



THE SOWER.

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

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

VOL. XXIII., NEW SERIES.

1901.



LONDON :

HOULSTON AND SONS, 7, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS ;

AND E. WILMSHURST, BOOKSELLER, BLACKHEATH, S.E.

LONDON:

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

INDEX.

	PAGE
"A Brand Plucked Out of the Fire"	259
Affecting Incident, An	176
Anecdote	120
Aspiration, An	78
Believer's Portion, The	229
Bride, the Lamb's Wife, in her Nuptial Attire, The	257
Critics and Disputants	66
Dealings of God with Isaac Beeman	171
Dr. Owen, Life of	7
Editor's Closing Remarks	280
Edwin Roberts, Life of	38
Encouragement to Prayer, An	19
Extract, An	140
Friendly Greetings	275
Gardiner, Colonel James	267
Gilbert Tennent	75
God Save and Bless our King	57
Good Part, The	95
Grace to Help	199
Hall Green Strict Baptist Chapel, Haworth	281
Harden Not Your Hearts	67
Heaven	117
If I could only Know	250
I'm but a Bruised Reed	136
In Memoriam: Our Beloved Mother Queen	56

	PAGE
Interesting Event, An	230
I will Look Again	236
James Bourne	27
John Hammond's Last Days	43
Joseph Tanner, The late, 123, 148	
Letter by Mr. Knill, A	14
Letter by Mr. James Bourne	91
Letters for the Young, 24, 48, 71, 96, 119, 144, 167	
Lines by Milton	147
Lines on the Death of Mrs. E. Butler	200
Meditation for the New Year, A	11
Memoir of Dr. Doddridge	195
Memoir of Ruth Hunt, 159, 178, 202, 225, 246	
Ministry, The	251
Montgomery, James	243
New Year's Address	3
No Separation in Heaven	245
Obituary of Elizabeth Taylor	112
Obituary of Mrs. Ann Parrott	113
On Preaching to the Unconverted	156
Oppressed	192
Persecuted Scotch Covenanters	189
Prayer for Christian Graces	105
Prayer for the Future	13
Promised Peace, The	128
Prospect of Death	228

	PAGE
Queen, Our late Beloved ...	51
Rejection of the Gospel... ..	92
Resurrection Life	240
Reviews	215
Richard de Courcy... ..	219
Saints Shine with Borrowed Rays	188
Sanctified Trial	106
Search the Scriptures	155
Seeker's Corner, The, 21, 45, 68, 93, 118, 141, 166, 191, 210, 237, 262, 277	
Sermon by late Mr. Fenner...	130
Shepherd's Voice, The	137
Short Memoir of Elizabeth Mills	109
Some Marks of those who Seek God	79

	PAGE
Strength made Perfect in Weakness	17
Submission	224
Testimony of the Divine Word, The	209
"The Desire of All Nations shall Come"	279
Time is Short	66
Time of Refreshing, A	37
Time's Changes	143
To W. J. —	254
True Experience	87
Two Roses, The	67
Vinall, Mr. J.... ..	59
Ways of Zion do Mourn, The	42
William Goode	99
Words of Encouragement ...	114



THE SOWER.

THE EDITOR'S NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.



DEAR FRIENDS,—We desire, as we commence another year, to bear testimony to the goodness, loving-kindness and unchanging faithfulness of our gracious Covenant God. His mercy, compassion, and Fatherly care have been and are still manifested towards us in more ways than we can speak of, though we feel to be unworthy of the least of His favours, and have daily to mourn over our shortcomings, ingratitude, and want of love to our best and kindest Friend. What a mercy that His love is from everlasting to everlasting towards His chosen and adopted children, who can never be separated from Christ, in whom they were chosen before the foundation of the world (Eph. i. 4). How blessed are they who have been called to the knowledge of their election of God (1 Thess. i. 4). This is made known by their being called and made manifest as followers of the Lord. Thus the Thessalonians, who were beforetime idolaters, were known to be chosen of God, because when they heard the Gospel they received it as the Word of God, and being accompanied by the power of the Holy Ghost, it wrought effectually in them, turning them from dumb idols to serve the living and true God. They were idolaters, dead in sin, when the Gospel was first preached to them, but the Word being made a quickening Word in them, by the Holy Ghost, their election of God, which even the Apostle did not know before, was made clear by their being brought out of idolatry to the knowledge and service of Christ. Reader, have you thus been made manifest as one of the chosen of God in Christ? Mr. Hart says—

“ Though God’s election is a truth,
Small comfort there I see,
Till I am told by His own mouth,
That He has chosen me.”

The doctrine is good, but it is the experience of our personal interest in it that fills the heart with joy. Many talk about it who yet are out of this personal secret, but "the talk of the lips tendeth only to penury." While many dear anxious, seeking souls, who are of a contrite spirit, mourning over their sin, and plagued with many fears as to their interest in the Covenant and the finished work of Christ, bear the mark of God, and their names are written in heaven among those who before all time were predestinated to the adoption of children by Jesus Christ (Eph. i. 5). Such may not be able to prove their election, but they hunger and thirst for Christ, and that they would not do if the life of Christ was not in their souls; the dead do not crave for bread and for water, but all who are born of God hunger for heavenly food, and they can only be satisfied by receiving Christ in their heart, by faith. To all such we would say, press on through every crowd, for the loving Saviour surely will satisfy thy longing soul with His mercy. We feel sure there are many such who read our pages, and we are rejoiced to know that many have found encouragement in doing so. May the Lord make the SOWER still more widely useful in helping the living who are following after Christ, and to the quickening and awaking of many to concern, who are yet dead in trespasses and sins. How few are to be found who are in real trouble about their sins, and deeply concerned for the salvation of their souls. Alas, it is a time of ease, and many are more concerned about secondary things than about the prosperity of the work of God in the salvation of sinners. How sad that any who manifest a zeal for the conversion of souls, anything like akin to that felt by Paul, as expressed Romans ix. 1-3; x. 1; Acts xxvi., 29, should be branded as legal Aminians, seeking to subvert the doctrine of Christ. Alas! the spirit of fatalism, which is void of bowels of compassion, has wrought deadly mischief among the Churches of truth. We rejoice that salvation is all of free and sovereign grace, and that it is sure to all the seed of Christ, but we do not know who or where they are, till they are made manifest by the calling of God; and surely we should desire to see His work and kingdom prosper, by the gathering to Zion of those who are ordained to eternal life. Year by year we are losing many dear sheep from the fold below, who pass on to mingle with that great multitude which stand before the throne and before the Lamb; and shall we not pray that—

"Fast as sheep to Jesus go,
Lambs may recruit His fold below"?

In these evil days, what gross errors and superstitions abound

and what idolatry is openly taught and practised, in places professedly erected for the worship of God ; to the advantage of our worst enemies, and the subverting of numbers of the rising race from the plain teaching of the Scriptures. Oh that we were more alive to the great importance, yea, the necessity of the Holy Spirit's power to make the Gospel the power of God unto salvation among the people who gather together to hear it preached. God has ordained the use of the means and committed them to His Church, and since it has pleased Him by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe, His ministers, who are stewards of the mysteries of God, are reminded, that "it is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful" (1 Cor. iv. 1, 2). They are to go to all to whom He shall send them ("every creature," Mark xvi. 15), and whatsoever He commands ("preach the Gospel") ("preach the Word," 2 Tim. iv. 2), they are to speak (Jer. i. 7). Thus it is plainly the true minister's work to preach the Gospel, not only to those who, by calling, are manifest as saints, but also to sinners dead in sin, that the dead elect may hear the voice of the Son of God, be quickened, made alive, and called "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God" (Acts xxvi. 16-18). These things are plainly recorded in and enjoined upon us by the Word of God, and those who oppose them resist the dictates of the Holy Ghost, who always upholds, confirms, and honours the teaching of the Lord Jesus. May we have grace to do the same, according to our ability, and leave the results with Him, who without respect of persons will judge every man's work (1 Peter i. 17). God forbid, however, that we should become neglectful of the living realities of the divine counsels He has given in His Word, for though His Word is for ever settled in heaven, yet it must be performed on the earth, among the children of men, and He has instituted the means for the accomplishment of this, and they belong to His people, who are admonished and exhorted to pray for the success of the same, in promoting the prosperity of the Redeemer's kingdom. (See Luke ix. 1, 2 ; Eph. vi. 18-20 ; Phil. i. 27, 28 ; Col. iv. 3 ; 2 Thess. iii. 1, 2, &c., &c.) Of old, there were those who longed to see the King of grace gird on His sword and ride forth prosperously (Psalm xlv. 3, 4) ; and for the arm of the Lord to awake, and bring in His redeemed ones to Zion (Isaiah li. 9-11). And may we not repeat the cry, "O Lord, revive Thy work in the midst of the years" (Habak. iii. 2) ; "O Lord, I beseech Thee send now prosperity" ? (Psalm cxviii. 25.) Surely, the loyal subjects of King Jesus desire to see Him reign prosperously, and His enemies, for whom He died, brought with true submission to His feet, wearing His yoke (Matt. xi. 28, 29),

and thus accounting it an honour to be called to "serve the Lord Christ." Oh that we may yet see peace within the walls of the Jerusalem (Church) of God, and joyful prosperity within her palaces. The Lord help us to sincerely pray for this, and to zealously seek her good; of all such friends of His chosen city He has said, "They shall prosper that love thee" (Psalm cxxii. 6-8). We hope we shall ever be found in close union with those genuine friends of the Zion of God, among whom He gave us such a pleasant place, when He led us out from the professing multitude, and settled us down in His house and within His walls.

"No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home."

Ah! many days have passed since then, and many changes we have seen, in the world and in the Church; among foes, and among some whom we once looked upon as friends. Yes, we have often been made to exclaim, "Lord, what is man?" but that has not alienated our heart from Zion, nor from the truth as in Jesus; for, whoever has proved false, and whatever changes may have passed over and within us, no change has taken place in Him who put us among the children; nor in us, with respect to the love and union we feel with them, as the excellent of the earth, the children of the God of Abraham, the redeemed, who are bought with the precious blood of Christ.

Let us then, beloved, still pray for and seek the good of the Zion of our God, and may she be blessed with a gracious increase of children of grace and peace, and may her watchmen see eye to eye in the all-important things of the Spirit of Christ, as becometh those who labour in His vineyard, and who profess to have His glory and the interest of His cause at heart. Looking at the state of Zion, we can but acknowledge the need of more faithful *labourers* in the Gospel field, men called and qualified by God to do the part of pastors—not mere office boys, but who have a message from the Lord to deliver, and a work appointed them by Him to do. There are some useful supplies in the Churches, and there is a work for them to do, since there are many small causes which are only able to obtain the ministry of the Word by such means. But we feel it is most desirable, where a minister can be maintained, that Churches should seek of the Lord a settled pastor, and trust the matter in His hands, not dictate to Him who knows, far better than we, what to do.

Mr. Hart says—

"Would'st thou find a proper preacher?
Ask thy God, for He'll provide."

We would say to all who are rightly concerned about this matter, try prayer and waiting upon and for God, who has promised, "I will give you pastors *according to Mine heart*, which shall feed you with knowledge and understanding" (Jer. iii. 15). Oh that He may give us grace to honour Him by trusting Him ! Dark clouds have overspread our Empire ; war, pestilence, and famine have cut down thousands like grass, and fresh troubles keep rising up ; yet our rulers, who are said, by some who fear God, to be deservedly popular, seem perseveringly intent to ignore the righteous Governor of the Universe, and exclude Him from their councils and deliberations. "O that there were such an heart in them, that they would fear God, . . . that it might be well with them, and with their children for ever" (Deut. v. 29). Brethren, let us pray for our land, that God may overrule our troubles for good, and that even cruel wars may be the means of opening fresh doors for the spread of the Gospel of Christ, and the gathering in of His chosen from the dark places of the earth. Nothing is too hard for Him to perform.

Now, at the beginning of another year, we ask your prayers and your help in behalf of our work. We feel we need strength and wisdom from the God of all grace, to enable us to labour for the good of souls and His glory. Brethren, pray for us. Wishing you all a truly happy New Year, we remain, in spiritual love and affection,

Yours in hope,

THE EDITOR.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF DR. OWEN.

JOHN OWEN, the second son of Henry Owen, minister, of Stadham in Oxfordshire, was born at that place in 1616. He was admitted to the University at twelve years of age, and took his degree of Master of Arts when he was only nineteen. In 1636, he became obnoxious to the adherents of Archbishop Laud, who were labouring to introduce all the Popish ceremonies they could into the Established Church. His concern for the honour and purity of Gospel worship could not suffer him to submit to unscriptural impositions. The consequence was he quitted the University. He was then chaplain successively in two great families, till the commencement of the Civil War, when he espoused the cause of the Parliament. He then went up to London.

