blessing upon a sinful worm. What an exceeding great blessing is that enjoyment in the soul which will enable you to look death in the face !

May the Lord bless those who love and fear His name in Sevenoaks and the neighbourhood. Give my love to your father-in-law, and any inquiring friends.” It is a narrow way to heaven.”

Yours affectionately,

Abingdon, July 14th, 1864.

WILLIAM TIPTAFT.

DESIRES FOR ZION'S WELFARE.

BY THE LATE GEORGE HOLDEN, OF CRANLEIGH.

OCT., 1859.—I pray and hope you may ever fear, love and serve God in righteousness and holiness all the days of your life, for this is true happiness alone, for godliness hath the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come. Oh poor Helmsley ! the Lord look upon the state of the souls there, and send the Word of His grace to gather His elect to the Gospel, and to Christ, the Author of eternal life. May you, like Abraham, rear an altar to God where you are. The Church is low in most places, and we need pray for her and for one another daily that we may be found of Him in peace. The way is attended with many trials, nor do we without tribulation enter the kingdom of heaven. Our natural blindness and corruption of nature cleaves to us, to hinder us, and Satan and the world without often make us faint and tremble. Oh, may God's strength be made perfect in our weakness. I have laboured to make known God's truth and His ways to the children of men.

Aug., 1871.—This is our time to work, for the night of death comes, when no man can work. I am now in my seventy-eighth year, yet I desire to be found at my work in the Gospel; my health is good, but somewhat rheumatic. May you be looking to the hills from whence cometh all your help, for your help cometh from the Lord that made heaven and earth. Wait on Him in prayer and searching His Word, which is left to you, perhaps, as the only means of grace, for your edification. But the time is short; pray for the peace of Zion and for her prosperity, and the ingathering of sinners to the Lord Jesus Christ. We have had some afflictions among our people, and much mercy with them. The Lord of hosts is with us, and the God of Jacob is our Refuge. I wish you every grace and blessing of the New Covenant which God has made with His chosen, and then you will be neither barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of Jesus Christ. The man out of whom the Lord Jesus cast a legion of devils desired to be with Jesus—a good desire, too. How the Psalmist pants, "When shall I come and appear before God?" For it is He that proclaimed His name to Moses: "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquities, transgressions, and sins, and will by no means clear the guilty; visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children." It is this God that hath forgiven us our sins in this free and gracious way and manner. May we not say with Mr. Hart?—

"This God is the God we adore,
 Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,
 Whose love is as large as His power,
 And neither knows measure nor end.
 'Tis Jesus the first and the last,
 Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
 We'll praise Him for all that is past,
 And trust Him for all that's to come."

You will be obliged to keep much at His footstool if you enjoy peace with God, and it must be through our Lord Jesus Christ. The Lord can build up His Church and people, and as the man servant looketh to his master, and the maiden unto her mistress, so must our eyes be unto the Lord, until He will have mercy on us, for this our ruin must be under His hand, who alone can heal our backslidings and set us in the way of His steps; and may we walk in His paths with our loins girt about with truth, and our lamps burning, and we as men waiting for the coming of the Lord. Mercy and truth have followed me all the days of my life, may I make David's resolve to dwell in the house of the Lord for ever. If spared, I hope to see Mrs. Payne, who was Miss Peck. The word of truth says, "There are many devices in a man's heart, but the counsel of the Lord it shall stand," and time will prove what that is.

April, 1872.—The Lord look down upon His people, and revive His work in the midst of the years, and gather His elect to Himself. Oh, the sad state of Zion! Some striving for trifles, but the weightier matters of the law are quite neglected. Oh may we drink deeper into spiritual things, and grow up into Christ the Lord in all things tending to unity and conformity to Him. I sigh, and feel the evils of the days in which our lot is cast. May we be of those who come up out of the wilderness, leaning on the Lord Jesus Christ.

"For that blest hour I sigh and pant,
 With wishes warm and strong;
 But, dearest Lord, lest these should faint,
 Oh, do not tarry long."

One scarcely knows where to turn their eyes for a pleasant state of things. Lord, look down upon us in tenderest mercy, for the powers of darkness seem to be stirring up all the sinful mischief they can to allure or vex the Church of Christ, to draw them off from looking, learning, and following Christ in the regeneration. The Lord's poor people suffer greatly from within, and the corruption there is in the world through lust. Of these it is said, "They came out of great tribulation, and washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Our

days are as a shadow, and soon pass away. Whenever death comes may we be found in Christ, washed in His blood, sanctified by His Spirit and grace, and clothed in His spotless robe of righteousness, to spend an eternity in His presence.

October, 1872.—To-morrow (D.V.) I go to Cranbrook, where Mr. Huntington preached his sermon, "The Heavenly Work-folk," and where I have gone for thirty-four years; yet, "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it; and except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." It is well for us to keep these things in remembrance, that we may look to the Lord alone to guide our every step and supply our every want. May we do as they are said to have done in Malachi's time, that is, speak often one to another, for the Lord hearkens and hears, and a book of remembrance is written before Him of them that feared the Lord, and thought upon His name, and on them "the Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing in His wings." The Lord be good to our souls amidst the evils of sin in which we have to grope; but the cloud will clear up, and the Lord will appear in His own time for our salvation and deliverance. Our chapel is well attended; we are much blest in our brother's preaching, and it is more and more manifest that it is the Word of God. It commends itself to our souls as such, and the love of the brethren abounds in our congregation, which is a great mercy for us in these sad days. My days are drawing to a close; and as the Lord Jesus prayed for, and did commit His Church upon earth unto His Father's hands, I desire to follow His example, and do, as a servant, what He did as a Lord of His own house, whose house we are, if we hold fast the beginning of our confidence unto the end. Cleave to Him as your life and your all, for there is none besides Him can do our helpless souls good. I am often crying, "My leanness, my leanness!" for though without Him we can do nothing, yet with Him we can do all things through Christ who strengthens us. What a solemn judgment occurred here on Saturday evening! The Bishop of —, that enemy to God and truth, was riding, when his horse stepped into a rabbit hole, threw him, and broke his neck. Oh that others may take warning, and leave their Ritualism, and adhere to God's truth!

January 24th, 1873.—How sad and painful to witness the withdrawing of the Spirit of grace and truth from a people. We may say, "Oh that it was with us as in times past!" Under these things I am sometimes ready to faint, and feel more and more, God alone is the health of our countenance and our God. May a sense of His eternal favour revive poor mourners in this wilderness. There are few with whom we are of one mind in the things of God—

"For Wisdom shows a narrower path,
With here and there a traveller."

And if we ask of those who are safely landed in glory, they can say—

"They once were mourners here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They laboured hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears."

Be content to struggle on, "Looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith," for He "in the days of His flesh, when He had offered up prayers and supplications, with strong crying and tears, was heard in that He feared; and being made perfect, He became the Author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him." Let us submit to Him, and we shall find rest to our souls in God's own time, for He hath promised to give the weary rest. We have had several baptized, and added to the Church. The Lord gathers His people to Himself, and builds up Zion, and strengthens His grace in the souls of His people, that His name may be glorified on earth.

July 1874.—

"Oh, thou hideous monster, sin,
What a curse hast thou brought in!
Thou hast ruined wretched man,
Ever since the world began.
Thou hast God afflicted too;
Nothing less than this would do."

God who permitted it to take place has of his mere mercy appointed a sovereign remedy—the death of Christ, for "in that He died, He died unto sin once, but in that He liveth, He liveth unto God; therefore reckon ye yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin but alive unto God," through Jesus Christ, to whom be all the praise for His wonderful redemption which He hath effected by His death and resurrection. And now He lives to plead the cause of our souls. Remember what the poet says—

"Give Him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace."

It is a very sweet account of the Lord's grace and mercy to dear Emma. Oh, I shall never forget the labour of my soul for her good, and how God crowned that work with His favour. It is my mercy I have, of both white and black, seals to my usefulness in the Gospel. I am as fit for war as I ever was, never being only perfect weakness. "The Lord raises the poor out of the dust, and the beggar from the dunghill, and sets them among princes, even the princes of His people," and "makes the barren woman to keep house, and to be a joyful mother of children." It

is better to pray for grace and conformity to Christ than for comfort; for where the work of the Spirit is really carried on in the heart, to that God will bear witness as being from Him, and will comfort the soul thus sanctified, and bless it with His truth.

June, 1875.—“Himself took our infirmities and bare our sickness,” and I believe it, yet I feel a weight of sin, and constantly a sense of my weakness and inability to do that which is good, and these things bring me under the necessity of looking unto and trusting in the Lord Christ for life and salvation and righteousness. Hart truly says—

“None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.”

The longer I live the more solemn and weighty these things appear to my soul. With a sense of these things upon our spirits, we may well wonder at the lightness of professors. “Be sober, and watch unto prayer.” And may the Lord manifest Himself to us as He does not unto the world. Grace in Christ, and from Christ, is everything to us poor needy souls. How can we hope for heaven but by Christ? who is our Passover, who was sacrificed for us, therefore let us keep the feast, “mourning for ourselves or else for Him.” When I reflect on my inward feeling of sin, I think of the leper under the law, who upon the appearance of the disease was to go and say to the priest who was to inspect it, “It seemeth to me there is a plague in the house;” and so there is in our soul, and also in our body, which is the house in which we dwell. I want you still to remember that Christ, like the brazen serpent, is lifted up on the Gospel pole, and we have nowhere else to look. And He is like the City of Refuge, for we have nowhere else to flee to.

June, 1875.—“Bruised and mangled by the fall.” Oh, what humbling lessons have we to learn in the school of our hearts, when God’s light shines within, and we have discoveries of what rules there. The Saviour tells us what proceeds out of it, and we have a feeling and experience of it, and are ready to cry out, “Can ever God dwell here?”

“But He that shows can cleanse the filth
Of each polluted soul;
Restore the putrid parts to health,
And new create the whole.”

Nothing short of the light of life by its sanctifying influence can restore health and cure. Oh may that breath of life come from the four winds and breathe upon these slain, that they may live. May we constantly implore the blessing of the Spirit of God upon the whole household of faith. I have thought of Christ teaching His disciples, by taking a child and setting him in the

midst, showing we may be as such, and we are called upon to be meek and lowly, so as to find rest to our souls. May we act tenderly and prayerfully with the state of things by which we are surrounded. Jesus said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." And again, "Be ye merciful, as your Father which is in heaven is merciful." And by this we are known to be the children of God. What a state poor Helmsley is in! May the Lord show them His mercy and grant them His salvation. How different was their case when Dr. Conyers was so marvellously called among them near a hundred years ago.

September 28th, 1876.—What a great mercy to have matters right between God and our souls. We want the healthful grace of His most Holy Spirit, and to be sober minded and watch unto prayer, and as the Apostle exhorts, "Let brotherly love continue." Satan's aim is to weaken the grace of love in the souls of the Lord's people, both towards one another and the cause of God. "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers." Let us be careful and very slow to receive reports of ill towards any of God's professing people, and observe what rules the Word gives, and be careful to walk in them. I feel myself from day to day a very poor sinner, and my prayer is with the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner." I feel God has given me a broken heart, and one says—

"The contrite heart and broken,
God will not give to ruin;
This sacrifice H'll not despise,
It is His Spirit's doing."

Last evening, 27th, we commemorated the Lord's death, as He has bidden us, "till He come." Oh, may He come and receive us to Himself in peace; and when He does come may He find our loins girt about with truth, and our lamps burning. In the mean time may He graciously say unto our souls, "I am thy salvation." G. H.

THERE are *wondrous* things in the Word of God. That fallen man should be recovered is a *wondrous* thing; that sinful man should be reconciled to a Holy God is a *wondrous* thing; that the Son of God should take upon Him the nature of man, and God be manifested in the flesh, and a believer justified by the righteousness of another—these are *wondrous* things. But there is darkness upon our minds, and a veil over our eyes, and the Scripture a clasped, closed book, that we cannot savingly understand these wonderful things, except the Spirit of God take away the veil, and remove our ignorance, and enlighten our minds; and this wisdom is to be sought from God by fervent prayer.—*Thomas Doolittle, 1676.*

