

THE LATE MR. W. FREEMAN.



THE SOWER.

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

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

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THE SOWER.

THE EDITOR'S NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

DEAR FRIENDS,—Once more we are favoured to address you as we pass from one year into another. The past, with all its changes, trials, afflicting sorrows, and cares, is gone for ever; but we hope that some sweet remembrances of the Lord's goodness and manifold mercies will abide with us, so that we may be enabled again to thank God and take courage. Hitherto the Lord has helped us, and it becomes us to speak well of Him, and ascribe to Him the glory due unto His name. And while we can confidently say, as to the past, "Thou hast been my help," may faith, relying on His promise, put in the plea for the future, "leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation" This is only asking Him to do what He has said He will do (see Heb. xiii. 5), and we believe that "His promise is Yea and Amen, and never was forfeited yet." His love is everlasting love, and His mercy endureth for ever, for with Him there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning (James i. 17). Happy are they who can truly say, "This God is our God for ever and ever: He will be our guide even unto death" (Psalm xlviii. 14). Yes, the Lord's children are a favoured people, chosen in Christ, by Him who predestinated them to the adoption of children *by* Christ (Eph. i. 4, 5), which is proved by their being called to the knowledge of Christ, as their Lord, their Saviour and Redeemer (Isaiah lx. 16), who has reconciled them in the body of His flesh through death, to present them holy and unblameable and unreprouable in His sight (Col. i. 21, 22). Of all such it is declared, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit" (Rom. viii. 1), and every one found in this blessed case shall appear "without fault before the throne of God" (Rev. xiv. 5), "Accepted in the Beloved" (Eph. i. 6),

"Complete in Him" (Col. ii. 10). Now all this is true, yea, it is the teaching of God's own Word, and is witnessed by the Spirit in the hearts of those who are led by Him, so that they not only see and endorse these things in their judgment, but they are made partakers of them, through faith, and can set to their seal that the doctrine is of God (John vii. 17). There are many, it is to be feared, who have long sat under the teaching of sound doctrine, who have not it written in their hearts; who have it in their heads and upon their lips, but have never manifested a contrite spirit and godly repentance; who can talk of Christ and His finished work, but know not what it is to "*win* Christ and be found *in* Him." Oh that the Holy Ghost may come upon them with His almighty, quickening power, and bid them live, then there would arise from the depth of their souls the cry, "God be merciful to *me* a sinner;" "Say unto *my* soul, I am thy salvation." Ah, it is not enough to hear of Christ, it is only those who are "*in* Christ Jesus" who are free from condemnation. Can we thank God that we, who were servants of sin, have been brought to obey from the heart that blessed doctrine, which teaches us to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world? The call of God experienced by every believer is a change of heart, and a change of heart brings about a change of service, as in Paul's case. How quickly he cried out, "Lord, what wilt *Thou* have me to do?" and as he did, so all who are blessed with the like change of heart find the Lord's words true, notwithstanding afflictions, trials, and crosses, "My yoke is easy, and My burden is light." The secret of it is, the changed heart is so disposed by Him who gave it that, it now loves the things it once hated, and cannot relish the things it once loved and pursued. Therefore, it approves and prefers the service of Him who procured our freedom from the bondage and service of sin. How glad such are when they are plagued with the workings of sin in their members, to hear that precious, encouraging, and consoling promise, "Sin shall not have dominion over you: for ye are not under the law, but under grace" (Rom. vi. 14). And they also rejoice, not murmur, at the thought that they are *not their own*, but *His*, who bought them with the price of His own blood; and that love which moved Him to die constrains them to living and practical obedience. Let us, therefore, seek for personal proof as to our hope for life, death, and eternity; if we are right, the trial will do us no harm, and if we are wrong, the Lord grant that we may become earnest, anxious seekers after that which God approves and which gives true peace in the soul. Let us, then, propose three questions: 1. Whose are we? 2. What are we? 3. Where is our treasure? May the Lord help

us to come to a satisfactory decision on these important points, so that we may realize acceptance in Christ and peace in our souls.

I. Whose are we? The word of the Lord declares, "Know ye not that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness?" (Rom. vi. 16). Here then is an infallible rule by which we may judge ourselves first and then others. Now, if Christ has redeemed us, and His blood has cleansed us, and if the Holy Spirit has renewed us in the spirit of our minds, and revealed in our hearts the love of God in Christ, then we are no longer slaves to sin and Satan, but being delivered from that bondage in which we were held, we have become a part of the inheritance of Him who bought us with His blood; as He says, "I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; *thou art Mine*" (Isaiah xliii. 1). All such are called unto liberty, that liberty wherewith Christ makes His redeemed ones free (see Gal. v. 1-13). When He says, "My son, give Me thine heart," they gladly reply—

"Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but Thee;
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there."

This is the liberty of the sons of God, the freedom wherewith the Son makes His disciples free. Yes, it is freedom indeed. Is it ours?

II. What are we? When the question was put to Jonah, "What is thine occupation?" and "of what people art thou?" though guilty of crying disobedience, he was compelled to confess, "I am an Hebrew; and I fear the Lord, the God of heaven." Now, however unworthy we may feel to be of the name, honour, and privilege, can we say that in our very heart we desire to be the disciples and servants of the Lord Christ? Has His Word and teaching got into our hearts? Has His love so prevailed in us that we can look up and say, "Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that we love Thee"? Is it our delight to sit at His feet and learn of Him? If so, do we not desire to follow in His steps, and do His will, or as He calls it, keep His Word? These are they whom He says He loves, and with whom He says He will make His abode. Do you often mourn because your love to Him is cold and faint? Ah! where there is true love in the heart, there will be a desire and struggle to get nearer to Him, and to feel the vehement flame of His own love burning in the breast, and dissolving us at His dear feet, producing conformity to His desirable image, enabling us to say from the heart, Not my will, but Thine be done. Some may say, But I do not

know what to say of myself ; I feel spoiled to the world, there is nothing here can content my heart, and yet I cannot say I am the Lord's and He is mine. Often I ask the question, "Am I His, or am I not?" Well, we are certain, whatever others may say, that only the Lord can truly settle that point in your breast. The Word declares (1 Cor. ii. 14), that neither natural men nor natural faith can ever do it. It is the Spirit alone that beareth this witness, and His witness is true, for He searches the deep things of God, and unfolds His eternal mind and love to the heirs of salvation, witnessing with their spirits to their adoption, and enabling them to cry, Abba, Father. The promise is, "They shall all know Me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them" (Jer. xxxi. 34), and all the promises are Yea and Amen in Christ Jesus, who has said, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Therefore we say to each anxious soul, Wait on the Lord, be of good courage ; yea, wait thou only upon Him, and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

III. Where is our treasure? The Lord Jesus says, "Where your treasure is there will your heart be also." Then we may ask, Where is our heart? If Christ is our treasure the world will not have our heart, nor will self predominate in our life. There are many who profess to have Christ for their portion, but self pleasing and self-serving, and the spirit of the world, so far predominate in their lives, that it is clear Christ has not possession of their hearts. His service, the interests of His Zion, and the welfare of souls, can only be entertained by them as it suits their convenience. No denying of self or taking up the cross must be expected of them, and the least thing that displeases them, or any new enticement, is quite sufficient to prove that their heart is not fixed, and that they prefer that which is most congenial to their natural disposition. With those, however, whose hearts the Lord has engaged, it is widely different ; to them He is the Pearl of great price, the unspeakable treasure, their all in all, compared with whom the world is but a bubble, and its gold is but dross. He is their portion in this life, and their desire in the world to come. His cause has a warm place in their hearts, and in His ordinances and people they take a deep interest, praying and striving for their peace and prosperity. Thus while they feel their affections to be set on things above, they prove by their practical sympathy, love, and labours, that while He is to them the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely One, yet the things below which are dear to Him are dear to them also. Time and time things are passing away, but the heavenly inheritance will never fade away, and He who has fixed our hearts on things

above, where he Himself is, has promised that all His servants shall come there too.

Thus, dear friends, amidst all the changing, turbulent scenes of life, there are rich consolations in Christ and His Word for all those who have fled to Him for refuge, so that they can say, as none others can, "We have a strong city; salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks." War is at the present time hurrying multitudes of our fellow-creatures into a solemn eternity; numbers of widows and fatherless children are plunged into great distress and sorrow, and many brave men will be maimed for life; well might the poet say—

"O thou hideous monster sin,
What a curse hast thou brought in!
All creation groans through thee,
Pregnant cause of misery."

May the Lord give us hearts to pray that this cruel conflict may soon come to an end.

The cause of Christ, too, is still in a languishing condition; creature ambition and craftiness, love of power and supremacy are still to the front, in general, while a horrid course of carnal policy is secretly promoted as a substitute for the gracious power and work of the Holy Ghost. Need we wonder that the good Spirit of God is grieved and His gracious influences withholden? Oh, brethren, let us wait on the Lord until He shall, in mercy, arise and give repentance unto His Israel, and restore peace, unity, and prosperity unto His languishing Church. For this we desire still to pray and labour; and soliciting an interest in your sympathies and prayers, we, in the name of the Lord, wish you each a truly Happy New Year.

God is a spring. This day and to-morrow, Jehovah unchangeable. The God of Isaac is not like Isaac that had one blessing and no more; He hath as much now as He had the first moment that mercy streamed from Him to His creatures, and the same for as many as shall believe in Christ to the end of the world. Nay, the more we receive from God in the way of faith, the more God hath for us. A believer's harvest for present mercies is his seed-time for more. "Because Thou hast been my help." The more mercies he reaps, the more hopes of future mercy he hath. God's mercies, when full blown, seed again, and come up thicker. Can the creature want more than this everlasting fountain can supply?—*Stephen Charnock*, 1684.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE W. FREEMAN.

MR. WILLIAM FREEMAN was born in a village near Abingdon, November 8th, 1814. In January, 1834, the Lord was pleased to strike his conscience with the hammer of his Word, after he had left the card-table about midnight. "The soul that sinneth it shall die." That Word broke his rocky heart in pieces, and was the commencement of a long season of distress and sorrow; more than twelve months he had to endure this night of darkness, until the Lord was pleased to speak peace and comfort to his soul under the ministry of the late Mr. Tiptaft, of Abingdon, on the 5th April, 1835. We will now give a few interesting extracts from an account written by himself. He says:—

"There was a man in our village no one liked or could speak well of. I for one, to my shame, shunned him because others did. The only crime against him was walking seven miles each way every Lord's Day to hear Mr. Tiptaft preach at Abingdon. As I could not find for my soul what real religion was,—here I must remark that my judgment and my feelings greatly differed; I believed in the doctrines of free-will and creature merit, while in my heart I was proving I could do nothing but evil,—I at length thought I should like to know what religion this poor man had, for I felt he could not be worse than I was, for I had no religion fit to die by, nor could I live to the honour of God or peace of my own soul, being wrong continually. I went to him,—he was mostly employed in threshing corn,—and began by asking him what made him break the Sabbath as he did by going so far to hear preaching, when we had the Gospel so near us. He said if the Gospel were preached nearer he should not go so far. He was sure the Gospel was not preached anywhere about us, and asked me what I knew of the Gospel; this was so unexpected a question, and such plain dealing, I left him, intending to ask him no more questions; but somehow I could not forget it. I was constrained to see him again, and then he cut me up worse than before, for he told me the elect people of God would be saved, and nothing could hinder it; and all who were not elected would be cast off for ever, do whatever they might. I said, 'If we can do nothing for salvation, how is it so much is commanded?' He then asked me what I had done to be saved, and if I had not done much more to my damnation than salvation. I was astonished at this, and weeping, told him some of the exercises of my soul, and he shed tears also; but I said, 'I can never believe the doctrine of election. I have heard how some are to be saved, and others must be lost but I will never believe it until I am forced to from the Word of God.' He said,

Bring your pocket Testament another time.' I did so some little time after, I think the next day: he opened it at the 8th of Romans, put his fingers on the last two verses, 'There, read that.' I turned from the barn and silently read them: 'For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.' I read them over and over; and as I read them, light shone into my dark mind, and I clearly saw that none the Lord loved ever did or ever would go to hell. It was about midday when these words came to my mind, 'One half of the tribe shall stand on Mount Ebal to curse the people, and one half shall stand on Mount Gerizim to bless them;' here the doctrine of election was at once opened and for ever. 'O Lord, Thy word is settled in heaven.' I now felt and saw, for the first time, salvation to be entirely of grace. My cry now was not, What shall I do to inherit eternal life? but, O Lord, am I interested in Thy precious blood? Here the dear Saviour of sinners appeared in the truth; and I looked up as the sun was shining and said, 'O Lord, I am not worthy Thy sun should shine upon so vile and guilty a wretch.' I went to my little shop, instead of going to dinner, and searched the Scriptures to see if these things were so. The more I searched the more manifest did the doctrine of election appear. I now searched to find where the elect seed was in the Old Testament. I began with Genesis, and traced the blessing of the first promise to Abel, then in the line of Seth down to Noah, then in the line of Shem. While I was tracing down to Abraham I shall never forget what solemn feelings were wrought in my soul in discovering how whole kingdoms and nations were left in idolatrous darkness: here I clearly saw the elect seed in Abraham and his descendants, and not all of them, for only 'a remnant according to the election of grace' were saved. The New Testament was full of this doctrine, and also the terrible doctrine and truth of reprobation. I truly found these were the two mountains of brass which Zachariah saw, which stand fast to all eternity. Never before had I sunk into such nothingness as at this time, but still I was at as great or greater uncertainty than ever about my state before God.

Many and various were my fears and trials of soul: there was one thought almost continually with me, that seeing all was fixed for ever before time, nothing I ever could do would alter it: if for heaven and glory, I should surely be brought there; if for hell, nothing could save me from it, though I feared, prayed, and refrained from evil. If I were to be lost, I should be; therefore

why trouble so much? After some time I found this spirit and argument to prevail much over me, and to bring in some measure a sort of callous feeling over my spirit.”*

“At length the time of the promise drew near, that the Lord had decreed to burst my bonds and

“Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer’s blood.’

It was on a Lord’s Day. I went to bed as usual on the Saturday night; and early in the morning I awoke under much solemnity of soul, feeling as I had never before felt, and accompanied with much reverence and softness of heart. I dressed, then kneeled in prayer; and all my past life was, as it were, brought before me, and the truths of everlasting love and election; indeed, the way of salvation through a precious Jesus appeared clear, and I was helped to plead His promise to sinners, and entreated that the sun that day might not go down till mercy was manifested to my soul: my thoughts and affections were all taken up in prayer and wrestling. I started home, intending to go to Kingstone Church. In the distant fields I saw the poor man coming on his way to Abingdon in a drizzling rain. I thought, what can there be to cause this man to go so far? at length we met, and I told him some of the things then on my mind. He said, ‘Come along with me.’ I answered, ‘No, not to-day; but if you will lend me Mr. Tiptaft’s sermon he preached at the Church, I promise I will not burn it, but return it to you; for I much wish to see it.’ He told me where to go for it. I fetched it before I went home: the first words caught my eye and heart too, ‘I stand before you, either a servant of Christ or a servant of the devil; I must be one or the other.’ I sat down in the man’s house and read it silently, and watered it with my tears; the power with which it came home to my conscience was irresistible. I came out to go to my father’s, when, lo! before the eyes of my mind, there was a crucified Saviour, with pity and compassion in His countenance: if I looked up or down, with my eyes closed or open, it was the same; before my eyes was Christ crucified manifestly set forth; but what He was about to do with me, I knew not: my soul trembled before Him, and His all-seeing eye was upon me. I started for Abingdon to hear Mr. Tiptaft, and was all that afternoon on the way: my soul lay as it were at the feet of the Lord, and my heart was as though it contained a hidden fire. I was also most powerfully assaulted by Satan with all manner of

* There are many, it is to be feared, who are, in this present day, entangled in this fearful snare of God-dishonouring fatalism.

accusations, and past wrongs and sins were brought to withstand me in the way. When in the footway at Marcham it was brought with great power that I had committed the unpardonable sin, therefore it was useless to go farther : indeed it brought me to a dead stand in the road. The blessed Spirit helped my infirmities with cries and groans to the all-compassionate Redeemer, when these words fell with great sweetness, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' They came as from the lips of a gracious Saviour ; with this I continued my journey under as great a weight as I think mortal could endure.

"I entered Mr. Tiptaft's Chapel for the first time, a ruined, lost, condemned sinner, lying at the feet of the Lord, entirely at His mercy. Mr. Tiptaft read the 17th of John ; and though I was somewhat conversant with the Word, I had never heard that chapter before. When he came to these words, 'I pray for them. I pray not for the world, but for them which Thou hast given Me, for they are Thine,' the power of the Lord descended and broke my heart before Him ; indeed, all my hardness, bondage, fears, temptations, and sin fled, while love, joy, peace, and truth filled all the powers of my soul. Mr. Tiptaft's text was, 'For he is not a Jew, which is one outwardly ; neither is that circumcision, which is outward in the flesh : but he is a Jew, which is one inwardly ; and circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter ; whose praise is not of men, but of God' (Rom. ii. 28, 29). Here, as he entered into and described my sorrows and fears, the same blessed Spirit bore witness of the truth, my soul was as a bird plucked from the snare of the fowler. This was on Lord's Day, April 5th, 1835. I can surely say, 'This day salvation was brought to my house.' I left the chapel with the kingdom of grace established in my heart, and the kingdom of glory in full prospect in a dear Redeemer. I walked back, praising, blessing, and extolling my ever-gracious Lord. My cup was full and ran over. I stood still at the spot where the enemy told me I had committed the unpardonable sin, and said, 'Where is the adversary ? my burden is gone, my Jesus is here, peace and love are produced, my sins are gone, my soul is at rest ;' but the enemy was as still as a stone. The Lord sent many promises into my heart, and confirmed the same with His gracious seal : had I a thousand souls I was sure they would be all safe. Oh the all-sufficiency of the blood of the Covenant, the power and glory of Immanuel, God with us ! I slept but little that night, feeling the Lord's presence still with me. I now read the Word with new eyes. I saw Jesus in the Old Testament where I never had before : indeed, the whole testified of Him, and I truly found

that Thy law was my delight both night and day. Let men say what they might about hating sin, I never hated it, nor saw it as I did when I saw these all-important words, 'The chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed.' O Lord, how couldst Thou forgive and have mercy on such a creature? What love! what grace! what mercy! What sin hath wrought those only can guess who have felt its forgiveness by the blood of sprinkling. I could write much here, but forbear. I feel now this witness renewed; and blessings for ever rest on the eternal Trinity in Unity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost: what hath God wrought in our glorious Redeemer! St. John's Gospel, from the 12th chapter to the 18th, was very much blessed to me at that time and since.

"As the Lord had thus brought peace to my soul, it opened my mouth. I felt I was delivered from all my fears, my soul from death, and my feet from falling; the pearl of great price was found, the certificate was granted, and I began to tell what great things the Lord had done for me, and had had compassion on me. I told the Wesleyans of it; some hated me, and some wondered and said many things. As the Lord had decided the matter so truly and sweetly, this decided my conduct. I from that day forward left the Church, the Wesleyans, and all the places I formerly attended, and sat under Mr. Tiptaft; but my master seeing the change, and my reading the Bible at meal times and all proper opportunity, was stirred exceedingly to trouble me, and my mistress did the same, so that in six weeks I was obliged to leave: but one thing I must relate which took place there. While sitting at work beside my master, I was assailed by Satan that this change which I had felt would wear off, and I should surely come to nought; as on former occasions, my youth, the snares to which I was exposed and other things were brought, and that I never could stand: this I feared more than death by far. I felt a great struggle and agitation of mind, but was helped to plead in these words, 'O blessed Lord, do be pleased to give me a promise for life, that I may be helped to rest on and expect Thy gracious help to the end!' This temptation was repeated in my soul many times, for the battle was sore; at length these very words were brought, and carried all before them, 'Fear not, for I am with thee; but thou must be brought through much tribulation, and suffer many things for My name's sake; but the same God that kept Daniel in the den of lions is able to keep thee, and will keep thee.' So great was the power, the tears burst forth from my eyes. I went directly to the garden in private, fell upon my knees, and wept before the Lord in all the contrition of a child in His almighty hands, assured

by His word and power and presence He would take care of me all through this life. It was at this time and spot I first felt the Lord had intended to make use of my mouth in the ministry at some future day. What I then saw of the eternal love in the Lord Jesus, and my interest therein, can never be told by me, the Lord knows : and I have lived to prove the truth of the same to the very letter of it, and shall, I trust, till time with me is no more.

(*To be continued.*)

RETROSPECTION.

When Thy judgments are abroad in the earth, the inhabitants will learn righteousness.—ISAIAH xxvi. 9.

GREAT BEING, of beings supreme,
Before Thee Thy creatures would bow,
And make of Thy mercy their theme,
Which fed them and led them till now!

The year that is past, as it went,
With wisdom and goodness was crown'd;
But, ah! we have cause to lament,
That still we unfruitful are found.

Thy judgments around us have spread,
And shaken dominions and thrones;
The earth has been strew'd with the dead;
The air has been rent with their groans.

Destruction, and tumult, and war,
Attend on the steps of the foe;
We hear of the rumours from far,
What numbers the sword has laid low.

The voice of Thy warnings spake loud,
But we have been backward to hear;
To put on the sackcloth too proud;
To haughty to utter a fear.

Still, still from the head to the foot,
Corruption pervadeth the land;
The canker hath reach'd to the root,
And like the dry fig-tree we stand.

Great Being, of beings supreme,
The grace of repentance bestow;
And let not Thine anger extreme
The glory of Britain lay low!

Oh! now may the season appear
Which Zion is waiting to find!
And give with another *new year*
A jubilee bless'd to mankind!

CONSOLATION UNDER AFFLICTION.

DEAR SIR,—I truly commiserate your variegated calamity, and heartily wish I could suggest anything which might be a means of administering some ease to your afflicted mind, and of assisting you to reap ample benefit from your distressed situation. You will know that all afflictions, of what kind soever, proceed from God. “I form the light, and create darkness: I make peace, and create evil: I the Lord do all these things” (Isaiah xlv. 7). They spring not from the dust, are not the effect of a random chance, but the appointment of the all-wise, all-foreseeing God, who intends them all for the good of His creatures.* This, I think, is the fundamental argument for resignation, and the grand source of comfort. This should be our first reflection and our sovereign support. He that gave me my being, and gave His own Son for our redemption, He has assigned me this suffering. What He ordains, who is boundless Love, must be good; what He ordains, who is unerring Wisdom, must be proper. This reconciled Eli to the severest doom that ever was denounced: “It is the Lord;” and though grievous to human nature, and much more grievous to parental affection, yet it is unquestionably the best. Therefore I humbly acquiesce; I kiss the awful decree, and say from my very soul, “Let Him do what seemeth Him good” (1 Sam. iii. 18). This calmed the sorrows of Job under all his unparalleled distresses. The Lord gave me affluence and prosperity; the Lord has taken all away; rapacious hands and warring elements were only His instruments; therefore I submit, I adore, I bless His holy name. This consolation fortified the Man Christ Jesus, at the approach of His inconceivably bitter agonies. The cup which, not my implacable enemies, but My Father, by their administration, has given Me, shall I not drink it? It is your Father, dear sir, your heavenly Father, who loves you with an everlasting love, that has mingled some gall with your portion in life. Sensible of the beneficent hand, from which the visitation comes, may you always bow your head in patient submission, and acknowledge that “He hath done all things well.”—Extract from *Hervé's Letters*.

GRACE, embellished with gifts, is the more beautiful; but gifts, without grace, are only a richer spoil for Satan.—*Anon.*

* God always controls for good the trials He sends or permits to befall His people.

FAITH IN CHRIST AN EFFECT OF DIVINE POWER.

“Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?”—ISAIAH liii. 1.

THE united testimony of prophets, apostles, and ordinary ministers, may justly be called a Report. This idea accords with the Scriptures, where the Gospel is represented as “a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation.” The incarnation of the Saviour was reported by angels as good tidings of great joy.

Although this testimony proceeds from man’s lips, and may be called *our* report, as ministers of the Gospel, it is nevertheless the precious and the particular Word of God, even that Word which is “quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword;” also, “the discerner of the thoughts and intents of our hearts.”

Now, no benefit can be derived from the hearing of this report, except it have a full share of our confidence. The inquiry is not merely, *Who hath heard?* but “*Who hath believed our report?*”—who hath given it that cordial acceptance as to treasure it up in his heart?—who is there amongst you who so believeth, as to evidence this faith by his practice and holy deportment? Does love to Him, of whom the report is made, even the Lord Jesus Christ, inspire you with humble dependence on Him, and submission to His will in providence,—with patience under afflictions,—with holy courage to persevere? Happy soul! if these are a counterpart of thine experience, thou mayest answer the interrogation of the Prophet by triumphantly exclaiming, “I have believed this report!”

We may observe, that the above evidences of our sincere faith in the Gospel report are not produced by an effort of nature; for “the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.” Weakness and wickedness are the consequences of the Fall:—“Vain man would fain be wise, though man be born like a wild ass’s colt.” We affirm, therefore, that where those evidences exist and abide, they are displays of the working of a powerful Arm. He who proved His power by causing “the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined into our hearts, to give us the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ.” He hath made us “willing in the day of His power;” He hath subdued our corruptions, and “cast all our iniquities into the depths of the sea;” He hath brought us out of worse than Egyptian bondage, with a mighty hand, and with an outstretched arm; He that came from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, travelling in the greatness of His strength, His arm

hath brought salvation. Man, in this lapsed state, is led captive by Satan at his will, who is the strong man armed ; and while he keeps the palace of the heart, all the avenues of the soul are shut against the entrance of divine truth. He believeth not our report ; but when a stronger than he shall come upon him, and overcome him, the snare will be broken, and the soul escape.

Lastly. Faith comes through the medium of divine revelation. "Unto whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" God's written and preached Word are agents in the hands of the Spirit, in making this powerful impression on the souls of believers ; "He shall glorify Me, for He shall receive of Mine, and show it unto you."

What sayest thou, reader? Dost thou believe on the Son of God? Art thou a true disciple of the dear Immanuel? Has the arm of the Lord been revealed in thy conversion? Look to the same power which first began the good work in thy soul for the carrying of it on. "When thou passest through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee ; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee, for I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour." "He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength." "Wait on the Lord, and be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart. Wait, I say, on the Lord." W.

PEACE OF CONSCIENCE.

"Son, be of good cheer," said Christ to the man sick of the palsy, "thy sins be forgiven thee." Not, be of good cheer, thy health is given thee (though that he had also) ; but, "thy sins are forgiven thee." If a friend should come to a malefactor on his way to the gallows, put a sweet posy in his hands, and bid him smell on that, and be of good cheer ; alas ! this would bring little joy with it to the poor man's heart, who sees the place of execution before him. But if one comes from the prince with a pardon, and puts it into his hand, exhorting him to be of good cheer ; *this*, and this only, will reach the poor man's heart, and overrun it with a sudden ravishment of joy. Truly, anything short of pardoning mercy is as inconsiderable to a troubled conscience as that posy to the dying prisoner. Conscience demands as much to satisfy it, as God Himself doth to satisfy Him for the wrong the creature hath done Him. Nothing can take off conscience from accusing, but that which takes off God from threatening. From what quarter, then, comes the good news that God is reconciled to a poor soul, and that his sins are pardoned? Surely from the Gospel of Christ, and from no other

source besides. Here alone is to be found the covenant of peace betwixt God and sinners ; here the sacrifice by which this pardon is purchased ; here the means discovered by which sinners have the benefit of the purchase ; and, therefore, here alone can the accusing conscience find peace. Had the stung Israelites looked on any other object but the brazen serpent, they had never been healed ; neither will the stung conscience find ease by looking upon any besides Christ in the Gospel of peace.

There was abundance of sacrifices offered up in the Jewish Church ; but from first to last, they were not able to quiet one conscience, or purge away one sin. But in the Gospel joyful news is brought to the sinner's ears of a fountain of blood opened, which, for its preciousness, is as far above the demerit of man's sin, as the blood of bulls and goats was beneath it ; and that is the blood of Christ, who freely shed it on the cross, and by it obtained eternal redemption.

This is the door by which all true peace and joy comes into the conscience ; "Let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience" (Heb. x. 22). From this "evil," or accusing conscience we are said to be sprinkled ; that is, freed by the blood of Christ sprinkled on us. To this sprinkling of blood the Holy Ghost alludes, where we are said to be come "to Jesus the Mediator of the new Covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling that speaketh better things than that of Abel" (Heb. xii. 24) ; that is, better things in the conscience. Abel's blood, sprinkled in the guilt of it upon Cain's conscience, spake swords and daggers, and cried to heaven for vengeance ; but the blood of Christ, sprinkled on the conscience of a poor sinner, speaks pardon and peace. Hence it is called "the answer of a good conscience to God, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ." An answer to God supposes a question from God. Now, the question which God here propounds to the sinner may be conceived to be this : What canst thou say, who art a sinner lying under the curse of My righteous law, why thou shouldst not die the death pronounced against every transgressor ? Now, the soul that hath heard of Christ, and received Him by faith, is the person, and the only person, who can answer this question so as to satisfy either God or himself. Take the answer as it is formed and fitted for the believer by the Apostle Paul : "Who is he that condemneth ? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ ?" (Rom. viii. 34), and proceeds to challenge all the enemies of our salvation, to come and do their worst against

believers who have got this breastwork about them ; and, at last, he displays his victorious colours, and goes out of the field with this holy confidence, that none, be they what they will, shall ever "be able to separate them from the love of God which is in Jesus Christ our Lord!"—*Thomas Gurnall*.

THE FURTHERANCE OF THE GOSPEL.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Some of your readers may remember that during the latter part of the last century, two godly Scotch brothers, Robert and James Haldane, were greatly used of God to the furtherance of the Gospel.

Having means and leisure, they first turned their attention to foreign missions, but meeting with peculiar difficulties, and hearing an opponent tauntingly remark, "Why send missionaries to foreign parts, when there is so much ignorance and unbelief at your own doors?" the younger one, especially, accepted the challenge, and, in company with a friend, he traversed the length and breadth of his native land, distributing tracts and preaching the gospel of the grace of God in numbers of towns and villages, where, as regards the pure truth, an almost state of heathendom prevailed. The Lord greatly blessed their efforts, and it is heart-warming and cheering to read of it.

Are there not hundreds of villages in England where the sound of the truth has never been heard? If godly and faithful men, with ability to speak to such audiences, could be found to go through our counties during the summer months and conduct open-air services, who could tell but that the Holy Spirit might bless their efforts to the awakening of dead sinners and to the encouragement of some hidden ones.

How applicable the words, "*Pray* ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth labourers into His harvest." Surely the Scriptural warrant for such may be found in Matthew xxviii. 19 ; Revelation xxii. 17, "And let him that heareth say, Come."

May the Lord give us a united spirit of supplication that He will fit and prepare instruments for this work, and incline the hearts of others to subscribe, according to their means, for necessary expenses.*

With respect to struggling causes, we are sure you do not mean anything in the way of revivalist services or excitement

* May we not hope that this thing is of the Lord, from its being laid on the hearts of so many of God's people?

meetings.† Where there is already a cause, do we not need to pray that the Lord would graciously revive such by an outpouring of the Holy Spirit, that His Word may not return unto Him void, but may prosper in the thing whereto He sends it? G.

"Being assembled with one accord."—Acts xv. 25.

"FOR Moses of old time hath in every city them that preach him, being read in the synagogues every Sabbath day. Then pleased it the Apostles and elders, with the whole Church, to send chosen men of their own company to Antioch with Paul and Barnabas" (Acts xv. 21, 22). Behold, that the love of the Apostles and ancient Christians for immortal souls and the honour of God was so great, that when they found that certain men were going about teaching the ceremonial law as necessary for salvation, they went up to Jerusalem to meet other Apostles and elders about the question; at which meeting they unanimously agreed to send forth some to proclaim the truth, in the spirit of meekness, to correct the false teaching of these accommodating false prophets. As in our day, in many towns and villages ceremonies and traditions of men are taught in the place of the Gospel, would it not be well if those that feared God met together to consider in what way and by what means they could send the Gospel again in such places; and also consider some plan whereby they could help poor struggling causes to hold on their way? I know with Gamaliel, "if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought: but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found fighting against God" (Acts. v. 38, 39).

"The Apostle Jude exhorts us "earnestly to contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints;" and as its enemies use all imaginable means to oppose that faith, and as the Lord works by means, is it not desirable that His people should use all lawful means for the spreading of the Gospel, looking to Him to bless them? All ministers and people do well to take heed and consider for what they are contending, that it is not for having a big cause, at the expense of injuring or shutting up of a neighbouring one two or three miles away; for, truly, if their aim

† Our reference to weak and struggling causes had no reference to excitable revivalist meetings. We prefer the gracious and efficacious power of the Holy Ghost, which is now so little heard of in the conversion of sinners. What we had on our mind was, some united effort to help the twos and threes who find it difficult to keep the doors open, by friendly visits at some of their apostles, and rendering a little financial aid where they are in debt. The apostolic injunction was, "We would that ye should remember the poor."—ED.

alone was for the good of souls and the honour of God, they would strive to keep open as many doors in as many towns and villages as possible, for the preaching of that only name, "whereby sinners must be saved," and never wish one to be shut up, so that they might add a few good walkers to their cause at the expense of depriving a neighbouring village of having a place of truth.

Oh, that the Church of God would consider itself as **ONE**, instead of one company looking upon another, walking by the same rule, as its enemy; and if any choose to go from one to another of the same faith and order, be thankful that they have not turned out apostates, but only are worshipping in another locality. As our enemies unite to oppose the truth, so may we unite to withstand their attacks, and band together for the furtherance of the Gospel, having no other object in view than the good of souls and the honour and glory of the Lord Jesus Christ, looking to Him as the Captain of our salvation, for all the wisdom, grace, and help we need, and for His blessing upon all means used. J. S.

[The subject for February will be, "Some of the difficulties that lie in the way of united effort for the furtherance of the Gospel, and the best way of meeting them." We hope our friends may be inclined to take the subject up, and let us have some brief papers, about four hundred words, by the 12th of January.]

THE affections of the unrenewed man are as an unruly horse that either will not receive, or violently runs away with the rider.
—*Boston.*

MAN lives by death. His natural life is maintained by the death of the creatures, and his spiritual and eternal life are owing to the death of his Saviour.—*Dyer.*

A MUSICIAN is not recommended for playing long, but for playing well. It is obeying God willingly is accepted. The Lord hates that which is forced: it is rather paying a tax than an offering. Cain served God grudgingly: he brought his sacrifice, not his heart. Good duties must not be pressed nor beaten out of us, as the waters came out of the rock when Moses smote it with his rod; but must freely drop from us, as myrrh from the tree, or honey from the comb. If a willing mind be wanting, there wants that flower which should perfume our obedience, and make it a sweet-smelling savour to God.—*Thomas Watson, 1660.*

THE SEEKER'S CORNER.

THE UNCHANGEABLENESS OF JESUS.

"Jesus Christ the same yes'terday, and to-day, and for ever."
 HEBREWS xiii. 8.

DEAR FRIEND,—The Christian in his journey heavenwards is exposed to many evils, distresses, and enemies, which often alarm and discourage him; but his Lord is mighty, and therefore they cannot prevail. He is able to save to the uttermost, and therefore the believer need not be discouraged or cast down by the most formidable opposition. The unchangeableness of their Jesus bears them up and comforts them, all their journey through.

It comforts and encourages the saints to think that Jesus is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever in His *worthiness*. The hope of the Christian rests on the perfection of Christ's work, and the sufficiency of His atonement. Through this they are justified, because thereby Divine justice is satisfied. Hence they shout, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!" But as His merits procured for all the saints that have entered heaven admission into that holy place, so they remain undiminished still, and shall continue unimpaired. The devil will often try to obscure the sufficiency and perfection of this work, and to shake the confidence and joy of the saints in depending on it; but when they recollect that He is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever, He cannot fail, nor they be endangered. "His merits must be sufficient for all that will come to Him, if they were ever sufficient for any; for as He is a divine and unchanging Saviour, He must be always worthy.

It must afford comfort to the Christian to find that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever, in His *love* to His people. The Christian often manifests unsuitable and unbecoming conduct to his Lord. This darkens his prospect, hides his heavenly Father's face, and renders the sense of the Saviour's love to him less evident and lively. When they discover the evils that are in them, they are cast down; and perceiving more clearly their own unloveliness, they feel such apprehension, as makes them perhaps imagine that the Saviour has ceased to love them, or has never loved them at all. The arch deceiver is ready to harass them, and tell them their hopes are vain, the Saviour never loved them, and they are too black, too vile, for Him ever to love them; but when from themselves, their fears, and their enemies, they apply to the meritorious Saviour, He dispels their apprehensions by the proofs of His disinterested love to them, in

giving Himself for them, and by showing His unchangeableness, as one that resteth in His love ; so that whom He loveth He loveth to the end.

It comforts the Christian also to find that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever, in His *wisdom* to direct his friends and baffle his enemies. The saints often labour under much remaining ignorance and darkness. This not only often obscures their own evidence and prospects, but often perplexes their minds as to what is their Father's will and their own way, while it enables their enemies to attack them with advantage. "When, however, they discern not their way, and cannot unravel the designs, stratagems, and temptations of the enemy," and are at their wit's end, and know not what to do, the Lord sets them at liberty by drawing them to Himself, to unbosom all their griefs and make known all their difficulties. They find that in Him are laid up all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, They confide in Him, and follow His directions in His Word, and the way is made plain, and no lion therein. They find that His wisdom directed His people, with His eye set upon them, in former ages, and that He is as wise now to direct and guide all that believe, and will remain the same for ever.

It must comfort the Christian to find that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever, in His *ability* to support and deliver all His people. It might weigh with the Christian, under distresses and discouragements, that Jesus, though once able to save, might ere now have exhausted His strength. Or it might be apprehended that He had too much upon His hands to be able to inspect and take care of the whole, and support and deliver every one of His people ; but my friends, all that He has to attend to is not too much for His care, His vigilance, and His ability. He is able for the whole. He was able to deliver His people who trusted in Him in former ages, and proved Himself a glorious Conqueror over all His enemies ; and He will manifest still that He is the same to-day as He was yesterday for supporting, and comforting, and delivering His people. He will show His ability also hereafter and for ever. None shall perish that trust in Him. When the Captain of salvation is once foiled, then the saints may begin to fear. As this cannot take place, for ever, let them rejoice evermore.

It also affords comfort to the Christian to find that Jesus is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever in His *glory*. Our Lord is highly exalted, and has unsearchable riches ! but if His glory could come to an end, or His treasures be exhausted, our expectations might be damped, and our hearts discouraged ; but as this cannot take place, we have no cause for apprehension. He

says, "Father, I will that they also [whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory, which thou hast given Me : for Thou lovedst Me before the foundation of the world." The Saviour shines conspicuous in yonder world, the unclouded and unsetting Sun in the celestial firmament, while all the saints ascribe salvation to Him that sitteth upon the throne and to the Lamb for ever.

Dear friend, cast all your cares and burdens on the Lord ; He will sustain you ! You see where your great strength and unchanging security lies. Be not afraid of your enemies. Only trust in the Lord and steadfastly follow Him, and you are safe.

U.

I NEED THEE, PRECIOUS JESUS.

I NEED Thee, precious Jesus ! for I am full of sin ;
My soul is dark and guilty, my heart is dead within ;
I need the cleansing fountain, where I can always flee,
The blood of Christ most precious, the sinner's perfect plea.

I need Thee, precious Jesus ! for I am very poor ;
A stranger and a pilgrim, I have no earthly store ;
I need the love of Jesus to cheer me on the way ;
To guide my doubting footsteps, to be my strength and stay.

I need Thee, precious Jesus ! I need a Friend like Thee ;
A Friend to soothe and sympathize, a Friend to care for me ;
I need the heart of Jesus to feel each anxious care,
My every want to sweeten, and all my sorrows share.

I need Thee, precious Jesus ! for I am very blind,
A weak and foolish wanderer, with a dark and evil mind ;
I need the light of Jesus to tread the thorny road,
To guide me safe to glory, where I shall see my God.

I need Thee, precious Jesus ! I need Thee day by day,
To fill me with Thy fulness, to lead me on my way ;
I need Thy Holy Spirit to teach me what I am,
To show me more of Jesus, to point me to the Lamb.

I need Thee, precious Jesus ! and hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow, and seated on Thy throne ;
There, with Thy blood-bought children, my joy shall ever be
To sing Thy praises, Jesus ! to gaze my Lord, on Thee.

GRACE is glory militant, and glory is grace triumphant, grace is glory begun, glory is grace made perfect ; grace is the first degree of glory, glory is the highest degree of grace.—*Dyer*.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

DEAR E——,—On Tuesday we had a sermon read from the triumphant song of the mother of our Lord and Saviour, in whom Mary greatly rejoiced that she should be so highly favoured of God beyond all the great and honourable of the world; that she a poor despised creature should be so exalted, that God should put down the mighty from their seats and exalt them of low degree, that He should fill the hungry with good things, but send the rich empty away. I suppose you have the sermon, as it is one of Mr Philpot's; read it at your leisure. God hath promised both to bless you and make you a blessing, so it struck me that the children which God gives you are a blessing, especially when they are of the number of God's special people, the seed that is to serve Him on earth and be with Him in glory for ever, which all His seed shall be. God will do that which is just and good. You have proved the truth of His Word, that as their day so shall their strength be, though it might be with only strength enough and none to spare, and in this way God makes salvation great as well as mercy sweet. For I look upon it as the greatest temporal salvation, and I pray God it may be a means in His hand to make it the salvation of soul and body from the wrath, curse, and eternal death, which we by our sin deserve; so that the great love of God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, may be made more known to us in the glorious plan of saving such sinners from our sins and all the dreadful consequences thereof. This is a salvation which we see and know but little of in this time-state. The more a soul feels of the wrath and anger of God with the guilt and burden of sin, the fear and dread of eternal death—the more a soul sinks in this distress, the greater the mercy and salvation of God appears; and when enjoyed, will make a soul vow to sing of the mercy of the Lord for ever, that thus turns the shadow of death into a morning of blooming hope of immortality and eternal glory. So that He gives us life for death; and let the Lord work how or which way He pleases, He is a Rock, and His work He will perfect. This I am fully persuaded of, therefore wish to leave you in His blessed hands, to do with you as He sees best. I have seen so much of His wisdom, power, faithfulness, and loving-kindness, that I would say, "Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory." So be it. Sophia has been gone home this month. I think she is getting on pretty well.—With love from your father,

Ely, November 15th, 1843.

S. PRIGG.

THE old man will never die whilst we live.—*Romaine.*

The Sower, February, 1900.



GEO. GLANVILLE, Photographer, Tunbridge Wells.

THE LATE MR. GEORGE MOCKFORD.

THE LATE MR. GEORGE MOCKFORD,
PASTOR OF EBENEZER CHAPEL, HEATHFIELD, SUSSEX.

THE standard-bearers of the everlasting Gospel are being continually gathered home, and amongst them we have now to number Mr. George Mockford, of Heathfield, Sussex, well known, not only in the neighbourhood where he was pastor, but in many other parts of the country, where many have heard him proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ.

Mr. Mockford was born at Lewes, on the 27th of December 1826. The account of his early life, and the manner of his being brought to an experimental knowledge of himself as a sinner, and of Jesus as his Saviour, has been duly recorded by himself, and will in due course be published; therefore we must ask our readers to wait for these particulars until their publication, which we feel sure will be found very interesting and profitable reading. Some little time after the Lord had called Mr. Mockford to preach the Gospel, he was led to preach at Heathfield in the year 1856, His first ministrations there were in a schoolroom, and he used to walk over from Lewes to preach, and having finished his Master's business, returned home in the same way.

The congregation increasing, and some funds being forthcoming, a chapel was built, and in the year 1860 he was chosen pastor, and here he continued proclaiming the truths of the Gospel through the remainder of his life, except when on a visit to other Churches.

In due time he removed from Lewes, and made his home at Heathfield until called to his home above.

Early in November, 1899, although feeling sadly in health, he went to Croydon to fulfil his engagement at Providence Chapel, preaching there in considerable weakness both morning and evening, taking for his text John xvii. 3: "And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent." Many of his old friends felt as they listened to him, from the manifest weakness discernible, that his work was nearly done, which, indeed, proved to be the case. After the Sunday services he returned home to Heathfield, and his weakness, which proved to be occasioned by a stroke of paralysis, continued to increase; but he was kept in a very quiet and peaceful frame of mind for the most part, and gave utterance to many precious things. On the 22nd of November, in the 73rd year of his pilgrimage, his sufferings came to an end, the Lord taking His servant to Himself—"to be for ever with the Lord."

The funeral took place at Ebenezer Chapel, Heathfield, the services being conducted by Mr. Smith and Mr. Newton of

Tunbridge Wells, a very large number of friends from far and near being present, manifesting thereby the esteem and love in which the departed was held.

The loss to the family and Church by this removal is very great. May the Lord sanctify the dispensation to all concerned, and in His own time provide another pastor for the desolate Church.

The excellent likeness of Mr. Mockford which accompanies this number is from a portrait taken by Mr. Glanville, Broadway Studio, Tunbridge Wells, of whom copies may be had.

IN MEMORIAM.—MR. GEORGE MOCKFORD.

AND is he gone? and has his spirit fled?
 And is our Pastor numbered with the dead?
 Can it be true that we shall hear no more
 That loved and honoured voice as heretofore—
 That voice which loved to tell his Master's fame,
 And speak the honours of a Saviour's name?
 Yes, all too true; yet, oh, forbear to weep,
 He is not dead, but only fall'n asleep.
 His spirit burst its bonds, and left the clay,
 And swift in faith triumphant fled away.
 Oh could our saddened spirits see him now,
 As he with yonder radiant hosts doth bow
 In wondering love, and adoration sweet,
 Casting his victor's crown at Jesus' feet;
 Ascribing all the praise and honour too
 To Him alone, to whom the praise is due!
 Ah! then, our hearts must feel and echo this—
 We would not wish him from these courts of bliss;
 His heart was there long e'er the summons came,
 And oft he seemed to have caught the sweet refrain
 Of heaven's own melody within his breast,
 And longed to enter his eternal rest.
 His work is done, and we his flock below
 Are still left mourning in this world of woe;
 But not of hope bereft, since Jesus lives,
 Who to His seeking ones true comfort gives.
 Then, dearest Lord, to Thee our prayers ascend,
 That thou wouldst keep, feed, love us to the end;
 Make up to us the loss we now sustain,
 Be with us under every cross and pain;
 Then bear us safely to that blissful shore,
 Where, with our much-loved Pastor, gone before,
 We may for ever sing redeeming love,
 And prove his crown and joy in realms above.

M. M.

HOPE IN TROUBLE.

(1 CORINTHIANS x. 13.)

WHEREVER the people of God are, there is abundant cause for hope, for wherever they are, there is God. "For thus saith the Lord God; Although I have cast them off among the heathen, and although I have scattered them among the countries, yet will I be to them as a little sanctuary in the countries where they shall come" (Ezekiel xi. 16). But how little is this realized when most needed. For in time of trial promises themselves seem to mock one, instead of yielding that comfort that is usually expected from them; teaching us that the promise needs to be spoken home by the Spirit of God in order to give relief. For—

"When to me the Word's applied,
'Tis then it does me good."

If God be in our company and does not manifest Himself, we fail to see Him, and a loneliness is felt which is not easily described. Not the least part of one's trials are the temptations of Satan—his enticements to evil. For his vile temptations are so suited to the inclinations of one's natural heart that one supposes these workings to be an unmistakable sign of his utter depravity, and of his never having been washed from his filthiness; and seldom does one see where he is before he is smarting for his folly and weakness, and made to know that, were it not for delivering and preserving grace, he would sink with Satan into eternal perdition. 'Tis when he is delivered that he feelingly sings of Jesus' precious blood. These perplexing enticements to evil, whether proceeding from without or from within, are not all his trials. Many of his trials seem to be of the nature of a burden put upon him, and so much is this the case, that many join with the Apostle and say, "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." But if we remember the cause of trials, and who it is that lays them upon us, as well as the end He has in view, we have cause for deep humility and unbounded gratitude: for to be uncorrected is to be given up and lost. Our ill manners certainly procure these things for us: "For the iniquity of his covetousness was I wroth and smote him," says the Lord (Isaiah lvii. 17), and who among all His sons will not own the righteousness of the stroke? "For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." And we may say that the man is a blessed man that can join with the Church of old and say, "O Lord, correct me, but with judgment; not in anger, lest Thou

bring me to nothing" (Jer. x. 24). It is well to be able to realize that the hand of God is as much in our trials as in our comforts. Neither one nor the other can come without His permission and will. This the Church of old was taught by Him who said, "I form the light and create darkness: I make peace and create evil: I the Lord do all these things" (Isaiah xlv. 7). In these corrections the Lord makes no exceptions. *All* pass under the rod, not only the rod of numbering, but also the rod of purging (Ezek. xx. 36-44). Paul makes the little word *all* stand out very clearly in 1 Cor. x. He says: "*All* our fathers were under the cloud; *all* passed through the sea; *all* were baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea; *all* did eat the same spiritual meat, and *all* did drink the same spiritual drink: and in the 13th verse he speaks of temptation (trial) being common to *all*, and also of escape being common to *all*."

Trials then are the common lot of God's people; and although some have a larger measure of them in this life than others, yet the heaviest trial has its limit; and the longest trial has its limit too.

God does not measure our trials by our sins; if He did there would be no limit, either to the weight or to the time of them. It is our mercy that "with God there is forgiveness, that He may be feared." "He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust."

None of His children have had trials so heavy or to last so long that they have perished in them, although many have been driven to their wit's end. Jacob's trials were both heavy and long; but he blessed the Angel for having preserved him from all evil throughout his long life.

Troubles and distresses he had had, but harm never reached him, and he died triumphing in redeeming and preserving grace. The woman spoken of in 2 Kings iv. had trials enough—her husband died in debt, and the creditors came to take away her sons, but the Lord appeared and delivered her.

Paul had afflictions in abundance, but he could sing of a bountiful deliverance (2 Tim. iii. 11). The Lord Jesus Himself sank lower than all beneath the weight of trial and suffering; but of Him it is said that God hath highly exalted Him and given Him a name above every name; and that He is raised to God's right hand, far above the highest powers both in heaven and in earth; and it is in order to the exaltation of His people that God afflicts them. If any doubt this let him read Heb. xii and Mal. iii., in the light of Zech. xiii. 9. He does it to raise them from grovelling in the dust, to communion with Himself, to wean them from earth, and set their affections on

heavenly things; to bring down their pride and self-confidence, and to cleanse them from their idols. Not to make their natures better. No; for all the worth or worthiness the Church will ever have must come from the Lord Jesus Christ; and all trials, whether direct from God, from ourselves, from other men, or from devils; whether in body, mind, or circumstances, shall, under the blessing of our gracious and faithful God, prove to us that salvation from first to last is all of free and sovereign grace. To Him, therefore, be all the glory.

ALEPH.

"ONLY TRUST HIM."

In your darkest moments trust Him,
 He will not that trust betray;
 Though dark clouds of doubt obscure Him,
 Still He's watching o'er thy way;
 And His guiding Hand will lead thee,
 Though thou may'st not see His face;
 From His bounteous store He'll feed thee,
 Fill thy soul with faith and grace.

To His Israel manna plenty
 Gave He for their each day's need,
 So, by help His love has sent thee,
 He has proved thy Friend indeed.
 Heed His call so kindly given,
 Then shall things which threaten ill
 Prove but stepping stones to heaven,
 Though the road grow rougher still.

Steep and rough may be the pathway
 Which we traverse day by day;
 Sometimes making little headway,
 Ofttimes fainting by the way;
 Still push on, He will befriend thee,
 Through life's tempest and death's flood;
 All these ills which now perplex thee
 Work together for thy good.

A. HULME.

(Slightly altered.)

LOVE to God is the only principle of true obedience. Grace, that very grace which provided, reveals, and applies the blessings of salvation, is the master who teaches, the motive which induces, and the sovereign which sweetly constrains a believer to deny himself and to walk in the ways of holiness (Titus ii. 11, 12).—*A. Booth*, 1800.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE W. FREEMAN.

(Concluded from page 13.)

"I HAD never read any writings of good men but those before alluded to, and had only spoken to one, him whom I met in the fields. This man rejoiced with me; I opened all my heart to him, and his dear soul blessed God on my behalf, but he said I was brought where he had never been, neither to the same depth of sorrow nor the same manifestation of the Saviour's love and mercy. The six weeks I attended Mr. Tiptaft's chapel were days of espousals to me. The first three weeks I had challenged the tempter on my return about the unpardonable sin; he now approached me in a garb I did not know him in. I was tempted to look what great things were done for me, while so many others were left. There was not one in the place (South Moor) so favoured as I; that I believed and do still; but I had no right to glory; in that way pride reared its head. I remember one morning these were my first thoughts: I attempted to pray, but my Lord was gone, and the dew was departed with Him; the enemy then accused me, and tempted me to think He would never return. My distress now was great indeed, this new trial seemed worse than all. I searched and cried, and walked the fields, and wished a thousand times over I had died a week before; but, alas! now was Satan's hour, and the hour of darkness till Lord's Day! Mr. Doe preached that day; there was nothing for me till towards the close in the evening, when the good man spoke these words, 'Perhaps there is some poor soul here who has been favoured with the Lord's presence, and thought he should see darkness no more, but has now lost it, and is tempted to believe the Lord will not appear for him again.' I could scarcely refrain calling out, It is I—I am the very one. He spoke so blessedly of a soul in such a case that the snare was broken again, so that I could and did bless God for an experimental ministry. I was also much blessed in hearing Mr. Philpot from 'The third part brought through the fire.'

"At length I left Frilford for home, but I stayed about a week only, as work was short. One morning my father said I must seek for work; this I felt a trial, not knowing where to go. In prayer I was led to start for Wiltshire. I accordingly set out for Faringdon, thence to Shrivenham, to Mr. C. Day. I had not seen or heard of him for more than two years. I reached his house in the evening (it was a little before Whitsuntide); they gave me a very cordial welcome for the night, but could not give me work; his brother Daniel was working for him. As I sat resting, Daniel said, 'Have you got the Gospel preached at South Moor?' I said, 'No!' 'What? no Gospel there?' 'No, nor anywhere near

there!' 'Then where is the Gospel preached nearest to you?' 'At Abingdon,' said I. 'At Abingdon? Who preaches it there?' I said, 'Mr. Tiptaft.' 'How do you know Mr. Tiptaft preaches the Gospel?' 'Because,' I said, 'I have felt it to be the power of God unto the salvation of my soul.' He laid down his work and turned round with tears in his eyes, and held out his hand and said, 'I call you brother, and give you the right hand of fellowship.' He called his brother, and told him the Lord had called me by His grace. We wept together, and talked of how the Lord had made known His mercy to me. They said I should go no farther, but tarry with them as long as there was a job of work to be done. It was this evening, in this man's house, I first spoke audibly in prayer before my fellow-man. Mr. Day was as a father to me in kindness. It was agreed I should stay as long as there was a single job ordered; and when every one was finished up, this should be the signal of Providence for me to remove. I continued there six weeks, the most happy period of my life for a continuance.

"At length the time arrived when the cloud arose from the tabernacle. I must journey again: no work came in for nearly a week. I left for home on Saturday. I spent the next day at Abingdon, somewhat exercised in soul as to where the Lord would take me next. I felt comfortable in soul through the day. When I came home a person had been for me to go on Monday morning to engage to take charge of a turnpike gate near Bampton, Oxon. I considered this entirely the Lord's hand going before me. I accordingly saw the master, engaged with him, and entered on my new employment on Thursday, July 2nd, 1835. I had wished something would open where I could have my whole time devoted to the study of God's Word. I had anticipations of being entirely alone, none to control me; but alas, alas, here for the first time I grew exceedingly cold! After the first week, I sank into such darkness, I was tempted to blaspheme the name of the Most High: for a little more than a week I dare not open my Bible; it lay on the shelf and appeared to condemn me. This wicked temptation pressed heavily; and more, I had by my own act excluded myself from the Lord's children, as Sabbath days were engaged in a worldly calling. I had none to speak to, God had hidden His face. I used to say often, 'Whatever becomes of me, oh bless Thy people! oh bless Thy people, and keep them from falling!' I one day felt these words comfort me, 'We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.' Hope arose that the Lord would appear again, but now I dare not address the Lord as my Covenant God and Father. Here I was greatly tried with this word *if*, 'If I am

not deceived,' 'if the Lord has done anything for my soul,' 'if the Bible is true;' everything was prefaced with an *if*. I found this yoke of bondage most galling and bitter. My conscience also bore witness that the Lord had blotted out as a thick cloud my transgressions, but I could not be an humble soul unless I said *if* before the Lord: here Satan grievously tried me until I felt almost weary of my life; also I heard some say, who were old believers, they could not get over the *if*, then I feared whether the work was really genuine. I wept at my hard fate, and was insensibly moved to self pity."

"At length one morning about ten o'clock, while I stood at a person's door in the court, pondering these things in my mind, this Scripture came, 'If I should say, I know Him not, I shall be a liar like unto you' (John viii. 55); it repeated over and over, I felt the bonds in some measure to give way; when I came in-doors I found it and read it with its connection, and the Lord greatly blessed it. The Jews were trying to make Jesus say He was not the Son of God, disputing His Godhead and His Sonship. I felt it was the same spirit tempting Jesus in His members to lie against their right. Here scales fell from my eyes, and I saw in the truth and the teachings of God that there is a wide difference between a positive doubt in the soul and a temptation to doubt proceeding from Satan against the Lord's work in the soul. I wept over the book, because the Lord put His voice into it; and I can truly say that this sore trial was in the end a great blessing, and tended much to confirm my mind in the truth. Surely none teaches like God!"

At one time, while in deep exercises of mind lest he should fall into the world again, and make shipwreck of faith, various Scriptures were applied to his soul with such power and comfort, and so melted his heart, that he felt a blessed assurance that the Lord would keep him and lead him all the journey through. In the midst of this enjoyment he was struck with the thought that these several scriptures unfolded a meaning to him that he should be brought to speak in the name of the Lord; this thought caused him to sink very low, feeling his incompetency, but he resolved not to speak of it to any one. One day, however, the same poor man before spoken of, who attended Mr. Tiptaft's ministry, and Mr. Freeman were speaking of their past experience, when this person asked him if ever he had laid upon his mind as to being called to the ministry, for he had been impressed that the Lord had a work for him to do somewhere and somehow; this so affected Mr. Freeman that he went away without giving any answer. After this, several others also spoke to him upon the same subject, but feeling himself unfit for such

a work, he would give no definite reply. However, in the year 1836, these words followed him about continually, "Preach the Word;" in these words no particular light shined in his mind at first, but at length they were applied with great power, which led him earnestly to ask the Lord to unfold the Word to him in its true meaning. This scripture, "In the beginning was the Word," &c., was opened up to him in a light he had not seen before."

In September, 1837, he went for a few days to Upavon, where he was married. The day after his marriage, Mr. Stephen Offer, a minister, called upon him; he was on his way to Manningford to preach. After a little conversation, this friend said to him, "My mind is much led to ask you to preach instead of myself." Mr. Freeman at first strongly objected, but Mr. Offer stating to the people his impression, Mr. Freeman was constrained to enter the pulpit; he spoke from Matt. v. 3, 4, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven: blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." In this, his first attempt, he felt much helped, and more free from the fear of man than he expected, yet afterwards he had much fear and shame lest he had done wrong. He was requested to speak in the same place the next evening, which he did. About eighteen months after this he resided at Wilsford, near Devizes, where he was asked to preach to a few people who met at Bottlesford; he went, and read his text, but was unable to say anything; he sat down, overwhelmed with fear and the solemnity of his position. The following Lord's Day he went to Upavon, expecting to hear Mr. Godwin, but Mr. Godwin not coming, and the chapel being full, and the people waiting, Mr. Freeman was pressed to undertake Mr. Godwin's duty; he went into the pulpit with great fear and trembling, but was enabled to speak from Psalm xxxiv. 19, "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." Shortly after he went again to Bottlesford, and was afterwards engaged to supply regularly, which he continued to do for many years.

In 1846 he was chosen pastor over the Church at Pewsey; here he remained until 1855, when he removed to London, and was settled at Rehoboth Chapel, Pimlico, where he continued for about eight years.

In 1863 he received a call to the pastorate at Shaw Street, Liverpool; this he held until July, 1870. After this he removed to London and preached to many of the Churches throughout the country.

In October, 1871, he was engaged to supply at Galeed Chapel, Brighton. On the morning of the first he preached a funeral

sermon, and in the evening he preached from John vi. 56, 57, and also administered the Lord's Supper. He seemed truly in the Spirit. He preached on the four successive evenings, but on his return to Brighton, having taken cold, he was seized with cold shivers; then followed a sharp attack of bronchitis, and in five days he gradually sank into the arms of death, to be seen no more on earth. He was blessed with sweet peace in his soul all through his illness, and said it was the sweetest affliction he ever had. He died October 11th, 1871, and was buried on the 14th in the Extramural Cemetery, Brighton, followed by his family, several ministers, the deacons of Galeed, and numerous friends; Mr. Hull, of Hastings, and Mr. Boorne, of Deptford, officiated.

Mr. Freeman was highly esteemed and much beloved by a large circle of friends; and after his decease, they spontaneously and generously accorded to his widow a very substantial proof of their attachment to his ministry and memory.

SOME souls that are coming to Jesus Christ are great tormentors of themselves upon this account; they conclude that if their coming to Jesus Christ is right, they must needs be brought thus and thus; but now, because they come not the way of their own chalking out, therefore they are at a loss. They look for a heavy load and burden; but perhaps God gives them a sight of their lost condition, and addeth not that heavy weight and burden. They look for fearful temptations of Satan, but God sees they are not yet fit for them; nor is the time come that He should be honoured by them in such condition. They look for glorious revelations of Christ, grace, and mercy; but perhaps God only takes the yoke from off their jaws, and lays meat before them. And now again they are at a loss through coming to Christ. "I drew them [saith God] with the cords of a man, with the bands of love; I took the yoke from off their jaws, and laid meat before them" (Hosea xi. 4). If God will deal more gently with thee than with others of His children, grudge not at it; refuse not the waters that go softly, lest He bring up to thee the waters of the rivers, strong and many, even those two smoking firebrands, the devil and guilt of sin. He saith to Peter, "Follow Me." And what thunder did Zaccheus hear or see? "Zaccheus, come down" (said Christ); "and he came down" (says Luke), "and received Him joyfully." It is not the over-heavy load of sin, but the discovery of mercy; not the roaring of the devil, but the drawing of the Father, that makes a man come to Jesus Christ.

THE LATE REV. MR. HERVEY.

THIS excellent person did not confine his preaching to his church alone, but took every opportunity to preach Christ. One of his constant hearers relates the following anecdote on this head, which fell under his own observation: Mr. Hervey preached from Gen. xxviii. 12, "And behold a ladder set up on the earth," &c. This he considered as a type of Christ, as the way to the Father. After he had done his duty in the church, as he was coming down the lane leading from it to his house, his hearers, wishing to show their regard for him, had generally used to stand on each side of the lane to pay their respects by bowing and courtesying to him as he passed. As soon as he came to the top of the lane, Mr. Hervey lifted up his hands, and gave a short lecture as he passed, saying, "Oh, my friends, I beg of God that you may not forget this glorious ladder that Almighty God hath provided for poor sinners!—a ladder that will conduct us from this grovelling earth!—a ladder that will raise us above our corruptions, unto the glorious liberty of the sons of God! Oh, my dear friends and hearers, I beg you will never forget this glorious ladder; but I hope you will daily meditate upon it, till you reach the third heaven!"