Mr. Owen had been, for about five years, exercised with great fears and perplexities about his spiritual state. After he came to

London, he went once to Aldermanbury Church, expecting to hear Mr. Edmund Calamy; but some circumstance preventing Mr. Calamy from coming, an unknown minister went into the pulpit, and preached from Matthew viii. 26, "Why are ye so fearful, O ye of little faith?" This sermon was the means of removing all Mr. Owen's distressing doubts, and of communicating that settled light and peace, which he afterwards enjoyed in so eminent a degree. It was remarkable that, notwithstanding all the inquiries he made, he could never afterwards discover who the minister was.

He was soon after presented to the living of Fordham, and then to that of Coggeshall, in Essex. In these places his ministerial labours were particularly successful. His reputation was now so great, that he was several times appointed to preach before the Parliament, and was forced to accompany Oliver Cromwell, first into Ireland, and afterwards into Scotland. But as soon as he was at liberty, he gladly returned to his beloved charge at Coggeshall, but was not suffered to remain there long. The House of Commons called him to the deanery of Christ Church, Oxford, to which station he removed, with the consent of his Church. In the following year he was diplomated D.D. and was chosen Vice-Chancellor of the University, in which important office he continued with great honour for five years. After the change of affairs at the restoration, Dr. Owen retired to his estate at Stadham, till the persecution against Nonconformists grew so violent, that he was obliged to remove from place to place, and at length came to London, where he preached as much as the severity of the times would allow, and continued to write and publish his valuable works. When he found his labours so much impeded here, he had thoughts of going to New England, being invited to the government of their university, but he was stopped by particular orders from the King. He was afterwards called to a Divinity Chair in Holland, but he did not then choose to leave his native country so long as there was any opportunity of being serviceable in it. While the king's indulgence remained in force, the doctor was assiduous in preaching, and set up a lecture, at which his labours were very acceptable.

It is worthy of remark, that Dr. Owen's excellent character and numerous esteemed writings drew upon him the admiration and respect of several eminent characters among the nobility and dignified clergy. When he was at Tunbridge, the Duke of York (afterwards James II.) sent for him, and had several conferences with him concerning the affairs of the Dissenters; and after his return to London he was sent for by King Charles himself, who discoursed with him two hours, assuring him of his favour and

respect, and telling him that he might have access to him whenever he would ; at the same time he assured the doctor that he was for liberty of conscience, and was sensible of the wrong that had been done to the Dissenters, as a testimony of which he gave him a thousand guineas to distribute among those who had suffered most. Dr. Owen's great worth procured him the esteem of some of the most eminent and learned divines in foreign parts ; many of whom, having read his Latin works, learned English in order to have the benefit of the rest of his writings. At length, worn out by his great labours and constant diligence in his studies, he finished his course at Ealing. It was there that he employed himself in writing his last work, "Meditations on the Glory of Christ," in which he breathed out the devotion of a soul continually growing in the temper of the heavenly state. He died August 24th, 1683, aged sixty-seven, and was buried in Bunhill Fields, London.

On the day of Mr. Owen's death, his friend Mr. Payne said to him, "Doctor, I have just been putting your book on the Glory of Christ to the press;" to which he answered, "I am glad to hear that that performance is put to the press ; but, oh, brother Payne, the long looked-for day is come at last, in which I shall see that glory in another manner than I have ever done yet, or was capable of doing in this world !"

A translation of his Latin epitaph, may be acceptable to the reader.

JOHN OWEN, D.D.

Born in the county of Oxford.
 The son of an eminent minister,
 Himself more eminent,
 And worthy to be enroll'd
 Among the first divines of the age.
 Furnished with human literature
 In all its kinds,
 And in its highest degrees,
 He called forth all his knowledge
 In an orderly train
 To serve the interests of religion,
 And minister in the sanctuary of his God.
 In divinity, practice, polemic, and casuistical,
 He excelled others, and was in all equal to himself.
 The Arminian, Socinian, and Popish Errors,
 Those hydras, whose contaminated breath,
 And deadly poison, infested the church,
 He, with more than Herculean labour,
 Repulsed, vanquished, and destroyed.
 The whole economy of redeeming grace,
 Revealed and applied by the Holy Spirit,

He deeply investigated, and communicated to others,
 Having first felt its divine energy,
 According to its draught in the Holy Scriptures,
 Transfused into his own bosom.
 Superior to all terrene pursuits,
 He constantly cherished, and largely experienced
 That blissful communion with Deity
 He so admirably describes in his writings,
 While on the road to heaven
 His elevated mind
 Almost comprehended
 Its full glories and joys.
 When he was consulted
 On cases of conscience
 His resolutions contained
 The wisdom of an oracle.
 He was a scribe every way instructed
 In the mystries of the kingdom of God.
 In conversation he held up to many,
 In his public discourses to more,
 In his publications from the press to all,
 Who were set out for the celestial Zion,
 The effulgent lamp of evangelical truth
 To guide their steps to immortal glory.
 While he was thus diffusing his divine light,
 With his own inward sensations,
 And the observation of his afflicted friends,
 His earthly tabernacle gradually decayed,
 Till at length his deeply sanctified soul
 Longing for the fruition of its God,
 Quitted the body: in younger age,
 A most comely and majestic form;
 But in the latter stages of life,
 Depressed by constant infirmities,
 Emaciated by frequent diseases,
 And above all crushed under the weight
 Of intense and unremitting studies,
 It became an incommensurable mansion
 For the vigorous exertion of the spirit,
 In the service of its God.
 He left the world on a day *
 Dreadful to the Church
 By the cruelties of men,
 But blissful to himself
 By the plaudits of his God,
 August 24th, 1683. Aged 67.

(From an old volume.)

Love to Christ will crucify the body of sin.—*Romaine.*

* Bartholomew-day.

A MEDITATION FOR THE NEW YEAR.

"Leaning upon her Beloved."—SONG viii. 5.

My soul, canst thou say that Christ is thy Beloved? Has He been made dear to thee in His love? Hast thou sipped that cup divine? And has it beggared all the cups of earth in thy estimation? Oh, surely the cup of Christ's redeeming love is more sweet than the choicest wines the world ever produced; therefore, the bride of the Lamb might well say, "Thy love is better than wine." To her His mouth, His words, yea, His very breath, were most sweet. "Yea," said she, "He is altogether lovely." Has He, my soul, espoused thee, as He did her, in love? Has He taken thee, a poor deeply sin-stained black stranger, to be His loved one? Has He washed thee, purged thy sin, poured His oil and wine into thy wounds, brought thee into His banqueting house, and placed thee beneath the banner of His love, saying unto thee, "Yea, I have loved thee. Thou art Mine"? O amazing grace! O wondrous love! to take such a poor outcast to His breast and bring thee into the bonds of the Covenant (Ezek. xvi. 8). My soul, what canst thou say to all this great love, shown to one so undeserving? Wilt thou not gladly ascribe it all to the sovereign good-will and pleasure of Him who decreed that some of Adam's lost race should be set apart, and thee as one among them, to the obtaining of mercy and free salvation, through Christ Jesus, who died the just for the unjust to bring them to God? Yes, He has made peace by the blood of His cross. Hast thou not at times viewed Him by faith, hanging on that accursed tree, in thy stead, and, with a full heart, hast thou not exclaimed, O the great love, to one so vile, of that dear Friend "who loved me and gave Himself for me"? Lord, take me in Thy loving arms and set me as a seal upon Thy loving heart, to make it clearly and satisfactorily certain that I am Thine, yes, for ever Thine. Say, my soul, hast thou not often found this beloved One to be thy Friend in troubles, afflictions, and necessities? Didst thou ever lean upon Him for nought? Has not He been again and again far better to thee than all thy fears? yea, better than all thy expectations? And does He not still bid thee call upon Him in thy troubles, and cast all thy care upon Him? Yes, He bids thee bring thy every burden to Him, and make known to Him all thy wants and requests; and thou hast His own word of assurance, "My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Take courage then, my soul, lean upon thy beloved Friend, who assures thee that His grace is sufficient for thee, and His strength is made perfect in

weakness. O my soul, lean hard upon this unchanging Friend ; trust Him at all times, pour out thy case before Him. Yea, lean upon Him with all thy weight, for He encourages thee so to do, and He will never deceive thee, nor let thee be ashamed. As thou dost review the past, canst thou not mark times and places where thou hast proved the faithfulness, loving-kindness, and tender sympathy and compassion of thy precious Friend, so that thou canst with confidence say unto Him, "Thou hast been my help" ?

May these sweet remembrances encourage thee, at the beginning of another year, to look up to Him who fills the mercy-seat, that He may go before thee in the pillar of cloud to guide thee in the way, and be near thee as the pillar of fire, to protect thee to the end of thy wilderness journey ; as He has said, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee. I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." O that thou mayest have enlarged views of His Person, work, and graces ; closer fellowship and sweeter communion with this beloved One, which shall deaden thee to earth and fix thy affections where He is in heaven. O for grace to live upon Him by faith, and to live unto Him in the Spirit, is it not thy prayer ? "Lord, grant me thus to win Christ and be found in Him. May He be more precious, yea, the chiefest among ten thousand." May it be thine so to know and love Him as to be able to commit thy all for time and eternity into His gracious hands, and say with a will brought wholly into subjection to Christ Jesus, "Thy will be done." Then how pleasant it will be to lean upon thy Beloved, receiving of His fulness, resting in His faithfulness, seeking His honour and glory, the good of His cause and His people ; praying for the success of His Gospel and the enlargement of His flock, that His name and grace may be magnified in the salvation of His chosen. Dear Lord Jesus, grant that my soul may thus flourish and glorify Thee here, and at last bring me to Thy heavenly kingdom, to view Thy face, and sing Thy love for ever and ever. Amen.

T. E.

By nature man is utterly void of all strength and ability of doing anything of himself towards his own salvation. If a ship, launched, rigged, and with her sails spread, cannot stir until the wind come fair, much less can the timber that lies in the carpenter's yard, hew and frame itself into a ship. If a living tree cannot grow but by a communication of sap from the root, much less can a dead stake in the hedge, which has no root nor vegetating principle, live of its own accord.—*Gurnall*.

PRAYER FOR THE FUTURE.

Behold, I make all things new.—REVELATION xxi. 5.

AGAIN begins a year anew,
But who its distant scenes can view,
Or tell how it shall end!
To Thine all-seeing eyes alone,
O God, events to come are known,
And all on Thee depend!

'Tis ours to humbly make request,
Obey, and trust, and hope the best,
In spite of anxious care;
For He whose universal sway
Events and beings all obey,
Attends His creatures' prayer.

With this New Year to each impart
Thy promised gift, a new-formed heart,
With Love's new law impressed;
So shall we new obedience pay,
And walk the new and living way,
With the new nature blessed.

May that new name Thy children bear
Our new relationship declare
To Thee, O Lord, and Thine:
Put in our hearts the new-made song,
While mercies new our years prolong,
Of gratitude divine.

Still may we, as the year recedes,
Put off the old man and his deeds,
And be renewed in mind;
Thus may the old things pass away,
And Thy creation new display
Thine image meek and kind.

So when our days on earth shall end,
May we with joy to heaven ascend,
To dwell in Thy embrace;
Then will we sing, with those above
Who bask in Jesus' light and love,
Salvation is of grace.

THE man whose eyes are enlightened, and to whom it is given to see the depravity of human nature, confesses, "The more I converse with mankind, the more I perceive the Scriptures to be true, and that man is not a bit better than the Word of God represents him to be."—*Romaine*.

A LETTER BY MR. KNILL.

MY DEAR, KIND FRIEND, MISS MORRIS,—Having heard through Mr. Marshall, and very recently from Miss Gunner, of your being very sadly in bodily health, it came upon my mind to try and write you a few lines. When I thought of doing so, my first interview with you came quite fresh to my recollection. You were quite ill, lying upon the sofa, surrounded by your three sisters—two of whom we trust are in the better world—and the other, dear Mrs. Peake, still spared to be your companion and comfort. Thus you are well cared for as respects temporals, for which, praise to the Father of all mercies is due. In our first interview you were led to say to me a little about your soul, in which I felt interested. You also asked me to read a portion of the Word of God, which I did (Psalm ciii.), making some remarks thereupon. After this I engaged in prayer, and believe I was favoured to draw near to the Lord on your behalf. From that time up to this, I can truly say you have had a place in my heart as a vessel of mercy. I trust I do not say this in flattery. No, but truth is truth. Having said this, I am coming to ask how you are now. We are each a good deal nearer the end of our wilderness journey than when we first met, and we have each passed through many exercises of soul and changing scenes. And we must both acknowledge that “it is of the Lord’s mercies that we are not consumed; because His compassions have not failed.” Several of your dear relatives and many fellow-believers are gone to the world of spirits. And—

“Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow
That keep us from our love.”