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

MY DEAR SON,—Grace, mercy, and peace, from God the Father and Jesus Christ the Lord and Saviour, and the Holy and Blessed Spirit, one with the Father and the Son, as the God of all grace from whom we poor, sinful creatures receive pardoning grace for all our manifold sins and iniquities that we are the constant subjects of: for it's from the free grace of the Father in Christ Jesus, and for the work He has done, the righteousness He wrought out, the full satisfaction made to justice, and the curse that He bore, that ever we experience the mercy of God, or can ever enjoy peace in the conscience; and this can only be known and enjoyed from the love and grace of God the Holy Ghost, who shows us our state, our sin and misery, and then reveals the provision made and the remedy suited to our real state, and brings us into some enjoyment of these new Covenant blessings which flow from the equal love and grace of the God of all grace. Now, these things known and enjoyed bring a soul more or less to have the mind and spirit of Christ, their Lord and head, and to desire to show it in life, walk, and conversation, as having learned of Him their meek, loving, tender-hearted and compassionate Redeemer; and the more they are enabled to walk according to this rule the greater their peace of mind, and the less fears they have of not being the Lord's; and they know that as He was in the world, walking in this state, so also are they, and they are thus brought to a holy confidence in the Lord. This I have known and this I have enjoyed, but must confess with shame that many times I have felt and been the complete opposite, so that instead of humility there has been pride, and instead of love there has been anger, revenge, unkindness, and evil speaking. I find it in vain to multiply words in setting forth the evil and sin that works within, and that Satan would fain should be brought forth and seen. And then Satan has much to accuse us of, and so to distress us, for in this state we appear to have the image of the devil instead of Christ, to which we are predestinated by God our Father, and for which purpose the Holy Spirit is given for the changing us into, but when the works of the flesh are indulged, or not resisted, the Holy Spirit is grieved and withholds His divine operations, so that sin and Satan appear to have the dominion over us. Then a sense of the Father's love is withheld, and instead of the smiles and presence of our Father and Redeemer we have nothing but frowns and rebukes, and I have had fears that it was more than the chastisements of a gracious Father, yea, that it was judgment without mercy; but I pray that you may never be left to such a state, that anger may never be suffered to abide in you nor in me, but

that a speedy confession may be made, and pardon sought of God for the same, and grace to help and keep in future time. May He bless us with peace in our consciences, love in our hearts, and truth in the inward parts, that we may walk before Him and to His glory all our days. I have heard only two sermons since I have been here—could not attend on week evenings. I heard Mr. W. Gadsby twice on Lord's Day morning from Psalm cxlix., "Let the saints be joyful in glory," and a most blessed time I had, and he gave us to understand that a subject which he intended to preach from was completely taken from him, and I saw that it was in great measure designed for me, for on Friday, from twelve at night until two in the morning of Saturday, I had a most blessed opening up of many portions of God's Word, and from a view of the glory, pomp, riches, and grandeur of this present world, and of what the creatures of it are doing, I found a portion of God's Word fulfilled unto me, more here than ever before, namely, "Your life is hid with Christ in God." I saw that I was dead to this world, that I had riches, glory, beauty, righteousness, holiness, and happiness, which the great of this world know nothing of, for I have God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, with all that grace that is needful for this life and for that which is to come; and this was made clear to the mind from these words: "Out of Zion the perfection of beauty God hath shined," so that all we have is from this our God, who is our portion and not this world. So that if any soul living who heard the servant of the Lord, had cause to be thankful and joyful in the God of grace and glory, I had, for I was brought to possess Him as my own, and to glory in my portion, my life, my eternal All in all. I went and spoke to him in the vestry. He told the London friend not to expect him in London any more this year, if ever, as he finds travelling and preaching almost too much for him. In the evening he finished discoursing from Heb. iv. 12, 13, and a most solemn finish it was, for the Word was fulfilled that it is quick and powerful, dividing asunder between joints and marrow. He showed what a joint religion was without the marrow, and how men with a fleshly religion are led to perform all kinds of acts and works without spiritual life and motion, which cut off most of the profession of the day, and closed with describing or speaking to hypocrites and presumptuous hardened characters, holding the truth in unrighteousness, with all the enemies of God's cause, and he showed they were all naked and open to Him of whom his text spoke. I think I never heard a man speak like it in all my life. God bless you with that religion that makes you dead to this world, and alive to that which is to come. Amen.

London, June 1st, 1841.

THOS. PRIGG.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR SON,—I have been wanting to write you a few lines ever since your last letter, but have little time till night, and then my eyes are dim and painful. . . . I am glad to find you do not take the things that pertain to religion as granted or as a matter of course; I was not aware that the word I spoke was received by anyone at Whitechurch. I had spoken much the same things at L. the Sabbath before, and it was received by some and rejected by others, but whether rejected or received, I felt the force of truth contained in them. The Lord's complaint through the whole of that short word by Malachi, is not want of service, but the *evil spirit* in which they served the Lord. "Polluted bread," "the lame for sacrifice," dealing "treacherously with the wife of youth;" and, "weariness of the Lord's service," smiting with the fist of wickedness. In all these they served themselves, not God, and all God's reproofs were resented, as they are now, by priest and people, not affected with "the fear of the Lord," but, "They that feared Him *spake often*," "thought upon His name," and "*trembled at his word*," they, in one word, fell under Him. They did not ask the Lord to stop their mouth, and you do not wisely to do so. Read carefully Matthew vi. on alms and prayer, it teaches to "take heed" in doing these things, and that is our wholesome, lifelong wisdom. I believe Satan may shut a man's mouth, and he may think it God's mark, for he comes as an angel of light, but Satan will never lead a man to act with holy caution in divine things. I believe it best to press on through a *thousand temptations to give up*, rather than to give up once. The causes a blank you can never after fill. It is Satan's triumph; it is the saints' humiliation.

September 2nd, 1880.

S. BARNETT.

"A FORGETFUL HEARER."

SOME hearers have bad memories. Their memories are like leaky vessels: all the precious wine of holy doctrine that is poured in, runs out presently. Ministers cannot by study find a truth so fast as others lose it. If a truth delivered doth not stay in the memory, we can never be "nourished up in the words of truth." If thieves steal away people's money, they tell everyone, and make their complaints that they have been robbed; but there is a worse thief they are not aware of. How many sermons bath the devil stolen from them! How many truths have they been robbed of, which might have been so many death-bed cordials!—*Thomas Watson*, 1660.

NEW CHAPEL.

STRICT BAPTIST CHAPEL, FAIRHAVEN, NEAR LYTHAM.

THAT "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform," has been remarkably illustrated with regard to the little Church and people recently formed at Fairhaven, where Mrs. Rowson, of Lytham, along with Mr. H. E. Greenwood, of Halifax, on Saturday, August 21st, 1897, laid the two corner stones of a Strict Baptist chapel now in course of erection. Like Nehemiah and his band of helpers, the Fairhaven scheme has been carried forward under circumstances of the most discouraging nature; all things, and almost all men, near at hand, being at one time apparently against the little venture; nevertheless, the hand of the Lord has been discovered in the matter. For a few living, exercised souls have prayed to the God of heaven, and in spite of all opposition there is every prospect that the Lord is granting their request; and, like Paul of old, when he saw the faces of his friends, they now "thank God and take courage," believing that in the Lord's own time and way they will be able to see the opening of the first Strict Baptist Chapel that Fairhaven has ever known.

At the ceremony of laying the two corner stones, on Saturday, August 21st, Mr. Healey, of Bolton, opened with prayer; Mr. Schofield, of Rochdale, then, officiating as chairman, proceeded to explain the origin and progress of the scheme, stating that about thirty to thirty-five people, some years ago, met together in Mrs. Rossall's house; this place becoming too small, a room close by was taken but afterwards given up. Subsequently the little gathering met together in a room close to the proposed new chapel, and seeing that when a minister came amongst these few lovers of truth, from thirty to forty hearers gathered together to hear the Gospel's joyful sound, it was thought that the time had arrived when the necessity for a chapel showed itself. Funds were at once raised, and the names of Messrs. Moss, of Hebden Bridge, the Messrs. Smith and Greenwood, of Halifax, Mr. Schofield, of Rochdale, as well as Mr. Alex. Taylor, of Manchester, and others, will ever be remembered as pioneers of the first cause of truth at Fairhaven. A plot of land was secured upon very favourable terms, but the conditions imposed by the vendor were so stringent and exorbitant that the site was changed for the present one.

Mrs. Mary Kezia Rowson, on laying the first corner stone, declared it to be well and truly laid, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, adding that the building was being erected for the spreading of the truths of free and sovereign grace. Mr. H. E. Greenwood then proceeded to lay the second stone

in like manner, trusting that the worship to be carried on within the walls of the building would be to the honour, praise, and glory of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. He reminded his hearers that there were two sides to the important question which might be influencing the minds of those present, namely, the material side as well as the spiritual side. Dealing with the material side, he went on to state that the building would require paying for, and he was pleased to say Fairhaven had many practical friends—practical friendship was what they wanted—expecting that lovers of truth in Lancashire, Yorkshire, and other places, would not be slow in coming forward with their help, in order that when the building was ready for opening it might be opened free from debt. As to the spiritual side, he urged that many of them were exercised about that part of the work, and hoped that the place would long be used for the preaching of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. Those who were going to worship within those walls were called Strict Baptists; the origin of that name he could not give, but the disciples were first called Christians at Antioch. He preferred to say that they were followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, and their belief was in the Gospel as recorded in the Bible; and what distinguished them from the many, was their belief in free and sovereign grace, that salvation is of the Lord, without creature merit or works of righteousness which we can do. Our Covenant God has chosen a people from before the foundation of the world, and predestinated them to eternal life. In due time He sent His Son, “gave Him up,” as the Apostle said, “He was freely delivered up for our offences.”

Further, they believed in the redemption of His people by the precious blood of Jesus Christ at an appointed time, whether black or white, bond or free; as the poet puts it—

“ There is a period known to God,
When all His sheep, redeemed by blood,
Shall leave the hateful ways of sin,
Turn to the fold and enter in.”

In the preaching of the glorious Gospel of Christ he contended for the necessity of the new birth, that great change described by the Redeemer Himself to Nicodemus, the work of the Holy Ghost in quickening the redeemed family of God, God honouring the instrumentality of those whom He calls and raises up to be the preachers of the Gospel.

At a subsequent meeting held in the room in the evening, Mr. J. Wilkinson, of Accrington, engaged in prayer. Mr. Schofield then spoke upon the essential foundation and fundamental principles of the Particular Baptist religion, the

Humanity and Godhead of Christ, His sinless life, the predestination of the people of God, Christ as the Sinbearer, overcoming the grave and ascending on high. He also touched upon Believers' Baptism and the Lord's Supper.

Mr. Booth, of Thurleston, dealt with the necessity of unity of the people, patience, and prayer. Mentioning that Fairhaven streets, in many instances, were called by New Testament names, he said that the nearer we could get to the Acts of the Apostles in the forming and conducting of our Churches the better would it be for us as a professing people.

Mr. Booth expressed a hope that Fairhaven would soon possess a Sunday School, relating the following anecdote of a deacon who stated he did not like to see the chapel filled with young folks, as it appeared "so sensational." The opinion of Mr. Booth was, that the sooner such deacons went to heaven the better.

Mr. Hoadley, from Sussex, stated that he had been connected with the Particular Baptists for nearly fifty years, and had lived to prove the truth of the promise "They that honour Me I will honour." He declared his admiration of the Apostle who called himself less than the least of all saints, and the chief of sinners. He also reminded the people that unless the Lord be with them they would strive in vain.

Mr. Hull, in speaking, trusted that this would be a red-letter day in Fairhaven's history, and his hearers' experience. He remembered the time when the Lord sent the arrow of conviction into his heart; that was, although he knew it not at the time, to him a red-letter day, as also was the day when the Lord settled his doubts and fears, bringing home the words, "Ye are complete in Him;" then he could understand the language of the poet where he sings—

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

When amongst the General Baptists he had felt his religion all gone, and in that solemn position wondering whether he would not prove to be twice dead—plucked up by the roots. His condemnation seemed so just that he could echo the poet's words—

"And if my soul were sent to hell,
God's righteous law approves it well."

Yet he had not a heart even then to cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" but it was a red-letter day to his soul when the words were applied, "By grace are ye saved through faith, and

that not of yourself, it is the gift of God." In dealing with the proceedings of the day, he hoped that people might be inclined to come to this part for the benefit of their health, and that Fairhaven might indeed be a fair haven in their souls' experience.

Mr. John Smith, of Halifax, thought the Church of Christ lay very near the heart of Christ, as well as very near to the heart of the people of God, and spoke of His hearing and answering prayer. His desire was that of many at Fairhaven it might be said of this and that man "that they were born there."

Mr. Moss, of Hebden Bridge, attributed the honour and glory of the work which had been done at Fairhaven, in the erection of a chapel to the honour and glory of God—no praise to man. One person he believed had been raised up specially to further this scheme.

Mr. Thomas Smith was nothing if not practical, in fact, he had already taken a sitting in the chapel now being built, and treated a little upon what he called parsimonious Particular Baptists. His own father, he added, was once visiting an old woman whom he desired to relieve, but after some consideration he deemed it prudent not to give her more than 2s. 6d., and in order to make sure he had the right amount he felt in his pocket and gathered in his hand what he thought to be a 2s. piece and 6d., which he handed to the old woman on leaving, her without examining the coins. To his astonishment, on reaching home, he found the supposed 2s and 6d. pieces must have been half a sovereign and half a crown; and "serve me right," added old Mr. David Smith, for he could see how he had had to pay for a parsimonious spirit. About a hundred pounds were raised at the different services.

"O DEATH! WHERE IS THY STING?"

CHRIST came to grapple with Death on the cross, and that horrid monarch was armed with all his terrors; he had his full force upon him, and darted his sting with such violence and vengeance into His whole frame, that he struck that sting through His body and soul into the cross, and could never draw it out any more; so that the King of Terrors has never been able to bring his sting to the death-bed of a Christian, nor will he to the end of the world. But this was not glory enough for our almighty Conqueror; He went down into Death's dark dominions, fought him upon his own ground, tore his crown from off his head, broke his sceptre to shivers, and with the triumph of a conquering God He said, "O Death! I will be thy plague. O Grave! I will be thy destruction."—*J. Ryland*, 1786.



ROBERT PYM.

ROBERT PYM, LATE OF ELMLEY.

THE honourable name of "Pym" has for many generations been connected with the history of our nation, both religious and political, particularly at the time of the Commonwealth, on the side of Protestantism.