REMARKABLE SUCCESS IN THE MINISTRY.

MR. SAMUEL FAIRCLOUGH was remarkably blessed in his preaching, so that (as his son expressed it in his Life) "he caught multitudes at once." He left in his Diary the names of some hundreds who had expressly owned him to be their spiritual father.

MR. RICHARD BLACKERBY was, as a preacher of the Gospel, eminently useful. "His preaching was accompanied with such an authority of the Divine presence and power of the Holy Spirit, that souls fell exceedingly under the yoke of Christ by his ministry; so that he has been constrained to acknowledge to some intimate friends (though far from boasting) that he had reason to believe God had made him the spiritual father of two thousand souls!"

What an encouragement to ministers to pray and hope for great things, for "the Spirit of Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. "Man of God, fisher of men, open thy mouth wide in enlarged desires for usefulness to the souls of men, and the Lord will fill it."—*Old Magazine*.

THAT minister is worth nothing who cannot make the devil roar.—*Ryland*,

THE FURTHERANCE OF THE GOSPEL.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—If I did not believe that “the things that are impossible with men are possible with God” (Luke xviii. 27), I should not venture to take up my pen to write anything about united effort for the furtherance of the Gospel, seeing so many difficulties to hinder its success. A minister one said, “I love union, but an attempt at it meant further disunion.” I judge that would be because in coming together their differences are evidenced. The Lord asks the question, by the Prophet Amos, “Can two walk together except they be agreed?” And what is true of two would be equally true of a larger number ; and as all have their infirmities and differences of dispositions, and are not being called to the same work, therefore they are not equally blessed with the same measure of wisdom, grace, gifts, and experience ; nor yet does the same success attend each one’s labours. So there must be a good deal of kind forbearance, or those who watch them would not perceive that they were the Lord’s disciples by their love one to another. On the other hand, that forbearance must have a limit, or there would soon be a joining hands with the enemy, and those that fear God would justly withhold their support. But if the little Causes were helped from one centre, through the connection, there would be a better understanding about them and their ministers, and an opportunity of dealing charitably and definitely with them. When David sinned, and the Lord sent Nathan to him with a parable, the parable enraged David against someone else ; but “Thou art the man,” brought him to repentance. If the Lord, in answer to prayer, raised up qualified, gifted, faithful and zealous ministers, earnest for such a work, and commended them to the hearts of His people, that would overcome many of the difficulties. I hope, Mr. Editor, that it may be proved that the Lord hath put it into your heart to bring this subject forward, and that His time is come that there should be more unity of action and unity of spirit among His Church and people. “Behold, the Lord’s hand is not shortened, that it cannot save ; nor His ear heavy, that it cannot hear” (Isaiah lix. 1).
J. S.

The following paragraphs are extracted from the Annual Report of the Northern Union of Strict Baptist Churches, and show some of the difficulties which are put in their way while seeking to help small and struggling Causes of truth, although

they have done nobly during the short time the Union has been in existence :—

“ We cannot understand what objection any person of average intelligence can have to assist us in our laudable efforts in the Cause of Truth. We think that they cannot know the real principles which actuate us in our enterprise to do good to the household of faith in our beloved denomination. We think they ought to hail with joy the fact that in these last times there are men and women who are desirous of strengthening those ‘ things that remain, that are ready to die.’

“ Can any sane man look upon Zion to-day as we behold it in our Northern Counties denomination of Strict Baptists, as a whole, and not find great searchings of heart and sorrowful reflections and forebodings—especially when some are endeavouring to rouse up the slothfulness of the bulk of our professing brethren? and it seems as though there was that trinity named by John Bunyan: Simple, Sloth, and Presumption asleep on ground; and that even on the way to the celestial city. Yet there is a small, valiant band who by this Union are expressed, who mean the Churches well, who are willing to spend and be spent for Zion’s prosperity, who love her gates and courts, and who are builders, and not robbers of Churches.

“ Does it not prove the very weakness and inferiority of our ‘system’ that there is no cohesion and no unity of the parts of the denomination, but nearly all the Churches are items and atoms, having scarcely any bond of union as a whole? But we may say we are a nation scattered and peeled; and when a few come to a decision that this state shall (by God’s help) no longer continue, it is as Sloth says, ‘Yet a little sleep and a little slumber’—just a little folding of the hands to sleep.

“ Oh for some Martin Luther or other servant from God, or even God’s Word alone by the Spirit, to shake us from our slothfulness, and say with power, ‘Awake, put on strength,’ or, ‘Awake, thou that sleepest, and the Lord shall give thee light.’

“ There are gracious men who love the Cause sincerely, and who for this very cause of Union are not here, for the sake of certain other brethren and others who do not see eye to eye with them, and sooner than cause division, they deny themselves this day the distinct pleasure of being amongst us. We much lament that so grievous a condition obtains in our denomination. A kind of gibbet is exhibited—that if you do this we will do that. My brethren, no such thing as a threat ought to be named amongst us, as becometh brethren and disciples. One is your Master, even Christ, who said, ‘Ye call me Master and Lord, and ye say well for so I am,’ Yet the ‘screw’ is not unknown in our Churches.

I pray God that He will in our day give liberty to all His children in every Strict Baptist Church.

"We regret that yet there are some who mistrust our motives : who cannot yet convince themselves that we are not pullers down instead of builders up. We pray that God would break down that which must be of the flesh, if, indeed, we are acting in the Spirit ourselves. Some are half afraid that in the unseen future this very Union will be productive of evil, and yet in their minds it is an indefinite idea, and they fear and waver, and do not put their shoulder to the work to make it a present-day benefit and blessing. We believe they fear where no fear is. We say to such, Come and hear, come and see, and assist in placing the whole fabric on a sure foundation.

"We covet no man's gold, or silver, or apparel ; but instead, we seek their peace and prosperity. Is that apostolic ? We seek to love one another in brotherly love. Is that Christ-like ?

"I have been reading over the Articles of the Society, and after reading *the last Article*, all I wish for that Committee and Society and ourselves to do is, to put that portion which I will now read to you, into actual practice. I am sure we need to do what our Lord required, to love 'not in word only, but in deed and in truth.'

"The portion of Article 35 is as follows :—'Moreover, we desire to sympathize with each other in all conditions, both inward and outward, into which God in His providence may bring us, as also to bear with one another's weaknesses, failings, and infirmities ; and particularly to pray *for one another*, and for all saints ; and that the Gospel and the ordinances thereof may be blessed to the edification and comfort of *each other's* souls, and for the gathering in of vessels of mercy unto Christ.'

"Now, my friends, what a blessed family and denomination we should be if we did but put in practice these words—surely we should find *points* of contact, we should find *bonds* of sympathy, and *cords* of love."

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Does not one of the great difficulties in the way of either united or individual effort for the furtherance of the Gospel often arise from the fact that the chief aim before those engaged is not the glory of God, but rather self-glorification, in a greater or less degree ?* One of your correspondents last month

* Yes, this is the canker that is eating up the vitality of the Churches. Ambition, pre-eminence, and dominion over the faith and liberty of others, is the carnal-policy rule of men who lack the grace to rule in love and godly fear.

referred to the Haldanes, they were indeed remarkable men whose labours were greatly owned by God. It is said of them, in their biography, "that the glory of God was a doctrine they loved to expatiate upon, it animated them in their labours, and raised them above the consideration of *visible* success; everything else was regarded as subordinate." Isaac Taylor points out that in the case of the Apostle Paul and also Whitefield, the glory of God was more directly the mainspring of their exertions, than the salvation of men. Can this be said of many now-a-days who profess to desire the furtherance of the gospel? If it were rightly felt and understood, would it not stop many who are aiming after the so-called good of men by means that are dishonouring to God and His Word? Would it not prevent any attempts to hide or tamper with the pure truth of God, and give a boldness in bringing it forth in its naked simplicity? The proclamation from heaven was first, "Glory to God in the highest," then, "On earth, peace, goodwill towards men." Is not this too often reversed? What can remedy this difficulty but a greater singleness of purpose in seeking the glory of God, of desiring to know the will of God and then to do it, regardless of consequences? Must not the remedy in any case begin with the individual believer, and may not it be said of this in the words of Jesus, "This sort goeth not forth but with much prayer and fasting"? May God pour out a spirit of earnest, importunate prayer upon His people to seek "that His kingdom may come," and that the Holy Spirit may be poured out more abundantly both in conversion and edification than has been the case of late years, and may He move His people to practise more the godly art of self-denial and willing service in His cause. Yours, &c.

J. G. R.

[The subject for our next paper will be, "Suggestions as to the best means to be used for bringing those into close union who truly desire the furtherance of the Gospel." Papers should reach us by the 10th of February.—Ed.]

GOD is not so weary of these precious things, these precious jewels of grace and glory, as to force them upon us. Is the kingdom of heaven such a slight thing, that it should be obtruded upon us, whether we will or no? Shall we think to have it when our hearts tell us we esteem other things better? No; there are none ever come to heaven but their hearts are wrought to such an admiration of grace and glory that they undervalue all things to it; therefore, there is no hope for any to obtain it but he that takes it by violence.—*Richard Sibbs*, 1639.

THE SEEKER'S CORNER.

MY OWN DEAR SISTER,—I want just to write a few lines to wish you a very happy birthday. May the dear Lord bless you abundantly ; may He give you a little of that peace which passeth all understanding. He has said, "My peace I give unto you ; not as the world giveth, give I unto you." Oh, I think well might the poet say—

"How poor are all the goods of earth,
Compared with this well-ground'd peace."

I feel there is nothing comparable to a visit from the Lord Jesus Christ. Oh, how very precious He is at times ! Perhaps you will say, "But I don't have such times as you have." It is a very great mercy to know anything at all of these things. The Lord is a Sovereign, but He is able to show you things, and perhaps does, as well as me, only in a different way. I know I am astonished at the Lord's goodness to me, but one thing I know, it is not for anything in me ; if my salvation depended on anything of my doing, I am sure I should be lost, but I know it is all of free, sovereign grace ; I believe I have been taught that. The last Sunday Mr. Haynes was here he preached from, "Yet He hath made with me an everlasting Covenant," &c. I liked it very much, but it passed away very quickly. But on the Tuesday morning following, as I sat at work, the text came to me with such sweetness. I do think it came right down into my heart, and it came so,—*"Yet He hath made with me ;"* how it seemed to come again and again, *"with me ;"* it so broke me down I scarcely knew what to do. Oh, it was so sweet ! I saw such a beauty in it ; I could not tell you how it was opened up to me. I felt, "Why, O Lord, such love to me ?" These words came too—

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

And I remembered a verse which was on my mind the week before, which I hope was turned into prayer, and this seemed so sweetly to answer to it—

"Lord, draw my heart from earth away,
And make it only know Thy call ;
Speak to my inmost soul and say,
I am Thy Saviour God, Thy all :
Oh, dwell in me, fill all my soul,
And all my powers by Thy control."

This verse came back to my mind that morning, and this was how it came : "What more can He say than to you He has said?" My heart

seemed to answer, "Nothing, Lord, for I have all I want in the Covenant." I really cannot explain what I felt. I was so full I felt I could not hold much more. I was wondering, as I walked back to work in the afternoon, why the Lord should deal with me as He does, for it is indeed wonderful, and these lines came to me—

" 'Tis not for good deeds, good tempers, good frames ;
From grace it proceeds, and all is the Lamb's."

And I am sure I could heartily echo that. And the next Sunday our dear pastor preached from the better Covenant, and so sweetly confirmed it all, he seemed to put it into words so much better than I could. And again he preached from, "One shall say, I am the Lord's, and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob." You know the text, which seemed to bring it all back again, and I did so enjoy it ! You will say this letter is all about yourself, but I thought you would be pleased to hear it, and I am sure my wish for you is that the Lord may show you such things. I think you would know something of what our dear pastor spoke last week, of having a bit of heaven dropped into your heart ; and if only once, it is an earnest of the inheritance. I did think it was sweet. The Lord does not deal with all His children alike here, but He will have them all to be with Him in heaven. What a wonderful thing to have a home in heaven ! What a comfort to look forward to it, to be able to say, "A day's march nearer home !" Now I think I must close, again wishing you a very happy birthday. May "He kiss you with the kisses of His mouth for His mouth is most sweet ; yea, He is altogether lovely." Oh that you might realize this on your birthday ! Give my love to Annie, if she is with you. Hope you will have all needed strength given you. With very much love,

Believe me, your ever loving sister,

SARAH.

MY DEAR MR. W——,—I was so pleased to have a letter from you ; was disappointed not seeing you last week, but was more sorry to hear weakness was the cause. I pray God the change you are having will strengthen you, and do you much good, and that you may be spared to us a long time ; it seems so necessary. I am glad you think that I was helped last Wednesday evening to speak before the Church. I do not think I ever felt more the Lord's approval in anything before. I feel very thankful. I had severe conflict the week before ; I had not one gleam of hope that the Lord would help me, but rather the contrary ; I thought He had left me to myself. All things seemed against me ; and after seeing

you on Tuesday I knew not what to do ; I felt as if my mouth was closed ; I could not see how "all things are *now* ready." Just before I started for the meeting I knelt down for the last time in private to ask the Lord's assistance, and such a nice feeling came over me ; I felt as if the Lord came near me, and smiled upon me so tenderly. I had no word, but all was calm and still, then I felt hopeful. I heard the sermon very nicely. I felt as if my help was laid upon One that is mighty. I was sorry not to sing the first verse of the hymn ; I thought all names were too mean to set my Saviour forth ! yet they all seemed full of meaning, especially, "To this dear Surety's hand," and, "Now let my soul arise." I felt quite sure the Lord would help me. I cannot compare it to anything but this, "The Lord stood by me, and *strengthened* me." I did not fear any of the people. I have felt very happy at times since. The Lord is good. A. told me she liked what I said very much, so I had both the Lord's approval and hers too. I consider that a great thing. I cannot write more, will try and tell you more when I see you next Tuesday. I hope I shall get on all right next Wednesday ; I am sorry you will have to hurry from H——. I went to R—— on Monday, and enjoyed Pattie's company very much. I am very glad the Lord is helping you away as well as at home. Hoping you are stronger, with much Christian love,

I am, yours very affectionately,

May 24th, 1888.

A. S.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR SON,—After so long a time, and so many resolves, I now attempt writing you a few lines, trusting you are in good health in body and soul. The law of life is labour, and yet it often does not seem like life to labour so hard and incessantly.

I am often thinking of you all who are absent, and wish there was no distance to separate. I often feel a desire to exchange thoughts, and yet if present, perhaps, through some of the serpent's guile, either in him or us, there might be reserve ; this I find is a great evil among real Christians ; while the dead-alive professor is ever talking of fancied faith, love, and zeal, the real believer is afraid, or is jealous of himself or others. Very much real enjoyment is lost through this craft of Satan, for in most cases of this kind suspicion is groundless. But, as is usual with me, I am wandering from my object in writing thus, for I meant to say a little of worldly matters : this at present seems my element, and yet I am "like a fish out of water" when left to worldly things for my fill—there is

an aching void. I have many fears of coming short at last, owing to my dreadful sinfulness of nature. An old sinner seems to express what I am, and yet just one gleam of sunshine shot into my mind just now from this, "I hate vain thoughts, but Thy law do I love." An unrenewed heart can never say this. Sometimes we know the sun shines by the reflected rays we see if it does not shine on our windows, it shines on our neighbours', and this throws light on our dwelling; so with Scripture worthies, we get light from their felt darkness; death worketh in us, but life in you; the matter is a paradox to wise men, but plain to fools—those fools who are "slow of heart to believe"—"So foolish and ignorant was I; I was as a beast before Thee."

The fact is, it requires great diligence to prosper in the good work of the Lord, the godly visitation of the sick of the Lord's own family, and the endeavour to instruct the ignorant. Like the talents of the parable, it makes them other five, not by its own native worth, power, or industry—oh, no!—but "to everyone that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance." He "giveth, and *grace for grace*." It is deeply mysterious *how* it is, but *so* it is, I know full well. The Armenian gladly admits the fact, and ascribes the cause to man's faithfulness; the high doctrine man denies it to be so, and calls it all legality; so both are wrong. Paul was right in saying, "I laboured more abundantly than they all, *yet not I*, but the grace of God that was in me, and *the grace of God was not in vain*." There is a great difference between compassing ourselves about with our own sparks and thus warm ourselves, as the generality of pretenders do, and being blessed, as James expresses it, "*in his deed*." You will find in this, as in all other matters of Christian faith and practice, that narrow is the way that leadeth to true spiritual life, and all besides lead to death. You will ever find there are tares sown among the wheat, and this I sometimes think is why the Lord hides what is good from our sight, and lest we glory too much in the more abundance of revelation, the messenger of Satan buffets the true recipient of God's special favour. This is very painful, yet is very necessary work, and God is too faithful to omit this wise dealing of His hand. I must here say farewell.

Whitchurch, October 5th, 1883.

S. BARNETT.

WHAT is life but a warfare? And what is the world but a thoroughfare.—*Dyer*.

SPECIAL mercies call for special duties; as they that hold the largest farms must pay the largest rent.—*Dyer*.

PROVIDENCE BAPTIST CHAPEL, CHELTENHAM.

NEW YEAR AND RECOGNITION SERVICES, JANUARY 1, 1900.

A DEEPLY interesting and profitable meeting took place, when Mr. W. Small, pastor elect, was invited to the chair, supported by his ministerial brethren, Mr. T. Robbins, and Mr. E. Carr, of Bath, together with Mr. J. C. Jeays, pastor of Bethel Chapel, Cheltenham, and other friends also taking part. The meeting opened by seventy to eighty friends sitting down to a very comfortable tea, provided in the adjoining schoolroom; after which a good congregation of about 150 friends met in the chapel at 6.30, when the pastor elect announced that ever-memorable hymn—

“Time! what an empty vapour ’tis!
And days, how swift they are!
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.”

Then followed the reading from the Sacred Word Psalm 46, when Mr. Small called upon our aged friend and brother, Mr. Juggins, to lead us in prayer.

The pastor elect then announced the second hymn—

“Great God, before Thy throne
We joyfully appear,
In songs to make Thy glories known,
And thus begin the year.”

following with a few suitable remarks touching the deeply mysterious providence that led him into the present position, stating the many exercises it had cost him, the many prayers to the Lord for direction and guidance, and that for years he had been exercised that the Lord would open a way whereby he, with his family, may be together, and more stately labour in word and doctrine to a few of the peeled and scattered flock of slaughter. He had watched and waited, for at one time it would require more than a waggon and four horses to remove him from his home and esteemed friends at Bath, where he had spent fifty to sixty years of his life.

And here, as a member of this Church and congregation, I may add to this in saying, What a profound depth is the unerring and all-wise providence of our Covenant Lord and God, when by the eye of a God-given faith we view His eternal decree, purpose, and will unfolded by the chain of His gracious providence; as the immortal poet says—

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

and that—

**"His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour."**

Then followed the reading of two very kindly letters sent to Mr. Small—one by a well-known and esteemed friend, the other by an unknown friend, both expressing good wishes, and imploring the blessing of our gracious Lord and God. Mr. Small, expressing his gratitude for the kindly feeling and interest shown, called upon our mutual and esteemed brother, Mr. T. Robbins, to address the meeting. In a few most appropriate remarks Mr. Robbins mentioned the length of time he had known Mr. Small, stating the esteem and fellowship that had so long existed between them, congratulating the Church and congregation they had not been kept long in a widowed state; basing his further remarks upon (1) Attendance, (2) Prayer, (3) Giving.

1. The union to be real must be mutual, and what discouragement it would be to the pastor if he had to preach to empty seats, &c.

2. Prayer. There could be no real prosperity without prayer; prayer was measured by the presence, power, and rich anointing of the Holy Ghost.

3. Giving. He regarded giving as a means of grace, not to be exclusively in the hands of a few, but each and all to take a warm interest in the welfare and support of God's cause, clinching his admirable remarks by Scripture testimony, namely, "Honour the Lord with your substance," and, "He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly."

We then sang that all-important hymn, embodying those practical truths—

**"How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil His Word."**

The pastor elect then had pleasure in calling upon our mutual friend and brother, Mr. J. C. Jeays, who, after a few kind congratulatory remarks to pastor, church, and congregation, begged leave to emphasize the 2nd heading of Mr. Robbins' address on prayer, as being the root of all spiritual prosperity. The apostles proposed deacons, so that they might give themselves "continually to the ministry of the Word and prayer." Paul also expected great results from the prayers of the Churches. Prayer needs to be definite and importunate, naming instances of Scripture, also the much need of intercessory prayer, noticing that the Lord Jesus having opened the way by His vicarious life, death, and

glorious resurrection, He ever liveth to pray, and that the Holy Spirit is sent to teach this great mystery of prayer.

“ Prayer was appointed to convey
The blessings God designed to give ;
Long as they live should Christians pray,
For only while they pray they live.”

Mr. Small then expressed a few commendatory remarks, and called upon his late pastor and esteemed friend, Mr. E. Carr, who said he wished them all a very happy new year, and he would tell them what would constitute that happiness, namely, the Power of Christ. Mr. Carr dwelt upon this in his own telling and forcible manner, in its various aspects :—(1) The Power of His Love, (2) The Power of His Blood ; (3) The Power of His Hand in the New Creation of Grace ; (4) The Power of His Eye, as exercised when He looked on Peter ; (5) The Power of His Grace. Each and all of these five aspects, touching the glorious Person and work of our adorable Redeemer, was God glorifying, Christ exalting, and faith strengthening ; after which the whole congregation joined very heartily in singing—

“ All hail the power of Jesus’ Name ;
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.”

This closed one of the most cheering and interesting gatherings we have attended for many years, and we heartily wish this Church and congregation God speed, and every increase, “ Yea, the increase of God,” together with every New Covenant blessing in Christ Jesus.

J. E. BRIGNELL.

THE whole frame of nature solemnized the death of its Author ; heaven and earth were mourners ; the sun was clad in black ; and if the inhabitants of the earth were unmoved, the earth itself trembled under the awful load. There were few to pay the Jewish compliments of rending their garments ; but the rocks were not so insensible, they rent their bowels. He had not a grave of His own, but other men’s graves opened to Him. Death and the grave might be proud of such a tenant in their territories ; but He came not there as a subject, but as an invader, a conqueror. It was then the king of terrors lost his sting ; and on the third day the Prince of life triumphed over him, spoiling death and the grave.—*J. McLaurin* 1762.

The Sower, March, 1900.



THE LATE MR. E. CHANDLER.

MEMOIR OF EBENEZER CHANDLER,

IMMEDIATE SUCCESSOR TO JOHN BUNYAN, AS PASTOR OF THE CHURCH
AT BEDFORD.

THE great Lord of the Churches has been pleased to favour the Church of Protestant Dissenters at Bedford with several pastors, who were useful in their day, and the savour of whose names and memories is still precious. It is well known that that distinguished child of genius, John Bunyan, so celebrated for his useful and engaging writings,—for his faithful and successful preaching,—and for his long and profitable sufferings for Christ's sake, was raised up in this Church ; and being called to the pastoral office, became a great instrument of its increase and prosperity.

Soon after this *pilgrim* had finished his *progress*, and arrived at the celestial city, Ebenezer Chandler, who was a member of a Church in London, under the pastoral care of Richard Taylor, was invited to be the conductor of pilgrims in the way of life ; and being an useful and acceptable preacher, he was ordained November 3rd, 1691. He laboured among the people of Bedford and its vicinity to a good old age, and entered into rest June 24th, 1747, having sustained the pastoral office fifty-six years, and resided at Bedford nearly sixty. As the infirmities of age greatly unfitted him for public services, in the latter part of his life, Samuel Sanderson, a native of Sheffield, in Yorkshire, who pursued his academical studies under T. Jolly, of Attercliffe, and afterwards under Robert Eames, was chosen as an assistant in 1737 and ordained co-pastor with Mr. Chandler, May 14th, 1740.

Very little is known of Mr. Chandler previous to the period when he came to Bedford. The affection of the Church to him, and their desire for his settlement among them, is manifested in the following letter :—

“The Church of Christ in and about Bedford, to the Church of Christ in London, of which Mr. Taylor is Pastor, sendeth greeting.

“DEARLY BELOVED IN OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST,—Since the Lord hath directed Mr. Chandler, a member of your society, to exercise his ministerial gifts amongst us, we have experienced some benefit, by the blessing of God thereupon ; and not only among ourselves of the congregation, but from others resorting to hear the Word of God, have we observed some awakening and comfortable effects of his preaching, which we could not but own as the will of God, for our encouragement to desire his continuance and settlement among us ; and did this day, at a Church-meeting some time since appointed, signify our such desire to him ; in

answer to which we had information from him of your having sent to him, that he might advise with and be directed by you in this aforesaid matter; which, considering his relation to you, we did not gainsay; but take leave thereby to offer the premises to your consideration. We do not doubt but the prosperity and enlargement of Christ's interest is heartily desired by you, and that among others, as well as your own congregation; and if the great need we stand in of his help, the blessing and success of his endeavours,—the general consent and liking of this congregation, joined with the desire of many others that are borderers and hearers, be well weighed by you, we are hopeful he may receive your allowance and consent to a settlement among us. The circumstances of our condition are known to Mr. Cockayne, who was at first instrumental to direct him to us. We entreat that some of you would consult him therein; and so soon as possibly you can, you would grant us a favourable return to, and concession of our request, which will be very thankfully accepted by your Christian friends, to serve you,

“W. WHITBREAD, &c.

“In the name of the rest.”

An honourable testimony was given to the high esteem in which Mr. Chandler was held, by his former connections, in the following letter of dismission:—

“The Church of Christ in London, whereof Richard Taylor is Pastor, to the Church of Christ in Bedford, sendeth greeting.

“DEAR BRETHREN,—Our beloved brother, Ebenezer Chandler, having exercised his ministerial gifts among you for some time, with no little success, for the building up of saints and the bringing in of sinners; and you having chosen and fixed upon him as a person judged every way fit for the pastoral charge of your Church, have importuned us, at sundry times, with your reiterated request for his dismission from us, that he might be received a member among you, in order to his being separated to office-work. We have seriously considered and weighed the matter, and with a prospect of his being eminently serviceable to the common interest of our Lord Jesus Christ, are brought (although with no small reluctance) to grant your request, and are willing to impoverish ourselves for the enriching of you. We do, therefore, give up unto you our dear brother; and do hereby signify, that his reception among you as a stated member, shall be his formal and full dismission from us.

“Wishing the abundance of truth and love in the midst of you, and begging an abundant blessing upon all your Church

administrations, together with a request that you would be mindful of us, we bid you heartily farewell.

"Signed, in the name of the rest,

"RICHARD TAYLOR, Pastor, &c." *

That the minister so earnestly solicited and so affectionately recommended was qualified for his work, and suited to be the successor of the ingenious and faithful Bunyan, is evident, by the blessing with which his labours were attended; for during his ministry the Church was considerably increased, and the congregation so much enlarged, that, in the year 1707, it was found necessary to build a new meeting-house, on such a scale as to accommodate about 1,000 hearers; which meeting-house, it is said, at the time cost only £400, beside the old materials.

Several of the members of the Church were judged to be qualified for teachers; among them was Thos. Bunyan, the son of the late pastor, who seems to have been a very active member and adviser of the Church. The brethren who preached found full employment in the villages, particularly at Blunham, Gamlingay, and Cardington-Cotton End. In the former two of these places distinct Churches were formed and settled, with Mr. Chandler's approbation, during his ministry; and they still continue to flourish. In the latter place, a respectable Church and congregation have been since established and collected. Some of those who were called by the Church at Bedford to preach the Word of life, were invited to take the superintendence of other Churches; and one became pastor of a Church at Royston, and another of a Church at Chichester.

Thus, like Joseph, "the Church became as a fruitful bough; even a fruitful bough by a well, whose branches run over the wall."

When Mr. Chandler was far advanced in years, it is said he married a person so young, that some of the people complained of the measure as imprudent. When he heard of it, he said, "Give my love to them, and tell them I never intend to do so again."

When he was going with the congregation down the steps

* What a sober-minded, godly spirit pervades these letters; how different the state of our Churches might be if this example was followed, instead of employing men to fill their pulpits who for the sake of a piece of bread, or a place in man's esteem, will become the tools of carnal-policy factors, whose influence spreads the damps of decline and death wherever it is encouraged. Oh that we had more godly men who would seek the glory of God and the good of His Zion before their own advancement! May the Lord give us more of the Spirit of Christ, that His glory may be our chief aim.

which led to the meeting-house, which is situated on low ground, a profane wag accosted him in the following manner :—

If *upwards* be the way to bliss,
Prithee, Chandler, where leads this?

To which the following answer might have been given, and the purport of it was probably given by Mr. Chandler, or some of his friends :—

Those who desire the seats of bliss to see,
Must first descend in deep humility.

Previous to the settlement of Mr. Chandler at Bedford, it appears that it was not usual to sing in public worship, nor for the minister to pronounce the blessing at the close of the service ; but, upon his acceptance of the call of the Church, he influenced them to allow of singing the praises of God on one part of the Sabbath, with a caution, that none others perform it but those who can sing with grace in their hearts ; and those who did not approve of singing, had liberty to choose whether they would be present or not.

In the year 1700, leave was given for singing on both parts of the day ; and it was also agreed that the benediction might be pronounced when the public worship concluded.

It does not appear that Mr. C. published anything, except a "Collection of Mr. Bunyan's Works," with a Preface, containing an excellent and well-drawn character of the author, and signed by Ebenezer Chandler and John Wilson. The latter of whom was a minister of the Gospel at Hitchen.

Mr. Chandler gradually descended to the close of his days, finishing his long and useful course with great credit to his profession, and ascribing glory to his Lord and Master. What he says of Bunyan may, with equal propriety, be written of himself :—
"His so long continuance in the work of the ministry was a great blessing to the Church of Christ, in and about Bedford in particular, over which the Holy Ghost made him overseer ; his ministry being blessed to the edification, comfort, and establishment of the saints, as well as to the conversion of sinners."

Bedford.

S. H.

HURT not your conscience with any known sin.—*Rutherford.*

O LORD, let me have anything but Thy frown, and anything with Thy smile.—*Cecil.*

AFFLICTIONS.—God has but one end in all the afflictions of His people, and that is to make them trust Him more and love Him better.—*Romaine.*

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

"Whereas I was blind: now I see."—JOHN ix. 25.

WHEN darkness veiled my mind, to God a stranger,
Careless I roved through life's illusive maze;
Unhappy, yet unconscious of my danger,
I sought relief in folly's hurtful ways.

To keep the law, full oft I would endeavour,
As though by works I could to life attain;
But hard the trial, and delusive ever,
My strength was feeble, and the effort vain.

But when the Lord my soul anew created,
And made me in the Saviour stand approv'd:
I loved the holiness I once had hated,
And hated sin that once I dearly loved.

Now keen remorse would prey upon my feeling,
So long the sinner's baneful path I'd trod;
Till grace divine, my wounded spirit healing,
Increased my faith, and led me on to God.

Now hope and fear alternately arising,
A myst'ry to myself I stand confest;
But Jesus says, "My grace is all-sufficing,
In Me thou art, thou shalt be ever blest."

O for a seraph's tongue to speak the praises
Of Him who suffer'd on the accursed tree;
Whose dying love my sinking spirit raises,
T'adore the grace that stooped to succour me.

O thou of Jesus' love the sweet Revealer!
Speak life and peace in His atoning blood;
Apply the promises, Thyself the Sealer,
And let me hold sweet fellowship with God.

W. S. H.

THE pillar of cloud was great refreshment to the children of Israel by day, during their long journey in the wilderness the sun in those countries shining very hot; which might, had it not been for this cloudy pillar, have been very destructive, or grievous to them during so many years' travels. So Jesus Christ, as Mediator, is a cloud or screen between the hot beams of God's wrath and poor believers. It is He who keeps us from being consumed by the wrath of Him who is to the wicked "a consuming fire." It was a fire and a cloud, yet both one pillar; so Christ is God and man, and yet one Person; and the same Christ, who is a Saviour to the truly penitent, will destroy all ungodly and impenitent ones.—*Benjamin Keach*, 1650.

SERMON.

BY THE LATE MR. J. WALKER, OF NORTHAMPTON.*

"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to His abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead."—1 PETER i. 3.

THE beginning here is very much like the beginning of Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians. Both these inspired men of God (Paul and Peter) trace all our blessings to one Source, to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. So Paul, in writing to the Church at Ephesus, says, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ" (1 Ephes. i. 3), and so on. Now we shall have before us this morning, by the Lord's help and blessing, some great truths. First, a word on this point. I have met with a great many Christian people who give every evidence of possessing grace in their hearts, and they always make me think of the disciples when they saw their risen Lord. It is said, "They believed not for joy and wonder." It is quite true that the blessings that God has revealed in His blessed Word are so great, that it frequently staggers our faith. We say, "That cannot be for me; it is too good, it is too big for me." There is only one thing that can satisfy a soul in that condition, and that is the witness of God's Spirit. We cannot give the assurance to ourselves or others of that. The Lord alone can do it. The hymn says, "He makes the believer, and gives him his crown." Now, if any before the Lord think as we go along, "These things are too great for me," pray to the Lord to send His Spirit to reveal it to you. That is the thing. When the Lord shows it to you, He seals it to the day of redemption, and He bears witness to you that you are a child of God. I hope that none of these things will stagger a child of God. We have two things mainly in our text.

First we have this great truth, "We are begotten again by the divine power of God"; and the second thing is this expression, "a lively hope." Now we are said here to be begotten again "unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." You see how the resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ from the dead, and our resurrection at the last day, and our resurrection from sin to righteousness in Him, are all mixed together. The same divine power is necessary in all three cases. The same

* Preached at Zion Chapel, Leicester, on Sunday morning, July 23rd, 1899, this being his last visit to Leicester. "He being dead yet speaketh."

divine power which raised up Christ from the dead is necessary to raise a soul to a knowledge of sin. Some may be thinking that they have no part in this life to come. Well, do remember that the Lord deals with and leads His people in a great variety of ways. We have cases of a most extreme nature brought before us in the Scriptures. In the 16th chapter of Acts we have the jailer at Philippi. Paul and Silas were singing praises unto God in the night, and there was a great earthquake, and the jailer was terrified, and ran unto Paul and Silas and cried out, "What must I do to be saved?" Perhaps some of you wish that you had been led in that way. But in the same chapter there is the case of Lydia, "whose heart the Lord opened." And so far as my observation goes, there are a great many more like Lydia than the jailer. There was Timothy, for instance, of whom Paul wrote, "And that from a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus" (2 Tim. iii. 15). There may be some before God who from children have read the Scriptures. You have heard it read by a godly father or godly mother. You have read the Scriptures, and God has blessed the reading of His Word to your eternal good. Then you are like Timothy; God has blessed the means of grace to your present state. But all are not dealt with like John Bunyan, or like the jailer. Some are dealt with like Lydia or like Timothy. Some are of one class and some of another. May the Lord keep us from rushing into hasty conclusions about ourselves or others.

"Begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." Oh to be begotten again! to be born again, not of the will of man, but of God! We know it from Scripture, from our personal experience, from observation, that this is the only thing. The more I see of people, the more I hear, know, or see of human nature, the more convinced I am that Joseph Hart wrote a great truth—"That only He who made the world can make a Christian." The preacher looks round and sees the people passing on day by day, rushing nearer and nearer to the solemnities of the future; and oh, we do earnestly ask the Lord to open the hearts of our hearers, knowing that the Lord alone can make the Word effectual, and that the Lord may bless our works, though perhaps we may never know about it; and so we go on speaking under a solemn sense of the weight of responsibility which we have with regard to our fellow sinners (see Acts xx. 26, 27). May God bless those from time to time who gather here to pray. You are the best friends of your pastor who pray for the success of his labours. Go on praying. May

God hear your prayers for your pastor, for those you love, for your families and friends.

But now we must pass on. By His divine power, "He hath begotten us again unto a lively hope." It says here "a lively hope," but the word I just used really means a living hope. These two words, living and lively, so far as I can make out, appear to have been used interchangeably at the time when our Authorized Version appeared. At any rate, as they appear in the Bible they have exactly the same meaning. And I should like to say a word or two about our old English Bible. I do not like it to be altered, and I could tell you this with all confidence, and it is the result of years of thought and examination in this matter, and of conference with others. There are a few places here and there in the Bible where a knowledge of the languages throws a fresh light on certain passages, but there is no vital point of doctrine which is affected in the least degree by it. You may take our old English Bible in your hand and you can be satisfied that this is the Word of God. But there are just a few places as the one before us now; we all know that words in the course of time acquire a different meaning. There is a prayer in the Prayer Book which begins, "Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings with Thy most gracious favour," &c. It means, "Go before." "Go before us, O Lord, with Thy mercy." And in several places it means the same. "Prevent" now means to get before a person, and keep him back from some advantage; and so the word "lively" conveys to us now the thought of something that is full of life. Child of God, is your hope always full of life? Is it always lively in that sense? "No," you say, "it is not. It is sometimes anything but lively." But is it a living hope? Yes, you can come in there.

Now, you will be quite safe when you read this text to say, "He hath begotten us again unto a living hope." If many of us had not a living hope it would have been dead before now, having gone through so much. If our hope had not been full of the life of God it would have died before now, but it still lives, in spite of Satan, in spite of sin, in spite of death and hell. Now we may dwell upon this a little more fully. Why is the hope of a true Christian a living hope? Because it rests upon the Three-One God. And let me remark here again by the way, I have noticed, and noticed it with awe and reverence, that the doctrine of the Trinity lies at the very foundation of our blessed faith. The truths we hold so dear are built on that very truth. How it runs through the whole Gospel of the grace of God! We shall see how this blessed truth of Trinity in Unity lies at the foundation of the hope of a true believer.

First. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to His abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." God, the Eternal Father, hath begotten us unto this living hope, therefore the hope must live because we are begotten again to it. And can any creature defeat the purpose of the Creator and undo His work? Can death, or hell, or sin, undo the work of our Father? And is not He our Father through the Lord Jesus Christ, whether we know the effects of it or not? He knows no change—

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

Is it conceivable that, when He has raised a soul from sin, that it is possible for our blessed Father to cast away that soul? He may hide His face on account of our sins; and we can cry with the Church of old, "Will the Lord cast off for ever? and will He be favourable no more? Is His mercy clean gone for ever?" You know no one would say, on a cloudy day like this, that the sun has ceased to shine. We know better than that; we know the clouds only obstruct the view of it, and when the clouds are gone it will shine again just the same, and so our blessed God remains the same for ever and ever. He cannot change. The sun cannot change; it is poor feeble men that change; and so the Christian has a living hope because the Author of it is our God, and the Father of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is beautifully expressed in one hymn—

"If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure."

Now, children of God, amidst all your changes, amidst all your sorrows day by day, amidst all your feelings of sinfulness and infirmities day by day, amidst all the darkness and bondage you feel day by day, let me ask you a question: "Upon what are your hopes based?" If you and I were brought before God, and all your sins laid before you, what would you plead? Would not you plead His Son and say, "Look upon Thy beloved Son, but not upon me"? Is not that what I may call a holy habit of soul with you? Do not let us think that true faith is something that, because it makes us sometimes joyful, that if we are not joyful shows that we have not faith. Joseph Hart wrote:—

"True faith's the life of God,
Deep in the heart it lies:
It lives and labours under load;
Though damped, it never dies."

Like the vegetation in winter, it seems dead, but the roots are alive. As we read in Isaiah: "When the tree is cut down the sap is in the root." So that when our faith is leading us to the Lord Jesus Christ, I say, this is building up a holy habit of soul, and because Christ lives we live also. True faith links us to God the Father and God the Son. There is a beautiful illustration of this in the 6th of Hebrews: "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul both sure and stedfast, and which entereth into that within the veil: whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus, made a high priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec" (verses 19, 20). The anchor is out of sight. Well, still it holds the vessel firmly. Our Lord Jesus Christ is out of sight, yet He anchors us to God. The great mistake we are apt to make is, to judge by our states and feelings, instead of judging by God's mercy. And He never changes. Blessed be God,

"If once we feel the love of God
Upon our hearts impressed,"

He will always love us; He never changes; and although you are not always as joyous as you would wish to be, and though sometimes you have to suffer for sin—and if you sin you will have to suffer for it, depend on it—still, your immortal faith lives. Oh, may the Lord give you and me the faith—well, He has given us that, many of us can say—but may He give us to know this truth, that our safety, our standing, in no way depends on ourselves, but on God enthroned on high, blessed for ever be His name. He rose from the dead, ascended to the right hand of God, and He has said, "Because I live, ye shall live also."

But now for the third reason why it is a living hope. I have spoken to you very briefly of how our hope is built on the Son. The hope of a true Christian is a living hope, because the Spirit of the living God dwells in the heart of a child of God, and when once He takes up His abode there, He will never, never, depart. No doubt you have read the "Holy War," and in the "Holy War" dear old John Bunyan has given us a beautiful illustration. When Emmanuel, the Prince of Mansoul came there He brought many persons with Him, and amongst them there was one, a beautiful Person whom he calls the Lord High Secretary, and this glorious Person, the Lord High Secretary, took up His residence in a mansion in the town, and for a considerable period, what he calls the summer time, it was all joy, and bliss, and blessedness. And then there came a sad change over the fair scene, the people of the town were ensnared by one Carnal Security, until Godly Fear by his words roused them to a sense of their sin. The Prince Emmanuel had left the town and had gone away, but

this glorious Person, the Lord High Secretary, never left the town. I think that is one of the highest, wisest, and deepest of John Bunyan's wise and deep touches. This glorious Person, during all their tampering with Carnal Security, never left the town, but the townsmen went to the gates of His palace and entreated Him to come out and assist them, but He would not show His face to them ; but blessed for ever be our God, where once the Holy Spirit takes up His dwelling in a man's heart, He never leaves it. He may refuse to do for us what once He did, and we may sorely feel the loss, but He will never leave that soul, and because the Lord never leaves the soul where once He takes up His abode, therefore is the hope of a believer a living hope.

But the hope sometimes is lively. Yes, blessed be God for that ; I know that it is so with me sometimes. I have really got so far as to ask the Lord to take me home at once. I have really felt that the atmosphere of this world was polluting. And let me remind you that the more the Lord favours you with intercourse with Himself, the more sensitive you will be to the sin around you. The more the Lord leads you into a knowledge of His purity, and the more the Lord leads you on, the more you will see the terrible contamination of those around you, and so sometimes our hope is a lively hope, and the Lord only can make it lively. But He can do it in various ways. The germ of everything is in the soul when the Lord the Spirit makes the person a believer in Christ Jesus, He plants the seed, and everything will grow from that seed in days to come. Everything is there, the after part, like the genial showers and shining sun, and sometimes the storm, they come upon the seed and draw it out and develop it. Well, after the barren winter the seed is still there, and when the sun begins to shine and the showers begin to fall, it is as a godly countryman used to call it, when, going out for a walk in the spring he would say, "I am going out to see the resurrection." And remember that the seeds are already there, but they begin to grow up, to put forth green shoots, then to blossom, and in due time to bear fruit. But the important part is that the seed is already there, but they begin to grow up afterwards. It may be through the instrumentality of the servants of God ; it may be through the reading of the Scriptures ; it may be through the ministry that the Lord may transform your hope into a lively hope. But sometimes some terrible trouble can come crashing down upon the over-burdened child of God. Do you know what it is, friends, to be afraid to open your letter in a morning for fear of bad news ? Ah, it may be some of these things that the Lord may be pleased to draw you out by. In trouble, sometimes, we seem to be overwhelmed, to be stunned ; you wonder what it all means and where it will end.

In some of the mysterious exercises recorded in the Psalms we find it so. One says, "I am so troubled I cannot speak: will the Lord cast me off for ever?" The blow seems to have crushed all the life out of you. But wait awhile, and the Lord will make it grow. But now a little farther. I have been a living witness of this in more cases than one. When death is drawing near, and life is fast ebbing away from the frail mortal tabernacle; when the days are numbered, and the hours are beginning to be numbered; I have heard from the lips of departing friends, to my own intense consolation, I have heard words which told me that the living hope was there, and that in the prospect of death and eternity the hope had become a lively hope. Oh, there must be something in divine things to sustain a soul; for the true Christian does not approach the solemn moment of death in a spirit of stoical indifference. No; but yet in the face of it, and knowing what it means, in a solemn moment like that, the hope may become lively, and more lively than ever before. This proves it must be of God. Our God is a wonder-working God. The same things that would crush a man of the world, the Lord overrules for the bringing out of the seed of His children. Yes, dear friends, your hope is a lively hope, and it will give way to a fuller and more complete realization of what you hope for. Then we shall have blessedness and peace for ever and ever. May the Lord bless these few remarks to you. Amen.

KNOWLEDGE of Gospel doctrines is the candle without which faith cannot see to do its work.—*Gurnall*.

A PRAYERLESS spirit is not the Spirit of Christ; but prayer to a Christian is as necessary and as natural as food to a natural man.—*Hart*.

How much louder must the voice of praise be in heaven than in earth! The mercies for which they give praise are incomparably greater; so is also the uniformity and security of their possession. What is the richest and most gorgeous attire, the most sumptuous and delicate fare which this world can afford, compared with those rivers of pleasures which are at God's right hand? How imperfect are all the enjoyments of this state by reason of the sufferings and sorrows that are mingled with them. All present things are very uncertain in their own nature, and our continuance with them equally so. But in heaven there shall be no more death; the inhabitants shall no more go out; and their enjoyments shall be such as can neither waste nor change.—*J. Wotherspoon*, 1768.

"FOLLOW THOU ME."

Good men who love the discriminating truths of the Gospel, have been branded by hard Calvinistic professors, as mongrel Calvinists, Baxterians, Fullerites, and Arminians, because they have felt it becoming of them to address mixed congregations after the example of the Lord Jesus, as given, Mark i. 15 ; Luke xviii. 22, &c., and of Peter, Acts iii. 19 ; viii. 22 ; Paul, Acts xiii. 46 ; xxvi. 20, &c. Such do not believe that man by nature has either the power or will to obey the Divine call, but the general call was given by Christ and His Apostles, and He said, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." In giving the general call, those ordained to eternal life became manifest by receiving the Word, their ears and hearts being opened by the Holy Ghost, and thus a separation took place between those who believed and those who believed not. The special call alone, which is the inward work of the Spirit in the heart, being effectual unto salvation. Thus our Lord's words were, and are still verified, "Many are called, but few are chosen" (Matt. xxii. 14). To the chosen ones He said, "Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God, but respecting the unbelievers He said, "Unto them it is not given." The same call was given in the hearing of all, but only proved effectual in the case of those in whose hearts it was attended by the power of the Holy Ghost. Nor are such ministers to be accounted erroneous who follow the examples so clearly given. They simply preach the Word, relying on the Holy Spirit to apply it to the salvation of souls. In order that those who profess to hold Calvinistic doctrines may know Calvin's views on this subject, we willingly insert the following extract, with appended remarks thereon.—ED.

CALVIN'S SENTIMENTS RESPECTING EXHORTATIONS TO UNCONVERTED SINNERS.

"But to what end (some will reply) do exhortations tend ? I answer, If men obstinately despise them, they will bear witness to convict them when they appear before the tribunal of God. They even now strike the evil conscience ; for though they affect to despise, they are unable to disprove them. But what shall the poor sinner do, it will be replied, since the melting of heart necessary to obey, is not afforded to him ? To which I reply, How vain is it for him to seek such excuses, since he cannot impute the hardness of his heart to any one besides himself.

"Should any one ask why unconverted sinners are warned ? 'Why are they not rather left to the conduct of the Holy Spirit ?'

'Why are they solicited by exhortations, since they can only comply with them so far as the Spirit enables them?'

"This is briefly our answer: 'O man, who art thou that wouldest impose laws upon God? If He choose to prepare us, by means of exhortations, to receive that very grace, to obey those exhortations which are addressed to us, what hast thou to object to this conduct of the Lord? and what is there in it which thou canst justly condemn?'" (*Instit.* lib. ii. cap. v. 5).

The Institutes of Calvin were drawn up by him for the express purpose of explaining his religious sentiments. The above citation from them, as given in Mackenzie's *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of that reformer*, will serve to show the propriety of Bishop Horsley's caution, "Take especial care before you [speak of] Calvinism, that you know what is Calvinism, and what is not."

Neither the Institutes of Calvin, nor the writings of any other uninspired man, are the proper grounds of faith, but the Scriptures of truth alone.* But if a name be of any importance, as serving to point out a particular class of preachers, your readers will, perhaps, think that the term *Bastard Calvinists* is more applicable to those who do not use exhortations, than to those who use them

Yours, &c.,

SELINA.

I WOULD run away from the law (considered as a Covenant of works) as fast as I would run from my sins.—*Lady Huntingdon*.

NATURE can afford no balsam fit for soul cure; healing from duties, and not from Christ, is the most desperate disease.—*Wilcox*.

LOVE will enable us to hold on in the ways of God against all discouragements, by rendering all the ways of God sweet and pleasant to the soul. Love renders those ways sweet that men that have no love to Christ look on as bitter ways: "Every way is sweet and pleasant," saith Love, His yoke is easy. In the abstract, Love saith, "This way is a precious way, it is a heavenly way." "I find much sweetness," saith Love, and thus encourageth the soul to hold on in the ways of well-doing. For the more sweet and lovely the ways of God are presented to the soul, the more the soul is raised, and encouraged to hold on in those ways of God, notwithstanding any affliction and trouble that the soul meets withal.—*Thomas Brooke*, 1649.

* With this declaration we are in full accord. We say, follow no man; only as he follows Christ.—ED.

ANSWER TO INQUIRY.

TO AN ANXIOUS ONE.

You ask us to give our view of Exodus xxxiv. 6, 7, which portion you say causes you great distress, inasmuch as the Lord, while proclaiming Himself "Merciful and gracious, longsuffering and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin," also declares that He "will by no means clear the guilty," &c. We can sympathize with you in your distress, for we have felt the same. We remember when we felt such portions of God's Word were a bar to all hope of our ever being saved. Nevertheless we have found that the Holy Ghost can open up the secret mystery of reconciliation between God and the transgressor, and this great work is His own devising, as also is the accomplishment of it. It is a mystery which only He can make plain, but when He does that, it is as plain and as simple as that two and two make four. The wise of this world cannot see, much less receive the infinite wisdom and grace of God as set forth in the Gospel concerning the method of forgiveness of sins and the justifying of the ungodly. And oftentimes, to seeking souls who feel the guilt of sin and the justice of their condemnation, there seems no ray of hope as to there being mercy and forgiveness with God for them. They read such portions as these: "The soul that sinneth it shall die." "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." "There is none righteous, no, not one," with many others of a like character. And as conscience bears witness that they are the very characters thus described, the mouth is stopped, hope seems to be cut off, and despair fills the breast. For there seems nothing to look for, from a holy God, but righteous indignation and just condemnation. The sinner feels that he is not only justly condemned by God's holy law, he is also by his sin rendered utterly helpless as to doing anything acceptable to God, or to improve his own condition. Yea, he seems like one bound hand and foot ready to be cast as fit fuel into the fire, from which he can see no way of escape. Nor would there have been, if God Himself had not designed and provided one. There is nothing impossible with Him, for though He declares, "The soul that sinneth it shall die," and that He "will by no means clear the guilty," yet in His love and wisdom He made a way out of the difficulty, and He Himself unfolds the secret, by taking such a course as must result in reconciliation between Him the offended God, and man the offending sinner. Thus we read, "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself, not

imputing their trespasses unto them." This could only be accomplished by imputing them to Christ His beloved Son, who in the Covenant made Himself responsible for the pardon, justification, and eternal salvation of all the Father chose and gave to Him. Thus the Church says, "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have *turned every one to his own way*; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all. . . . Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise Him." And thus He who knew no sin was *made sin for us*; "that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him" (see 2 Cor. v. 19-21; and Isaiah liii. 4-11). Yes, He clothed Himself with our iniquities, and put them away by the sacrifice of Himself, that we might be pardoned, justified, and clothed with His righteousness, and thus made accepted in the Beloved. At the same time neither the law nor justice of God suffered any violence by His clearing of the guilty, for Christ magnified the law and made it honourable, and also satisfied all the claims of justice so completely, that the Father declared Himself "well pleased." Now He says to His servants, "Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that . . . her iniquity is pardoned." This is God's blessed Gospel ministry of reconciliation by Christ; "not imputing their trespasses unto them," but saying of every poor mourning one who fears just condemnation, "Deliver him from going down to the pit: I have found a ransom." Yes, God Himself provided the Lamb, and devised means that His banished be not expelled from Him; and this is the way which, as Dr. Watts sings, "Is just to God and safe to man."

May the-Holy Spirit lead you into that blessed experience of your interest in the doing and dying, blood and righteousness, of the Lord Jesus, so that you may be enabled to sing with your heart—

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

Yes, Jesus is the peace man (see Micah v. 5; Eph. ii. 13-18; and Col. i. 19-22). On this ground God can be "just, and the Justifier of him that believeth in Jesus." For since "Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. v. 6-8), God can justly and honourably justify the ungodly. It is faith beholding Jesus in the sinner's place, and being able to say, He "loved me, and gave Himself for me," which brings the peace of God, because if He has paid the price of our redemption there can be no condemnation to us.

" Payment God cannot twice demand,
First at my bleeding Surety's hand,
And then again at mine."

We hope these few hints may help you against unbelief and Satan, and that in spite of your fears, you may still be looking unto Jesus, who is mighty to save, and still receives outcast sinners. It is the unbelieving and impenitent who cannot be cleared, they live and die without faith in Christ.

THE EDITOR.

THE WORST THINGS OVERRULED FOR THE SAINT'S GOOD.

"ALL things work together for good to them that love God ; to them who are the called, according to His purpose" (Rom. viii. 28). The Greek word, work together, is a physical expression. Several poisonous ingredients put together, being tempered by the skill of the apothecary, make a sovereign medicine, and work together for the good of the patient.

1. *The evil of AFFLICTION works for good.* Afflictions are as needful as ordinances. No vessel of gold can be made without fire. Water in the glass looks clear, but set it on the fire and the scum boils up. In prosperity a man seems humble and thankful—the water looks clear ; but set this man a little on the fire of affliction and the scum boils up—much impatience appears, and much unbelief. *Corrigere* is, quasi *cor rectum facere* : correction is a setting the heart right and straight ; as we sometimes hold a crooked stick over the fire to straighten it. God's rod is a pencil to draw Christ's image more lively upon us. What though we have more of the rough file, if we have less rust ?

2. *The evil of TEMPTATION works for good.* A deer, being shot with a dart, runs the faster to the water ; and when Satan shoots his fiery darts at the soul, it runs faster to the throne of grace. God can make cross winds to blow His saints nearer heaven.

3. *The evil of DESERTION works for good.* There is a two-fold desertion : (1) when God suspends the influence of His Spirit, and withholds the lively actings of His grace ; (2) in regard of comfort, when He withdraws the sweet manifestations of His favour.

Here there are four consolations which may give some light :—
1. *None but the godly are capable of desertion.* The wicked know not what God's love means nor what it is to want it.—2. *There may be the seed of grace where there is not the flower of joy.* The earth may want a crop of corn, and yet have a mine of gold within. Vessels at sea, richly fraught with jewels and spices, may be in the dark, and tossed in the storm.—3. *These desertions are but for a time.* Christ may go into the withdrawing-room

and leave the soul awhile, but He will come again.—4. These desertions cure sinful drowsiness ; make the saints prize the light of God's countenance more than ever ; embitter sin to us ; set the soul a weeping for the loss of God (when the sun is gone the dew falls), and though it is sad to want God's presence, yet it is good to lament His absence : moreover, desertion sets the soul a seeking after God, and puts the Christian upon enquiring what it is that hath made the Lord withdraw. A stone in the pipe hinders the current of water ; so sin hinders the sweet discoveries of God's love. Desertion gives a sight of what Christ suffered for us ; prepares us for future comfort ; and will make heaven the sweeter to us.

ANECDOTE OF MR. JOHN HOWE.

ON a blank leaf in the Bible of that eminent man, John Howe, were found two remarkable passages, written with his own hand, in Latin, of which the following is a translation :—

"Dec. 26, 1689.—After that I had long, seriously, and repeatedly thought within myself, that, besides a full and undoubted assent to the objects of faith, a vivifying savoury taste and relish of them was also necessary, that, with stronger force and more powerful energy, they might penetrate into the most inward centre of my heart, and there, being most deeply fixed and rooted, govern my life ; and that there could be no other sure ground whereon to conclude and pass a sound judgment on my good estate God-ward ; and after I had, in my course of preaching, been largely insisting on 2 Cor. i. 12, this very morning I awoke out of a most ravishing and delightful dream, that a wonderful and copious stream of celestial rays, from the lofty throne of the Divine Majesty, seemed to dart into my expanded breast. I have often since, with great complacency, reflected on that very signal pledge of special Divine favour, vouchsafed to me on that noted, memorable day, and have, with repeated fresh pleasure, tasted the delights thereof.

"But what (on Oct. 22, 1704) of the same kind I sensibly felt, through the admirable bounty of my God, and the most pleasant comforting influence of the Holy Spirit, far surpassed the most expressive words my thoughts can suggest. I then experienced an inexpressibly pleasant melting of heart, tears gushing out of mine eyes for joy, that God should shed abroad His love abundantly through the hearts of men ; and that, for this very purpose, mine own should be so signally possessed of and by His blessed Spirit. (Romans v. 5)".

THE SEEKER'S CORNER.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—The path through which my soul has passed has been most dark and mysterious, marked and opened by the Lord, and followed with watchfulness and prayer, yet stumbled, confounded, entangled, and perplexed at every step. Prayer answered “by terrible things in righteousness,” piercing, wounding, lashing, tearing, breaking, burning consuming and sinking. Look which way I would, or attempt what I would, all nothing but blackness, darkness, mystery, terrors, despair and woe, unutterable anguish and pain for many a day. Sinking under such a complication of misery, and the worst of all miseries, a heart full of raging sin: the sight and strength and amazing power by which sin forces itself out of my heart has sunk my soul into the depths of horror and filled me with despair, without a single feeling hope of mercy and deliverance, notwithstanding all that has passed in my soul of the love and power of Christ to save; and not many days and sometimes not many hours distant. I know such things are not allowed in this day by many, but I am sure they are allowed in my instance by God, and I feel no reluctance to relate them to His people. Continual succession of these things has completely confounded and stripped me of all. I have not the least ability to describe my path, more than I have wisdom to guide myself through it.

There is an expression by the Evangelist Mark i. 12, and Matthew iv. 1, of Jesus being driven into the wilderness by the Spirit to be tempted by the devil, immediately after His baptism, and His receiving the testimony of His Father as His beloved Son, and before His entering on His ministry, and to prepare Him for it; and for His office as Mediator and a suitable High Priest for us; to know, to feel and succour us, who have to pass through the same fiery furnace (Heb. ii. 14-18, and iv. 14-16). And if it be the good pleasure of the Lord to lead us into the wilderness, it is to humble us and to prove us, and to magnify His mercy unto us, and to make His strength perfect in our weakness.

It would be both an endless and a fruitless task for me to follow or even attempt to follow your heart or my own, or to trace the leadings of the Spirit, or the temptations of the enemy, through such scenes of mystery as we are led to pass through, which produce such various sensations, apprehensions, and fears in our minds. During such a state of perplexity, confusion, and apparent contradiction, where not a single day or hour's experience tell together—what seems to be an evidence one day or hour, the next thing that turns up opens to view something

which throws all into confusion. And we seem like the dial of Ahaz, to be gone ten if not a hundred degrees backward; and as it often appears to me, I am like the poor dunce at school who has the horn-book put into his hand and sent back again with shame to learn his letters.

And I have to bless the Lord for many lessons of this kind, wherein he has made me wise enough to see my folly. And if I judge aright from your letter, the Lord is about to teach you a few lessons of this sort, it will be one way of checking that spirit of vain glory and self-conceit you speak of.

There are two ways the Lord takes to humble my soul and bring me down to nothing before Him. The one is, by soul-travail and hard labour, under afflicting dispensations; the continual rage and the strength and power of sin and awful rebellion of my desperate heart, which appears to carry all before it, and threatens my immediate destruction of both soul and body; the absence of Christ, a silent throne to the most earnest and repeated cries night and day; a sealed Bible; and a dreadful and sensible sinking into black despair and despondency without hope, and as helpless as a babe; all refuge fails me, here I lie destitute, afflicted, tormented, and I sink into nothing. The other is when the dear Saviour comes with His melting love and compassion, and most kindly breaks my bonds and lifts me up from the gates of death; and breaks those gates of brass and bars of iron, which held my trembling and panting soul a poor distressed prisoner; breaks my heart with a most sweet and endearing sense of His tender mercy; fills me with heartfelt contrition for all my base ingratitude, rebellion, and idolatry; and I am covered with shame and confusion, while my soul rejoices and weeps over His amazing love and tender mercy.

'Tis here I sink to less than nothing, while a precious Christ is all in all, it is His arm alone that bringeth salvation, and that can subdue our iniquities, and show, that "where sin has abounded grace did much more abound," "that as sin hath reigned unto death," destroyed, run through, and poisoned every faculty and affection and thought of our heart, and every action of our life, and brought guilt, condemnation, misery, woe and death, with all the painful terrors of black despair, "even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

'Tis in Him and Him alone we are justified from all things, in His holy and spotless Person all our depravity and uncleanness is for ever lost and done away, and we stand before the Father, holy and without spot, in His obedience we have a righteousness which justifies us from all the charges brought against us by the

law, sin, and Satan, and in His death and sacrifice a complete atonement for all sin.

This precious Christ has entered into heaven itself, "now to appear in the presence of God for us," to plead our cause in His own Person, obedience, and death, and in Him the Father is well pleased, neither can all the raging sin of your heart, nor all the backslidings of your affections, all the repeated transgressions however aggravated, or all the temptations of Satan; they are most keenly and deeply felt, yet they can never alter or throw down that mercy that is built up for ever, that is from everlasting to everlasting; nor turn away the affection of the Father for His dear Son; or ever touch or affect the holy and spotless Person and work of Christ.

Your life and your all is hid with Christ in God, far beyond the reach of sin, self, and Satan. It is in the Beloved we are accepted, not in our own persons, but in Him. 'Tis in Him the Father is well pleased, for His righteousness' sake; and He will avenge His own elect, that cry day and night unto Him. And when He comes to decide the case and end the strife, all your accusers will go out, and Jesus and your soul will enjoy sweet communion, and He will reveal that peace which He made upon the cross, and show you how He hath spoiled all the powers of darkness, and led captivity captive, and received gifts "for the rebellious, that the Lord God might dwell among them." May such be your happy experience, for the glory of Christ and the comfort of your soul.

I should be very glad to hear from you to know your state, and the Lord's dealings with you. It strikes me, the Lord has had some special teaching for your soul since I last wrote you, having laid my pen silent so long; He generally removes man far away when He intends to glorify Himself, and takes His disciples aside alone by the way and reveals His secrets to them.—Farewell, dear sir, for the present. I remain,

Yours in the best bonds,

W. U.

THE believer talks and converses with God.—*Hart.*

CHRISTIANS are "sealed by the Holy Ghost to the day of redemption." And to this seal they trust their eternal welfare; not to naked knowledge, or speculative notions though ever so deep. They dread to dream that they are rich when they are blind and poor; to have a name to live and yet be dead; or to be forced to fly for precarious refuge to the conjectural scheme of universal salvation, with those who hope to be saved, because they think there will be none lost.—*Hart.*

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR RUTH,—I seem out of sorts for letter-writing, having despatched one to Mr. — and one to Lizzie, but I suppose you want me to say something to the purpose to you. Situated as you are now, I imagine the best advice I can give you, is to try to exercise *patience*. I have no doubt the coming twelve months will try your patience, but if it should bear the trial well, and bring you through a conqueror, it will prove a blessing to you. Make your little trial a matter of prayer and watch for the answer, and you will not be discouraged nor disappointed.