You may not, my dear Miss Morris, be just now possessed of a lively hope of a glorious immortality, but I trust and believe you have a good hope, through grace. Nor is it like the spider’s web, spun out of your own bowels (or resting upon a covenant of works), as you have, for many years past, been instructed in that painful, yet profitable lesson, “the plague of the heart.” You can therefore use as your own the language of Paul, “O wretched woman that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?” And again, “We that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened.” So that you cannot run with those who are “wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own sight,” but are glad to find yourself a companion of such as fled to David in the hold, and he became a captain over them. Salvation

by grace alone suits you. Being a thorough insolvent, you need the blessed Jesus to be your Surety. I remember when at Oakham, preaching from the words, "Who of God is made unto us Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption," being made such encouragement to you that you expressed a desire to see that sermon in print. Depend upon it that only those who have been stripped and emptied by God's hand, will ever see any beauty and excellency in the God-Man. Only as we go down lower and lower into the horrible pit of our fallen nature, shall we duly appreciate the infinite value of the blood and righteousness of Immanuel. The learning Jesus experimentally is by these means, which, in themselves, are the most unlikely to accomplish such an end. It requires no small share of furnace work to consume our constantly gathering dross and tin. Nor do we know how much there is until the furnace is heated. We are then glad to get even a peep at the least bit of gold (or faith) at the bottom. I have in these things learned that no flesh is to glory in God's presence. Oh, how hard it is to be nothing. Great *I* is such a stubborn foe. And when it gets, as we think, a death blow, we find it is but stunned for awhile, and receives strength again. It has therefore been a comfort to me, under the working of indwelling, restless sin, that—

" Death, which puts an end to life,
Will put an end to sin."

Then, as one says—

" Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more."

My desire for myself and for you is that we may get into the secret of "dying daily." To be conversant with death while living, will make the article of death less formidable. Did we rightly judge and feel, we should be "looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ. The Christian is, through faith in Christ, enabled to see death's sting removed; and that, as our glorious Lord swallowed up death in victory, so surely shall every poor, sensibly-needy sinner conquer through Him.

" He that has helped us hitherto,
Will help us all our journey through,
And give us daily cause to raise
Fresh Ebenezers to His praise."

I believe you are glad to know that the Lord has done such great things for me, in granting me such a degree of bodily

health as I never before so long together possessed. Nor is this the best, but ever since that signal blessing bestowed upon me in March, 1873, while at Brighton, I have stood on different ground. I don't mean different as respects the foundation, but I am favoured to be able to say without doubt, "I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded He is able to keep that I have committed unto Him against that day." Also, the Lord is pleased to grant abundant testimony to the word of His grace, by the mouth of such a sinful creature as I am. I preached three times the last two Sabbaths: the first of the two morning and afternoon at Abingdon, and eve at Oxford; last Lord's Day, twice at Malmesbury, morning and evening, and afternoon at Brinkworth, my dear friend Young driving me from one to the other. I am also pleased to say that Mrs. Knill is better than is usual at this season of the year. She derived some benefit by a month's stay at Brighton. May I not, and ought I not to say, "Who am I, and what am I, O Lord God, that Thou hast dealt so mercifully with me?" I therefore desire that the remainder of my days may be spent in His service, and for His glory and His Church's good. We are living in a solemn day of empty profession, and errors are fast increasing; and, what is sad to behold, almost everywhere, Zion is in a deathly, sleepy state. Oh, may the Lord revive His work in the souls of His people, so that the Church may "arise, and shake herself from the dust." Your numbers are thinning at Oakham. Mr. and Miss Keal, Mrs. Healy, and others gone, and I suppose none, or not many, coming forward to fill up their places. It must be so. "One generation cometh, and another generation goeth" It is our mercy to trust we belong to the generation of the upright who are blessed. I must come to a close. I did not think of writing so much. Your dear sister must not think that, because I have in my heading named you without her, she is overlooked or forgotten. Will you be pleased to give her our kind love, and accept the same for yourself, and also present the like to any who love us for the truth's sake.

In asking the favour of a letter from yourself, am I asking too much? If so, perhaps Mrs. Peake will act for you, as I shall be glad to hear of your mutual welfare. Now commending you to God, and to the word of His grace, I desire to be,

Ever yours in the Lord,

Abingdon, November 29th, 1874.

ROBT. KNILL.

TRUE grace, when weakest, is stronger than false when strongest.—*Gurnall*.

STRENGTH MADE PERFECT IN WEAKNESS.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I received your welcome letter on Thursday, and strange as it may appear to you, I was glad to find you cannot get out of the path of tribulation, that you have not got beyond the plague of unbelief and carnal reason so as for them not to overtake you again, nor yet, like the boy with his catechism, got beyond the devil and all his works ; for, I assure you, all these things are the daily struggle and plague of *my* life ; but this I find, they serve to hide pride from my eyes, to make life itself a burden, and everything beneath the sun vanity and vexation of spirit ; to endear the Saviour to me, to more highly prize His love and mercy, His blood and righteousness, and to cleave closer to Him ; to stick to Him by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving ; for I know if He gives me up, I am gone, I am done for, I should sink in despondency and never rise : on Him I rely, in Him I confide, on His arm I lean, and in Him I trust for life and salvation here and hereafter ; and it is from this the devil tries so hard to drive me.

“ Ifs, buts, and hows are hurled,
To sink me with the gloom
Of all that's dismal in this world,
Or in the world to come ; ”

and it is surprising what a little thing will bring it on. Solomon says a “ grasshopper shall be a burden ” ; and at times the least thing will bring such a gloom upon my spirit, such hardness of heart, with such despondency of mind, that my whole frame is agitated and shaken under it, so as to render me unfit for any one thing ; and then in comes the devil and tells me *if* I were a child of God these things would not be ;—that it is of no use to pray, for when I cry and shout, my prayer will be shut out ; and really for a time it appears to me to be so, and here my heart and flesh both fail ; my heart is brought down with this labour and travail, until I “ fall down and there is none to help ; ” but still I keep crying to the Saviour through thick and thin, *determined* never to give up while life remains ; and after awhile the mind ceases from its raging, hardness and darkness go off, a little light breaks forth, at which I thank God and take courage, and presently in comes the Saviour, sweeter and more valuable than ever, at which my spirit dissolves, and my heart melts in love and gratitude. This is the way I go on. I have neither wisdom to conduct myself, even in temporal things, nor strength to stand ; and yet His wisdom is made perfect in my foolishness, and His strength in my weakness. I can truly say with Mr. Hart—

"Though temptations seldom cease,
 Though frequent griefs I feel,
 Yet His Spirit whispers peace,
 And He is with me still.
 Weak of body, sick in soul,
 Depress'd at heart, and faint with fears,
 His dear presence makes me whole,
 And with sweet comfort cheers."

We have had quite a sick house this winter, and mother still continues very unwell. Mrs. M. and her niece still continue very poorly, but I am better at present than I could reasonably expect. All the family join me in love to you and Mr. and Mrs. G. and all friends. If I go anywhere this summer, it will be to E—.

I remain, yours affectionately, in haste,
Woolwich, April 4th, 1835. W. MATTHEWS.

THERE is more joy in the penitential mournings of a believer than in all the mirth of a wicked man.—*Crisp.*

TOPLADY, author of "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," gives the following interesting facts:—"I lost an excellent parishioner in the year 1765. Though he had not the least doubt of his salvation, but as far as spiritual and eternal things were concerned lay for many weeks triumphing in the full assurance of faith, he still dreaded the separation of soul and body, from an apprehension of what nature must endure in the parting stroke. Some little time before the knot was actually untied, God was pleased to indulge him with a foretaste of death. He was for near an hour quite gone in appearance, and his family began to conclude that the final struggle was over. By degrees, however, he came to himself, and on my asking him how he did, he answered that God had given him a specimen of death, and he found it not so terrible as he had apprehended. From that period all his dread of dying vanished away, and he continued without any shadow of fear, filled with the peace which passeth all understanding, till his disimprisoned spirit flew to the bosom of God. Oh, then, whoever thou art that art troubled in like manner, cast thy burden on the Lord. You have found Him faithful in other things, and you may safely trust Him for this. He has delivered you in six troubles, and in the seventh He will be nigh unto you. The waterflood shall not overflow thee, neither shall the deep swallow thee up. The Rock of Ages lies at the bottom of the brook, and God will give you firm footing all the way through."

AN ENCOURAGEMENT TO PRAYER.

A CHRISTIAN lady narrated to me the following interesting coincidence :—

“The other day,” said she, “I happened to take up, quite casually, an old magazine, and found in it a story of a man who was converted in India, in a rather curious way. The man called on a missionary, and begged to know if he had ever heard of Dr. Hawker, and if he could direct him to any of his writings. The missionary gave him what information he possessed concerning the works of the venerable doctor, and wished to know what special reason he had for making the inquiry.

“‘Sir,’ said the stranger, ‘I once went down to the shore near the place where I was residing, in order to see a vessel sail for England. The ship was gone before I arrived, and the people who had gathered to see her off were dispersing. As I was turning to go home, I noticed, scattered along the beach, a number of pieces of paper, many of which I picked up. I found that they were tracts, written by one Dr. Hawker. I read them with interest, and God blessed them to my soul. Before then I was ignorant of the way of salvation, and knew nothing experimentally of Christ. They led me to see that Christ was everything; they led me to my Bible, to my God, to my Saviour; and now I feel a great desire to read whatever other works this good man has written, if I can procure them.’

“Such was the substance of the narrative, and it was perused by me with the most engrossing interest; not merely as an example of the strange ways in which sinners are sometimes brought by the Holy Spirit to receive Christ, but because of its remarkable coincidence with a circumstance in which I was personally interested, and which I will now detail to you.

“When I was a child, I lived at Plymouth; and my dear mother, who had long loved the Lord, was a constant attendant on Dr. Hawker’s ministry, which, in common with all who heard him, she greatly valued. My father had been dead many years; but I had one brother who was unhappily rather wild, and fast getting beyond my poor mother’s control. Living in a great seaport, he had imbibed a strong desire to see the world, and nothing would serve but that he must go to sea.

“This resolution was most painful to my mother, who laboured hard to dissuade him from it, though with little success. In her trouble she sought the counsel of her kind friend and pastor, who, soon perceiving that my brother was not likely to settle on shore, exerted his interest to procure him a berth on board an East Indiaman, the commander of which he knew to be a worthy

man. My mother took care that he should not depart without his Bible and a copious supply of good Dr. Hawker's tracts. The former she instructed him to read daily ; the latter she made him promise to distribute during his stay in India.

"My brother remained abroad several years, and when at length he returned, my mother, who had not forgotten the tracts, asked him what he had done with them. He acknowledged that a false shame had prevented him from giving them away, until he was upon the point of returning to Europe, when the remembrance of his promise, and his unwillingness to face his mother without some kind of performance of it, induced him to think what he could do with them ; 'so,' said he, 'I took the whole packet and strewed them along the shore, the very day we sailed. I thought, Perhaps some one may pick them up and read them, and so my mother's intentions may be fulfilled in this way.'

"My brother soon after went to sea, and we never saw him again ; but *my mother was a woman of much faith and prayer*, and she always believed that the tracts were not lost, and that her poor son also would be ultimately saved. From the tenor of his last letter home, and from the accounts we received of his dying hour, we had good ground for hope that her prayers were answered for him, and that the poor wanderer really found a rest in the bosom of his Saviour.

"As to the tracts, I had not the least expectation of hearing any more of them in this world ; but when I read the story in the old magazine, I felt convinced that my mother's prayers for a blessing on them had also been heard, for, from the agreement of place and time, I have not the slightest doubt that the tracts which the poor man picked up, and which were made the channel of light and blessing to his soul, were the identical tracts which my brother had strewn on the shore. How much farther the benefit flowing from them may have extended, eternity may yet declare." May we obey the Divine injunction, Ecc. xi. 6.

God's favour is unmixed, pure, and perfect. There are no dregs in this cup ; it is "a pure river of water of life," clear as crystal. God's favour is effectual ; it can cure the soul of all its fears, and sad thoughts, and scatter all clouds. God's favour always ends well ; it begins in good-will, it ends in good-will ; it begins in benevolence, it ends in complacency ; it begins in grace, and ends in glory ; it is so far from ceasing that it is increasing ; it is like Solomon's sun, that shines brighter to the perfect day of glory ; like Ezekiel's waters, that grow deeper till the soul arrive at the unfathomable depth of eternal felicity. — *Oliver Heywood*,

THE SEEKER'S CORNER.

TRUE RELIGION.

My dear and esteemed Friend and Brother in the Lord,—According to my promise in my last letter, I now take up my pen to write to you. For the first time I am taking my text out of a hymn book, Gadsby's Selection, 237th, 1st verse, two last lines—

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

These words have been so much upon my mind, that, had they been a portion of God's Word, I do believe I should have preached many a sermon from them. The great question is, What is this something that must be known and felt? In reply, I would speak a little of the exercises of my own soul. All who are born and taught of God are led by the Lord to see and feel the vanity of all things below the sun, and prove the truth of what David says in the 39th Psalm, and 5th verse, “ Verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity.” Then what must he be in his worst state? Less than nothing and vanity. I have long felt this to be true. Every regenerated child of God feels his own nothingness. I know what St. Paul says of himself, 2 Corinthians xii. 10, “ Though I be nothing,” is true, for I have long felt the same. Hear him again speak of himself, Romans vii. 18, “ For I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing.” We not only are nothing, and have nothing, and can do nothing, but add sin to sin. I have long proved our Lord's words to be true (John xv. 5), “ For without Me ye can do nothing ;” so that my soul feels that I am nothing, have nothing, and can do nothing. This makes the Apostle's words to be sweet to my soul—“ Having nothing, and yet possessing all things” in Christ, in whom “ it hath pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell,” and that we out of His fulness may receive and grace for grace. St. Paul, in the 7th of the Romans, 1st verse, says, “ For I speak to them that know the law.” I have long known the law to be the ministration of death and condemnation in my soul, and, like him, have renounced all confidence in the flesh. What he says of himself, Philippians iii., from the 8th to the 10th verse, has long been known and felt in my soul. How sweet and savoury have the following lines on this subject dropped into my soul !—

“ Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake ;
O may my soul be found in Him,
And of His righteousness partake.”