Mr. Robert Pym was of this family, being the third son of Francis Pym, Esq., of the Hazells, Sandy, Bedfordshire, where he was born July 5th, 1793. Early in life he entered business as a banker's clerk, in London, where he followed the desires of his own sinful heart; frequently in after life referring to this period with deep humiliation. But it was there that the Lord began the work of grace upon his soul. He felt burdened, and often sighed and mourned over his wretched condition. In this state he one day entered Christ Church, Newgate Street, and heard a sermon by "Ryder," then Bishop of Lichfield, on the words, "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me" (Gal. ii. 20). The text rather than the sermon powerfully affected his mind, and was the means of discovering to him the way of salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ. Soon after this, desiring to leave his employment as banker's clerk, and seek the good of immortal souls, he determined to enter the ministry. After the usual college preparation, he was ordained. He was known at this time to spend hours on a Sabbath morning in prayer, seeking that he might be nothing, but, the Holy Spirit speaking in him and by him, God alone might be glorified. At this time, while waiting for a field of labour, Lord Scarborough offered him a living in Yorkshire which was then vacant. Lord Scarborough said it was a miserable neighbourhood, and no gentleman would like to live there, but a curate might be put in to do the duty. When this was mentioned to Mr. Pym, he at once said he should wish to do the work himself, and live amongst his people. He was therefore inducted into the Rectory of Elmley, near Wakefield, in the year 1830, where he remained until the close of his days. For many years he was subject to much bondage through the fear of death, until the year 1850, when the Lord appeared in a marked way, and delivered him from it by a blessed application to his soul of Hebrews v. 7.

He thus describes his exercises concerning his later ministry: "Friday night, lay awake many hours. Saturday, helpless. Still, the Lord was good to me, making Himself most unspeakably precious to my poor cast-down soul, giving me very sweet access to a throne of grace, and making Himself and His truth precious past everything. I quite thought the Sabbath Day must prove a giving-up day, but the Lord was with me most sweetly and

beautifully throughout the service. The congregation was more than commonly numerous; a curious, rough set of hearers. I went into the pulpit and was enabled to pray. Gave out the text: 'The Lord hath sworn, and will not repent, Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek' (Psalm cx. 4). The Holy and Blessed Spirit came and preached powerfully, gloriously, made the truth ring again. Both sides of the question. Rich comfort and food was poured out for the Lord's own dear sheep, while for others it was indeed a reality of all that was sad and fearful; all of which came out of the reality of the truth and the power which so sensibly attended it. It was very commanding, but I had nothing to do with it; it was the Lord's doing. He had sent me there in entire renouncement of self, and sole dependence on Him, and He did not fail me. My own soul felt the power of every sentence uttered." Our venerable friend Harrodine's letter will give some reminiscences of his life at Elmley, which he spent with his beloved master for a number of years.

Mr. Pym was never married; he lived much alone, except for the occasional visits of such men as Richard Hale, of Harewood, and others. The people from the country round flocked to listen to his faithful messages, and his name is still held in affectionate remembrance by many who were blessed under the Word. He suffered most acutely the last twelve months of his life, yet was favoured with the Lord's presence, and the closing scenes were most glorious and triumphant. Sometimes he would exclaim twenty times together, "Blessed! blessed! blessed! blessed be His holy name! Lord, my poor body will not contain it. Oh, it is wonderful, wonderful that Thou shouldst save me—such a vile sinner as I." And when the servants came into the room he would say, "God has been blessing my poor soul. Oh, tell the friends of the Lord's goodness to me."

On August the 15th, he said to one sitting by him, "It will soon be over now. It is all passing away. I am dying very happy, just as I wished to die. I am in union with Christ. I die unto sin daily, but Jesus lives in me. It is all Jesus, nothing but Jesus. When Jesus appears, it will be all Jesus in heaven! I am dying." These were the last words he spoke, yet breathed on until Sabbath morning, August 17th, 1862, when he entered upon an eternal Sabbath. He was interred under the communion table of Elmley Church, there to wait the resurrection of the body and the entire fruition of all the purposes of God's everlasting love to His chosen ones. His writing often appeared in various periodicals, signed E. L. M. P.

DEAR SIR in the bonds of the Gospel,—As you wished for some little account of my residence under the roof of my late

beloved and revered master, the late Rev. Robert Pym, a man of God indeed, of blessed memory, Rector of Elmley, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, near Wakefield: in the mysterious order of the providence of God over the writer, being the last of the fifth generation of his family who had been united to the honourable house and family of the Pym, of the Hazelle, Sandy, Beds, as servants, be it remembered there were in both families found a number of those who were the subjects of the new birth the Lord Jesus spoke of to Nicodemus, as in John iii. The writer being born in the Homestead Park, he was sent away out of the stables, a boy in his teens, in 1832, to enter the service of Mr. Robert. Indeed—

“ God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.”

I had heard Mr. Robert preach at Potton, for Mr. Whittingham (the late John Berridge's curate), in 1830, two years before I found his quiet household. His text on that occasion was, “ God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son,” &c. (John iii.) The stable boy was present, but did not see nor feel any difference from that of others he was in the habit of hearing; of course this was from the prevailing death in his soul and ignorance of the fact, and hence the want of life to feel and know anything aright. But when he was privileged to hear from the pulpit at Elmley, he was from the beginning surprised to hear and observe a great difference that, in a measure, took hold of the boy's heart, as he saw it to be doing upon the hearts of others in the village a few, and in the country round for miles coming to hear the new Rector to the joy of their souls. It was observed that his preaching could not be left alone for the Sabbath only, but was talked over and over during the week, some saying he was a good man, others “ Nay, nay! he preaches such and such doctrines, as that of Election, although it was a divinely inspired truth as other kindred truths belonging thereto, as in the Articles of our National Establishment. Yet there were many up in arms against it, and the good man for preaching them.

Now this was all quite new to the eyes and ears of the Rector's new boy; and more—it had to him an interest, a novelty to his mind that did not rise up in rebellion against it; and behind this new interest was discovered what amounted to an astonishment, as he was further privileged to gather with the servants for family worship at the rectory, to see and observe our good master read a portion of Scripture, then comment upon it as he looked

off the book into the fire. Dear me! thought the boy, how strange to read a little bit, then stop and talk about it, then read a little more, and talk about that. Why don't he read on till he has done the chapter, then close the book and lay it down? but this talking about it, I cannot understand the need or use of it. Really he seems to think there is something in the Bible to be brought out of it, as if it meant a something. Dear me! how strange, with all my hearing of, and reading at home about the Bible, I had not the slightest idea of any meaning being in its pages. It seemed like the deaf adder having for the first time found a kind of itching in his ears preparatory to an opening of them. Then there was the preaching about God, and Christ, and salvation—the plan of salvation. Grace and the truths of grace, and the various doctrines of the Gospel, all which began to have a new sound and meaning to each of these phrases; and further, there was a certain people in association with each and all these words and sayings. Then so much was said about the certain people, and one chief name of these was that they were the Church of God, even before the world was. O dear, dear! the wisdom of my master was amazing, to talk about things done by God before the world was made, and this same had to do with men in time, and was carried on in and through time into eternity again after time. Oh, wonderful! And then with it all so much about the Lord Jesus Christ, upon whom so much of all this depended. An ocean of new things was spread out before one, so that I did wonder at the gracious words heard from the pulpit, as of old they did at the words of the Lord Jesus.

Now this went on for about four years ere a further change was realized, as this until now was wrought in the mind only. Now the whole scene became transferred to the deeps of the soul in 1836, when, I trust, the secret work of God the ever blessed Spirit, the Holy Ghost, was pleased so graciously to work, to speak the word "live" to the soul, attended as it always is by light sufficient to make manifest the real state and condition of the soul, cast out as the new-born infant in the open field to the loathing of thy person in the day that thou wast born (Ezek. xvi. 8). In this the soul became convinced of its sin; there was light to see and life to feel the solemn truth of this new revelation to the full assurance of faith, thus far only for the time being. And for some thirty years after the Word of God was against me, condemning with conscience and Satan. The more particular state and place of the sacred Word was in the 51st Psalm with the 88th, with but very little glimpses of cheering now and then. To enter into the exercises of the soul during the above period cannot be brought into the compass of a single letter.

The latter years the writer was privileged to reside within the

sound of the ministry of Elmley Church; the same deeply engrossed the mind in the sacred truths and doctrines of the Gospel of Christ, storing them in the heart and mind for further use in the long after years of pilgrimage in the wilderness, as God has been pleased to bless in making them of use, and thus helping by the way from time to time.

There was no direct communication between master and servant, as the latter had the Word of God in the pantry in his hand. The public ministry and private life of the beloved Rector before his eyes daily was found to be all-sufficient for this peculiar case; so it was that while master and servant under the same roof, the only suffering in exercising upstairs, the other down, and both in a great measure ignorant of each other. The one and same God in Christ was gracious to both, blessed for ever be His holy Name; and that poor servant, now in his ninth decade, can write this with a melting heart. I love my master, his memory is very dear to my heart, as it is bound in the sacred bonds of the love of Christ, as David's was to the child his heart was so bound up in, and as he said, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." The master was made to be the brother beloved, the rich to rejoice in that he was made low, and the lower that he became exalted in the best sense, the rich and poor meet together, the Lord is the Maker of them both, and each esteem other better than himself.

I desire to note before I die one blessed fact, the remembrance of which has brought tears to my eyes, while the heart throbs with emotion, relative to that highly honoured servant of Christ. On one occasion, in my duty, assisting to robe for the pulpit in the study, I retired as usual, as more was not required of me just then, a feeling (well, it was an excess of duty not required), the servant tarried between the doors to open both when the master made his exit. It was not the best thing to do, to stand between these doors, both ajar, instead of coming out as was thought. The good man of God would have one more appeal to the throne of grace for the deeply felt need of the Divine help and blessing in that work now again before him. The words of the appeal were directed to the Lord Jesus, and as they reached my ear they also touched my heart with a peculiar solemnity, at once the spirit of the Word (not exactly with the letter) of that spoken to Moses at the bush, "Draw not nigh hither; remove thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." Which was promptly done, and as quiet as possible. Now, all godly, exercised souls know there is a kind of difference upon their spirits in the devout exercise of prayer, when in the presence of others, than when alone in the closet with the Lord; but how was it here? It was the felt nearness of spirit, heart

and soul, that pervaded the whole soul of the devout worshipper ; he spoke in that tone and way as if the Lord Jesus was personally present.

Yours, &c.,

WM. HARRODINE.

THE LORD OUR HELP.

(PSALM cxxiv.)

ON us in mercy, Lord, look down,
Put not our hope to shame ;
We need Thy power to make us stand,
Our help is in Thy name.

Beset with snares on every side,
Depressed with anxious cares,
Oh show Thyself, most gracious God,
And govern our affairs.

Hast Thou not power to help the weak,
Who cast themselves on Thee ?
Shall not Thy grace be their support,
However tossed they be ?

Yes, mighty God, who holdest all
In Thy own sovereign sway,
The darkest night shall by Thy love
Be turned to welcome day.

Thy needy ones, whose arm Thou art,
Shall ne'er be lost though weak ;
Oh grant us grace that we, dear Lord,
Thy promised help may seek.

E. H. PRESTON.

"YEA, HE IS ALTOGETHER LOVELY."

JESUS CHRIST is comprehensive of all things that are lovely : He seals up the sum of all loveliness : things that shine as single stars with a particular glory, all meet in Christ, as a glorious constellation. Cast your eyes among all created beings ; survey the universe ; observe strength in one, beauty in a second, faithfulness in a third, wisdom in a fourth ; but you shall find none excelling in them all as Christ doth. Bread hath one quality, water another, physic another ; but none hath all in itself as Christ hath. He is bread to the hungry, water to the thirsty, a garment to the naked, healing to the wounded, and whatsoever a soul can desire is found in Him.—*John Flavel*, 1699.

A MEMORY OF SANDON.

LIKE many another country village, few have heard of it who do not live within a radius of seven miles. I myself had lived as near as four miles to it for thirty years, but had never once seen it, till—a few days ago—I had the solemn pleasure of attending the funeral of a godly Scotchman who had died at a farm near the church, and was buried in the churchyard.

A narrow road, sloping downwards, brought us suddenly to the church, on our right; a farm-house stood at the left; a wide piece or two of straggling green in front of us; and opposite, standing in many postures, were a few cottages, a blacksmith's shop, and a beershop; evidently Sandon was all *there*.

If only "Old Humphrey" had been alive and there, how vividly he would have pictured the scene as we waited about the churchyard gates for the arrival of the funeral party; one after another came the neighbouring farmers, faultlessly dressed, as if bent on giving their last *honours* to the esteemed departed; little children looking on from the gates over the green, and two or three strangers peering curiously about church and yard for any item of interest which they might carry away from a place not likely to be seen by them more than once in a lifetime.

Presently—as the "bell with solemn toll" was sounding—the white-frocked clergyman made his way to the gates, and the funeral procession came in.

Imagine our surprise when we saw that the coffin was carried on the shoulders of the good man's own son and brothers; it was taken into the church (there had been a service held in the house previously, according to Scotch custom), and the grand old fifteenth of 1 Corinthians was read, and two beautiful hymns were sung—"Thy will be done," and "Peace, perfect peace,"—and then we went to the grave side, where another touching Scotch custom was carried out; the children and brothers of the deceased themselves handled the ropes, and gently, reverently, tearfully lowered to its rest the body which had been so dear to them. More than one of us felt choking when we saw a little fellow of eleven leaning over to assist in the lowering.

But just think of it! is it not a beautiful custom? It seems to say that no hands else have a right to touch *their* dead; and what a memory for the children, to have always the recollection of having been the last to serve their father! I must, however, stop here to record a terrible thought which came to me almost at the moment; suppose the children to know that the parent they were burying was through life an enemy to God and godliness, and had so died; how *could* they lower him into a grave

from which he would some day surely rise to "shame and everlasting contempt?"