Last week I was worried about money matters very much, and I prayed that a way might be made for my relief, although I could not see how, but when Mr. S— returned from Weymouth, he made me a cash present. When I visited Henry I feared the trains and my return ticket would not agree, and it seemed impossible that I could arrive in time for the last train to Crayford, Kent. I thought of the words of Nehemiah, "So I prayed to the God of heaven," and though everything seemed against the probability of my reaching home as I hoped, the train arrived at the station to the tick, and I hoped and prayed again, and I watched the time at every station, and prayed and hoped until I got to Willesden Junction, where we waited ten minutes. Down hopes, up fears, but I prayed again, and I vowed if the Lord would (I felt sure He could) run the train to its time, I would praise Him with heart and lips. The pleasure travellers seemed to detain us at every station, but we did reach Broad Street five minutes before the time. I lifted my heart, I trusted, I praised His power, and blessed Him for His answer, and when I got home (in good time), I opened the Bible promiscuously, and my eye rested upon the words, "I will praise Thee, O God, with my whole soul, and magnify Thy Holy Name." Let this seeming simple circumstance encourage us to pray and hope, and watch and be thankful. I have been thinking a good deal about your letter, and feelings and desires, and I fancy would be anything but settled, if you were to join the Church during your apprenticeship, but if you very much wish it, there is no difficulty whatever.

Mr. Le-Rich is better, but busy, and I think perhaps you may have to call upon your patience again. When you are house-keeping on Sunday you can write a lot of news to us.—With love and best wishes,

Your affectionate father,
H. A. CARMAN.



WILLIAM COWPER.

CENTENARY OF THE POET COWPER.

IN giving a brief sketch of Mr. William Cowper, I desire to speak of him as a Christian rather than to set forth his poetical excellencies, these are known the wide world over.

The father of William Cowper was the Rev. John Cowper, Chaplain to George II., and Rector of Great Berkhamstead; here William was born, November, 1731. His mother, Anne Donnie, was daughter of Roger Donnie, Esq., of Ludham Hall, Norfolk. She died in 1737, at the age of thirty-four. William was old enough to be deeply affected by this his first sorrow.

“ My mother, when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
I heard the bell toll on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu.”

Though so young, he remembered her love, her look, her smile, and her voice.

At an early age he was sent to the school of Dr. Pitman, at Market Street, Herts. Here he had hardships of different kinds to meet with, which he felt the more sensibly in consequence of the tender manner in which he had been treated at home. His chief sorrow arose from the cruel treatment of a boy at the school, who never seemed pleased except when he was tormenting him. Cowper says: “One day, as I was sitting alone on a bench in the school, melancholy, and almost ready to weep at the recollection of what I had already suffered, and expecting at the same time my tormentor every moment, these words of the Psalmist came into my mind, ‘I will not be afraid of what man can do unto me.’ I applied this to my own case, with a degree of trust and confidence in God that would have been no disgrace to a much more experienced Christian.”

In his ninth year he was sent to Westminster School, under Dr. Nichols; here he remained seven years. His timid, meek, and inoffensive spirit totally unfitted him for the hardships of a public school. While at this school he was aroused to a serious consideration again. Crossing a churchyard late one evening, he saw a glimmering light, which excited his curiosity to approach it. Just as he arrived at the spot, a grave digger, who was at work by the light of his lanthorn, threw up a skull bone, which struck him in the leg. This incident alarmed his conscience, but the impression was only temporary.

After spending six months at home, he was articled to a

solicitor, with whom he was engaged to remain three years. Reserved to an unusual and extraordinary degree, he was ill qualified to exhibit the activity connected with this profession, and his extreme sensibility totally disqualified him for the bustle of the courts. However, at the age of twenty-one, he left his employer, and took possession of a set of chambers in the Inner Temple. He says: "Not long after my settlement in the Temple, I was struck with such a dejection of spirits as none but those who have felt the same can have the least conception of: day and night I was upon the rack, lying down in horror and rising up in despair. At length I met with George Herbert's Poems, and Gothic and uncouth as they are, I yet found in them a strain of piety which I could not but admire. In this state of mind I continued near a twelvemonth, when having experienced the inefficacy of all human means, I at length betook myself to God in prayer. My hard heart was at length softened, and my stubborn knees brought to bow. Weak as my faith was, the Almighty, who will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax, was graciously pleased to listen to my cry, instead of frowning me away in anger."

His slender resources were ebbing away. His kinsman, Major Cowper, had the patronage of several offices in the House of Lords. Two of these, Reading Clerk, and Clerk of Committees, were offered to Cowper: he preferred the lucrative but more private duties of Clerk of the Journals. He began to prepare himself for his examination. The right of the patron being questioned, the nominee was to appear at the bar of the House of Lords, to be examined as to his fitness for the post. The announcement of this ordeal, coming at a time of nervous depression, utterly upset the timid candidate's mind; his mental disturbance increased. He lost his rest and soon lost his reason, and on more than one occasion he attempted self-destruction, yet they were only attempts; most mercifully was his life preserved, which was little less than miraculous. At last he was awakened to a conviction of the crime which he had meditated, and the agonies of his contrition settled into gloomy melancholy. He says: "To this moment I had felt no concern of a spiritual kind, ignorant of original sin, insensible of the guilt of actual transgression. I understood neither the law nor the Gospel—the condemning nature of the one, nor the restoring mercies of the other. I was as much unacquainted with Christ, in all His saving offices, as if His name had never reached me. Now, therefore, a new scene opened upon me. My sins were set in array against me, and I began to see and feel that I had lived without God in the world. The sword of the Spirit seemed to guard the tree of life against my touch and to flame against me

in every avenue by which I attempted to approach it. In every volume I opened I found something that struck me to the heart. Everything seemed to preach to me, not the Gospel of mercy, but the curse of the Law. In a word, I saw myself a sinner altogether, but I saw not yet a glimpse of the mercy of God in Christ Jesus."

His friend and relative, Martin Madan, visited him during this trying season. Perceiving the state of his mind, he began to declare unto him the Gospel of Christ; he spoke of the efficacy of the atonement made by Jesus Christ, of the Redeemer's compassion for lost sinners, and of the full salvation provided for them in the Gospel, and that the Redeemer was able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by him.

To these important statements Cowper listened with the greatest attention. He, however, still wanted that faith without which he could not receive its blessings. His gloomy and desponding feelings returned with greater force, and his relatives placed him under the care of Dr. Cotton, at St. Albans, and here, he says: "Conviction of sin and despair of mercy were the two prominent evils with which I was continually tormented, from the 7th of December, 1763, to the middle of the July following. But, blessed be the God of my salvation for every sigh I drew, and for every tear I shed, since thus it pleased Him to judge sin here, that I might not be judged hereafter."

His brother John visited him from Cambridge; they walked together in the garden, and he tried to comfort him. He says: "We dined together; something seemed to whisper to me every moment—'*still there is mercy.*' After he left me this change of sentiment gathered ground continually. The next morning while I sat at breakfast, I found the cloud of horror began rapidly to pass away, and the happy period which was to shake off my fetters, and afford me a clear discovery of the free mercy of God in Christ Jesus, was now arrived. I once more ventured to open my Bible; the first verse I saw was Romans iii. 25, 'Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God.' Immediately I received strength to believe, and the full beams of the Sun of Righteousness shone upon me. I saw the sufficiency of the atonement He had made for my pardon and complete justification. In a moment I believed, and received the peace of the Gospel. Unless the Almighty arm had been under me, I think I should have been overwhelmed with gratitude and joy. My eyes filled with tears and my voice choked with transport. I could only look up to heaven in silent fear, overwhelmed with love and wonder."

But the work of the Holy Spirit is best described in His own

words:—"It is 'joy unspeakable and full of glory.' I lost no opportunity of repairing to a throne of grace, but flew to it with an earnestness irresistible and never to be satisfied. Could I do otherwise than love and rejoice in my reconciled Father in Christ Jesus? The Lord had enlarged my heart, and I could now cheerfully run in the way of His commandments. For many succeeding weeks tears would be ready to flow if I did but speak of the Gospel, or mention the name of Jesus. Oh that the ardour of my first love had continued. My excellent Dr. Cotton visited me every morning, and we became every day more endeared to each other, for the Gospel was invariably the delightful theme of our conversation. The Bible became my constant companion; from this pure fountain of truth I drank of that living water which was in me a well of water, springing up into everlasting life."

His application to the study of the Scriptures must have been intense, for in the short space of twelve months he acquired Scriptural views of the great plan of redemption, and his conceptions of real Christian experience, as distinguished from delusion and hypocrisy, were such as one would only have expected from an experienced Christian. He now employed his brother to seek out an abode for him somewhere in the neighbourhood of Cambridge. In the beginning of June, 1765, he had engaged him lodgings at Huntingdon, and on the 16th he left Dr. Cotton's, at St. Albans, at four in the morning, on his way thither, and after spending a few days at Benet College, Cambridge, with his brother, he repaired to Huntingdon, where for some months he enjoyed the "*calm retreat and silent shade*," realizing much of the joys and happiness of religion.

Among the few with whom he was on terms of intimacy, was the family of Rev. Mr. Unwin; their views and friendship were most congenial to his tastes, and after some short acquaintance he was admitted to their home; many of his best and most spiritual letters were written during the period of his residence here. However, these pleasures were soon to be clouded. One Sunday morning in July, 1767, as Mr. Unwin was proceeding to Church, he was thrown from his horse and killed. He says: "This awful dispensation has left an impression upon my spirits which will not presently be worn off. The effect of the event will only be a change of my abode, for I shall still, by God's leave, continue with Mrs. Unwin, whose behaviour to me has always been that of a mother to a son. We have employed our friends, Mr. Haweis, Dr. Conyers, and Mr. Newton, to look out a place for us."

Immediately after, Mr. Newton, then curate of Olney, while on his way home from Cambridge, was induced to call upon Mrs. Unwin; his visit was most opportune. He invited them to fix

their future abode at Olney. Great as were the advantages enjoyed by Cowper at Huntingdon, they were not to be compared with those which he experienced in his new situation at Olney. He gladly availed himself of the benefits of religious conversation with Mr. Newton and the gracious persons of his congregation, and was particularly attentive to those among them who were in circumstances of poverty. He regularly visited the sick, and to the utmost of his power afforded them relief. He attended the social meetings for prayer established by Mr. Newton, and at such seasons, when he was required to conduct the service, agitated as were his feelings before he commenced, he no sooner began, than he poured forth his heart unto God in earnest intercession with a devotion equally simple, sublime, and fervent. Three times a day he prayed and gave thanks unto God in retirement, besides the regular practice of domestic worship.

The first few years of his residence at Olney may, perhaps, be regarded as the happiest of his life. He availed himself of the valuable assistance of Mr. J. Newton to acquire divine knowledge, his heart became established in the truth, and he experienced that degree of confidence in God which alone can ensure peace of mind and real tranquillity. During the first years of his residence at Olney he was greatly afflicted by the death of his brother, John Cowper, who was then a Fellow in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. No brothers were ever more warmly interested in each other's welfare, and their sweet communion in the truths of the Gospel, in his brother's last days, which have been recorded, were the most comforting and consoling. At several times during the remaining years of his stay at Olney he was also afflicted by attacks of mental aberration, which were a source of much anxiety to his friends, Mr. Newton and Mrs. Unwin. In April, 1773, Mr. Newton suggested that Cowper and Mrs. Unwin should come to the vicarage. When there he suddenly expressed his wish and determination to stay, and he remained at the vicarage fourteen months. It was a merciful arrangement for him, but a heavy tax on Mr. and Mrs. Newton. Mrs. Unwin often tried to persuade him to return to their own house, but he could not bear to hear of it. At last, about the end of May, 1774, with the same abruptness which had marked his proposal to stay, he returned to his own house. When in his usual health he was never idle—in the garden house in summer, and indoors at other times, writing his poems, hymns, and not least, his letters, by which his name and connection with the town of Olney seems ever fragrant with some sweet memory; in fact, to those who know and love his works and his haunts at Olney, it seems hard to realize that he has passed from earth one hundred years.

About the year 1780, Mr. John Newton being presented to the living of St. Mary Woolnoth, London, by Mr. John Thornton, necessitated his removal from Olney, which caused a sad blank to poor Cowper. Yet other friends, in the persons of Lady Hesketh and Rev. Wm. Bull, of Newport Pagnell, were raised up and were a source of great comfort and pleasure to him. In 1786, Cowper and Mrs. Unwin removed to Weston Underwood, a few miles distant from Olney, to a more cheerful and healthy house, the property of the Throckmorton family. During his residence here, his literary studies were seldom interrupted, and he found pleasant recreation in rural rambles. Here he translated Madam Guion's Poems and Homer.

His own increasing feebleness of health, and the illness and helplessness of Mrs. Unwin, hastened the depression of his closing years. There were gleams of the old brightness, but the shadows of evening were gathering fast. The announcement of a pension of £300 a-year elicited little expression of satisfaction from him. The removal into Norfolk, and the death of Mrs. Unwin, in 1796, were among the events of the latter years, the prevalent tone of which was that of gloom and sadness. He was taken with a dropsy and general breaking up of his constitution in the beginning of 1800. He was constantly attended by his friends, Mr. Johnson and Miss Perowne, yet scarcely anything seemed to arouse him from his state of exhaustion; refreshment was presented to him, but he mildly rejected it with, "*What can it signify?*" which were the last words he was heard to utter. Early on Friday morning, the 25th of April, 1800, a decided alteration was noticed, yet he continued to breathe until five in the afternoon, when his happy spirit escaped from its tenement of clay to mansions of perfect purity and bliss, aged sixty-nine years, and was buried in Dereham Church, on Saturday, May 2nd. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them" (Rev. xiv. 13).

R. F. R.

As much as Lazarus coming out of the grave, and feeling himself restored to life, differed from those who only saw the miracle, or believed the fact when told them, so great is the difference between a soul's real coming out of himself, and having the righteousness of Christ imputed to him by the precious faith of God's elect, and a man's bare believing the doctrine of imputed righteousness because he sees it contained in Scripture, or assenting to the truth of it when proposed to his understanding by others.
—Hart.

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

(MARK vii. 28.)

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

Yet oft, in passing to and fro,
I pick a little crumb or two;
And crumbs to hungry souls are nice
As bread contain'd in larger slice.
Sometimes beside my master's chair,
To feed his little favourite there,
A piece is dropt, as full of love
As that which decks the board above.

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

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

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

J. C.

WHERE there is true faith there will be obedience and the fear
of God.—*Hart*.

PULPIT GLEANINGS.

"The eternal God is thy Refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."—DEUTERONOMY xxxiii. 27.

No other portion of God's Word seemed to rest on my mind. I wanted to think of something substantial to rest upon at the outset of this New Year. Here is a solid resting place for the weary soul, *that*, that will stand; we shall always have an eternal God. We like sometimes to look at the last days of a man of God. Here are the last days of Moses. God puts into his heart many things and a prophetic spirit concerning Israel, and much that stands connected with the safety and security of the people. "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy days so shall thy strength be." "Happy art thou, O Israel: who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord!" All these have reference not to the Jew only, but to all that are the Lord's. They are not all Israel that are of Israel. Just as we have in the present day a professing Church; but there is a hidden Church, a Church within a Church, a secret Church, which God only knows. The gates of hell prevail against many a professing and visible Church, but never against this Church, which is founded on the Rock. Let us examine ourselves as to these realities. There is none like unto the God of Jeshurun, the God of the true Church, the living God of a living Church; and it is He that has spoken these sacred words, and the Holy Spirit adapts them to the wants and needs of the living family of God. We may talk about it, but that is not enough; we want it brought into our heart. We might think at the beginning of our Christian life, when difficulties and dangers appeared, How shall I get through? But this has been fulfilled, "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days, so shall thy strength be." Another thing in the cluster. Our God knew there would be great need for a refuge, for an upholding power, and God has made provision for it. He knew all else would fail but He has come forth Himself. All this refers to Him as a God of love and mercy, as a living, almighty power that is of an eternal property. There is, first, a needs-be for a refuge. He knows, but the future is unknown to us; we are here in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. We have to do with a body and mind exposed to disease and danger; sometimes there is sorrow, sometimes joy, sometimes prosperity, and sometimes adversity. All these at various times take place.

Now, my dear friends, as we have entered upon another year, here is a Refuge that you need. Passing by earthly need, let us look at spiritual needs. Do we love the Lord Jesus Christ? Do

we love the religion of Jesus Christ? The Gospel of Jesus Christ, wherever it is proclaimed, do we really love it? The more love there is, the more opposition. There was every good thing in Him, yet they persecuted Him; and He said, "If they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you." Satan and his agents are against the people of God. We keenly feel their powers. Do they not insinuate—"Are you sure you are right? Have you not mistaken the path? Would it not be better for you to be on the other side? As a man of business, how much more lucrative it would be for you!" Under such circumstances we need a refuge; we also need a refuge with regard to the secret influences on the mind. Do you believe the law of God is dead? Think of the home life, the heart life. God *does* there show light, flashing upon sin, and the heart is overwhelmed. Sins like mountains rise, and we are almost driven to despair. Our own personal sin, it is this that causes trouble. Here is the Refuge, the eternal God. We need a refuge when affliction is laid upon our loins. Boast not of to-morrow; we cannot insure our lives. How many are snatched away suddenly! Many and many a godly one has passed away during the past year; we are left behind. They are not lost, but have found their way from all cares to a better world. Some were with us last new year, now they are so no more. Some of you young people may die, others may become enfeebled; the cold waves and winds of death may soon roll upon us, and we shall need a refuge then; and God has provided one.

Here is a personal word, "*thy* refuge." I like to find these personal words—"thy refuge." Some seek it in their wealth. "Oh," they say, "this will answer all; if I have losses, I can meet them; if old age comes, I have a sufficiency." But I have lived long enough to see all these refuges fail. Wealth is not a refuge. I am a friend to economy; let a man use all care in these matters, but not trust in it. God can soon take it all away. Some make a profession of religion a refuge, there are many secure professors in our day. I think all believers ought to make an open profession. I do not mind being called a Baptist. I am not ashamed of it. I have hitherto, through grace, been enabled to hold on. For sixty-five years I have known the blessedness of these things. There are some who take refuge here, saying, "I have done this and the other; I have been very kind to the poor, and to God's ministers." Your profession is one thing, the origin of it is another. If you know it comes from the life of God, and Christ in you the hope of glory, you will not boast, but say, "If I have been upheld, it was of God; if I have done anything for the cause of God, and prayed with and for His people, I give Him all the glory." All the creature profession may fail, but

is the eternal God thy Refuge? That must come home; there is the solid ground, the Rock that will never give way, all others fail sooner or later, all others are sinking sand. Then, again, this is a safe Refuge. Infidels have assailed it, men of a false profession have assailed it, and the great enemy of souls has assailed it, but the Holy Spirit writes it upon the heart that it is a safe Refuge. Not only safe, but secure, it is eternal and unchangeable. In this Refuge you have all that is adapted to meet you in every condition; cast down, but hoping in God, until you come to the groundwork of the Lord Jesus Christ and His atoning blood; this is a safe Refuge, no destroying angel can touch you here, no enemy can ever be able to take your life. It is a Refuge that has been tested and tried. We like tried men, we like to hear them speak of what they have passed through, tasted, handled, known, and felt of God's love. This Refuge has been tried of old. Abraham tried it. Think of the exercises of his mind. "Take now thy son. I made a promise to thee that in thy seed should all families of the earth be blessed. Now offer up thy son, thine only son Isaac." Abraham's Refuge was in the eternal God. I take it just as it stands. He did not know but that God would raise his son from the ashes of the burnt offering. "I will offer him, but from the ashes I shall have my Isaac. In the mount of the Lord it shall be seen; Jehovah Jireh, the Lord will provide."

Amidst all the scenes of the life of Moses, his Refuge was in God. He must have Jehovah. He stretched forth his hand in prayer unto God, and when he grew weary Aaron and Hur must hold them up until Israel's God had triumphed. David again and again tried this Refuge. My refuge is in God, he says; "Yea, Thou art my strong Refuge, my fortress, my high tower, my refuge, and the rock of my salvation." Saul tried to slay him, but he found a place of refuge in the Lord's hand. God was with him, and the mighty God delivered him. It is a tried Refuge. Have you tried it, my hearer? You have had a thorny path, a chequered experience. Have you tried this Refuge? Have you found God, the eternal God, to be your Refuge in your distresses? He is a Refuge for a sinking one, for underneath are the everlasting arms—underneath every trouble, troubles like waves dashing against you. Out of the depths you have cried to the Lord, for there are deep waters, and there is a passing through them with only the head above water, where, as the Psalmist says, "there is no standing." Deep as those waters are, waters to swim in, wave upon wave of trouble, yet there is a something underneath, the eternal arms are underneath, the arms of His power and might. Here is solid standing-ground, an omnipotent arm that will bear us up. Sometimes we may be low in our

minds, saying, "Surely I shall sink, I cannot float, I am going down deep, deep," but the everlasting arms are there. "Oh, I shall never get over this bereavement, I shall never get through this trouble, it is all over with me, I must sink." Let come what will, did you ever know a believer to sink and fail? No! You may sink down very deep, and wonder what the end will be, when all at once there is something felt, some precious promise warms the heart, the eternal arms are there, you feel they are bearing you up.

In looking forward into the present year, may the eye of faith and love be upon our God, the eternal God, thy Refuge, and may we still put our confidence in Him for all that grace that we shall need, and we shall surely be visited by the Divine Spirit, who in every time of need will direct us to this Refuge, and we shall be safe amidst all the dangers that may attend our way, for Jesus is "Mighty to save." May God bless you. Amen.

Saffron Walden.

A FEW LINES OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

THE following encouraging words proved very helpful to a minister and his people who were greatly cast down because they saw so little fruit arising from the preaching of the Word. In a short time, however, the Lord gave them a gracious gathering in of souls, to the joy of their hearts, in answer to their united prayers:—

1. Often blessing is given; yea, even great blessing, and it does not at once appear. Many years ago I once preached, and came down from the pulpit greatly tried, considering that all had been in vain. After some time it appeared, however, that there were nineteen cases of blessing through that very sermon.

2. Many, many, many times I have heard of cases of blessing only after five, ten, twenty years, and a few times even much longer than that.

3. We have not to preach to see blessing resulting from our labours; but to serve our Master. If we see fruit we ought to be thankful; if not, yet patiently to go on in service.

4. The Lord allows us to see as much fruit as is good for us to see while on earth; but the full harvest comes in heaven. God has allowed me to know that my labours have been blessed to many, but of *tens of thousands* more I hope to hear when I meet the redeemed in glory.

5. We have to go on in earnest, continued prayer, faith, and patience, leaving the results in the hands of the Lord Jesus.

6. Lastly, see how little was the fruit the Lord Jesus Himself saw while on earth; yet He will be satisfied at last.

A LETTER FROM THE LATE J. NEWTON TO
MRS. WATHEN.

MY DEAR MADAM,—As you kindly engaged my promise to write, I need make no apologies: you will receive my letter in good part; and I am sure I shall write it with a hearty good will. But what shall be the subject? Indeed, properly speaking, I have, or ought to have, but one; it is, however, very comprehensive: I mean “Jesus Christ—and Him crucified.” It will, at least, help to fill up the paper, if I give you some account how I have managed it as a minister.

When the Lord, after He had mercifully given me some experimental knowledge of the Gospel for myself, was pleased to honour me with a commission to preach it to others, I found myself possessed of an infallible medicine for the cure of all diseases; and as I was surrounded with multitudes, whom I saw were sick of a mortal disease, and, as we say, at death’s door, I expected to do great things with my catholicon.

I soon observed that the fatal disorder I wished to relieve was attended with one very discouraging symptom:—Most of the sick folks, though I could read death in their countenances, thought themselves well. They insisted on it that nothing ailed them, and were angry with me because I could not believe them. Some of these could scarcely hear with patience what I said of the power and skill of this Physician who gave me the medicine; others seemed disposed to speak favourably of Him. They thought they might apply to Him when they were really ill; but at present they had no need of Him. Oh, how I laboured with some, but all in vain, to convince them of their danger! Now and then I did prevail with one, who then thankfully took the medicine, and presently recovered.

But as I and my fellow-practitioners were daily praising the virtues and efficacy of our medicine, some of our patients learned to talk after us: they did not take the medicine, but they praised it. They would allow that they had been sick once—but now, to be sure, they must be well; for they could say as much in favour of the medicine as we could ourselves. I fear many died under this mistake: they would not make such a mistake in common life. Many persons go to see the table spread at the Lord Mayor’s feast; but the sight of the delicacies, which they must not taste, will not satisfy the appetite like a plain dinner at home; but, alas! our patients were not hungry.

Some felt themselves unwell, but would not own it; they tried to look as cheerful as they could. These depended upon medicines of their own contrivance: and they suffered many things and grew

worse and worse daily: they refused to try mine. It was judged by one to be too simple, like Naaman, who, for a time, though he would have done some hard thing, disdained such an easy remedy as only wash, and be clean. Others refused unless I would clearly explain to them all the ingredients belonging to my medicine; which I had not the ability to do, nor the capacity to comprehend. They said, likewise, that the regimen I prescribed was too strict; for I told them honestly that if they did not abstain from some things of which they were very fond my medicine would do them no good. I was often grieved, though not so much as I ought, to see so many determined to die rather than take the only medicine that could preserve their lives. There were more than a few who deceived me and themselves, by pretending to take my medicine, and yet did not: none grieved me more than these; but they could not deceive me long; for as the medicine was infallible I knew that whoever took it, and observed the regimen, would soon show signs of convalescence, and that they were getting better, although they were not perfectly well, and, therefore, when these signs were wanting I was sure the medicine had not been taken.

I have not time to enumerate all the signs which accompany salvation, but I mention a few. First, a broken, contrite spirit. This is indispensably necessary; for, by nature, we are full of pride, and God resisteth the proud, and giveth His grace only to the humble. Secondly, a simple, upright spirit, free from artifice and disguise. It is said of the blessed man, whose sins are forgiven, "In his spirit there is no guile;" he is open and undisguised! Thirdly, gentle, gracious tempers. If a man, like a lion, takes my medicine, he presently becomes a lamb. He is not easily offended, he is very easily reconciled, he indulges no anger, he harbours no resentment, he lives upon forgiveness himself, and is, therefore, ready to forgive if he has aught against any. Fourthly, Benovelence, kindness, and an endeavour to be useful, in opposition to that selfishness which is our natural character. Fifthly, A spiritual mind, which is the beginning of life and peace, weanedness from the world and its poor toys, and a thirst for communion with God, through Christ, &c.

I could go on, but let this suffice. These signs are at first weak, for a Christian is a child before he is a man: but grace grows by exercise, by experience, and a diligent use of the appointed means. My medicine enlightens the understanding, softens the heart, and gives a realizing sense of what the Scripture declares of the glorious Person, the wonderful love, the bitter sufferings of the Saviour, and the necessity and efficacy of His death and agonies upon the cross. When these things are clearly

understood by the teaching of the Holy Spirit, whose influence is always afforded to those who take the medicine, the cure is begun ; all the rest will follow, and the patient recovers apace, though there are sometimes transient relapses, and a spice of the old disorder will hang about them till they are removed to the pure air of a better world. I hope, my dear madam, this medicine is your food ; that you live upon it ; that you eat the flesh and drink the blood of the Son of Man, and feel the salutary effects every day. Oh, what love !—that such a Saviour should die for such sinners as we are ! and what a marvellous mercy to me, that I should be brought from the horrid wilds of Africa to proclaim His goodness—that I, who was a blasphemer, an infidel, and a profligate, should be spared to stand as a proof that Jesus Christ came into the world to save the chief of sinners !

You and I are far advanced in life—we know not what a day may bring forth. Perhaps we may never meet upon earth ; but oh, may we meet above, to praise Him who loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, to partake of that fulness of joy, and to drink of those rivers of pleasure which are at His right hand for evermore !

I am, your affectionate and obliged,

July 26th, 1779.

JOHN NEWTON.

THIS heavenly Physician hath no practice but on humble and broken-hearted sinners ; these are they to whom he applies His remedies, and in whom He works and cures. He was appointed and designed to bind up the broken in heart. None others do think they need Christ's help ; prize His remedies ; or value His consolations : those that are whole, that never saw the "plague of their hearts," or groaned under the burden of their sins, do not think they need a physician. Christ hath few patients and little practice in the world, because men are not sick of sin.—*Samuel Tomlyns*, 1659.

WRESTLING and importunity in prayer is in many cases itself the possession of the very mercies we desire. It is the exercise of almost every gracious disposition. To increase in sanctification,* to have his graces strengthened, his corruptions subdued, is the habitual and prevailing desire of every real believer. But how can this be more effectually obtained than by fervent prayer ? How, and where, can any gracious disposition be either more improved or more clearly discerned than when it is in exercise ? Faith, love, penitential sorrow, trust, and resignation, are the very essentials to a wrestling believer.—*J. Wotherspoon*, 1768.

* 1 Thess. v. 23.

THE FURTHERANCE OF THE GOSPEL.

IN the SOWER for February we gave a few extracts from the Annual Report of the Northern Union of Strict Baptist Churches, and in order that our readers may understand the nature and motive of that Union, we give a few more extracts, showing how the desire for the furtherance of the Gospel is actuating friends in those northern parts to active service. Our space will only allow us to quote a few expressions from the Secretary's Report this month; we hope to give a few extracts from speeches by friends, in a future number.

Dear Christian Friends,—I would remind those present that it is now over four years since the Executive was formed to inaugurate the movement we are engaged upon to-day, and we have abundant reason to thank Almighty God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, who has given a measure of prosperity to the movement.

You are aware probably that at our last Annual Meeting, held at Hebden Bridge, June 18th, 1898, we decided to have the Annual Meeting for 1899 held at Siddal. This was in agreement with a former resolution, to the effect that we appoint the place for holding the Annual Meeting twelve months in advance; hence our meeting here to-day.

It will be in your remembrance that printed Reports of our last Annual Meeting were distributed amongst the various Churches of the Union, and also in some Churches who were not affiliated with us; and also some were distributed in other channels, where we thought they would be useful and profitable. We think the circulation of those Reports was the means of extending our influence and of confirming our position.

During the year we have had many Executive Meetings, to consider the various questions affecting the Union, and to promote its welfare.

We have also had Devotional Meetings with the various Churches embraced by this Union during each month except January, and we thought that possibly that month would find most people with enough on hand.

In June we were at Haworth; in July at Hebden Bridge; in August at Street Gate; in September at Dewsbury; in October at Hollinwood; in November at Siddal; in December at Burnley; in February, 1899, at Hebden Bridge; in March at Street Gate; in April at Slaithwaite; in May at Thornhill.

We believe that at all these places the members of the Churches will testify that the Lord's blessing and presence have been manifested; we have found "how good a thing it is

for brethren to dwell together in unity," and we are assured by divine Scripture that they shall prosper who love Zion. So we have felt it good to wait upon the Lord. We have renewed our strength, the brethren have been glad, and we have been requested to join again with them. We shall be glad to extend the number of visits to each place as our numbers increase; and it is quite possible we may in the ensuing year double the number of our visits to each Church.

It will readily be seen that there are difficulties of meeting *frequently* or at least of meeting at distant places frequently; inasmuch as the friends are for the most part poor: as in Scripture times, poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom. Yet by simple arrangements we can meet *now* more frequently, and

"The meetings will be sweet
If Jesus but be there."

And He will, for He has given His promise to be there.

We have no fund to defray the necessary out-of-pocket expenses of certain of the Executive who are willing to give the necessary time, but who cannot give their travelling expenses also. But we are quite sure that if the various Churches will have a collection in their chapels once a year for the fund of the Union, then that will amply pay for this purpose and for the printing of the Quarterly and Annual Reports.

Our Secretary, Mr. Crabtree, writes short drafts of the proceedings of each visitation, at the various meeting places, and this forms the history of the movement in which we are engaged.

I read, last Saturday, the whole of those records (since our last Annual Meeting), and I was quite refreshed in the reading of them. I believe a generation will arise to call *them* blessed who now engage in so good a work as the Northern Counties Union are doing.

We know we have *done* good. We have endeavoured to do more good than we have accomplished. We have been hindered by suspicion. by mistrust, by slander and hints; I will not say by false brethren, but by men who ought to know better. Yet that does not lessen our desire and determination to promote the welfare of others. Our Lord Jesus instructed us by saying, "Are there not twelve hours in a day" in which men ought to work? and did He not go about (yes, *go about*, my friends) doing good? Let us copy the glorious example.

It seems, therefore, on a survey of the whole position that we occupy, that we must go steadily forward, "endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace," and serving our

Lord Jesus with all humility of mind, "who, when He was reviled, reviled not again." So let our example be above all that is earthly, sensual, and carnal, approving ourselves to every man's conscience in the fear of God.

Let us all be valiant for the truth as it is in Jesus, and plod on. If the work be slow, we know the organization. The denomination moves slowly, and we need not expect that we shall all see eye to eye at once; but as we have obtained help of God, we continue to this day.

I would suggest that we should aim at the creation of a fund, if all our Churches were in union, which should be expended for the following purposes:—

1. The reducing or extinguishing of debts existing on chapels in Lancashire and Yorkshire.

2. For granting sums to those Churches whose means do not allow a fair payment to ministers.

Some may say that that is a wild scheme, and not at all practicable. But I will call your attention to a *solid fact*, and that is, that in the past dozen years the friends in Lancashire and Yorkshire of our denomination have collected for various purposes (not for payment of ministers' services) a sum quite equal to £1,000 per year; and if that £12,000 had not been used it would have been a very useful fund. But that amount has been given, and no one is the poorer; and as those various gifts have been used for liquidation of debt, &c., and will not be again required, why not go on, and in the next score of years create a fund of double the amount I have named? If you reckon it up, it only amounts to a mere trifle per member per year, and it is idle to say *that* could not be accomplished.

Trusting that God will bless the Union, I submit this report to you

FAITH, like gold, must be tried in the fire, before it can be safely depended on.—*Hart*.

FAITH in the Person of Christ is the spring and fountain of our spiritual life. "We live by the faith of the Son of God." In and by the actings hereof is it preserved, increased, and strengthened; and all supplies of it are derived from Him by the actings of faith in Him. We receive the forgiveness of sins, and an inheritance among them that are sanctified, by the faith that is in Him. Hereby is our peace with God maintained. And in Him we have peace, according to His promise. All strength for the mortification of sin, for the conquest of temptations, all our increase and growth in grace, depend on the constant actings of this faith in Him.—*John Owen*, 1679.

THE SEEKER'S CORNER.

[THE following extracts from two letters appeared some years ago in a volume of the "Evangelical Magazine." We hope they will be useful to some of our readers.—Ed.]

TRUE religion is not designed merely to excite distraction and despair. A work of grace in the heart consists in dispelling former darkness, rousing from former security, detecting latent corruption, charging guilt on the conscience, filling the soul with remorse and humiliation, and deep concern about salvation ; so as to apply, by faith in prayer, to the great remedy, Christ and His blood, grace, power, &c., with a "Lord, save, or I perish !" But this concern, we find, is oftener effected by the still, mild, and kindly whispers of the Gospel, than by the thunders of the law.

It is true, young Christians are often hampered and discouraged with the thought, that they are not enough humbled for sin, that their faith is not of the right kind, and that they have not experienced that sensible change of heart which others speak of, &c. ; whereas that soul is humbled enough to whom Christ, and Christ alone, is truly precious. That faith is a true faith, which fixes and knits the soul to Him, as its only Saviour and Lord ; determined to lie at His footstool for mercy, with a "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

As to a real experience of a saving change of heart from sin to holiness, this is at first a secret ; made out by degrees afterwards. But the conceit that our hearts must be sensibly changed from sin to holiness before we may come to Christ for salvation, is a very hurtful mistake. We are to come to Christ as sinners ; weary, heavy-laden sinners, empty-handed, and without any qualifications to recommend, or make us fit to believe in Him.

With respect to repentance, humiliation, godly sorrow for sin, and the like ; all these are fruits, and so evidences of regenerating grace. Coming to Christ, as guilty, polluted, worthless worms, with weeping eyes and aching hearts, is the first grand movement of the new-born soul. Nor are we to conceive, when we have once repented, made confession of sin, believed, and resigned ourselves to God in Christ, that these graces are to be laid aside and done with ; no, it is in the continuance and gradual increase of these that the Christian or spiritual life consists ; and thus we are helped to grow in faith and conformity unto the end.

J. C.

MR. EDITOR,—I beg leave to return thanks for the pleasure which I have derived from perusing an extract from a letter, written by the late Dr. C —, and addressed to a young Christian, who

was desirous of entering into church-fellowship; but was discouraged by the fear that he had not been sufficiently convinced of sin, or, in other words, sufficiently prepared or qualified for Christ.

I am persuaded that this fear is by no means uncommon, but is often found in the bosom of the young and genuine Christian. I well remember, at my outset in the way, that I was greatly distressed because I thought I was not distressed enough. I had heard and read of the pangs and throes of the new birth, of being shaken over hell, &c., and was led to conclude that none could be savingly brought to rest on Christ, unless they were first exercised, by a long train of distressing feelings; and thus, like Naaman, the Syrian, though both sensible of the disease and desirous of a cure, I formed a preconceived plan, by which I thought God was to effect it; and not perceiving that He was at work upon my heart, I was filled with great distress, while the glories of the Saviour, and the fulness and freeness of His salvation were concealed from my view. In this uncomfortable state I remained for some years. Perhaps the first thing I met with that brought any relief to my mind, was reading the Life of Mr. Newton, who relates something of this kind in the account of his own conversion.

It was from the Word of God that I derived complete satisfaction; from that source it appears clearly, that though, on the one hand, a cordial reception of Christ supposes a previous discovery of our need of Him; yet it is equally clear that this discovery is not always attended with great alarm, terror, &c., inasmuch as a revelation of Christ may almost instantaneously follow it.

I would ask those who entertain different sentiments on this subject, how they reconcile their views with the Scripture account of the conversion of Zaccheus and others, who no sooner had a Saviour made known to them than they received Him joyfully, or, in other words, believed in Him?

God is the fountain of all honour. It is the height of honour to be honoured by God; all those—and only those—who honour God, God will honour. And God is not only graciously forward, but under engagements to honour them that honour Him. He says, "I will." If God be the fountain of all honour, and if the height of honour be to be honoured by God, and if all those—and only those—who honour God, God will honour, then it must needs follow of itself that it is the shortest way to true honour to honour God.—*Daniel Evans*, 1659.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

VERY DEAR MR. —, I thank you for your last letter, in which I found you were all in health. I trust you continue so ; and, finding yourselves in the hands of the Great Shepherd, you pass on through this mortal life, happy and comfortable from day to day. I want to rest more fully on that blessed truth, "None shall pluck them out of My hand." My faith is very weak in the view of these words :—"Faithful is He who has promised ;" but I am slow of heart to give Him credit. This He must also pardon me ; and in this His goodness is unspeakable. I have passed through many scenes since I had the pleasure of seeing you last ; and to this moment I have reason to say,

"O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be !"

I am now almost willing to live and die a poor pensioner upon free grace ; but old Self often comes in the way, and says, "I can give thee something too ;" but it is all false.

Give my Christian love to dear Mrs. —, and all your family ; and to —, hoping he is well, and much blessed in his ministry. May the old barn be well filled with corn, and he be enabled to thresh lustily, that there may be much clean corn for the Master's use ! But tell him, that though he can thresh, it is another that can "thoroughly purge the floor." May our eye be upon Him, and the work shall be done !

I must beg you will pray much for me, as I am still in the field of battle ; and though I humbly expect the victory one day, yet it is now in the hand of another. I must, therefore, glory in Him, and rejoice that He has conquered for me. In my own field I have lost the day ; but hearing of one JESUS, who got the victory in His, I now long to repair to Him, and throw myself under His protection : and who knows but that such a coward as I am shall partake of His victory, and "be more than a conqueror through Him !"

Yours, &c.,

D. JONES.

HE who lives by the faith of the Son of God eateth His flesh and drinketh His blood. "He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life."—*Hart*.

MANY imagine themselves great believers who have little or no true faith at all ; and many who deem themselves void of faith cleave to Christ by "the faith of the operation of God."—*Hart*.

OUR BLESSED DEAD.

ANN WINKWORTH, on December 29th, 1899, passed out of this wilderness to Canaan's happy shore, in her 81st year. She was a member at Goring Heath, being baptized there in 1834. According to her wish, the funeral took place at the Parish Church, where she received the gift of God's grace, and became the partaker of the New Birth. The Rector, who had known her for nearly forty years, kindly inquired if one of our ministers was expected to be present; if so, he should like them to speak at the grave, and he would like to conduct the service as much as possible in the church. Our friend, Mr. Painter, having arrived, it was thought advisable to see the Rector and arrange about the service. The arrangement was (as the weather was bad) that the hymn should be sung in the church instead of by the grave side, and after the church service Mr. Painter should speak. However, before the time for the service, a note was sent by the Rector addressed to Mr. Painter, saying: "My dear Sir, — I should like you to come into the vestry with me, and walk back to the church gates to meet the body, and then walk together with me into the church and also out of church to the grave." As they were going to the vestry he said to Mr. Painter, "We are going to bury a very godly woman." He gave out the hymn we wished sung, "Give me the wings of faith to rise," &c. It was not very light in church, and Mr. Painter was afraid he should not be able to see, else he was also invited to read the Lesson. They stood side by side at the grave, and Mr. Painter's address was very suitable and impressive. Had these arrangements been known a larger number of friends would have been present.

T. W. W.

DIED at Cornwall, on January 30th, 1900, aged 73, RUTH MITCHEN WILKINS, the last remaining sister of the late Thomas Barnard, formerly minister of Cirencester, and later of Bournemouth. She was a member of the Strict Baptist Chapel at Malmesbury, Wilts, and well known to many there. She was a godly woman, of a meek and quiet spirit; one that had the fear of God before her eyes, but the Lord saw fit to lay upon her great and sore trials, especially during the last few years of her life, which she bore with great patience and submission, looking to the Lord continually for His supporting grace, and truly He was mindful of her to the end. She was for a long time subject to the fear of death, but towards the last it was mercifully removed, and she often repeated those lines—

" Weary of earth, myself and sin,
 Dear Jesus, set me free,
 And to Thy bosom take me in,
 For there I long to be,"

Quoting the last two lines over and over again ; also—

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

She died in peace. No raptures, but a solid peace.

E. BARNARD.

MR. LEWIS BULL, of Bungay, Suffolk, entered into eternal rest, February 19th, 1900, aged 84 years. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

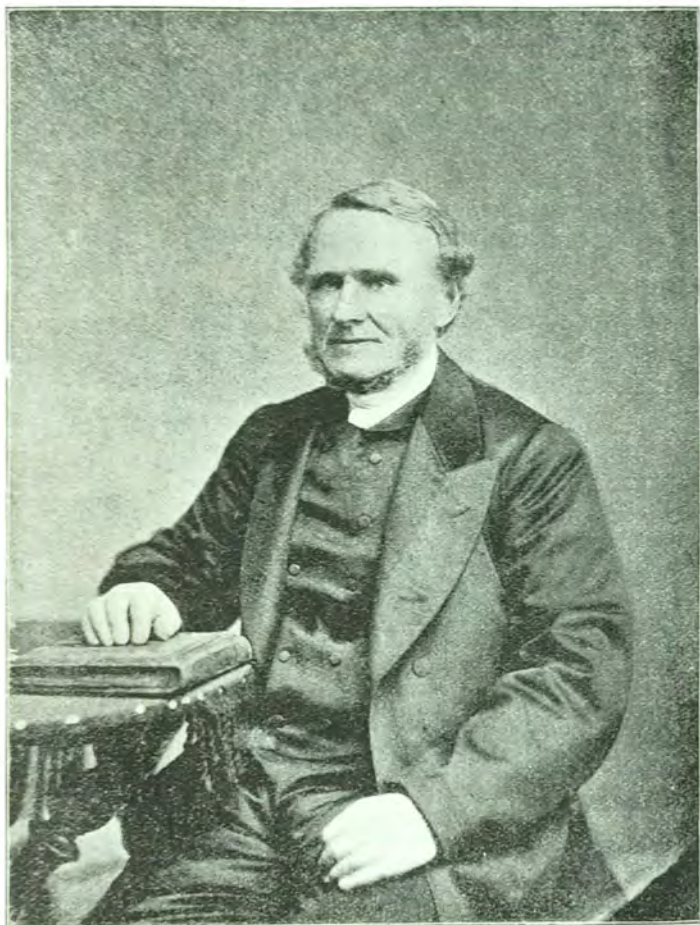
MR. JOSEPH ORTON, for many years pastor of Jireh Chapel, Attleborough, Warwickshire, fell asleep in Jesus, March 4th, 1900, in his 80th year.

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

It was the precept of the wise moralist to exhort men to dwell at home, to look inward ; for a man to be as a good housewife in her own house, to dress the room of his heart ; every morning to sweep it, and to put things in order which the former day hath put out of order, that he may be fit to entertain the Lord of glory. Therefore we ought to keep ourselves right and straight, to keep ourselves clean and pure in soul and body by this continual act of consideration ; that we may be fit temples for the Holy Ghost to dwell in and to continue in : therefore we should do this.—*John Preston*, 1630.

LET no man presume above that which is meet to understand. The star, when it came to Christ, stood still, and went no farther : so, when we come to the knowledge of Christ, we should stand still and go no farther ; for Paul was content to know nothing but Christ crucified. It is not necessary to know that which God hath not revealed ; and the well of God's secrets is so deep, that no bucket of man can sound it ; therefore we must row in shallow waters, because our boats are light and small, and soon overturned. Let men desire knowledge, as Solomon did, but not desire knowledge as Eve did.—*Henry Smith*, 1630.

The Bower, May, 1900.



THE LATE MR. THOMAS CLOUGH.

"BELOVED OF HIS GOD."

THE late Mr. Thomas Clough was born at the village of Whitley, near North Shields, August 28th, 1815, and died at Peterborough, May, 1880, aged seventy-four years. He was a godly man and a faithful minister of the Lord Jesus. For many years his labours among the Churches were abundant, and owned of God to the quickening of sinners, the liberating of seekers after Christ, and the building up of saints on their most holy faith. Several very marked instances of the Word, spoken by him, have been related in our hearing, thus proving that the plain, God-made, honest man, who styled himself *The Collier*, was owned of God as messenger of His, to the good of His chosen. Not having any of these particulars in such a form as to enable us to give them in print, we insert a few extracts from some of his letters, sent to us by a friend, believing they will be read by many with interest and profit. They are styled by our friend, "*The Good Old Way to Canaan's Land.*"

January 2nd, 1857. God grant you peace, through Jesus Christ. A New Year's gift which is unspeakable, I thought, a short time previous to the expiration of the old year; now, on New Year's Eve, I will be alone, and try to bring to mind the many mercies I have received from the Lord during this year, and the conspicuous deliverances I have received from His dear Majesty from menacing providences, fears, sins, Satan, &c., and my sins against Him, that I might praise the dear Lord for the former and lament over the latter. But alas! alas! instead of that, I have been engaged in nothing but vanity and foolishness, conversing upon the things of time and sense, and bringing guilt upon my conscience, and no profit to my acquaintances. Oh how sadly do I prove the truth of the dear Lord's declaration, "Without Me ye can do nothing"! "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps aright"! I seem so stupid that I forget my past experience of helplessness and loss, and the dear Lord's goodness, long-suffering, mercy, and kindness, and were it not true what dear Hart sings in the following lines—

"God's mercy is for ever sure,
Eternal is His name;
As long as life and speech endure,
My tongue, this truth proclaim.

"I basely sinned against His love,
And yet my God was good!
His favour nothing could remove,
For I was bought with blood.

"He raised me from the lowest state,
When hell was my desert;
I broke His law, and worse than that,
Alas! I broke His heart.

"My soul, Thou hast, let what will ail,
A never-changing Friend;
When brethren, friends, and helpers fail,
On Him alone depend"—

I must for ever despair, but, blessed be His Holy Name, I am, I trust, at times "holpen with a little help." I preached here last night, from Isaiah xxii. 21. May you praise God with a song in the height of Zion.

January 14th, 1857.—The gold and silver are our dear Lord's, and He has brought us thus far quite well, notwithstanding our ten thousand fears to the contrary.

"Through many sins and griefs we're come,
And hope at length to reach our home."

You know the track our fathers have trod, and we shall have a portion of their bitter as well as their sweet. The Paschal Lamb must be eaten with bitter herbs. But, oh how soon will our trials be over! A few more fears, sinkings, quakings, and griefs, and then—

"Oh how pleasant the pleasures so pure,
To be with our Lord where His love shall endure;
To lean on His bosom, and gaze on His face,
And love Him for ever, and sing of His grace!"

God bless you! It is pruning time with our heavenly Husbandman, and when He appears to desert us, and leaves unbelief and sense to work, they make desperate havoc of our sweet frames and dreamy anticipations of exquisite enjoyment. We know in our inmost soul that He is "too wise to err, too good to be unkind," and our hearts are privy to our treacherous dealings with His blessed Majesty; but love soonest hot is soonest cold. His is like the ever-flowing and ebbing tide, or the sun in its glorious and constant course; but ours like the early clouds or the morning dew, that soon passes away. Yet here is our security: "Because I the Lord change not, therefore ye sons Jacob are not consumed." This is our refuge in trouble. The dear Lord led Israel round in the wilderness that He might prove them, and make them know how great the evil of their hearts was towards His blessed self. Hezekiah was taught this lesson also, and we think it strange when we get into these footsteps of the

flock, but it is the old track to Canaan, which lies beyond the Jordan of death, and we know that Solomon, the type of our dear Prince of Peace, prayed for everyone who knoweth his own sore, and "the whole need no physician but they who are sick." To empty of self, confound sense, mortify pride, wither legality, give the lie to unbelief; show Satan in his true colours, glorify grace, honour His Son, make Jesus precious in His Covenant relations, offices, righteousness, blood and love, and tender compassion, is every soul led through tribulation to the kingdom of God and of glory. You generally find shallow professors picking at every child of God who errs in the least degree, and are full of indignation and zeal against the feeble and faltering, but when the dear Lord plunges them into the ditch until their own clothes abhor them, these are generally glad then to skulk behind many they formerly despised.

"Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to His feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there."

March, 1858.—What a mercy I was not compelled to go to Holywell on foot! I do desire to be grateful to my Covenant God for all His mercies to such a poor unworthy creature, and I feel and know His dear Majesty is worthy, but my heart is too poor, until the dear Lord the Blessed Spirit is pleased to revive me again. Oh that the salvation of Israel was constantly kept alive in my poor desolate soul. As I have nothing but barrenness to communicate to you, you must excuse me from writing more now, except to observe—

"They who once His kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love."

What a world of changes is this! Of all the changes that take place, the most important is from time to eternity; and to be ready for that all-important change we must be changed from nature to grace. Thousands build their hopes upon an acceptance with religious persons, and consider if they are considered Christians by such and such persons; but the truly regenerated soul nothing can satisfy but what the Psalmist prayed, panted, and sighed for, "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation." The deadness, blindness, hardness, unbelief, fickleness, backsliding, and baseness often cast me down, and cries and tears meet with no answer, or no seeming regard. Nothing satisfactory. Nothing abiding, but just like the leaf driven by the wind. Oh how I long at times for this hardness to be dissolved! and when I hear

our dear people telling of their deliverances, and with tears telling me how good and how faithful the dear Lord is to them, and I like a stone, and cannot heave a sigh or a groan, and can only cry, "My leanness! my leanness! Great is the Lord's mercies to such a worthless worm, but I often fear I have no other nature than that which I was born with, and can truly say with the poet—

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

"Base as I am, yet, blessed Lord,
I dare to make this plea:
Since Jesus died to save the lost,
Perhaps He died for me."

What a heaven it will be, if ever I get there! Oh, what a stopping of every mouth from boasting! and a sealing up of every man's hand from working, and a putting in the stocks, oft keep them from running into the bog and marsh of destruction.

Mr. John Kershaw, of Rochdale, opened our new chapel, which we entered clear of debt, from the room we formerly occupied; and I trust He who has fed me and clothed me all my life long (and few and evil have the days of my life been) will keep us up and sustain us under the increased burden. We have much encouragement from the testimonies of the dear Lord's people to His Majesty condescending to bless the Word, to refresh the bowels of His saints, and some whom we hope He has quickened into spiritual life. The time of our espousals to the best of Husbands recurs to us by the sweet Remembrancer, to fill us with shame at our own treacherous, deceitful conduct towards that blessed Friend who sticketh closer than a brother, and whose love is not a flash, glare, and fickle flame, but a constant, fervent fire from everlasting to everlasting. The terrors and darkness, bondage, servile fear, and coldness that we have been, and often are the subjects of, make us feel the truth of that Scripture, "The rod and reproof give wisdom," and fiery trials, and purging furnaces, afflictions, and delays of answering prayer, bring daily submission and an accepting of our punishment for our iniquity from a Parent's rod and a Father's heart. Dear Mr. Kershaw is seventy years of age, and in his forty-eighth year in the ministry. He preached in St. Luke's Church (Free Kirk), Edinburgh, in December last, and in St. George's Hall to 2,000 or 3,000 people. He is a sweet preacher indeed.

Oh, how few care ought about the flock of slaughter! I have long since been enabled to commit you and all your cares and afflictions into the hands of the dear Lord, and begged of Him to deal gently with you. The Lord bless you with free access to His dear Majesty. A precious Christ, in His sweet Person, offices, relations, and sufferings, and love and spirit, is a sweet portion; and the awful, terrible hell, snares, and horrible tempest He has redeemed us from by His obedience, death, and blood, and the degrading power and dominion of sin by His power and grace in our souls, render Him precious indeed to our souls.

**"And all that find our Christ shall know
That He lets all His captives go."**

He is the Liberator and Redeemer, and will eventually liberate from all afflictions, temptations, and tears, fears, sins, guilt, gloom, doubts, despondency, death, and the grave; and what a tremendous shout will the whole election of grace give when landed far above all dangers and out of the reach of every foe. When the freedom of the Greeks was announced by one who liberated them, it is written they gave such a yell that some crows flying at the time over their heads fell down dead; but how faint will such shouting as that be to that of the whole assembly of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven, among which nobility, I hope, is found the unworthy name of the Poor Collier.

March, 1862.—True it is that nothing but the dear Spirit of our God can make any means a blessing to the souls of His people, but I can assure you there is so much in us that errs, that there is as great a danger of making too much of the means as of making too little. Vile, helpless, and deceitful we are to an extent unknown to any but our God. Afflictions, trials, and temptations make our weakness and baseness appear, but still there is very much in the deep beyond that never is—never will be—discovered by us; but it has been felt and is well known to our tender, compassionate, and ever-loving Husband, who will not lay upon us more than we are able to bear; and herein is much of His blessed kindness manifested, as well as in standing our Surety and paying our debts with His humiliation, and life, death and precious blood. These blessed truths, opened up and revealed and applied by the sweet Comforter, endear our dear Husband unto us, and made the Apostle boldly affirm, "Unto you who believe, He is precious." These are parts of His ways, but the ten thousand times ten thousand that He took in eternity and in time, and will take after time, to declare His love and deep, immutable, affectionate

regard for poor, lost, ruined, law-condemned, sin-plagued, and self-destroyed sinners, made the Church to say, "He is altogether lovely." The deadness, blindness, and foolishness that we are the subjects of here often bring guilt upon our consciences; and doubts, fears, and gloom generate servile fear, jealousies, and bondage; but again the legal yoke is destroyed because of the fresh anointing. May you be kept near His blessed side and at His dear feet, and hear His soul-enrapturing words, and see His heart-ravishing countenance, until you obtain your dismissal from these lowlands of grief and sorrow.

October, 1862.—I am glad to hear that your soul still pants after Jesus. Should we have either thought of Him or sought Him had He not from eternity thought upon us for good, and in time sought us when we were dead, blind, and willing slaves of our base passions and vain minds, "serving divers lusts and pleasures"? I am sure, when grace is in exercise, we shall and can give His adorable Majesty all our hearts; but when it is not, then every base passion and vanity takes us captive, and none can loose us but the dear Lord. Poor Jane Brown! I wonder how she died. I could never make much of her; she was a good moral girl. As to a change of heart, and a heartfelt knowledge of the grace of God, I really never was satisfied. Oh, what a mercy if she has gone to swell that number who are before the throne of God day and night, and who are filled with love, after which we now long, sigh, and cry. We truly feel this a wilderness, yet how many mercies we possess that other nations, and even our own neighbours, are destitute of! *The Lord knows my heart, and it is a painful truth with me, "When I would do good, evil is present with me." The blessed union between the dear Lord and His Church is so sweetly cemented with His salvation and dying love by the blessed Spirit's application, that we feel more joy and solid pleasure in communion with His dear Majesty than in all or with all besides. "Hearken, O daughter, and incline thine ear; forget also thy own people, and thy father's house; so shall the King greatly desire thy beauty: for He is thy Lord; and worship thou Him." The Lord is our Judge, and we are imperfect creatures, and if our eye be single for His glory and not our pride, He will encompass us with His pity and mercy. Oh, what poor frail creatures we are, and how kind the dear Lord is! What a mercy that we have anyone upon the earth that cares for us! and it is enough to strike our souls with ecstasy to know that the dear and blessed Lord of heaven and earth cares for us more than He cares for the beautiful planets, and, I believe, even for angels, for He never had to suffer, bleed, and be crucified for them. Eternal honour cover

His blessed name! when His dear care extends to such a poor vile, worthless worm as I, I am quite sure it is and must be of grace alone.

"Glory to God on high!" the saints reply,
And louder sounds the blood-bought choir of earth and sky,
Worthy the Lamb."

(To be continued.)

CLOUGH. 8, 3.

HYMN 104, *Gadsby's*.

G. ALEXANDER.

Right-eous-ness to the be-liev-er, Free-ly given,
comes from heaven, God Him-self the giv-er.

As fire is often so raked up under the ashes, as that there is no token of fire to be seen, there is neither light, nor heat, nor so much as any smoke; and yet there is fire, which, with blowing, and supply of new fuel, will soon kindle again; as trees in winter seem to be dead and withered, but yet there is sap below in the root, which in the spring will appear, and cause them to bud and flourish again; as the sun may for a time be hid from our sight by some thick cloud, and yet when the cloud is dispersed it appeareth again in perfect beauty; so the graces of God's Spirit may seem for a time to be in a manner dead and extinguished in us; but in the end they have their lively and powerful operation as before.—*Charles Richardson, 1612.*

Yet He as often turns to me,
 From bondage sets my spirit free,
 Then I with shame and wonder see
 The love of my Redeemer.

Who can in death my soul sustain,
 Amidst expiring groans and pain,
 And bring me where true pleasures reign ?
 My Lord, my great Redeemer.

Who shall preserve and keep alive
 My soul till that blest hour arrive,
 And I with Him for ever live ?
 My Shield and my Redeemer.

Then let the angels all combine,
 And saints for ever with them join,
 To sing that love made all things mine,
 In my enthroned Redeemer.

Cephas I envy not, nor Paul,
 Or what in earth or heaven we call
 Choice blessings, I possess them all
 In Jesus, my Redeemer.

Who from the heavens will soon return,
 The earth, with all its treasures burn,
 And into hell the wicked turn ?
 The Judge, my great Redeemer.

Then shall the saints, array'd in white,
 Ascend to heav'n, the sons of light,
 And see unveil'd that blessed sight,
 Their glorified Redeemer !

W. B.

JEHOVAH'S PATIENCE WITH SINNERS.

ONE but One infinitely long-suffering can bear with them.

Not a sin passed before the coming of Christ into the soul but gives the same testimony, and bears the same record ; and the greater number of sins and great sins are passed, the more trophies there are erected to God's longsuffering.

The reason why the grace of the Gospel appeared so late in the world, was to testify God's patience.

Patience to Paul was but a little essay of His meekness—a little patience, cut off from the whole piece, which should always be dealing out to some sinners or other, would never be cut wholly out till the world had left being.—*Charnock*.

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM DR. CONYERS TO
MR. ROMAINE.

WELL, my dear sir, "Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way that leads to life," saith the Lord; and I am enabled to set my seal that this is true. How far I may be mistaken in the way, and make difficulties to myself where God makes none, I know not; but this I know, that I am at times so hard put to it, that I make a full stop, and for a moment feel a wish in my heart to be either safely through or safely back again. No outward difficulties cause these unbelieving fears; they arise not from opposition, nor from the fierceness and wrath of an angry, persecuting world. I have not, at present, much of these to fight with; and when I have, though no man feels them more sensibly than I do, yet, in deed and in truth, I find them profitable. I enjoy many a sweet moment when I am under their pressure, and see much of the power and faithfulness of a promise-keeping God, when I occupy my business in these deep waters; neither am I dejected with the view which God has given me (and a clear view He has given me) of my unworthiness, ignorance, helplessness, blindness, and sinfulness, and of the total blindness of my nature. It is not, I say, a sight or feeling of these things that makes my chariot-wheels drag heavily in the way to the kingdom; these, indeed, are humbling, and leave me not a word to say in my own behalf; I stand before God, in myself, poor, and naked, and wretched, and miserable; but this makes mercy the sweeter. The more we know of our ruin, and of the mystery of iniquity that is in us, the greater value shall we necessarily set on our Saviour and His salvation. I am, in Christ, superior to all that is in me; there is more in Him to deliver me than there can be in myself to condemn me. But here the matter lies, sir, when I look at the Word of God and see there unto what I am called; when I see my privilege as a child of God, and what arises from such an endearing relation; when I see that I am called to a fellowship with the Father and the Son; to a peace with God which passeth all understanding; to a love that casteth out fear; to a life of faith in the Son of God; yea, to "joy in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, through whom we have received the atonement;" when I see that I am called to be a temple of God, through His Spirit dwelling in me; to be a worshipper in His spiritual house; an inhabitant of the spiritual Zion, that city of the living God; a subject of His spiritual kingdom; to a hope full of immortality; to be a heir of God Himself, and a joint heir with His beloved Son;—when I consider these things,

sir, I can hardly believe for joy and wonder. I look at myself, and smile to see such an insignificant wretch so exalted. I look on things around, the world and all its vanities, and can count them all but dross and dung in comparison of the excellency of the knowledge of God in Christ Jesus the Lord.

But, oh, sir, this is not always the case; nay, it is very often otherwise. This is my battle, this is my struggle, this is the reason of my complaint. Now you see what I am, and what I am fighting for; now you see the very cause of my heart-aches, my fears and distresses, my palpitations, &c. It is not steel, water, bark, nor the cordials of the apothecary, but the precious Balm of Gilead, and that great Physician there, that can alone give ease and quiet to my troubled breast. I want always to live like a man who is sensible that all the blessings of the everlasting Covenant are his own. I would walk and talk, and feel my hope, and fears, and joys, like a creature that knows and believes that all things are his, for he is Christ's, and Christ is God's. But my weakness! my weakness!—woe unto me! my eye and my heart are soon caught and turned aside unto vanity! My corruptions and sins, the guilt of which the blood of the Son of God has done away, are yet as thorns in my side, and pricks in my eyes; nay, the very blessings of God are a snare unto me, and frequently steal away my heart from Him. My house is a snare, my family is a snare, my garden is a snare, and my situation is a snare; my very dress is a snare; and such is my weakness, that my dear friend is a snare also. My comfort is in fellowship with God. His favour is better than life itself; and if I suffer any blessing to come between Him and me, it loses its name, and is made a curse unto me. Thus far my present experience.