Thus the Church of God, in the days of the Prophet Isaiah, sung, "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness"—this is God's religion known and felt in the soul. The paschal lamb was to be eaten with bitter herbs—what God hath joined together we cannot put asunder. A true feeling, sight, and sense of the depravity of our nature, the evils of our hearts, and the abominations that dwell within, not only tend to humble us and hide pride from our eyes, but we are thereby led to see and feel our need of a precious Christ, and His sacrifice and blood-shedding for the remission of sins. My dear friend, none but the Lord, who searches the heart, knows the longings of my poor soul to feel more of the power and efficacy of the precious blood of Christ, which cleanseth from all sin, and have His sweet love shed abroad in my heart by the Holy Ghost, whose prerogative it is to glorify Christ by taking of the things that are His and revealing them to His people. We can no more do the work of the blessed Spirit than we can do the work of Christ; therefore the feeling of my soul is—

"Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With Thy all-quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours."

You know my text is, "Something must be known and felt." The feeling and prayer of my soul is, Dear Lord, keep me humble, solemn, watchful, and prayerful, and let me have grace whereby I may serve Thee acceptably with reverence and godly fear, and that my poor imperfect services in the ministry of the Word may be made growingly acceptable to the saints, the Lord working with me, confirming the Word with signs following, in the conversion of sinners to Himself, and in the comforting of His people. I know it is not by my might, or power (for I have none); "but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." I have felt much encouraged from the following words (see 1 Sam. ii. 30)—"For them that honour Me, them I will honour." The Lord knows that His honour and glory, the peace and prosperity of Zion, are near and dear to me; for He has given me this feeling, or I should never have had it, and I bless His dear name for it.

Yours truly,

January 19th, 1865.

JOHN KERSHAW.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—Yours came to hand on Saturday night. I should have answered yesterday, but my hands were

full of work. I thank you for your kindness towards one so undone and worthless as I am in and of myself, as a sinner lost in Adam the first. But what an unspeakable mercy there has appeared a last Adam, to take away sin by the offering up of Himself without spot to God, so that redemption and salvation from all sin, wrath, and hell is by Him, and is made sure to all the seed elect. And it is great condescension in God to mark the elect and redeemed so plainly in the Word of His grace as He has, and for Jesus the Sun of Righteousness to sometimes shine by His Spirit upon the Word, so that such shall in His light see light, although so dark in themselves. The characters are said to be poor and needy—they feel to need His undertaking for them, which includes the putting away of their sin, His righteousness imputed unto them without any works of theirs to merit His favour, and His intercession for them now He is set down at the right hand of His Father, that their prayers offered up in His name may be heard and answered, though ever so broken and imperfect, as coming from them. To help such in prayer it is written, “He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer.” They are said to be poor—that is, in spirit—so as to have no good in their flesh, as the Apostle Paul said he had no good thing dwelling in his flesh; but they find evil to oppose and distress them. Yet Jesus hath riches for them who are poor in spirit. As He hath said, “With Me are riches and honour, yea, durable riches and righteousness,” which takes in all grace here and glory hereafter. You cannot be too poor and needy for Him to enrich you, too blind for Him to give you sight, too dead for Him to quicken you and make you to skip like a calf (Psalm xxix.), or too barren for Him to make you fruitful. “From me is thy fruit found,” He said of old to Ephraim, who had been over-fond of idols (Hosea xiv.), nor too far off to be brought near, for we read of some being at the ends of the earth, yet called upon to look unto Him and be saved; and of God being “nigh unto them that call upon Him, to all that call upon Him in truth.” And much more may be added to show that Jesus can save to the uttermost, and that God is “able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.” Therefore He can give you and me faith to believe what He hath spoken, so as to get the benefits He has promised. “All things are possible to him that believeth,” Jesus said of old. So I pray, and so do all who feel their need of so precious a grace. My best wishes for you; and may God Almighty bless you with the sweet enjoyment of that blessed saying, “I love them that love Me and they that seek Me early shall find Me.”—Yours sincerely,

London, June 27th, 1871.

CORNELIUS COWLEY.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I will now try to redeem my promise by writing a few lines, and hope my heart and hand may be directed by Him who guides the starry worlds in their course, and likewise leads and guides the least in His family to and fro in this scene of vanity, to assure them there is no real good, no real satisfaction in any created good. Is not this the teaching of the past with you? and is it not so now? Do we not daily suffer disappointment, whether we get the things we seek or get them not? There is never the sweetness in them we think there is, hence we find the word true, "This is not your rest, it is polluted." Make what attempts you will, as a heaven-born and heaven-bound soul, you cannot rest here. Oh, what a mercy it is we cannot find rest short of Jesus, who is God's rest, and the sinner's rest, when once he can enter by experience into Him; and this is when we hear of Him, when we see and feel a little of His worth and worthiness, and this we often do in His house and in His worship. There is no place like His house, there is no employment so sweet as His service. It is perfect freedom when the world and sin are for a few moments shut out, and these short but sweet moments are the sure earnest of endless and undying bliss in the heavenly state. Whatever is the bent of our mind here, that will be our pursuit throughout eternity; we should be careful to inquire within our hearts what we aim at, what we strive after, for that is the thing we love? This is not the state in which we come into entire possession; "There *remaineth a rest* to the people of God," and we which believe *do* enter in, but then it is by faith. We do believe there is such a blessed state, and that some we have known are entered into it, and we too hope to do so, through the mercy of the Father, through the merits of His Son Jesus Christ, and by the moulding and fashioning of the Blessed Spirit. And every time we are beaten back from our own worldly spirits, it is one more touch of that Spirit to make us more conformed to the image and likeness of Jesus Christ. To this we are predestinated, and to this we must come if ever we see God's face in peace. However low we sink, we shall find it is that we may rise up in Jesus Christ, our ever glorious Head in all things. Farewell.

Yours faithfully,

Whitchurch, Hants, May 20th, 1876.

S. BARNETT.

HAPPY are they who are withheld from sin, not merely as the unregenerate are, by God's restraining power, but as the saints are, by God's restraining grace.—*Miss Southgate.*

The Sower, February, 1801.



James Bourne

JAMES BOURNE.

JAMES BOURNE was born, in 1773, at a village called Dalby, near Spilsby, in Lincolnshire. His father was a country gentleman of considerable landed property. His mother's name was Fowler, of Boothby Hall, in the same neighbourhood. She died when he was but eighteen months old; and whilst almost an infant he was sent daily to a school kept by a poor woman who had been servant in the family, and was often through neglect left there for days together. At the age of four and a-half he was sent to Louth Grammar School.

In consequence of his father's second marriage he was early thrown upon his own resources for a livelihood, and tried many things without success till, he says, "One day I was so cast down and so ill-treated by some with whom I had resided a few weeks, that I felt myself filled with the utmost despondency, and completely overwhelmed with grief. I went to my bedroom and fastened the door, and then fell on my knees, and with all my heart and soul cried to the Lord as nearly as I can remember in these words—'O Lord, what shall I do to maintain myself? I cannot endure this miserable way of living.' No sooner were these words out of my mouth than it was impressed on my mind, You must draw. I was quite surprised, and though as yet I knew not the Lord, yet I considered this a plain direction from Him, and I at once gave up all other plans, and began to occupy myself in the art of drawing, which has afforded me a liberal supply for many years, and enabled me to bring up a large family respectably. I immediately went to a kind and wealthy relation, who gave me time and opportunity to practise drawing, until by a singular circumstance I had the opportunity of a journey to London, and with my little store of knowledge in the arts I called on an old school-fellow and told him very frankly my history. He was immediately interested for me, and said if I would settle in London he would introduce me to the Countess of Sutherland and Lord Spencer, who was then Lord of the Admiralty. My heart throbbed, knowing my deficiency, yet it seemed an opening that I dared not set aside; but how I should stand my ground I knew not, neither did I know the Lord.

"During this period I was one night at the theatre. What the performance was I cannot nor do I desire to recollect, but on a sudden the fear of death seized me, and my guilty conscience sunk under the alarm, and no doubt others could have perceived the dismay and trouble I felt. This increased till I was obliged to leave the theatre in the midst of the performance, and I went home and cried and groaned and confessed my wretchedness; but

not knowing the Lord I knew not how to carry my trouble to Him, but soon stifled it with other amusements. How often have I, since then, blessed His Holy Name for that mercy, light, and truth that has discovered to me the snare of the fowler, and brought me out of all my troubles. One night as I returned to my lodgings my landlord said to me, 'As you are so fond of hearing preachers I wonder you do not go and hear Mr. Huntington.' I replied, 'I never thought of him; I go chiefly to church, and have not heard much about him; but I will go in a few days to hear him.' I remember the first time I heard him. I thought him the most agreeable preacher I had ever heard, and was not in the least tired. I continued for two years to frequent his chapel, together with the Established Church. I now grew very anxious and much in earnest respecting the salvation of my soul, but had no understanding what spiritual life meant, or what secret communion with God was. I used to pray, as I thought, but never waited for any answer. I supposed that I should get that in heaven, not now; and though I found nothing in my heart to forbid the spirit of the world, or anything which was not openly flagitious, yet I believed without doubt that all was right within.

"About this time I met with Mr. Huntington's book called 'The Barber,' which I was told was very scurrilous; but I ventured to read it alone, and the Lord was pleased by this book to discover the nature of my profession, that it was altogether vain, and would by no means stand when the rain began to beat and the winds to blow, but would certainly fall, because founded on the sand. This, by the power of God, swept away every refuge of lies I had been hid under, and left me without a hope, and yet not without a cry. This led me to hear more attentively the author of the book. It made religion of importance to me, and I could no longer be a trifling professor, for I was in earnest to seek salvation, but found I had lost my way. It was by very slow degrees that I could at all understand the Word, though so faithfully preached, yet now and then I had a little hope that the Lord would not utterly cast me off, especially once from these words, 'The vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lie; though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry.' This made me patiently wait and look out for a further and clearer token than I had ever yet found of my interest in Christ. I could give very little account all this time of the doctrines of the Gospel, only I felt I was a lost sinner, and the minister told me how such were to be saved, and the Lord made me very much in earnest to seek in the way I was directed by the Word.

“My business was subjected to many changes, but upon the whole very prosperous, and lest this should share too great a portion of my heart, the Lord was pleased to lay upon me a long and grievous affliction. This was the cause of many sighs and bitter groans, which were every now and then accompanied by some encouraging hope. While I write this I feel a measure of sweetness at the recollection of the kind help often afforded me in my extremity, and which has been continued up to the present day.

He had two friends about his own age, with whom he had often taken sweet counsel, and whom he had often reproved for what he saw inconsistent in their conduct. These two friends separated from his company, he says, and “went to Mr. Huntington and gave such an account of me as to cause him to direct his utmost severity against me from the pulpit, which made all who knew me by sight to avoid me. My health became impaired. I could not properly attend to business, and mine appeared altogether a lost case. One morning I was brought to such an extremity of despair as to fear I should die in it and be for ever lost. I said in secret, if nothing appears in my behalf before seven o'clock this evening, I am gone for ever. I well remember the evening. While I was in bitter cries before the Lord, lying on the floor in a state of utter hopelessness as to my own feelings, these words were gently whispered in my heart, ‘Thou shalt return in the power of the Spirit.’ I said, ‘Lord, what does this mean?’ and it was repeated again and again, seven times, and at last broke my heart to pieces, and set my soul free from the misery and bondage under which I had laboured so long. Now I knew by the power of the Word that the Lord Jesus Christ was my Saviour, and my comfort was great and inexpressibly sweet, so that I could not describe it. The Lord was now with me, though my friends had forsaken me. I went to public worship, and the minister preached from these words, ‘Show me a token for good, that they which hate me may see it and be ashamed, because Thou, Lord, hast holpen me and comforted me.’ The whole discourse was so sweetly applied to my heart, and so suitable to my case, that though I believed it was intended to favour them that had taken part against me, yet I do not know that I ever before had heard with such sweetness and power, and it abode with me for many weeks, only now and then interrupted by some sudden reproach cast upon me, for no one would receive my testimony, or even hear it.

“Every now and then something would occur to open the deep wound which this dispensation had made in my soul; and as often did the Lord pour in the oil and the wine. Those who took part

against me drew over many to their side, and I became of small estimation. I used to be pointed out as the apostate ; and many would cross the street rather than meet me.