Then came the closing prayer: "That it may please Thee shortly to accomplish the number of Thine elect, and to hasten Thy kingdom; that we, with all those that are departed in the true faith of Thy holy name, may have our perfect consummation in bliss, both in body and soul." What a prayer! how many of the clergy who repeat it believe that God *has* an "elect" people, or long for the accomplishment of their number? Even we who believe, and hope and wait for such an ending to this weary stretch of warfare and doubting—we are seldom indeed in that frame of mind which would warrant us to say to our Lord, "*Come quickly.*"

But perhaps you will say, "How do you know that your Scotch friend was a good and godly man?" Well, in the first place, he followed the truth; and in the next, his words—few and well chosen—savoured of personal knowledge; it was a real gratification just to have half-a-dozen words with him after the service. After he was confined to the house I called one summer evening to inquire about him, and was kindly asked to go up to his room, "just for five minutes," as his heart was so weak. He had to pant for breath, but began at once to tell me how good God had been to him; he said the last month had been the happiest month of all his life, the Lord had let heaven come into his soul before he got there. I always like to know how a religion *begins*, so, as I really felt there was no need for me to say anything else, I asked him, "How long have you known Him?" and here is the answer I got, full and free, and with a pathos of earnestness which I only wish I could reproduce.

"It was about '61, there was a great awakening all over the country, you will remember, and in Scotland. It was Dunlop Horse Fair, and there were all-day services in Dunlop Church, and I said to myself, if there is any good to be got I might as well be seeing; and I went to the church, and came out a miserable man; I was troubled and could get no rest. One day I was making straw ropes in my father's barn, and it was just as if a voice said in my ear, 'You know, you never asked the Lord for mercy and *meant it.*' I left the barn, went through the close and into my room, and I cried for mercy—oh, I cried! and I came out through the house, and in one place lay a Bible; and no one to *this day* will make me believe but that God sent an angel or some one to put that Bible there, for there never was one there before, and no one in the house would admit putting it there. I opened it at the first chapter of Colossians, and read till I came to, 'And you that were some time alienated and enemies in your mind by wicked works, yet now hath He

reconciled,' etc. ; and then I saw, 'In whom we have redemption through His blood ;' and my trouble was gone ; and that is the history of my soul.' "

Oh what a mercy that millions of other souls have a similar history. There will be "a great number that no *man* can number" to glorify God and enjoy Him for ever. But I know that if we could speak to him now, he would tell us that the history of his soul was only *begun*. Oh what will the history of eternity be ? Bless God for salvation by substitution.

Then I made ready to go, for I feared he would suffer from the exertion ; but he took my hand and blessed me till I could have blushed, for I knew how poor a thing he was spending his wishes upon. But I do not think while life lasts I shall ever look back without a sanctified pleasure to my brief memory of Sandon.

Galleywood.

M. A. CHAPLIN.

LOVE TO CHRIST.

"I sought Him whom my soul loveth."—SOLOMON'S SONG iii.

JESUS, in Thy transporting name,

What blissful glories rise !

Jesus, the angels' sweetest theme,

The wonder of the skies.

Jesus ! O loveliest, sweetest name,

The sum of every bliss,

That feeds the sweet immortal flame

Of sacred love and peace.

The very mention of Thy name

My fainting spirit cheers ;

To all my wounds 'tis godly balm,

It quite expels my fears.

I love the Scriptures, filled so full

Of Thy most precious blood,

Thy name, and travail of Thy soul,

My dearest Lord and God.

Nor can I love that work or word

That doctrine, book, or theme,

That takes no notice of my Lord,

That leaves out His dear name.—*Cennick.*

GOD is so lovely to those that are His, that He makes everything good to them in the issue (Rom. viii. 28). He makes a covenant between everything ; so that all the endeavours of Satan and his instruments shall turn for good to the Church ; so sweet, and good, and gracious is God.—*Sibbes.*

A HANDFUL FROM AN OLD AUTHOR.

FRIEND, thou mayst know, that in this part of the world called Christendom, the name Christian is very famous, and that there are few therein but desire to be called by that name; and a high and great profession of Christianity abounds amongst the divers sects therein, all coveting the name of Christian, but the Christian life, the nature of Christianity, the fruits and effects of the Holy Spirit, are much wanting, and the contrary much abounds, whereby an evil savour is sent forth to the nations round about, called heathens and infidels: for there is scarce any sort of wickedness to be found upon the face of the whole earth, which is not done and committed in this part of the world, called Christendom, whereby the Jews and heathen, instead of being converted, are strengthened and confirmed in their infidelity, ignorance, blindness, and idolatry; for where this nominal or titular Christian hath prevailed, as among the Americans, he hath sent forth such a stink and ill savour by his abominable, inhumane practices, that the name of Christ is blasphemed, and the Christian Religion hated by many that have heard the fame and report thereof.

Had the life of Christ and the nature of Christianity been known and lived in by all that profess the name, Christendom had been as a fruitful field, as a pleasant garden enclosed, as a vineyard walled about, full of trees of righteousness, and plants of God's own right-hand planting; and the tree of life would have flourished among them in the midst thereof; and the leaves of the same would have healed the nations round about; it would have been as a city set upon an hill, which cannot be hid; and as a lamp that burneth, being fed with sweet oil; as a glorious light that shineth; and many would have fled unto it, as unto a city of refuge, and have walked in the light thereof, have seen and beheld their good works, and have glorified their Father which is in heaven; they would have lain down as a flock of harmless lambs together, solacing themselves in the green pastures of life and salvation, in the low valley, and a-top of that holy mountain, where no destroyer is, nor none can make afraid; where the lion eats straw like the ox, and where the sucking child plays on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child puts his hand on the cockatrice's den without hurt (Isaiah xi. 7-9). The earth would have been full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea. And this song would have been in Christendom, as in the land of Judah, "We have a strong city; salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks" (Isaiah xxvi. 1, 2). The gates thereof would have been open to them, as a righteous nation that keepeth the truth, that they might

have entered in and dwelt safely ; this would have been the state of Christendom.

But, alas ! alas ! the quite contrary appears ; instead of being as a fruitful field, as a pleasant garden enclosed, and as a vineyard planted and walled about, bearing fruit unto God, and flourishing with trees and plants of His own right-hand planting, it's like a desert, howling wilderness, full of briars and thorns, and hurtful weeds, whereby the good seed that was sown is choked, and the noble plant degenerated, and become the plant of a strange vine which brings forth the sour grapes, which makes the wine of Sodom, which fills the whore's cup, whereby nations are made drunk.

And instead of being like a flock of harmless lambs, lying down together in love and unity, feeding in the green pastures of life and salvation, in the low valley, and a-top of the holy mountain, where no destroyer is, they are like unto a herd of swine, that is possessed, and runs violently into the sea, or that walloweth in the mire ; and like the wolf, bear, lion, asp, and cockatrice, which the little child hath not power over ; but their devouring and poisonous nature remains, which makes them prey one upon another, bite and devour one another, even under the profession and name of Christ and Christianity : so instead of being as a city, whose walls are salvation, and as the heavenly Jerusalem, they are like Sodom, Gomorrah, and Babylon. Instead of being like a lamp that burneth, being fed with sweet oil, and a light that shineth, they are like a lamp that's gone out, and a candle under a bed or bushel, which gives no light to others. Instead of the meekness, love, brotherly-kindness, gentleness, patience, long-suffering, forgiveness, innocency, goodness, harmlessness, righteousness, and heavenly-mindedness of Jesus, which He and His followers were and are indued withal, the quite contrary abounds ; and yet a profession of Jesus in words is not wanting in these nations called Christendom ; so that Isaiah's vision, sight, or prophecy, is fulfilled therein, "The show of their countenance doth witness against them ; and they declare their sin as Sodom, they hide it not. Woe unto their souls ! for they have rewarded evil unto themselves. Children are their oppressors, and women rule over them. O My people, they which lead thee cause thee to err, and destroy the way of thy paths" (Isaiah iii. 9, 12).

In this day also this prophecy is fulfilled in Christendom : "Seven women shall take hold of one man, saying, We will eat our own bread, and wear our own apparel : only let us be called by thy name, to take away our reproach" (Isaiah iv. 1). These seven women are, or may fitly be compared to, the perfect full number of all the titular Christians of all the divers sects and opinions in Christendom, who professes the name of Christ

and call Christ their Husband, but play the harlot with other lovers, eat their own bread, which is the forbidden fruit, and the old gathered manna, and wear their own apparel, which they have sewed together with their own hands, and formed by their own inventions, to cover their nakedness in transgression. But the Lord God, whom they have transgressed against, is come down to walk in His garden; and He finds it overgrown with weeds, thorns, briars, and thistles; but neither the weeds, trees, nor fig-tree leaves of profession, though sewed together, and made like a garment of modesty and righteousness, can hide from His all-seeing eye; the words, "Adam, where art thou?" is sounded forth, and he and all his works are found out, the hidden things of Esau are sought out, and the earth can no longer cover her slain: but the blood of righteous Abel cries, and the souls under the altar cry, "How long, Lord, how long will it be ere Thou avenge Thyself on them that dwell on the earth, and yet profess Thy name and Thy Son's name, and say, Thus saith the Lord, when they have not heard Thy voice, nor seen Thy shape, nor known Thy wondrous works in the deep, nor regarded the operation of Thy hand?"

Because of these things the cry of the righteous hath been unto the Lord in all ages, and is now in this age, even because of the hatred and bloodiness of Cain about religion and worship, and because of the envy of Esau about the blessing; and because the great whore, who sits upon the waters, and rides upon the beast, and calls herself the Lamb's wife, and holds forth her golden cup, full of abominations, with which the nations, even those called Christendom, are made drunk, hath so far prevailed.

And because the waters on which the whore sitteth, which are nations, tongues, and people; and the beast on whom she rides takes her golden cup for the cup of blessing, and for the gold that is tried in the fire, and the wine of fornication, for the new wine of the kingdom.

And because this great whore is taken for the bride, the Lamb's wife; the harlot for the spouse of Christ; the titular Christian for the true; finally, because light is called darkness, and darkness light; good evil, and evil good.

I say, because of these things the crying and breathing of the souls of the righteous are unto the Lord, that He would take away the veil that is spread over the hearts of all people by transgression, and open the blind eye, and unstop the deaf ear, that His glory may be seen, and His voice heard, and the two great mysteries of godliness and iniquity revealed.

This made Jeremy wish his head were waters, and his eyes a fountain of tears, that he might weep day and night for the

slain of the daughter of his people (Jer. ix. 1, 2). This made Ohrist to weep over Jorusalem, and Paul to wish himself accursed from Ohrist for his brethren's sake. This made the prophets, apostles, and ministers willing to spend and be spent, and to run to and fro, that knowledge might be increased, and people undeceived.

And that people may come to look upon Him whom they have pierced, and mourn over Him, even Him whom they have kissed with their lips, but betrayed in their hearts, and so come to that godly sorrow which leadeth to repentance, and a turning unto Him who redeemeth from all these things, and bringeth into favour with God again, and giveth right to eat of the tree of life, and to enter through the gate into the city, even the heavenly Jerusalem, is the desire of the true Christian, who hath received the Gospel of peace and goodwill to men; the which, seek grace that thou mayst attain unto, and take the counsel of one who was a child of wrath as well as others, and once lived in the nature of Cain and Esau, and was one of them whom the whore deceived by her golden cup, and drank of the wine of her fornication; and once took the whore for the Lamb's wife, the harlot for the true woman, Babylon for Jerusalem, antichrist for Christ, the titular Christian for the true: but now knoweth that the Son of God is come, and a good understanding given, whereby he knoweth Him that is true, and is in Him that is true; and hath received wisdom to trace the eagle in the air, and the serpent on the rock, and the adulterous woman, who eateth the forbidden fruit, and wipeth her mouth and saith she hath done none evil; and is now acquainted with the wiles and mysterious workings of him who is more subtle than all the beasts of the field; and is come to the rending of the veil, and the taking off the covering, and to the falling of the scales from his eyes, and to the revelation of the two great mysteries of godliness and iniquity; I say unto thee, whosoever thou art, that readeth these words and knoweth not the same, turn thy mind inward; commune with thy own heart, and be still; stand in awe, and sin not; fear to offend that Holy Spirit which searcheth thy heart; and love the reproofs thereof, for it's the way of life; and wait low in the same, until that eye be opened in thee that can see God's salvation, that He hath appointed unto the ends of the earth; then wilt thou rejoice therein. Cease from man, whose breath is in his nostrils, and speaks the studied inventions of his own corrupt heart, and the traditions of his forefathers; and yet saith, Thus saith the Lord, when He hath not spoken unto him. The listening and hearkening to this, and following of this in the particular and in the general, is the universal ground and root from whence spring all the

diversities of sects and erroneous opinions upon the face of the earth; and from this ariseth all the willing and running, self-righteousness, will-worship voluntary humility, and intrusion into things which are not seen in the vision of God, but being vainly puffed up in a fleshly mind. Now this thou art to cease from in thy own particular; for thou wert not created to follow thy own thoughts, conceivings and imaginations, nor the motions of the flesh, nor enticements of the serpent; but another Guide is appointed for thee, which all that are ignorant of, go astray from their youth.

Now, this Guide is not far off, that thou needest say, Who shall ascend, or descend, or go beyond the seas to fetch it; but it's nigh thee, in thy mouth and in thy heart, that thou mayst hear it, and obey it, and be guided by it.

And that thou mayst know its voice, and teaching, and guidance from all other voices and teachings, I will in a few words set before thee an infallible way, and show thee certain marks and tokens thereof; for it's known by its work and operation.