A WHOLE-HEARTED disciple can have but little communion with a broken-hearted Lord; and "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His."—*Hart*.

PHARISAIC zeal and antinomian security are the two engines of Satan, with which he grinds the Church in all ages, as between the upper and the nether millstone, the space between them is much narrower and harder to find than most men imagine. It is a path which the vulture's eye hath not seen, and none can show it us but the Holy Ghost. Here let no one trust the directions of his own heart, or of any other man; lest being warned to shun the one, he be dashed against the other. The distinction is too fine for men to discern, therefore let the Christian ask direction of his God.—*Hart*.

SOME FOOTSTEPS OF CHRIST'S FLOCK.

As a general rule, the living family of God in our day do not walk much in the light of His uplifted countenance. They have, indeed, their favoured moments, when, for a short time, the clouds seem to part, and gleams of sunshine to break in through the sky. In reading or hearing the Word, their hearts are sometimes melted and softened, faith raised up and drawn forth on the Lord of life and glory, whilst hope casts forth its anchor, and love mounts upward to Him who sits at the right hand of God. At such seasons their fears are removed, their doubts dispelled, their evidences brightened, their darkness, guilt, and bondage lightened and removed, and their souls made happy in the Lord. But clouds return after rain. Earthborn vapours rise from below, clouds gather from above, and the sky soon becomes almost, if not altogether, as much overcast as before. Then comes on the whole train of doubt, fear, and misgiving, relieved, indeed, by sweet remembrances of past favours and by a more steadfast cleaving to the Word of promise, but, for the most part, depressing the mind, and attended with a good deal of the spirit of bondage. In this state of mind they usually have a great many sermons preached to them. Some tell them that they ought not to doubt and fear, that by so doing they are living below their privileges, that they should believe in Christ and take God at His word, that these doubts and fears are very dishonouring to God, that they should not indulge in them nor make a religion out of them, but should rejoice in the Lord in the full assurance of faith. Such preachers, like Job's friends, are partly right and partly wrong. It is wrong to doubt and fear after the Lord has blessed the soul with a sense of His mercy and love. These doubts and fears should not be encouraged, or set up as evidences; they do dishonour God and rob the soul. All this is quite true. But can these kind friends tell them how to get rid of these doubts and fears in such a way as shall ease the conscience, remove darkness from the mind, and satisfy them with the smiles of God and the witness of a sprinkled and peaceful conscience? Alas! no. Here they fail, and are, therefore, as miserable comforters as ever Job's friends were. The faith which they would have them exercise is a mere natural, notional faith, and the confidence to which they would urge them is mere presumption. Such a faith as they teach, preach, and, we suppose, possess, or they would not press it so on others, is a faith that does nothing for its possessor. It does not work by love, nor purify the heart, nor overcome the world, nor

triumph over death and hell, nor bring into the soul atoning blood, dying love, or pardoning mercy. It leaves the soul just where it found it, and does it as much good as the priest and Levite did the Samaritan who had fallen among thieves, and lay in the road, stripped, wounded, and half dead.

We no more hold with unbelief, doubts and fears, darkness and bondage, than these men do; for we know that they are our greatest hindrances, and the worst of thieves and robbers. If a man has a disease or a complaint which sticks to him closer than the collar of his coat, if it troubles him night and day, if it makes his life a burden, if he expects to carry it to his grave, does he love it, does he enjoy it, does he make health and strength out of it? Say, "Yes" or "No," ye afflicted ones in body. Is it not the same with doubts, fears, and unbelief? They are our soul disease, our inward complaint; and to make our religion out of them would be like making health out of a disordered liver, a consumptive constitution, a paralysed limb, an asthmatic complaint, or a nervous affliction. Now, suppose that our doctor, when we sought his advice upon any one of these or similar afflictions, should say, "Be well; be well; don't be ill; don't be ill; shake off your complaint. Only believe you are well, and you will be well." "Ah, but," replies the patient, "I am no better by believing I am well, when every feeling, every pain, every suffering in my poor body tells me how ill I am. I am only deceiving myself by believing I am well when I am really ill; and you must be very ignorant both of my complaint and my symptoms not to see how ill I am, and I fear you are equally ignorant of the right remedy." We leave to the judgment of our readers the application of the figure to the physicians of no value, who prescribe for the complaints of the family of God.

But because these miserable physicians understand neither malady or remedy, is there no cure? "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?" Does not the Lord Himself say, "I am the Lord that healeth thee"? How blessedly does the Psalmist speak: "Who healeth all thy diseases"? And what a gracious promise is that: "For I will restore health unto thee, and I will heal thee of thy wounds, saith the Lord; because they called thee an outcast, saying, This is Zion, whom no man seeketh after" (Jer. xxx. 17). But what is this remedy? Is it not the very thing which we have laid down as one of the great objects of life—an enjoyment of the goodness, mercy, and love of God in our own soul, under a sense of pardoned sin, and a full and free acceptance of the Beloved? What but some breaking in of the light of His countenance, and

some discovery and manifestation of the love and mercy of God can dispel the darkness of our mind, thaw the hardness of our heart, remove guilt from our conscience, and, animating us with new life, bring us out of that deadness of soul which seems one of our worst complaints? Here we see the wisdom of God in allowing His people to be so buffeted by sin and Satan, so plagued and worried by temptation, so exercised by unbelief, infidelity, enmity, jealousy, doubt, and fear, so shut up and fast bound by chains, often of their own making. "Hast thou not procured this to thyself?" Is it not that they may despair of all other salvation but God's salvation, and find no remedy for sin but in the blood and righteousness of the Son of God? Is it not that they may enjoy no rest, peace, or comfort but what the Lord Himself is pleased to give; and thus be experimentally taught the necessity of ever looking to Him, and hanging upon Him for a smile from His face, a word from His lips, a touch from His hand, a manifestation of His presence, and some intimation of His favour?

Those who look thus to the Lord, under the strong pressure of inward exercise of soul, will not look in vain. Some turn in providence, most unexpected and yet most suitable and acceptable, will sometimes make them feel, if not say, "I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me;" and this intimation of the Lord's remembrance of them will melt their hearts into a persuasion of His favour towards them. Sometimes they will be favoured with a special season in prayer, when, viewing by faith the glorious Mediator on His throne of grace, and drawing strength and virtue out of His fulness, they come forth with free and holy liberty into the light of such a day as the sweet Psalmist of Israel describes—"A morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds" (2 Sam. xxiv. 4). Sometimes in reading the Word in private, light breaks in upon its contents; authority and power, majesty and glory seem stamped upon it as the Word of the living God; faith is raised up and drawn forth upon the gracious truth revealed in that special portion of it, so as to embrace it in love, and thus become mixed with it; and this enlarges, comforts, and sensibly edifies and profits the soul. Sometimes, without any particular application of the Word, or any special light on or life from any passage, there flows into the soul a peculiar sense of the divine reality of the truths of the Gospel and the mysteries of our most holy faith. Their weight, their importance, their eternal and imperishable nature, their purity and holiness, as contrasted with this sinful world and the worse sinfulness of our own wretched nature, their sweetness and blessedness, their suitability to our wants and woes, the

glorious wisdom of God shining forth in them, and especially His grace, mercy, and truth in the Person and work of the Mediator, are brought into the heart with a peculiar weight and power. In this way God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, shines into the heart, to give the light of the knowledge of His glory in the face of Jesus Christ (2 Cor. iv. 6). And what is the effect? The spirituality of mind which such divine impressions communicate, the earnest prayers which they produce, the heavenly affections which they kindle, and the blessed lift which they give us out of darkness, deadness, and earthly mindedness, are all so many convincing testimonies of the reality and power of a religion which comes from God. This is not a building on the sand, for it brings the soul unto, and lays it upon, cements it to, and gives it vital union with the Rock. To build on doubts and fears, on convictions of sin, on deadness and coldness, darkness, barrenness, guilt, and bondage, is to build upon the sand, and almost worse than sand, for it is to build upon a bog. The very reason why "the Lord trieth the righteous," and why He suffers them to be tempted with unbelief and every other form of evil, is to beat them off the sand and the bog, and make them embrace the Rock for want of a shelter. That ministry, therefore, which would encourage a religion built upon doubts and fears would be to preach unbelief as the way instead of faith, put infirmities in the place of blessings, make a knowledge of sin as clear a testimony of interest in Christ as a knowledge of salvation, and elevate guilt, bondage, darkness, and condemnation into the room of pardon, deliverance, love, joy, peace, and every other fruit of the Spirit.

But is there no other effect of those visitations which preserve the spirit? Do they not produce an earnest desire to live to the praise, honour, and glory of God, which we have laid down as the second great object of a Christian's life? It is "the grace of God, that bringeth salvation, which teacheth us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world." It is because "we are not our own, but are bought with a price," that we are to "glorify God in our body, and in our spirit, which are His."—*J. C. Philpot.*

THERE is life in Christ Jesus to quicken you in your most dead and uncomfortable frame.—*Romaine.*

MR. NEWTON tells of a godly carpenter who used to expound in a room. When he came to a difficult verse, he would say "We shall pass over this," for he was a humble man. I wish many ministers would imitate this carpenter.

LETTER BY THE LATE MR. R. P. KNILL.

MY DEARLY BELOVED FRIENDS, MR. AND MRS. W——,—I am endeavouring to ask how you are, since your return home. On inquiry at your house, I did not hear a very favourable account of Mr. W——. I missed you at the chapel, I was much helped in speaking, and at the ordinance. You will be glad to know that my engagement at Brighton was a blessing in a double sense—body and mind. Previous to entering thereon I was sadly harassed and cast down. But on leaving the house of Mrs. Godwin on Sabbath morning, my ever watchful, indulgent Lord and Master dropped the following words into my spirit, “The archers shot at him and grieved him, but his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob.” Truly, “Underneath were the everlasting arms.” Oh, how good is a word spoken in due season “like apples of gold in pictures of silver.” Thus it pleases the ever blessed Spirit, the Comforter, to fulfil His gracious office in taking of the things of Christ, and showing them unto His people. So from union flows communion, and the door of access is approached through which the soul enters into the inner chambers of secret fellowship with the Beloved. Here we go from strength to strength under the *transforming* operations of the Holy Ghost. This, dear friends, is a secret unknown to all but to the Church, the Lamb's wife. These, what I may call court days, are usually far between. “Can ye make the children of the bridechamber fast while the Bridegroom is with them?” Yet do not the sweet kisses of His mouth leave a sweet impression upon our lips? Yes, such as can never be wholly effaced. They are earnest of our eternal inheritance, and you know, however small, it forms a part of the whole. These foretastes are, while on earth, to strengthen our hearts for a day of conflicts and trial. In this manner is the day of adversity set over the day of prosperity, which latter is much shorter than the former. I trust that I am brought more and more to beg the guidance of Infinite Wisdom in all matters temporal and spiritual as the only safe way. I am made up to expect a battle with the powers of darkness the remainder of my days here below. Our Captain stood the fiery test, and we shall stand through Him. The promise of eternal life is to those who overcome. Yet after being enabled to put one's foot upon the necks of our enemies (as we may think for good), it is as the poet says—

“ Our dead foes rise with dreadful power,
And drag us down to hell.”

Nevertheless, our final victory is ensured, as our blessed Jesus stained all His raiment with the blood of His and of our enemies. Shall we not, dear friends, stand amongst that blessed company who have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb? In my earlier days I ignorantly thought my inward and outward enemies would decrease, or that I should know better how to resist and overcome them. But I live to find that instead of myself getting more inward strength, I am finding it is "out of weakness made strong." However, there will be an end, nor do we know how soon. In my right mind, I have no will of my own. My most happy moments are when I can

"Lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His."

Now I must close. I have not written so much at any one time for many months. I am sorry to say my dear wife suffers a good deal from neuralgia. She most cordially unites in kindly love to both.

Yours sincerely and affectionately,

Burgess Hill, October 16th, 1891.

R. P. KNILL.

FREE GRACE.

It is the glory of a man to pass by an offence (Prov. xix. 11): that is, it is a manifestation of a property which is an honour to him: to be known to have. If it be thus an honour to pass by an offence simply, then the greater the offence is, and the more the offences are which he passeth by, the greater must the glory needs be. So it must argue a more exceeding grace in God to remit many and great sins in man, than to forgive only some few and lesser offences.

It is so free, that the mercy we abuse, the name we have profaned, of which we have deserved wrath, opens its mouth with pleas for us: "But I had pity for Mine holy name, which the house of Israel had profaned among the heathen whither they went" (Ezekiel xxxvi. 21). Not for their sakes. It should be wholly free; for He repeats their profaning of His name four times. This name he would sanctify, that is, glorify. How? In cleansing them from their filthiness (v. 25). His name, while it pleads for them, mentions their demerits, that grace might be grace indeed, and triumph in its freeness.—*Charnock*.

A DEAD faith can no more cherish the soul than a dead corpse can perform the functions of life.—*Hart*.

THE SEEKER'S CORNER.

My dear and esteemed friend and sister in the Covenant Head of all grace and salvation, the once suffering, dying, but now risen, ascended, exalted, and ever-living Jesus, the Saviour and Friend of poor lost sinners,—My dear wife has just been wishing me to try to write a line to you, which I have had a desire to do for some time; but a feeling of soul darkness, death, ignorance, helplessness, and confusion has kept me from the attempt; but when my wife spoke of your very great kindness to me in my affliction, which I often think of, and that you had a desire to see the scribble of such a poor worm, I felt it on my mind at once to try, thinking of the words of the hymn—

**“If you tarry till you’re better,
You will never come at all.”**

The heart-searching, rein-trying God knows when we speak or write our true inward feelings; but before Him I can say in most of my poor prayers (which are truly few and feeble), in public or private, I think upon my esteemed, afflicted, but blessed and privileged friend. I can see and hear more of the sanctified effects of the fires and the furnaces in you than in my poor unprofitable and unfruitful self. It appears to me I never was so sick of nor out of conceit with myself as of late. I have often felt it would be a mercy if the Lord would bless my poor soul, and take me out of everybody’s way. I feel, at times, to be in the case of the leper in Lev. xii. 45; xiv. 55.

My dear sister, to be a sinner in soul feelings before a holy God is a solemn place to stand in. When the clothes are indeed rent, the head (or glory) uncovered or laid bare, a covering upon the upper lip, and the heart cries or groans out, “Unclean, unclean!” to dwell alone and without the camp, oh what an eternal mercy that there is balm in Gilead, a good Physician there, a fountain of precious blood that cleanseth from all sin. I am persuaded we shall feel the plague as long as this house standeth. It is a fretting leprosy. The scraping has not removed the malady, and the judgment of the priest is to break down the house, the stones, the timber, and the mortar, and carry all out of the city into an unclean place, the grave. This in our case is begun, and the completion of the work may be nearer than we think.

I find, in all my wretchedness and helplessness, the free grace of a Three-One God in salvation by a precious Christ, and it meets and suits my poor needy soul more than ever. Oh, what a mercy and grace is it to save *any*, and oh that you and I should have a well grounded hope in this salvation! How rich, how free, how

discriminating! how undeserving the favour! "Why was I made to hear Thy voice?" May God the Spirit lead our minds and souls into a deeper and deeper experimental knowledge of our sad state as sinners, sensibly to know our vileness in a greater depth, to have godly sorrow on the account of our sin in its very root and fountain. May He discover to us more and more the heights and depths, length and breadth of His grace and mercy to poor sinners, who, as Hart says, are sinners in their own sight; for—

"Though all are sinners in God's sight,
Few there are so in their own."

Oh, what a mercy He has made us to know and feel we are sinners, has proved us guilty at the bar of equity set up in our consciences, where we have in measure beheld the law of God to be holy, just, and good, to feel ourselves condemned by it, to tremble under its sentence, to plead guilty, to have the mouth stopped, while the soul justifies the holy God in thus taking vengeance, and bows down before Him in solemn awe, saying, "O Lord, I can say nothing. Thou art just, for I have sinned. If Thou sendest my lost, guilty soul to the deepest hell, I must say Thou art just."

Now, my dear friend, have we not travelled this path with fear and trembling? This is our judgment passed. What a wonderful way it is the infinite God takes to press all poor sinners' hearts to receive the good seed, to make him willing in the day of His power, to be saved in God's own way,—by grace, on God's own terms,—without money or price! and when here, ready to perish, and the great trumpet is blown in the Gospel, the poor soul's ears being unstopped, how anxiously he listens and hearkens to hear what the Lord God shall say; for he feels to be in His almighty hands for life or for death! He feels now that nothing but free and absolute mercy can reach his case to save his soul; and he feels it is all in the hands, and sovereignty, of his infinite Maker. This makes him look to Him and have respect to the work or operations of His hands. Now he is at his wits' end, and as far as his own goodness is concerned, in and of himself, he is at his hope's end; but, here, in this dismal gloom, the Sun of Righteousness arises—God the Holy Ghost begins to reveal a precious Jesus; and as the poor sinner's eyes are opened, he looks upon Him in the Word of God with wonder, He has new ears to hear, and new eyes to see, and a heart to know and receive the Holy Word of God in the love and power of it. Faith to believe it is given and brought into exercise by the same almighty Teacher, and is mixed with the Word; so

that the report is believed and the soul profited. The suitability of Jesus, in all His love, His grace, His work, His doing, His dying, His blood, His righteousness, His resurrection, His ascension, His entering into the holy of holies with His own precious blood, where He ever lives, the great High Priest of all a poor sinner's hope and profession, a merciful High Priest, who

**"In His measure feels afresh
What every member bears."**

And as well as merciful, He is mighty, being able to save to the uttermost every poor sinner who comes to God by Him. Here he has been taught to see and feel is the only way to the Father, and the only way for mercy to flow from the Father to guilty worms; and oh, what wisdom shines in this Divine appointment! Our breaches of the law His; our sins, our very sins, *all*, ALL His, —of thought, word, and deed, laid on Him, condemned in Him, punished in Him; while His glorious obedience and righteousness, His holy sufferings as the just for the unjust, thereby satisfying justice, and so making a full atonement for sin,—all this ours, our very soul's own by the Divine gift and appointment of that God against whom we have sinned. We deserved hell, and we looked for it, as our just desert, but he gave us heaven. I feel that all my darkness, deadness, and confusion, at times, make all this great salvation, and great grace, and great mercy of Israel's Three-One Jehovah through the God-Man more precious, more suited to my own deeply-lost, wretched, undone, and unworthy condition, especially, my dear friend, in view of death.

Oh that I felt more, knew more, and lived more, the blessed Gospel of Christ Jesus! I am the chief of sinners, the least of saints, the most unworthy of all who hope in God. At times I feel I could creep behind everyone and below every one of His dear people.

May the Lord be with you, my much-esteemed friend and sister, in your trials and troubles. It is all in love and mercy. If the cross is heavy, Jesus is with us to bear both it and us when we begin to sink. Are the storms and tempests rough and threatening? He is in the hinder part of the ship, and safety is where He is; for the winds and the waves obey Him. It is only for Him to arise and say, "Peace, be still!" and there will be a great calm.

Your sincere Friend,

J. T.

THE usual way of going to heaven is through much tribulation.
—Hart.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

DEAR FRIEND,—Through the tender mercies of the Lord, we have been, generally, in good health since we heard from you; but, alas, there is little health of soul to be found with us! There, all things are wounds and bruises which have not been bound up nor mollified with ointment. We are glad to hear that you are in your usual way at present. Oh that we could reach to the Apostle's usual way in the spiritual life, when he said, "The life that I live is by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me!" But, ah, how little we attain to in that path!—nor have we any to blame but ourselves. Jesus, His Father, and the blessed Spirit, are the same as ever! His new Covenant fulness, promises, and treasures of grace are still the same; but these wicked, carnal, careless hearts are the shameful cause of our barrenness and leanness! Woe unto us, that this "treacherous dealer dealeth very treacherously!" and that we often love to be deceived by it! It is, however, good, very good, that there is no plague about us which Jesus and His grace are not infinitely well suited for removing. What plagues will not that promise cure, "I am the Lord thy God, that healeth thee"!—and this Divine declaration, "The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin"! Let it be our study to flee to this remedy, and no other; for all others will but fester and corrupt our wounds.

The state of religion here is in a miserable case. The godly are dying away from us in every corner; while we cannot say of others, that "this man and that man is born there:" but what a mercy it is that the Church's Head, our great Immanuel, cannot die, nor will utterly leave us! Thanks to Him, to the Father, and the blessed Spirit, that we have the infallible assurances of his promise and oath, that the isles shall wait for His law; that the heathen shall be given to Him for His inheritance, and the uttermost ends of the earth for His possession.

Oh, when it is well with you, remember me and mine! It stings me to think how useless I have been in Christ's Church the many years I have had since I first knew you! What a sad verification am I, that "bodily service profiteth little"! May the Lord give you and yours a large measure of the consolations of Christ! and that will produce conformity to Him. Had you and I these two unspeakable blessings, we might defy hell and earth to make us unhappy.

Yours affectionately,
J. BROWN.

HEAVEN is worth dying for, though earth is not worth living for.—*Hall*.

OUR BLESSED DEAD.

On January 27th, 1900, at Jamison Town, Penrith, New South Wales, ANN, the beloved wife of John Whitmee Chapman, in the 91st year of her age. She was a native of Harringworth, Northamptonshire, and had been in Australia forty-four years.

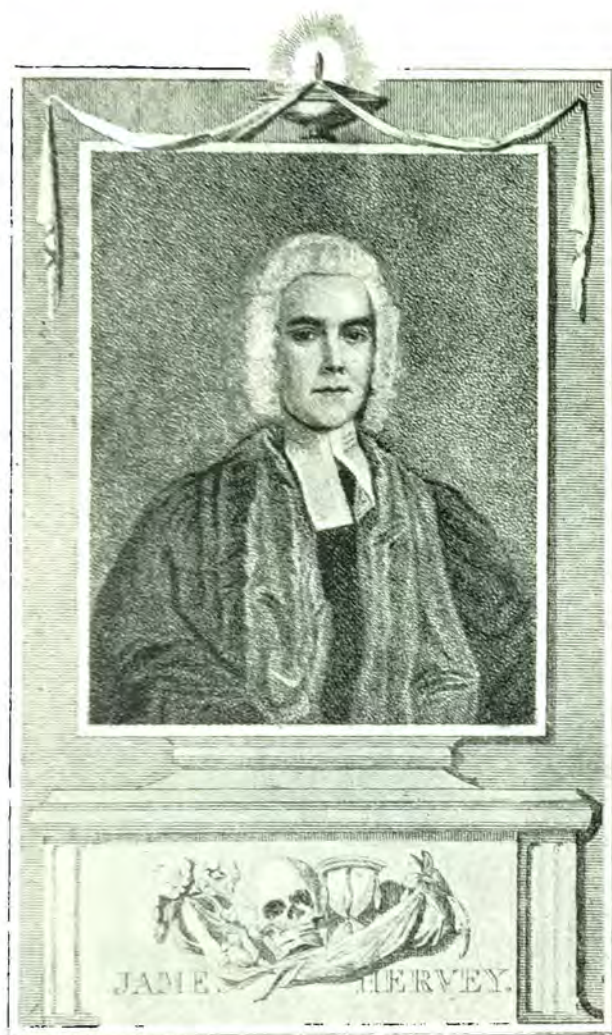
On March 13th, 1900, suddenly, aged 64, EMILY, the beloved wife of Moses Kemp, of 16, Fenham Road, Peckham, S.E. She was a kind friend, and one who feared God above many. Her mortal remains were interred at Forest Hill Cemetery, by Mr. E. H. Preston, an old friend of the deceased. E. H. P.

On March 9th, 1900, aged 72, ELIZA, the beloved wife of William Rudd Green, of Cotton End, Beds, entered into rest. A very painful affliction of about two years' standing brought her to her end, but not a murmur was ever heard to escape her lips; she was very much favoured with the presence of the Lord, but at times He seemed to hide His face, which caused doubts and fears to rise up. About twelve hours before she died she quoted the words: "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." She said how precious the words were to her: we little thought that in such a short time she would be in the enjoyment of that peace in the Canaan above, where "not a wave of trouble rolls across her peaceful breast."

MARTHA TAYLOR, of Hastings, a member at Ebenezer, entered into eternal rest, March 17th, 1900, aged 75 years. Her hope was founded on *the* Rock, "and that Rock was Christ."

Is God at peace with thee? hath He pardoned thy sins? Never, then, distrust His providence for any thing thou wantest as to this life. Two things, well weighed, would help thy faith in this particular. When He pardoned thy sins, He did more for thee than this comes to; and did He give the greater, and will He grudge thee the less? "All things are yours." The reconciled soul hath a right to all. The whole world is His. God gives believers a right to all the comforts of this life; but proportions so much out to them for their actual use as His infinite wisdom sees meet. Consider how God gives these temporals to those that He denies peace and pardon to. Doth He cause His rain to drop fatness on *their* fields, and will He neglect thee that art a believer? If the prince feeds the traitor in prison, surely the child in His house shall not starve.—*William Gurnall*, 1650.

The Bower, June, 1900.



THE LATE MR. JAMES HERVEY, A.M.

JAMES HERVEY, A.M.

THIS amiable Christian and excellent minister was born in February, 1713-14, at Hardingstone, near Northampton, his father being then minister of the parish of Collingtree, within two miles of Hardingstone. His first instruction was from his mother, who taught him his letters and to read. Under her tuition he continued till he was seven years of age, when he was sent as a day scholar to the free Grammar School at Northampton, of which the Rev. Mr. Clarke, Vicar of St. Sepulchre's, in the said town, was at that time master. At this school he remained till he was seventeen years old, and learned the Latin and Greek languages, in which his genius and memory would have enabled him to have made a much earlier progress had it not been prevented by his schoolmaster, who would not suffer him or any other of his scholars to learn faster than his own son. Whilst Mr. Hervey was at school, though he showed a remarkable dexterity at all the innocent games usual among children, yet he had an indifference (uncommon among boys) for the acquisitions he made by them, which he pursued only for exercise and amusement. In 1731, at the age of seventeen, he was sent by his father to Oxford, and was entered of Lincoln College, under the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Hutchins. He resided in the University seven years, yet only took the degree of Bachelor of Arts. The first two or three years he spent with some degree of indolence, or rather less application to his studies than he afterwards used. But in 1733, about his nineteenth year, becoming acquainted with some persons who began to distinguish themselves by their serious impressions of religion, and their zeal for the promotion of it, he was engaged, by their influence, in a stricter attachment both to the Scriptures and learning. Of the former there are conspicuous marks in his letters written to his sister in 1733, 1734, and 1735; and of the latter, in the course of his labours.

In 1734, at the persuasion of a friend, he began to learn Hebrew, without any teacher, by the Westminster Grammar, but soon found that Grammar too concise and difficult for the instruction of a learner; and therefore he then despaired of ever attaining a tolerable knowledge of what he afterwards made himself a complete master.

It appears from his letters to his sister in 1733, 1734, and 1735, that though he then showed a pious and serious turn, yet these letters speak a language very different from those truths for which we find he was afterwards so powerful an advocate, or at most they treat confusedly of them. The truth is, he was then a

stranger to, and had strong prepossessions against the doctrine of justification by faith in the imputed righteousness of Christ. And he acknowledges, in a note on his "Descant upon Creation," that Mr. Jenks's treatise on "Submission to the Righteousness of God" was the instrument of removing his prejudices, and reducing him to a better judgment.

He entered into holy orders so soon as his age and the canons of the Church would allow. Whilst at Oxford he had a small exhibition of about twenty pounds a year; and when he was ordained his father pressed him to take some curacy, in or near Oxford, and to hold his exhibition; but this he would by no means comply with, it being in his opinion unjust to detain it, after he was in Orders, from another person, who might more want the benefit of that provision than himself.

In 1736 he left Oxford, and became his father's curate. He afterwards went to London, and after staying some time there accepted the curacy of Dunmer, in Hampshire. Here he continued about three months, when he was invited to Stoke Abbey, Devonshire, the seat of his worthy friend, the late Paul Orchard, Esq., who valued him much for his consistency, and with whom he lived upwards of two years in great esteem and friendship.

In 1740 he undertook the curacy of Biddeford, fourteen miles from Stoke Abbey, where he lived greatly beloved by the people. His congregation was large, though his stipend was but small; his friends, therefore, made a collection yearly for him, which raised his income to £60 a year. At Biddeford he was curate about two years and a half, when, the rector dying, he was dismissed by the new incumbent, insensible of pious or learned excellence, against the united request of the parishioners, who offered to maintain him at their own expense. During Mr. Hervey's residence in the west (from 1738 to the latter end of 1743) his family heard very little of him, through the greatness of the distance. He laboured diligently here in the service of his Master; and here it was that he planned his "Meditations," and probably wrote some part of them. He says, in his first volume of "Meditations," that it was on a ride to Kilkhampton, in Cornwall, and in that church, where he laid the scene of his "Meditations among the Tombs."

In 1743 he returned about August to Weston Favel, and officiated as curate to his father till June, 1750, at which time his health was much impaired by his great attention to study and duty; and his family and friends judging that the change of air might be of benefit to him, they formed a design, which they executed, of conveying him to London. He stayed in London till April or May, 1752, during which time he was seized with a

severe illness, which almost cost him his life ; but he recovered, and upon his father's death, which happened in May this year, he returned to Weston, where he constantly resided during the remainder of his life. He took his Master of Arts degree at Cambridge, in 1752, when he entered at Clare Hall ; and as he was of sufficient standing at Oxford, he stayed only the few days required by the statutes to perform the University exercise.

It may be thought strange that he, who had refused to hold his exhibition at Oxford, along with a curacy, should, upon his father's death, accept of the two livings of Weston Favel and Collingtree, and hold them during his life. It was very far from being his choice, and it was what he had for a long time refused to do. He was determined against being a pluralist ; and notwithstanding his father kept him at Oxford, with a design that he should take his degree of Master of Arts, and consequently urged him to do it, yet he could not be persuaded to yield to such a request, though he was of a sufficient standing, looking upon that step as a qualification intended for his future holding both his father's livings. When his father died he remained determined to have Weston Favel only ; and this he frequently declared to his family and friends, and refused to accept of Collingtree, or to qualify himself for the same ; insomuch that it was in danger of lapsing to the Bishop. But at length, through the earnest and constant entreaties of his family and friends, who, unknown to him, had sent to and procured from Oxford the necessary certificates of his being a Bachelor of Arts, in order to his taking his Master's degree at Cambridge, he was, after much importunity, prevailed on to comply with their requests, hoping that he might be thereby enabled to do so much the more good. And when he waited upon Dr. Thomas, then bishop of Peterborough, for institution to Collingtree, which was near six months after his induction into Weston, he said, "I suppose your lordship will be surprised to see James Hervey come to desire your lordship's permission to be a pluralist ; but I assure you I do it in obedience to the repeated solicitations of my mother and my sister, and not to please myself" ; or to that effect.

His labours, both in his ministerial office and in his study, were pursued by him as long as possible, under the disadvantage of a weak constitution of body, which, together with the severity of his last illness, he supported not only with the greatest patience, but without a single expression of peevishness. That illness had long been coming on him, but greatly increased in the beginning of October, 1758, and grew very formidable in the December following ; for on Sunday, the

third of that month, in the evening, after prayer with his family, he seemed to be arrested by the messenger of death, so that the united assistance of his sister and servant with difficulty enabled him to get upstairs into his room, from whence he never came down. His illness gaining ground every day, he soon became sensible of his approaching dissolution. He had frequent and violent returns of the cramp, which gave him most acute pain. He had likewise a hectic cough, which afflicted him so grievously in the night that he could seldom lie in bed till four in the morning, and was often obliged to rise at two, especially as opium, how much soever guarded by other medicines, would not agree with him. On the 15th of that month he complained of a pain in his side, for which, at his own desire, he was let blood, though his physician, Dr. Stonehouse, in whom he placed the greatest confidence, had objected to it, apprehending him to be too weak to bear any evacuation of that kind. When the surgeon came he could scarcely find any pulsation, and therefore took away no more than four ounces of blood, intimating to his relations and friends that the case was desperate, and that he had opened a vein very unwillingly, and merely to satisfy Mr. Hervey's desire, who had some hope that the pain might possibly be relieved by it. Mr. Abraham Maddock, his curate, being much with him in the afternoon of that day, Mr. Hervey spoke to him in strong and pathetic terms of his assurance of faith, and of the great love of God in Christ. "Oh!" said he, "what has Christ, how much has Christ done for me; and how little have I done for so loving a Saviour! If I preached even once a week, it was at last a burden to me. I have not visited the people of my parish as I ought to have done, and thus have preached, as it were, from house to house. I have not taken every opportunity of speaking for Christ." These expressions being accompanied with tears, which were too visible not to be observed; and lest his tears should be misinterpreted, as they had been conversing about his expected end, and of his assurance of happiness, he proceeded thus: "Do not think that I am afraid to die—I assure you I am not. I know what my Saviour hath done for me, and I want to be gone. But I wonder and lament to think of the love of Christ, in doing so much for me, and how little I have done for Him."

On the 19th the pains of his body abated, and he grew drowsy and lethargic; but in the night following his immediate death was apprehended. The next day, the 20th, he was visited by Dr. Stonehouse, who declared that, in his opinion, Mr. Hervey could not live above three or four days; upon which he took

occasion to speak of the many consolations through Christ which a true Christian enjoys in the prospect of death, and of the emptiness of worldly honours to an immortal soul, and of the unprofitableness of riches to the irreligious man. Mr. Hervey replied, "True, doctor, true; the only valuable treasures are in heaven. What would it avail me now to be Archbishop of Canterbury? Disease would show no respect to my mitre. That prelate [Dr. Secker, who died August 3rd, 1768] is not only very great, but, I am told, has religion really at heart. Yet it is godliness, and not grandeur, that will avail him hereafter. The Gospel is committed to me, a poor country parson, the same as to his grace. Christ makes no difference between us. Oh! why, then, do ministers thus neglect the charge of so kind a Saviour, fawn upon the great, and hunt after worldly preferments with so much eagerness, to the disgrace of our order? These, these are the things, doctor, and not our poverty or obscurity, which render the clergy so justly contemptible to the worldlings. No wonder the service of our Church—grieved I am to say it—is become such a formal, lifeless thing, since it is, alas! too generally executed by persons dead to godliness in all their conversation, whose indifference to religion and worldly-minded behaviour proclaim the little regard they pay to the doctrines of the Lord who bought them."

Mr. Hervey, the day before his death, went a few steps across his room; but immediately, finding his strength failing him, he sunk rather than fell down, his fall being broken by his sister, who, observing his weakness, ran and caught him: but he fainted away, and was in all appearance dead, it being a considerable time before any pulse could be perceived. When he came to himself, his brother, Mr. William Hervey, who was come from London to visit him, said, "We were afraid you was gone." He answered, "I wish I had." His strength, indeed, was quite exhausted, his body extremely emaciated, and his bones so sore that he could not bear anyone to touch him, when it was necessary to move him about; yet under this calamity he was ever praising God for His mercies; insomuch that he never received a morsel of lemon to moisten his mouth without thanking God for His bounty and goodness in creating so many helps and refreshments to a sick and decaying body; but especially did he praise God for enduring him with patience.

On the 25th of December, Christmas Day, on which he died, Mr. Maddock paying him his morning visit, Mr. Hervey lifted up his head and opened his eyes, as he sat in his easy chair (for he could not lie in bed), to see who it was, and said, "Sir, I cannot talk with you." He complained much all this day of a great

inward conflict which he had, laying his hand upon his breast, and saying, "Oh! you know not how great a conflict I have." During this time he almost constantly lifted up his eyes towards heaven, with his hands clasped together in a praying form, and said, two or three times, "When this great conflict is over, then —" but said no more, though it was understood he meant that then he should go to rest. Dr. Stonehouse came to him about three hours before he expired. Mr. Hervey urged strongly and affectionately to the doctor the importance and care of his everlasting concerns, and entreated him not to be overcharged with the cares of this life, but to attend, amidst the multiplicity of his business, to the one thing needful:

"Which done, the poorest can no wants endure,
And which not done, the richest must be poor."—*Pope.*

Mr. Hervey used frequently to repeat these lines, with such an emphasis and significant look, as conveyed their important meaning in a manner the most sensible and affecting.

The doctor, seeing the great difficulty and pain with which he spoke (for he was almost suffocated with phlegm and frequent vomitings), and finding, by his pulse, that the pangs of death were then coming on, desired that he would spare himself. "No," said he, "doctor, no; you tell me I have but a few moments to live. Oh, let me spend them in adoring our great Redeemer!" He then repeated the 26th verse of the 73rd Psalm, "Though my flesh and my heart fail, yet God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever": and he expatiated in a most striking manner on these words of St. Paul (1 Cor. iii. 22, 23), "All things are yours; life and death; for ye are Christ's"—at the same time referring them to this passage in Dr. Doddridge's "Family Expositor," where it is illustrated in a very instructive manner: "Here (says he) is the treasure of a Christian. Death is reckoned among this inventory; and a noble treasure it is. How thankful am I for death, as it is the passage through which I pass to the Lord and Giver of eternal life; and as it frees me from all this misery you now see me endure, and which I am willing to endure, as long as God thinks fit, for I know He will by and by, in His own good time, dismiss me from the body. These 'light afflictions are but for a moment,' and then comes 'an eternal weight of glory.' Oh, welcome, welcome death! Thou mayest well be reckoned among the treasures of the Christian. 'To live is Christ, but to die is gain.'" After which, as the doctor was taking his final leave of him, Mr. Hervey expressed great gratitude for his visits, though it had been long out of the power of medicines to cure him. He then paused a

little, and with great serenity and sweetness in his countenance, though the pangs of death were upon him, being raised a little in his chair, repeated these words: "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy most holy and comfortable word; for mine eyes have seen Thy precious salvation. Here, doctor, is my cordial! What are all the cordials given to support the dying, in comparison of that which arises from the promises of salvation by Christ? This, this supports me." About three o'clock he said, "The great conflict is over—now all is done." After which he scarcely spoke any other words intelligibly, except now and then, "precious salvation." During the last hour he said nothing, but leaned his head against the side of an easy chair, and without a sigh, groan, struggle, or the least emotion, he shut his eyes and departed on Christmas Day, 1758, in the forty-fifth year of his age.

When his body was conveyed to church, it was covered, by his express desire, with the poor's pall, and he was buried under the middle of the Communion table in the chancel of Weston Favel, December 28th, in the presence of a numerous congregation, full of regret for the loss of so excellent a pastor. Mr. Maddock, who buried him, was himself in tears. Some were wringing their hands, others sobbing, many were silently weeping, but all were inwardly and sincerely grieved, as their looks sufficiently testified—all bearing a visible witness of his worth, and their sorrow. The poor thankfully acknowledged his benevolence; and, as they looked into his grave, seemed to say within themselves, "There lies the man whose unwearied kindness was the constant relief of my various distresses; who tenderly visited my languishing bed, and readily supplied my indigent circumstances." Others, once ignorant and ungodly, looked at this depositum of his body, and thus vented their expressive sighs: "Here are the last remains of that sincere friend who watched for my soul. I tremble to think into what irretrievable ruin I might quickly have been plunged, had not his faithful admonitions and repeated exhortations been blessed to arrest me in the wild career. I was then unacquainted with the Gospel of Peace; but now, enlightened through his instructions, I see the all-sufficiency of my Saviour. His discourses are still warm on my heart, and I trust will be more and more operative on my life."

It may be truly said of Mr. Hervey, that few lives have ever been more heavenly, and few deaths more triumphant. He died in the Lord, and is now at rest, where even "the wicked cease from troubling." His name is recorded in the annals of eternity, and the honours conferred on him by Christ will for ever continue blooming and incorruptible in the world of glory. His character

both in his public and private capacity, was of the most exemplary kind.

In any expense relating to himself he was extremely frugal, that he might be liberal to others; and it was always his desire to die just even with the world. "I will be my own executor," he said. And as he died on Christmas Day his fund expired almost with his life. What little remained he desired might be given in warm clothing to the poor in that severe season.

Mr. Romaine, in an excellent sermon preached upon his death, says of Mr. Hervey, "That he had an excellency which he never saw in so great a degree in any other person. Mr. Hervey never let an opportunity slip of speaking of the love of Christ. He would take occasion from the most common incident, and yet it would not appear forced; for he had a wonderful talent of spiritualizing and improving things. This heart-love to God appeared evidently in every part of his character. As a minister, his faith wrought in love to the souls of men in all the offices of his function. He did not forget that he was a minister in his house, for he called his family together twice a day to serve God. As a member of society, his faith wrought abundantly by love to his neighbour, for he was full of good works. His charities to the poor were very large, and that he might be liberal to them he was very frugal in his own expenses. Mr. Hervey walked close after Christ, and found that the belief of Christ's righteousness being imputed to him for his justification, was so far from being a licentious doctrine that it inspired him with the noblest motives to a grateful obedience; his only life was an excellent recommendation of his principles. God had enriched him with great gifts and with great graces, and had made him humble, for he was humbled by the power of grace. He had been a very vain, proud young man, but the grace of God emptied him of pride and self, and clothed him with humility. Having put on Christ, he had put on with Him the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which appeared in his great patience and resignation to the will of God."

His writings afford a lasting and indisputable proof of his grace and abilities. These were given him for the use of the Church of God, and they were laid out for that end.

THE sinner who is drawn to Christ is not he who has learned that he is a sinner by head knowledge, but who feels himself such by heart contrition.—*Hart*.

A REPLY TO "A WORD IN SEASON."

It is with no small amount of regret that we undertake the business of replying to a most unexpected and uncalled-for attack made upon us in a pamphlet, recently published and circulated, entitled *A Word in Season*, by Grey Hazlerigg. Had we only have heard of it, we might have doubted whether the informant had not been practised upon by some who say, "Report and we will report it." However, a copy was forwarded to us, as we noticed on our Magazine covers last month, but too late for us to do more then. We now desire to candidly examine the charges Mr. Hazlerigg has made against us, and leave the God we desire to serve and our readers to judge whether Mr. Hazlerigg has done the right thing towards one whom he designates "a godly man."

First let us notice what he says stirred him up to make the remarks he has published, and see if he gives a just balance. He says: "I understand him" (the Editor of the *SOWER*), "on page 63 (March), to advocate addressing mixed congregations, after the example of the Lord Jesus, as given in Mark i. 15; Luke xviii. 22, &c.; of Peter, Acts iii. 19; viii. 22; of Paul, Acts xiii. 46; xxvi. 20, &c. Rather a mixed selection, we must confess!" We at once reply to this, that diversity was intended. On this point we hope to say more hereafter. Let us now notice his next sentence: "And he *seems* to brand as 'Bastard Calvinists' those who do not thus address their hearers." Then, as if he felt some little qualm of conscience, he says, "I hope I am not misrepresenting the expressed views of the Editor." Reader, we ask you to carefully note his words. He says—"He" (the Editor of the *SOWER*) "*seems* to brand," &c.; and again, "*I hope I am not misrepresenting*," &c. Now if it only seemed to him that we "branded," &c., and if he had a doubt as to misrepresenting our views, why did he thus write? Did it not occur to him that some of his readers would put it down as fact, and chuckle over the slur thus cast upon the poor unworthy Editor? If he believed us to be worthy of rebuke, he could have told us so in a becoming manner, as a friend; but if he had no stronger proof than a "*seems*," &c., it would have been best for him to have let his pen lie idle until he was clear about the matter.

We now ask our readers to carefully and candidly examine with us the ground on which Mr. Hazlerigg charges us with branding ministers, who do not use the Gospel exhortations among mixed congregations, as "Bastard Calvinists." If our readers will kindly turn to page 63, March *SOWER*, they will observe that we there speak of good men who have been branded

by hard Calvinists, as Baxterians, Fullerites, and Arminians, because they have felt it becoming them to address mixed congregations after the example of our Lord, &c. Yes, and we remember these charges being hurled at Mr. Hazlerigg himself in a meeting held at the Memorial Hall, London, because he, as Editor of the *Gospel Standard*, had not kept close to the mark set up by some who profess to be the lovers and guardians of truth. And we remember Mr. Hazlerigg saying to one of his accusers, "Would it not have been better for you, if you thought I had diverged from the line of strict Gospel truth, to have written to me privately on the subject, before attacking me in public?" An excellent suggestion, and worthy of general attention. Now as to the term "Bastard Calvinists." Our readers will notice that the writer had heard some godly men called "Bastard Calvinists" because they used the Gospel exhortations in mixed congregations, although they held and taught the Calvinistic doctrines found in the Scriptures. The writer gives an extract from Calvin's *Institutes*, proving that he both held and defended such use of the exhortations; and therefore those who thought so much of his name and authority as a sound divine, yet differed from him on that important point, were more worthy of the ascription than those to whom they applied it. Certainly they who follow Calvin's teaching and example are not deserving such an imputation. We do not pin our faith to Calvin, yet we say, consistency becomes all. Now, we ask, in all fairness, where in all this do we *seem* to brand any as "Bastard Calvinists"? Only by forcibly misconstruing our words can such a charge be framed against us. The writer of the paragraph in the *SOWER* simply shows that, if the name of Calvin has anything to do with the subject, the term used belongs to those who used it, rather than to those to whom they applied it.

Having shown that Mr. Hazlerigg has built his charge as to "Bastard Calvinism" on the foundation of misconstruction and misrepresentation, we now turn our attention to his manner of dealing with the subject of Gospel exhortations among mixed congregations. He gives our quotations of Scripture examples, remarking upon the quality of them as a mixture. Well, they are not all that are to be found in the Word of God, and they may not be just what others might choose for such a purpose, but they are given by us as answerable to *our* purpose in showing a diversity of cases where exhortations were used among a mixed people and to known unbelievers. As to Jesus preaching in Galilee (Mark i. 15), they were not all believers there. Again, as to the young man in Luke xviii. 22, he was not a true believer, nor others who were there. And the Lord knew his heart; yet He set

before him treasure in heaven, and said, "Come, follow Me." Then Peter, Acts iii. 19, there certainly was a mixed multitude there. Again, Acts viii., Peter told Simon that he had neither part nor lot in the matter; yet he recommended him to pray to the Lord, if, perhaps, the thought of his heart might be forgiven him. Then Paul, Acts xiii., he certainly preached to a mixed company, and he charged those who contradicted and blasphemed with putting the Word of God from them, and judging themselves unworthy of everlasting life. Yet he said it was necessary the Word should be first preached to them. Again, Acts xxvi. 16-20, he showed how he was sent to preach the Gospel to the unconverted, that God's elect might see the light, and be called out from the world and to the knowledge of Christ. To the use of these and similar addresses Mr Hazlerigg objects, and he asks us if we really address mixed congregations in such terms, and says if we do not we are, according to James iv. 17, guilty of sin. Then again he says that we and others "take particular words spoken under particular circumstances, &c., and give them the force of precepts of universal application." As far as we are concerned, we pronounce this to be a gross misrepresentation. In the first place, in answer to the question if we address mixed congregations in such terms as those referred to? we reply that, we hope we have been taught of God to address mixed congregations after spiritual examples, without using stereotyped words and phrases. We prefer that spiritual unction of freedom, which *is truth* and *is no lie*, because it comes from heaven through Christ, and is not shaped after the hard, stiff, geometrical lines of the problems of Euclid. Nevertheless, we would ask with all reverence, Can there be any safer example of preaching the Gospel than that of Christ, who is the substance of it? Our answer to such a question would certainly be, *No*. Mr. Hazlerigg, however, raises the objection to this course, that Christ Jesus "knew what was in man, He knew all about His hearers," and he considers that it savours of rashness for ministers to speak to others just as Christ did. Well, if he means with regard to healing the sick, opening the eyes of the blind, &c., we say the same, whether we are classed with the seven sons of one Sceva, a Jew, or no; but if he means as to addressing mixed congregations, we certainly differ from his idea. The Lord certainly knew all that was in the heart of His hearers, and also who would reject His words and teaching; yet He said to a mixed people, "Repent ye, and believe the Gospel" (Mark i. 15); and again, "Strive to enter in at the strait gate" &c. (Luke xiii. 24); and to the young man whom He invited to follow Him, He set forth the treasure in

heaven (Luke xviii. 22); and again, He said to those who followed Him for the loaves and fishes, "Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life" (John vi. 27); and again, He said to the Jews, "While ye have light, believe in the light, that ye may be the children of the light" (John xii. 35, 36); and He declares the solemn result of the unbelief of His hearers thus, "He that rejecteth Me and receiveth not My words, hath one that judgeth him: the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day" (John xii. 47, 48). All these, and many more such words He said, well knowing the unbelief and enmity of many of His hearers. Did He mock them, by exhorting them to do what He knew they neither would nor could do, of themselves? And do His ministers, who, though not knowing the hearts of men as He did, admonish their hearers after the same manner, act rashly and presumptuously? Given the example of Him who is the Truth, we have no fear as to the decision of our Master, who is the righteous Judge. Mr. Hazlerigg objects to these views, saying that behind them often lies the belief in duty faith and duty repentance. Among Arminians, we know, this is so, but with regard to ourselves and other godly men we know, we say he merely sets up the well-known man of straw, which has been used to blast the reputation of some who have been wrongly accused, and hounded to the grave as erroneous men. This man of straw has often been set up, when honest men have refused to wear a certain man-made yoke, and its paternity has been laid at the door of first one and another under different names, forged by professed lovers and guardians of the truth. We remember that a crack name given to this scarecrow some years ago, when its paternity was imputed to Mr. Hazlerigg, was "Plymouth Brethrenism." They have given it different names since then, as they suited their whims. But call it by what name they may, as far as we are concerned we only look upon it as the child of their own fancy, a creature of their own invention, and at the same time thank God that He, long ago, taught us better things, even things that accompany salvation, which are dearer to us than all human friendship, yea, even than life itself. And we hope we shall be kept faithful in our stewardship, even unto death. When charged with having forsaken the truth, we have one strong consolation, even this, that God who knows the hearts of all men knows that the charge is a gross falsehood. Therefore they may howl at and beat their man of straw as long as it amuses them to do so, since it does not hurt us, and we have no respect for their straw image, God having effectually separated us from all such associations long ago, and He has also enabled

us to resist all entreaties to return, up to the present time. All glory to His name! Thus much for the "Man of Straw."

Now let us candidly consider a few sentences in the latter part of the pamphlet. We can only do so briefly, and we wish to do so kindly; for whatever we may suffer from the shaft that has been hurled, we should, under any circumstances, we hope, scorn to unnecessarily wound an aged servant of our Lord and Master; but baseless charges and insinuations against us have been publicly published broadcast, and for the sake of truth and the honour of Him whom we desire to serve, we feel bound honestly to answer them. What Mr. Hazlerigg says on pages 8 and 9, as to Law and Gospel, man's duty in Adam, and God's grace to a sinner as in Christ, we are in perfect agreement with. But when he charges us with advocating duty faith and thereby endangering the Gospel by preaching the Word to the unconverted, and using the exhortations to mixed congregations, we with astonishment, ask him how he, as a Bible reader and a preacher of the Word, can reconcile such a sweeping statement with the plain testimonies of the Scriptures? Such a charge goes further than the humble Editor of the *SOWER*, as, if words mean anything, the Lord Jesus and His Apostles gave the example. "Who, then, is bold enough to charge Him with folly and them with inconsistent teaching?" *

* The Scriptures are full of general exhortations to men to perform what certainly appear, at first sight, spiritual actions. "Repent and turn yourselves from all your transgressions." "Make you a new heart and a new spirit; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?" "Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand" (Matt. iii. 2). "Repent ye, and believe the Gospel" (Mark i. 15). "Repent therefore of this thy wickedness; and pray God if perhaps the thought of thine heart many be forgiven thee" (Acts viii. 22). These and similar passages undoubtedly call upon natural men to repent and pray, all which are spiritual acts, and as such can only be performed by spiritual persons, and by them only when and as God worketh in them to will and to do of His good pleasure. Now, these passages are as much a part of God's Word as those which set forth the glorious doctrines of Grace, or as those which describe the experience of the quickened family. There they are, whether we like them or not; and we believe that many Calvinists have as much wished them out of the Word as Arminians have wished the ninth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans blotted out of the Bible. . . . We are willing to allow that some of the exhortations in the Scriptures are calls to moral reformation. . . . But because there are scattered up and down the Scriptures exhortations of this nature, it by no means follows that all, or even the greater part, of the calls in the Bible to natural men are of this description. Nor does it at all follow, because men are not "in a salvable state," or because natural men have no power to perform spiritual actions, that they may not be exhorted in the Scriptures to do them.—*J. C. Philpot.*

We are told to preach the Gospel to every creature. If we do wrong in pleading the example of Christ and His apostles, can Mr. Hazlerigg show us a more excellent way? If he or his friends, of like mind, can do so, we will gladly give it our prayerful consideration. Nevertheless, we are grieved to find that on the ground of mere suppositions and insinuations we are mixed up, by Mr. Hazlerigg, with faith healers, &c. "O Lord, Thou knowest." Why should he dip his brush into such a contemptible pot? Was it for the purpose of giving a flagrant colouring to his insinuations? If so, we pity him; and may God forgive him. He is quite as near faith healers as we are, and we believe that is a long way off. We like honest reproof, but when men try, as they often do, to thrust words of their own into our mouth, we refuse to be their tool, and say, "Don't be ashamed of your own progeny, by seeking to father them on another man, but honestly confess they are your own offspring." We consider the conduct of some, in this respect, with whom we have had to deal far below the "honourable."

Mr. Hazlerigg admits there are exhortations to the unconverted in the Scriptures, but they are only of a moral kind. Well, when the Lord Jesus said to the multitude, "Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto life everlasting," was that merely an exhortation to morality? Or when He said to them, "Strive to enter in at the strait gate," was that only a moral exhortation? Did He preach two gospels; one moral only, and one spiritual? We believe that He came to preach that Gospel which "is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," and that He commissioned His disciples to preach the same, and that the same commission remains with His called ministers now, and will do as long as there is an elect soul to be called to His feet. Mr. Hazlerigg says, page 12, "In a mixed congregation, do they really know that there is amongst the unconverted one whom the Lord has chosen?" &c. Well, are we allowed to infer his meaning here? If so, we shall certainly say that it appears clear to us that he intends us to understand that he does not consider we have any right to speak to the unconverted, unless we are specially inspired and are sure that they are of the number of God's elect. Then, we at once say such a secret has not been revealed to us, nor do we know of any mark having been put upon them whereby they can be distinguished previous to effectual calling. Yet we ask, is the Holy Ghost forgotten, or is He shut out? We are not ashamed of our faith respecting the points raised by Mr. Hazlerigg and those who now seem to have come into close sympathy with him, but who once denounced him from press and

pulpit as an Arminian, &c. The special command of Christ was, "Preach the Gospel to every creature : He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved ; but he that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark xvi. 15, 16). It is one thing to tell a sinner that without repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ he will be lost, and another to profess to have power to heal the sick, &c. The former branch of the ministry still remains with the Church of Christ, the latter ceased with the Apostles. Then, because we cannot do the latter, are we to leave undone the former ? Let us exercise a little common sense, if we do no more. "Warning every man," says the Apostle, and he rejoiced that in this respect he was "pure from the blood of all men." He felt the responsibility of the ministry, not that he was responsible for the salvation of souls, but as to his faithfulness to God and man in ministering the Word ; and we believe that every God-ordained minister will, more or less, feel the solemn weight of this momentous part of his calling, which is to preach repentance and the forgiveness of sins in the name of Jesus, who is exalted a Prince and a Saviour, to give both without money or price. Do we do wrong, then, in encouraging unconverted people to seek the Lord if peradventure they may obtain mercy ? Will Mr. Hazlerigg say there are no such examples in the Word of God ? If he replies, "But you are not specially inspired," we answer, But we are specially commissioned to go into all the world and preach the Gospel, not only to the elect but to every creature, because God's chosen ones are not only among the children of wrath, but, until they are called out, they are like them, therefore the preachers not knowing who they are, they are to preach the Gospel in the hearing of all, that the elect may hear, receive it, and be saved ; their hearts are opened by God as Lydia's was. Thus they are called "Sought out." It is ours to preach the Word, but it is the Holy Ghost alone who can make it effectual to the calling of the elect, for He knows the mind of God. The call is general ; the inward work is special. Is this duty faith ? If it is, the Scripture teaches it. Perhaps it will be said, "But you make man responsible for his salvation ;" some have said so. We reply, No, we do not, neither do we make God responsible for a sinner's damnation. It is the sinner's sin which procures his damnation, and it is the sovereign love and grace of God that brings salvation to those who are saved through Christ Jesus. Mr. Hazlerigg admits that the living people of God have no innate power to do the things they are exhorted to do spiritually ; but he says, "Here we have a promise to go upon." Good, but has he forgotten or overlooked the precious promises given to the true

ministers of the Gospel? We have not, neither do we wish to do so. We are glad to feel the encouragement of that in Isaiah lv. 10, 11, also of that in Matt. xxviii. 20; and since it is by power Divine the Word is made effectual to salvation, we desire to bear faithful witness for God before all men, that we may, like Paul, be "a sweet savour unto God of Christ in them that are saved, and in them that perish," being pure from the blood of our hearers. Mr. Hazlerigg says that the "hearing of the Gospel involves *some* obligation." Yes; if there is no responsibility there can be no judgment, but the Lord Jesus says, "He that rejecteth Me, and receiveth not My Words, hath One that judgeth him; the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day" (John xii. 48). Thus it is said that when the Lord is revealed in flaming fire, He shall take vengeance, not only on them that know not God, but also "on them that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ" (2 Thess. i. 8); and the Lord also said, that when the Comforter came He should reprove (or convince) the world "of sin, because they believe not on Me" (John xvi. 9). Now if they were not responsible for their unbelief, where would be the justice of all this? The answer generally given is, "Man has no power to do anything as to believing on Christ, faith is the gift of God." Our answer is, Can inability be pleaded as an excuse? We cannot do it, because we feel our inability is the fruit of sin, and therefore our inability is a sinful inability, and we have to confess with shame our sins of omission as well as sins of commission, and all the world is thus guilty in the sight of God.

David was anxious to so confess his sin that God might be justified when He spake, and be clear when He judged (Psalm li. 4); and none who are taught of God can accuse Him of reaping where He has not sown, or of gathering where He has not strawed (Matt. xxv. 24). Nor can they excuse those who do charge Him with so doing. Therefore we are bound to admit that man is justly responsible to God for disobedience to His Word. We read that a promise was given by God, that He would raise up a Prophet like unto Moses, whom they were to "hear in *all things*." "And it shall come to pass that every soul, which *will not* hear that Prophet shall be destroyed from among the people" (Acts iii. 22).* Shall we then condone disobedience

There may be, and doubtless is, an intermediate link between Divine predestination and human responsibility which God has not seen fit to reveal, either for the exercise of our faith, or because it surpasses our present comprehension.—*J. C. Philpot.*

and unbelief, because man's sin has rendered him incapable of yielding the required obedience? We dare not do so, even though our opponents charge us with teaching duty faith, in contending for the teaching of Scripture.*

If, instead of insinuating that we have duty faith in the background, Mr. Hazlerigg, or anyone else, will give facts, corroborated by satisfactory proofs, of our having evidenced such a false spirit, we hope they will do so, fairly, honestly, and in the fear of God. We neither wish to act a lie, nor to *make* one, and we hope that what has been written may help to clear the mists from the minds of some who have been wrongly influenced.

May the Lord bless Zion with more of the power and unction of the Holy Ghost, is our earnest prayer.

Want of space forbids us to write more.

THE EDITOR.

"GO THROUGH, GO THROUGH THE GATES."

(ISAIAH lxii. 10.)

Go through, go through the gates,
Ye servants of the Lord;
Look up to Him, who waits
All needed grace t' afford.
Give Him no rest; nor silence keep,
Till He bring home His wandering sheep.

Prepare the way for them
(The way He leads YOU now),
Though saints and world condemn,
And friend transforms to foe.
Christ is the same; His fulness deep;
You sow in tears, in joy you'll reap.

Cast, cast the highway up!
You do not work alone;
Cast on; oh, do not stop,
But cast out every stone.
By pain you feel out WHERE they lie,
Then raise the "standard" very high.

A. E. F.

WHAT of all our sufferings, when the glory to be revealed is put into the opposite scale!—*Romaine*.

* Mr. Hazlerigg says we take particular words, spoken on particular and special occasions, and elevate them to precepts of universal application. Solemn charge! We reply, there is plenty of both precept and example in the Scriptures without our *wresting* the Word of God. We leave that to those who dare not entrust to God the use of the Word He has given, and commanded to be preached.

LETTER BY THE LATE MR. ROBERT P. KNILL.

DEAR FRIEND,—I received your letter, but if I write anything suitable or applicable to your case it must be by a power superior to my own. Your confessions and your complaints are common to all who are led to “ask the way to Zion, with their faces thitherward.” And such will be more or less your experience whilst you are doing what Mr. Hart says—

“Pore not on thyself too long
Lest it sink thee lower.”

And again—

“No help in self,
Though I have sought it oft.”

You are trying to make a foundation of the things you are exercised with instead of looking entirely away from everything but what the Lord Jesus Christ has done to save poor sinners. Not our experience, but His blood and righteousness is to be our plea at the mercy-seat. I was many years tossed up and down by looking more within than without to the Person and work of Christ. Those who are taught of God, they are driven from all false refuges to the precious blood of Christ for every blessing. Your doubts and fears are groundless, although so common to all the people of God, and more especially in the early part of their spiritual life. If you were, as you say, deceived, you would not be so fearful of self-deception. That is a sweet hymn—

“Mercy is welcome news indeed,
To those that guilty stand.”

The Lord designs to bring us down to felt weakness ; He intends, by one painful exercise and another, to reduce us to utter helplessness, so that we may, from necessity, fly to Jesus, who is ever ready to receive such poor helpless sinners as you and me. When the Israelites had sinned in the wilderness, God sent fiery flying serpents to bite them. There was but one cure : Moses was commanded to make a serpent of brass, and put it upon a pole, so by looking there was healing, and nowhere else. I don't think they waited to consider whether the wound was small or large, so it is not wise of you to be looking after greater experience of the dreadful malady, sin, so as to make you a more fit subject for a Saviour. Christ came into the world to save sinners ; it does not say little or great ones. Your business should be, as says the poet, “Only take Him at His word.” What grace is to be seen in the words, “Look unto Me, and be

ye saved, all the ends of the earth, for I am God : and besides is no Saviour." I would encourage you to do as I am obliged to do—to look unto Jesus. Hang all your weight upon Him ; He is able and willing to save all who trust in Him for salvation. Do not, therefore, sit so much in judgment upon yourself, but may the Holy Spirit help you to rest upon the alone Person and finished work of the Son of God. All our attempts to make ourselves acceptable to God is a rejecting the work of Christ, by which alone we can be saved. Pray for faith in the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus, which, if granted, will still all your fears. That hymn of Toplady's is very good—

" Rock of Ages, shelter me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power."

Let nothing keep you from a mercy-seat ; don't look so much to your frames and feelings for acceptance, but look at the merits of the Lord Jesus, who delights to hear and answer the cries of the poor and needy. That it may please the Comforter to make some little use of my scribble is the desire of yours sincerely,

Burgess Hill, December 11th, 1889.

ROBT. P. KNILL.