"I now believe that God's purpose in all this was to humble me, and to separate me from false professors. It was not long before Mr. Huntington died, and on his death the people were scattered to all winds, and many of those whom I had formerly associated with separated from the truth, and some have since died, leaving no testimony of salvation. But by this affliction the Lord in mercy answered me 'by terrible things in righteousness,' and kept me from embracing errors, and humbled me in the dust before Him as an abject sinner, feeling the utmost need of a Saviour ; and I cannot describe how precious His love was to me.

"During this sore trial I was visited in my sickness by a medical man who attended the same ministry, and he kindly sent a friend to see me. This friend was Mr. Burrell, and his conversation with me then formed the beginning of that bond of unity of spirit which I believe will continue to all eternity."

After Mr. Bourne's marriage, a season of temporal prosperity took place, followed by afflictions, during which he found many changes and sweet proofs of the loving-kindness of the Lord. He says : "As I was one day meditating on the path I was then in, thinking I was too free of trouble to be quite in the footsteps of the flock, something seemed to whisper, You need not mind that circumstance, you are too well established to need the perpetual furnace. But having often been suddenly overtaken by trials, a fear sprang up, and I said secretly, who knows but trouble is near? And I felt a caution on my spirit that kept me from lightness. That very evening a circumstance took place in which I perceived I could not but be involved in trouble ; and from the serious caution on my spirit, I feared it might turn out more important than it appeared at first. As it continued and increased, I soon fell into deep exercise and trouble of mind ; and one morning, whether awake or asleep I could not tell, there appeared before me a smoking furnace, such as metal is melted in. I seemed to hear these words distinctly—'Son of man, what seest thou?' I replied, 'A smoking furnace.'" I awoke with much fear upon my spirit, and had many serious thoughts, and continued some days to watch what this furnace should prove.

"In a few days I had to hear further particulars concerning the same matter, which I did with firmness though much grief, fearing what the Lord intended to do. But I had not left the room many minutes when I was overpowered with such a flood of grief, and had such a painful sensation at my heart, that I thought it

would terminate my life ; yet while this lasted, I had a sweet supporting hope in the Lord, that if I died He would be my Friend, and that I should be for ever with Him. But heaviness of spirit soon again overwhelmed me, and I sank into great despondency, yet laboured much with the Lord in spirit to see what He would condescend to do. I was some days before I could obtain any sensible help from Him, but in reading Psalm xcix. my spirit was greatly moved with Divine awe. 'The King's strength also loveth judgment ; Thou dost establish equity, Thou executest judgment and righteousness in Jacob.' . . . 'Thou answeredst them [Moses and Aaron], O Lord our God ; Thou wast a God that forgavest them, though Thou tookest vengeance of their inventions. Exalt the Lord our God, and worship at His holy hill ; for the Lord our God is holy.' The meditation upon this kept me steadily looking to the Lord, and very sober minded ; and some few days after, in reading Psalm cxxvi., I was greatly surprised by the inflowing and power of God's love to my heart, and for the first time had a distinct hope concerning the trial I was then under. 'The Lord hath done great things for us ;' I had no view as to the time when these great things should be done, but that the Lord would yet look upon us. And when I came to the fifth verse 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy,' I had the sweetest, clearest tokens that mine were the tears here spoken of, so that I could but rejoice with all my heart and soul and strength ; and on further reading these words, 'He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him,' they caused an inexpressible revolution in my soul, and made me willing to bear the cross, until it should please God to bring to pass His purposes of humiliation. I think I never found my spirit so broken, meekened, and humbled for so long a continuance in my life before. Oh, how hateful sin appeared, how loathsome I felt myself, how great His salvation appeared to me ! The sweets of this visit supported me for many days, perhaps a fortnight. The word preached, my family worship, and private reading, meditation and prayer, all so sweetly harmonized, that I now understood what it was to walk with God in peace and equity.

He continued the pursuit of his professional employment for many years, and says, "Before there appeared the least decrease of business, these words were impressed upon my mind as spoken by the Lord expressly to me, 'All these shall go into captivity.' I felt assured it was spoken in reference to my business, and that I should outlive my employment, and soon afterwards it gradually began to decline. From one after another of my principal

employers I received very kind letters to say that they should have no further occasion for my instructions. But as this declined, there appeared an opening in a new line of things. Family afflictions brought a stricter attendance on family prayer ; and a portion of time allotted to prepare for this was often a source of great comfort and communion with the Lord, and this brought great savour in our worship to those who heard it, and several friends living near became constant attendants. This led to much correspondence with distant friends, and opened a field of employment which I had never before thought of. I have often wondered at the great sweetness which I have felt while writing, insomuch that I have scarcely been able to proceed for the tears of contrition that have flowed from my eyes under the sweet and powerful sense of the Lord's presence. What has often surprised me, and also filled me with awe, is the weight that the Lord has given to my exhortations, both for instruction and reproof, as well as consolation ; and how at length I have been brought from these small beginnings to be more publicly exercised both at Hertford and in Shropshire, where I have found the peculiar presence and power of God supporting and enlightening me to proclaim the wonders of His Son. Although I have had many sore conflicts in these exercises, yet in the end the Lord has always appeared and brought me clearly through with a sweet sense of His approbation, and the blessings of many poor souls. So that the loss of my business did not prove the loss of employment, but it pleased God to turn it into another channel, and thus to sanctify my many afflictions to the good of others. I believe it has pleased God to withhold all human help, knowing that there is nothing more dangerous than independence of God. Our eyes and our hearts must be up unto the Lord, and our expectations must come from Him. Living in this way is profitable to those we have to speak to as well as to ourselves. Nothing less would keep me humble. This, and the sanctified effect of my various sharp afflictions, makes me come down to my proper place, and gives efficacy to the Word preached to the afflicted people of God.

After a time he again became exercised about the ministry, and was tempted with the feeling that he was shut out from all hope of ever being profitable to any. While thus mourning, it was kindly whispered in his heart, "Have patience, and you will see an opening by-and-by." And so it proved, for he says, "Not many days after this, I was informed by a relative of the late Mr. E. C. Willoughby, of Sutton Coldfield, that he was seized with a fatal illness, and sorely alarmed at the prospect of death, though now and then cheered with a little hope. His conflict increased

as he drew near his end, and excited much anxiety in his mind for those whom he had to leave behind. He cautioned and warned them much of the dreadful snares and vanities of this life, and especially of the danger of a false profession, and of those who preached a false religion under the name of evangelical. His hopes and fears followed him to the end, and the last words he was heard to say were, 'The Lord has drawn me through the Strait Gate.'

"The moment I heard of this, something seemed to say, 'Arise, anoint him, for this is he.' The friend who gave me the account pressed me to go and set before them the truth, as the Lord should enable me. But many difficulties arose, and sinking fears surrounded me; still I could never quite get rid of the feeling which sprung up in my mind when I first heard the proposal, 'Arise, for this is he.' I now began to be deeply exercised to have a clear testimony from the Lord respecting the part I had in the whole thing.

"Mr. Burrell said to me, with great tenderness and affection, 'Be sure you have clear work in this affair;' which made me ponder what could be considered as clear work. Luther says many are not satisfied without some sign to assure them that the good things they look for will come; and adds, 'This is tempting the Lord with unbelief.' This did not satisfy me; I still kept pondering what clear work could mean. One morning I had an intimation that the sensible presence of God would clear my way, and these words looked straight at me, 'Who will show us any good? Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us.' This, I perceived, opened both my heart and my mouth, and I felt assured, if I found this, I should not be proceeding in a wrong course." He was then led to Psalm xxi., where the Lord was pleased to speak a plainer language upon his heart, and after much prayer and exercise of mind he found the way cleared, and says, "On my arrival at Sutton Coldfield I scarcely knew how to proceed, but on the third evening we had a public meeting at my lodgings, and a greater number attended than could have been expected, and much approbation was expressed. I called on the family whom I was told would be most glad to see me. I found them very plain, respectable, God-fearing people. These also came to hear me, and expressed great profit. At length our room became very crowded, and many were obliged to go away. My friend Mrs. W—— then opened her large hall, and made it very commodious for all who chose to come, and the Word appeared to take some effect."

Mr. Bourne went to Sutton Coldfield as minister on March 23rd, 1846, and after he had continued there some time a small chapel

was built for him, of which he has written as follows: "The anxiety expressed by the late Mr. Willoughby on his death-bed that the truth should be preached in his town induced one of his relations to offer £200 towards building a chapel for me at Sutton; several friends at Hertford added to the gift, and we found a suitable piece of ground for the purpose. This made a beautiful opening for us, and I felt the blessing of God in it, favouring us in all directions. Besides this, it pleased God to move our kind friend Mr. Maddy to buy the ground adjoining the chapel, and build a cottage for our accommodation. I know not how to express the goodness of God for such wonderful interferences; all this, together with a sweet sense of the Lord's presence in preaching. Though, while I write, there still appear many difficulties in prospect, yet such multiplied tokens in past favours encourage me to hope the Lord will yet provide. I have many times felt a sweet and heavenly power in preaching in our new chapel to a numerous congregation, a few of whom have manifested a true work upon the heart. I have also found the Lord very precious in my new house, which contains as many comforts as any could reasonably desire. I hope to retain in my thoughts that this is not my rest; I must shortly leave all these things, and am very anxious to keep a lively and clear sense of the love of God on my heart."

Mr. Bourne continued his ministry at Maney Chapel, Sutton Coldfield, to the end; but the increasing infirmities of old age prevented him from visiting his other accustomed places, excepting one short visit to Pulverbach, in October, 1851.

Mr. Bourne's last illness came on very gradually, and at first there seemed no reason to apprehend a fatal result. It began about the end of March, 1854, with a slight cold, attended with loss of appetite and decay of strength, but soon turned to a severe attack of jaundice, which so reduced him that he afterwards sank from debility. About the middle of April it first became necessary to have medical attendance; but not until the middle of the following month did his friends begin to give up hopes of his recovery.

Mr. Bourne preached on May 14th for the last time, speaking in the morning for about twenty minutes upon the words, "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy loving-kindness," and describing six sorts of mercy which had followed him all his days—preventing mercy—protecting mercy—redeeming mercy—pardoning mercy—renewing mercy—and crowning tender mercy. In the evening he was only able to speak for about ten minutes, and was supported from the pulpit into his house by two of his hearers.

During the following three days he continued sinking in body and earnestly entreating mercy, using such words as these, "I am in the valley; help me, O Lord, my refuge and strength in every time of trouble." To one of his hearers, who called upon him about this time, he said, "I am very low, and cannot find the sweet presence of the Lord;" but added, that the Lord had given some whispers of His love in these words, "There be some standing here which shall not taste of death until they see the Son of Man coming in His kingdom;" and these, "It was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death before he had seen the Lord's Christ."

On Thursday, May 18th, his fears and darkness were quite removed, with a powerful sense of the Lord's presence and everlasting love. He said, "I have much awe upon my spirit and encouragement. I have not served the Lord for nought. He is my strong refuge in the storm. 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' It is a heavenly support. Oh, the love, and mercy, and faithfulness of my God! How sweetly he sustains me! It breaks my heart all to pieces! O Lord, make me thankful for all Thy tender care of me, but above all, for thy mercy. I know all those six sorts of mercy I spoke of. The Lord is my friend."

From this day forward he never came down-stairs. His heart seemed to overflow with the love of God, without a cloud. His daughters and others who were with him wrote down some of his words from time to time, but the power and unction with which he spoke, and the heavenly joy which was evident to those who saw him, cannot be expressed.

June 9th.—One of his daughters whispered in his ear, about noon, when he appeared partly conscious, "I will not suffer My faithfulness to fail." He heard and understood, and added, "*No*; 'I will uphold thee, thou art *Mine*.' That's enough—'Thou art *MINE*.'" In the afternoon, his son, who had come from London several times before to see him, took leave of him for the last time. Though he could not open his eyes, he recognized the voice, and smiled, but said, "I cannot speak." After a long pause he said, "Bless you—bless you and your wife. 'I will never leave thee—never forsake thee.'" Shortly afterwards, he said, "I am very ill;" it was added, "But not left alone." He shook his head, and said, "*No*"; 'I am with thee, and will be with thee evermore.'"

In the night his cough became exceedingly bad, and he said much that was indistinctly uttered; but very plainly articulated many times, "He's nigh, He's nigh." About twelve o'clock he sunk, apparently unconscious, breathing very hard until about

two o'clock in the morning (June 10th), when he distinctly said, "Let me drink, let me drink." When water was offered to him, he put it away with his hand, and, after a great effort, said, "No—no—I want to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem." "Come, come"—let me dwell on high—"Come, come now"—"Make haste"—"Come, come"—many times repeated; which were the last words he could distinctly utter.