First, if thou art, as all are before the new creation is known, without form, and void, darkness being over the face of the deep; if thou art as the waters, or one covered with darkness; yet if the Spirit of God moveth upon the waters, He is ready to work in thee, and to form thee into a comeliness: and if the true light shines in thee, though thou art darkness, it is in order to show thee the way out of it: and thou mayest know this Holy Spirit that moveth upon the waters, and the voice of it from thy own spirit, thoughts and imaginations, and from the voice of the serpent, because it always moveth against every appearance of evil, and calls out of it; sheweth thee the very secret thoughts and intents of thy heart, reproveth and judgeth every vain thought and wicked imagination; and when thou goest before it, and walkest in the paths of darkness, sin, and disobedience, thou mayst hear it as a voice behind thee, reproving thee, saying, "This is the way, walk in it." This Holy Guide consents to no evil thou doest; but is given of God to lead thee out of it, and to bring thee to Him that saves from it. This is the great ordinance of God and the means of salvation, that He hath appointed, that thou mayst be able to say in truth as the primitive Christians did, and the true Christians now can, namely, "God, who commanded light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give us the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ;" but if thou dost continue ignorant of the new creation of God, and of the experimental work of regeneration, profess what thou wilt, and live under what other ordinances and means thou

wilt, and hear what other teachers thou wilt, and follow what other guides thou wilt, if thou learnest not of the grace of God within, which hath appeared to thee and all men, if thou walkest not in the light which shines within, and art not guided by the good Spirit of God, which was the saints' Guide in all ages, thy profession is vain, and thy religion a lie, and thou deceivest thy own soul; in sin thou livest and in sin thou wilt die, and where Christ is, thou canst not come. This is the experience of him that hath tried the traditions of men, the teachings and inventions of men, books, and studied sermons, and carnal ordinances, and hath found them not able to lead one step in the narrow way, or give perfect victory over one sin; neither is all the wisdom, understanding, prudence and knowledge among all the children of men, that are strangers to the new creation and work of regeneration, wrought by the Spirit of God, able to direct or bring any so much as to the gate or entrance of true wisdom, life, and immortality; but rather hedgeth up the way, and leadeth more and more astray from it.

This is the wisdom and knowledge which the righteous in former ages testified against, which is of this world, fleshly and foolish, earthly and sensual; and whoever increaseth in it, increaseth in that which brings sorrow, for, as the fool, so dieth the wise man, and whosoever sets himself up in this wisdom, as a teacher of the ignorant, and as a guide to the blind, though allowed by the universities or general schools, he runs before he is sent, and doth not profit the people at all; but is as the blind which leadeth the blind, and they both fall into the ditch together, out of which there is no redemption, but by the knowledge of the effectual working of the Holy Spirit in thee, to open thy eye, that thou mayst see where thou art, and beget a desire in thee, and a cry in thee for deliverance, and minister strength unto thee, and to pull thy feet out of the mire and clay, and to set them upon a rock; and be as a light unto thee, to guide thee in thy way, that thou stumble not again; all which I testify He is ready and willing to do for all that love His appearance. And those only love His appearance that love the Spirit of truth in them, and believe in it, and receive it, which reproveth them of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment; and this is an infallible proof that people love this Spirit, believe in it, and receive it, when they walk in it, obey it, and bring forth the fruits of it, are led by it out of sin, and that righteousness and judgment, which it did reprove them of, while they lived therein, and are led by it into that holiness and everlasting righteousness, through true judgment, which is the white raiment, fine linen, and clothing of the true Christian, who is come to know the same Holy Spirit of

truth, which once convinced, reproved, and judged him for sin and ungodliness, to make him free from it, and become his Comforter and Leader into all truth, according to the promise of Christ Jesus (John xvi.), the which to possess and enjoy, is the end, sum, and substance of the Christian religion, and the end of all hearing, reading, preaching, and believing. And that thou mayst know whether thou art a possessor hereof, or whether thou only talkest of it, and professest it, I, in the bowels of love, entreat and beseech thee seriously to weigh, read, and consider what is here given, as the faith and experience of a true Christian, which is written in true love and good-will to all that have the veil over their hearts, and the scales before their eyes, when they are reading the Holy Scriptures, and professing God, Christ, and Christianity, and the doctrines thereof, which are but briefly hinted at or spoken to in few words.

And whether thou art a bare professor, or a real possessor, thou mayst reap profit hereby; if the one, thou art invited to inherit substance; if the other, thou art exhorted and warned to beware, lest thou forget thy inheritance again. So to the light, grace, and Holy Spirit of God, be thou professor or profane, I do commend thee, with it to read, and with it to judge, and by it to be taught and guided into a good understanding, and into the true knowledge of the two great mysteries of godliness and iniquity.

And that thou mayst truly understand and receive the one, and discover and avoid the other, is the desire of him who is a lover of the Christian religion, and of all that walk therein, and hath good-will to all men.

"QUENCH NOT THE SPIRIT."

EVERY vain thought and idle word, and every wicked deed, is like so many drops to quench the Spirit of God. Some quench it with the business of the world; some quench it with the lust of the flesh; some quench it with cares of the mind; some quench it with long delays, that is, not plying the motion when it cometh, but crossing the good thoughts with bad thoughts, and doing a thing when the Spirit saith not. The Spirit is often *grieved* before it be *quenched*.—*Henry Smith, 1575.*

WHEN we have holy desires stirred up by God, turn them to prayers. The reason why we should, in all our desires, make our desires known to God, is to keep our acquaintance continually with God. He never sends any out of His presence empty that come with a gracious heart, that know what they desire.—*Sibbes.*

GRACIOUS COUNSEL.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I return you the book you so kindly lent me, giving an account of the faithful dealings of a Covenant God in Christ Jesus with His servant, Mr. B——, in his illness and death. I pray, if it is the Lord's will, that our end may be like his in those blessed visits and Fatherly supports, which gave him a clear evidence of a safe passage over the river Jordan into that rest which remains for the children of God.

I was very much affected and broken down in soul in reading, praying the good Lord to grant the same favours He had blessed his poor dying worm with. I thank you for it and all favours. I am a poor sinner, and the Lord came to "seek and save" such. Hart says—

"A sinner is a sacred thing,
The Holy Ghost has made him so."

You see, my dear, that Jesus the Good Shepherd has to seek as well as to save the lost. We should never seek Him first; no, no; we by nature are going further from Him, until He stops us by His power, for He convinces of sin, of righteousness, and judgment. "We love Him because He first loved us," so that with lovingkindness He draws us. It is the goodness of God that leads to true repentance. What can we do, that are dead, until the quickening Word comes with power? yes, with resurrection power, as it did to Lazarus, who came forth. "The dead know not anything;" no, they know not that they are dead. Where is human will and power? It is the sovereign grace of God that makes the change, and not we ourselves. Who has made us to differ? What have we that we have not received? My dear, cast not away your confidence, but in all your darknesses endeavour to act the part of Jonah, with a "yet will I look again towards His holy temple." Look to Jesus for every covenant mercy; cling to Him, the Rock of Ages, when the waves and billows roll, for against such "the gates of hell cannot prevail." Listen not to Satan's tales; keep your *scraps*, and burn them not; it is all a delusion of the devil's, and if he can get you to do it he will rejoice over you. Look to the Standard against him—Jesus.

May the Lord bless you, strengthen you in body and soul, and keep you under His eye, and water you every moment, is the prayer of yours in the Gospel,

September 20th, 1854.

J. EVANS.

IF you are really in Christ, you are living below your privilege if you do not see the "fulness of joy" to be yours.—*Romaine*.

A WELCOME VISITOR.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—When I awake early on Sunday morning my first thoughts and desires are, “Lord, do bless me and mine on this another of Thy days, and do be with Thy dear servant our pastor. Lead him sweetly into Thy truth. Bless him in his own soul, and bless Thy dear people and save sinners and thou shalt have the praise, the honour and the glory.” I am often led to read and meditate upon the same chapters or psalms as you read when we get to chapel. You had the same psalm the other Monday and you prayed that the Lord would come and soften our hearts; and, bless Him, He softened mine. I felt so surprised on Sunday evening to hear your text about the Lord coming to visit the house of Zaccheus. When at home by myself at dinner-time, I tried to ask a blessing, and my mind was led to look back and see all the way the Lord had led me, and how I entreated Him to come again. I told Him He could see me through and through, and that He knew He was always a very welcome visitor to my heart. “Himself prepare the room,” and methinks what a welcome visitor He was to Zaccheus for he received him joyfully. And have not I received Him joyfully many times? Has not He said unto me, “Woman come down from that tree of sorrow and trouble, for to-day I must abide at Thy house”? and have not I found Him a truly welcome Friend? Have not I found Him also in secret prayer? Sometimes our dearest friends may come at a wrong time, but this Friend never comes at a wrong time, for when He comes He puts everything right. Did He not come at a right time in my affliction, when He made my bed as soft as downy pillows are, and I waited daily to hear Him say, “Sister spirit come away!” but instead of that He said, “Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as the day thy strength shall be,” and I have found it to be so.

Sincerely yours in Him, E.

OPEN all thy sails to every breath and gale of God's good Spirit. Welcome every suggestion, reverence every dictate, cherish every illapse of this blessed Monitor; let every inspiration find thee as the seal doth the wax, or the spark the tinder; and then, as the spouse tells her Beloved, or ever thou art aware, thy soul will make thee as the chariot of Aminadib. Step into the pool when the angel stirs the water; keep touch with the motions of the Spirit, and all is well.—*John Gibbons, 1635.*

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—You will, doubtless, be much surprised to receive a letter from me. I trust I need not make any apology for my freedom. I cannot write rejoicing in a feeling sense of an interest in the love of Jesus ; I wish it was my happy privilege to feel and enjoy His presence, but it is far otherwise. I am seeing so much of what is within, that at times much troubles and grieves me, and makes me wonder if “ever God can dwell here.” I know that it is God alone that can give light, and life to feel it, as was very nicely pointed out in a discourse read lately. I felt it encouraged me at the time, but this sight of self does not satisfy. I want to feel convinced that God has begun His work in *me*, and I then think I should be more composed to wait until He should be pleased to show that my sins were *all* forgiven. Oh, what happiness in the thought of being able without a doubt or fear to say, “My Beloved is mine, and I am His !” But I am ever looking at myself and doubting God’s willingness to me, and then I am grieved I should dishonour Him so. Shall I ever be able to run in His way ? I fear lest it should be to escape punishment that I desire to know whether I belong to the Lord, and not love to Him. I can truly say, “Lord, decide the doubtful case.” And all my desire is known to the Lord, and I can at times entreat Him to undertake for me and make me all He would have me to be. If now and then I receive a little encouragement to hope in the Lord, either from His Word, or any of the means of grace, Satan robs me of the blessing by suggesting such precious truths were never intended for *me*, and I fear lest I should presumptuously lay hold of them. I wish I could, by the mighty power of God, lift up a standard against him, but I am afraid I too often fall an easy prey to his snares, and, as Hart says—

“To do what’s right, unable quite,
And almost as unwilling.”

I am often troubled that I cannot speak freely of the exercises of my mind to God’s people (Satan rejoices over me in this) ; it would relieve me of much anxiety if I could. Perhaps the Lord sees there is a danger of me trusting in an arm of flesh, but if it was His will, my desire is to do so at all times, and to give Him all the glory. I cannot say that in times past I have not rejoiced in a comfortable hope that I was really seeking the Lord, and that He would, in His own time, appear for me ; but I feel now as if I might have been quite mistaken and deceived. I did not know so much of myself then as I do now. I am thankful that I am able to look forward to the services of His house with a pleasing and hoping anticipation.

A WELCOME VISITOR.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—When I awake early on Sunday morning my first thoughts and desires are, “Lord, do bless me and mine on this another of Thy days, and do be with Thy dear servant our pastor. Lead him sweetly into Thy truth. Bless him in his own soul, and bless Thy dear people and save sinners and thou shalt have the praise, the honour and the glory.” I am often led to read and meditate upon the same chapters or psalms as you read when we get to chapel. You had the same psalm the other Monday and you prayed that the Lord would come and soften our hearts; and, bless Him, He softened mine. I felt so surprised on Sunday evening to hear your text about the Lord coming to visit the house of Zaccheus. When at home by myself at dinner-time, I tried to ask a blessing, and my mind was led to look back and see all the way the Lord had led me, and how I entreated Him to come again. I told Him He could see me through and through, and that He knew He was always a very welcome visitor to my heart. “Himself prepare the room,” and methinks what a welcome visitor He was to Zaccheus for he received him joyfully. And have not I received Him joyfully many times? Has not He said unto me, “Woman come down from that tree of sorrow and trouble, for to-day I must abide at Thy house”? and have not I found Him a truly welcome Friend? Have not I found Him also in secret prayer? Sometimes our dearest friends may come at a wrong time, but this Friend never comes at a wrong time, for when He comes He puts everything right. Did He not come at a right time in my affliction, when He made my bed as soft as downy pillows are, and I waited daily to hear Him say, “Sister spirit come away?” but instead of that He said, “Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as the day thy strength shall be,” and I have found it to be so. Sincerely yours in Him, E.

OPEN all thy sails to every breath and gale of God's good Spirit. Welcome every suggestion, reverence every dictate, cherish every illapse of this blessed Monitor; let every inspiration find thee as the seal doth the wax, or the spark the tinder; and then, as the spouse tells her Beloved, or ever thou art aware, thy soul will make thee as the chariot of Aminadib. Step into the pool when the angel stirs the water; keep touch with the motions of the Spirit, and all is well.—*John Gibbons*, 1635.