The foregoing letter of the late Mr. Knill has been sent us by the friend to whom it was written, who says :—

" DEAR SIR,—I have enclosed a letter written me by the late Mr. Knill. If it appears in the *SOWER*, may the Lord own and bless it. When Mr. Knill wrote me I was in deep soul trouble ; it lasted two years and six months after Mr. Knill wrote me, and I had been three months in that state when I received that letter. I was so afraid I had committed the unpardonable sin ; and what tried me so, I had been a member of a Church for ten years. I thought no one had been in such a case. It was in July, 1892, when I was in a great measure delivered from it by the following lines of the poet—

" ' What from Christ that soul can sever,
Bound by everlasting bands ?
Once in Him, in Him for ever,
Thus the eternal covenant stands.
None shall pluck thee
From the Strength of Israel's hands.'

Then I had a further deliverance under Mr. Ashdown, preaching from the last verse of the 27th Psalm, and that hymn of Mr. Hart's was given out, 'Backsliding soul, return to God.' It was the last verse that came with power to me, 'The blood of Christ, a precious blood,' &c. Oh, it was sweet to me, and is now at times. I value the letters of Mr. Knill, so I did his ministry. 'He being dead yet speaketh' to me."

THE SEEKER'S CORNER.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND, —I should much like to be at the meeting to-night, but cannot. Sometimes I long to know what it must be like, as dear Mr. J—— said last Tuesday evening (was he not nice?)

**"Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end."**

How it does seem to mar almost all, when no sooner is a short service ended than we must go back again into the world, and mix with worldly people! Yes, the people of the world are left to get harder and harder. I see now more and more each week, some are going out after vanity and pleasure-seeking, but more and more I seem to be weaned from it; I can't tell why, but it seems to have no charms for me. I believe trouble is driving me to care less and less for anything here, but to be found among the Lord's people, and in His ways, and, above all, to be found in Him. And this does make us appear strange, because we are strangers to the worldling's mirth. How troubles make me stagger at times! yet it gives an inward happiness and thankfulness I can't describe to you, to feel I'm not where some are, who have all they desire here. Oh, to just think sometimes, *it's me* (the most unworthy), the Lord has *favoured* with a rough path instead of an easy one! I would not change with any such (however deeply these bitter trials press), though *they* appear happy, if they are destitute of what even I possess—hunger and thirst. How I do sometimes feel, dear —, "Oh, give me Christ or else I die!" nor would I have my lot changed for that of —

**"Bastards who escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly, vain delight,"**

• But " (and this is a high lot for me to say, yet I hope it is myself),

**"the new-born child of God
Must not, would not if he might."**

How highly favoured I feel I am when for a little while I can say, God indeed is good to me! Oh, to think He has not left me (He might justly have done so) to be satisfied with things here! When I look back, I see if it had not been for one trouble and another, creeping along at the first—increasing—we might have had a smoother life. But, dear, when I think of it with a hope that I may be the Lord's, though severe and bitter the trials, I feel I would say, "His lovingkindness O how *great!*" To think—my taste for little pleasures and games was much gone before I was twelve years old! Ah, but I don't know what I may be yet, but it seems such a lot to me, dear, to think He has kept me to this day, with all my wretched rebellion and worldly, carnal mind! Again and again, year in and year out, I come back to wanting nothing short of Christ, and of realizing my own personal interest in Him.

**"To me He is more precious far,
Than life and all its comforts are."**

Sometimes I can say this, yet at another time I scarce have a thought or care for Him. I wonder, at times, how it will be when I come to Jordan's swellings! I was so much struck with a verse given after the announcement of a young person's death; I pictured myself there, and when I do come there, I hope to be like her. Oh, I often wonder if I shall, or die in black despair, or die deceived, thinking all right, when it is far otherwise. The verse was this—

**"When in Jordan's swelling,
She did attempt to sing"—**

Oh, I thought of loved F——!

**"And passed the river telling
The triumphs of her King."**

I wish I could say I love the Lord as I do His people; I love you because you are one of them. Dear —, I have enjoyed reading your letter. I do thank you. You look so very thin and worn—do you feel like it?

**"Though they suffer here on earth,
Strangers to the worldling's mirth,
Yet they have an inward joy,
Peace which earth cannot destroy."**

With much love, from your affectionate friend,

June 9th, 1899.

BESSIE VIGAR.

[The young friend who wrote the above letter has since passed to her eternal home]

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

LINES TO A YOUNG SEEKER.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND, I now
 Send a few lines to thee,
 Praying the Lord that thou
 May'st still His goodness see ;
 May He in mercy on thee shine,
 Giving sweet proof that He is thine.

May Jesus' love and blood
 Humble and melt thy heart,
 While eating the rich food
 The Spirit does impart ;
 As He brings Christ before thy view,
 May you adore and love Him too.

He is a constant Friend
 To all His needy poor ;
 He e'er will those befriend
 Who seek at mercy's door :
 He's full of love and always true,
 He'll ne'er reject such souls as you.

Wait on, dear friend, though weak,
 He knows thy heaving breast ;
 In vain thou shalt not seek,
 Jesus will give thee rest :
 He calls in love, " Come unto Me ; "
 Rise up, dear soul, He calleth thee.

BARNABAS.

THE subject of the increase of the Church of Christ should excite the earnest wish, as well as the active endeavour of Christians. What a widespreading scene, demanding our pity and our prayers, is presented to us ! Since all the success of the Gospel comes from God, and we are encouraged to ask His Spirit for this end, surely, we should all join in fervent prayer for this purpose. Let this be the language and resolution of every Christian for himself, endeavouring to extend it as widely as possible : " For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth " (Isaiah lxii. 1). The diffusion of this ardent, benevolent, and truly Christian spirit, through individuals and Churches, ought certainly to be the matter of our fervent desire and prayer.

The Bower, July, 1900.



THE LATE MR. JOHN BURTON.

MEMORIALS OF A DEAR FATHER.

My dear father, John Burton, was born on December 31st, 1844, in Brickkiln Lane, Foleshill, near Coventry, in a house not many yards away from the one where, after a somewhat long and very painful illness, he passed quietly away on Saturday afternoon, August 19th, 1899, to be for ever with the Lord.

Some years ago he commenced writing a narrative of his life, not with a view to publication; but as he had previously noted down various circumstances concerning some of his trials and difficulties, and of the Lord's goodness manifested in connection with the same, he thought if he had them written in a more connected form, it would be better for reference for himself, and likewise for those into whose hands his narrative might fall after his removal hence; and although nothing was written by him there for some years previous to his death, which those of us left to mourn his loss cannot but regret, we feel that what he has left us from his own pen is indeed a precious legacy.

From the tender age of three he was the subject of deep convictions of sin. Speaking of them, he wrote:—"That these convictions were but natural, or to put it in other words, did not then issue in a real regard for the Lord, His Word, His ways, or His precepts, I readily admit; still, I believe they were severe and salutary checks to my childish follies and sins, and I cannot conceive that they came from any other source than from the Lord."

A little later on he says:—"I was terribly convinced of my state as a sinner, and of the dread realities of eternity by the following circumstance: I was sent on an errand one day by mother to fetch some shute for the loom, from a woman who "filled" * for us at that time. This woman lived a short distance from our house. In her garden was a well, from whence the water was drawn for use in the house. When I went upon this occasion, I thought I should like to have a peep down the well, although my mother had told me not to go near it. Accordingly, when I had got the shute and closed the woman's door, I went slyly off into the garden for the purpose of carrying out my desire. It had been raining, and as a consequence, the ground was soft and slippery round the mouth of the well, which was banked up about six or eight inches high with clay. I advanced cautiously to take the longed-for peep down, but with all my caution my feet had

* The fillers, as they are termed, use a wheel by which they wind on small spools or "quills," as they are called, the web used by the weaver of the ribbon.

scarcely touched the embankment ere they slipped, and I fell, not down the well, but on to the ground, with my body hanging part over the mouth of the well. There seemed only just sufficient balance to keep me from falling headlong down into the water. Terror-stricken I rose to my feet. Death, hell, eternity, and solemn thoughts connected therewith rushed into my mind. I groaned, I tried to pray, I wished I had died in infancy, I trembled from head to feet. My sins came before me, and looked such a black list I feared they would never be pardoned, and that I should assuredly sink to hell when I died. I resolved to be a good lad in the future, and try to abstain from that which was sinful. In my preservation from death upon this occasion, how forcibly I am reminded of Ryland's words—

“ ‘Plagues and deaths around me fly;
Till He bids, I cannot die;
Not a single shaft can hit
Till the God of love sees fit.’

“ I am a firm believer in a special providence exercised towards the Lord's dear people from earliest infancy down to the close of their earthly course. Every detail connected with their sojourn is overruled, arranged, and ordered by the Lord, and there is not—there cannot be—the slightest deviation from His appointments, for, ‘He worketh all things after the counsel of His own will.’ Would that I could live constantly in the comfortable belief of this truth, ‘My times are in Thy hands,’ then I should be able to sing oftener than I now do—

“ ‘The fictitious power of *chance*
And fortune I defy;
My life's *minute*st circumstance
Is subject to His eye.
Oh, might I doubt no more,
But in His pleasure rest,
Whose wisdom, love, and truth and power,
Engage to make me blest.’

“ Alas, alas! it is very different with me oftentimes; when things go contrary, when I cannot trace the Lord's hand, instead of being trustful I am desponding and peevish to the last degree. How very seldom I can say, ‘What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee.’ Pity, Lord, and pardon my want of faith.

“ When I was about seven years old I was taken ill. What the nature of the illness was I do not now remember, except that I had a pain—a very severe one too—in the region of the heart. On the Sunday, the day on which I was taken with this pain, my father had to get up at midnight and go to the doctor's for me, a

distance of a mile and a-half, along a lonely road. During his absence my dear mother began to talk to me about death and eternity. I asked her many questions concerning the creation of the world, the stars, the sun and moon, and so forth. She told me that God made all these things by His almighty power, that 'He spake, and it was done; He commanded, and it stood fast.' After she had answered many questions I said to her, 'Mother, who made God?' She replied that God was not made, but that He was the Maker of all things visible and invisible, that He existed from all eternity, and that no creature could understand the manner of his existence. She not only told me this, but she likewise told me that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, and that every one, young or old, who really loved Him would be taken, at death, to live with Him for ever in heaven. Moreover, she told me—(my dear mother never hesitated in asserting this truth to her children)—that the Lord alone, by the power of His Spirit, could bless a soul with love to Jesus. Oh, how I did wish that He loved me, and that I felt His love in my heart! for, young as I was, I knew I was a sinner unfit for heaven, and feared I should die and sink to hell. There seemed no hope for me, my sins lay so heavily on my mind.

"Father came back from the doctor's with some pills for me. Soon after I had taken them I fell asleep, and did not wake again until daylight. How glad I was when I found the night had gone, and that I was a little better, and, above all, that I was out of hell! I recovered from this affliction in a short time. Soon after this I went down one Sunday afternoon into St. Paul's churchyard, and heard the people in the church sing, 'Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.' The words 'world without end' sounded again and again through the very depth of my young soul, and made me tremble exceedingly. I could not understand how it could be possible that there was no end to eternity. How I wished I had never heard the words! I tried to persuade myself that there must be an end to eternity, but to no purpose. Oh, awful, awful words! 'World without end, world without end?' Not only upon this occasion, but many times afterwards did these words ring, as it were, through the recesses of my inmost soul. Sometimes when I was playing with other children, the words would suddenly come across my mind, and put an end, for the time being, to all my enjoyment. I could not be happy like the rest of the children, long together, on account of these peace-disturbing words, and the solemn reflection which generally attended them.

"When I was a boy, there was no cause of Truth at Coventry;

that is to say, there was no chapel built then, as now. My mother would have decidedly preferred sending her children where free grace principles were taught, rather than to a place where free will was the order of the day; but, as this could not be, she chose to send us to a Wesleyan Sunday School, at the top of Brickkiln Lane, instead of allowing us to stay at home on the Lord's Day. I well recollect, upon one occasion, that they sung in school the hymn commencing—

“ ‘There is a glorious world of light
Above the starry sky,
Where saints immortal, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.’

At the conclusion of every verse they sang these words as a chorus—

“ ‘We’re marching through Immanuel’s ground,
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound;
We hope to meet at Jesus’ feet,
And sing His name and love so sweet,
And never part again.
What! never part again?
No, never part again.’

As they sang the last two lines over and over, I felt a dreadful thrill run through me. Oh, how the words—

“ ‘What! never part again?
No, never part again,’

made me tremble, lest I should be lost, lest I should sink to that place of torment ‘where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.’ It was not many weeks after, when these feelings had worn off to some considerable extent, that I opened my hymn-book in school and came across the following hymn—

“ ‘How long sometimes a day appears,
And weeks, how long are they!
Months move as slow as if the years
Would never pass away.

“ ‘But months and years are passing by,
And soon will all be gone;
For day by day, as minutes fly,
Eternity comes on.

“ ‘Days, months, and years must have an end,
Eternity has none;
’Twill always have as long to spend
As when it first begun.

“ ‘Dear Lord, we mortals cannot tell
 How such a thing can be;
 But do Thou grant that we may dwell
 That long, long time with Thee.’

“ Words fail to set forth what my feelings were on this occasion. To attempt a description, after a lapse of over thirty years, would be almost useless. Still, I distinctly remember that every particle of strength seemed as if it would leave my limbs. Death and judgment came with indescribably awful weight upon my terror-stricken conscience. I feared the ground would open, and that I should sink, body and soul, there and then, into hell. My sins, young as I was, rose before my view like huge mountains. I looked again and again at the third verse, and tried to assure myself that there must be an end to eternity, but all my attempts in this direction were ineffectual. In after years at school, and when away from it, the terrible words of the third verse would haunt me, so to speak, like some ghastly spectre. They were so deeply impressed upon my memory at the time that I never forgot them. No, let me forget other words as I might, I could always remember them. Often when revelling in sin and wickedness during my youthful days, they have flashed into my mind and spoiled my pleasure for the time being. Various expedients have I tried to get rid of them from my thoughts, but they would stick to me in spite of all my efforts. No words ever ploughed up my feelings like they did; yea, they drank up my spirits frequently. And this was not merely the case upon some few special occasions. No, but I believe I may say, without the slightest exaggeration, that I experienced it hundreds of times.

“ There was another hymn in the same book which used to fill me with solemn thoughts, at times, about the future, especially the two following verses:—

“ ‘There is beyond the sky
 A heaven of joy and love,
 And holy children when they die
 Go to that world above.
 “ ‘There is a dreadful hell,
 Of everlasting pains;
 Where sinners must with devils dwell,
 In darness, fire, and chains.’

A verse of another hymn, too, often made me feel wretched indeed. It was this—

“ ‘Oft as the bell with solemn toll
 Speaks the departure of a soul,
 Let each one ask himself, Am I
 Prepared, should I be called to die?’

When a scholar, or teacher, of the Sunday School was removed by death, the question would generally suggest itself to the mind, 'Where should you have been now, if it had been you instead of so-and-so that had been called away?' I used sometimes to pray, after a fashion, that I might be made a real Christian before I died, so that when I was taken out of time into eternity I might go to heaven. I used to hope that I might live to be a very old man; yea, again and again have I wished that I had lived before the flood; but then, as I read the ages of the antediluvians, I came across these words, 'And he died,' so that this would mar even that desire. I was seldom exempt from thoughts of death and judgment, heaven and hell, many days together, when I was a child. I told no one of my feelings, but used to determine that when I grew up to manhood I would cast all such miserable thoughts aside, and live right merrily in sin, hoping that when I came to die time would be granted me for repentance, and then all would be made right for eternity. What a vain delusion! How many thousands are deceived by it! How solemn the position of all such as are allowed to go on and on 'sporting themselves with their own deceivings!' What a mercy that in my case the following Scripture has its application—at least, I hope it has—'My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.' May I not say from the very depths of my inmost soul—

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

" 'But oh, amazed, I see the hand
That stopped me in my wild career;
A miracle of grace I stand;
The Lord has taught my heart to fear.

" 'To fear His name, to trust His grace,
To learn His will be my employ;
Till I shall see Him face to face,
Himself my heaven, Himself my joy.'"

(To be continued.)

THERE is none can pay your debts but Christ; there is none to justify your persons but Christ; there is none can satisfy your souls but Christ; and there is none can give you heaven but Christ.—*Romaine*.

LETTER BY THE LATE MR. MOUNTFORT.

MY DEAR SISTER,—I feel a desire to send you a few lines of sympathy before I again leave home. I have a little time and quiet now, though possibly less ability. I do not seek to write any new thing to you, but rather what you know, by way of remembrance. I know such dispensations are presently grievous; though we may have been, as it were, loved into them, by some precious consolations, yet they do oft stir up many impurities of our corrupt nature; and if Satan is permitted, he will suggest many things to disquiet, affright, or perplex us; and 'tis seldom we see love in them at once, or rightly understand them at first: hence the sharpest pain of affliction and trial is at the beginning, and it is for us to consider in the day of adversity. The Lord sometimes chooses this method of conveying instruction, correcting something amiss, or preventing us in some enterprise, or showing us some secret work within, that might be hurtful to us, undiscovered: hence, the call is to "hear and consider," and the design is to humble us: "Humble yourselves therefore," says Peter, "under the mighty hand of God;" and this accomplished, He exalts us, for He "giveth grace to the humble;" and grace is gracious indeed then, and the name of the Lord is powerfully and sweetly proclaimed, and the poor in spirit, by faith, hope, and love, run into it, and find safety there. Then we make our boast in the Lord, and glory in the knowledge of the Lord, who exerciseth such lovingkindness towards sinners, and we can believe then it is for our profit, and holiness of heart. Faithfulness to Covenant engagements and love is discovered: "I know, O Lord, that Thy judgments are right, and that Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me;" to make us more like Himself, as Paul says, "that we might be partakers of His holiness;" so what the Lord does in love, and because He loves, carnal reason, aided by Satan, will suggest is in anger and wrath, stirs us up to reply, and provokes us to rebel, distrust, and perhaps to question and doubt the truth and reality of everything we have known, professed, or believed. I have felt it, and have had thoughts and feelings, of which I have afterwards been much ashamed, when humbled and made contrite. But as Hart says—

"The contrite heart and broken
God will not give to ruin;
This sacrifice He'll not despise,
For 'tis His Spirit's doing."

I would hope and pray you may find the Lord with you in your trial, to comfort, support, and deliver you, and give you

cause to rejoice in your tribulations. I know it is very different for me to write to one with a wounded member, and to be in the case myself. I hope I desire to do so tenderly and tremblingly, and would commit and commend you to the Lord. Grace be with you. Affectionate remembrance to the children.

Your affectionate Brother,

Walsell, 1873.

C. MOUNTFORT

FULNESS OF JOY.

"In Thy presence is fulness of joy : at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

FAITHFUL pilgrim, homeward wending
Towards the city pure and fair ;
Hopeful pilgrim heavenward tending,
Know'st thou what awaits thee there ?
Joy in fulness,
Pleasures bright for evermore.

Here the fierceness of temptation,
Frequent tears for frequent sin,
Strife of secret tribulation ;
But when once thou'rt entered in,
Joy in fulness,
Pleasures bright for evermore.

Here the broken voice of weeping,
For their own or others' care ;
Waves of stormy sorrow sweeping
O'er thy troubled heart—but there,
Joy in fulness,
Pleasures bright for evermore.

Here the shade of death's dark portal,
Widowed grief and orphan cries ;
Dust to dust as vile and mortal ;
But when thou hast gained the prize,
Joy in fulness,
Pleasures bright for evermore.

Keep my soul, O loving Saviour,
From the world and Satan's snare ;
Guard me by Thy gracious favour,
Make me meet with Thee to share
Joy in fulness,
Pleasures bright for evermore.

E. HEWLETT.

"BELOVED OF HIS GOD."

(Continued from page 105.)

February, 1864.—I am certain where true grace exists, when it reigns in exercise, we shall be ready to mantle each other's infirmities with that charity which thinketh no evil, and to obey that gracious admonition, "In malice be ye children, but in understanding be ye men." I hope you will not forget the Lord's visits in time past, and the forgiveness you once received from the dear Lord, who, although we have treated Him too basely to name, yet "He hateth putting away," and who cannot change in His affection to unworthy you and I. My backslidings have been and are many, and had there been one cast off who ever felt a dear Redeemer's love, I must long since have lain down in despair; but, as He—bless His dear name!—is "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever," therefore He is the same in His love in our coldest and dearest times as at the warmest and liveliest times we ever felt His dear Majesty's love. What we need is always supplied, what we want is another thing. My poor dark, dead, barren soul wants to feel His precious love and blood applied, so that I may be able to say, "My Beloved is mine and I am His, and His desire is toward me." But alas! alas! I am compelled to cry, "My leanness! My leanness!" In myself I am nothing but a poor vile wretch, yet in my dear Lord I have a Beauty, a Treasure, a Fountain, a Storehouse, and a Tower of Safety that cannot be estimated nor appreciated in less than eternity. The vile unbelief, pride, deceit and treachery that I have from the first Adam is my plague, my deformity, my ruin and disgrace; but the blessed precious fruit I have from my relation to the last Adam is my honour, my joy, dignity, and eternal excellency. May the dear Comforter bless you and seal home peace upon your heart, and comfort you in all your tribulation.

May, 1864.—Faith is a precious gift to all the elect of God, but the exercise and operation of it to comfort the children of God is not the work of man, but the work of the Holy Spirit. Oh, how little do we know of the immense value of the Blessed Spirit's sweet operations of faith, until we are left in almost black despair. The backslidings we are the subjects of give the Blessed Spirit great reason to be grieved, and our desperate proneness to levity, covetousness, pride and every evil, causes that sweet Comforter to draw back His most blessed revelations of Jesus. His unctuous droppings and illuminations, whereby our souls are made to sensibly feel the love, com-

passion, interest, and power of our precious Jesus, who took the cup of vengeance due to our most heinous transgressions and drank it to the very dregs. Without that Blessed Spirit we are led to see we can do nothing but sin; law, conscience, and Satan, unbelief, hardness of heart, and despair, make head against us, and it is a great mercy if, like Jonah, we are enabled out of this hell (of feeling) still to cry out to the dear Lord for mercy, which He waits to exercise at the proper time, and in His own way. To see the light, the love, the goodness we have sinned against, the mercies we have abused, and our dreadful backsliding, and the terrible denunciation of the Lord's own Word against such sins, make us fear we have committed the unpardonable sin; but no soul who has truly experienced a manifestation of the love of a precious Jesus can possibly commit that sin, for it is light to discover *who* the blessed Jesus is, and yet a *hatred* to Him which no regenerate soul can ever possess. Jesus is desired, is longed after; it is He who is mourned for and with, and yearned after as the one thing needful, and no poor soul who longs after Him can be accursed, for "Blessed are all they that wait for Him." All our trust is in Him. Without Him we are a mass of sin and wretchedness. Black and base as we are in and of ourselves, yet, just such He (dear One!) came to save.

"Sinners vile like me and lost
 (If there's one so vile as I),
 Leave more righteous souls to boast,
 Leave them and to refuge fly.
 We may well bless that decree
 That ordained Gethsemane."

"I, a sinner vile and base,
 Only can be saved by grace;
 And that grace is rich and free,
 Or it could not come to me."

"Love like Jesus' none can measure,
 Nor can its dimensions know;
 'Tis a boundless, endless river,
 And its streams do sweetly flow.
 To the basest,
 It's dear streams doth gladness bring."

Since I was first called to know my Saviour's love, oh, what a mass of evil have I seen and felt! what shameful backsliding what dreadful provocation have I wrought before the dear Lord! Instead of proclaiming the precious Gospel of a blessed Redeemer, I have earned hell ten million times; but oh the matchless love

that cannot change the abused Friend that loves at all times, even in my desperate ingratitude and unkindness to Him in my alliance with other lovers, and my darkness and distress, poverty and straits! Who can tell the debt we owe? Surely, I am a one-million-pence debtor. The dear Father who gave His adorable Son, hath said, "Whosoever believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and shall not perish." Our dear Redeemer saith, "I lay down My life for the sheep." The Blessed Spirit saith, "I will lead the blind by a way which they knew not." Thus, our dear and gracious Covenant God will save His dear flock, but He shows them hard things, makes them drink the wine of astonishment, and then displays His banner of eternal love over them.

March, 1866.—I am still in the flesh, and in possession of a heart deceitful above all things, and most desperately wicked. Yet has the Lord written it for the encouragement of such sinners as you and I: "Come now, and let us reason together: though your sins be as scarlet, I will make them as white as snow: and crimson, I will make them as wool." Oh, how loud these crimson-scarlet sinners, pardoned, forborne with, and freely reinstated in the sensible favour of our dear Lord, sing His praise! How delightfully they follow Him in all His blessed statutes, and how vile and how base they are in their own eyes!

"Before He'll suffer pride to swell,
He'll drag thee through the mire
Of sins, temptations, little hell—
Thy Husband saves by fire."—*Erskine.*

Many a time when beside the late dear man of God, Mr. S. Turner (I have his portrait in a gilt frame), I used to think, If you knew how base a sinner I am, you would order me out of doors; but there is One knows it all, and yet, I hope, loves me still. The second chapter of Hosea, the thirty-first Jeremiah, &c., are excellent for poor sinners. Oh, what a storehouse of mercy is in the dear One, who is a "hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land!" And, bless His precious name! "Nothing but sin to Him I give, nothing but love from Him do I receive." "He hateth putting away." "My sheep shall never perish." Though they feel worthless, base, or wretched, He still loves for ever, and cannot cease to love. Oh, what a bloody sweat, what a cruel death, our sins cost Him, and yet the monster dwells within us! And often, indeed, both our hearts and consciences make us cry—

"Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power."

August 1871.—Well may we join the poet in his lamentation,

"O thou hideous monster sin,
What a curse hast thou brought in!
All creation groans through thee,
Pregnant cause of misery."

Truly the dear Redeemer alone fully knows its dreadful weight and awful horror, and the blessing is ours that, whatever we suffer from its dreadful power, however we are foiled, deceived, polluted and wounded by it, we are for ever delivered from its curse and condemnation, and live in a blessed hope that we shall one day be entirely free from its contact. It appears the great Apostle of the Gentiles had an allusion to a custom of binding a dead corpse to a living person, face to face and hand to hand, until the stench of the dead carcass killed the living person, when he penned the passage, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me?" &c.; and to be bound face to face, hand to hand, heart to heart, to the Rose of Sharon, the tree of life, lily of the valley, the life-giving, heart consoling, soul refreshing tree in the midst of the river of God's eternal love, and on either side of it, what exuberant joy, what boundless bliss, what inconceivable pleasure is this! Bound fast to us with all the delight of His heart, the joy of His soul, and that with solemn oaths, purposes, and promises, which are abundantly fulfilled by His dear Majesty in the grace and glory which He bestows on us at times. Yet for the most part my guilt and base backsliding lie heavy upon me, and I fear that I never was right or ever shall be right, and that mine has been mere impulse, not spiritual life; but when such things have exercised me, still I have been kept crying to God until He has dispersed the cloud, and I have said, "The Lord is my Helper." I have felt such pride and such powerful workings of the old man, so contrary to godliness, that it appeared as if I was mistaken; but when the dear Lord softens my rebel heart, I pant for His image and long for the final destruction of this corrupted flesh, and would be holy indeed. Such is the life of a child of God. "The flesh lusteth against the Spirit," &c. Yet for all this God's covenant of grace stands fast for ever, and His faithful love changes not! In Christ we are beloved, clean, all fair, and shall be for ever and ever. Amen.

(To be Continued.)

WHERE Christ is, no cross can hurt; but improvement and blessedness cleave to the cross, where the person under the cross cleaves to the Lord.—*Romaine.*

BRIEF REFLECTIONS.

"From that time many of His disciples went back, and walked no more with Him," &c.—JOHN vi. 66-68.

HARRY was that man who, in a sequestered spot, and in a retired moment, turned his eye to Calvary and sung—

"Oh, may I sit beneath Thy cross,
And view Thy love divine;
For Thee count all things else but dross,
And call the Saviour mine!"

In this chapter we have Him set forth as the bread of life, and are invited to eat and be satisfied. The want of appetite is a fatal symptom. "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Jesus Christ stands at the head of all preachers; His sermons were full of wisdom, compassion, and fidelity; "Hear ye Him." However despised by the prejudiced Jew, or neglected by the idolatrous Pagan, Jesus Christ is the great Apostle of our profession. He spake, and He yet continues to speak, with high authority, "Hear ye Him;" and hear for eternity! In reflecting on these verses I learn—

First. *That men are changeable beings, and not to be depended on.* God created man upright, holy; and had he not fallen he would have moved on steady and regular as the sun in the firmament. Now, alas! he is as fickle as the bird which hops from spray to spray, and changes as the wind. One day Cain approves and commends his brother, the next day he quarrels with him, the day following plans his ruin, and on the fourth, perhaps, actually murders him! One day Saul is charmed with the appearance and abilities of David; another day he hurls with vengeance his javelin at his heart and seeks to kill him! One day Amnon adores the lovely Tamar, and the next day abominates her with an unconquerable hatred! One day we find Ahitophel counselling king David, and walking with him to the house of God; and another day uniting with his enemies in a conspiracy to dethrone him! One day we see Judas at the feet of Jesus receiving instruction; another, we see him taking thirty pieces of silver to betray that very Master! Diotrophes one day meekly entering the Church as a member; another day lording it over that Church as a petty tyrant. And many more instances might be produced to show us the changeableness of man; and no wonder our confidence is so oft disappointed. (See Micah vii. 5; Jer. ix. 1-7.)

Secondly. *Upon some disgust, or in the moment of strong*

temptation, disciples will sometimes withdraw and turn aside. "Many of His disciples went back, and walked no more with Him." Mere professors may show attachment for a while; but by-and-by, in the time of temptation they often fall away—frown on the cause they professed to approve, and desert the men they styled their dearest brethren. Not being of us, they go out from us; they forsake the first Master, and the best Benefactor that earth or heaven has known! In apostasy and forsaking Jesus Christ and religion, there is to be found a complication of crimes, the greatest folly, the most marked ingratitude, the most criminal obstinacy. "Will ye also go?" &c.

Thirdly. *This address of Jesus Christ was certain to answer important ends.* To stir up a holy indignation at the folly and wickedness of apostasy, which is indeed vile and odious! To unveil the true character of those who could so easily forsake the gracious Redeemer. Where the foundation is not good, the superstructure will not long stand. To awaken love and zeal for the Saviour's honour and praise. Go away! What! from a Captain so renowned?—from a Prince so generous?—from an Advocate so able?—from provisions so excellent?—from a fountain so pure? To whom can we turn? Where can we go and meet with benefits so great, with blessings so inestimable, with assurances so firm, and with prospects so bright?

Fourthly. *Eternal life is in Jesus Christ, obtained through Him, and enjoyed in Him.* Eternal life is eminently and emphatically "the gift of God," and no less the gift of Jesus Christ, who is God and man in one Christ: "I give unto My sheep eternal life." If we pursue the course of the Thames, the Trent, or the Severn, upwards, we are at length brought to the springhead, whence their silver waves, their abundant waters are supplied. Thus Jesus Christ is the springhead of salvation and eternal life, whence all their rich blessings flow:—"When Christ who is our life," &c. "This life is in His Son." "He that hath the Son hath life." "I am the bread of life." "I came that they might have life." "Because I live, ye shall live also." There is no life but in Him; so that "he who hath not the Son, hath not life."

Several things may be inferred: First, Great confidence placed in men ofttimes meets with disappointment. The Lord only may be trusted with implicit confidence. His Word endureth for ever. Secondly, When some desert Jesus Christ, and abandon the good cause of God, we ought neither to justify nor excuse their base and criminal conduct, much less to follow their ill example. It is in such circumstances that we should redouble our zeal in the righteous cause of heaven; then our attachment should become stronger than ever. "Be ye stedfast, unmove-

able, always abounding," &c. Thirdly, If eternal life is a blessing actually in Jesus Christ, and can be obtained by no other person, and in no other way, then we should be principally concerned to know Him, and to be united to Him by a living faith. (See Phil. iii. 7-11; Heb. vi. 11, 12). Fourthly, This is a world of trouble and painful disasters; but believers in Jesus Christ have the comfort of the hope of eternal life through Him. Think much on eternal life! What an, amazing comprehensive, and all-sufficient blessing! It exactly corresponds with the nature and appetites of an immortal soul. God, who reconciled us in Jesus Christ, can alone fill that mighty void the whole creation leaves in human hearts. Fifth, salvation in Christ can effectually recover men from the ruins of the fall, restore them to the friendship of God, and re-establish them as on an immoveable rock.

[Are we *in* Christ Jesus? Is our hope founded on His *name*, blood, and righteousness? Have we been constrained by His love to make a full surrender of ourselves and our all to Him? Have we also given ourselves to His people in Church fellowship, according to the will of God? (2 Cor. viii. 15.) If He has given us a place in His house, which is His Church, are we seeking to fill that place? All such should remember they are not their own, but the Lord's, who bought them; and since they have given their hand in consent to His claim, there should be no looking back, for the Lord declares that such are not fit for the kingdom of God. It is he that shall endure unto the end, He declares shall be saved; but oh, what a solemn sentence is that! "If any man draw back, My soul shall have no pleasure in him." He does not build His house of rolling stones, but of such, as are hewn and polished, fitted for the place He designs them to fill, and they are kept by the power of God, for, "Jesus having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end."] O. E. M.

CHRIST dwelling in our hearts by faith, as He discovers, re-proves, condemns, and destroys sin, so He is called Judgment; and thus is judgment to be understood in the Gospel sense; and not *terribly*, as in the sense of the Law. And this judgment shall at last "break forth unto victory"; that is, though Christ in us hath to do with many strong corruptions and lusts in the soul, yet at last He prevails against them all; and judgment "breaks forth unto victory," because Christ, the Judgment of God in the soul, must needs, in the end, prevail against every sin in man.—*John Dell*, 1646.

LETTER BY THE LATE MR. ROBERT P. KNILL.

MY DEAR KIND FRIENDS, MR. AND MRS. C——,—I believe, when last I was with you, I said I hoped to write a few lines, as it would be some time before we hoped to meet again. But whilst desirous of redeeming my pledge, I feel that no benefit can accrue thereby unless the dear Lord condescends to be the Dictator.

We have to learn the truth that "every good gift, and every perfect gift, cometh from above." Then it is our business, by grace, to ask our gracious God to bestow such upon us as shall be for His glory and our good. Hence the importance, and, I must add, the privilege, of a mercy seat—a throne of grace—where our kind and gracious Benefactor has promised to meet His people. God's exceeding great and precious promises are left upon record, to the end that we may be encouraged to ask, to seek, and to find. And yet how slow are we to put it into practice, waiting for a more suitable frame or feeling with which to go, as if our God needed anything from us as an inducement to Him to bestow upon us His blessings.

The late dear Mr. Huntington was (as are all eminent Christians) a man of much prayer, calling the throne of grace his royal exchange, which was his daily resort, bringing his poverty for Christ's riches, his miseries for Christ's mercies, and his unworthiness for Christ's merits. And he also speaks of keeping the debt-book clear by balancing accounts every day. "Short reckonings make long friends" is an old adage.

Another year has passed away, and with it all its attendant cares, anxieties, and trials. On taking a retrospect thereof which scale has been the heaviest, the Lord's great mercies or our miseries, surely we must acknowledge that His goodness has abounded, yea, superabounded over all our sins and unworthiness.

Oh, my dear friends, how sovereign His grace, how inconceivably rich His love to such sinful creatures as we are! And what so enhances His love is the consideration of His infinite foreknowledge of every sinful thought, word, and action of which we should be guilty from our birth to our death. Surely we may say with David, "Is this the manner of man, O Lord?" What a sweet part of God's Word is the following:—"If when we were sinners we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, much more, being reconciled [brought from enemies to be friends], we shall be saved by His life." O the amazing height, depth, length, and breadth of the love of Christ! Is it not, when felt, a part of heaven let down to earth? Yes, a certain pledge of future bliss and blessedness. O how this love calms a troubled breast—how it

humbles and reconciles to every loss or cross in passing along through the wilderness!

Soon after the children got into the wilderness they came to the waters of Marah, of which they could not drink until that Moses, the typical Mediator, cried unto the Lord, who ordered him to cut down a tree which, when cast into the waters, they became sweet. Have we not similarly found it? May we not use the poet's words—

“Did ever trouble yet befall,
And He refuse to hear our call?
Does not His word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek His face in vain?”

I must acknowledge, to the honour and praise of His name, that He has so ordered my steps and path, so far as I have already come, as to cause those very trials which in themselves appeared as messengers or forerunners of *destruction*, to be heralds of *salvation*. Many, many times, when in trouble, have I cried unto the Lord out of the depths, and used as my own the language of David, “Let not the pit shut her mouth upon me, neither let the deep swallow me up.” “Save me from the lion’s mouth.” Little did I conceive, when in these solemn places, that “the eternal God was my refuge; and underneath (quite out of my sight) were the everlasting arms.” The language of a part of the 107th Psalm points to such a case: “They who go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep; they mount up to the heavens, they go down again to the deep; their soul is *melting* because of trouble. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He delivereth them out of their distresses. O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men! He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so He bringeth them to their desired haven.” O how many of God’s poor tried children have blessed Him for this precious Psalm! Depend upon it, dear friend, none that ever navigated that sea ever suffered shipwreck. The vessel may go all to pieces (as in Paul’s case), but all will get safe to land. How so? Because “skilful the Pilot who sits at the helm.” O to be “a vessel of mercy, afore prepared to glory!” You and I might (as unnumbered millions) have been appointed unto wrath, of which we have and do feel our just desert.

O to grace what debtors are we! and what is more, shall be to all eternity increasing that debt. Are there not some sweet though short seasons, when faith eyes the promised land, when

we hope to "pass the river of death, telling the triumphs of our King?" O that blessed, incorruptible inheritance in reserve for all those who are "kept by the power of God unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time!" O that we were favoured with a larger measure of precious faith, which brings distant things near! Very little rejoicing with joy unspeakable and full of glory, although you and I have the same ground of rejoicing as the saints of old. But, alas! our souls too often cleave to the dust, and we are at times glad to feel life enough to cry, "*Quicken me, O Lord!*" Is it not then a mercy that our salvation is wholly *in* and of the Lord, so that although our different exercises produce sorrow and delight, yet upon neither does our salvation hang? This is the ground of my hope—the everlasting love of God in Christ Jesus.

I must now conclude, with our united kind love to each and all; also our love to any enquiring friend.

Yours very sincerely,

ROBT. P. KNILL.

Croydon, January 2nd, 1883.

THE Christian man consents to the law, that it is righteous, and justifies God in the law, for he affirms that God is righteous and just, who is the Author of the law. He believes the promises of God, and justifies God, judging Him true, and believing that He will fulfil all His promises. With the law he condemns himself and all his deeds, and gives all the praise to God. He believes the promises, and ascribes all truth to God; thus, everywhere he justifies God, and praises God.—*William Tindal*, 1530.

So long as the devil hath peaceable possession of a man's heart, so long he never molesteth him; he willingly obeyeth the devil, and delighteth in his service; and, therefore, what need the devil impugn him? A king never lifteth up his sword against his own loyal subjects; but if once they begin to rebel, then he raiseth a power to subdue them to his obedience. In like manner, so long as men are sworn subjects to the devil, he never stirreth against them; but if once, by the grace of God, they begin to rebel against him, and shake off his yoke, then he rageth and laboureth by all means to reduce them to obedience. A dog, though never so fierce, doth not bark at those of the household. So the dogs of hell will never bark at men, so long as they are of the devil's household; but when they are made "citizens with the saints, and of the household of God," then they begin to take on.—*Charles Richardson*, 1612.

THE SEEKER'S CORNER.

TO MR. AND MRS. WOOLARD.

MY DEAR AND ESTEEMED FRIENDS,—As my dear wife purposes to write to you this evening, I thought I would put in a line, hoping you will take it of me as I mean it to be, a token of that love and sympathy that should ever exist among the members of our Lord Jesus Christ. We are members one of another, and we do truly sympathize with you, seeing that you are passing through deep waters ; and, looking at your situation only with the light of our natural reason, we may not unreasonably say, Why does our Lord so afflict them ? But taking another view of it, and with faith in exercise, and the Word of our God for our guide, it wears another aspect. He says, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, as a father his son in whom he delighteth." So these chastenings only show His love, and prove your sonship, and His adoption of you into His family. Again, He promises His presence in passing through the deep waters of affliction, then certainly we must go into and through these same depths. Still more, He says, "I will never leave thee." Blessings on His sacred name ! He ever has been as good as His word ; there has never been a trial you have been brought into yet but He has, up to this present time, supported you under it, and hitherto brought you out of it, and in it all He has not only shown His unchangeable love to you both, but He also uses these heavy afflictions of yours to prove to you the reality of your religion, and to assure you how much He feels for you, and to bring you near Him, and keep your minds waiting on Him while receiving from Him the needed support from day to day. And still more, He thereby draws out the love of the brethren to you. I may say, I seldom bow my knees before my God but your case comes up foremost in my mind, when I pray for those whom I would remember before Him ; and if I, an unworthy one, be permitted and moved to intercede for you, then how infinitely more does your Great High Priest plead your cause before the throne ! And it is certain that He always prevails ; never does He plead for any of his saints, but His saints prevail through Him. Then, still further, I would call to your minds this, that deliverance from all and every one of your trials is close at hand ; you are standing on the borderland, the bright messengers will very soon convey your redeemed souls over the river, and all trouble, anxiety, and care, will be for ever and ever things of the past. We might well envy your position. Why, even a glimpse of His face, and a word from Him would fill our poor hearts and

make us long for more, but then it will not be a mere glance, for we shall be like Him when we shall see Him as He is. Oh, blest sight! Oh, favoured souls! My mind of late has risen on this, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." You both have endured the heat of the day, and "he that endureth to the end shall be saved." Then we will abscribe to our Three-One God, glory, honour, dominion, and power for ever. Hallelujah! Excuse my rambling note; accept, if you please, of love unfeigned from your affectionate brother in Christ,

(THE LATE) THOS. BARNARD.

Cirencester, March 19th, 1887.

"LORD, ALL MY DESIRE IS BEFORE THEE."

ONE thing dear Lord, I crave, oh, wilt Thou grant it me?
It is that Thou wilt give Thy Spirit unto me.
Give me a clean, new heart, and make my spirit right;
Thou seest how black I am, and know'st my dreadful plight.

I feel that in myself there is not one thing good;
Jesus, do Thou apply Thine own most precious blood;
For 'tis by blood alone that I can be restored
To liberty and peace, and praise a risen Lord.

I beg that Thou, O Lord, would'st teach my soul to pray,
And lead me on in love in Thy most holy way;
The world and Satan strive to keep my soul from Thee,
And oft I fear I shall an outcast prove to be.

Lord, take away the power of every evil thought,
That I may prove in truth I'm one whom Thou hast bought.
If Thou wilt only draw, my soul will to Thee run;
Helpless and weak I am, nor can I to Thee come.

Thou know'st that, if I could, I'd love Thee more and more;
Oh, may I be, through grace, more than conqueror,
Through Jesus' precious blood, who died on Calvary's tree,
To save poor ruined souls—yea, even such as me.

In Thee alone I trust for pardon and for peace;
Oh, cleanse my conscience, Lord, and fill me with thy grace.
And if Thou seest fit afflictions sore to send,
Give faith that I may more on Thee for all depend.

I know all will be well if Thou Thy presence give,
Till, spoiled to all beside, I'd on Thy fulness live.
Then when the hand of death upon this clay is prest,
Thou'lt take my spirit up where all thy saints are blest.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR SON,—I will now try to pen you a few lines. I have been wanting to do so from the day I received yours, or, rather, the day after, for I must tell you I did not read it till Monday. And yet it was no slight at all; your kind and good wishes were sent in time, but were read after all was over. No doubt you have heard or read some kind of report of the matter, either good or bad, yet bad could not truthfully be, for it far exceeded all my expectations, and once more I found it better than even my hopes, leave alone my fears.

I believe I told you how things stood, and my fear lest something might upset what was then going on, but nothing of the kind did occur, but all came in due course at the proper, and at what seemed to me God's appointed time. The spirit throughout was very good; there was a spirit of Christian boldness in the candidates I did not expect, and withal great quietness of spirit and demeanour. If ever I had reason to be proud, I had that day; but there was no room for pride, there was such a spirit of thankfulness; every evil spirit was for the time being laid, not by the will or power of man, but of God. A solemn quietness reigned through the day, even in the afternoon, when the chapel was, I may say, crammed, in great part by young people. Wesleyans, Primitives, and Church people were there, and I believe a favourable impression was very generally made as to the rightness of what was said and done. What real good was done the Lord only knows, who alone is the Author of all good. Jesus Christ knew when on earth that virtue had gone out of Him (it was healing virtue the woman stole), according to the rule of treasure found in the field, and yet hid for a time until it should come abroad.

The gathering, too, at Longparish was encouraging to the Christian's spirit; there were lovers of truth from Andover, Winchester, Portsmouth, Whitechurch, and Swindon; and this coming together, not by plan, but by the good providence of God, was very remarkable—at least, I was compelled for one to admire and confess, to the glory of God. Also, to have this despised ordinance observed by four persons, after the baptistry had been closed for thirteen years, was no small encouragement to hold fast the commandment of our Lord Jesus Christ (no one but myself knows the gall I have had to drink at the hands of those associated with me; yet so inconstant under trial). There seemed nothing more appropriate than Paul's experience when he met his friends on his way to Rome, "They thanked God and took courage." How blessed and easy under the power of the

Spirit ; yet how hard and impossible when only duty prompts ! Law is right enough if we had strength, but the Gospel is this, "When we were without strength, Christ died for the ungodly," and "while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." This commends the love of God *to us* (sensible sinners), for none others believe the free love of God, nor the deep sinfulness of depraved man. I trust ours may prove a saving belief in the Son of God. My text last Sunday was an enquiry, "What will a man be advantaged if he gain the whole world and *lose himself*," or "be cast away" ? These are very solemn things to happen to any man, and yet how many will be found here ! Paul kept his body under, lest he should be cast away ; how very few high doctrine men feel the need of this evidence of a gracious heart ; for it was as an evidence and not as meritorious Paul wrote of it. Moreover, I often feel to be losing myself. Demas found a silver mine ; others, when they came to the hill, went away into a wood and lost themselves. How few find the strait gate, how few approve the narrow way ; how many go in the wide gate, and walk the broad way, *because* it is easy ! Not so true pilgrims ; they suspect ease, they dread calm, and yet shrink from trial of faith, but God will lead His own into the fire and water—these two opposites, these two extremes—yet the Lord is with His own in it, and brings them through it, though they seldom recognise His presence ; for this reason—they look for deliverance, but do not notice His supporting grace, whereas Paul says, "Having obtained help of God, I continue unto this present." Yet the living souls says, "But is it a living continuance ?" Dead service, he knows and feels, will not do for the living God ; it is a living Foundation ; on it are built lively or living stones ; it is living water, springing up into everlasting life ; or, as I see it, life springing up into life. Christ is our life, and, "When He appears, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is ;" and every man that hath this hope—Christ our Hope—not only hope as a grace, but Hope, *the God of hope*. How deep laid are heavenly realities ! May the Lord of His mercy lead us to dig deep to find the sure Foundation.

From your loving Father,

S. BARNETT.

THE eye of faith looks more to the blood of Jesus than to the soul's victory over corruption.

HE that believeth hath "an unction from the Holy One." A true Christian is as vitally united to Christ as the hand or foot is to the body,—consequently he suffers and rejoices with Him.—*Hart.*

The Sower. August, 1900.



THE LATE MR. G. HARDING.

OUTLINES IN THE LIFE OF GEORGE HARDING,

NEARLY SIXTY YEARS MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL AT
SWANWICK, HANTS.

(A REVIEW.)

THE little work just published under the above title is a plain, unvarnished story of a humble man, a true lover of his Lord, and a faithful witness to His truth. "Nearly sixty years minister of the Gospel;" how much sorrow and joy, deep anxieties, and gracious relief are couched in these words, which only God's labourers who are engaged in the ministry can have any conception of. But the sowing in sorrow has now turned to reaping in joy. The faithful labourer has entered into his rest, but his works still follow him. "God buries His workers, but carries on His work."

George Harding was born at Farnham, in Hampshire, October 23rd, 1809, and when quite a child moved with his parents into the neighbourhood of Swanwick, where he continued to abide. He early had convictions of his state as a sinner before God, and had many desires for mercy. These for a time would wear off, and then were revived again, but they eventually had the effect of causing him to leave the company of the world. Sometimes he obtained a little encouragement, then he was cast down again into the depths, till the Lord's set time of deliverance came, which he thus describes :—

"My employer had a brick-kiln a few miles off from the other works, and one journey there was a time to be remembered. I had felt much of my own vileness, and my life was spent crying to God for mercy. On this occasion, just as the day was closing in, I felt a great softness come over my spirit, and the wonderful love of Christ was revealed, while these words were brought home to my heart with great power: 'I love them that love Me, and those that seek Me early shall find Me.' His love to me was wonderful; my mind was full of real peace; I never felt anything like it before. Oh, how I wished someone was present to whom I could speak of the joy and peace I then felt; the tears of joy ran down my face; I leaped for joy; my sins were all gone; I could see the Lord Jesus suffering for me on the cross; the happiness I felt I cannot describe. I went to the cabin door (where the men at work rested), intending to tell my partner in work about it, but I was stopped with these words: 'A stranger doth not intermeddle with your joy.' I saw in a moment that the world was a total stranger to what I was then enjoying. 'The world knoweth us not, because it knew Him

not.' This peace and blessedness lasted with me about a fortnight. The Sun of Righteousness appeared to be shining into my soul without a cloud, sin was under my feet, and my mind was fixed on heavenly things. I wondered what the Lord was going to do with me. I have never had such a long season of joy and peace since, but when the Lord grants me a fresh manifestation of His love and mercy, its nature is still the same.

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

The language of the foregoing extract is the language of a heavenly liberated soul, and will find an echo in the hearts of those who know any measure of a similar experience.

The Lord soon began to exercise Mr. Harding's mind in respect to the preaching of the Gospel, and the book contains an interesting account of the manner it was brought about, and the trials and difficulties that had to be met with; yet the Lord delivered him out of them all, and maintained his lot, enabling him to warn sinners, instruct seekers, and comfort the sorrowful for the space of nearly sixty years.

We have also presented to us in the pages of this book Notes from a Diary kept by Mr. Harding for many years, which will be found interesting, and throws light upon his feelings, and the way he obtained help of God, and so continued in the word and work of his Master.

We give one or two extracts from these Notes:—

“*January 19, 1879.*—Spoke at home, and was favoured with a good time. The Lord is good to me. Before I got up in the morning my heart was going up to the Lord for help, for I felt in and of myself a poor insufficient creature to preach, unless helped from above. Bernard Gilpin says he found the best preparation for the pulpit to be prayer; I can confirm this.

“*September 7, 1879.*—Spoke in the morning from these words, ‘With my soul have I desired Thee in the night.’ My heart was softened with the Lord's goodness. I had been in a dark state of mind the last time I preached. I felt wretched, it seemed as if I could not preach; oh, how my soul mourned! But on Lord's-day morning it was quite the reverse; I could see and feel all was right. In the evening I spoke from Psalm ciii. 13, 14. I felt helped, but the Gospel was not quite so sweet.

“*January 13, 1891.*—My dear wife left this world for a better, at half-past seven in the morning, after upwards of eight years' affliction. On the Friday before her death she was greatly tried, but on the Saturday much encouraged by these words being

applied with power to her soul, 'I have graven thee upon the palms of My hands'; also,

" 'More happy, but not more secure.
The glorified spirits in heaven.' "

The volume contains several choice letters, some sweet verses composed by Mr. Harding, also an account of his closing days, written by his daughter. To one of the members of the Church who came to see him, he tried to say—

" Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are ; "

and to another friend he tried to say—

" The Gospel bears my spirit up ;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation of my hope
In oaths, and promises, and blood. "

He passed away to be for ever with the Lord February 1st, 1892, aged eighty-two years.

This little work has been published by the daughters of the departed minister of the Gospel, as a little monument of love to the memory of their beloved father. We hope our readers will all send for a copy, which is published at the cheap price of 1s. 3d. (by post 1s. 5d.), and can be obtained of the Misses Harding, 143, West Street, Fareham, Hants. We hope that by the means of this work the ministry of our departed friend may still be continued to the glory of his God and the good of souls.

To be a Christian is to be like Christ, from whom the name is taken ; to be possessed of His spirit and temper. " Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity. " Christ was perfectly free from sin. His followers also shall be free from sin in a little time ; ere long they will enter into the pure regions of perfect holiness, and will drop all their sins, with their mortal bodies, into the grave. This, alas ! is not their character in the present state ; but the remains of sin still cleave to them. Yet, even in the present state, they are labouring after perfection in holiness. They are hourly conflicting with temptation, and resisting every iniquity, in its most alluring forms. And, though sin is perpetually struggling for the mastery, and sometimes gets an advantage over them, yet, as they are not " under the law, but under grace, " they are assisted with recruits of grace, so that no sin has an habitual " dominion over them. "—*President Davies, 1759.*

THE DESIGNS OF AFFLICTION.

ALL afflictions are designed for blessings—to do us good at the latter end, however they may cross our desires, or disquiet our minds at present. “Happy” (says the Spirit of inspiration, and not wretched) “is the man whom God correcteth” (Job v. 17); and for this reason, because His merciful chastenings, though not joyous but grievous, yield “the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them that are exercised thereby” (Heb. xii. 11). God’s ways are not our ways. The children whom we love we are apt to treat with all the soft blandishments and fond caresses of profuse indulgence, and too, too often do so to their hurt, if not to their ruin. But the Father of spirits is wise in His love, and out of kindness severe; therefore it is said, “Whom He loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth” (Heb. xii. 6). Would you not, dear sir, be a child of that everlasting Father, whose favour is better than life? Affliction is one sign of your adoption to this inestimable relation. Would you not be a heir of the inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away? Affliction is your path to this blissful patrimony. “Through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of heaven” (Acts xiv. 22). Would you not be made like your ever-blessed and amiable Redeemer? “He was a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief,” and every disciple must expect to be as his Master.

Perhaps you may think your affliction peculiarly calamitous, and that if it had been of some other kind you could more cheerfully submit, more easily bear it. But you are in the hands of an all-wise Physician, who joins to the bowels of infinite love the discernment of infinite wisdom. He cannot mistake your case. He sees into remotest events; and though He varies His remedies, always prescribes with the exactest propriety to everyone’s particular state. Assure yourself, therefore, the visitation which He appoints is the very properest recipe in the dispensation of Heaven. Any other would have been less fit to convey saving health to your immortal part, and less subservient to your enjoyment of the temporal blessings, which may, perhaps, be yet in store for you.—*Extract from Hervey’s Letters.*

THE dealings of God with His people, though similar in the general, are nevertheless so various that there is no chalking out the paths of one child of God by those of another, no laying down regular plans of Christian conversion, Christian experience, Christian usefulness, or Christian conversation.—*Hart.*

"BELOVED OF HIS GOD."

(Concluded from page 158.)

November, 1871.—God teaches very different from man; and we know that the prison, the stocks, the fire and the blood are realities which bring terror, bondage and contraction of soul, and that the stronghold, the dance, the singing and rejoicing ones, the prey taken, the lawful captive delivered, and the prodigal received safe and sound, the divorced wife re-married, and the poor and needy banqueted by everlasting love upon the Lamb of God, the fatted calf, the hind of the morning, and the drinking the precious wine of the kingdom, that cheers the heart of God and man, are heart-rejoicing realities also. I delight in the precious viands, and my poor soul longs for them more than for the applause of mortals, or the husks are longed for by the swine. I know you understand these things, and I believe you know something of the unworthiness of the recipients! We are now entering upon cold weather, and I am compelled to keep close doors, and I am quite sure that if the dear Lord does not in mercy to the chief of sinners condescend to warm my heart, I shall be as cold within to Him and His precious Word, and cause and people, as my body without. We have the blessed promise to them who fear the dear Lord's name, that the Sun of righteousness shall arise upon them, and "He is faithful that hath promised."

December, 1871.—You seem like a hot piece of gold come out of the crucible, I feel as cold as an icicle. Oh, what a favour the dear Lord has done you in again raising you up to tell to the daughters of Zion the kindness of the King and His beauty!

"The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadow of my Lord;
Nature, to make His beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own."

I do feel at times a heart union with the dear lovers of the adorable Lord Jesus, and long for my whole heart and soul to be His; but what sin, pride, unbelief, and every foe to God and goodness! such a lethargy! and no holy violence against rising fears and Satan, and a keen watch against error without and sin within. Oh, what loss and ruin has my poor soul suffered from the pride and unbelief of my heart! Truly it seems amazing at times that I am not shut up in despair under the soul-crushing weight of that dread mountain! Oh, the unspeakable long-suffering, infinite kindness and compassion of a God in Covenant to my poor wretched soul! The eternal love of a Three-one God,

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, is always revealed through and in a precious Jesus. He—bless His precious name!—is our Sun and Shield, our great Fort, in His light, blood, obedience, death, resurrection, and advocacy, our Captain, and fights every battle in us as well as for us, and hath graciously assured us, no weapon formed against us shall prosper. What secret and powerful weapons are formed against us by the desperate old man! How many rush presumptuously on in a profession, and can both preach and write and pray, who never once trembled before God as guilty criminals, or ever felt their entirely bankrupt state, nor ever knew their leprous condition, and made to cry feelingly before a heart-searching God, "Unclean! unclean!"—who never had their pardon pronounced, their certificate of being ransomed, nor the balm applied that cleanseth from all sin; who never were in bondage to any man, and therefore were never made free to go forth in the dances of them who make merry. How light their words! how empty their effusions! Where the dear Son of God, the blessed, gracious, and precious Jesus, has stood in the criminal's place to free him, and paid the bankrupt's debt in blood, and healed the leper freely and completely with His precious blood, and set the poor, dreary, despairing captive at liberty, shall these be tied to rules and regulations by dead legal professors? No! no! Pharisees may grumble, but, Hosannah! blessed is the King of Zion! "Praise the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless and praise His holy Name," for His goodness is unsearchable. What a blessed Psalm is the 103rd. Yea, how blessed are they all when we can feel them. I feel the awful and dreadful state we are in as a nation, and how grievous it is that brethren of the same family cannot agree to differ on non-essentials. I am satisfied of this, we want more love to the dear Lord, and then we should love one another more. There are some gracious souls at Helmsley. One, William Harper, a dreadful poacher, but was converted whilst in prison for the murder of one of Lord F——'s keepers, and a miracle of mercy he is. Oh, that our gracious God would raise up more faithful labourers.

May, 1873.—What a mercy it is that such sinners as we are, are out of that dread abode—sovereign grace and eternal love—mercy which endureth for ever, and precious blood. The righteousness of a precious Jesus, the oath and purpose and unchangeable Covenant and precious promises of our most gracious God are not vapours, but solemn realities, and as we feel our lost, vile, ruined state, so in proportion are we made to feel the solemnity, the greatness, and the preciousness of the former. Well might the Prophet cry out, "Who is a God like unto Thee?" The challenge

is just! Among the gods there is none like unto Thee, O Jehovah, neither are there any works like unto Thy works. We are poor ignorant creatures, and as helpless as we are ignorant, and nothing but a Triune Jehovah—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—can possibly save us, and that by an act of sovereign, rich, free grace and mercy through a crucified Jesus. If that salvation wanted anything from the creature, we are all lost for ever. But Israel shall be saved in the Lord with an everlasting and overflowing salvation.

November, 1875.—There are times when I long to commune with those who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. He hath said, "Even to hoar hairs will I carry you," and although we are corrected in measure, not in anger, but from His dear Covenant love; yet we find at times a real decision in our souls that we are punished much less than our iniquities deserve. I have sinned against light and love, and the sixth and tenth of Hebrews have at times been very terrible to me, but one great mercy is, I never entertained any malice against my dear Lord; the very thought of such a thing would be almost a hell to me. No, bless His dear name, my backslidings have been many—how many who can tell!—yet I would drop my vile head in the dust at His blessed feet, and bless Him for all my afflictions, my poverty, my persecutions and trials; for, as means, they have kept me from much evil, into which I have no doubt, with such a heart as mine, I would have plunged. Oh, what grace it takes to make us right, and keep us right. It is true now as in the Patriarch's days, "Thy visitations preserve my spirit." I am scarcely able to walk now, but a lady died here this year, and left me a Bath-chair in which I am wheeled to and from chapel.

December, 1875.—We are not our own, that is our mercy, but belong to One who is "too wise to err, and too good to be unkind." Although, as Joseph did to his brethren, He often speaks roughly in His providence, and Word too, to us, it is all in love; love lies at the bottom of all our correction. "Bastards may escape the rod." We feel the reproof, 'Thou hast been weary of Me'; alas, how true! How fatally true to our peace and comfort! We find the real cause of this slighting our dearest Lord, sweetest Lover, and uncomparable Friend, is the plague of the heart, the law in the members, the old man; what a misery and distress has this brought upon us. I often feel as if I were the vilest wretch out of hell, and am often filled with fears that I shall never find the Lord when heart and flesh fail me. Hitherto I have proved the dear Lord faithful and Satan a liar. A poor old man, eighty years old, has just died here who was the oldest member of this Church, and was always afraid the dear Lord would never appear for him, he died a

most triumphant death ; and a poor woman who died recently, also a member, made a blessed end, although she had been sadly beset with fears previously. Our dear Lord is a present help in time of need. This is His work, to give "power to the faint ; and to them that have no might He increaseth strength." I feel often as if I had no religion, so dead and barren, yet the Lord knows, as Hart says, "But I would be holy and contrite." Sin is in me, but, blessed be God, I do not live in it, but by the faith of the Son of God I often feel I would love the dear Lord and His truth and people more if I could, but alas ! alas ! for the most part I have to cry, "My leanness, my leanness !"

January, 1876.—Our afflictions are not joyous, but act as ballast to the vessel, or as fire to the precious metal, or the rasp of the lapidary to the precious gem. Eternal love has left the two-fold legacy—tribulation and peace. Our vile nature would have no tribulation or no peace with God and His dear people, but pleasure in the flesh and delight in the world. Millions are left with these for a portion and have enough, and say to the dear Fountain of true pleasure, the perfection of Beauty, and the only Refuge, "Depart from us, we want Thee not !" Alas, the madness of our vile natures push on to destruction, seeking death, eternal death, in the error of their way. "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death" (Proverbs xvi, 25). When we read of the prophets and apostles, and the dear men and women who have suffered under Popery, as well as under the pagans and some to this day in France, Spain, and Portugal, we may well say, "The lines have fallen to us in pleasant places ; we have a goodly heritage." Sometimes I wonder at the patience of my dear and gracious God, that He has not cut me down, and sent me to the place where hope never comes. He changes not ! What a mercy this is !

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

No change in man can change our loving Lord. He is immutable in counsel and in word. The boundless grace and love of such an immensely great and infinitely glorious Jehovah shine with a splendour that dazzles the eyes of cherubin and seraphin so that with holy reverence they veil their faces, and with profoundest awe adore the glorious and ever-to-be-glorified Jehovah. He is our Teacher and Guide, and while millions are boasting of their connection with the Pope and other systems of delusion, we are so highly favoured that God Himself teaches and guides us, and we know the truth is, we are lost in Adam and ourselves, and wholly destroyed by sin and wicked works, but wholly and eternally

saved by grace through a precious Jesus, and beloved of God, and redeemed and regenerated because we are beloved, and this is the true foundation laid in Zion by God the Father, and poor sinners are built up a habitation of God through the Spirit. This truth makes us free. What paradoxes! Enriched by losses, strengthened by falls; made wise by folly; become something by being nothing; made straight by crosses; made beautiful by being made haggard; made healthy by sickness; killed to be made alive; pulled to pieces to be put together for ever; lost and ruined to be saved and blest eternally; sold as a slave and redeemed, adopted, and ennobled; plagued with sin, vexed with ten thousand fears, and pestered with Satan and despised by the world, yet an heir of God's unsearchable grace and unrivalled love and incomparable blessing; often feeling a poor forlorn wretch, and one for whom no one cares, yet the charge of angels and the Bride of the Lamb; interested in every promise, share in every counsel and purpose of Jehovah, and kept as the apple of His eye, the beloved of His soul, and His crown of rejoicing in that day; His chosen, beloved, and royal spouse, to be with Him for ever and ever.