He continued breathing with difficulty, every now and then clasping his hands and lifting them up as if in meditation or prayer, and often pressing them on his head as if he felt something there, until half-past seven o'clock in the evening of Sunday, the 11th of June, 1854, when his nurse, who, with his eldest daughter, was sitting by him, suddenly exclaimed, "Look, how he smiles!" and while they both looked, being much struck with the peculiar expression of welcome in his countenance, he ceased to breathe, gently expiring without any struggle, in the eighty-second year of his age.

The day before he took to his bed, he directed the following words, from Joshua xxi. 45, to be inscribed over his grave (marking them in his Bible: "*There failed not ought of any good thing which the Lord had spoken: all came to pass.*")

Extracted from the "LIFE AND LETTERS" of

JAMES BOURNE.

REVELATION OF CHRIST.—The first spiritual view I ever had was a believing view of Christ crucified; this was in open vision, and in the Lord's own light, while infinite Divinity above the light or brightness of a thousand suns, shone into my soul. After many months this vision of Him on the cross gradually withdrew, vanished, and went in a measure out of sight; but the divine, co-equal, co-essential, and co-eternal beam of ineffable light still remains with me, as the true light which now shineth. I now view my Saviour as the fountain of light, life, and love; as God to all intents and purposes; and in all the fulness, glory, and majesty of self-existent and independent Divinity; and in every sense and meaning of that great and terrible name—Jehovah. It remains, then, that I still worship the fulness of the Godhead in Christ Jesus, in Christ's glorious humanity; and God the Father as shining in His face; and so it is written, "God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts to give us the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ;" "who is the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of His person;" and he that thus hath the Son, hath the Father.—*Huntington's "Living Testimonies."*

A TIME OF REFRESHING.

ONE Sabbath morn, at dawn of day,
Half-consciously a sleeper lay,
But while his body rested there
His heart went out to God in prayer.

With earnest wrestlings much he strove
To fix his thoughts on things above;
And as he sought the Lord to find,
These words came softly to his mind—

“Up to the fields where angels lie
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.”

Truly this servant of the Lord
Felt sin to be a grievous load;
Then to assure his heart again,
A second verse with sweetness came—

“Thy wondrous blood, dear dying Christ,
Can make this world of guilt remove;
And Thou canst bear me where Thou fliest,
On Thy kind wings, celestial Dove.”

The words brought comfort, peace, and rest,
Which filled the praying Christian's breast;
His soul was sweetly drawn above,
To feast upon the Saviour's love.

He rose refreshed, and went his way,
Upon that holy Sabbath Day,
To preach within God's house of prayer
His word of grace to sinners there.

May His dear servant, while below
Times of refreshing often know,
Till taken home, His face to see,
Where prayer will never needful be.

SAGACITY and knowledge are then only truly useful when joined with grace, meekness, discretion, and benevolence. The serpent's eye does best in the dove's head.—*Gurnall*.

THAT the thoughts of a natural man are only evil, see Genesis vi. 5. That his words are such, see James iii. 6, 8. That his works are such, see Psalm xiv. 3. And that his thoughts, words, and works are such, see Romans iii. 9, &c.—*Romaine*.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF EDWIN ROBERTS,
WHO DIED SEPTEMBER 26TH, 1900.

HIS dear wife wished me to write a little account of his call by grace, so I went to the Lord about the matter, to know what to do, and the words came to my mind with some power, "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost," therefore I give the following few particulars of his life. The Lord convinced my dear son of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment when he was fifteen years of age, and he was under the sentence of a broken law for some time. While he was living at Hellingly, he went up to the Dicker Chapel to hear Mr. Hull, and there the Lord brought him to see his lost and undone state as a sinner before Him, and he came home in great distress. After a time I spoke to Mr. Vine about him, and he asked him to come down to his house. He went, and Mr. Vine asked him to read a chapter and speak in prayer. Mr. Vine afterwards said to me, "The Lord is working with your son in a wonderful manner," and he took a great interest in him. He left home and went to Fairlight, near Hastings, for a time, but was still in deep trouble of soul. He said he envied the birds and beasts, as they had no soul to live for ever, as he had, and Satan tempted him to take away his life, but the Lord kept him from it. Mr. Vine used to write to him to say it would be well with him ere long. He had to drive the lady where he lived to church, then she let him go into Hastings to hear Mr. Hull, and he said he told him all that he had passed through, as though someone had told him all his exercises. After he had heard Mr. Hull for some time, the Lord was pleased to deliver him out of his distress. I can't remember the text, but he was cut down under Mr. Hull's ministry, and he was delivered under the Word preached by him. These two lines of a hymn were greatly blessed to him—

" Shall see the dangers overpast,
Stand every storm, and live at last."

He never forgot the time when he had a very narrow escape of his life. The gentleman was one day driving the trap, when he was the worse for drink, and they were both thrown out of the trap. The gentleman was severely hurt, having broken some of his bones, but my son was not hurt in the least. Thus he saw in this dispensation the Lord's hand very manifest in sparing his life. Soon after that occurrence he left that place and came home, as the lady wanted him to go to church, but he told her he must go where the truth was preached. She said she could not

see why her minister was not as good as Mr. Hull. After he came home he sat under Mr. Vine's ministry for a few months; then he went before the Church and was received, and Mr. Vine baptized him. He had some special hearing times while he was at the Dickor, but after a time he was called in the Lord's providence to leave, and had been living in Lewes for several years previous to his death, and went into Brighton to hear Mr. Popham, as he could not settle at Lewes. He had three special hearing times under Mr. Newton. He had a great desire to come to Tunbridge Wells, to sit under his ministry, but that was not granted him. I had a letter from him a fortnight before he died, in which he said, "When I was ill I felt my state so acutely that I said to the Lord, 'Canst Thou look upon a sinner like me?' and I expressed my feelings further and said, 'Canst Thou look upon such a lump of sin?' and the words came at once, 'Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee,' and also, 'I have heard thy prayers and seen thy tears.'" His death has been a sore trial to me, as I was expecting him to be with me for a change, but he was taken worse with heart disease and died suddenly. However, I cannot sorrow as those that have no hope, for I believe he is now where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest. He has left a wife and nine children to mourn his loss. I have had six children taken out of eight, but I have a sweet hope at times that I shall meet them again soon.

The following expressions came from him only a little while before he died, and they show the sweet raptures of divine love he felt in his soul in prospect of speedy dissolution. Truly, our God does wonders. Let the weaklings take courage, and still wait for Him.

**"My pardon is sealed,
And my peace is secured."**

I shall cast my laurels at Jesus' feet, and crown Him Lord of all. I must still sing—

**"Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Clothe me with Thy righteousness."**

Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.

**"The Lord is good,
For His mercy endureth for ever."**

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

I ought to praise Him, because I am in my right senses. What a mercy ! Jesus is precious to me ; He is precious in His love, yea, He is precious in many ways. He has told me He will come again and receive me unto Himself. If any ask if I shrink at death, on leaving this world, tell them No, no. O Lord, do come and take me ; I want to see Him as He is. Did my Jesus so suffer, and shall I repine ? I do want to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. Lord, help me to wait Thy time, and give me patience to wait Thy heavenly will.

“ Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
 Dear Jesus, set me free ;
 And to Thy glory take me in,
 For there I long to be.”

“ A sinful, weak, and helpless worm,
 On Thy kind arms I fall ;
 Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
 My Jesus, and my All.”

O Lord, take me unto Thy heavenly mansion, of which Thou didst tell me years ago.

Lord Jesus, receive my spirit ; precious Jesus, do come.

“ I'll bear the unequal strife,
 And wage the war within ;
 Since death, that puts an end to life,
 Will put an end to sin.”

“ Dear Jesus set me free,
 And to Thy glory take me in,
 For there I long to be.”

Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly ; come and take me home to glory. Come, Father, Son, and Blessed Spirit. Do come, but do give patience to wait Thy time.

“ O let us rejoice in His name,
 And leave all our cares in His hands.”

I shall soon be landed now, bless His precious name. He is my Jesus ; He is “ the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely.” I can say, “ Whom have I in heaven but Thee ? And there is none upon earth I desire beside Thee.” O bless His precious name ; to think that He should take such a rebel to heaven ! I shall see the King in His beauty, as He told me.

**"Death is no more a frightful foe,
Since I with Christ shall reign;
With joy I leave this earth of woe;
For me to die is gain."**

"The Lord is good, a strong hold in the day of trouble; and He knoweth them that trust in Him." Bunyan said the angels came to conduct them through the river. I want another love token. Why do I want it? because I love Him. He has been a good God to me, bless His precious name! I will bless Him to all eternity, when in His arms I lose my breath. "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." He is worthy of it.

**"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."**

I should like to see Mr. Newton; how I love him for the truth's sake.

**"How sovereign, wonderful and free,
Is all Christ's love to sinful me;
He plucked me as a brand from hell;
My Jesus has done all things well."**

Bless His precious name!

**"What he endured no tongue can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell."**

I can say *my* soul now. I am waiting for the messengers to come from the Imperial throne to take me to heaven. I am quite sure I shall go there now.

F. SHINGLETON.

Trunbridge Wells, Nov. 20th, 1900.

"WEEPING may endure for a night, but joy comes in the morning." It is but a little, and I shall get that rest, I am getting the earnest of it. It is but a little, and I'll get Himself. "Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright." Oh, when will it come, that I may get there, where I'll conceive aright of glory! "I cannot order my speech now, because of darkness;" but I long to behold it. I have the patience to wait until He come. I have experienced much of His goodness since I lay down on this bed. I have found that "tribulation works patience, and patience experience, and experience hope." And I have found the "love of God shed abroad in my soul."—*Halghburton.*

"THE WAYS OF ZION DO MOURN."

REMEMBER Zion, O our God,
 Her friends seem growing few ;
 The ways Thy saints of old have trod
 Are lone and desert too.
 Lord, look on Zion.

There are but few of contrite heart
 Attend her courts for prayer ;
 The world and self, for greater part,
 Hold the chief places there.
 Lord, think on Zion.

To what they hear, some give assent,
 If it but suit *their* view ;
 Such with mere sound remain content ;
 Thy words they scorn to do.
 Lord, turn to Zion.

Some boast their love and zeal for truth,
 But self seeks all the praise ;
 They've no respect for age or youth,
 Save such as choose *their* ways.
 Lord, purge Thy Zion.

A few there are who sigh and cry
 O'er Zion's low estate ;
 And seek refreshings from on high,
 Though fainting while they wait.
 Lord, pity Zion.

To Thee we look, on Thee we wait,
 For quickening grace and power ;
 O make us every evil hate,
 And turn to Thee this hour.
 Lord, favour Zion.

Jesus, Thy Spirit breathe on us,
 Same as in days of old ;
 Regard each one that seeks Thee thus,
 And warm each heart grown cold.
 Lord, hear poor Zion.

O speed the longed-for promised morn,
 And bid Thy Zion rise,
 And let Thy glory on her dawn,
 As love beams from the skies.
 Lord, smile on Zion.

Help faithful witnesses to sound
 The Gospel call abroad,
 May grace to sinners lost abound,
 And souls be born of God.
 Lord, increase Zion.

Let power attend Thy Word, O Lord,
 Speak with almighty voice,
 Make sinners tremble at Thy Word,
 And trembling hearts rejoice.
 Lord, bless Thy Zion.

O Jesus! to Thy Zion come,
 Bid guile and strife depart;
 And while we journey to Thy Home,
 Reign Thou in every heart.
 Lord, shepherd Zion.

T. E.

JOHN HAMMOND'S LAST LORD'S DAY ON EARTH.

My dear nephew, John Hammond, went to Cranleigh, Saturday January 10. Preached on Sunday morning from 1 Timothy i. 19, "Holding faith, and a good conscience; which some having put away concerning faith have made shipwreck." The second hymn was blessed to his soul. He said he was so overcome that he could not stand up.

"The wondering world enquires to know
 Why I should love my Jesus so;
 'What are His charms,' say they, 'above
 The objects of a mortal love?'"

The hymn before sermon, the 1039th, "Lord, we adore Thy boundless grace." While they were preparing dinner, he wrote the following letter to his wife:—

"MY DEAR WIFE,—At the conclusion of the morning service I take the opportunity of writing to you while dinner is being laid, to be in time for post, which goes out on Sundays just after dinner. I was rejoiced to receive yours this morning, and to hear the head is better. May the Lord soon raise you up again, and favour you with vigorous soul health as well as bodily health. I am continually thinking of you and the dear children. My only comfort in leaving you is to commit you to a kind Providence. I find that the cold in my chest increases. I spoke with difficulty and pain this morning, not through lack of matter, but through soreness of the bronchial tubes; was mercifully and abundantly helped, yet found the flesh weak, while the spirit was willing. I feel it to be an exceeding rich blessing to have God's peace keeping my heart and mind in Christ Jesus, so that 'none of these outward things move me; neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I may finish my course with joy, and the ministry which God, in His abundant grace, committed to me.'

May He enable me, by the power of the Holy Spirit, to be more faithful and diligent in the fulfilling of my trust, and pardon all my many errors. I hope to start for home at nine o'clock, *via* Horsham, and to reach Landport at about 12.30."