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—You will, doubtless, be much surprised to receive a letter from me. I trust I need not make any apology for my freedom. I cannot write rejoicing in a feeling sense of an interest in the love of Jesus; I wish it was my happy privilege to feel and enjoy His presence, but it is far otherwise. I am seeing so much of what is within, that at times much troubles and grieves me, and makes me wonder if “ever God can dwell here.” I know that it is God alone that can give light, and life to feel it, as was very nicely pointed out in a discourse read lately. I felt it encouraged me at the time, but this sight of self does not satisfy. I want to feel convinced that God has begun His work in *me*, and I then think I should be more composed to wait until He should be pleased to show that my sins were *all* forgiven. Oh, what happiness in the thought of being able without a doubt or fear to say, “My Beloved is mine, and I am His!” But I am ever looking at myself and doubting God’s willingness to me, and then I am grieved I should dishonour Him so. Shall I ever be able to run in His way? I fear lest it should be to escape punishment that I desire to know whether I belong to the Lord, and not love to Him. I can truly say, “Lord, decide the doubtful case.” And all my desire is known to the Lord, and I can at times entreat Him to undertake for me and make me all He would have me to be. If now and then I receive a little encouragement to hope in the Lord, either from His Word, or any of the means of grace, Satan robs me of the blessing by suggesting such precious truths were never intended for *me*, and I fear lest I should presumptuously lay hold of them. I wish I could, by the mighty power of God, lift up a standard against him, but I am afraid I too often fall an easy prey to his snares, and, as Hart says—

“To do what’s right, unable quite,
And almost as unwilling.”

I am often troubled that I cannot speak freely of the exercises of my mind to God’s people (Satan rejoices over me in this); it would relieve me of much anxiety if I could. Perhaps the Lord sees there is a danger of me trusting in an arm of flesh, but if it was His will, my desire is to do so at all times, and to give Him all the glory. I cannot say that in times past I have not rejoiced in a comfortable hope that I was really seeking the Lord, and that He would, in His own time, appear for me; but I feel now as if I might have been quite mistaken and deceived. I did not know so much of myself then as I do now. I am thankful that I am able to look forward to the services of His house with a pleasing and hoping anticipation.

“Could I joy His saints to meet,
If I did not love the Lord?”

But then I do not feel this love, as I would, working within; not a child-like fear of God. If I am the Lord's, it is a mercy indeed that He will begin and carry on, without the aid of man, His own work. It is so easy to look at sense and feeling, rather than to the unchanging God. I have written more freely than I expected to have been able, but I feel a need, in writing as well as speaking, to say—

“Oh, let me never, never dare,
What I'm not, to say I am.”

Could a hypocrite write and say all this? I hope I shall not weary you with my complaints. With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

Sunderland.

A. STUBBINS.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR FRIEND,— I feel that if I could but pen down in any clear manner something of what I feel, although it is far from being anything of comfort, it might nevertheless, perhaps, touch a cord in your feelings; for, from some little that I have heard you yourself are not—at least, were not—feeling very comfortable. The great subject of our cogitations, when we are brought to sober thought of who and what we are, and whom we have to do with, is sin and salvation.

We are convinced of being sinners against a holy God, who will by no means clear the guilty, and we are led to see and feel, that as regards ourselves we are lost—there is no help in us; and we are convinced that as we have hitherto only sinned against God, so for the future we can never hope to bring any good, neither in the least degree can we hope to make any amends for the past. On the other hand, God has revealed *His* salvation, and this salvation is free even for the chiefest of sinners, and it is so full and adapted to the every want of every sinner, that no convinced sinner can bring an objection against himself, but that objection is met and overcome in and by the Gospel.

Then, why are we, and so many others, so far from peace and rest? We say we believe that Jesus Christ did, in our nature, as the substitute of sinful men, as the second Covenant Head, satisfy God's justice, bring in an everlasting righteousness, and pay down in full the redemption price; and all this is for whosoever is made willing to submit themselves to Him. Moreover, that He as their High Priest is entered into heaven, to plead on their behalf all that He has done and suffered for them, and as their Covenant Head He has taken possession of the inheritance

for them. What is it, then, that hinders us from rejoicing in Him? You will perhaps say, "The hindrance must be in ourselves; it is our sin and unbelief." It must be so. Yet Christ came for this very purpose, to save from sin and unbelief. With respect to this inward work of salvation, may we not take the words of Hart—

" Though it be not done throughout,
May it not in measure?"

But here I think is the strait gate, which although every one of Christ's redeemed must and will pass through, and that by grace, yet many of them find that it is with great difficulty—as Job says, "By the skin of their teeth;" and another, "Saved so as by fire;" and, "If the righteous scarcely be saved." It acts as a sieve to separate—none other go through but the redeemed, and they have to be separated from their very selves. If this discourages us to that degree that we give up, then are we the chaff; we are then like those who went back and walked no more with Jesus. But if it has a gracious effect upon us, a sense of our own insufficiency will drive us from ourselves to the promises, and leaning on them we shall be pressing through the crowd to get an effectual, healing touch of Christ, resisting all temptation of forsaking Him with this feeling, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." I know you do not like long letters, so, begging your pardon for this much, I will trespass no further. Mrs. M. unites with me in love to yourself and sister. I am, dear friend, yours truly,

Great Staughton, Nov. 27th, 1873.

E. MORGAN.

THE LATE MR. J. T. MORTON.

THE Lord's aged poor have lost a munificent friend by the death of Mr. J. T. Morton, who for fifteen years regularly ministered to the necessities of the pensioners of the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society. His gifts of blankets, flannels, groceries, and coals are well known to most of our readers, and last year he added to these benefactions by the present of a sovereign to every pensioner. The following letter to Mr. Hazelton he requested should be printed and sent to every recipient:—

"10th November, 1896.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am availing of your good help to send to our aged brothers and sisters a present this Christmas. Will you kindly arrange for twenty shillings to be given to each one of them,—a Christmas present from myself,—conveying to them at the same time the best of my good wishes for their spiritual good and temporal comfort?"

"I do not desire them to trouble themselves by writing me a letter of thanks. To many of them this would be a labour, and I am happy to save them the trouble. Let them rather remember Him who is the True Giver—Him who has given me the power to bestow and the will to give. Let us together praise Him, the bountiful Dispenser of all good. May we remember the words of David of old, and not forget His benefits, who forgiveth our iniquities, healeth our diseases, and redeemeth our lives from destruction, crowning us with loving-kindness and tender mercies. Sadly have all of us forgotten His abounding goodness; too often neglected to praise Him for blessing received; and how often, alas! misused His good gifts and repined at those things which were blessings in disguise. May we be enabled to walk closer with Him in the year so soon to commence, should we be spared!

"Wishing yourself personally success in every good work,

"Believe me to remain, very truly,

"J. T. MORTON."

"To the Secretary, Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society."

This year he conferred a similar gift, its earlier date being accounted for by his knowledge that his illness must have a fatal termination. The distribution of all these presents was at the cost of the Society.

Mr. Morton passed away on September 11th, at Falmouth, aged sixty-nine. His remains were interred at Darenth, near Dartford, on the 16th, a deputation from the Committee representing the Society on the occasion. His body rests in the same grave as that of his mother, who died in 1882, aged eighty-eight. He was a member of the Presbyterian denomination, and took a deep interest in the promotion of the better observance of the Lord's Day, and was also a liberal supporter of various Missionary Societies and other institutions.

When it is remembered that 1,463 pensioners are on the books of the Society, the magnitude of Mr. Morton's gifts will be more easily understood, for he excepted none from their range. Apart from the money gifts alluded to, his benefactions must have represented an annual total of more than £2,000.

A true pilgrims' friend has thus ceased from his labours; whilst many are hoping that he may have kindly made some provision for future aid to God's poor, nothing is known for certain. May the departure of our friend be made a call to other of the Lord's stewards, to bear their part in "the administration of this service," and to support a Society which is firmly based and consistently managed on the immortal principles of vital and distinctive truth.

The Bower, December, 1897.



GREAT GRANSDEN CHAPEL,
Where Anne Dutton Worshipped.

THE SANCTUARY OF GOD AT GREAT GRANSDEN,

WHERE MRS. ANNE DUTTON WORSHIPPED.

AT various times accounts have appeared in the *SOWER* respecting Mrs. Anne Dutton, her experience and exercises, extracts from her scarce writings, &c., and her connection with the Church of God at Great Gransden, Hunts; at which place she lived for many years, wrote most of her books, and where she is buried, and where also her husband, Mr. Benjamin Dutton, was for some years pastor; we thought a few particulars of this time-honoured sanctuary and its pastors might not be uninteresting.

The ejected Puritan clergyman, Francis Holcroft, who suffered so much for his Nonconformity, and was imprisoned in Cambridge Castle and the Fleet Prison for nine years, was, no doubt, the first one to gather the people together from this and the surrounding villages and form them into a Church on Independent principles. After Mr. Holcroft's death, Mr. Richard Conder, of Croydon, became the pastor of that part of the flock living in Great Gransden and Croydon. He was succeeded by his son, Mr. Jabez Conder, who was accidentally killed in 1727. (See *SOWER*, October, 1886—"The Conders".)

After having supplies for a few years, Mr. Benjamin Dutton became the pastor, as stated in *SOWER*, February, 1894, pages 36-39. The following year, 1733, all the members having become Baptists, the Church was re-formed, and from that date has been known as Particular Baptist. The following year Mr. Dutton bought and conveyed to certain trustees an orchard, on which to build a meeting-house for the use of the denomination of Protestant Dissenters known as Particular Baptists, and the meeting-house—a view of which accompanies this article—was probably built about 1735. Its outward appearance and construction remains much the same at this present time, except for the addition of more modern windows. Mr. Dutton laboured with much success amongst the people for eight years, during which time the celebrated George Whitfield visited and preached at Gransden, and in writing to Mrs. Dutton afterwards says, "I bless God that I saw you at Gransden. The Lord was with us. Your book on 'Walking with God' has been useful to me and blessed to others in South Carolina. Your name is precious here."

On August 1st, 1743, Mr. Dutton proposed to the Church that he should cross the Atlantic on a visit to the Baptist Churches in America, to serve the Church by preaching and collecting contributions, with a view to liquidating the debt which still remained on the building. The Church consented, and with a letter of recommendation he embarked from London the same

month. The Lord carried him safe over the sea. His affectionate partner shall tell us something of what followed :—

“ My dear husband aimed at the glory of God and the good of souls in his going into America, and in this work of distributing my books there. So likewise he had the pleasure to see and to acquaint me that his labours in the Gospel of Christ were blest for the edification of saints and for the conversion of some sinners, not less than eleven or twelve souls. This he informed me of with the deepest humility, under a sense of his great unworthiness, and with the highest wonder at the exceeding riches of God's free grace in thus working by his ministry. I thought when I had this news that I could freely give him up to the Lord's service, if He should call for his very life to be spent in it, and that I should lose my pain for his absence in the pleasure of my Lord's glory by his presence where such blessed work was to be done by him. But notwithstanding this my trial was very great, not only personally but relatively, considered with respect to the Church. Great were my trials with respect to it during my dear husband's absence, who was providentially detained from us much longer than he thought or designed. For while he was absent many of our members died, others were providentially removed, and the auditory much decreased. This melancholy aspect greatly tried me, as it did also my dear husband, who would fain have returned to us much sooner, but was prevented. But the Lord did me great good by my great trials. Blessed be His holy name, he hereby exercised and increased my faith and love, hope and patience, and every grace ; so that I would not have been without my afflictions, which were attended with such blessed fruits. Believing, I rejoiced that the Lord led me the right way to a city of habitation, and as my God enabled me to bring a little glory to Him under my griefs, my joys therein were unspeakable. I loved the glory of God. I rejoiced in it above all things. But the low estate of the Church lay very near me. This put me upon crying to the Lord most earnestly for my dear husband's return, and that the Lord in an eminent manner would return with him and build up the tabernacle of David which was fallen down amongst us. I prayed, I wrestled with God. I could not, would not let Him go without a blessing. And He said unto me repeatedly, ‘ I know thee by name and thou hast found grace in My sight, and thou hast prevailed.’ Innumerable were the promises that the Lord gave me, which greatly revived and mightily supported me. I lived amidst promised grace. I trusted Divine faithfulness. And whenever my heart fainted some word or other as a spiritual cordial was given me. And fain, very fain, would I have seen the promises fulfilled in my dear husband's safe return and his

abundant usefulness. I could see no way like this for the glory of God and our joy. But God's thoughts and ways were as high above my thoughts, and the ways which I drew out for Him to work in, as the heavens are above the earth. Thus for several years was I carried on, and a spirit of supplication with earnest expectation for God was kept up in my soul. I cried to Him, believed in Him, loved Him, longed for Him, and patiently referring the time of His appearance for me to His sovereign pleasure, and cheerfully, for His honour, I waited for him. And every spring and fall when I had hopes of my husband's return my trial was renewed by repeated disappointments. At one time I had great hopes that my husband would come by the next fleet, but he was not with it, nor any letter from him as I used to have when he was prevented coming. This tried me exceedingly, as from that time I waited earnestly and constantly in hopes to see or hear from him, or of him, and could hear nothing for near six months afterward. I walked in darkness indeed and had no light in providence, but enabled I was to trust in the Lord, and to stay upon my God in the faith of His promise, that I should yet see the faithfulness in fulfilling His word according to His own mind.