August, 1876.—One thing is needful. A precious Jesus felt and enjoyed in the soul is real, substantial pleasure. Treasure, food and raiment, and protection; yea, all in all. Without Him what an empty, polluted, thorny world and state is this life?

September, 1877.—We are often groping within for that which is in a precious Christ. The poet says—

"Why should a pilgrim grope within,
And judge by what he feels?
A loathsome stench of death and sin
No consolation yields."

"Look unto Me." "Looking unto Jesus." In Him we are complete, and in ourselves poor empty creatures, that can never be aught but the chief of sinners and the least of saints, with grace in operation and the teaching of the blessed Spirit. Much that is said and done in the Church of God would be left unsaid and undone if we went to the dear Lord to seek for wisdom and guidance.

January, 1878.—I am so ill that every sermon I preach I think will be the last; I have to be carried to the chapel and back. Faithful, experimental, unctuous ministers are few, and men with a little light and great boldness rush into the ministry, until the Churches they visit are as barren and dry as Gilboa. If a man act faithfully with them, he is deemed a troublesome

man, and to speak against him and hate him is the general effect. Oh that the dear Lord may look in pity upon His dear Church in every branch, and raise up faithful, laborious, gracious ministers to feed, water, prune and plant, and bless His dear people with the fear of the Lord, tender consciences, and a fervent love to our dear Immanuel and to one another. This new year opens with gloomy prospects for the dear Church of God. What infidelity, superstition, and deadly heresies are sown broadcast through the land by men of learning and high standing in the nation! How cold is poor Zion! How dejected and feeble are her ministers! The best and strongest are the most sensibly weak and the most feelingly vile. What a trying, purging process did poor Job pass through before he knew this. We learn slowly, and again and again have we to be taught "salvation is of the Lord." I hope you will be kept stedfast in the pure truth of God, and be sure of this: the more you are enabled to honour the dear Lord personally, relatively, and collectively, the more He will honour you. May the God of all grace and our precious Lord Jesus, with the sweet and invaluable Comforter, be your help and salvation in every trial, and bring you to that blessed place where—

**"The congregation ne'er breaks up,
And Sabbath never ends."**

March, 1878.—I am very ill. I may go very suddenly. Oh, the blessing to be prepared! What a mercy to have the dear Lord's testimony in the soul that He loves me; and I know His lovingkindness changes not. Oh, what a mercy to have a hope beyond the grave! We cannot go beyond our circuit, neither in health nor affliction, but must take what the dear Lord is pleased to send. What mercy at times to feel the dear Lord Jesus our Friend and blessed Companion! One of His visits amply compensates for our distress by Satan and sin. Yet I dare say your prayer, like mine, often is in unison with Toplady—

**"Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power."**

When I look back, ever since the dear Lord called me, I see myself such a wretch that I wonder how ever the dear Lord has borne with me; that He has not cut me off and sent me to hell, is not because I have not deserved it, but because He is good "and His mercy endureth for ever." Well might Micah say, "Who is a God like unto Thee?" And well may I say, "It is of the Lord's mercies I have not been consumed, because His compassions fail not."

December, 1878.—Our God said to Abraham, "I am thy shield

and thy exceeding great reward," so there is no ground for fear, but unbelief is a desperate foe. We are both lost, ruined sinners, saved by sovereign rich free grace. Covenant mercy and atoning blood are the rich fruit of love divine fixed upon such worthless, sin-polluted worms as we are constrained to own ourselves to be. It is my prayer you should be kept stedfast and honest in the truth, sober-minded and temperate. We lost a valuable member by death here on Sunday night. His evidence was bright, his grace clear, and he died in the full assurance of being with the dear Lord for evermore. What a desirable end!

T. CLOUGH.

I feel it an honour that the foregoing selections from the writings of the late Thomas Clough, through various friends, have come into my hands, and that I am able to present them to my friends the readers of the *SOWER*. I have no doubt God's living, exercised family will find and feel pleasure in reading them, and that the expressions which came warm from his heart will find an echo in theirs. Part, written to myself, gave me an union of soul to him, and his desire for my spiritual welfare I trust may yet be more abundantly realized. They form a link in the chain of providences that brought me acquainted with some of the Lord's people in the far North, with whom he was personally and intimately acquainted. Some have followed him to their eternal rest, while others are waiting for the summons, "Come up hither." As he neared his journey's end, the Lord evidently was ripening him for the glory before him; his expressions in the later extracts prove this, so that when the end suddenly came, he had only to die.

Saffron Walden.

R. F. R.

EVERY renewed soul is the scene and stage wherein the two mightiest contraries in the world,—the spirit and the flesh, light and darkness, life and death, heaven and hell, good and evil, Michael and his angels, and the dragon with his,—are perpetually combating hand to hand. And well it is for a Christian that the Holy Spirit is lusting in him against the flesh. God takes thy part, Christian; the Spirit of the Lord of Hosts is with thee, if thou dost not sin and grieve Him away. Follow but thy Leader, be prompt and ready to start at the Divine signal, when the Holy Ghost displays His ensigns, then march forth under those mighty and victorious banners, and thou shalt become invincible.—*John Gibbons*, 1661.

THOMAS RUSHAN, OF SWINDON,

WHO PEACEFULLY ENTERED INTO REST JUNE 10TH, 1900, AGED
38 YEARS.

THE above dear friend was the worthy Superintendent of the Sabbath School at Providence Baptist Chapel, Swindon; one whom we all loved, who won the affections of pastor, deacons, Church, and congregation. The children were especially fond of him—beloved of God.

He was born of God-fearing parents, passed his young days quietly and respectably, and while young the Lord blessed him with His holy fear, and called him by His grace, renewed his soul, and gave him the grace of obedience, so that his heart being drawn to the Lord, he was, by His Word, drawn to us as a Church by it; and being from time to time blessed in hearing, his heart being strengthened thereby, the truth of the Lord's Word became manifest, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and in his heart he desired to be one with His people, and to this desire his mouth gave utterance. We soon observed it was his wish to *join us*. So on June 3rd, 1894, he was baptized, and joined the Church, of which he was an honourable member, soon becoming a worthy deacon, and was chosen by the teachers, and their choice was confirmed by the Church, as Superintendent of the Sabbath School, a fit person for the office, being a spiritually-minded, unselfish, thoughtful, loving person, who soon won the affections of the whole school, the children being especially fond of him. Besides this, he was a willing helper in all matters in the Church, so that he was a general favourite, and the Lord blessed him and made him a blessing.

Early in this year, it was quite obvious that that subtle disease—consumption—was lurking in his system, which wrought at first slowly there, and afterwards more rapidly, until June 10th, 1900, when, after very great suffering, borne with singular patience as a Christian, and in the power of divine faith, he yielded up his soul to God, in possession of that blessed hope of eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

In my visits to him, I found the Word of the Lord indeed true, "It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting." His hope rested neither on sight, or sense, or feeling, but alone on Jesus Christ, the Son of God. Here he stood firm, through grace, blessedly, yea, grandly, on the Rock of Ages. His testimony was heavenly, savouring of His good ointment, which sends forth such rich perfume. Truly his was a falling asleep in Christ, a sorrowfully sad gladness, divinely sweet, filled his room on his death-bed. How evident it was that the Lord

was there. What support this was to his dear wife, so much one with him, that the separation was indeed painful, although there was not a single doubt about his safety.

He was interred in the Swindon Cemetery, June 14th, 1900, in presence of a good number of friends, who, with the relatives, followed him to the grave. He was buried by Mr. Pigott, his pastor, with every token of calm, sacred trust, until the day of "His appearing." "The memory of the just is blessed."

Swindon.

ROBERT PIGOTT.

VICTORY OVER DEATH.

MANY of the Lord's people are, through fear of death, all their lifetime subject to bondage. This was, in a very painful degree, the case of a person who died some time ago. He lived in the house of a godly friend, to whom he often communicated his distressing apprehensions. He was not so much dismayed with doubts concerning his interest in Christ as terrified with the thoughts of dying; and has said, he thought he should need three or four persons to hold him, if he apprehended death was at hand. His friend proposed scriptural antidotes to this unreasonable dread, and encouraged him to expect, that as his day, so should his strength be. After several years' illness of a consumption, the time of his departure evidently approached; and he often said to his friend, he wished he could always be with him. Finding himself dying, he sent for his friend to pray with him. He did so; and returned to his business. He sent for him a second time, when he prayed with him again. He felt uneasy, and said, "Satan whispers that I have been a deceiver, and shall die a hypocrite." He begged him to pray a third time. After which he cried, "The Lord is come! Praise God! praise God!" He then lifted up both his hands, which, through extreme feebleness, he could scarcely raise before, and repeated many times, "Victory! victory! victory! through the blood of the Lamb!" and expired with the unfinished word *Vic*— on his lips.

**"A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way!"**

No righteousness besides the righteousness of Jesus (that is, the righteousness of God) is of any avail towards acceptance. To be a moral man, a zealous man, a devout man, is very short of being a Christian.—*Hart.*

MEMORIALS OF A DEAR FATHER.

(Continued from page 152.)

"ONE day, after a severe illness, I saw a tract lying in the shop window where I was at work ; I looked at the heading, which was 'Eternity.' As if spell-bound, I read sentence after sentence of the first page only. As I read, deeper and deeper did the words sink into my soul. My natural strength seemed dried up completely. I appeared to stand in soul-feeling on the very brink of an awful precipice. I would have given the whole world, had I possessed it, to have felt assured, of one of these two things—either that the Lord would save me, or that there was an end to eternity. I could not feel the least assurance, or even hope, of the former, and I felt terribly convinced of the certainty of eternity having no end. All my broken vows and resolutions as to reformation of life, and all my sins stood before me. It seemed as if the whole were catalogued in my sight. I trembled with fear. Death and hell seemed ready to seize me. I felt almost distracted. Oh, how I wished I had died in infancy, or had never seen the light ! I could hardly attend to my work for a time, I was so affected. Gradually the feelings left me. What became of the tract, or how it came there, I do not know. I have sometimes thought that perhaps my dear mother put it into the window, that her poor wayward son might read it, and, with God's blessing, be roused to an abiding concern about his never-dying soul. Many times when out with my youthful companions has my mind reverted to the tract, and the word 'Eternity ! Eternity ! Eternity !' has rung as it were through the depths of my soul. Tortured in mind beyond all possibility to express, I have again and again tried to drown the words, 'for ever, for ever,' when among my associates in sin. As I contemplate this, and remember that, as far as I know, I am the only one at present who has been turned from darkness to light, from Satan to God, I cannot but exclaim, 'Why me, Lord ? Why me ?' The Lord commands His people to 'look to the rock whence they are hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence they are digged,' and sure I am, under divine grace, it humbles the soul and prepares it for singing most heartily, 'Sovereign grace o'er sin abounding !' &c. The language of this hymn bespeaks the feelings of my heart most fully at this moment.

"It was feared, at one time, that I should go into a consumption. A medical man examined me, and asked me various questions, and he then said, 'You will have to be very careful, or you will go the wrong way.' His words fell upon my ears like a sudden clap of thunder. The awful word which had so often spoiled my

pleasure in days gone by rung again with solemn power in my soul, 'Eternity! Eternity! Eternity!' I was racked with the thought of my sinnership. I walked home in such horror and dread that words fail me in describing it. I feared the ground would open and let me in. 'Oh,' thought I, 'death may be very near, what shall I do? Where shall I go for relief?' I always look back upon this as the turning-point in my life, as the time when the Lord quickened my soul, although after this I tried again and again to find satisfaction in the pleasures of the world, or, to put it perhaps more correctly, I endeavoured to serve God and Mammon. But it was all of no use. From this day I began to leave my old associates and their ways, and God's Word was read. Doctrinal light by degrees broke into my dark soul, which induced me to go now and then with my mother to the Strict Baptist Chapel at Coventry. I not only saw, but felt deeply, that free-will was contrary to the Word of God, and also to my feelings. My experience was expressed in Paul's language. 'When I would do good, evil is present with me, and how to perform that which is good I find not.' One thing used to surprise me when I went to chapel with my mother was this: The minister would sometimes speak as if he knew all about me, although I never told him, nor anyone else, anything of my feelings, except my mother. He sometimes spoke of the sighs and cries, the groans and requests of poor sinners under conviction for sin, in such a way that a hope would spring up in my soul that I was one of the Lord's children, although I was generally filled with fears that I was not. As I continued going with mother to chapel, I began to lose all desire to go and fill my place in the Wesleyan choir at Brickkiln Lane Chapel. Eventually I gave up altogether.

"The Word of God was at this time my daily companion. Many a time did I ramble in the fields to read it, and pour out my deep complaints into the Lord's ear. Many a stile, or hedgerow, or ditch bottom even, could testify, if they could speak, of my sighs and cries for mercy to be manifested to my poor soul. Sometimes the Lord would soften my heart just a little in answer to them. Hope would come forth, and the inquiry would suggest itself, 'Is anything too hard for the Lord?' I recollect walking out into Sandy Lane, as it is called, one Sunday morning, after attending the seven o'clock prayer meeting. I sat down in a corner to eat my breakfast, which I used often, at those times, to carry in my pocket, as it was too far to go home, and I had no desire to intrude upon any of the friends. While eating my food I read a chapter or two of a little book written by Dr. Doudney, the Editor of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE. The book is entitled, 'Why Weepest

Thou?' As I read, my heart was sweetly filled with hope and love to the Lord, believing that I was alive from the dead, and that at some future time I should be able to say, 'My Lord and my God.' It was a precious season in soul feeling, as I sat under the hedge that delightful summer morning.

"I well recollect a blessed melting season I had one Easter Monday morning, while reading a verse of one of good old Daniel Herbert's poems. The words were these, I have never forgotten them from that day to this—

"But though my heart is out of tune,
Can neither feel nor see,
Yet still there's something in my soul
Cries, 'Lord, remember me.'"

I had been reading the whole of the poem to my dear mother, but when I got to the last verse I broke down and burst into tears. This sweet time of soul bedewing did indeed encourage me to hope in the Lord, to wait patiently for Him until He should see fit to

"Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood."

This season I have never forgotten. it was so blessed and so unexpected. I feel sure the Lord favoured me with a token for good there.

"In the autumn of the same year, if I mistake not, I went down to Bristol on the Saturday, for the purpose of attending the Clifton Conference the next week. I attended St. Luke's Church on the Sunday; on the Monday I went for the day down to Cheddar, to see the famous cliffs. I started by an early train. While travelling, I was seized with violent pains. I returned to Bristol, went to my hotel, told the proprietor of my condition, and asked him to render me all the assistance he could. He happened, as we say, to have some medicine in the house. I had a dose, and after sitting awhile, I retired to bed. Before I began to undress I read the thirty-first chapter of Jeremiah; this done, I bent the knee in prayer. Scarcely had my lips begun to move ere the Lord broke into my soul with such light, love, joy, and peace as filled me with astonishment and holy admiration. The latter part of the chapter I had just read was sweet to my soul. Every fear was removed, and I praised the Lord with my whole heart. I wept much for joy, being satisfied as with marrow and fatness, realizing what I had long desired grace to say, 'He loved me, and gave Himself for me.' Blessed, yea, thrice blessed and hallowed season! Gospel liberty, heavenly intercourse was enjoyed. A taste of glory was let down into my soul. A Triune Jehovah held

converse with my enraptured spirit. I concluded the Lord was about to take me to Himself. I felt no fear of death, although previously I had been, and am still, so much the subject of it. Love divine for the time being engaged every power of my heart. O glorious, holy, sacred, never-to-be-forgotten time! My soul, couldst thou not then and there say—

"O for such love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak 'P"

"How suggestive are the words, in connection with this season of love manifested to a poor sinner's soul—

"If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee?"

"Ah! what indeed? Faith and love were in lively exercise. No voice or sound was heard with the outward ear, there was nothing visible to the natural eye—oh, no—but there was a secret, powerful and blessed realization of the substance of the words, 'But this shall be the Covenant that I will make with the house of Israel; After those days, saith the Lord, I will put My law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts; and will be their God, and they shall be My people. And they shall teach no more every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord: for they shall all know Me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord: *for I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more*' (Jer. xxxi. 33, 34).

"There was a sweet persuasion wrought in my heart that my sins, though many, were all forgiven, all washed away in the Saviour's blood, all atoned for on Calvary's tree. Appropriating faith was given, and I could say feelingly, 'He loved me, and gave Himself for me.' The Healer of the broken in heart, the Good Physician, Jesus Christ, who is 'the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever,' bound up every wound, after pouring in Gospel oil and wine. Indescribable calmness, peace, and serenity filled my immortal soul at this season. Language is beggared in attempting to set forth my feelings and realizations during this time of gracious indulgence. I wept, yea, exceedingly, *for joy*. All the endearing terms I could command were employed in addressing the Lord Jesus Christ. Familiarity, such as I had had no acquaintance with previously, was enjoyed. The Lord the

Spirit again and again bore witness with my heart that I was an heir of God through Christ. Sweet and blessed communion was felt within, yea, it seemed for a time as if I was conversing with the Lord, and yet, I repeat, there was nothing materialistic, or tangible to natural sight or sense, in connection with this hallowed, this sacred season of love, joy, peace, unction, dew, and power. I lay special stress upon this, because I know there are many who, when speaking of the Lord's dealings with their souls, treat of the matter in such a carnalising and materialistic way, that it is entirely opposed to the Lord's way of revealing Himself, that is, *to faith*. The Word of God says, 'We walk by faith, not by sight.' 'Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.' 'No man hath seen God at any time' (see 2 Cor. v. 7; Heb. xi. 1; John i. 18). I believe that the instances are extremely rare, since Christ's ascension into glory, wherein He has manifested Himself in bodily shape to His people, in what may be called their *living* moments. What He has done, or may do, in a way of manifestation to His people in their *dying* moments is quite another matter. But to pass on. Although I am frequently weighted down beyond expression with the fear of death, yet if the Lord should shine unto my poor soul when the time of my departure actually arrives, like He did at Bristol, I shall—

"Pass the river telling
The triumphs of my King,"

if the power of speech is granted at that solemn season.

"I arose from my knees and laid myself upon the bed, overcome with a sense of divine mercy. This lasted for more than an hour. After it had subsided to some extent, I undressed and got into bed, still sweetly sensible of the Lord's dear presence. With a melting, grateful heart I lay contemplating the rich mercy so unexpectedly displayed. After lying awake a considerable time humbled under a consciousness of the astounding goodness of the Lord to a poor hell-deserving worm, I fell asleep. In the morning the distressing symptoms of dysentery had very much altered for the better. The blessed joy and peace felt the night before I was no longer in the enjoyment of, but still my soul was resting in the Lord, feeling persuaded that He had given me a precious taste of His love and mercy. After attending the Conference at Clifton, I returned home."

In the year 1869 father went into business as an elastic web manufacturer, in conjunction with five others, but I pass over the account given of this, as well as particulars respecting his marriage, on April 19th of the same year, to dear mother, who,

for a period of over thirty years, was to him, to use his own words, a 'devoted wife,' and who survives him, to notice in the next place something relative to his joining the Strict Baptist Church at Ford Street, Coventry, concerning which he writes:—

"For a considerable time my mind was exercised, not about the scripturalness of believers' baptism, nor about whether it was right for the Lord's quickened ones to attend to it, but as to whether I was one of His dear people. Notwithstanding the blessed visit from the Lord at Bristol, before related, and notwithstanding I had received since that special season many love-tokens, yet for the most part I doubted my interest in redeeming blood. I wanted the Lord to do some good for me, to work according to my wishes, to fill (*and to keep it filled*) my soul with joy and peace in believing, to remove every fear and scruple, so that I might go forward unfettered in anywise. I was thus marking out a course for the Lord to work by. But did He allow me to have my way? No, He did not. He drew me, however, sufficiently by the cords of His love to make me at length willing to go in the ways of His commandments. I communicated my decision to the pastor of the Church, Mr. Garner. For some years I had attended the chapel, and consequently was well known to the people. I was waited upon by two of the members. I told them as well as I could what I trusted the Lord had done for my soul, and soon after I went before the Church. But neither when the visitors called to see me, nor when before the Church, did I feel that liberty and sweetness in my soul which I had hoped I might be favoured to realize.

"The Church, however, received me cordially, and the time for my baptism was arranged. As I had not felt so much of the Lord's presence in connection with the step, up to this stage, as I desired, I pleaded that I might feel it when I was baptized, and I also prayed that Mr. Garner might be blessed with solemnity of mind upon the occasion. The time for it arrived.* While standing beside the baptistry, I saw most clearly that it was the way the Master Himself trod, and I felt persuaded that I was taking the right step. As Mr. Garner was speaking before we went down into the water, he spoke of the very great pleasure it afforded him to have to put me under the water, and added that, if it was the Lord's will, he should like to see me in the pulpit, and that he should esteem it a privilege to give out the hymns for me. I was struck with amazement, for I had never said a word at any time, either to him or to any creature about the sub-

* Lord's Day evening, October 27th, 1872.

ject of the ministry ; nor had I up till that time had any particular thoughts or desires concerning it. The baptizing over, we retired into the vestry to change our clothing. While doing this, I was glad to hear Mr. Garner say, that of all he had had the pleasure of baptizing, he had never felt his mind so deeply and sweetly solemnized in connection with the ordinance as upon that occasion. In this I saw the Lord had answered my prayers.

"The next day (Monday) my soul was so sweetly and precious drawn upwards to the Lord on account of the ministry. Again and again I was melted to tears, and had to turn my head lest those I was working with should see that I was weeping. Oh the blessed dew which rested upon my soul, most of the day, over the matter ! I fell down in soul-feeling before the Lord, asking Him to forgive the thoughts and desires of my heart in this direction, if they were not from Himself. I tried to put the matter away, for it seemed, at times, so presumptuous for a poor ignorant fool like me to entertain the veriest thought concerning it. Still, it kept coming over and over and over again, and accompanied, too, with such sweetness and melting of soul, that at length I concluded it must be from the Lord, and that He would make a way for it to come to pass without my having the least hand in the matter. One thing I distinctly recollect I told the Lord, and that was to this effect, that if He would but send me forth in His name as a preacher of the Gospel, I felt I could resign everything of an earthly nature as to my position and prospects. I said, in substance, that I should be satisfied with the barest necessities of life if He would but make it manifest that I was one of His own appointed servants, supplied and directed, encouraged and strengthened for the most important of all services by Himself, and Himself alone. What simplicity I manifested in relation to my supposed willingness to endure anything, if so be the Lord would accomplish the desires enkindled in the heart concerning the ministry ! Experience has convinced me in connection with this matter, that when trials are at a distance, we in our simplicity think we can bear all the Lord may see fit to bring upon us, and bear it patiently, too, if He does but grant us our desires ; but alas, alas, how very different the feeling when we are brought into the trials ! What fretting, what hard thoughts are indulged in ! I know this by bitter experience."

(To be continued.)

WHATEVER is for the believer's good and for God's glory, Christ is more ready to give than the believer to ask it.—*Romaine.*

THE SEEKER'S CORNER.

MY DEAR M.—,—I don't know how it is, but I have lately had such a feeling that I must write to you. I have no doubt you will be surprised to hear from me, more especially as you have never said anything to me about yourself. But I have the feeling that you are one of the Lord's seeking ones, asking your way to Zion, with your face thitherward. Oh, what a mercy to have the precious fear of God put in the heart in youth, and to have a desire implanted in the heart by the Holy Spirit. It may be only a feeble desire at first, but God must give it, and then He will never forsake the work of His own hands.

I remember when I was but fifteen, I was so wretched one day, but I did not know what was the matter with me, yet I felt I wanted something, so I sat down in my bedroom and opened a Bible; I opened on the words, "And you hath He quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins." Though I did not seem to understand it much at the time, I believe from that time the dear Lord gave me an earnest desire after Himself. Though it was seven years before I found Him whom my soul loveth, I believe that was the beginning of the work. But I never felt to have the terrors of the law sounded in my conscience as some do, yet I was brought off from trusting in anything short of the finished work of Christ for salvation; and there I felt I must rest all my hope for eternity, knowing that nothing but a full and free salvation will do for anyone, especially for one so vile as I am.

Oh, if God was as changeable as we are, I should long ago have been cast into that place where hope can never come. But, bless His dear name—

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

My dear M.—, do you know, or do you desire to know, anything of these things? Can you say, "Lord, withhold what Thou wilt, but give me Thyself?" Would you not give all the world if it was yours, to have a firm hope in Christ, to know that you was one of God's chosen ones, chosen in Christ before the foundation of the world? Are you afraid that you are not a sincere seeker of His grace? It is by little and by little that the Lord leads His children on. But if He is our teacher, He will not give us up because we are such slow learners. Oh no. His patience must be boundless, as well as His long-suffering towards us. Pray for the Spirit to lead you deeper into the truth of God; to show you more and more what you are, and at the same time to show you what Christ is. The Father will give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him. He

will not cast away the poorest, vilest, weakest sinner that comes to Him for mercy. Him that cometh, He will in *no wise* cast out. Dear M——, will you write to me? I love to be the friend of the seeking ones; I know they are often in a lonely spot, feeling that no man cares for their soul. But I have not forgotten my seeking days, and can deeply feel for those who are truly seeking. I feel a persuasion you are one of those; if not, may the Lord draw you from earthly vanity, and give you a desire after Himself.

Leicester, November 26th, 1882.

DINAH.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—I thank you for your kind letter of the 4th inst., which I was much pleased to receive, and to hear of the proofs our gracious Lord is giving of His kind care over you. What cause have we for continued praise and gratitude! He has not only promised that He will withhold no good thing from them that walk uprightly, but will be a *shield* to them; and only think, if God be our *shield* we are secured from *all* harm! None can hurt us if we have *Him* for our Father and Friend. He may afflict us, and this He does sharply with some of us, sooner or later, but all is in wisdom and love. It is in affliction we find *His promises* sweet; and by it, when it works aright, we are humbled and made to adore the grace which has made us to differ from what we once were, and from those whose delight is in the world's empty and transient things. What a mercy to be of those who are brought to say with David of old, "Thy testimonies have I taken as a *heritage* for ever; for *they* are the rejoicing of my heart."

I am very glad to know that, through the assistance of the kind friends you name, you are meeting with nice encouragement respecting the school. How glad I should be if you could come and spend a week or two with me, or as long as you can at Christmas time. I name this time, as you will then, I judge, be free. All days are alike to me, so that it will suit me if you come as many days before Christmas Day as you can, and remain with me as many days after, if the Lord will. It seems your dear minister will soon

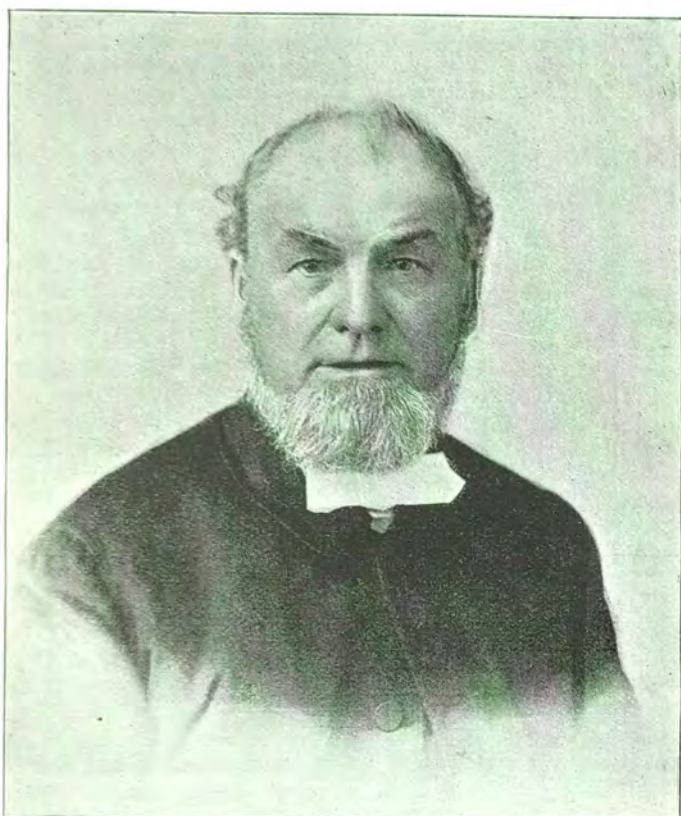
"Be with His likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more."

What a change! May you have the Lord's guidance in reference to the future. Mr. and Mrs. Tebbutt unite with me in kind love. May the Lord's blessing be with you. He has promised never to forsake nor fail thee.—Affectionately yours,

Sheffield, Beds, November 30th, 1881.

JANE SEARS.

The Sower, September, 1900.



Russell and Sons,

Chichester.

THE LATE MR. WILLIAM HARBOUR.

THE LATE WILLIAM HARBOUR.

ON July 7th, 1900, William Harbour, the beloved pastor of West Street Chapel, Brighton, fell asleep in Jesus, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He was born on the 5th February, 1826, and for many years he held a special service on or about the anniversary of that day, on which occasions he would remind his friends that not only was he born into this world in February, but in the same month he was born again of the Spirit of God, and on the first Lord's Day in February, 1868, he preached his first sermon as Pastor of West Street Chapel. He was very fond of saying, "February is my month." The Lord began to deal with his soul when he was about five-and-twenty. In those days he travelled in the district round Peterboro' selling tea, and very interesting was it to hear him relate some of the exercises of his soul in those early days. In the providence of God, he was brought under the ministry of Mr. Tryon, of Market Deeping, and in due time was joined to the friends at Deeping in Church membership, and for them and their pastor he always retained the warmest affection, often making mention of them by name in his prayers. Not long after his call by grace he was much exercised about the ministry of God's Word, and in the process of time he went for a short time to Ireland, as a missionary, where he found much to discourage him, owing to the sad influence of the Romish priests; but his labour there was not all in vain, as the day will declare, and it certainly had a marked influence over his future life, doubtless being part of the training the Lord saw necessary to fit him for his future position as a pastor.

After leaving Ireland he itinerated for a few years, principally among the villages in South Lincolnshire, preaching the Word with much acceptance to the causes scattered about in that and the adjoining counties. Occasionally he was invited to preach at more distant places, and after the death of Mr. Grace, the first pastor of West Street Chapel, Brighton, he was asked to visit the people there as a supply. This led eventually to his becoming their pastor, on which office he entered, as already stated, in February, 1868. As a preacher of the Gospel his one great theme was justification by faith. In early days the Lord led him graciously into a clear experimental understanding of this grand doctrine, and of his own interest in it; and though often cast down and passing through many temptations, yet the Lord favoured him with a more or less abiding sense of his acceptance in Christ, and this was often easily to be traced in his ministry. Not a scholar in the ordinary use of the word,

but a diligent and prayerful student of the Scriptures, as many can testify who have heard him preach, and especially heard him explain the types and prophecies of the Old Testament.

As a pastor, we can only say the Lord gave him a pastor's heart. He had a special gift for visiting his people, taking the liveliest interest in their temporal and spiritual concerns, and without any apparent effort seemed always able to at once enter upon conversation about the things of God. During his pastorate of thirty-two years, he buried over seven hundred persons; some few of these would be outside his own flock, but the large majority of them would be worshippers at West Street, and most of these would have been visited by him. His kind, practical, sympathetic interest in the poor was very marked; indeed, he seemed to be in his element when he was ministering to the wants of his poorer brethren. He will be greatly missed by many of the Lord's poor, not only in Brighton but in other parts where he occasionally visited. His services at special meetings throughout Sussex, and indeed in many parts of the country, were greatly appreciated. For several years the state of his health has been a cause of constant anxiety to his friends; and especially the last two years, when it has often been most distressing to those who were with him to see his inability to take proper food, as also his increasing weakness. He preached very little the last twelve months, and then only by a great effort which cost him much suffering afterwards. He preached for the last time in West Street pulpit on Lord's Day morning, the 3rd of June last. In the evening he administered the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. Those who were present will long remember it. He had much enjoyed hearing the sermon that evening, from Isaiah lxi. 10. He referred to it at the table, and spoke of the close union between Christ and His Church. The figure of the bridegroom and bride seemed so sweet to him. He spoke so feelingly of the robe of righteousness which Christ had provided, and the garments of salvation as being the Spirit's work, quoting the lines—

"The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope and every grace,
But Jesus spent His life to work
The robe of righteousness."

From this time he gradually got weaker, although he was downstairs within four days of his death. During these last weeks of his life he often spoke of his interest in Christ, saying, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His," and, "I know in whom I have believed." He would say sometimes, "Tell my friends I have no great joy, but a solid resting upon Christ; my evidences

are clear, it is well with me." On one occasion he said, "O my Jesus! Thou art mine." "We two are so joined that He will not be in heaven and leave me behind." On Friday evening, the day before he died, he roused up after having been dozing a good deal, and said, "I have slept much lately, but I have learned a lesson." A friend said to him, "What lesson have you learned?" He replied, "Abiding." To which she said, "You abide in Him." He answered, "Yes." The friend said, "And He rests in His love." He replied with emphasis, "He does." His friend said, "He abideth faithful." "Yes," he said, "whether we do or not." He soon became sleepy again and gradually passed into a state of coma, out of which he never rallied, but breathed his last about 1.35 on Saturday afternoon. The funeral took place on Thursday afternoon, the service at the chapel, where the body was first taken, being conducted by Mr. M. J. Tryon, of Stamford, one of Mr. Harbour's oldest friends, in the presence of a large congregation. The service commenced by singing the hymn—

"Hark! how the choir around the throne
Adore their glorious King;"

after which Mr. Tryon read the 97th Psalm and part of 1 Cor. xv., making a few remarks suitable to the occasion. Mr. Jones then engaged in prayer; four verses of the hymn—

"The sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,"

were then sung. The above hymns were great favourites of Mr. Harbour's.

Most of the large congregation then followed the remains to their resting place in the parochial cemetery. Following the hearse were six mourning coaches, after which came over fifty cabs, and as these entered the cemetery they were joined by a considerable number of friends who had not attended the service at the chapel, and also by the Sunday School children. When all were gathered round the grave the hymn—

"Sons of God by blessed adoption,
View the dead with steady eyes,"

was sung, after which Mr. Tryon said a few words to the large assemblage, as to what the grace of God had already done for their dear friend, whose body they had just committed to the grave, and what God had yet to do for him, in raising that body again from the grave, when all who have fallen asleep in Christ shall be raised again incorruptible, and shall be for ever with the Lord. Mr. Barringer then engaged in prayer, and thus brought

the simple and touching service to a close. One petition in his prayer provoked a responsive echo in the hearts of many—"That as God raised up Joshua to be a successor to Moses, so would He be pleased to raise up a successor to their late friend." In giving these few particulars of the late Mr. Harbour, we remember that the "salvation of the righteous is of the Lord," and that he was what he was by the grace of God, to whom belongeth all the praise and the glory, for ever and ever.

DIVINITY OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

THE Holy Ghost is, truly and strictly speaking, God; for the language of Scripture concerning Him is such as cannot belong to any created being. He is there called "the Eternal Spirit," "the Lord," said to "quicken," or give life; to be everywhere present with all good Christians, to search "all things, yea, the deep things of God," even as the things of a man are known by his own spirit, which is in him. Christ, being conceived by Him, became the Son of God. Christians, by His dwelling in them, become the "temples of the Holy Ghost;" or, as another place expresses it, "the temples of God." Ananias, by lying to Him, "lied not unto men, but unto God." He is said to distribute spiritual and miraculous gifts, "dividing to every man severally as He will." "And as the disciples ministered to the Lord, and fasted, the Holy Ghost said, Separate Me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them." He is represented by our Saviour, as able fully to supply the want of His personal presence with the Apostles. And lastly, He is joined with the Father and the Son on equal terms, both in the form of baptism, where His name and Theirs are used alike; and in the solemn form of blessing, where "the fellowship of the Holy Ghost," is placed on a level with "the love of God, and the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ."—*Secker*.

No man can know or conceive what that anguish must have been. If any man began even to experience such suffering, he must die. You know many do die of sickness of heart, for heart anguish is indeed death. If a man *could* feel such anguish and distress as Christ felt, it would be impossible for him to endure it, and for his soul to remain in his body. Soul and body would part. To Christ alone was this agony possible, and it wrung from Him "sweat which was as great drops of blood."—*Martin Luther*, 1530.

MINISTERS AND CONGREGATIONS.

(A LETTER TO A FRIEND.)

IN my meditations on the Minister and his Ministry, I thought of several of his titles, such as labourer, and I found he must dig, plough, sow, and plant. I also looked at him as a shepherd feeding, succouring, comforting, leading, guiding, and visiting his flock. I next turned my attention to him as an ambassador who represents King Jesus and His State at a foreign Court, who, with all authority, earnestness, wisdom, and faithfulness, must study to promote the interests of that kingdom and his most sovereign King; and I was coming to the conclusion that we had none amongst us (at least, I don't know any) who are real ambassadors. I find a few who speak as an under-shepherd feeding sheep and comforting saints. But these are not foreigners, to whom an ambassador need be sent.

Then I thought of ministers as rulers, witnesses, warriors, stewards, fishermen, &c. The character of a minister, I suppose, ought to be similar to that given to Bunyan's Pilgrim in the Interpreter's House, namely, his eyes ought to be lifted up to heaven, the best of books in his hand, the law of truth written upon his lips, the world behind him, pleading with men, and a crown of gold over his head.

Here, my meditations on the ministry abruptly concluded, as I find it was upon Congregations that my thoughts were desired, but *this* subject has become as chaos. I have been trying my very best to see if it was possible to learn anything concerning congregations. I have both warp and weft of a kind, but the kind is nothing. I have looked at the rich congregation and the poor congregation; both "meet together," and "the Lord is the Maker of them all." Then there is the congregation of critics, who are never satisfied unless it be when nothing is said worth criticising; their opposites are worse still. They absorb good and bad, and are suited alike with both. And when I began to divide I was met with a motley crew, such as Moses would have described as a mixed multitude. I saw as it were so many parts which go towards making one whole and complete congregation. Amongst these were some who come very regularly; some who frequent the house of God in the morning, and that sufficeth; some who come the latter part of the day, and describe the joys they feel in such a way as makes you think they will never miss another service while they live. But, alas, they are arrested by the devil as they make their exit, and their delusive joys are scattered to the four winds. There are those who come to sleep, and those who dream awake. There are a few who only

come at anniversaries, there are a few also who always stay away at collections. There are a part who have great difficulty in paying their pew rents, and some who don't pay at all. Some are for Paul, but these are only very few; some for Apollos, some for Cephas, and just a few for Christ. Some love eloquence, some desire doctrine, some want experience, while a mere handful want the truth as it is in Jesus. A goodly number are fond of singing, while others have not as yet experienced the fulfilment of Isaiah xxxv. 6, where the lame man leaps like an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sings. Some seem most at home at Church meetings, while others stay at home and find fault. Others take delight in a prayer meeting, while others think they pay the parson to pray for them. A part is always minus on wet Sundays, while a part stay at home because their wife's second cousin dropped in to tea. Another portion think it will do just as well if they sing "Rock of Ages" at home, seeing the Lord has blessed them with a piano. Some come in late; and others don't come at all, except when their favourite minister is preaching. In fact, my pen fails me, the variety is great. The man who suggested that an address should be given on such a subject seeks to split the Particular Baptists into a thousand fragments. After looking at the subject from every conceivable standpoint, I am compelled to admit I am beaten. I dare not undertake an address on this subject; in fact, I should not know where to begin.

THE will of God is the only standard of right and good.—*Hart*.

WHAT prince upon his throne and in his majesty would admit into his presence base and unworthy criminals but to punish them, not to cherish them? Impure persons are not fit to stand before a prince's throne. The sight of Christ in glory is the happiness of believers, not to be communicated to the wicked. Those who will not bow to Him must bend under Him. If they will not bend to Him in His glory, they must fall under Him in His wrath, and be parts of His conquest in His anger, if they will not surrender to Him upon His summons from His throne of grace. What a folly is it to kick against that Person before whom, one time or other, all knees must bow, either voluntarily or by constraint, and render Him an active or a passive honour! Since He had a power joined with His glory, that power will as much be exercised against His enemies as for His friends: as the one are to sit upon His throne, so the other are to be made His footstool; and whosoever will not be ruled by his golden sceptre, shall be crushed by His rod.—*Charnock*.

"WHOLESOME WORDS."

DEAR MR. HULL,—I can but sympathize with you in your troubles, and I write to say that, only last week, I had a volume of the Memoir of the late dear Mr. Sears (who was formerly Editor of the SOWER and GLEANER) placed in my hands, and some of the weighty words contained in the biography are (so it seems to me) so appropriate to the subject that I venture to send them to you, for the benefit of the readers of the SOWER.

Yours affectionately in the Lord,

July 1st, 1900.

D. F.

P.S.—Feeling poorly and weary, after reading the extracts, I twice rejected the thought that came into my mind to write them out and send them to you, but twice the word came, "To him that knoweth to do good—and doeth it not—to him it is sin" (James iv. 17), this decided the doing of it, and results must prove if it be the Lord's work, inditing, and prompting me thereto.

With love,

D. F.

His biographer, referring to Mr. Sears, in the Introduction, writes :—

"If he can be said to have favoured in his line of doctrine any class of men more than another, it was the Puritan writers; he had often read their works to profit, and therefore justly esteemed them, and imbibed their spirit. But as a preacher and teacher he followed no man. 'What saith the Scripture?' was his inquiry, and they were ever his infallible rule and guide His great concern was to 'preach the Word.' He felt the Bible to be God's Word, and desired that every one should revere it as such; and while he knew well by his own experience that the Holy Ghost must wield that sword to cause it to divide 'soul and spirit, joints and marrow,' and to become 'a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart' (Heb. iv. 12), he also knew that, as a steward, he was required to be faithful, and therefore shunned not to declare all the counsel of God alike to sinner and saint, to professor and possessor.

"The main points of his ministry were—the infinite and inflexible justice of God in His holy law; the awful consequences of the Fall, as seen in the spiritual death and total depravity of all mankind by nature, and in the eternal vengeance that must overtake all graceless sinners; the necessity of regeneration, repentance, and faith; the glorious Person of Immanuel, God with us, the representative at God's right hand of all the household of faith, the great Covenant Head, through whom God can

be just and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus ; the love of Jesus as set forth in the free invitations of the Gospel to the sinful, the poor, the burdened, the thirsty, the lost ; the precious promises made in God's Word to certain characters ; the object for awakened souls to seek after, namely, the reception by faith of the record which God has given of His Son in the Gospel ; the fountain head of all the blessings of salvation, and the cause of all right experience, namely, the electing love of God, irrespective of all merit or demerit on the part of the elect. . . .

When preaching the terrible threats of God's holy law, he strove earnestly to tread in the footsteps of one who said, 'Knowing, therefore, the terror of the Lord, we persuade men.' It was no part of his creed that the sole business of a Gospel minister is to preach comfort to saints, with the idea, 'if a stray arrow strikes any unconverted, well and good, but my business, is not with them.' No. In the pulpit he felt to be face to face with the conscience of every hearer, and endeavoured so plainly, closely, and faithfully to deal with the conscience of every natural man, as to be pure from the blood of all (Acts xx. 26). In so doing he felt convinced that he was not giving an undue prominence to one or two isolated scriptures, but preaching in harmony with the revealed will of God. A sense of the value of the soul of man, of his own responsibility as a spiritual guide, of the brevity of time, and the dread realities of eternity, made him particularly zealous in this part of his work ; a gracious superiority to the fear of man preserved him from being fettered therein, and a solid spiritual acquaintance with the grand truths of Divine sovereignty, unconditional election, and absolute grace, prevented him from leading his hearers into any delusive notions of human merit or free-will. On one occasion he said, 'I can honestly assert, that all I have ever said when addressing unconverted sinners, only amounted to this, "Now consider this, ye that forget God, lest I tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver"' (Psalm l. 22). Natural people who attended his ministry could not say to him, 'You never have anything to say to us,' and his spiritual hearers were preserved from thinking that ten minutes in the pulpit spent upon outsiders were ten minutes lost. Perhaps they had noticed that a considerable part of the Epistle to the Romans is of this character, where the Apostle turns aside from the saints at Rome, to spend a whole chapter in argumentative expostulation with hardened, impenitent Gentiles and self-righteous Jews." (See Romans ii.)

[We hope that the insertion of the above may be the means of refreshing the memories of some by whom Mr. Sears was beloved as a servant of God.—ED.]

THE SALVATION OF GOD.

"COME, now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord ; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow ; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isaiah i. 18). "Declare thou, that thou mayest be justified," &c. Again, having no price of our own, a price is put into our hands, even the merits of Christ ; and having this price, hear your Lord speak : "Whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in My name, He will give it you : ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full" (John xvi. 24). "Ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you. Herein is My Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit ; so shall ye be My disciples" (John xv. 7, 8). Now, let it be asked, what food is there in all this to the rich ; *verily none* ; the very doctrine itself is mortifying ; nor is the news worth hearing to any but the poor ; then blessed are the poor, and none else. Lift up your head again, and you shall see drink as well as food provided for them. "When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none ; and their tongue faileth for thirst, I, the Lord, will hear them ; I, the God of Israel, will not forsake them." Oh ! how immensely rich are they that God makes poor. Let us bring forth a parable of our Lord, and see whether they can get any food out of that. "A certain creditor had two debtors : the one owed five hundred pence, the other fifty ; and as soon as they had nought to pay, he frankly forgave them both." And ask one of these poor, what is the meaning of these words (for verily none under heaven can understand it experimentally but themselves). Let us condescend to men of low estate, and hear them comment upon the words, and see what food they get. The creditor, say they, is the Lord ; the debtor is myself. The knowledge of what is owing is from the good Spirit of the Lord, who has revealed the holiness and justness of God, by His law to the conscience ; and this being brought home to the heart as well as conscience, it brought death into the soul, inasmuch as it came with that irresistible and divine authority, it stopped all the former proud, ignorant, and vain excuses, shuts the mouth, and the soul falls down guilty before God ; and when there was no strength left nor shut up, and the soul has not one word to say why sentence should not be given against him, then at that time, and under those very circumstances, the Gospel met him with proclaimed peace, pardon, and life everlasting. Should there be any objection raised to this explanation given by these little ones, will they summon both the Spirit and the Bride, and every one that hath learned of the Father, to come forward in confirmation of the doctrine. And if

it be asked what food they gather from the doctrine, it must be answered, the very same which the Apostles did, which made their faces to shine, and raised them so far above the fear of men that their enemies took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus.

Now the whole of God's salvation is revealed in the Scriptures, and in them we are called to work or dig as in a golden mine, hence our Lord commanded, "Search the Scriptures," &c. And further, let it be particularly observed, that almost all the deliverances that God grants His people are in answer to prayer; or, in other words, He brings or permits them to bring themselves, into such straits that death and destruction appear in full view, every human arm fails, their own wisdom and strength is exhausted, and, as the Psalmist expresses it, "They fall down, and there is none to help; then they cried unto the Lord, and He heard them, and delivered them out of all their troubles" (Psalm cvii.) And this tilling, or working with God for an evidence of an interest in His blood, or, if in trouble, for deliverance, is as natural for them under these circumstances as it is for a man to eat when he is hungry: let us have a proof of it. Our Lord came by night, walking on the water toward the ship where some of the disciples were on board, and being night, and the wind boisterous, they did not know Him (and, by-the-bye, they seldom do at such seasons): but He always knows them, whether they know Him or not. They, thinking it was a spirit, cry out for fear. Not approving of His people being left in agitation, fright, and confusion, He speaks out directly, "It is I; be not afraid." Peter rejoiced to see Him, and struck with the sight of His walking on the water (though He had done so ever since He made His appearance in our world), "he saith unto Jesus, If it be Thou, bid me that I come unto Thee, and Jesus said, Come;" when, like all the rest of the family, he takes a few steps by faith, and then turns his eye off from his Lord, and looking at the waves and listening to the wind he began to sink, and that moment his feet began to sink his heart was up to his Lord, with, "Lord, save, or I perish." This brought out his Lord's hand, and gave a fresh proof of his Lord's heart.

Thus, you see (as I have just observed), it is as natural for the saints to cry when in trouble, as it is for them to breathe, nay, it is the very breath of the renewed soul; and it is certain their Lord will hear and deliver. Look at Jehoshaphat, and then you will see another proof of the same thing. God hedges him up with the terrible apprehension of apparent destruction, a threefold army is coming up against him—Moab, Ammon, and Mount Seir; on which account he is called immediately to work (and

work in that way, that if all the nations of the whole world had been coming up against him, in the name of the Lord, I pronounce them all dead men). Being hedged up, he hedges God up with such arguments that he overcomes Omnipotence, and takes heaven by force, and brings down a speedy answer, namely, 'Ye have no need to fight in this battle, for it is not yours, but God's;' which, accordingly, was proved, for God fought for him indeed, and thus instead of sustaining any harm his faith was established, his God endeared, and three days employed in gathering up the immense riches and spoils which God gave them over and above the victory (2 Chron. xx.) And yet you see this was not obtained in idleness.

Thus, though poor, there is none so rich, and while they are taught to cease from working, there is none beside that work so hard. Look again at Jacob, and see him make one of these industrious poor; see his uncle Laban, changing his wages twenty times; and if he had changed it ten times ten he would have been too much for him; for, while *he*—that is, Laban—wrought from envy and jealousy, Jacob wrought by faith in prayer; and as his uncle dealt deceitfully with him, he dealt out all his complaints before God, and he soon found that he had got in his service one of the men that turn the world upside down. See him afterwards in trouble again, for fear of his brother Esau; to work he goes again and executes his business so like a workman that he turns his brother's heart, makes him change his intentions, and turns an enemy into a friend, and obtains such a victory that the Most High acknowledges Himself overcome, as well as Esau, and styles a poor worm His friend. Thus you see everything that relates to our present and eternal welfare is given us by promise, and the believer is called to work it out (Isaiah xii.) Thus I have endeavoured, in as concise a way as possible, to show you what we are to understand by their being called to toil or work for it.

I now come to attend to my fourth particular, which was to show what is destroyed for lack of judgment. This will be found to be true, more or less, from the very first step we take, to the end of our journey. Under our first awakening, we all cry out, "What must *I* do to be saved?" to which the Gospel makes answer, immediately, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Now for a soul to be brought to understand experimentally, the nature of this question, and God's answer, is to be made wise to salvation. Let us examine both question and answer; and in so doing, may nothing be destroyed for want of judgment. First, then, the question: "What must I do to be saved?" From which it may be justly asked, "What is the matter?"

The soul makes for answer, "I feel that I am a sinner; I see that God is a just and holy God; and how shall I appear before Him?" The man of the world would ask and say, "What have you done? have you committed murder, robbery, or the like?" His answer is, "No: I feel my heart to be a sink of sin; 'the good I would, I do not: and the evil that I would not, that I do; O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?'" The answer he receives is, "God is merciful; do your best in future, and repent for the past, and all will be well." He turns away with disgust, being wiser than his teacher, and renews his inquiry. Mark his complaint—"I am a sinner!" See how he describes it, or what he points to; not this nor that transgression; but complains of his heart as the seat of the whole. He asks not how he can amend, but how he can be saved; whether there is a possibility of a poor self-condemned creature as he is to be saved from the love and power of, and condemnation due to sin; whether God can be just and justify such a one as he is. View him at this time, still unsatisfied, with his wound bleeding, his heart failing, his fears increasing, Satan tempting, physicians of no value gathering thick about him, some saying all is well, others saying there is much for him to do; others promising him that half-payment will be taken for the whole: having made lies their refuge, they tempt him to do so too. "But he that feareth God shall come forth of them all." He turns a deaf ear to them all, and still renews his cry. Let us leave him to himself a few moments, and reflect upon his case, and see what improvement we can make, and afterwards return to him again and watch the issue.

Man by nature is declared to be *dark, dead*; led captive by the devil at his will, deceiving and being deceived. This is not true of *him*. He is crying not to be deceived, nor wishes to be deceived more again. They *love* darkness, and he *complains* of darkness, but is ever coming to the light again. See in this case the difference between natural convictions and spiritual. The former, consisting of pangs of conscience, arising from certain transgressions, on which account punishment is looked for, but the latter from a whole body of sin; hence he is seeking for a whole Saviour, "What must I do to be saved?" Hear the Apostle's commentary on the same case: "I, through the knowledge of the law, am become dead to the law;" again, "the natural man understandeth not the things of God, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." Here he pronounced him a spiritual man at once, and then here is a conclusion drawn for him who cannot make a just conclusion for himself, "I am persuaded that he who hath begun the good

work will carry it out, and perfect it unto the day of the Lord Jesus." Here then we see that his cause and case is good, and as such must end well.

We, therefore, return to the house of mourning, and visit him again, and find that the Gospel meets him in this situation and says, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Does he receive it at once? No; he destroys his food "for want of judgment." "The foolishness of a man perverteth his way, and his heart fretteth against the Lord." Hear his character described, Psalm cvii. verse 17th and 18th, "Fools because of their transgression, and because of their iniquities, are afflicted. Their soul abhorreth all manner of meat, and they draw near unto the gates of death. Then they cry unto the Lord," &c. He is not a fool, but "foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child; and the rod of correction shall drive it out;" and that rod they shall have.

Observe the conclusion: "Then they cry," &c. Here we see Christ is the remedy, and by nature we refuse it. God starves the soul out, till at last we come; and coming, He hears, answers, forgives, and saves; and then we unite with the Psalmist, and say, "Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!" Here He proves the truth of another sweet portion, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me" (Psalm l. 15). At length Christ is lifted up as the serpent in the wilderness; he catches sight of it and lives, and like poor Pilgrim, leaves his burden at the foot of the cross. He is filled with divine surprise, and almost thinks, at the same time, the news too good to be true. But through the power that accompanies it he finds it harder to disbelieve than he does to believe it, and therefore believing, he rejoices with exceeding joy, and thinks to sing his way to glory. But, ere he is aware, his joys are suspended through unexpected temptation or rising corruption; for this there is a need be (1 Peter i. 6). The Word of God speaks directly to this case. "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, and obeyeth the voice of His servant, that walketh in darkness and hath no light, let him trust in the Lord, and stay himself upon his God." Habakkuk speaks also, "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be on the vines, &c., &c., yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

There is much food in his tillage here, but he destroys it for want of judgment, and writes bitter things against himself, and while he tries his case at the bar of his own reason, instead of by God's Word, he destroys his own present peace, though he

cannot destroy his soul. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." Here he learns an important lesson, that God must keep him and his faith too, and He is engaged to do it. "Faithful is He that hath called, who also will do it." "Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have you that he might sift you as wheat; but I have prayed for you that your faith fail not."

Here he happily proves that when his hand lets go of Christ, Christ's hand never lets go of him. "My sheep, hear My voice, and I know them; I give unto them eternal life, they shall never perish; neither shall any be able to pluck them out of My hand." Thus he still reaps as he goes, and gains by his very blunders, till he breaks out into a song—

" Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
To thy Redeemer's name;
In joy or sorrow, life or death,
His love is still the same.

Now his mountain seems so strong again, that he thinks he shall "never be moved;" but still, "for want of judgment," he rejoices more in his frame than in the mountain of God's everlasting love, and he forgets the substance of his heavenly Father's will. "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in Me ye shall have peace." "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all."

At length he is overwhelmed again, and he cries out, "My feet sink in deep waters;" but God says, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee;" again, "I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried: they shall call on My name, and I will hear them." Thus we find all his unbelief will not make the promises of none effect. He that says "they shall call on My name," now reveals His name, and his present circumstances render that name exceedingly precious to his soul; and as "the name of the Lord is a strong tower, he runneth into it, and is safe." The Spirit of the Lord commands a sacred silence, and charges him, at this time, to be swift to hear, and slow to speak, and then fulfils His gracious office as our Remembrancer; and proceeds with saying, "Remember how the Lord thy God hath dwelt with thee, from the first day that He took thee by the hand, to bring thee out of the land of Egypt," and remember all the pride and rebellion of thy heart, and though He corrected thee, He never forsook thee, nor left thee finally to forsake Him; and now, remember, that "He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever;" and "though ye

believe not, He abideth faithful; He cannot deny Himself." He has not dealt so with any nation, praise ye the Lord! Here He proclaims His name again, "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious; abundant in goodness and truth; forgiving, iniquity, transgression, and sin" (Exodus xxxiv. 5-7). Here He catches fire again, and begins by saying, "Rejoice not against Me, O mine enemy, though I fall I shall rise again." "Who shall separate us from the love of God?" (Romans viii. 35-39). Thus you see, my friend, there is no enchantment against God's Jacobs, nor divination against God's Israel. He is more than a match for earth and hell, though weakness itself; too strong to be overcome, too wise to be entrapped, too rich to be impoverished, too highly exalted, for all the powers of darkness ever finally to cast down. Happy are the people who are in such a case; yea, thrice happy are the people whose God is the Lord.

Now my dear brother (as, by Divine grace, you answer this description of character, one of God's poor), you see what abundance of food there is provided of God for you; you are not likely to starve or perish for want. Yet as you are to till for it, may God give you an industrious mind; but as there is such a thing as destroying much for want of judgment, may the Lord favour you with that judgment, that you may make no sinful waste. Consider now what has been said, and the Lord give thee understanding in all things. Amen.

Yours to serve,

G. FRANCIS.

I CARRY about with me a burden intolerable, which I could not support did not He who sustains heaven and earth uphold me.—*Romaine*.

To a minister that came from Edinburgh to visit him, Mr. Halyburton said, "Come and see your friend in the best case that ever you saw him in, longing for a deliverance, and 'hastening to the coming of the day of God, waiting for the salvation of God,' on a bed of roses, though nature and body say not so, a bed perfumed. And, Sir, I sent for you, I longed to see you, that I might give you encouragement in an evil world to preach the Gospel, and stand by Christ, that has been so good to me. This is the best pulpit that ever I was in; I am now laid on this bed for this end, that I may commend my Lord." The minister answered, "It is a great blessing that He commends Himself to you, and I desire to bless Him on that account." To which he replied, "Yea, He commended himself first."

CONDESCENSION OF CHRIST.

O SAVIOUR, was it not enough for Thee to be manifested in flesh? Did not that elementary composition carry in it abasement enough, without any further addition; since for God to become man was more than for all things to be returned to nothing; but that, in the rank of miserable manhood, Thou wouldst humble Thyself to the lowest of humanity, and become a servant? O Saviour, in how despicable a condition do I find Thee exhibited to the world! lodged in a stable, cradled in a manger, visited by poor shepherds, employed in a homely trade, attended by fishermen, tempted by presumptuous devils, persecuted by the malice of envious men, exposed to hunger, thirst, nakedness, weariness, contumely. How many slaves, under the vassalage of an enemy, fare better than Thou didst from ungrateful man, whom Thou camest to save! Oh, let me not see only, but feel, this Thy great mystery of godliness effectually working me to all hearty thankfulness for so inestimable a mercy. And now, O Saviour, what a superabundant amends is made to Thy glorified humanity for all Thy bitter sufferings on earth! Thine agony was extreme, but Thy glory is infinite; Thy cross was heavy, but Thy crown transcendently glorious; Thy pains were inconceivably grievous, but short; Thy glory everlasting. Thou that stoodest before the judgment seat of a Pilate, shalt come in all heavenly magnificence to judge both the quick and the dead; Thou that wouldst stoop to be a servant on earth, rulest and reignest for ever in heaven, as the King of eternal glory.—*Bishop Hall.*

THIS word "Father" signifieth that we are Christ's brothers, and that God is our Father. He is the eldest Son, He is the Son of God by nature, we are His sons by adoption through His goodness; therefore He bids us call Him our Father, who is to be had in fresh memory and great reputation. For here we are admonished that we are "reconciled unto God; we, which before-time were His enemies, are made now the children of God, and inheritors of everlasting life." This we are admonished by this word Father. So that it is a word of much importance and great reputation; for it confirms our faith when we call Him Father. Therefore our Saviour, when He teaches us to call God Father, teaches us to understand the fatherly affection which God bears towards us; which makes us bold and hearty to call upon Him, knowing that He bears a good-will towards us, and that He will surely hear our prayers — *Latimer.*

WHERE ART THOU?

THERE are some that feel the influence and power of their communion with the Lord, in duties going down into their very reins: and there are others whose lips and tongues only are touched with religion.

A hypocrite aims low (Hos. vii. 14); "They have not cried unto Me with their heart when they howled upon their beds; they assemble themselves for corn and wine, and they rebel against Me." It is not Christ and pardon, for mortification and holiness, but for corn and wine: thus they make a market of religion; all their ends in duty are either carnal, natural, or legal; either to accommodate their carnal ends, or satisfy and quiet their consciences; and so their duties are performed as a sin-offering to God.

But an upright heart hath very high and pure aims in duty; "The desire of their soul is to God" (Isaiah xxvi. 8). Their "soul followeth hard after God" (Psalm. lxxiii. 8). "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in His temple" (Psalm xxvii. 4). These are the true eagles that play at the sun, and will not stoop to low and earthly objects. Alas! if the enjoyment of God be missed in a duty, it is not the greatest enlargement of gifts will satisfy. He comes back like a man that hath taken a long journey to meet his friend upon important business, and lost his labour; his friend was not there.

The engagements of men's hearts to God in duties will tell them what they are; the hypocrite takes little heed to his heart (Isaiah xxxix. 13). They are not afflicted really for the hardness, deadness, unbelief, and wanderings of their hearts in duty, as upright ones are; nor do they engage their hearts, and labour to get them up with God in duty, as people do. "I have intreated thy favour with my whole heart," saith David (Psalm cxix. 58). They are not pleased in duty until they feel their hearts stand toward God like a bow in its full bent. I say, it is not always so with them: what would they give that it might be so? But, surely, if their souls in duty be empty of God, they are filled with trouble and sorrow.

The conscience that men make of secret, as well as public duties, will tell them what their hearts and graces are, whether true or false. A vain professor is curious in the former, and either negligent or at best, formal in the latter; for he finds no inducements of honour, applause, or ostentation of gifts, externally moving him to them; nor hath he any experience of the sweetness

and benefits of such duties internally to allure and engage his soul to them.

The hypocrite therefore is not for the closet, but the synagogue (Matt. vi. 5, 6). Not but that education, example, or the impulse of conscience, may sometimes drive him thither; but it is not his daily delight to be there, his meat and drink to retire from the clamour of the world to enjoy God in secret. It is the observation of their duties is the great inducement to these men to perform them; and verily, saith our Lord (ver. 2), "they have their reward"; they have it away, or they have carried off all the benefit and advantage that ever they shall have by religion. Much good may it do them with their applause and honour; let them make much of that airy reward, for it is all ever they shall have.

But now for a soul truly gracious, he can not long subsist without secret prayer. It is true there is not always an equal freedom and delight, a like enlargement and comfort in those retirements; but yet he cannot be without them; he finds the want of his secret, in his public duties. If he and his God have not met in secret, and had some communion in the morning, he sensibly finds it in the deadness and unprofitableness of his heart and life all the day after.