In the evening he preached from 1 Timothy i. 16, "Howbeit for this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first Jesus Christ might show forth all longsuffering, for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on Him to life everlasting." He was very ill when he left Cranleigh, but he felt he must go home. He got worse and worse, and on Tuesday evening, January 13, 1880, about six, fell asleep in Jesus, aged thirty-two.

" His soul has left its earthly nest
To soar and sing among the blest ;
He's gone from us, to dwell on high,
No more to sin, no more to die.

" Freed from the body of this death,
He breathes above immortal breath ;
He has received a full release,
His soul has entered into peace,

" Safe in the haven of desire,
His bosom glows with holy fire ;
Perfect in love, sweet songs of joy
His happy spirit does employ.

" No more to hunger after God,
No more to thirst for Jesu's blood ;
His favoured soul is filled with bliss,
For he is now where Jesus is."

January 19th, 1880.

A. H.

God did not choose the eagle or lion for sacrifice, but the lamb and the dove.—*Jenkins*.

My only true riches are above, with Thee ; and where then should my heart be, but there ? My hand and my brain, too, must necessarily be sometimes here below ; but my heart shall be still with my treasure in heaven. It is wont to be said, that however, the memory of old age is short, yet that no old man ever forgot where he laid up his treasure. O God, let not that celestial treasure, which Thou hast laid up for me, be at any time out of my thoughts ! Let my eye be ever upon it, let my heart long for the full possession of it, and so joy in the assured expectation of it, that it may disrelish all the contentments and condemn all the crosses, which this world can afford me. —*Bishop Hall*.

THE SEEKER'S CORNER.

"Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."—LUKE xii. 32.

TWENTY-FIVE years have passed away since these words, now under consideration, were, for the first time, brought home with power to my soul. It was with me then a season of darkness, being visited with trials from without and distress from within, and bowed down by reason of the way. My soul refused to be comforted, because not comforted in God; but in that season of darkness and distress the Lord placed me within the sound of these words, "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom," which, in the hand of the Spirit, had a salutary effect, and proved a healing balm to my wounded soul. As this text has again, of late, come to me with peculiar sweetness, I have ventured to offer it as a word for the encouragement of the weak and timid members of Christ's little flock. How thickly are these "fear nots" studded about throughout God's Word, appearing as beacon lights to cheer the spiritual voyager when tossed upon the waves of life's troubled ocean!

It may be encouraging to some of God's living family first to notice in what manner and under what circumstances this text was made one of comfort and rich consolation to me. It was my lot, in the early part of my life, to sit under a very moral preacher of the Word. I had been, when quite young, impressed with some serious thoughts on religion; yet, alas! like many others, content with the "form of godliness, but denying the power thereof." Whilst listening to such a teacher as before mentioned, I was well satisfied with all my self-righteous and pharisaical notions of religion; yet, strange to say, a remark which fell from his lips was, in the hand of the Spirit, made use of to show me that the religion I was so priding myself in, was not that which would stand by me in the article of death! for at that time I felt I was not prepared to meet death, much less a coming judgment. But here I would remark how God can and does make use of means which man, in his shortsightedness, thinks to be impossible; teaching us it is not by creature might or by creature power, but by His Spirit, that any sinner is brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus; therefore let us "not limit the Holy One of Israel;" for when the time to favour Zion is come, He, in His infinite wisdom, will accomplish His purposes with or without means, and by what instrumentality He pleases. Convinced of my lost condition by nature, I was led to search the Scriptures, and became more and more impressed with the truth that salvation was all of grace and

"not of works, lest any man should boast;" and that the creature could merit nothing, much less buy at a price that which had been so dearly purchased by the obedience, sufferings, and death of Jesus: and, if received at all, it must be as a free gift, "without money and without price."

Shortly after this I was unexpectedly called, in the providence of God, to reside in London, among those who knew not the truth. Truly I could say from felt experience, "The heart knoweth its own bitterness." For several months, as each successive Sabbath came round, I wandered from one place of worship to another, in search of that food which would satisfy the craving desires awakened by the Spirit in my soul; but, alas! all which I heard there had in it so much of creature doing and creature merit that I became perplexed and cast down, almost driven to despair of things ever being better; but, blessed be God, He who brings down can also lift up. "He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory" (1 Sam. ii. 8).

At last, venturing to tell my trouble to an individual whom I hoped knew the truth, I was informed by her that there was a good man who preached at an Episcopal chapel not far from where I resided. I hailed the first opportunity of hearing him, which was on the week-night service. On entering the chapel, I was shown into a pew near the door. The place was badly lighted, and the building altogether gloomy in its appearance, which in itself had a tendency to depress the natural spirit. The congregation was small, and the service quietly conducted. After the prayers, the minister ascended the pulpit, offered up a short extempore prayer, then gave out his text, which was these words: "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." I felt, in listening to that sermon, that God was with me of a truth. I had entered that place of worship with a sorrowful heart; but the Lord sent me away rejoicing. And why? Because He there manifested Himself to me as my Father, giving me unmistakable evidence that I was among the little flock to whom Jesus sweetly whispered, "Fear not; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." For nearly three years I sat under that ministry, and there were times when I could say with David, "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters" (Psalm xxiii. 2).

The object the writer has in view in speaking of her own personal experience is to show how God can and does, in His own appointed time, call and gather out of the mystic Babylon

those whom He has from all eternity chosen to Himself ; whom Jesus addresses as "little flock ;" and whom the Father designs to bring to His kingdom in glory. This His intention is clearly manifested by His taking "one of a city and two of a family," with this determined purpose to bring them to Zion, and none can frustrate His purposes of love and mercy. Not the world, not Satan, not man's own stubborn will—for even that, hard as it is, is made to bend in the day of Jehovah's power. Hath He not said, "My people shall be willing in the day of My power ;" and "I will bring the blind by a way they know not ; I will lead them in paths that they have not known ; I will make darkness light before them : these things will I do unto them, and not forsake them" ? (Isaiah xlii. 16).

Have you, my reader, thus been led ? Are you among that privileged number whom Jesus calls "little flock" ? You see here is character addressed—"little flock,"—put in contradistinction to the whole world, which lies in the wicked one. In other parts of Scripture they are spoken of as "His peculiar people," "His precious treasure," "His jewels," "a chosen generation," "a royal priesthood." Are you then within this fold, under the guidance of the wise and tender Shepherd ? If so, God is your Father, and you are His child ; and to each of His children Jesus says, "fear not." And why should you fear ? since Jesus has declared "it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." A natural father will give and do many things for his own children which he will not for those who are not so strongly bound to him by the ties of love and affection. So is it with the wisest and best of Parents. He will do that for His children after a spiritual manner which He will not do for the world. Then why should you fear ? Come what may, "It is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." And Jesus, in that beautiful intercessory prayer, says : "Father, I will that they, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am ; that they may behold My glory, which Thou hast given Me" (John xvii. 24). Perhaps some may say, I know something of the plague of sin in my heart. I know I am a lawbreaker, and as such I deserve God's righteous indignation and punishment as a sinner ; but as yet I know not the sweets of the Gospel, of His pardoning love and mercy, of that joy and peace in believing of which so many speak. Granted it may be so, but who can tell but that you may, in this year, hear the gentle accents of your Saviour's voice speaking to your heart, saying, "Fear not ; for I have redeemed thee ; I have called thee by thy name ; thou art Mine" (Isaiah xliii. 1).
—*Anon.*

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

LETTER OF THE LATE JOSEPH HART.

DEAR NEPHEW,—I am glad the Lord has so far wrought on your soul, as to make you concerned for its everlasting state; and I sincerely wish you may hold out to the end and be saved. As to your fears of falling back again, there are no signs that you will fall, but rather the contrary; for none depart from God while they have any fears of departing from Him. You do well to hear the Gospel at all opportunities as the means appointed for the good of souls; but always endeavour to look through all means to the God of grace, and depend on His strength, and not your own. When you are comforted, bless God for the encouragement; and when it is otherwise, trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon the God of your salvation. Remember the Lord will cast out none that come to Him, though they come ever so poor and helpless. The alteration of your frames from warm to cold, from lively to dead, is what all Christians experience; and therefore let not that make you cast off your confidence. Remember we are made partakers of Christ if we hold fast our profession to the end. "The just shall live by faith; but if any man draw back, My soul shall have no pleasure in him." Fear not; be of good courage; wait on the Lord, and He shall bring it to pass. When you are weak, then you will be strong, if you look out of self to Christ Jesus, whose strength is made perfect in weakness. Be often in secret prayer. And remember the trial is, not what frames of mind you may be in, but whether you endure to the end. The Lord strengthen, settle, and stablish you. If I can be of any service to you, write as often as you please. Our love to you and yours. From your loving brother in Christ,

London, December 29th, 1767.

JOSEPH HART.

SIN must become to us very sinful, that grace may be very welcome.—*E. Reynolds, 1631.*

THE NECESSITY OF EXPERIENCE.—None but a penitent sinner can describe real repentance; and they must be made sorry after a godly sort who describe godly sorrow. A soul dead in trespasses and sins cannot preach the quickening operations of God; nor can an unpardoned man preach the forgiveness of sins. He must be born again who describes a spiritual birth; and he must be justified who is a preacher of righteousness. A rebel to God cannot be an Ambassador of peace, nor is an enemy a proper person to be entrusted with the word of reconciliation.—*Huntington.*

The Sower, March, 1901.



By permission of Henry Graves & Co.

QUEEN VICTORIA TAKING THE CORONATION OATH.

OUR LATE BELOVED QUEEN.

LAST month we were only able to give, on the covers of our Magazines, a very brief notice of the death of our late and greatly-beloved Queen Victoria. We now give a few gathered notes respecting her life and her long and prosperous reign, believing they will be acceptable to our readers.

The unparalleled outburst of sorrow which has swept over the civilized world at the death of Queen Victoria, is one of those manifestations of feeling that carry their own credentials of sincerity. It can only be explained by the fact that in her removal we have lost a great woman from our midst, as well as a great Sovereign from the head of the State. The spontaneous grief of mankind is indeed a tribute to sovereignty of character, far more than to sovereignty of station. A benign presence has been taken from us which had been so long a part of our national, and even of our personal life, that it is as yet impossible to measure the extent or the significance of our loss. But already certain outstanding facts and features of our lamented Sovereign's character and reign occur to us, and call for grateful recognition.

We have lost, as we have just said, a *good Woman who was also a great Queen*. Her reign was one in which the best influences of womanhood beamed forth on the nation, during a time when it was in great peril of forgetting the gentler virtues, and the milder but potent forces of life, in the marvellous territorial expansions and physical progress of an age of iron and steam. When, as a frail and girlish figure of eighteen, she assumed her Royal functions statesmen and people alike trembled both for her and the throne on which she sat. Young, inexperienced, and following predecessors who had done much to lower the Royal prestige by their tenure of the Crown, it seemed only too likely that it would lose its last hold on the people's loyalty.

It was at earliest dawn on June 20th, 1837, that King William IV. breathed his last. Often has the story been told how the Archbishop of Canterbury and other officials came rousing up the inmates of Kensington Palace, to tell Princess Victoria that she was now Queen of England. Her first words on hearing the tidings were addressed to the Archbishop—"I beg your Grace to pray for me!" They knelt down together, and so the new reign that has since been so manifestly blessed of heaven was begun with prayer.

As soon as possible the Queen got away to her mother. In the course of their conversation she remarked, "I can scarcely believe that I am Queen of England, but I suppose I am really so, and in

time I shall become accustomed to the change." At her own request she was left for two hours quite alone, and it is believed to seek wisdom and help of God, and then, strengthened and calm from her retirement, she came to her first council, which had been speedily summoned. Every one has heard how she charmed that assembly of the foremost men in the land with her simple, graceful dignity. Next day she was proclaimed as usual from the window of St. James's Palace. Surrounded by the customary pageantry, Garter-King-at-Arms proclaimed the accession of Queen Alexandrina Victoria to the throne of these realms, "to whom we acknowledge all faith and constant obedience, with all humble and hearty affection, beseeching God, by whom kings and queens do reign, to bless the royal Princess Alexandrina Victoria with long and happy years to reign. God save the Queen!" Then bands played, and guns fired, and acclamations filled the air. At this moment the calm self-possession of the young Queen broke down, and she fell upon her mother's neck and wept. Very touchingly has Mrs. Browning spoken of this circumstance, in a poem which concludes thus—

"God bless thee, weeping Queen,
 With blessings more divine;
 And fill with better love than earth
 That tender heart of thine;
 That when the thrones of earth shall be
 As low as graves brought down,
 A piercèd hand may give to thee
 The crown which angels shout to see:
 Thou wilt not weep
 To wear that heavenly crown."

On the 28th June, 1838, the coronation of Queen Victoria took place in the venerable Abbey of Westminster.

"Madam," said the Archbishop, advancing towards the Queen, "is your Majesty willing to take the oath?" "I am willing."

"Will you solemnly promise and swear to govern the people of this United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the dominions thereto belonging, according to the statutes in Parliament agreed on, and the respective laws and customs of the same?" The Queen answered in an audible voice, "I solemnly promise so to do."