"At length it pleased my kind Lord to grant my desire of a letter from dear Mr. Whitfield, dated October, 1747. But, oh, the news it brought! instead of my dear husband's safe return, I heard of his death, and that he was cast away in his passage home by the foundering of the ship. How grieving was this to nature! How trying to my faith and hope. The real loss of my dear yokefellow, the seeming denial of my earnest prayers, and the failure of my expectation as to his return, which I hoped might have been included in God's never-failing promises, with the distress of the Church occasioned thereby, came all upon me at once. And Satan and unbelief, with their usual insults, would fain have triumphed over me; and doubtless, pressed with such weights, I should have sunk in deep waters, if I had not been mightily underpropped. But, glory to the Eternal God! underneath were the everlasting arms. I received mercy, and fainted not in the day of adversity, but was enabled to stand my ground for God, and in faith to resist the enemy. And the Lord in tender pity restrained the powers of darkness, and blest me with the light of promise, that I might endure the gloom of providence. So far as the trial had the face of rebuke, I was humbled, for my unworthiness and vileness justified God in His dispensation as holy, wise, and good. My heart clave to Him. I loved, adored, and blest Him in all. And amidst my sorrow, in my greatest depressions, I rejoiced that whatever fell, God's glory by all would rise. I loved the

glory of God above all things; I earnestly longed actively to glorify Him in all, and with my utmost strength to give Him praise. I dreaded nothing so much as casting dishonour upon my good God, by any unmeet dejection of spirit when cast by Providence into the depth of trial. And blessed be the Lord my God that I was enabled to think and speak well of Him under all, and to rejoice in Him as my All, and in hope of the light of glory, when the veil of darkness shall be taken off the face of providence, and I see it clearly in a full consistency with the promise, and meanwhile to give my God a little glory by the trial. Oh, it was joy in sorrow, ease in pain, life in death to my spirit. I accounted this as my gain, a gain so great that no loss of mine could equalise, or was worthy to be compared with it. Yea, my very loss, as a subservient means to this great end, was esteemed by me a sort of gain. Thus my good God supported, instructed, and counselled me.

"About a fortnight before I heard of my dear husband's death, while I was waiting with a 'who can tell but God may be gracious to me in his safe return?'—had almost lost hope of it, but knew not how the Lord might appear, though everything then looked very dark and trying—that word with great power came into my mind, 'Pursue, for thou shalt recover all' (1 Sam. xxx. 8). This word I knew not how to take. I thought it very improbable that my husband should be returned, and my desire thereby granted in the deliverance and prosperity of the Church. But I asked the Lord if there was yet room for me to hope for so great favours, and I was directed to cast myself upon the grace, power, and faithfulness of God to fulfil His promise, as should be most for His own glory in my salvation." And, blessed be my good God, He speedily fulfilled His Word, and answered my prayer in giving me to hear of my husband; and though it was of his death, yet the Lord's promise did not fail, nor did what I hoped for from it come to nothing. My hope in His Word was gladness, for though the Lord did not give me the main thing I desired by my husband's return, He gave it me in another way, which He thought better, by another minister brought to reside amongst us and dispense His Gospel to us, and some reviving by his ministry He blest us with. The Lord loved my dear husband into His own bosom, loved the trial of his death to me and the Church, and loved another minister to us in his room."

Mr. Dutton was fifty-six years of age when lost at sea in August, 1747. The money that he collected abroad, being sent by another ship, reached its destination in safety. The minister mentioned by Mrs. Dutton, Mr. David Evans, from Hook Norton, did not remain more than about two years, he being a young

man and not calculated to feed the flock as they had been used to. From 1751 to 1755, the Church was supplied by the joint labours of Mr. Ward and Mr. D. Chapman, when the Lord directed Mr. Timothy Keymer, of Worsted, to Gransden; he was ordained to the pastorate, after supplying them several years, in December, 1758. He was a choice minister, was greatly beloved, and made very useful amongst the people until his death in 1772; his ashes lie in the burying-ground adjoining the chapel, where a neat stone marks the spot. During his pastorate, in 1765, he witnessed the departure of the Lord's honoured hand-maiden, Mrs. Anne Dutton, whose loss was sincerely lamented. For some years they were supplied by Messrs. Rogers, Bracket, and others, until 1775, when Mr. Thomas Howson began his pastorate of twenty years, ending his days amongst the people. He was succeeded, in 1797, by Mr. Robert Skilleter, from the Baptist Church at Little Staughton (his father was a hearer and personal friend of dear old John Berridge); he remained until his death in September, 1831. Mr. Samuel Peters, of Bluntisham, was the next pastor, from 1833 to 1855. These last two ministers were buried in the chapel, where there are tablets to their memory. Mr. Frederick King was pastor from 1859 to 1881. Then followed Mr. John Morton, formerly of Lakenheath, who commenced his labours in 1886. Many of these extracts are taken from records beginning in 1694. The Lord still has a remnant at Gransden according to the election of grace. Who shall tell the struggles, conflicts, joys, and pleasures that have been known by this little Church? Of how *many* shall it be said in that day, that this man was born there?

R. F. R

GENESIS vi. 5. Not some, but every imagination was evil. Not in some, but in every measure—that is, of evil. Not at some, but at all times evil, continually evil. And this is declared of men [not only before but also] after the flood (Gen. viii. 31).

If you love Christ, you cannot choose but be like Him in love to your brethren. This is expressly compared by the Psalmist to the precious ointment poured upon Aaron's head, that ran down to the very skirts of his garments. Our Head and High Priest, the Lord Jesus, hath incomparably testified His love to believers, whom He is pleased to call His brethren. They are far from equaling Him, either in love to Him or in love to one another, but they do imitate Him in both. This is His great commandment, "that we love one another, even as He loved us," which is expressed both as a strong motive, and a high example.—*Archbishop Leighton.*

THIRSTING FOR CHRIST.

The following lines were found written on the fly-leaves of a copy of
 "Brook's Precious Remedies.")

"My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God."—

PSALM lxxxiv. 2.

No vision surprising I crave,
 No voice to my natural ear,
 No strange revelation to have,
 No wonderful language to hear;
 I know Thou art not in the wind,
 In the hurricane, tempest, nor storm,
 But by the still small voice so kind,
 Thy miracles Thou dost perform.

I cannot, I dare not, assert
 That Thou, the Beloved, art mine;
 Although Thou hast melted my heart,
 Although at my sins I repine:
 Though Thomas' reproaches may bear,
 Like Thomas, Lord, I must entreat
 Some manifestation to share
 Of Thy side, of Thy hands, and Thy feet.

Reveal Thyself, Lord, unto me,
 As Thou to Thy flock dost reveal;
 Oh, let me Thy countenance see,
 Thy presence and love let me feel.
 Let me hear Thy whisper within,
 Impress on my heart the sweet seal,
 That though Thou hast wounded for sin,
 Thou hast wounded that Thou mayest heal.

When the scroll of my sins is unrolled,
 And I almost sink into despair,
 The fountain then let me behold,
 Say, Saviour, in Thee I'm all fair.
 In my bosom say, "Let there be light,"
 Bid the winter give place to the spring,
 Let the voice of the turtle delight,
 And melody welcome my King.

I wait at the posts of Thy door,
 Hope delayed seems just ready to die;
 I knock, I have oft knocked before,
 Oh, when wilt Thou answer my cry?
 Say, "Son, all thy sins are forgiven,
 I suffered for thee on the tree,"
 Oh, when will this foretaste of heaven,
 This rapture be granted to me?

Bright Star of the morning appear,
 Sun of Righteousness, shine on me now,
 The sound of Thy chariot I hear,
 Oh, why is Thy coming so slow?
 The wilderness longs for the light,
 The desert desireth to bloom,
 The harvest already is white,
 Redeemer and Ransomer, come!

SIN THE CAUSE OF MAN'S RUIN.

No heart can conceive or tongue express into what a state of degradation and misery the fall cast the whole of Adam's ruined race; and as the Church was in his loins when he sinned and fell, she sinned and fell in and with him to the utmost extent of the fall. The Scripture compares the state to which the fall reduced us to that of bondage or slavery; and thus "redemption," as expressive of a spiritual blessing in Christ, signifies a deliverance from a state of slavery and bondage.

When we look at Adam as he was before the fall and as he was after the fall, we see at once how suitable and appropriate is the figure of a free man as compared with a bond slave. Before the fall he was free to serve and worship his Maker according to the light then vouchsafed him. He was free to walk before God in uprightness and innocency, and hold communion with Him as made in His own image after His own likeness. He was free to stand and, we may add, free to fall. But he chose the worsè part, and by his one fatal act of disobedience "brought death into the world, and all our woe." He thus deliberately and wilfully sold himself to the worst of all masters, and into the most miserable and degrading of all possible degrees of servitude, for he became the bond-slave of sin and Satan. As the Church, therefore, sinned in and with him, she fell in and with him into the same state of bondage, misery, and degradation.

Now, we are well convinced that no one can know or feel what this state of bondage is until his soul is quickened into divine life; and therefore that none can either know or prize redemption but those who, as possessed of divine life, have felt the iron enter into their soul. It is the spirit of freedom in a man longing for liberty which makes the yoke of slavery so intolerable.—*Philpot*.

PROPHETS spoke truth, but they were none of them "*The Truth*." None of the prophets in speaking of themselves say, "I am the truth."—*Howells*.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE LAST DAYS OF THOMAS BURY, OF HASLINGDEN.

IN giving an account of my father's last hours, I shall endeavour, not to speak in glowing terms of his good qualities, for this would grieve him, could he know, but just to give some of his experiences, in the hope that they may prove helpful to some anxious or doubting one.

I never remember him anything else but a quiet, consistent Christian, striving at all times to walk uprightly; and yet, when he felt that life's journey for him was nearly over, it was distressing to see how utterly wretched he was. Often, when he felt forsaken of his God, he would repeat the words—

“Burdened with a load of sin,
Harassed with tormenting doubt;
Hourly conflicts from within,
Hourly crosses from without.”

Yet, though there was the “pruning sharp, unsparing,” there were also granted to him seasons of sweet fellowship and hallowed intercourse with his Lord, when he would exclaim—

“Great Father of mercies! Thy goodness I own,
And the Covenant love of Thy crucified Son;
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine
Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness mine.”

“Ah, my dear ones! I would like to die shouting, ‘Glory! glory!’”

He had been confined to his bed for a week before he knew that he was really seriously ill. On the first Sabbath morning he asked us to sing, “Oh, safe to the Rock that is higher than I,” and often afterwards would have the sweet words repeated or sung to him. After the evening service he asked that all his sons and daughters would sing in the room beneath his own, “How charming is the place where my Redeemer God;” then we sang, “Beneath the cross of Jesus,” and one which he always loved so well, “Thus far my God has led me on.”

Then, at his earnest request, we all knelt in prayer in his room, himself first leading us to the throne of grace; specially remembering the youngest of the flock, that in early life he might choose “the better part.”

It was soon after midnight, on the 8th day of March, 1897, when the fatal disease seemed to fold its clammy arms about him and carry him to the very brink of Death's river. He became extremely sick, and a death-like perspiration came over him. It was a terrible awakening, and he cried in agony, “Dear

Lord, I didn't think it had come to this! I feel like Hezekiah, I could turn with my face to the wall." Then was his soul plunged into a sea of anguish and desolation. All his past life with its neglected opportunities passed before him. He felt that, like the Jews, he had slighted his Saviour, and that now He was turned away from him. Hour after hour he was tormented with doubts and fears, until his eldest daughter came and knelt in prayer with him; and, although he heard few of the words which were uttered, yet the supplication was not in vain, for the Lord granted him peace, and many precious promises.

Speaking of this afterwards, he said, "Tell the lads 'This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him,' 'I was brought low and He helped me,' and, 'His compassions fail not.' Lord, help me, though at the eleventh hour, to say something that will bring honour and glory to Thy great name."

A few days after this he became perfectly resigned, and longed for his Lord's appearing. He called us to his bedside, and gave to each a fond farewell and parting blessing; then he said, "Now, Lord, what wait I for? Oh for patience and a submissive spirit to wait Thy time!" From early morning until noon we silently watched our dear one. At intervals he would breathe a short prayer, or a God-given promise, and we felt that his spirit hovered in the border-land of the Eternal, and had visions of the glories beyond. But the great Refiner of souls saw fit to try him in the furnace a little longer, and made known to him the truth of the words—

"When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flames shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine."

"But," he said, "there is so much dross, *so much dross*, and so little gold."

When enjoying the sweet presence of his Lord, he loved to have the hymn read or sung—

"Poor, weak, and worthless though I am,
I have a rich, almighty Friend:
Jesus, the Saviour, is His name,
He freely loves, and without end."

One night he said, "I've been asleep, and thought I saw Jesus standing by, and tried to take hold of His left hand, but a crowd was already there, and there was no room for me, so I just went to the other side and put my hand in His right hand, but still I was not satisfied, and felt that I was fawning on my Lord's goodness just at the last."

Another time he fancied himself a frail little bark, sailing

with difficulty against wind and tide, then driven back and stranded. Then he desired our prayers, and started again on a voyage in smooth waters, with sails full-spread, with the prayers of all his children. Again and again was his soul enshrouded in a mist of uncertainty and loneliness, but, blessed be the name of the Lord who brought him back to a sense of security in the Rock of his salvation.

After these seasons of darkness had passed away, and, reflecting on the unchangeableness of God, he would repeat—

“Oh, let me, then, at length be taught,
What I am still so slow to learn,
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

“Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.”

One day he said, “Only those who are cast into the deep waters of the valley can realize the bliss of being also carried to the mountain-tops. The Psalmist David experienced this, and sang sweet praises to His God. O for—

“A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer’s throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak
Where Jesus reigns alone.”