The spirituality of our duties tries the sincerity of our graces. An unregenerate heart is carnal, whilst engaged in duties that are spiritual. Some men deceive themselves in thinking they are spiritual men, because their employments and calling is about spiritual things (Hosea ix. 7). This indeed gives them the denomination, but not the frame of spiritual men; and others judge themselves spiritual persons, because they frequently perform and attend upon spiritual duties; but, alas, the heart and state may be carnal notwithstanding all this. Oh, my friends, it is not enough that the object of your duties be spiritual, that they respect a holy God; nor that the matter be spiritual, that you be conversant about holy things; but the frame of your heart must be spiritual; an heavenly temper of soul is necessary, and what are the most heavenly duties without it!

The end and design you aim at must be the spiritual enjoyment of God, and a growing conformity to Him in holiness; else, multiply duties as the sand on the sea shore, and they all will not amount to one evidence of your sincerity. "God is my witness, whom I serve with my spirit," saith the Apostle (Rom. i. 9). He seems to appeal to God in this matter. I serve God in my spirit, and God knows that I do so; I dare appeal to Him that it is so; He knows that my

heart is with Him, or would be with Him, in my duties. The arms of my faith do either sensibly grasp, or are stretched out toward Him in my duties. Oh, how little favour do gracious hearts find in the most excellent duties, if God and their souls do not sensibly meet in them.—*Flavel*.

THE INVITATION.

"Come in, thou blessed of the Lord: wherefore standest thou without?"—GENESIS xxiv. 31.

HAPPY souls! divinely blessed!
 Called by free and sovereign grace,
 Though with many doubts oppressed,
 Ye can scarce your title trace.
 Jesus is your mighty Saviour,
 All your fears and wants He knows;
 You possess His love and favour,
 He will all your fears compose.
 Large His heart, supremely gracious,
 Lo! He opens wide the door;
 See His table—how capacious!
 Richly furnished for the poor!
 Hark! how kindly He invites you,
 "Blessed of the Lord, come in;"
 Here is nothing to affright you;
 Peace and pleasure reign within.
 Why, then, on the threshold tarry?
 Wherefore standest thou without?
 Why remain thus faint and weary?
 Christ will never cast thee out.
 Join with saints the praise harmonious,
 Ever sung, yet ever new,
 Till, in regions bright and glorious,
 You begin the theme anew!

I AM composed, waiting for Him. He is preparing and making me "meet for the inheritance of the saints in light." I have reason to desire the help of all to praise Him: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, magnify His holy name."—*Halyburton*.

O how composed am I! what a wonder to be so, while I see the evident symptoms of my dissolution! "When shall the day break, and the shadows fly away? Turn, my Beloved, and be Thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether." I am longing to be dissolved, and to be with Christ, that is far better.—*Halyburton*.

THE SEEKER'S CORNER.

A SPIRITUAL LETTER BY S. E. PIERCE.

DEAR MRS. P——,—I hope this will find you, and my friend, who I look on as my seal, rejoicing in God. Blessed be Jesus, He is altogether lovely, precious, and delightful. He is beauty without a spot. All the excellencies of heaven and earth centre in Him. He is the brightest object in the heaven of heavens. Where shall we begin when we talk of Him? His beauty is ravishing; God the Father falls in love with Him. God the Spirit delights to glorify Him; the angels celebrate His praises, and the whole host of heaven fall down before Him and do Him homage. The saints on earth, from but a glimpse of Him, are fired with His love, and cry, "Draw me, and we will run after Thee," and the more they taste that the Lord is gracious, the more they thirst after God.

I hope you, my dear friends, are on the full stretch for God; are not such desires as these yours? Oh for more faith to believe all that my Lord hath spoken. Oh for more love to Jesus the wonderful Lover. Oh for a heart more alive to Him, more enlarged towards Him. Oh for a soul more burning with love to Him who loved us, and gave Himself for us. Well, blessed be God, He will fulfil all the desires of His own Spirit in us. "Be of good courage," take comfort. Jesus has treasures of grace, pardon, righteousness, comfort, light, life, strength, and refreshment to impart. Draw, my dear friends, by faith and prayer, from Jesus whatsoever your wants call for, or necessities require, and let me tell you, the deeper you dive into the heart of Christ, the happier. Jesus has a large heart; a bountiful, a loving, a burning heart towards His people. Love brought Him down from heaven; love nailed Him to the cross; love kept Him there till He could cry out, "It is finished;" and love flames in His heart even now that He is in glory. Blessed be His Divine Majesty, He cannot forget us, because He sees us engraved on the palms of His hands. Oh, what a portion is Christ! all the treasures of heaven and earth are not comparable to beloved Jesus. May your understanding be more and more enlightened into the knowledge of His person, love, work, and salvation, wrought out by Him and freely communicated from Him to all His dear people, by the influence of the Holy Ghost. From hence must flow peace to your consciences and love in your hearts to Him. You can no further love Him, than you believe His love to your souls. The more, therefore, you see of His love to you, the more will you find your souls drawn out after Him. May the Lord the Spirit help you daily to live in believing views of the greatness of Christ's love to sinners. Eye the atoning blood of the Lamb of God.

Behold it as the infallible remedy of God's own providing to cleanse from guilt, to purify the soul, and never forget that it cleanseth from *all* sin. View, by faith, daily the obedience of the Lord our Righteousness, and forget not to make use of it as your own, by faith. Bind it on as a frontlet between your eyes, that ye are complete in the Great Head of the Church. May the Lord lead you, and teach you to make use of Christ in everything, and for everything ; view again and again your high calling in Christ Jesus, and pray for grace to live up to your privileges.

I return you, my dear friend, my sincerest thanks for all past favours received from you, and I do not forget you at the Throne, there I often mention you, begging that your souls may be kept alive in Jesus, breathing after Him ; loving Him more and more, and enjoying His love, grace, Spirit, and presence daily, hourly, momentarily ; that you may be able without wavering to say, " Hereby we know that we are in Him and He in us, because He has given us of His Spirit." May the grace of the dear Lord Jesus be with you to comfort, strengthen, quicken and enliven, and sanctify your souls. May you be daily cleaving to the Lord with full purpose of heart, walking in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, and may great grace rest upon you. If I knew what to wish you better, I would wish it for you ; but there is nothing beyond it. To live in the enjoyment of Christ, to have His peace ruling in our consciences, His fear possessing our hearts, and His Spirit guiding us continually, is indeed heaven begun below. May the Lord give us a growing and increasing experience of these things. My love to our friend, may the Lord teach, direct, counsel, enlighten, convince, and convert, and bring her to a saving acquaintance with Jesus, who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

I shall be glad to hear from you, but intend to write to you once more before I receive a letter from you, as I can't at present give you directions where you shall write me.

I am, dear friend, yours in Christ Jesus.

S. E. P.

WHAT are all the vain and empty titles of honour, to the glorious and substantial privileges with which believers are dignified, and raised above all other men by Jesus Christ ? He is the Son of God, and they are the sons of God also ! He is the " Heir of all things," and they are joint-heirs with Christ ! He reigns in glory, and they shall reign with Him ! He sits upon the throne, and they shall sit with Him on His throne. Oh that believers did but understand their own happiness and privileges by Christ, they would never droop and sink under every small trouble as they do.—*John Flavel*, 1699.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

A SHORT POETICAL LETTER TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

My dearest L—, I hope that thou
Art favoured Jesus' love to prove,
And at His feet to often bow,
While He smiles on you from above.

I trust you daily to Him flee,
As cares and trials on you press,
And that He still is found to be
Thy Friend and help in each distress.

He knows thy weakness and thy fears,
And how thy heart does often faint;
He all thy inward groaning hears,
And feels thy every sore complaint.

Does sin distress and vex thy soul?
Think of His dear atoning blood;
On Him thy every burden roll,
And thou shalt know the power of God.

The power that saves the poor, the faint,
Who oft to Him for succour call,
And which upholds each tempted saint
Secure against destroying fall.

Oh, may thy heart on Him recline,
In all thy troubles by the way,
And may He in rich mercy shine
Upon thy pathway day by day.

Then when thy toils and journeyings cease,
May He be near thee at the end,
And thus, while in the calm of peace,
May thy loved soul to Him ascend.

Thine in Jesus, H. E.

WHEN the soul perseveres in prayer, it is a sign of a persevering faith, and such may have what they will at the hands of God, when praying according to prescript. Nay, urgent prayer is the token of a mercy at hand. When Elijah prayed seven times one after another for rain, the clouds presently march up out of the sea at the command of prayer. When we put forth our utmost strength in prayer, and will, as it were, receive no nay from Heaven, our prayers must be like the continual blowing of the silver trumpets over the sacrifices for a memorial before the Lord.—*Samuel Lee*, 1670.



THE LATE MR. ANDREW GIFFORD.

ANDREW GIFFORD.

ANDREW GIFFORD, spelt "Gyfford" in the GOSPEL MAGAZINE for 1774, and "Giffard" in Toplady's correspondence, was an eminently worthy Baptist minister, personally associated with such honoured names as Dr. Gill, Whitefield, Toplady, Hervey, Dr. Watts, Lady Huntingdon, &c. He came of a noted family. His grandfather, Andrew Gifford, born in 1641, was an honourable minister and pastor of the Baptist Church in the Pithay at Bristol, one who lived in perilous times. He might be considered the apostle of the West, being the founder of most of the Churches in Somersetshire and Gloucestershire. Four times was this worthy man in prison for conscience' sake. In one instance his son, Emmanuel, who was set to watch the coming of the informers, was prevented doing so, in consequence of his being frozen to the ground on which he sat to rest himself, and so intense was the frost that he was obliged to cut off the skirts of a new frieze coat he had on and leave them fastened to the ground. Mr. Gifford's warrant was signed by thirteen county justices, and he was committed to Gloucester Jail just as the chimes were going twelve at midnight. His mittimus was for six months, and when the time was expired he requested the keeper to dismiss him, who replied that "it was unusual to open the gates at midnight;" but Mr. Gifford said they were opened at midnight to let him in, and why should they not be opened at midnight to let him out? He was accordingly discharged at twelve o'clock at night, and immediately gat him away, but, lo! at six o'clock in the morning, an express arrived from London with an order to confine him for life. (Acts xii. 11.) His son, Emmanuel Gifford, succeeded his father in the pastoral charge of the Church at Bristol. He was also an eminent man of God in his day and generation, and died in 1724, aged fifty-one years.

Andrew his son was born in August 1700. While yet young he was sent to the academy of Samuel Jones, of Tewkesbury, and afterwards he studied for a time under Dr. John Ward. He seems to have performed ministerial work at Northampton in 1725, and to have been assistant to his father at Bristol in 1726, in which year he was invited to become pastor of the congregation in Devonshire Square; he declined this, but accepted that of Eagle Street, where he remained until his death. His second wife was Grace Paynter, whom he married in 1737. She is said to have brought him a fortune of £6,000, and having no family, he spent time and money in collecting rare coins manuscripts, pictures, &c., as well as attending to the work of the ministry. Through the influence of several of the nobility, and his know-

ledge of antiquities, he was appointed sub-librarian of the British Museum, a position he held for twenty-seven years. His valuable collection of coins was eventually sold to George II., and his manuscripts and pictures, &c., were bequeathed by him to the Baptist Academy, Bristol. He was very intimate with Mr. George Whitefield, and being once met on his way to Tottenham Court Chapel, was asked if he was going to hear Mr. Whitefield; he replied, "I am going to light my farthing rushlight at his flaming torch." The ministry of Dr. Gifford was eminently useful in the conversion of sinners, and in building up the Church of God. He was a pathetic yet powerful preacher. He was a Calvinist of the old school. His heart was in his work, and on some occasions it might be particularly said of him, his countenance was alive, his eyes were alive, his hands were alive; in short, all his powers were alive. He retained his Evangelical savour and his stated and occasional labours, with very little abatement, even to the very last, insomuch that when he was above eighty years of age, he was more active and zealous in his Master's work than many young men of twenty-five. When he heard any person say that the Lord had blessed his ministry to them, he used, sometimes with tears, to reply, "Give God the praise, the man is a sinner." When he found persons, and especially young females, intimidated at the prospect of speaking their experience before the Church, he would affectionately encourage them, saying, "My dear child, you may never have such another opportunity of speaking to the honour of the Lord Jesus and to the praise of the riches of His grace while you live."

His intimacy with Sir Richard Ellys was of great service to him in life. He appointed him his chaplain, and he was one of the heartiest friends Dr. Gifford ever had amongst the Protestant Dissenters, retaining him in his office till his death. He continued to reside with Lady Ellys, and received an annual present from her of forty guineas. Her ladyship was on intimate terms with Lady Huntingdon, and often frequented her house to hear those eminent men who preached the unsearchable riches of Christ in her drawing-room. Dr. Gifford visited the immortal Toplady during his last illness; he heard him preach his last remarkable sermon, and with several other dissenting ministers stayed to partake of the Lord's Supper, which was administered that morning. Dr. Gifford was in frequent attendance upon him during his last days, and was one who signed the declaration, attesting of the happiness and triumphant ecstasies in which the dear man passed away to glory.

The foundation stone of Tottenham Court Chapel was laid

with great solemnity in the beginning of June, 1756, on which occasion Mr. G. Whitefield was supported by three celebrated dissenting ministers who stood by him—Dr. B. Grosvenor, Dr. T. Gibbons, and Dr. Andrew Gifford. Their countenance at this period and on this occasion, and their occasionally preaching at the Tabernacle for him, are proofs of liberality which redound much to their honour. One of the enemies called this building “Whitefield’s soul-trap.” He said, “I pray the Friend of sinners to make it a soul-trap indeed to many wandering creatures.”

On one occasion, Dr. Doddridge being in London, he was invited to dine at Stoke Newington, at the house of Lady Abney, with whom Dr. Watts resided. Here he met Lady Gardner, Dr. Gibbons, Dr. Andrew Gifford, and Lady Huntingdon, the latter entertaining them by giving them several remarkable effects of the preaching of the Gospel. Dr. Watts replied, “Such, my lady, are the fruits that will ever follow the faithful proclamation of divine mercy; the Lord our God will crown His message with success, and give it an abundant entrance into the hearts of men.” And on parting with them the venerable doctor said, “I bless God I can lie down to sleep in comfort, no way solicitous whether I awake in this world or another.” On another occasion we find Dr. Gifford breakfasting with James Hervey, author of *Meditations*, Dr. Gill, Mr. W. Romaine, Mr. G. Whitefield, and Mr. John Cennick; after which Mr. W. Romaine led the devotional part of the service, and Dr. Gill addressed a short exhortation to his brethren on the ministry, much to their edification and profit. In 1760, Mr. Samuel Medley, the well-known minister and hymn-writer, resided with his grandfather, who was one of Dr. Gifford’s deacons at Eagle Street. Young Medley having been called to a knowledge of himself, and to some believing view of the fulness and sufficiency of the atonement of the Lord Jesus, joined the Church at Eagle Street. A few years after, the doctor having formed ideas of Mr. Medley’s gifts for the ministry, questioned him on the subject, when he confessed it had been for some time on his mind, though he had never said a word to any person about it. He was soon afterwards heard by the Church, and by them called to the work. His first labours were in the neighbourhood of London, but in June, 1767, he accepted a call from the Baptist Church at Watford. Dr. Gifford and the doctor’s nephew, Mr. Joseph Gwennapp, of Saffron Walden, assisting at his ordination.

A few months previous to his death the Church at Eagle Street were obliged to obtain assistance, owing to his advanced age. Mr. Thomas Hopkins, of Bradford, spent one month with

the people, when a Church meeting was convened to consider an invitation to him to the pastorate. The good old Dr. Gifford, now in his 84th year, having almost lost his recollection, said, "Do you mean the trumpeter? that's the man for Eagle Street." Alluding to Mr. Hopkins, who had preached a powerful sermon from Isaiah xxvii. 13, "In that day the great trumpet shall be blown, and they shall come that were ready to perish," &c.

The last time he attended to the Lord's Supper with his beloved charge was June 6th, 1784; he went to the table very weak and low, and the first sentence he uttered was, "With my soul have I desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer." He broke the bread, but was not able to pour out the wine. He dwelt with peculiar emphasis upon the words (used afterwards for his funeral text), "Thou hast in love to my soul cast all my sins behind Thy back." The next evening, Monday, he preached a sermon to a Friendly Benefit Society, which is still held in Eagle Street, from Heb. xiii. 7, "Let brotherly love continue." At parting with some of the members he said, with a cheerful voice, "Farewell," and then coming back to the vestry he took, as it were, a parting look of the Meeting House and of his old friends, repeating emphatically, "Farewell." This was the last time he entered the meeting. While confined his last few days by affliction, he was in a happy, spiritual frame, his soul resting on Christ alone for salvation.

Three days before he died, being asked how he did, he said, "I am in great pain, but, bless God, this is not hell! Oh, blessed be God for Jesus Christ!" In the last hours of life, being asked whether any of his friends should be sent for, he said, "I want no friend but Christ; I wish to see no friend but Christ." Some of his last words were, "Oh, what should I do now, were it not for Jesus Christ? What should I do now but for an interest in Jesus?" In this sweet frame he fell asleep in the arms of Jesus, on Saturday evening, June 19th, 1784.

His remains were interred in Bunhill Fields, at six o'clock in the morning, by his expressed wish, to testify his faith in Jesus' resurrection, who arose early on the first day of the week, and likewise his hope of the resurrection morning at the last day. The great John Ryland, of Northampton, delivered the oration at the grave to an immense concourse, including 200 ministers of various denominations. The oration now lies before me; it is altogether of a remarkable and soul-stirring character, from the text, "It is appointed for all men once to die, and after that the judgment: to them that look for Him, Christ will come the second time without sin unto salvation" (Heb. ix. 27, 28).

Saffron Walden.

R. F. R.

A FEW WORDS OF EXPLANATION.

WE are exceedingly sorry to have occasion to again refer to what has fallen from the pen of Mr. Hazlerigg respecting ourselves, but we certainly feel called upon to give a few words of explanation with reference to his later publication on the subject. He says he did not refer to us personally in his "Word in Season." We, however, know that not only *our* friends, but also some, at least, of his own considered it a shaft hurled at us, and as it was sent forth without any private intimation, even, to ourselves (for his letter was written after he had published his pamphlet, and we had promised to notice it); therefore, as our silence might have been construed into an acknowledgment of guilt, we felt bound to defend what God has taught us of the scripturalness of Gospel exhortations, even among a mixed multitude. They are used for the elect's sake, to gather them out of the world which lieth in wickedness, and from among the dead in sin to whom Gospel truths are only as parables. Dead sinners are not told they can perform spiritual acts, but it is as the Lord Himself said when speaking to the mixed multitudes (Matt. xi. 15, &c.), "He that hath ears to hear let him hear." The Word of grace is intended for them to whom it is *given* to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven (Matt. xiii. 11). If the use of such exhortations as "Strive to enter in at the strait gate," &c. (Luke xiii. 24), and, "Labour *not* for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life" (John vi. 27), is considered to imply creature ability, we ask those who say so to consider what they are doing, for the example was given by the Lord Jesus, and if there is wrong in the using of it, the charge comes against Him. Will they dare to charge Him with folly? In answer to Mr. Hazlerigg's expressed jealousy lest the distinguishing doctrines of sovereign grace should be obscured by the use of Gospel exhortations in mixed congregations, we are bold to say that those doctrines are as dear to us as they are to him—God Himself has made them so; and when any say that we have departed from them or obscured them, we can answer with a good conscience before God as our witness, that He knows they say that which is not truth. Salvation by free and sovereign grace alone from first to last is our constant theme, and we hope will be till we die. Man, by reason of the fall, dead, Christ our life; man lost and undone, Christ mighty to save; man, polluted and corrupt, Christ the Lord our Righteousness; man, a transgressor, a sinner, the blood of Christ cleanses from all sin; man condemned by God's law, Christ justifies the ungodly. Man has

nothing good to glory in, but much to be ashamed of, yet when reconciled to God by the blood of Christ, he glories in the Lord alone, because salvation is of the Lord from the beginning to the end. It was purposed by Him (Ephesians i. 9) ; it was wrought by Him (Col. i. 19-22), and it is performed in the heart of the chosen by the power of God (John i. 12, 13). We thus briefly state the line of things we hold forth in our preaching and teaching, and if our testimony is disputed, we leave the disputers with Him who knows the hearts of all men, and we hope we shall have His approval, whoever may condemn. We neither seek to strain the Word of God nor to pare it down to make it meet our views. It is our desire to take it as God has written it, and leave it in His hands, to use it according to His will. We wish there was more disposition of heart with many, to trust the Holy Ghost with the use of His own Word, unreservedly. We do not contend for any set form of using the exhortations, but for the spirit of the thing. Athenian idolaters, blaspheming Jews, and the ordinary classes of sinners might be addressed in different forms of speech, but they were all addressed as *sinners*. And the Lord told the Jews that if they thought those whose blood Pilate mingled with the sacrifices, and those on whom the tower of Siloam fell were greater sinners than they, they were wrong, and unless they repented they should likewise perish. A sinner is a sinner, whatever difference of caste there may be among them, and the Gospel is addressed to sinners, as is set forth, Matthew ix. 13 ; xviii. 11 ; 1 Timothy i. 15. The Lord Jesus came to preach the Gospel among the dead, as Ezekiel was sent to the dry bones ; and the dead heard His voice in the Gospel, and do so now, and they that hear live, even as many as are ordained to eternal life, because the ear to hear, and the heart to receive His Word, is given them of the Lord. Thus the elect are made known by their calling, for they are as dead as others until the call reaches their hearts ; so that we know not who is chosen and who is not, until they are made manifest by the work of the Holy Ghost in their hearts.

We are glad that Mr. Hazlerigg has *reasserted* that he is averse to controversy, and we hope he may prove to be so. *We* have no desire for controversy, but we felt bound to explain our position. If he had followed the course he so heartily commends in the beginning of his Preface, it would have been much better than a rash flinging of a firebrand abroad, for, as he says, this is the way to bring others into contempt and to weaken their influence for good. Yes, we have seen the evil of rushing into print with matters that might have been made right by private conference, had discretion been exercised ; and the effects of these

rash acts have been serious in the case of many young people, who are influenced thereby to discredit the ministry, and to turn aside from the company of the saints, and from the services at those places where the truth is proclaimed. Yes, great mischief has thus been already done. God forbid that we should do anything to help on such a downward course. We earnestly pray that the present mistake may not have such a deadly influence upon the young people who attend our places of worship. We have felt keenly and spoken strongly—we believe, truthfully—and we wish now to leave our case in the hands of Him who cannot do but what is right. We owe no one any ill will in the matter, and we pray that the Spirit of Christ may prevail among us to peace and truth.—Ed.

THE POWER OF GOD-WROUGHT PRAYER.

THE following account of the Lord's dealings in grace, as well to the writer as to the subject of the narrative, has been thought worthy to appear in print, in the hope that it may be useful to others of the Lord's family; as also showing the power and efficacy of in-wrought, or, in other words, God-wrought prayer (see James v. 16). The writer, a native of Holland, has been living in the United States for the past seventeen years. His own experience is very remarkable, and was given at much greater length in a letter written to friends in England, from which the account of the young woman's conversion and happy death has been taken, while preserving his own words, so far as a translation from one language to another would permit.

T. B.

In the year 1881 I was working at my trade of wheelwright near Woerden, in the province of South Holland; whilst there the happy death of a young girl at Oudewater made a deep impression upon me. The arrow of conviction was sharp, and the spirituality of the law ploughed up all the secrets of my heart, making me a total bankrupt in the eyes of the Most High. When I awoke in the morning fear would beset me lest it would be my last day, and at night I was afraid to go to sleep lest I should open my eyes in eternal misery. Words fail to express my sense of unworthiness at that season. In those days I longed to go to God's house, where His truth was most clearly declared, neither distance nor weather could keep me away, but the feeling that I was a castaway, and for ever would be separated from God's people, broke my heart, and made me continually deplore my awful state.

Having passed my nineteenth year, my employer advised me to seek another situation, as he thought I could do better than with

him. My desire in prayer was, that the Lord would cause me to be placed in a family where one or more of His children were. I received several replies in answer to an advertisement in a religious paper, one from the Harlemer-meer, requesting me to call on them, but not on a Sabbath. I looked on this as a token from the Lord, and naturally gave it the preference.

On May 1st, 1882, I began service in this family, and soon discovered that He had answered my request, and that the mistress of the house was a God-fearing woman. For a time this gave me some comfort, but the enemy of souls soon robbed me of this by insinuating that it was only to seal more completely my condemnation, misquoting that Scripture, "Let it alone this year also, and after that Thou shalt cut it down."

One Sunday I got some relief under the preaching of a godly man, out of John v. 5-9, relating to the healing of the impotent man at the pool of Bethesda. After describing the nature of the spiritual disease and the soul exercises of those who felt the malady, he concluded with these words, which I never forgot, "Now, soul, should it last thirty-eight years, the day will surely come when your soul also shall be made whole." This gave me relief for a short time, but soon the adversary renewed his attacks, and this added to the hardness of my heart so that I could not shed a tear, drank up my spirits, and reduced me almost to the verge of despair.

But it is not my intention to dwell on my own exercises of mind—sometimes raised to hope, then again cast down to despair; I will therefore only mention the signal blessing under which my soul was delivered from its bondage, as it formed the link in God's providence to His gracious purpose of mercy to a young woman of the family where I resided, and which I shall presently proceed to relate.

It was in the following month of August I went to an afternoon service at a chapel I sometimes attended. The preacher was a local Evangelist, but I had never before heard him with any profit, and on my way I said to myself, "I always come out of this place just as I go in, but now surely it will be worse." In this frame of mind I entered the place. Usually in Holland the minister comments on the Psalm sung by the people before sermon. On this occasion he enlarged on the necessity of being born again, and said he intended to make that the subject of his discourse, but would first pray that the Lord would make him a true messenger, and open the hearts of the people to receive the Word. Very little I heard of his prayer, for the reason that I was begging the Lord to make him an instrument on my behalf, and show me the worst, if I had deceived

myself, as I greatly feared was the case. His text I forget, but the thread of the sermon I remember well. As he went on to describe the nature of the new birth and the characters who were the subjects of it, their exercises under the fear of coming short, the effects in causing them to forsake their old ways and company, the new desire they have to hear the Gospel, to love the people of God, with the conviction of their lost estate by nature,—under all this my hard heart was broken, and I held down my head whilst tears ran from my eyes, as every unfolding of the Word seemed to take deeper root in my heart. As the preacher went on to speak of the promises, as all Yea and Amen in Christ Jesus, and as so many streams from the living Fountain, in that same moment Christ Jesus was so clearly revealed as the Mediator and Living Way by whom I had entered and was led into the presence of a Covenant Father, whose wrath against sinners was all swallowed up by the blood of Christ, and wherein all my sins were washed away. So powerfully was this applied, that I thought my heart would burst with love, and I silently said, "It is enough; it is enough, dear Father, dear Father!"

I could enlarge here, but I forbear, my wish is to show how this signal blessing was made a link in the remarkable providence that followed. I related the circumstance of my happy deliverance to the folks with whom I lived, that same Sunday afternoon.

A married daughter, aged about twenty years, resided with her husband under the same roof. She was in a poor state of health and suffered from heart disease. About the 15th October she was delivered of a child, and a few days later was taken with her old complaint, and that in so severe a form that it seemed she could not live one hour. Her father came weeping into the shop where I was, and told me his daughter lay a-dying. Knowing that she had never given any evidence of spiritual life, I was arrested with the appalling thought of what would be her state hereafter, did not the Lord show mercy, and pluck her as a brand out of the fire. It led me instantly to petition the Lord on her behalf, and it was so laid upon my heart that I could not give it up; day and night such earnest prayer went up to God Almighty as I do not remember to have found before nor since. To the surprise of the doctor, she revived from this first attack, but the next day she fainted again, and lost so much blood that he said, if a needle were stuck in her flesh, she would not feel it. Notwithstanding all she continued to live. This lasted from Wednesday until Saturday, when her mother asked me to go on an errand to Aalsmeer, about two leagues distant. On the way I was much exercised in spirit concerning the sad condition of that

poor creature. Oh, how I entreated the Lord that He would show mercy, and not suffer her to depart this life before manifesting His grace towards her. On my return her mother requested me, by her daughter's desire, to go into her room, which I did for the first time. As soon as she saw me she burst into tears, and in the most heartrending manner cried out, "Oh, Ira! how happy and secure is your lot and portion for ever! but I—what shall my end be? I am a lost sinner, and now I have to die and to answer for my guilt!" This she said as though her heart was torn and overwhelmed with grief and alarm. Thereupon I said, "Diana, do you only think you are lost, or do you feel it to be so?" "Oh," said she, "I feel it to be true." "Then," I said, "you are a fit object for God's sovereign grace, love, and mercy, for Jesus has said He came into the world to seek and to save that which is lost." I then left the room, but with a very different feeling than before, and I earnestly besought the Lord Jesus that He would reveal Himself to her as her Saviour; it seemed as though I could not stop the prayer, do what I would. However, the doctor, each time he called, declared she could not live a day longer, but I had the persuasion it would be otherwise. This continued until Monday, when about two o'clock her father came into the shop and said she was certainly dead or dying. I cannot describe what I felt on hearing this, it was as though a fire was burning within me; I dropped the tools, and went upstairs and fell on my knees, exclaiming, "O God Almighty, is there now no power with Thee to save? is not life and death in Thy hand? O Jesus, Thy name declares Thy office and work as a Saviour, is Thine arm shortened or Thy mercy less?" These and other expressions escaped my bosom, which I cannot now remember. I felt constrained to go down into the chamber where she lay, being persuaded in my own mind that she was still in the body. The room adjoining was filled with sorrowing friends and neighbours, so that I had to press through to reach her door; seeing this open and her nearest relatives standing by the side of the bed, I took the liberty of entering. She had just regained consciousness, but to all appearance was like one dead; her countenance expressed despair and grief, the sight was heart-rending. I spoke to her and asked how she did. She burst out with a lamentable cry, "Oh, Ira! I see hell burning before me and the books opened," and then fell into a flood of weeping. Thereupon I asked if she would like me to pray, and she bowed assent. I knelt down, and well remember the liberty and freedom I had given me to pour out my heart before the Lord. I reminded Him of the everlasting Covenant made with His Son on behalf of poor sinners whom He had freely

chosen out of Adam's fallen race to be heirs of His kingdom, to magnify through all eternity His glory and grace ; that Christ had completely paid the debt they owed, and answered all the demands of law and justice ; that He had pledged Himself to seek and to save that which was lost. "And now, Lord," I said, "here lies a feelingly lost sinner, a fit object for Thy grace, and as Thou canst not deny Thyself, Lord, save her and show Thyself a faithful God and a true Saviour." I at once left the room and returned to my work. Just as I entered the shop these words, from the Dutch Psalm-book, fell with power into my heart—

"Ontving Ziju erfdeel eedler schoon,
Dan sneemo, hoe wit zij zich vertoon,
Aan Salmon ovit Ron geven."

These lines are a rendering of the fourteenth verse of the sixty-eighth Psalm, in the Dutch version ; I felt then, unmistakably, that she was one of God's inheritance, washed in His blood and in His eyes made white as snow. My burden was taken away, and my soul went out in praise and thanksgiving to the Lord.

In the evening her mother asked me, by her daughter, if I would watch with her, so as to relieve the others, which I promised to do. I retired to my own room to get some rest, but before lying down I earnestly begged of the Lord, that if it were His will, He would open her mouth to tell forth His praise on this side of the grave ; not that I doubted myself of her eternal safety. About nine o'clock I was awoke by some sounds, what it was I never knew, but I heard the most lovely sweet and soft music, such as I cannot describe or shall ever forget ; it seemed to go upwards from my bed and fill the room until they gradually died away. I thought of the words of the Saviour, "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth," and gathered from this that the Lord had set her soul at happy liberty. I then dressed and went below and found her sitting up in the bed, with a joyful countenance, speaking of the wondrous grace the Lord had bestowed upon her, blessing and praising her Redeemer before those who stood by. On seeing me she exclaimed, "Oh, Ira, He is come ! He is come ! He bled, He died for me ; my sins are all washed away, He has told me so." She then repeated several Scriptures, enlarging on the way of salvation, and finished by requesting us to unite in singing the praise of the Lord, which we all gladly did. Her mother then pressed her to take some rest, for she was utterly exhausted.

When the doctor came in the morning he stood astonished to see her condition, quite expecting to find her gone. After examining her, he said that all danger was past, and that she

would recover. As for me, I was under the impression she would not get better, but that the Lord would soon remove her to glory; yet she seemed daily to improve in health and strength.

Two days later, whilst in the room with two Christian ladies, she spoke to us of being tempted by the enemy to unbelief, and how in answer to her cry the Lord had again appeared for her relief. She was in a heavenly frame of mind and her conversation was wholly on the best things, and then said, "Give my love to all God's people and invite them to my funeral, and when I am laid in the grave, then you can say, 'There lies one in whom God has magnified His grace.'" From this time I was satisfied that her stay here would be short. The following evening her mother again requested me to sit up with her, at midnight. Just as twelve o'clock struck I went into the chamber, her husband and sister had set her in an armchair under the clock. She said, 'That is twelve o'clock, is it not, Ira?' I replied, "Yes." "And now it is the Sabbath and to-day is the 27th, is it not? To-morrow will be your birthday, but I shall not celebrate it with you, for this day I shall enter into my everlasting Sabbath in glory." This she spoke calmly and without excitement. Her mother called me aside, as she thought she had mistaken her daughter's meaning, but I told her I firmly believed it would be just as she said. Poor woman, I felt very sorry for her as she burst into tears, for she loved her dearly. The same day at noon she sat with us at the dinner table and partook of the meal. The doctor came in at the time and seemed very pleased at her progress, and said there was no need for him to call again, for all danger was over.

After public worship in the afternoon, she asked me, for the last time, to call those two God-fearing neighbours before mentioned. She then wished us all to join her in singing the first part of the 89th Psalm (the lines set to music in the Dutch version are very beautiful). Though very weak, she sang every word clearly; after this she took a last farewell of husband, parents, and friends, and folding her hands, uttered in an audible voice a prayer, at once humble and childlike, for her infant daughter, commending her to the loving care of her precious Saviour. Thereon I said, "Good-by, Diana;" she bowed her head by way of reply, and then without the least sign of pain or struggle drew the last breath at about half-past five. Thus departed this monument of God's grace, the evening of October 27, 1882, to live for ever with Him who had bought and saved her with the price of His own blood.

Her name was Diana van Rijn, living at Aalsmeerderweg, South Holland, aged about twenty-one.

MEMORIALS OF A DEAR FATHER

(Continued from page 190.)

SPACE will not permit of my saying much here respecting dear father's entrance into the ministry, but some particulars of this, and the deep soul exercise of which he was the subject in relation to it, may be found in the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, November and December, 1880, and January, 1881, under the title (given to the piece by Dr. Doudney) of "Teaching and Training for the Ministry," and bearing the signature, "A Sinner."

He preached his first sermon in Ford Street Chapel, Coventry, one Sunday morning in July, 1880, from the words, "Lord, help me." The following short extract will show how much he had dreaded the thought of attempting to speak before the people with whom he was connected in Church fellowship:—"I had occasionally read a sermon when we had no minister, and this had so operated on my nervous system, that I felt unfitted for reading even, much less to try and speak. I had been urged on former occasions to try and speak, but I had stoutly declined, feeling determined that Coventry should be the very last place where I would speak at, if I ever did venture to open my lips for the Lord in a way of preaching. The friends, some of them, believed the time would come when I should have to preach the Gospel, and one or two of them had suggested as much in my presence, but this did not move me a hairbreadth. But events proved that the Lord's thoughts were not as my thoughts in this matter. My determination stood for nothing when the Lord's time arrived for thrusting me into His service manifestively."

However, as before stated, it was at Coventry that dear father preached his first sermon. In looking back upon this time he writes:—"I rose with a trembling heart and announced my text. The words were, 'Lord, help me' (Matt. xv. 25). As soon as I had done this and commenced speaking, all fear of the creature fled, the Lord smiled, and I felt 'holpen with a little help,' and I believe some of the people glorified God on my behalf." He further says: "In the evening I again stood up in the Lord's name, and was helped through, though not as comfortably as I could have wished. In connection with this day's services, I am not without hope that the Lord blessed His truth as delivered from my lips. One particular instance has been communicated to me by letter, from one whom I believe the Lord has made honest in divine things. The receipt of this letter quite took me by surprise, and I could but tell the Lord that, if my feeble testimony had been useful to one of His living children, He must have all

the glory, for I did not desire to take a single particle of praise to myself."

He preached at Coventry on two subsequent occasions before the close of 1880, and during the following year, owing to the illness of the then pastor, Mr. T. Colsell (now deceased) he took the services for no less than nine consecutive Lord's Days. It was with a trembling heart that he consented, on the first one, to the proposition of the Church that he should fill up the gap as long as necessary, but the Lord so sweetly blessed him several times in the pulpit during those weeks, that in the retrospect he says, "Lord, I must regard the changed condition of my mind in connection both with the work itself, and also towards the people at Rehoboth Chapel, as a marvellous proof of Thy power and goodness." And in another place he writes, 'If ever I have found heaven on earth in my soul, it has been on several specially favoured occasions while in that pulpit.'

In due time the Lord opened first one door, then another, for him amongst His people in various parts of the country, until every Sabbath Day found him engaged in the service of the heavenly Master who had called him to the important work of the ministry, and doubtless many who read these pages will be able to set their seal to the fact, of which we have repeatedly had the fullest proof, that his labour was not in vain in the Lord.

For two or three years prior to the illness which terminated in his removal hence, in addition to his Sabbath engagements at Coventry, he took the Thursday evening preaching services regularly, and we feel sure that the memory of these seasons will long be cherished by some who were, through his instrumentality, favoured to experience a little of that precious heart burning such as was felt by the two disciples of old, on that memorable journey from Jerusalem to Emmaus, when Jesus Himself drew near and went with them.

Dear father was not only a member, but a deacon of the cause at Coventry for many years, and in all matters connected with the Church, as well as in his ministry everywhere, surely no man could adopt with more sincerity of heart than he the following language of the poet—

" Careless, myself a dying man,
Of dying men's esteem ;
Happy, my God, if Thou approve,
Though all beside condemn.' "

Fearlessness and faithfulness were indeed prominent features in his character. He neither courted the smile nor feared the frown of mortal, when the honour of his Lord and Master was at

stako. Regardless of surroundings, his first aim was, like that of the Apostle Paul, "to have always a conscience void of offence toward God" (Acts xxiv. 16). But while he possessed a kindred feeling to that which prompted the hymn-writer to exclaim—

"Hast Thou a foe before whose face
I'd scorn Thy name to plead?"

he could likewise with equal sincerity join in the couplet immediately preceding it and say—

"Hast Thou a lamb within Thy flock
I would disdain to feed?"

For he delighted in seeking to encourage the little ones of Christ's fold, the thinkers upon the Lord's name, and his tenderness towards such was very clearly manifested, both in his life and ministry.

The foregoing particulars are but comparatively few of what might be given relative to the life of our dear departed one. Very much might be added from his unpublished writings, that would doubtless be read with interest by many, particularly those who were personally acquainted with him, and who loved him in the Lord, but space forbids, hence I feel I must now come to speak of things more immediately connected with his last illness and death.

A few entries have been found in his latest note book since his decease, in one of which he refers not only to the commencement of his affliction, but gives also some other particulars, which I would not like to omit from this account, and the following extract from it will, I am sure, be far better than any words of my own could be at this point. He says:—

"I left on August 15th for Great Yarmouth, having decided to go there for rest and change of air hoping that it might be the Lord's will to bless the means used for restoration to health. I was taken ill on the Tuesday night, August 9th, with severe pains in the bowels, which lasted with very little intermission until seven o'clock the following night. I was very sick on the Wednesday, and vomited at five separate times. On the Tuesday, at the dinner table, after I had asked the Lord's blessing, a very sweet sense of His goodness to me in His providence, and His grace too, was richly realized. Part of this portion of Scripture was attended with melting power, 'And even to your old age I am He; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you. I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you;' and these words also, 'He careth for you.' I told my dear wife and my daughter Mercy, that I felt it a great

mercy to have loved ones who cared for me, and who would do all they could for my comfort, but I felt it a greater mercy to be interested in the care of the Lord who made the universe. Then, and afterwards in the affliction, my soul was most sweetly drawn out toward the Lord. My wife and daughter Annie came to Yarmouth on the 16th of August. We went on the Sunday to Mr. Muskett's chapel, in York Road. The first hymn sung broke my poor soul completely down in adoring gratitude before the Lord. They use Denham's selection. The hymn was the 559th, and is as follows :—

- “ Now let Jehovah's Cov'nant love
To saints employ my breath ;
Its constancy shall always prove
The same in life and death.
- “ Beloved and precious in His sight,
Before all worlds they stood ;
Their souls were always His delight—
They cost Him precious blood.
- “ Yes, they are precious while they live,
And precious when they die ;
So precious that to them He'll give
Most precious crowns on high.
- “ So precious, that His grace and power
Conspire to make them blest ;
So precious at their dying hour,
He takes them to His breast ;
- “ So precious that He has engraved
Their names upon His hand ;
So precious that they shall be saved,
And in His presence stand.
- “ Hear, O my soul, what Jesus saith,
Nor tremble to depart ;
For all His saints, in life and death,
Are precious to His heart.”

“ Oh the precious dew and savour which rested upon my soul during the singing of this precious song of Zion !

“ Mr. Muskett's prayer seemed in one part of it as if it was specially for me. I thought someone had told him I was there, but I found out after the service such was not the case, and as he and I were total strangers to each other he could not have had the veriest knowledge of my presence. His text was very suited to me : ‘ Cast thy burden upon the Lord, He shall sustain thee ; He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.’ I liked his sermon, it was orderly and scriptural.”

At Mr. Muskett's request, father consented to preach for him on Lord's Day evening, August 28th. His text upon that occasion was, "Preach the Word" (2 Tim. iv. 2). With reference to this, he says, "I felt a measure of freedom, and now and then a little softening. The people seemed very attentive, and I trust the Lord's power was felt in our midst."

In concluding the notes from which the above extracts are taken, he says, "We returned home the following Thursday, and I felt greatly benefited by the change, for which I desired, from the bottom of my heart, to praise the Lord." Although dear father seemed so nicely on his return home after the visit above referred to, the improvement in his condition was but of short duration. Before many weeks had elapsed he was again laid aside by a second attack of illness, the symptoms of which were very similar to the first, but rather more severe and protracted. Rest and change of air were again resorted to as soon as possible, in the hope that they might be the means, under God's blessing, of leading to a more permanent restoration to health; but although this second visit to Yarmouth, which extended a little over three weeks, certainly resulted in some amount of temporary improvement, our hopes were not realized to the extent we had desired; for instead of more benefit being derived on this occasion than on the previous one, there appeared to be less. Still, his appetite, on the whole, was fairly good, and he could get out frequently; and although for the most part his preaching engagements had to be cancelled, he was able to fulfil one now and then, and we could not but hope that in course of time he would be, in a great measure at least, restored to health again. There were, however, certain distressing features connected with his illness that I cannot particularize here, which, as the weeks rolled by, seriously developed, and completely baffled the skill of each of the medical men from whom he sought advice. It was thought that possibly there might be some internal growth, and he was examined by two local doctors as well as a Birmingham specialist, but nothing at all could be found in this direction during the first seven months of his illness. On Tuesday, December 20th, he was again taken worse, but by the end of the week had rallied to some extent. He was engaged to preach at Coventry on Sunday (Christmas Day), but until the Saturday it seemed very improbable that he would be able to do so. However, that morning mother went into his bedroom to take him some refreshment (he was sitting up in front of the fire), when he remarked, "My dear, I believe I shall preach to-morrow." She said, "Do you?" He answered, "Yes, I have had such a

blessed time." Tears rolled down his cheeks, and his heart seemed too full just then to admit of him talking much, but he added, "You will hear about it to-morrow." The morrow came, and he preached twice, and oh what a time it was, not only to himself, but to others too! His text, both morning and evening, was Luke xxiv. 27 (it was from the last four words of this verse that he had had such a feast on the preceding day), "And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, He expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself." In the opening remarks of his sermon in the morning, he said something to this effect, "Some of you will perhaps be ready to exclaim, 'It is a sign you have been ill. Why, man, your mind must be affected choosing a text like that to preach from on Christmas Day.' I trust my dear friends, my *heart* has been affected, and with the Lord's help we will search from Genesis to Revelation but what we will find Christmas in the text before we have finished with it." He was wonderfully helped and favoured. Tears of sacred joy again and again filled his eyes, and his whole soul seemed on fire as he proceeded to speak of things concerning the blessed Expositor referred to in his text, Jesus Himself, who condescended to take on Him, not the nature of angels, but the seed of Abraham (Heb. ii. 16), was born in a lowly manger, lived for His people, died for their offences, and was eventually raised again for their justification. One friend said at the close of the service, "Mr. Burton seems to have been almost in heaven this morning," and two or three remarks were made to the effect that it seemed as though he had been preaching his farewell sermon, and, strange to say, that day's service did actually prove to be the very last our dear one ever took. True, he did go to the chapel once afterwards, and only once, which was on the following Tuesday. A social meeting of the friends was held that day, and although he had been so poorly between the Sunday and then, that it seemed highly improbable that he would be able to attend, he did manage to get there in the evening, and not only so, but presided at the meeting which followed the tea. How little some of us thought that night, as he related in our hearing things that had transpired in years gone by connected with his own personal experience, that we should never again hear his voice within those walls, but we had painfully to prove something of the truth of what is recorded in Isaiah lv. 8: "My thoughts are not your thoughts . . . saith the Lord."

Seeing that there was no real improvement in our dear one's condition, and all medical skill, &c., seemed futile, as each of his visits to Yarmouth had been attended with some amount of

temporary benefit, we wondered whether a longer stay there might be the means, in the Lord's hands, of leading to a more complete and lasting restoration to health. He decided to try it, and for his third and last visit left home on February 3rd, 1899, accompanied on this occasion by myself (I was only just recovering from a severe attack of influenza), as well as dear mother. Soon after our arrival, he was advised to consult a clever botanist, which he did as quickly as possible. This gentleman seemed to understand his case better than anyone had done before, and ere I left Yarmouth for home, February 18th, we were all very hopeful that the new treatment might prove of great service; but he was not under it long, for in a short time the adviser himself passed away, after an illness of only a few hours' duration. However, no great change either way was perceptible in dear father's condition until the first week in March, when he became so much worse that we at home were all alarmed at the distressing news which reached us. Of course, further medical advice was sought, and the doctor who was summoned unhesitatingly stated that there was an internal growth which would necessitate an operation in a few days, unless speedy relief could be obtained from the painful and dangerous condition our dear one was in. Words fail to fully express the anxiety and suspense experienced both by parents and children, separated as we were thus far from each other. Oh, the intense longings and many petitions presented at the throne of grace that the poor sufferer might be brought home alive—that at least we all might, if the Lord was about to remove him from us, see his loved face and hear his well-known voice once more.

While uncertain whether our desire would be granted or not, we received a message from him through dear mother, the substance of which was as follows:—"Tell the dear children that what I wish for myself and you, I wish for each of them, that they may realize the fulfilment of the desires expressed in the poet's lines—

"Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

The Lord was graciously pleased to hear and answer prayer on behalf of his being brought safely home alive. A sufficient measure of relief to warrant the doctor consenting to his removal home was granted. A special saloon, to avoid any change on the way, was engaged for the journey, and on Monday, March 13th, we had the great pleasure of all being together again under the roof of our own home. It was a day long to be remembered, one

of mingled joy and sadness. That same night, after our dear afflicted parent had retired to bed, he spoke most tenderly and affectionately to us one by one (with the exception of A——, who feeling too unwell to be present just then, waited until the following day), and gave us what not only then seemed to be, but really proved to be—as he was unable to speak much in his last moments—his dying blessing. None but those who have had such a father can fully enter into and understand with what tender feelings of mingled grief and love we listened, as well as our tears would allow, to the words which fell from his dear lips.

Very soon after his return home he was again examined by our own doctor and another local medical gentleman, both of whom were then of opinion that he was suffering from cancer. The latter advised an operation, but the former would not press it at all, feeling very doubtful whether it might be of much real benefit if he survived it, and after careful and prayerful consideration of the matter, father himself decided not to be operated upon.

After this, for the most part, he was confined to his bedroom, but occasionally came downstairs for a while, and did once get just outside the porch of the house for a few seconds, when he took a look round as though he thought it might perhaps be his last, and with a sigh exclaimed, "No tears in heaven, no tears in heaven."

(To be continued.)

THE SEEKER'S CORNER.

LETTER FROM AN ENGLISH PRISONER IN FRANCE TO HIS SISTER.

MY DEAR SISTER,—It is with the greatest pleasure that I avail myself of this favourable opportunity of sending you a few lines, which I hope will, through the Divine blessing, find you in a good state of health, as this leaves me at present, thanks be to Him in whom we live, move, and have our being. From Him all blessings, either temporal or spiritual, do flow unto us perishing sinners, in and through His dear Son; in whom I hope you trust, even to the saving of your soul. He is the only way through which the chief of sinners can once more be reconciled, and have access unto God the Father; by Him alone we can have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins.

I have a great deal that I could relate of the loving-kindness of the Lord, and what He has done for me in this my present captivity, which I cannot enter upon at this time, as if I knew the state you are in. May it please Him that this may find you

in a like state as He has been pleased, out of His mere good pleasure, love, and tender mercy to call me into, who am the chief of sinners. He has by His grace called me out of that state of sin and iniquity in which we are involved, in consequence of the fall of our first parents, into a state of grace and reconciliation with God. Our Maker is justly offended for our sin and transgression; but Christ having appeared in our stead, has fulfilled the broken law, and satisfied offended justice, "being made sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." Thus He has brought us near, through the blood of His cross, having given Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, a people zealous of good works, to the praise of His glorious name. May we, therefore, be crucified to sin, and live righteously, soberly, and godly in this present evil world, having the hope of a better beyond the grave. Let us pray to God that He may increase our faith, that we may live a life of faith upon the Son of God, and, through sanctification of the Holy Spirit and promised grace, persevere in the way of His commands, till at length having run the race, and fought the good fight of faith, we may be received into the mansions of eternal felicity, prepared before the foundation of the world for all those who shall be counted worthy to enter in. There sorrow and sighing shall for ever be done away; there we shall for ever be with the Lord, and all His holy angels, and glorified saints. We shall join with them in singing that new song, "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honour, and power, for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood, out of every nation, kindred, tongue, and people; and hast made us unto our God kings and priests; and we shall reign with Thee for ever."

I would exhort you before I conclude, if it has so pleased the Lord to have brought you out of the world, and to have adopted you into His family, that you walk in well-doing; that you get well acquainted with the Scriptures, and diligently search them for those things which tend to the good of your never-dying soul. Be diligent also in reading good books, and get well established in the truths of the everlasting Gospel; and beware of those faulty doctrines and notions of men, "who, for doctrine, teach the commandments of men; who are going about to establish a righteousness of their own, being ignorant of the righteousness which is of God." That the Lord may guide and lead you in the way of all truth, is the prayer of

Your loving brother,

Besançon, August, 1812.

J. M.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—Finding that I cannot meet the Society this evening, I have two things to recommend to you, which I hope the Lord God will please to bless to your souls. The first is, That you would consider the present afflicting providence as the work of God. Men can do nothing but what God pleases; therefore murmur not, nor repine at second causes, for it is a reflection upon God. Remember, God does all things well—well for His own glory, and well for His people's good; and in this providence, among the rest. May this confidence quiet your afflicted spirits, and teach you to submit to the Lord's sovereign will! "Oh!" say you, "this is a hard lesson, for now the Lord is taking away from us the Gospel and the means of grace!" I would observe, in the second place, God takes away very often from His people all their props, that they may lean more upon Him. He has laid but one foundation, and on that only must we build; but if we think of anything else, He soon convinces us of the weakness of such confidence. Look then, my dear friends, at the God-Man, Christ Jesus; make Him your all in all, and then you will want means less, because you trust more to the God of all means. Exalt and glorify Him by living upon Him for all things. Live upon Him for saving knowledge; He, as your Prophet, alone can teach you "the wisdom that cometh from above." Live upon Him as your Priest, by whose life and death alone you can be pardoned and justified at the bar of justice; and live upon Him as your King, to rule in you and over you: and then, thirdly, your walk and conversation will be as becometh the Gospel of Christ. When He reigns in you in all His offices, He will not suffer you to be barren or unfruitful. He has no barren branches in Him, the true vine, "Because I live," says He, "you shall live also." As only the living branches bud and blossom, and bring forth rich and ripe fruit, so, without living to God, all pretended fruit and experience is a delusion.

I recommend to you these three things:—Submission to God's will, living in Christ, and living to Christ; and while you do these things you shall never fall. The Lord comfort you, and carry on His work in your hearts. To His mercy I commend you, who am bound, by many ties, to be your faithful and loving pastor, though dismissed for a time,

June 19th, 1761.

W. ROMAINE.

THERE must be no drawing back into error after being drawn forward into truth. (Gal. iii. 1.)

The Sower, November, 1900.



THE LATE MR. ANDREW KINSMAN.

ANDREW KINSMAN.

ANDREW KINSMAN, son of John and Mary Kinsman, of Tavistock, Devonshire, was born November 17, 1724. His childhood and youth were marked by a disposition and manners mild and engaging, together with a behaviour to his parents peculiarly dutiful. He was, however, unacquainted with the religion of the Gospel until he had attained his seventeenth year, when providentially meeting with a volume of Mr. Whitefield's Sermons, one of these, on the New Birth, was greatly blessed as a mean of informing his judgment and alarming his conscience. Having but few spiritual persons to converse with, he continued for some time in a state of suspense relative to his interest in divine things, and was uncertain whether he was actually renewed in the spirit of his mind. But God, who heareth the sorrowful sighing of the prisoner, at length gave him "the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." While he was one day perusing the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, his attention was particularly arrested by the following passage: "The godly consideration of predestination, and our election in Christ, is full of sweet, pleasant, and unspeakable comfort to godly persons, and such as feel in themselves the working of the Spirit of Christ, mortifying the works of the flesh, and their earthly members, and drawing up their minds to high and heavenly things" (Art. xvii.). Having dispassionately examined this sentence, comparing the ardent aspiration of his soul with that lively description of God's chosen people, he could not but perceive a striking analogy between them, and from this instant a dawn of hope arose in his bosom. His gloomy and tormenting fears being happily dissipated, and his heart exulting in the grace of God his Saviour, he was soon impressed with an ardent concern to interest the attention of his relations to these important objects. Their great indifference, even to the form of godliness, gave frequent occasion to many strong cries and tears to God in secret, that Christ might be formed in their hearts, the hope of glory. But being unable to suppress his feelings any longer, he one evening exclaimed, with an affectionate emotion, as they were retiring to their chambers, "What! shall we go to bed without prayer? how do we know but some of us may wake in hell before morning?" By this unexpected address the family were seized with a solemn awe; and while they looked on each other with conscious shame for the neglect of so obvious a duty, he fell upon his knees, and prayed with that readiness and fervour, which greatly excited their astonishment. Nor was his anxiety confined to their spiritual welfare; for his heart's desire

was that his neighbours might also participate of the unsearchable riches of Christ. He therefore shortly began to read Mr. Whitefield's sermons to as many as would attend; and supposed, with Melancthon, that what had proved so singular a blessing to his soul, would not fail to produce similar effects on them, as soon as they were heard. Continuing to read the works of eminent divines for some time, the small company who attended these exercises, perceiving him to be a youth of promising abilities, encouraged him to exercise them by the study and delivery of his own discourses. After repeated solicitations he was prevailed upon; and his first essay of this nature was from Ezekiel xxxvii. 3, "Son of man, can these bones live? And I answered, O Lord God, Thou knowest." He used to speak of this as a season peculiarly solemn and affecting. The Lord encouraged these his early efforts, by giving him many seals to his ministry, among whom were his father, mother, and three sisters.

About this period, Mr. Whitefield, in one of his voyages to America, was obliged, by an unexpected occurrence, to repair to Plymouth (where he had never been before), to secure himself a passage in a ship about to sail from that port. Here, according to his usual custom, he embraced the first opportunity of preaching to the inhabitants. He had not delivered many discourses, before a gracious Providence preserved him from being assassinated, and at the same time overruled the horrid attempt of his enemies to the furtherance of the Gospel; for the odd adventure, as he calls it, brought thousands more to see and hear the man who had been marked out as a victim to the rage of persecutors; and God gave such testimony to the word of His grace, that remarkable success attended his ministry. Intelligence of these circumstances being circulated around the adjacent country, Mr. Kinsman fled with great eagerness to hear him. Being introduced, after sermon, to his company, he prevailed on him to visit Tavistock. But the opposition he here met with was so violent, as to excite such a deep rooted antipathy in the mind of Mr. Kinsman to his native town, that he resolved to reside in it no longer. Having removed to Plymouth, he, at the age of about twenty-one, commenced an acquaintance with Miss Ann Tiley, with whom he was united in marriage in 1745. She was a very spiritual and zealous Christian; and, with many others, had been converted under Mr. Whitefield's ministry, while he was detained there through the delays of the convoy. By her he had four children, Ann, Andrew, John, and George.

Near five years had elapsed since Mr. Whitefield preached last at Plymouth. In this interval, Mr. and Mrs. Kinsman had devoted the piece of ground to the service of God on which the

Tabernacle now stands, and toward the erection of which they had generously contributed. This place was chiefly supplied by Mr. Whitefield's colleagues, Cennick, Adams, Middleton, &c., who were kindly entertained under Mr. Kinsman's roof, free from any expense to themselves, or the infant cause. Though his preaching at Tavistock had been attended with very pleasing effects, while resident there, on his removing to Plymouth he was so far from intruding his services upon that society, that the utmost he could be prevailed upon to do for some time was to read a sermon to the people when a vacancy occurred, nor was it till 1750 that he entered fully into a regular course of preaching.

Early in 1749, Mr. Whitefield, taking the tour of the West, arrived at Plymouth, where he was received by his converts as an angel of God; and by none more cordially than Mr. Kinsman; at whose house he resided during the present, and every subsequent visit. From this time he became intimately acquainted and closely connected with Mr. Whitefield*; for whom he retained the

* Soon after a cordial friendship commenced between Mr. Whitefield and Mr. Kinsman, their hearts being united in the same glorious cause, Mr. Whitefield paid Mr. Kinsman a visit at Plymouth, and preached as usual to large auditories, with great acceptance. On the Monday morning after breakfast, "Come," said he to Mr. Kinsman, "let us go to some of the poor and afflicted of your flock, and see if we can administer to them any consolation. It is not enough that we labour in the pulpit; we must endeavour also to be useful out of it." Mr. Kinsman readily consented. Mr. Whitefield not only gave them counsel and advice, but supplied their necessities with a liberal hand, till he had given to a tolerable amount, as they called at several places. Mr. Kinsman, knowing by some means that his finances were low, was surprised at his liberality, and, at his return, gave him a hint, as if he thought he had been too bountiful. Mr. Whitefield, with some degree of smartness, replied, "It is not enough, young man, to pray, and to put on a serious countenance: true religion and undefiled is this, to visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, and to administer to their wants. My stock, it is true, is nearly exhausted; but God, whose servant I am, and whose suffering saints we have this day been relieving, will, I doubt not, soon send me a fresh supply." The matter thus rested for the remainder of the day. In the evening, while they were at prayer in the family, a gentleman came to Mr. Kinsman's house, and desired to speak with Mr. Whitefield; he was shown into a room, and as soon as Mr. Whitefield was disengaged, he waited upon him. "Sir," said the gentleman, "I happened to be here yesterday, and with great pleasure heard you preach: you are on a journey, I find, as well as myself, and travelling is rather expensive. Will you do me the honour to accept this?" putting, at the same time five guineas into his hand. Mr. Whitefield thankfully accepted the present; and returning to the family with a smiling countenance, and the money in his hand, "There, young man," said he to Mr. Kinsman, "God has soon repaid what I bestowed! Let this in future teach you not to withhold, when it is in the power of thine hand to give. The gentleman to whom I was called is a

most filial affection till the time of his death, frequently travelled with and consulted him as a father upon all his religious concerns. As Plymouth Dock, about two miles from Plymouth, became increasingly populous, and as there was no place of worship in all the town to accommodate the inhabitants, except the little chapel in the King's yard, Mr. Kinsman considered this circumstance as a fit occasion to diffuse among them the savour of the knowledge of Christ. He began to preach out of doors, and continued for some time, amidst the most violent persecutions; was frequently obliged to fly for his life, and expected that, before the ensuing morning, his dwelling-house at Plymouth would be demolished. He has sometimes been surrounded by eight or nine drums from the military, to drown his voice. But amidst this formidable opposition, his strength was equal to his day. Now Providence would soften his adversaries into pity, and thereby divert them from their evil purposes; then would fortify him with courage to withstand the united efforts of an outrageous mob. Once in particular, at Dock, a person of considerable fortune hired a number of men to interrupt his preaching. On arriving at the spot, they were so moved by his engaging address that they not only desisted from their design, but directed their vengeance against their mischievous employer, who with difficulty escaped with his life, and so exemplified the words of David, "His mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealing shall come down upon his own pate."

At another time, when the congregation was assembled in Plymouth Tabernacle, it was disturbed by a lieutenant of the navy, who came, with a part of his crew, armed for a desperate assault. Having broken the windows, they entered the place in a body. Their first attempt was to extinguish the lights, and then to fall upon the people; but a person, perceiving their design, drew up the chandelier to the ceiling of the building. Baffled in this project they fell upon the people, without regard either to age or sex, and beat them with their bludgeons in a merciless manner. The worship being interrupted, a general

perfect stranger to me; his only business was to give me the sum you here see."

Though I was pleased with the account Mr. Whitefield's liberality, and his lively faith, which seemed to promise a sure and speedy return, yet I was much more surprised when the person's name was mentioned to me by whom he received the money: he was one whom I well knew; reputed to be worth ten thousand pounds; but known to be so very penurious as scarcely to allow himself or those about him what was really necessary; and on a journey he was equally parsimonious; so that he was seldom a welcome guest at any of the inns he frequented.

alarm and outcry of murder ensued. At this instant, Mr. Kinsman, by an extraordinary effort, throwing himself into the midst of the throng, seized the lieutenant, the ringleader of the rioters, and as he was drawing his sword upon him, he wrested it from his hand. No exertion on the side of the rioters could force Mr. Kinsman to quit his hold of the lieutenant, and by main strength, in the heat of the encounter, he drew him out of the Tabernacle into the yard, where the scene of confusion was continued. Here the lieutenant made many violent struggles to disengage himself, lost his laced hat, and had his clothes considerably torn in the attempt. But Mr. Kinsman preserved his hold; and dragging him into the dwelling-house, carried him off through the front door to the magistrate. Both parties were now at a loss to discover what was become of their champions. Mr. Kinsman's friends were almost distracted, supposing he had been carried off by the rioters, and torn piece-meal. But they were soon agreeably disappointed. The lieutenant conducted himself with great insolence before the magistrate, who committed him to the watch-house, where he lay all night. Being brought before him again the next morning, he acknowledged his offences, engaged to repair all damages, and make such other concessions as the injured party might require. Mr. Kinsman, having obtained his object, and being unwilling to injure the cause of religion in the esteem of the world by a spirit of inexorable resentment, acceded to his proposals, and he was accordingly dismissed; nor was he ever after called upon by Mr. Kinsman or his friends to fulfil his engagements.

Having procured a private house in Dock, he preached a first time to about sixteen persons; but the congregation rapidly increased; and God gave testimony to the Word of His grace. Here his animated exertions, his profuse perspirations, and his inattention to his bodily health, soon injured the finest of constitutions, and laid the foundation of that asthmatic disorder which proved so severe a trial to him for more than forty years. At length his amiable manners and exemplary life silenced the clamours of the populace; and, though many hated the cause, he became respected and revered; and the congregation not only increased, but "the Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved."