My poor, worthless heart! Amazing, oh, amazing! My heart a throne where Jesus loves to reign!”

The days were bitterly cold, but his disease was such that for a time his diet consisted wholly of ice and iced milk, and it was pathetic to see how, before we placed the spoon to his lips, he would uplift his hand and give thanks. On one occasion, when taking this refreshment, he burst into tears, and putting the cup from him he whispered, “I’ve forgotten to give thanks; forgive me, O my Lord, and let Thy blessing accompany the refreshment Thou hast provided.” On the 21st March, just as the Sabbath morning dawned, he asked us to read about the disciples toiling in rowing. We read part of the sixth chapter of St. Mark’s Gospel, and the sweet story of the storm-tossed disciples, and the Saviour’s words of cheer seemed to breathe comfort to his troubled soul. Then he tried to repeat the words—

“Our heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.”

He had passed a restless, sleepless night, and asked us to pray that, while God's people were assembled for worship here, his own weary spirit might be called to worship Him above. He said, "I am so weary—*oh, so weary!* I feel too tired even to hold on to the Rock, and want to feel that I am just resting in . . . His . . . arms." We read to him the Master's tender words, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And—

"Here at Thy feet 'tis good to be,
Thy Word to hear, Thy face to see;
Thy freedom's easy yoke to wear,
The burden of Thy love to bear."

"Ah!" he said, "I've never seen it in that light before; it's wonderful!—

"His freedom's easy yoke to wear,
The burden of His love to bear.'"

At intervals the treacherous cancer would assert its power, and violent attacks of vomiting seized him. It was at such times that the reality of the hope that was within him showed itself. Sick and exhausted, he would bow his head and faintly repeat—

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

Then turning to us he would say, "Bless you, you ministering angels, it is a comfort to have you here; may the peace and comfort of the Holy Spirit be yours." If at times it was distressing to be at his bed-side, at other times the place was made a little Bethel to our souls, and heaven was brought very near; when he could with confidence say—

"Yes, I shall soon be landed
On yonder shores of bliss;
There, with my powers expanded.
Shall dwell where Jesus is."

The 22nd day of March was his birthday anniversary, and was spent in quiet communion with his Lord. At its close he said, "This has been a happy day; I'm not toiling in rowing now, nor even sailing in smooth waters, but *at rest in the harbour*. The devil has been with his possibilities, but his bonds are broken, the captive is free, and they that are free are the ransomed. 'And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away'" (Isa'ah xxxv. 10).

One morning he awoke, restful and happy, and thus he began the day: "For the mercies of the morning I thank Thee, O my God! Sweetly would my heart flow out to Thee, but I have no words. Take the expression of my heart; continue Thy preparedness with forbearance and patience. All greatness, and power, and might, and majesty belongeth unto Thee, and every name that is named of excellency is Thine, blessed God, for evermore."

On Sunday morning, the 28th of March, he passed away, aged sixty-two years, and of none could it be more truly said, "He fell asleep in Jesus."

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF MR. COVELL.

DEAR SIR,—I have felt a very deep interest in reading the life of Francis Covell, but there is one paragraph that appears to me imperfect; not in substance, but in detail, namely, where reference is made to his not having been to college. I may mention that, when a youth, in the year 1842 and part of 1843, I was living opposite to Mr. Covell, in High Street, Croydon. When I left and returned to my native district here in Kent, it was my privilege to hear Mr. Covell many times after he became publicly thrust into the ministry, and for several years he supplied on the so-called Good Friday at Ide Hill, about eleven or twelve miles from here. The dates would be from 1850 and following years. It was on one of these occasions that Mr. Covell, in introducing his subject, on the authority of ministers to preach the Gospel, publicly detailed the circumstance of not having been to college. He said, "While I was in business, and soon after I commenced to speak publicly in the name of the Lord, I had to attend at a lady's house on business, and it was a lady of title. When I had finished my business in the domestic department, I was told her ladyship wished to speak to me, and I was ushered into the drawing-room, when the lady appeared and accosted me with the words, 'I understand, Mr. Covell, that you publicly stand up to preach the Gospel. I have for some time wished to speak to you on the subject, because I think you are not aware of the great injury you are thus doing to yourself and family, being so highly respected in your business. I believe it will be serious to you. And besides this, you have not been to college, and consequently it must be presumption on your part to continue in such a course.' When the lady made a pause, I replied, 'My lady, I have only one reply to make, that is, when a clergyman of the Establishment goes to the Bishop for ordination, the Bishop puts the following question to him, namely, "Do you feel

inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to preach the Gospel?" The clergyman must answer yes or no. How many of them can truthfully answer in the affirmative, I cannot say, but I am convinced it is my position, because I did not seek it myself, and I have no power in laying it down. My only college is in studying the Scriptures.' The lady said, 'I was afraid it would be no use speaking to you; good morning, Covell.'"

Although it is too late to form an addition to the book, I am glad to have the opportunity of relating the circumstance, having known friend Covell so many years, and having often been privileged to hear him.

Yours faithfully,

Southborough, July 20th, 1897.

A. BROWN.

WHY SO CAST DOWN?

WHY art thou cast down, my soul?

Why disquieted within?

On the Lord thy sorrows roll,

He can cleanse from every sin.

Many saints in days of old

Mourned the hidings of His face—

Mourned their hearts so hard and cold,

Could not see of love a trace.

Hope in God, upon Him call,

Towards Him look, upon Him wait

He only hides "behind the wall,"

Call louder still at Mercy's gate.

There still pray, look, hope, and wait

And at length you Him shall see

You shall praise Him for the help

Of His countenance to thee.

October 17th, 1897.

E. E.

STARS shine brightest in the darkest night; torches give the best light when beaten; grapes yield most wine when most pressed; spices smell sweetest when pounded; vines are the better for bleeding; gold looks the brighter for scouring; juniper smells sweetest in the fire; camomile the more you tread it, the more you spread it. The Jews were best when most afflicted. Afflictions are the saint's best benefactors to heavenly affections. Where afflictions hang heaviest, corruptions hang loosest. And grace, that is hid in nature, as sweet water in rose-leaves, is then most fragrant when the fire of affliction is put under to distil it out.—*Thomas Brookes, 1659.*

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

MY DEAR PASTOR,—I feel constrained to write a few lines to you. The Lord was indeed with you this morning in declaring His truth. I came up to chapel feeling very cast down and wretched, longing for a visit from the Lord, and I trust in this I was not disappointed. What a mercy to know something of the Lord's visits! they are indeed precious. Oh for more of them! I felt you described my pathway when you spoke of the way the Lord leads His children. It is indeed through much tribulation, yet He has promised to be with His own and bring them safely through. Mr. Hart says—

“ Their pardon some receive at first ;
And then, compelled to fight,
They feel their latter stages worst,
And travel much by night.”

If not deceived, this is how I have found it. Yet now and again I trust He draws near, and then I can say—

“ Compared with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see ;
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with Thee.”

Yes, He is “the fairest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely.” Then the means of grace are prized when the Lord Himself draws near. But how often have I come and gone like the door upon its hinges, and sometimes feared I was one of those professors you were speaking of, who are satisfied with the form. But this I am not. No ; I want the Lord, and want Him to come and rule within my heart, turning out everything that is contrary to Himself, that I may live to His honour and glory.

Please forgive the liberty I have taken in writing. May the Lord still go on to bless your labours, and grant you many tokens that you do not labour in vain, is the desire of

Your affectionate young friend.

October 31st, 1897.

E. V.

WHILST the mind is carnal—that is, unrenewed by the Holy Ghost—it is ever stirring up vain imaginations ; and the imaginations fix on objects suited to the mind's vanity or lust. With these objects the mind committeth folly and lewdness, and hereby the mind becometh more carnal, and multiplies its vain imaginations, whereby men inflame themselves and wax worse and worse. Now, the particular bent of these imaginations doth answer to the predominant lust of the mind.—*Berridge*.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR SON,—I will now try and write you a few lines . . . Day by day brings its labour and care to both body and mind, so that evening rest is welcome and sweet. I am still full of labour, it is difficult to avoid it, and cares will press the honest mind, whether we will or will not. The cares of this life choke the Word, and unfruitfulness is the result, and a painful one it is; one which hides the Father's face and the Spirit's witness, as I too sorely have proved. "I will show thee my faith by my works;" it is the only way faith has been seen from Abel's time till now. All the worthies of the eleventh of Hebrews have some work proving their faith to have been the gift of God, and of the operation of the Holy Spirit. The great truth is this, a man is justified by faith alone before God, but for himself, he shall know he has this kind of faith by the marks—this living faith leads him to bring forth fruits unto God; these are to be distinguished from the works of dead sinners, works done to merit God's favour, which will be utterly rejected, but the work arising from the obedience of faith shall in no wise lose its reward (which is of grace) in this life in one's own soul, and in the life to come before saints and angels. "Be thou over ten cities." This does not enter into the ground of obedience; the ground of this is faith that *works by love*—that is, would work if there was no reward, and the soul taught of God will never make a Saviour of works. These few scraps of Bible teaching few can, and fewer care to understand, but I have been forced to learn them out of the trouble I have had to reconcile Scripture with Scripture, and I find my own works will never satisfy my soul, but Christ's work will; when I can feel His Spirit helping my infirmities, and enabling me to cleave to Him and to His work with all the power and faculties of mind and soul, so that what one has found for the soul's profit should be held fast, nor ever given up to the best of men, whatever name they bear or office they hold.

It will not do to rest or live upon "bread alone," but upon each word of God as it *proceeds* out of His mouth. And this I take to be what the Lord by His Spirit is pleased to speak of His grace and truth from time to time in the secret recesses of the soul; similar to what you and all other of God's children have had, who mark what passes within. It is this that sustains the spirit when all nature sinks in the deep waters of sore affliction, under losses and crosses, and casting out of the synagogue.

Farewell for a while.

Whitchurch, Hants.

S. BARNETT.

THE EDITOR'S CLOSING REMARKS FOR 1897.

DEAR readers of the SOWER, the Lord has in mercy brought us very near to the close of another year, and surely we may say, notwithstanding the trials, losses, and crosses we have been called to bear, goodness and mercy have followed us, from the beginning until now. Strength, helps, deliverances, and refreshings have been granted in times of need, according to the promise of Him who is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." It is sweet to remember His mercy, and sing—

"Our good Guide and Saviour has brought us thus far,
And 'tis by His favour we are what we are."

Yes, we are debtors to Him, as the glorious Head of grace, beyond all we can tell or think, for from the first day of our spiritual life, He who gave it has maintained it, and must do so to the end, if we are to win the race and reach the kingdom. Well, since His promise is the same every morning, and according to the day, we may encourage our soul in Him as David did when he said, "Hope thou in God." Yes, in Him who abideth faithful; for even though we believe not, He cannot deny Himself. It is well, therefore, that we should think of mercies past, and not forget all His benefits; and since He who has delivered does still deliver, we have good ground for hope that the future will yield abundant proof that His mercy to us endureth for ever. We are weak, our foes are strong, and the way lies through much tribulation, but our Captain has trod it before us, and He knows best where to lead us; and He has promised that we shall not be tempted above that we are able, and that He will accompany us through fires and floods, and make His strength perfect in our weakness. May He help us to believe in and lean upon Him, so that while our days are hastening to the end of their number, we may know in whom we have believed, and be blessedly persuaded of His ability and faithfulness to keep us safe to the end, and to preserve us unto His heavenly kingdom.

And now, dear friends, as we close these few valedictory remarks, we desire to thank all kind helpers who have from time to time encouraged us, and we trust they will still cast their valued mites into the scale as they have opportunity so to do; for we have many testimonies as to the usefulness of their contributions. Let us all do what we can to help to spread the whole pure truth of the Gospel of Christ, and may He graciously honour and prosper His own Word of grace to the

salvation of sinners, and the building up of saints, that His name may be thereby greatly glorified.

We ask you all to kindly help to spread our Magazines, and still remember us in your prayers. We hope we may be favoured to meet you with a New Year's greeting.

Yours in the truth,
THE EDITOR.

A POEM ON DIVINE LOVE.

BY MRS. ANNE DUTTON (1692-1765).

STRONG are the bands that hearts in friendship join,
But stronger ties have knit my soul to Thine;
Those hearts that love unites in loyal bands
Are chained as fast as by their tongues or hands.

E'en thus am I in heart engaged, my mind
Is firmly fixed, but on no female kind;
The blessed Jesus is my Lord, my Love,
He is my choice, from Him I'll never move.

Away then, all ye objects that divert
And seek to draw from my dear Lord my heart;
Go, riches, honours, beauty, bravery, go!
Tempt those mean souls that nothing better know.

That uncreated Beauty which hath gained
My ravished heart hath all your glory stained;
Christ's loveliness my soul hath prepossessed
And left no room for any other guest.

Cease, then, with knockings to assault my door,
Disturb not my repose, attempt no more
Those gates which to the King of Glory be
Made to fly open, and to none but He.

For Him I sigh; I wishly look, and long
To be released from this ensnaring throng
Of poor bewildered mortals here below,
That I may mount and dwell in glory too.

R. F. R.

It is our wisdom to do that which God hath appointed a man to do; to do that which the rule of wisdom hath appointed, that must needs be the wisest way. Now, it is the rule of wisdom that commands us to *walk exactly*; and as he is the best writer that comes nearest to his copy, and he is the best carpenter that comes nearest his rule appointed him, so he is the wisest man that comes nearest the rule of wisdom, which is the Book of God, which exhorts us to *walk exactly*.—*John Preston*, 1630.

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Printed by W. H. and L. COLLINGRIDGE, 148 and 149, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C. 7