Mr. Whitefield, returning from America, landed at Plymouth, and intending to preach on the Lord's Day morning, multitudes came from all parts of the country to hear him, so that the place could not contain them. Just as it was time to begin the service, he became so much indisposed as to be unable to preach, so that Mr. Kinsman was obliged to engage, though unprepared. This cir-

cumstance distressed him so much that he wept exceedingly. He spoke from the following words, "What hath God wrought?" This discourse was made so eminently useful that it never was forgotten by multitudes, and many spake of it as the best opportunity they ever enjoyed.

In 1752 a meeting house was erected at Dock, which, by the blessing of God upon his ministry, was obliged to be enlarged six or seven times, and now measures sixty-four by sixty feet.

He was now called out to itinerate frequently in many counties in the kingdom, and his peculiar abilities attracted general attention, which, together with the affability of his manners, the uncommon cheerfulness of his disposition, and his great usefulness, raised him to a high degree of esteem wherever he went. Nor was he less respected, nor his ministry attended with less general good at Bristol and London, cities to which he was invited by Mr. Whitefield, who was used to call Bristol Mr. Kinsman's America, alluding to his own popularity and success in that quarter of the world. The frame of his mind, on entering upon this new scene, may be learned from some hints found among his papers. November 21, 1754, "Having received many pressing invitations, I once more attempt to go forth in the name of Christ to preach His Gospel. The weakness and continual disorders of my body have been urged as a powerful dissuasive by my anxious friends against the undertaking. But none of these things move me, for I find the God of grace is the God of nature also. After committing my dear friends and family to the Lord of prayer, I left them, though not without inward throes on their behalf, and especially for my little ones, who become continually more and more engaging. Through the good hand of my God upon me, I find my journey more agreeable than I expected, and the Lord continues to assist me in my labours, though at intervals I have some severe fits of the asthma."

Mr. Whitefield being about to sail for America, sent for him to London. On his arrival he was introduced, and dined with him at the Tabernacle House, in company with a young clergyman. After dinner there was a most tremendous storm of thunder and lightning. As they stood at the window below the raging elements, Mr. Kinsman, supposing the clergyman, from his being a visitant to Mr. Whitefield, to be a serious person, familiarly put his hand upon his shoulder, and, with great cheerfulness and energy, repeated the words of Dr. Watts—

"The God that rules on high,
And thunders when He please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas"—

And then, with peculiar pathos and confidence, added—

**"This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love!"**

The words so appositely introduced, so solemnly and so emphatically delivered, made a deep impression on the mind of the young clergyman, and began a conversation which, by the blessing of God, ended in his saving conversion. Here his ministry was greatly owned; and he thought himself highly honoured in preaching the first sermon that ever was delivered from the pulpit of the present Tabernacle. His harmonious voice, his sprightly and pathetic manner of address, brought no small number of all ranks to hear him; among whom was Mr. Shuter, the celebrated comedian, who, having been excited by curiosity to hear Mr. Whitefield, was so affected with his preaching, that at one time there were hopes of his being under serious impressions. Having also heard Mr. Kinsman, he was so delighted with him that he frequently visited him. But the lamentable immorality that pervades the stage, the scoffs of ridicule from men of considerable influence, and the centemptuous insinuations of the profane (that most dangerous and destructive method of attack to which Mr. Shuter was, by his profession, particularly exposed) soon operated as a foil to those rising hopes that were entertained concerning him, and, as blasts, swept away those promising and blooming flowers. Some years after, having forgot where he lived, accidentally meeting Mr. Kinsman at Plymouth, he embraced him with rapture, and inquired if that was the place of his residence. He replied, "Yes; but I am just returned from London, where I have preached so often, and to such large auditories, and have been so indisposed, that Dr. Fothergill advised my immediate return to the country, for change of air." "And I," said Mr. Shuter, "have been acting Sir John Falstaff so often, that I thought I should have died; and the physicians advised me to come into the country for the benefit of the air. Had you died, it would have been in serving the best of Masters; but had I, it would have been the service of the devil. Oh, Sir, do you think I shall ever be called? The caresses of the great are exceedingly ensnaring. My Lord E—— sent for me to-day, and I was glad I could not go. Poor things; they are unhappy, and they want Shuter to make them laugh. But, O Sir! such a life as yours!" The inhabitants afterward taking notice that he visited Mr. Kinsman, were astonished; and one gentleman in particular asked him if he were a Methodist. "Mine is a fine method, is it not? No; I wish I was. If any are right, they are."

(To be continued.)

WORDS FOR TRAVELLERS TO IMMANUEL'S LAND.

"Ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands."—

REVELATION v. 11.

I SAW, and lo! a countless throng,
The elect of every nation, name, and tongue,
Assembled round the everlasting throne;
 With robes of white endued,
 (The righteousness of God).
 And each a palm sustained
 In his victorious hand;
When thus the bright melodious choir begun;
 "Salvation to Thy name,
Eternal God, and co-eternal Lamb!
In power, in glory, and in essence one!"

So sang the saints! The angelic train
Second the anthem with a loud Amen:
 (These in the outer circle stood)
 The saints were nearest God);
And prostrate fall, with glory overpowered,
 And hide their faces with their wings,
 And thus address the King of kings:
"All hail! by Thy triumphant Church adored!
Blessing and thanks and honour too
Are Thy supreme, Thy everlasting due,
Our Triune Sovereign, our propitious Lord!"

While I beheld the amazing sight,
A seraph pointed to the saints in white,
And told me who they were, and whence they came:
 "These are they whose lot below
 Was persecution, pain, and woe;
These are the chosen, purchased flock,
 Who ne'er their Lord forsook;
Through His imputed merit free from blame;
 Redeemed from every sin;
And, as thou seest, whose garments were made clean,
Washed in the blood of yon exalted Lamb.

 "Saved by His righteousness alone,
 Spotless they stand before the throne,
And in the ethereal temple chant His praise:
 Himself among them deigns to dwell,
 And face to face His light reveal;
 Hunger and thirst, as heretofore,
 And pain and heat, they know no more,
Nor need, as once, the sun's prolific rays;
 Emmanuel here His people feeds,
 To streams of joy perennial leads,
And wipes, for ever wipes, the tears from every face."

Happy the souls released from fear,
And safely landed there!
Some of the shining number once I knew
And travelled with them here;
Nay, some, my elder brethren now,
Set later out for heaven, my junior saints below;
Long after me, they heard the call of grace
Which waked them into righteousness;
How have they got beyond!
Converted last, yet first with glory crowned!
Little, once, I thought that these
Would first the summit gain,
And leave me far behind, slow journeying through the plain.

Loved while on earth! nor less beloved, though gone!
Think not I envy you your crown;
No! If I could I would not call you down!
Though slower is my pace,
To you I'll follow on,
Leaning on Jesus all the way;
Who, now and then, lets fall a ray
Of comfort from His throne:
The shinings of His grace
Softens my passage through the wilderness;
And vines, nectareous, spring where briers grew:
The sweet unveilings of His face
Make me, at times, near half as blest as you!
Oh! might His beauty feast my ravished eyes,
His gladdening presence ever stay,
And cheer me all my journey through!
But soon the clouds return; my triumph dies;
Damp vapours from the valley rise,
And hide the hill of Zion from my view,

Spirit of Light! thrice holy Dove!
Brighten my sense of interest in that love
Which knew no birth, and never shall expire!
Electing goodness firm and free,
My whole salvation hangs on Thee.
Eldest and fairest daughter of eternity!
Redemption, grace, and glory, too,
Our bliss above, and hopes below,
From her, their parent fountain, flow.
Ah, tell me, Lord, that Thou hast chosen me!
Thou who hast kindled my intense desire,
Fulfil the wish Thy influence did inspire,
And let me my election know!
Then, when Thy summons bids me come up higher,
Well pleased I shall from life retire,
And join the burning hosts, beheld at distance now!

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

AN ANSWER,

To F. F.—When you find either writers or speakers trying to put words of their own framing into other people's mouths, by representing them as *seeming* to say things which they would never think of saying, settle it in your mind that such speakers or writers are not particular about *only* saying of others that which is just and true. Many gross falsehoods have been thus circulated, and good men have been branded as propagating errors which they hold in abhorrence, as much as those who wrongly accuse them. We would advise you and others to be careful how you write or speak after such evil reporters, lest you should be considered to be partakers of their evil deeds.

We have constantly maintained that God created man capable of performing all things required of him in the law given to him, and though man has lost, by his wilful disobedience to God's command, all power and will to render the love, obedience, and worship enjoined upon him in that law, yet God justly holds him responsible for that which was so enjoined, and will reward him according to his deeds, as declared, Isaiah iii. 11; Romans vi. 23; Ephesians v. 6; &c, &c. If this is not scriptural, then we willingly confess our ignorance. Again, we find it declared that it is the will of the Father that all men should honour the Son, even as they do the Father, John v. 23; 1 John ii. 23. Thus the same *love, obedience, and worship* required by the Father is *due to Jesus Christ*, and the same condemnation which is due to them who obey not the Father is *due to those who obey not the Son*. Is this scriptural teaching or is it not? If it be so, then why should we be accounted as a heretic for defending it? Those who say we have taught that natural men should be held responsible for not using spiritual powers, and for not performing acts which only are wrought by the Holy Ghost, are either ignorant of our practice, or they wilfully misrepresent us from an evil motive. God holds man responsible both to Law and Gospel, according to the powers conferred upon him at his creation. Spiritual regeneration and its fruits are quite another thing.

THE EDITOR.

LITTLE grace is of the same manner and excellency with the greatest degree of grace. For, as the very filings of gold are of the same nature as gold, so the least measure of grace is grace. The faith of all believers is the same faith specifically, though not the same gradually; their faith is in all alike precious, but not alike strong.—*Christopher Love*.

"SPEAK NOT EVIL ONE OF ANOTHER, BRETHREN."

(JAMES iv. 11.)

To whom are these words addressed? To you and to me, if we belong to the holy brotherhood. The precepts of the Gospel are for our guidance and instruction, and are addressed by the Holy Ghost to the spiritual faculties of the renewed nature of the people of God. They may be regarded as *beacon lights* to assist us in times of danger, enabling us to steer clear of the rocks and quicksands which abound upon the coast.

But how often it happens, that when the danger occurs and the necessity arises, we lose sight of the precept and turn our backs to the danger signals; hence the desirability of being put in remembrance again and again.

Why do we speak evil one of another? Because while we believe in total depravity we forget our *personal depravity*. Often we condemn others for the very things we do ourselves, or would do, if placed in similar circumstances. And we are too much concerned about pulling the mote out of our brother's eye, when we should be better employed if we attended to the beam that is in our own eye.

Again, speaking evil of others is a proof that we *think* evil of them, and, perhaps, *wish* evil to them (see Proverbs xxiv. 17, 18). Surely this is very serious, because it springs from pride, envy, jealousy, malice, and the antichristian spirit of uncharitableness. If we are really in the bond of love, this must not be indulged, but opposed and fought against by the weapon of prayer. "Search me, O God, and know my heart," &c. ; and, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips," will be suitable prayers for such as are afflicted and ensnared in this way. The tongue is the unruly member; it is described as a "world of iniquity;" it "setteth on fire the course of nature," it is so fierce, so wild. "No man can tame it." It can only be brought into subjection by reigning grace. If under the influence of passion, prejudice, or self-interest, we indulge in a hasty judgment, and speak burning words of spite and malice, depend upon it our hasty judgment will recoil upon our own heads, and burning words will blister the lips of those who utter them.

Is our character at stake? Is our reputation assailed? God will defend the character, as well as the person, of such as live in His fear. It has been well said, "Nobody can damage a person's reputation but himself," therefore evil speaking need have no effect upon those who walk uprightly. "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass," &c.

"With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm."

Evil speaking and backbiting ill become those who are brethren and who have so much in common—the same enemies, the same dangers, the same hopes and fears, engaged in the same struggle, and are travelling to the same eternal home. Moreover, such things must grieve the Holy Spirit of God and bring guilt upon the conscience, for it is severely condemned by the Word of God. Here are a few examples:—The prayer of the Psalmist, "Let not an evil speaker be established in the earth" (Psalm cxl. 11). The exhortation of the Apostle, "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking be put away from you" [as you would put away a filthy garment], with all malice" (Eph. iv. 31); and the very solemn statement by James, "If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain" (James i. 26).

There must be a great absence of love where evil speaking is practised. "Love is of God," but envy and malice are of the devil. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Brethren, we hope, through the grace of God, to meet together in the "city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God," and unitedly to sing of redeeming grace and dying love; we are now engaged in travelling to that blest abode. Let us not fall out by the way; even when in our judgments we differ from our brethren, we need not, we must not speak evil of them. Let us give one another credit for that purity of motive which we claim for ourselves, and thus leave the spirit and tongue of intolerance to Ritualists and Papists; we must not pretend to be infallible; no, that would not agree with our confessions to God day by day.

In conclusion, perhaps the best remedy for evil speaking will be to remember the exhortation, and to "pray one for another."

Bath.

T. R.

[We admire the sweet, tender spirit which is manifest in the above words; oh that we may ever give heed to such healthy counsel, and look before we leap, and try, even when contending for the truth of God, to seek His honour first, and the good of Zion, by doing all things in love.—Ed.]

THE sprinkling of the blood of the crucified Saviour on the conscience by the Holy Ghost sanctifies a man, without which the most abstemious life and rigorous discipline are unholy.—*Hart.*

MEMORIALS OF A DEAR FATHER.

(Continued from page 238.)

ON Sunday, April 2nd, he had a severe attack, and we all thought the end was very near. Although not feeling such inward spiritual joy as he would have liked, his mind was calm in the prospect of death. Two of his fellow deacons from the chapel came and spent a few minutes with him after the evening service, to whom he said—

“Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
 O may my last expiring breath
 His loving-kindness sing in death.’

I may fear as I enter the cloud, the disciples did, although it was a bright one, but He who causes the cloud to overshadow, will look after His child while he is passing through it.” One of them remarked, after coming downstairs, that he had never before witnessed such solidity in anyone, apart from the enjoyment of Christ’s manifest presence.

While at his bedside on the Wednesday morning, he gave me the following message for one to whom he felt a close attachment:—“Thank him for his loving interest in me, and for his prayers for me and for your dear mother. Tell him I hope we shall each at last meet where prayer will be a thing of the past, but where it will be undying praise ‘to Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood.’ Tell him I am still clinging to the cross, though in much darkness of mind, but that it is not my hold of the cross that is my safety, but the Saviour’s hold of me. The one is an effect, the other is the cause; effects are nothing to rely upon in matters pertaining to the soul’s salvation. ‘The cause of love is in Himself.’”

After dinner that day, he talked so sweetly, as several of us stood round him. With much feeling he repeated the words, “Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art Thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise Him for the help of His countenance” (Psalm xlii. 5). He quoted part of Hymn 340 (Gadsby’s), dwelling principally on the “earnest” referred to in the last verse, asking the Lord if He had not given him this many, many times. He spoke to us of his own dear mother’s death-bed; how she repeatedly said, even when she was too far gone to converse much with those around her, “I am on the Rock,” and then spoke of himself as being there too. He also mentioned a verse he had been thinking of, which he had heard her repeat—

“ ‘When ends life’s transient dream,
 When death’s cold, sullen stream
 Shall o’er me roll,
 Dear Saviour, then in love,
 Fear and distrust remove,
 And bear me safe above,
 A ransomed soul.’ ”

The following evening, Thursday, his pains were so excruciating that it was most distressing to see him, utterly powerless as we all were to give him a single moment’s relief. In the midst of his suffering he remarked, “Ah ! this must soon end my mortal career. Lord, let Thy will, in every particular, be done, but remember Thy Word—I’m still hoping in it—‘And even to your old age I am He.’

“ ‘God of my life, to Thee I call,
 Afflicted at Thy feet I fall ;
 Now* the great water-floods prevail
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail.’

Who with the mercy of God realized in the heart could wish to live in such circumstances as I am now placed in? O Lord, do relieve me. Blessed Jesus, do come and take this poor sinner to Thy breast.

“ ‘The bowels of Thy grace,
 At first did freely move ;
 I still shall see Thy face,
 And prove that God is love.
 My soul into Thy arms I cast,
 I trust I shall be saved at last.’

I’m looking for that, Lord Jesus ; I’m looking for Thee to come, according to Thy Word, ‘I will come again and receive you unto Myself.’ ”

Eventually a measure of relief was experienced, and oh how thankful he always seemed for the least bit ! As I have before said, his condition was very changeable. Frequently he was unable to see friends who called, and, although we were often extremely sorry to disappoint them, it was unavoidable. At other times, he was able to receive and converse with visitors for quite a long while ; in fact, he preached, as it were, many little sermons in his bedroom. We shall not soon forget how plainly, solemnly, and yet affectionately he spoke to some who gave no evidence of being possessors of Divine life. With others, those whom he felt were his kindred in Christ, he held

* The original reads “when,” but he often altered it to “now.”

sweet communion, and we know there are some who will long cherish the remembrance of their visits to the sick-room, among whom are several ministers of the Gospel residing in various parts of the country.

On Sunday morning, April 16th, our dear afflicted one, in great pain, with much emphasis, after repeating the verse commencing, "God of my life, to Thee I call," said, 'Oh, dear Lord, do be with me now flesh and heart are failing. Oh, do be the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever. Oh, do take me sweetly to Thyself; there will be no more pain-racked and afflicted bodies there. Oh no! all sorrows and suffering left behind. Lord, don't let me murmur at Thy gracious dealings with me. Lord, I am a guilty sinner, resting on Thy precious, precious blood. Do comfort my poor heart, Lord; say, 'It is I, be not afraid; I have made and I will bear; I, even I, will carry and deliver you.' Ah, Lord, it will be a complete deliverance after the last enemy, death, has been encountered. Do be with me in the valley, Lord; let Thy rod and Thy staff support and comfort me. Conduct me safe to glory, there to see Thee as Thou art, without a veil between."

Monday, April 17th.—"Oh that the dear Lord would mercifully ease the pains of my poor afflicted body. 'O Lord, rebuke me not in Thy wrath, neither chasten me in Thy hot displeasure.' Do pity, do pity, pity my poor distressed condition.

" 'In pity for me undertake,
And save me for Thy mercies' sake.'

Oh do hear my feeble petition, do regard my cry, do ease, do help. Do, Lord, speak one word in the midst of this agonizing suffering; oh, do remember me, remember Thy Word, 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.' Oh that I could feel that Thou art dealing with me according to Thy Word. Thou knowest all about my poor distracted body, and mind too. Oh, do sustain, do give me to feel that Thou wilt carry me to glory. Do give me some measure of ease from my excruciating pains; do speak to my soul, and say, 'I have redeemed thee; thou art Mine.' I would leave with Thee the choice of the way, but if Thy will, do pity, do comfort, do sustain, if only for a short season, and do bring me safe to glory. The way is rough and rugged, but do be with me, do bear, do carry, do deliver, O Lord, do."

April 18th.—"Oh what a place heaven must be; no more pain and suffering, no more wearisome bodies, no nights of anguish, no dreaded days; oh no!

“ ‘Oh may I live to reach the place,
Where He unveils His lovely face;
Where all His beauties you behold,
And sing His name to harps of gold.’

Lord, do as Thou hast said, do carry, do deliver. Oh the thoughts of infidelity I have had the last few days! I trust the Lord will give me grace to bear and to suffer all His righteous will. O Lord, remember John Burton and all His afflictions. David prayed for Thee to remember him. Thou hast said, ‘The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed; but My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the Covenant of My peace be removed.’ ‘Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.’ Oh, how those words have helped me when everything has seemed to run quite contrary, but—

“ ‘All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.’

It must all be according to Divine purpose.”

The following evening, in much anguish, he exclaimed: “O Lord, do renew Thy precious promise in my poor soul, which I trust Thou didst apply so sweetly before the affliction: ‘And even to your old age I am He; even to hoar hairs will I carry you; I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you.’ O Lord, when all my sufferings are ended, when every pang has been endured, do carry me safe to eternal glory, there to see Thy face—

“ ‘And never, never sin,
And from the rivers of Thy grace
Drink endless pleasures in.’

Do grant my poor, feeble desires, for Thy mercy’s sake. Amen.”

“Oh, if I should get to heaven, what a different occupation it will be there to what it is now. No racking pain, no shrinking of heart, no fear, no misgivings, no suspicions that a mistake may have been made, but glorious ease, a blessed peace, a calmness indescribable. Nay, more than that, for, ‘Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.’ Lord, hast Thou not given me some little taste of these things as I have come along the journey of life, and haven’t I said and sung—

“ ‘If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee’?

And now, Lord, be my Sustainer, my Comforter. Carry me safely through.

“ ‘Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on Thee;
Thy faithful love (Lord, do let me realize it!)
Thy constant care (do let me feel it!)
Is all that saves me from despair!’ ”

At another time :—“ He hath said, ‘ All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me, and him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.’ No, Lord, in *no wise*, and I come to Thee, a poor, guilty, helpless, hell-deserving sinner. As a question of justice—

“ ‘ If my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well ;’

but being justified by His blood, there is no hell for the freely-justified one. Oh, no, being justified, ‘ we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.’ ”

Then again, in the evening of the same day—“ Didst Thou not, Lord, give the promise to my soul, ‘ And even to your old age, I am He ’ ? &c. Do, Lord, let me feel the power again ; not that my soul’s safety depends upon my feelings ; oh no, it rests upon the immutability of Thy character.

“ ‘ His every word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies ;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

“ ‘ Through those dear promises I range,
And, blessed be His name,
Though I, a feeble mortal, change,
His love is still the same.’

Can I not say—

“ ‘ Compared with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see ;
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with Thee ’ ?

Can I not say—

“ ‘ I love Thy name, I love Thy Word,
I love Thy precious blood ’ ?

Give me to increasingly feel the preciousness of Thy blood. Do at last bring me to that place where Thou art, to enjoy Thy presence for ever and ever.

“ ‘Let me among Thy saints be found,
 Whene’er the archangel’s trump shall sound,
 To see Thy smiling face;
 Then loudest of the crowd I’ll sing,
 While heaven’s resounding mansions ring,
 With shouts of sovereign grace.’ ”

Also he said that night, while several members of our own family were standing round his bed, “You have come to see me, but you can’t help me. None but the Lord can do that. I want to feel that He is with me. I want to be brought in soul feeling where Miss Steele was when she wrote the second and last verses of hymn 1086 (Gadsby’s). Nothing short of that, Lord, will bring peace and salvation. Lord, do give me to feel that Thou hast prepared a place for me. Give me to feel as Thou didst on one occasion, in connection with the anticipation of heaven, and singing these words—

“ ‘Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
 Unworthy though I be,
 For me a blood-bought, free reward,
 A golden harp for me.’ ”

Blessed Jesus, didst Thou not give me to feel there and then that heaven was mine? I remember the spot, Lord, distinctly remember it; how sweetly my heart was drawn to Thee. Oh, do give me again to feel something of the same sacred sweetness. Why, Lord, long as it has been since, I have never forgotten the occasion, and it must have been quite twenty-five years ago. Many times since then, I trust, Thou hast shone into my soul, heard my prayers, and blessed me with a good hope, through grace, that I should stand every storm and live at last, and be found at Thy right hand in glory. Thy Word, I know, says, ‘Whom He did predestinate, them He also called; and whom He called, them He also justified; and whom He justified, them He also glorified’; all sweetly, blessedly, inseparably linked together—predestination, calling, justification, and glorification. All prove the glorious substitution of the God-man, the Man Christ Jesus. ‘If God be for us, who can be against us?’ ‘It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather, that is risen again; who is ever at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.’ Lord, thy Word is blessedly full of the Gospel Covenant provision. Give me to feel in this my extremity, that that provision in all its fulness and freeness is mine; mine, although I may not feel it, mine to rest upon, and mine to hope upon.”

(To be continued.)

THE SEEKER'S CORNER.

DEAR P——,—As I am not able to converse long together, I felt I should like to say a few words to you on paper. I assure you I feel deeply for you in the present state of your mind, and must say I am encouraged to hope the dear Lord has in mercy to your soul imparted to you a spark of Divine life, so that you cannot rest satisfied with what you have hitherto done; and although an exercised state is not a comfortable, but a painful position, yet it should encourage a hope that a work has been begun in the soul that Satan cannot overthrow, for you may depend upon it the Lord will not forsake the work of His own hands, neither will He break the *bruised* reed, or quench the *smoking* flax. May you be helped to look alone to Him, whose work it is in the soul from first to last. Oh, that you may feel the blessed Spirit's power raising you to a little hope in His mercy, for Jesus will hear the real cry of your poor soul, "Lord, help me." He Himself said, "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."

"He never will permit
A soul that fain would see His face
To perish at His feet."

Satan may present many things to your mind, such as your great sinfulness, or that you have never sought the Lord aright, or he may suggest that you must perform something to recommend you to the mercy of God. Satan does not like to lose one of his subjects, whether they are in a profession of religion or not; it is only when the Holy Spirit has stripped the sinner of what he fancies he possesses, that he is brought to the feet of Jesus, and He graciously leads him on. Sometimes the work is a short one, but the Lord is a Sovereign, and will perform all His will. I must close, assuring you I shall not forget you at a throne of grace, as the Lord shall help me. "Though we are feeble, Christ is strong."

Yours truly,

January 19th, 1898.

C. M. H.

MY DEAR M——,—I was very pleased to hear from you, and did not think your letter too long. I really intended to write sooner, but have not felt that I could. But I know how Satan may have taken advantage of my silence. I am not altogether ignorant of his devices. I felt sure you knew something of what I wrote to you. I am glad to find I was right;

may the Lord lead you more and more into His precious truth, teaching you by His blessed Spirit. Oh, what a mercy to have a desire truly to know the things of God, and to desire to possess God as the portion of our soul; and where that desire is implanted by the Spirit, there is no rest until we can truly say, "The Lord is *my* portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in Him." Oh, dear M——, I feel that I would speak well of my gracious Lord, for surely He hath borne with my evil manners when anyone else would long ago have spurned me away. But He is the Lord, and changes not, therefore the sons of Jacob are not consumed. I think sometimes there cannot be a worse sinner upon this earth than I am, and yet when my heart is touched, and I am enabled to confess my sin, I am also enabled to believe that God is faithful and just to forgive my sins, and to cleanse me from all iniquity.

You say you are so changeable, so proud, and have such thoughts as no one would think but you, but that is because you know your own heart and no one else's. If you only knew what passes in mine some days, you would think me the vilest hypocrite living. I could not and would not tell to the creature what I sometimes feel within, but what a solemn thought that everything is naked and open before the eye of God. But what a mercy if at the same time we can take our hearts as it were and lay them before the Lord and tell Him we cannot manage them; He only has the true remedy, and He only can apply it.

Oh, the preciousness of the blood of Christ! Oh that you may soon know its saving power, and truly feel that all your sins are cast into the depths of that sea. I do not wonder at your being tossed to and fro, dear, hearing two kinds of preaching; but I feel so sure in my own mind, that where God truly teaches by His Spirit, He will nail our ears as it were to the truth, so that we soon detect what is wrong. I know I sometimes read books and am so tired after, seeing what I am in myself, and wondering whether I do possess the true religion, or whether others are right and we wrong, but when I turn to God's Word I see, as you say, that Election is written on every page, and Romans ix., though such a solemn chapter, has many times been sweet to my soul. What solemn doctrines, and yet how sweet, are those which we believe. Could you have the smallest hope of getting to heaven if it depended upon you? I could not. I felt this morning, as I sat in chapel, that it would be nothing short of a miracle if I got to heaven. God alone must perform everything. I know from experience that without Him I can do nothing.

"I could not frame a good desire,
 If all the world to me were given;
 Nor could I to a wish aspire,
 If one good wish would purchase heaven."

We had such a solemn sermon this morning from the parable of the Ten Virgins. Mr. H—— preached from it last Sunday, and then we sang that hymn, "Pause, my soul, and ask the question." I felt it to be a most solemn, searching time, but still I felt, when I heard the Christian described, that I dare venture to hope that I was a wise virgin, and that I had taken my lamp of profession in the holy hand of faith, and not in the unholy hand of nature. Oh, what a mercy to have the oil of grace in our heart, and not merely the lamp to flicker and finally to go out. May the dear Lord give you a large portion of grace, and make you very earnest, dear P——, in seeking His face, and lead you to Himself as your only hope. May you feel more and more, "Give me Christ, or else I die." Lord, "I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me." I am so glad you have Miss P—— for a teacher. She has herself tasted, handled, and felt what I can feel she teaches her scholars. May the dear Lord bless her work and own it abundantly, not only in your case, dear, but in many others. I am sure you are quite right in desiring to sit only under the pure truth, may the dear Lord bless it abundantly to your soul.

Accept very much love, and believe me, ever your affectionate friend and cousin,

Leicester, December 17th, 1899.

DINAH.

WHO is like God? Oh, what He has allowed me this night! I know now the meaning of that word, "Ask what ye will in My name, and ye shall receive it." I say, the Lord has even allowed me to be very familiar in every circumstance, and I have thought I was even aiming at it.—*Halyburton.*

THE more diligently I pursue my search into these oracles of eternal truth, the Scriptures, I perceive a wider, a deeper, an ever-increasing fund of spiritual treasures. I perceive the diviner strokes of wisdom, and the richer displays of goodness; the more transcendent excellency of the Messiah, and a more deplorable vileness in fallen man; a more immaculate purity in God's law, and more precious privileges in His Gospel; and yet, after a course of study ever so assiduous, ever so prolonged, I should have reason to own myself a mere babe in heavenly knowledge, or, at most, but a puerile proficient in the school of Christ.—*Hervey.*

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—I was very much pleased and refreshed with your letter this morning. I am thankful to the Lord for His kindness to you, and while my heart was sad and sorrowful this morning, over the loss of my dear friend, Miss Penfold, it was made glad with yours. May the Lord help you through life as He did her, she was enabled by grace to be so constant and patient under all her trials, and since she has been left without father or mother, the Lord has indeed taken care of her, and her end was peace and heavenly tranquillity; she has no care or anxiety now, it is all gone, and her bliss is unspeakable.

I hope, dear, the Lord will guide you; it may be better for you to be with someone who will teach you, as you are young; I am asking the Lord to open your way. I think a little rest might do you good, as you have been so long without a change.

I hope the day is not far off when you will realize Christ as yours, and be able to confess Him in the ordinances of His house, as He is pleased to lead you.

To-morrow will be your birthday, 21; truly the Lord has taken care of you. When I think of you all, and your dear father, his affliction, and your home, I say to myself, "What hath God wrought for you as a family, in providence and in grace! Truly to-morrow you may raise your Ebenezer stone of help, and say, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped me, what shall I render to Him? O Lord, here is my heart, take and seal it. 'Set me as a seal upon Thine heart,' which means, Let me live before Thee, always in Thy love; think upon me at all times, and under all circumstances, and that will enable me to live to Thee, and set Thee before me, that thou mayest be my love, my only One, for Thou art worthy." We shall always feel how sinful and unworthy we are, how poor are all our prayers and praises, how lame is all our obedience, how half-hearted and cold, how self-willed and ignorant; yet notwithstanding all, He loves, yea, He rests in His love, He will love even to the end. Excuse more. Mrs. Harbour unites in kind love to you, wishing you many happy returns of your birthday, in the best sense of happiness.

Your affectionate Pastor,

August 6th, 1887.

W. HARBOUR.

OH, let us exalt His name together! Oh, glory dwells in Immanuel's land! I long for the fragrancy of the spiced wine. "Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples; for I am sick of love."—*Halyburton.*

"BRETHREN, THE TIME IS SHORT."

THERE is something solemn in the closing of a year and the entering on the opening of another. To those who are old and grey-headed, the time is fast approaching to that change which awaits every son and daughter of Adam. The old know their days are evil and few ; yet they have cause to bless God for the mercies received, as well as the trials and afflictions they have been enabled to pass through in the present state. Oh, we would say to such as are looking forward to the rest that remaineth to the people of God, and considering themselves but strangers and pilgrims here—we would congratulate you if you are considering yourself but a pilgrim journeying through an enemy's land, with your heart and affections set on the things above—on the rest that remaineth.

Are any saying, "Oh, how happy should I be if I knew this was my case! But I have a thousand fears respecting myself, and a just ground of apprehension whether, when the day shall come when I must pass out of this world, I shall be admitted into the presence of the King of Glory, and join the redeemed in the new Jerusalem, set my foot in the land that is afar off, and see the King in His beauty"? We will observe the way in which a well-grounded hope is to be obtained. First, by faith ; and, secondly, by the testimony and witness of the Spirit by and through the Word, by applying that Word directly to the heart. And, first, a good hope is to be obtained, through grace, by faith on the work and word of God the Saviour. Nothing of our own can afford a just ground or solid hope of these things. All Popish rites, and vows, and pilgrimages are vain, and will avail nothing ; or to look to and address angels and saints is but blasphemy ; or repentance and tears, to place any reliance on these is vain ;—for repentance is the gift of God, and is essential to salvation. So with regard to a holy life and conversation ; the Lord's beloved people are created in Christ Jesus unto good works, so they cannot derive comfort from these things. But by looking to Christ, and acting faith on His work, His finished work, His perfect obedience, His complete atonement, every thing done and suffered that is necessary and essential to the salvation of His people, and then looking at the Word of God, and acting faith on that—for instance, "Whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life ;" or the words of Jesus Himself, "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth, for I am God, and there is none else ;" "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest ;" and again, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out"—if you are enabled

to act faith upon the exhibition of His perfect work, and the precious Word of promises, and to mix faith with them, you will find peace flow into your heart. Abraham judged God faithful, and thereby gave glory to God. There were, to an eye of sense, many things which appeared against what God had promised ; but he acted first on the bare promise, and thus gave God honour. Are any saying, "I am a poor sinner, looking off everything else, and looking simply to Jesus, and what He did and suffered, and can I be entitled to this salvation"? This experience proves you are interested in this salvation. This detesting of yourself, and looking to Jesus as your alone and all-sufficient Saviour, is a token of interest in His salvation.

Then He does this by the power of His Spirit, applying His own Word with power to the heart. We doubt not He can without the Word witness to the heart, and give a sweet testimony of a sinner's interest in this salvation ; "For the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirits that we are the children of God." But His most ordinary means is applying His own Word with His own power to the hearts of His beloved people, and thereby bring to them a sweet persuasion of their interest in Christ, and title to eternal glory. He is promised by Christ as the Comforter of His people. We might as well question His very existence, and with as much propriety, as that He does own His own Word, by taking portions of Scripture, while they are being read or heard, and applying them to the hearts of His people, so that they prove a means of real comfort, support, and consolation.

We are addressing some who can set their seals to what we have said, and who are come here to-day hoping to receive some portion of the bread of life. You are encouraged to come from a recollection that the Word has been sweet to you in this place, as well as in other places. It has not only suited your circumstances, and wants, and trials, but it has been applied to your heart in a way and manner no mortal man on earth could possibly apply it. It has been in such a way and manner that you have realized the finger of God in it, and been fully persuaded that it has been applied by the influence and power of the Holy Ghost, by virtue of His own office, to your heart. Bless Him, then, for what is past, and think of the many merciful manifestations of covenant love to your soul.

Looking forward to another year, I look up to Him and pray Him to continue His goodness, and to cause His own Word to be to you a Word of life and consolation. He has said it "shall not return to Him void, but it shall accomplish that which He pleases, and shall prosper in the thing whereto He sends it." And what is that which He pleases? It is the prosperity

of His saints. He has promised He will "sanctify Zion's provisions, and satisfy her poor with bread." They are satisfied with bread when they are enabled to feed upon Him who is the Bread of Life, when they derive strength from Him, and are encouraged to go on their way trusting in His hands everything respecting another year - but not only everything respecting another year, but everything during the whole of their pilgrimage on earth—for the saints of God are not making their rest here, but are esteeming this no other than a pilgrimage.

However men may neglect Christ and His salvation, this is but a pilgrimage; however they may set their heart on the earth, and long to continue here, even for ever, they are but passing by, and will soon be gone. And they have a house prepared for them, but not a rest; it is where the god of this world reigns and rules. He is here as a roaring lion, going about seeking whom he may devour. They continue under his power, live long according to the course of this world, and they shall be cast into the pit where he is, and there remain for ever and ever. Look at the rich man and Lazarus: "It came to pass that the beggar died, and he is carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom; the rich man dies, and is buried, and in hell he lifted up his eyes in torment, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. He cries for mercy, and that Lazarus may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool his tongue, for he is tormented. He is reminded of his good things on earth; besides, between them there was a great gulf fixed, so that they which would pass from one place to the other could not. The rich man then says, "I pray thee therefore, father, that thou wouldest send him to my father's house, to testify to them, lest they also come into this place of torment." But what is the answer? "They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them." The reply is "Nay, but if one went from the dead they will repent." And he said unto him, "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." So we may say, there is the house of God, the ordinances of God, means of His own appointment, if these make no impression on the heart, nothing else will; no, though an angel from heaven were to come down to tell them.—*Watts Wilkinson.*

EVERY person that sits under the sound of the Gospel should ask himself these three questions:—"Do I know anything of the excellency of the Gospel?" "Do I feel the power of it?" and "Do I live according to the rules of it?"

MEMORIALS OF A DEAR FATHER.

(Concluded from page 260.)

SATURDAY, May 20th, was to him a season of special blessing and sweet refreshing from the Lord's presence. Space will not admit of my going much into detail here, but I might just say that a full account of it is given in a letter dictated by dear father himself two days afterwards, which was published in the September number of the *Christian's Pathway*. To use his own words, "Sweet and gracious softening, bedewing, satisfying, heart-up-lifting, fear-subduing, unbelief-removing, Satan-quelling power was felt" in his soul, under the Holy Spirit's application of the words, "Thy God reigneth!" He says further in the letter just alluded to, "I wept as I contemplated the glorious verity, and felt its application, not so much to Zion in general, but to myself and circumstances in particular, 'Thy God reigneth!'"

Just after this he manifested some desire that he might be restored, and told me one evening during the following week, that if he could have his choice as to whether he would be taken at once (by which he meant through that affliction) to the earlier enjoyment of the rest remaining, or be raised up again to speak in the Lord's name, he felt he should prefer the latter, rather than be taken at once to the crown and to the inheritance; for in looking back upon the previous few months, there seemed to him such a fund of matter which, with the Lord's blessing, could not fail to be instructive and spiritually edifying to His people. He spoke of Paul, who once expressed himself as being "in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better: nevertheless," said he, "to abide in the flesh is more needful for you." Father evidently was not without some hope that the Lord would restore him.

But oh, how soon all dear father's hopes of recovery were again scattered to the winds. The following week he suffered so much that he felt he could welcome death, and leave all of us, although we were as dear as ever to him. Once, when sleepy, he said, "Oh, if I could close my eyes and open them in eternal glory, what a release it would be! I feel it would be a happy release." One day he said to me, "I want the Lord, my child, to bless my soul with a feeling of submission to His will, with a sense of His gracious favour. If He blesses me with these two things, I can contentedly leave all issues in His hands."

One morning when dear mother was alone with father he raised his hand, and looking upward, said—

“ ‘I’ll speak the honours of Thy name,
 With my last labouring breath ;
 And dying clasp Thee in my arms,
 The Antidote of death.’ ”

At another time : “ Do grant me submission, Lord. Carry me, care for me, and bring me to glory. I have no wish to stay here. Thou hast brought me to feel detached from all earthly things.

“ ‘O to see Thy face,
 And never, never sin,
 And from the rivers of Thy grace
 Drink endless pleasures in.’ ”

Do grant it, Lord, for Thy dear name’s sake. Amen.”

On another occasion : “ Oh, what a release it would be if the Lord were to speak only one peace-giving word, and take me home to Himself. I would not dictate, Lord, I would not complain, but would wait patiently, wait Thy appointed time, till Thou dost say, ‘Child, come home, come up higher.’ ”

Again : “ Lord, if it can be Thy will, give me a little relief for the poor body, but if not, grant me submission and resignation to Thy sovereign will. O Lord, Thou knowest, Thou knowest that I love Thy precious name. Do manifest thyself to my immortal soul. Do say, ‘I have redeemed thee, . . . thou art Mine.’ If Thou dost grant my desires, I feel I can say, ‘Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.’ ‘Oh, what must it be to be there !’ ”

“ ‘To glory bring me, Lord, at last,
 And there, when all my fears are past,
 With all Thy saints I’ll then agree,
 God has been merciful to me !’ ”

It will be all right then, Lord — all right, all right. Thou knowest I have loved Thy name for many, many years. Thy statutes have been my songs,’ at times, ‘in the house of my pilgrimage.’ Do support, Lord, do sustain, do comfort, do bless, and bring my soul at last to heaven.”

At another time : “ Resting on Christ, resting on His finished work and righteousness.

“ ‘Hide me, O my Saviour, hide.
 Till the storm of life is past ;
 Safe unto the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.

“ ‘Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.

All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
 All my help from Thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

“ While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eye-strings break in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment throne ;
 Rock of Ages, shelter me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.”

Again—

“ Let but Thine own almighty arm
 Sustain a feeble worm,
 I shall escape secure from harm
 Amid the dreadful storm.

“ In that dread moment, O to hide
 Beneath His shelt'ring blood !
 'Twill Jordan's icy waves divide,
 And land my soul with God.”

On another occasion : “ Lord, undertake for me, lay underneath
 Thine everlasting arms. The way may be rough, but—

“ The joy prepared for suffering saints
 Will make amends for all.”

A few weeks previous to his death, the enemy of souls was permitted to tempt and distress him, for a time, to such an extent that he seemed to sink into almost hopeless despair. He feared that he was after all deceived in spiritual matters, and the agony of his mind was indescribable. All creature attempts to cheer and encourage him were futile, but the Lord, in His own, time was pleased to dispel to a great extent the darkness in which he felt so thickly enveloped, and although he was not afterwards raised to a state of ecstatic joy, such as we hoped he might be, he was more or less favoured with a measure of calmness in prospect of his approaching dissolution, and a comfortable hope that he should finally be brought to that blest home where “ the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick : the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity.”

On Bank Holiday, August 7th, he became worse, and although the doctor had told us that each attack must weaken him, it was not at first seriously anticipated that this would prove to be the last one, but such it was. One by one the days passed by in much suffering. Loving hands that would gladly have administered relief, had it been possible, were all utterly powerless to do so. On Monday, the 14th, he said to mother, “ My dear, I am

sure I shall not get better." (This was the first time he had expressed himself with such certainty.) "It seems as though the command has gone forth with a trumpet tongue, 'Set thine house in order ; for thou shalt *die*, and not live.'" As the week advanced he gradually sank, took no support of any kind worth mentioning, was too ill to converse or take much notice of anyone or anything, except just at intervals. How our hearts ached as we watched him, as we gazed upon his dear, but pale and emaciated face, which bore unmistakable traces of Death's icy hand being near. He himself was fully aware that his end was fast approaching, and had not the least desire to remain here, only, he did so long for the Lord to be manifestively with him in the valley, and prayed that he might be enabled to meet the king of terrors in the Saviour's strength.

When the doctor came on Friday he said his heart, which had been particularly strong during the early part of his affliction, had given way, and he did not think he could last more than twenty-four hours.

During that night father said several times, "Be still ;" also, "Be still, and know that I am God."

Later on, evidently feeling somewhat brighter, he said several times, "Do come, Lord, do come, Lord, come quickly," and he also quoted the verse—

"My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness ;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name,"

adding, "The same old spot, the same old sinner, needing the same help."

His little strength was well-nigh spent, and bathed in the cold perspiration of death he breathed with difficulty, but when the doctor came about dinner-time, he roused himself up as well as he was able, and asked, "Well, doctor, what can you do for me now?" as much as to say, "You see my condition. I am now brought into that spot where all human skill and help are unavailing." This his medical adviser plainly saw, and readily admitted that he could do nothing ; and then dear father said, "Well, I'm 'looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ,' waiting for the dissolution from the body. There will be no more pain in heaven, no more terrible nights." They shook hands, bade each other "Good-by," and parted for the last time.

The above was really our dear one's last testimony, for after

that he scarcely spoke, although he appeared to want to do so. A few minutes before 3.30 p.m. his eyes became fixed upwards, his face and lips grew deadly pale; then, as if he was dropping asleep, a sweet smile stole over his countenance, which was followed for a few moments by a distortion of the features, as though there was just one short final struggle with the king of terrors; then again he raised his eyes, and a second smile passed over his face, and after quietly breathing two or three times at rather long intervals, his ransomed spirit was borne safely from its suffering tenement of clay to the mansions of eternal glory—that rest which remaineth for the people of God, even into the loving bosom of that gracious Father, who, at the commencement of his trying and most distressing affliction, so sweetly assured him of His own tender care, and promised both to carry and to deliver him. It was a *complete* deliverance indeed to our dear one, but oh, how little we expected at one time that *this* was what the Lord intended by His word! How true are the lines—

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

“ He doeth according to His will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; and none can stay His hand, or say unto Him, What doest Thou?”

On Tuesday, August 22nd, the mortal remains of our loved one were taken, first, to the chapel at Coventry, where he was a member and deacon, and where he had preached both his first and last sermons, as well as very many others—a spot where he had often felt a little of heaven upon earth let down into his soul, while endeavouring to exalt a precious Christ before poor sinners. The funeral service was conducted by Mr. D. Keevill, of Birmingham, in the presence of a goodly number of friends who had come to pay their last tribute of esteem and respect for the departed. Hymns 4, 845, and 143 (Gadsby's) were sung, and Mr. Keevill spoke very feelingly, sympathizingly, and suitably.

From the chapel we came back to Foleshill, and went to St. Paul's churchyard, the place where dear father, when a child, had listened to the people in church singing, “Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen,” three words of which, “world without end,” so filled his young mind with dread. Here, now, his precious clay was quietly laid in its last resting-place; not, as Mr. Keevill remarked, like many of whom there is no hope, nor as others of whom there is but a faint one, but in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection unto eternal life.

" His flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in his Saviour's image rise."

"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"
(1 Cor. xv. 55.)

Mr. Keevill preached at Coventry on the following Sunday, and in the evening spoke very appropriately from 1 Thessalonians iv. 14.

Only those who have been bereaved similarly to ourselves can understand how huge is the gap made both in our hearts and home by our loved one's removal. Dear mother feels she has lost one of the kindest and best of husbands, one who was indeed a comfort and blessing to her; and we are certain that a father with deeper affection, or more anxious and prayerful solicitude for both the temporal and eternal welfare of his children, it would be impossible to find. And if his many prayers for us are answered—God grant they may be!—though we shall never again see him in the flesh, we shall at last meet, an unbroken family, in the home of the redeemed above, where partings are unknown, all tears are wiped away, and perfect happiness shall reign for ever and ever.

M. E. B.

[Want of space has compelled us to abridge the memoir of our late dear friend, but we believe the record will be valued by many.—ED.]

WE are never better affected unto God than when we pray; yet when we pray, how are our affections many times distracted! How little reverence do we show unto the grand majesty of God, unto whom we speak! How little remorse of our own miseries! How little taste of the sweet influence of His tender mercies do we feel! Are we not as unwilling many times to begin, and as glad to make an end, as if in saying, "Call upon Me," He has set us a very burdensome task?

I am "come to Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant;" I will be among the blessed company that stand by; I will be with that assembly above, where "the Lamb in the midst of the throne" has the precedence: and now I wait for His salvation; glory to Him. "What shall I render to God? Let us exalt His name together;" He has done wonderful things for me. I have been many a day afraid how I should get through the valley and shadow of death. Oh, there is much in this, "He has wrought us for the self-same thing."—*Halyburton*.

ANDREW KINSMAN.

(Concluded from page 249.)

MR. KINSMAN has now and then amused his friends by saying "that his popularity in the metropolis originated entirely in mistake." On his arriving in town, Mr. Whitefield published, Mr. Kinsman, a promising young man, to preach; and the people running away with the idea that he said, "My kinsman is to preach," flocked together to hear Mr. Whitefield's relation. When he was once preaching in London on the Lord's Day, a heavy and unexpected shower of rain coming on, several Sabbath breakers passing by at that instant, fled into the Tabernacle for shelter. Among these was a young man who was personally acquainted with Mr. Kinsman at Plymouth. Seeing him in the pulpit, he immediately resolved to wait the conclusion of the service, and inquire after the welfare of his relations. This he accordingly did; to whom Mr. Kinsman replied with his usual affability, "Your good aunt and religious mother are both lately gone to heaven; but which way are you going? what will your pious mother say, if she should miss her William there?" Though the sermon had not the least effect, this sentence struck him to the heart; and God made it the means of his conversion. He afterwards became a very valuable member of the Church at Dock, and died an Israelite indeed! Some years after, his youngest son, a wild young man, visited Mr. Kinsman. He having some knowledge of his character, began to relate the striking circumstance of his father's conversion. This so affected the young man, that from that time he became serious, and became likewise a member of the same Church at Dock.

As a mariner, when he puts to sea, does not expect to reach the desired haven unassailed by the inauspicious gale; neither should Christians expect to bask in the sunbeams of prosperity without the intervention of a lowering cloud. About this time, while on a visit to London, Mr. Kinsman was exercised by a providence exceedingly afflictive. His dear child, about three years of age, was drowned by falling into a well! *

* The following extract from a letter to Mrs. Kinsman, which he penned upon this very mournful occasion, gives some idea of his pathetic manner of address, and the strength of parental affection.

"MY DEAR LOVE,

London, July 26, 1757.

"Since my coming to this place, I have repeated returns of my disorder; but the good Lord hath carried me comfortably through the work I have been engaged in. Last night I was appointed to read letters; when five thousand were gathered to hear. If I am in my element in any one part

At Plymouth and Dock his preaching was still attended with remarkable success, particularly among young persons; nor was any period of his ministry accompanied with a greater outpouring of the Spirit than while he was going through the Epistle to the Ephesians. At length the repeated solicitations of the people induced him to limit the sphere of his operations, and, except his visits to London and Bristol, his labours were chiefly confined to the above places. In 1763, the society at Dock becoming very numerous, wished to be formed into a regular Church. They therefore gave Mr. Kinsman an unanimous call to take the oversight of them; and he, having accepted it, was set apart to the pastoral office at Broadmead, in Bristol, August 4, by the Rev. Benjamin Fawcett, of Kidderminster: the Rev. George Powell, of Weathersfield; the Rev. Jeremiah Field, of Wellington, Somerset; the Rev. Hugh Evans, and the Rev. John Thomas, of Bristol. In 1771, having resigned business to his son, he went to reside wholly at Dock; until which period (we have been informed) he never received any pecuniary consideration for his services, nor did he, in the whole course of his ministry at Plymouth—never having required any.

Mrs. Kinsman was continued a valuable blessing to her husband and the Church, till July, 1774. It is but justice to her memory

of my work, it is in that. The Lord was pleased to give me strength of body to stand near three hours, and the liberty of speech, filled my own soul with wonder. O grace! But this was, I soon found, as a preparative for the severest trial I ever felt. I find a constituted asthma is not enough for such a stupid heart as mine. Just now, my friends began distantly to open to me the melancholy news; and the manner in which the Eternal has been pleased to take away my once most lovely babe was in some measure anticipated, and here did I think over the scene which thy dear eyes must behold, and the throbs which this awful providence must occasion in thy distressed breast. I must drop my pen, and give vent to those tender passions which none but parents know, and which I never before so fully felt. These words came on my mind, 'Aaron held his peace.' The last sermon I preached was from Romans viii. 32, 'He spared not not His own Son,' &c. O the heights, the depths of the love of God! How can we murmur! or how dare we repine! To the honour of His grace, I must tell you, that I never felt sorrow like this, and yet have not found one rebellious thought. My concern is increased, that I am not with you to bear a part, and assist you in the midst of that anguish, which I fear your spirit has felt. But the Lord orders all things well. In pity to my poor weak nerves, God hath called me to a distance, and I doubt not He hath been, and will be better to you than seven husbands. I can only drop a tear. I think on my poor children, Nancy and Andrew. Oh that their dear little hearts may be duly impressed! I long, I long to hear from you. But I don't know how to ask you to write particulars, 'twill be like opening that wound afresh, which I pray God to heal speedily in your dear, dear heart,' &c.

to say, that she was a great ornament to her Christian profession, and a mother in Israel. The Lord was very gracious to her during her long illness, and indulged her with a very cheerful and happy frame in her last moments. Mr. Kinsman continued a widower till October, 1776, when he married Mrs. Joanna Webber, of London.

In January, 1792, dropsical symptoms began first to make their appearance in his legs, and left little hopes to his friends of a long continuance among them. For the last twelve months he could do little more than preach two or three sermons, and it was with great difficulty he continued to administer the Lord's Supper. As he approached to the close of life, he would frequently look out of his chamber window, and on seeing multitudes flocking to the meeting, would say, "Thither I once led up the tribes of the Lord to worship." At other times, when he has heard persons passing his house with oaths and imprecations in their mouths—"How wonderful are thy ways, O Lord! I only want breath to praise and preach to others, and cannot; but these have lungs to swear, and breath to blaspheme Thy holy name." He would often repeat a conversation he once held with the late celebrated Mr. James Hervey, relative to the divinity of Jesus Christ. "I now feel this doctrine," said he to his family, "to be a solid ground of hope in my declining days. I am going rapidly, but I must not talk of death to you, as you cannot bear it." A few weeks previous to his death, a pretended physician being introduced by a friend, without the knowledge of Mr. Kinsman, and perceiving that his end was approaching, after some conversation expressed his astonishment at his uncommon cheerfulness. "I have great reason to be so," said he, "for I am one day nearer heaven." After some facetious sallies upon quack practitioners, he entered into serious discourse with him, and the doctor left him with a degree of surprise. When anticipating his approaching dissolution, he would frequently adopt the confidential language of Dr. Watts:—

" My God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all;
I've none but Thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball!"

And that other well-known verse in the seventeenth Psalm—

" O glorious hour! O bless'd abode!
I shall be near and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul."

On the day of his death, he said to his son, who was just come

to see him, "I slept a little last night, and dreamed I was dying in state, having your mother and all of you around my bed side, and good old Jacob could desire no more." About two hours before he died, Mrs. Kinsman asked him how he did. He replied, with a sweet serenity, "Still in the body."

**"But on his dying countenance was seen
A smile, the index of a soul serene."**

Continuing sensible, being almost gone, and scarcely able to articulate, he said, in a broken manner, "Jesu, Lover of my soul." Then smiled again, and, without a sigh, fell asleep in the arms of that compassionate Jesus, whom he had ardently loved, and faithfully preached, for more than fifty years. He died Feb. 28, 1793, in the 69th year of his age.

On the day of his interment, the corpse being brought into the meeting-house, and placed before the pulpit, the Rev. Mr. Macall, resident at the Tabernacle, Plymouth, gave a solemn and affectionate exhortation to a most crowded audience; after which the funeral procession was conducted with great seriousness and solemnity, and extended nearly from the bridge to the parish churchyard (a space of half a mile), where he was interred near the late Mrs. Kinsman, in the very spot upon which she had received her first religious impressions under the preaching of Mr. Whitefield. On the following Sabbath the Rev. Mr. Macall delivered a funeral discourse at Plymouth, from John v. 35, "He was a burning and a shining light." On the ensuing Lord's Day the Rev. Matthew Wilks, of London, being solicited to visit the disconsolate Church, preached the funeral sermon in the meeting-house at Dock, from Daniel xii. 3, "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn away to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

We shall subjoin a few of those characteristic beauties of this man of God, which so justly elevated him in the public esteem, and will embalm his memory when his remains are mouldered into shapeless dust. He was a man of an agreeable appearance and a peculiarly melodious voice, of which he possessed the most perfect command. He was favoured with an extreme sensibility, which was indicated by the peculiar pathos of his public address, and the tenderness of affection which pervaded his private life. His memory was singularly retentive; and the inexhaustible store of anecdotes with which he was furnished, together with their pertinent and pleasing introduction and improvement, rendered him a companion equally entertaining and instructive. His natural disposition was excellent and amiable. His patience under his accumulated sufferings was as instructive as extra-

ordinary : and whilst sympathizing friends were affected and distressed at the view of the agonies produced by his complicated disorders, he was grateful to his Almighty Father at the recollection of the numberless evils which he did not experience.* His zeal was equally ardent and disinterested, his conduct was exemplary, and the strict undeviating rectitude of his morals attracted and ensured a general esteem. Nor did his most embittered persecutors ever attempt to calumniate a character which they knew to be untainted. The evangelical purity of the doctrines which he taught, the elegant simplicity of his manner, and the affecting tenderness with which he addressed all classes of hearers, accompanied by the divine energy of the Holy Spirit, rendered him both a very popular and useful minister. No man possessed a happier talent in noticing and improving general and particular occurrences. In his prayers there was a perpetual variety ; but his conspicuous talents were principally displayed at his attendance on the sacramental ordinance of the Lord's Supper. On these occasions he generally outshone himself. Notwithstanding his popularity was so great, he would frequently weep when about to enter the pulpit, oppressed with a consciousness of his own inability, and with fears lest he should be deserted by his God. Whilst it was the particular study of his life not to lay any public burdens upon his people, he was ever forward to assist in the removal of private distresses, and to condole with and comfort the dejected and unfortunate. His bosom was indeed the habitation of the social virtues. The peculiar care which he manifested in the education of his children, did equal honour to his judgment and his heart. He was a worthy man, a steady friend, an affectionate husband, a tender parent, a kind master, a sincere Christian, and an able and useful divine.

The following inscription was engraven on his tomb :—"The Rev. Andrew Kinsman, died Feb. 28, 1793, aged 68. After fifty years zealous and useful labours in various parts of the kingdom, Jesus Christ, whose ambassador he was, and whom he faithfully preached, received him into His presence for ever. The Church, which God honoured him to be the founder of in this place, with that in the town of Plymouth, bearing a special part in the universal sorrow for his loss, erected this marble as a memorial of his worth and of their affection."—*From an old volume.*

It is usually in the later stages of life that true temperance is known and shown.

* During the long season of his asthmatic affliction we are well assured that he took no less than an hundredweight of quicksilver, and for many successive years could not lie down in his bed.

THE EDITOR'S CLOSING REMARKS.

DEAR FRIENDS,—As another year is closing upon us, we desire to record the goodness and mercy manifested by our gracious God, in upholding and helping us thus far. To Him we owe all that is good, and from Him we hope to receive all that He sees we so constantly need. We desire to thank all our dear friends who have so kindly sympathized with and helped us in our work, and we trust we shall still be favoured with their welcome aid and support in the future, for we believe they with us feel an earnest desire for the good of poor unconverted sinners, the welfare of Zion, and the glory of our Triune Jehovah. We have no idea of setting poor blind sinners to work in order to make themselves Christians, or to prepare themselves to receive the Gospel call, as some think they should, but we are authorised to tell to all, that God has opened a way by which sinners can only be saved, and all that live and die without repentance, and without the forgiveness of sin, through faith in Jesus' blood, must be for ever lost. And also that, "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely" (Rev. xxii.) No other way of salvation than this can ever be found, for "There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." May our God cause many to hear, receive, and obey the call, that Zion may be increased with living converts, and the Lord Jesus be magnified in and by their conversion. Brethren, pray for this, and may the truth as in Jesus be scattered abroad, that errors may be exposed, and darkness and unbelief be overcome by the mighty power of the God of Jacob, who has said, "I will work, and who shall let it?"

Dear friends, hoping we may be favoured to soon meet you with a New Year's greeting, and still begging your prayers and help, we remain,
 Yours very sincerely, THE EDITOR.

I AM going to die; I am to be a bridegroom to-day, at least I am to be the bride; I am going home to my God, and, I hope, your God. And be sure that you be with God often; and if ye be often with Him, ye will be where I am. Seek God, seek Him, and seek Him early, and He will be found of you. "The angel that preserved him bless the lad." Remember that I have commended God and His way to you. Oh, if there were a day of the power of God going along, and God taking hold of the hearts of youth!—*Halyburton.*

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR SON,—I have been made glad in hearing the subjects that the servant of the Lord was led to on Sunday last, and beg they may be made an abundant blessing to you and many more, so that your internal evidences have been made clear to you, that you are the subject of God's special grace and the workmanship of God the Holy Spirit, created anew in Christ Jesus the Lord, and formed to show forth God's praise and glory, both in this life and that which is to come; for that is the special end of the love, mercy, and grace of our Father, Redeemer, and divine Sanctifier, in performing this glorious work in and upon sinners so vile and base as we are by nature and practice; and I pray God to make this end more your concern than the bare knowing that you are His and are the subject of His grace, for I for one know that God is jealous of His own glory by His own works, and where His grace is bestowed; and I know also that though you may sit under the Word, hear it opened and the work of God set forth, and be able to see that you are the character described, and may for the time present be able to rejoice in it; yet if there is not also a life, walk, and conversation as the open evidences described by the servant of the Lord, you will very soon lose sight of the internals again, and so the constant cry will be, "Am I His, or am I not?" for if God's grace does not reign in the heart to subdue sin and strengthen us to walk as becomes the holy, glorious Gospel of the holy, blessed God—the holy, humble, meek, and lowly Lamb of God—the holy grace-head of the Church, who hath said, Learn of Me, live upon Me, and receive from Me all that grace, strength, and righteousness that you need in every station, relation, condition, temptation, affliction, and necessity that we are in here below—and thus led by the blessed Spirit to look to, trust in, and live upon Him as the fulness and head of all grace and truth—to live and walk as becometh the glorious Gospel and revelation of the love, mercy, and grace of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit, the God of all grace and salvation; and my heart's desire is that you may be the Lord's epistle, known and read (or made manifest), as having received that grace that is strengthening and teaching you to deny all ungodliness and worldly lusts, to live soberly and godly in this present evil world. Amen.

From your loving Father,

T. PRIGG.

REVIEWS.

Two New Books for the Children:—*The Fights and Flights of the Huguenots.* By EBENEZER WILMSHURST. *The Tinker of Bedford and the Book that he wrote.* By W. STANLEY MARTIN. Published by E. Wilmshurst, Blackheath, S.E. Price in pictorial cover, one shilling each, or in attractive cloth, eightpence.

WE welcome these two books because they are timely and true, besides being attractive and thoroughly interesting. They are timely, because it is of the utmost importance that the men and women of the future should know more of these stirring stories of the past, which reveal not only the never-ending enmity of the Church of Rome against the truth of God and against the lovers of the Book, but also testify of the faithfulness of God in enabling His witnesses to fight the fight of faith, and to steadfastly witness for God and His truth in the face of bitter persecution. The sufferings of the Huguenots were appalling, but their testimony was for centuries as a light shining in a dark place. Mr. Wilmshurst has done his work well, and we are sure that those who have heard his lecture on the "Huguenots" will be anxious to renew their acquaintance with the subject in its present attractive form.

As regards the other book, by Mr. Martin, its object is a worthy one, namely, to attract his young readers to the next best book to the Bible—the "Pilgrim's Progress." The story of John Bunyan is told in a most taking manner, and the chapters on the "Book that means more than it says," are such that they will, we hope, create an interest in the immortal allegory where it does not exist, and deepen it where it does. In addition, prizes are offered for the best compositions on the subject of "The Man with the Muck Rake." It will be a sorry day when interest in the "Pilgrim's Progress" shows any sign of flagging, but we trust that, with the Lord's blessing, this book may do something to prevent such a catastrophe.

Both these books are most attractively produced, and are, moreover, profusely illustrated. They are admirably suited for prize and present, and for both purposes we predict for them a large sale.

Deep Things of God. By WILLIAM WILEMAN. London: William Wileman, 27, Bouverie Street.

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