"Will you, to your power, cause law and justice, in mercy, to be executed in all your judgments?" "I will."

Then said the Archbishop: "Will you, to the utmost of your power, maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant reformed religion established by law? And

will you maintain and preserve inviolably the settlement of the united Church of England and Ireland, and the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government thereof, as by law established, within England and Ireland, and the territories thereunto belonging? And will you preserve unto the bishops and clergy of England and Ireland, and to the churches there committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges as by law do or shall appertain to them or any of them?" In a clear and steady voice the Queen replied, "All this I promise to do."

When, after sixty-three years of service for her people, she let the sceptre quietly drop out of her dying hand, the Throne, as such, was planted deeper in the affections of the people, and performed a more important function in the national life than at any previous period of its long and chequered history.

We do not as yet realize the debt this nation owes to the womanliness of the Queen who ruled over us for so long. A good and gracious influence has emanated from the central institution of our government, and has intermingled with all the complex currents of the national life. It has softened the rigours and animosities of party warfare.

The spirit of submission was as strong in her as the instinct of Sovereignty. Every inch a Queen, she was ever a loyal wife, and a professed Christian. This showed itself in her conscientious discharge of the trying routine work of her office, in the vigorous maintenance of a high standard of Court morality, and in the simplicity of her private life. She was unquestionably sincerely attached to the Church of which she was the political head; but her religious sympathies were broad, and she never failed to show a genuine respect for those among her servants who were piously inclined, and none the less so if they were Nonconformist in their convictions.

She had no liking for the Romish tendencies of many of the High Church clergy, though her tolerant spirit forbade any personal interference with them. One of the few things at which she showed displeasure was for her Court chaplains in their sermons to take cognisance of her presence as Queen, and to address her personally as such. She felt that in a religious service she was not there as monarch, but as one of the congregation with whom she identified herself in worshipful teachableness of spirit.

For ever will the memory of Queen Victoria be enshrined in the hearts of her people. They cannot honour her memory better than by emulating her virtues in their own lives and homes. Truth, gentleness, sympathy, sincerity, simplicity, loveableness—these are great words, but they are not too great to describe the noble character of the greatest Queen in history.

Queen Victoria was called to rule over a free people, and, with rare intuition, she grasped the meaning of that fact for her. Indeed, it has fallen to her to demonstrate to the world the rights and privileges of a Constitutional Monarch. She adapted herself marvellously to every political and social change. No concession has had to be wrested from the Crown in her reign, for she has been among the first to hail each step in the progress of the nation. As the people have found their new privileges freely offered whenever they rose to a true conception of their duty, so the rights of the Crown have also been recognized and consolidated on a new basis. It was with joy, and not with regret, that the Queen watched and aided the development of the power of the people, and the Throne has been in no sense the loser. To-day the paradox is true that the safest and surest Crown in Europe rests on the brow of the head of the freest people.

One outstanding feature of the Queen's private life, of which very many have experienced the benefit who did not pause to think of the extent to which it was due to the Queen's personal influence, was her respect for the observance of the Lord's Day. The length of the reign has made it impossible for anyone now living to realize what a change it meant that the first day of the week was spent quietly by all under the roofs of the Royal palaces; and that to servants as well as to members of the household every possible opportunity was afforded for the proper spending of the day. In this matter, as in many others, the Queen had a clear insight, and early set her face against, not only the giving of the day to sport and amusement, but also (what seems to some the more excusable practice) the holding of receptions, which would yet mean as complete a divorce from its proper purpose as many practices whose desecrative character appears more on the surface. How far-reaching has been the effect of this example in the highest of all stations no one can tell, but that it has been very great none can doubt who has made any study of the effect of equally high example during previous reigns in the direction of worldliness.

Queen Victoria was no intolerant dictator in matters of religion. She worshipped God according to her own conscience, and insisted on the same freedom being allowed to the meanest of her dependents. An instance is on record of one servant whose conscience would not allow her to attend the parish church, and who, for this reason alone, was dismissed by a superior official. The circumstances came to the knowledge of the Queen, and the outcome was an order for the immediate reinstatement of the maid, followed by an announcement that the utmost freedom was to be allowed on all such matters.

When the Queen came to the throne in 1837, about one hundred Nonconformist ministers in London united in an address. Of those who signed that document not one remains to this day. In her reply the Queen used these words:—"I shall always respect the rights of conscience, and to the utmost of my power extend to all equal and impartial justice." The last address was presented in July, 1897, and those who were present noted the marked influence which a sentence touching "the crown which fadeth not away" seemed to have. Contrary to what was expected, the Queen at once responded, and in a very clear voice thanked the deputation "very warmly" for their address.

A district secretary of the London City Mission visited a small cottage at Windsor, with an old-world garden of sweet-smelling flowers in front, and upon taking a seat which had been dusted for him, was told, "That is the Queen's chair." He was then informed that one of the Royal Princesses had stopped her carriage to look at the flowers, and, upon hearing from the daughter that her mother was ill, had gone in to see her. The next day another Royal carriage drove up, and the Queen herself stepped out. "Of course," the daughter told the secretary, "we were greatly flurried, but the Queen said, 'Don't be put about. I have come not as a Queen, but as a Christian lady. Have you got a Bible?' She was given one, and she sat down on that chair, and said, 'I heard from my daughter of your long and sad illness, and I have come to comfort you.' She took mother's poor wasted hand in hers, and said, 'Put your trust in Jesus, and you will soon be in a land where there is no pain. You are a widow, so am I; we shall soon meet our beloved ones.' She then read the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel according to St. John ('Let not your heart be troubled,' &c.), and knelt down on the floor and prayed for my mother. That wasn't the only visit, for always since, when the Queen came to Windsor Castle, she came to see my mother once or twice a week, and always read the Word of God and prayed."

Such was our late beloved Queen; she possessed a sympathizing heart, and her kindly affectionate spirit endeared her to her people. Now she has been removed from us by death, and we feel a great breach has been made; and the loss we have sustained will long be felt by many in our nation and also abroad. May the Lord draw the heart of our new King to look to and lean upon Him like Solomon of old, and may he follow in the footsteps of his revered mother, whom her people and the nations at large loyally honoured even in death.

The following lines were sent us by our friend, Mr. E. Carr, of Bath: -

IN MEMORIAM: OUR BELOVED MOTHER-QUEEN,

OBITU JANUARY 22ND, 1901."

ALMIGHTY God, to whose supreme command
 All things obedient are; under Thy hand,
 Prostrate with grief, behold our country lies;
 To thee, O Lord, we raise our weeping eyes.
 Thou now hast called our Mother-Queen away,
 For even she must Thy behest obey.
 Sovereign Supreme! we glorify Thy Name;
 Thou hast been good in giving, and the same
 Art Thou in taking to Thyself Thy gift;
 And we our mourning hearts to Thee uplift.

We thank Thee for our Mother-Queen; her dower
 Of virtues rich, of influence and power
 A sceptre formed, whose most benignant sway
 Ruled o'er our hearts; we mourn its fall to-day.
 Oh, sanctify the woe and gloom profound
 Which her lamented death had spread around;
 Our spirits blend in unison of grief,
 And sympathy in sorrow brings relief.
 Her memory sweet, and her example bright,
 Will shine through future years with growing light.

Bless our sore mourning, gracious Lord, we pray,
 Pardon our sins, and prosper still our way;
 Smile on our realm, and here us as we sing
 With heart and voice: God bless—God bless—the King.

Bath.

EDWARD CARR.

God's love makes a net for elect souls, which will infallibly catch them and haul them to land.—*Boston.*

THE higher a bird flies, the more out of danger he is; and the higher a Christian soars above the world, the safer are his comforts.—*Sparks.*

THERE is not a round in the ladder to heaven which does not give every one that steppeth upon it just occasion to sing, Grace, grace!—*Arrowsmith.*

BEWARE of being carried where two seas meet, as the ship wherein Paul suffered shipwreck; I mean, of plunging thyself in a confluence of many boisterous and conflicting businesses; lest for thine inordinate prosecution of worldly things the Lord either give thy soul over to suffer shipwreck in them, or strip thee of all thy lading and tackling, break thine estate all to pieces, and make thee glad to get to heaven on a broken plank.—*E. Reynolds, 1631.*

GOD SAVE AND BLESS OUR KING.

WE hope that each one of our readers will add their hearty Amen to the above prayer. Surely we desire the good of our nation, yea, of our Empire, therefore it becomes us to pray that God will graciously influence, guide, and protect the beloved son of our late and greatly beloved Queen, who succeeds her, so that he may be enabled not only to follow in her footsteps, but, as king Khama says, even "excel her." In order that this may be the case we hope that he will never subordinate himself to a foreign and alien hierarchy, which insists on being placed before the rightful heir to our Protestant Throne and the Protestant institutions of our highly favoured country, nor to those at home who are in sympathy with it.

A correspondent has sent a note on the subject, which we insert, with the hope that many may give the points mentioned therein their serious and prayerful consideration :—

"The nation has just passed through a time of great excitement and grief owing to the death of our beloved Queen. What a wonderful change has come over the people during her reign, especially in the religious world. We hear on every hand much talk of unity among the professing Churches, which would be a very good resolve, if individually and collectively all could truly join with the Psalmist, and plead the eleventh verse of the eighty-sixth Psalm, instead of which there appears a desire to shun the truth. The children of Israel of old were not reckoned among the nations; and to-day, where unity is spoken of, the pure old-fashioned truths of the Bible must be left behind, a little mixture is necessary to unity. The Ritualist says he desires unity, but all Nonconformist places must be shut up, and the meeting must only be held in a building under the control of the priest. The Ritualist is told by the Romanist that he, too, must submit to the Pope—and so we find all the unity spoken of means bondage. In John viii. 32, the Lord told His disciples that the truth should make them free; but I am afraid we are fast drifting into the worst kind of slavery—priestcraft. We, as a nation, have often boasted of our freedom, and sang "Britons never shall be slaves." It is a sad thought that 1 Kings xii. 31 is again fulfilled; for who can be lower than the perjurer, that takes a solemn oath on the Word of God to do one thing, and goes directly and does the contrary? Another sad thought is that the nation is responsible for these proceedings. Will the Lord not visit for these things, and be avenged on such a nation as this? May the Lord in his mercy pour out a spirit of prayer upon His own people that this calamity may be averted."—G. C.

May the God of heaven, even our God, interpose between us and the traitors who are seeking to bring us into bondage to a foreign and alien despotism, and save our beloved country from a repetition of the history of the dark ages, when the exercise of liberty of conscience in the worship of God was visited with torture, fire, and stake. Oh that our King may show that he has learned from the history of France, Italy, Spain, Austria, and Ireland, what are the dreadful results of Papal dominancy over nations. And, brethren, let us pray and labour that this ruinous apostasy may not usurp our God-honoured Constitution, to our national overthrow. Why should the vassals of the Pope be allowed, in our beloved country, the land of true freedom, to set the Apostle of Antichrist before our rightful Sovereign? Let them go to their own company. If they prefer darkness to light and idolatry to the worship of the true God, they can have it, at present, under the shadow of the Vatican. We, however, prefer the rule and liberty of Protestantism, as the divine order of the God of the Bible, which we refuse to give up to an apostate priesthood, and determine by God's help not to know anything among men, in matters of salvation, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified. God bless our King.

THE greatest happiness of a creature is not to have the creature for its happiness.—*Dyer*.

BELIEVERS are like coals, they can neither feel nor communicate warmth, unless first kindled by the fire from above.—*Newton*.

FALSE faith says, "Roll yourself on the written Word;" but true faith says, "Let the Word of God dwell richly in your hearts."—*Huntington*.

WE read of the primitive Christians that their prayers procured rain from heaven when the armies of the Emperor were famished for want of water, and that their very persecutors begged their prayers.—*E. Reynolds*, 1631.

PRAYER AND FASTING.—Sure I am none can destroy the works of Satan but the Son of God, nor will this kind go out but by prayer and fasting: fervent and perpetual prayer, and fasting from all the sweet morsels of sin, which weaken faith, sicken conscience, turn boldness into cowardice, confidence into peradventures, and a comely honest countenance into the shame of a thief.—*Huntington's Living Testimonies*.

MR. J. VINALL.

OUR dear friend, Mr. J. Vinall (son of the late Mr. E. Vinall, minister of the Gospel) was, according to information received, convinced of sin early in life, and was made to cry for mercy to believe, through the instrumentality of the late Mr. Russell, of Rotherfield. Some years since he carried on a business as undertaker, in Lowes. At this time, he has since told me, he has often felt as hard as a stone, even while engaged in attending to the solemn things connected with this business; and, like many more have done, he used to cry to the Lord that the solemn things he was attending to might be the means of bringing him into a deeper concern, and a blessing to his soul. Some few years ago he established a tea refreshment business at Thornnell, Wilmington, Sussex; this undertaking the Lord evidently, in His kind providence, blessed. The dear man took great interest in the gardens, flowers, &c., and has told me how the Lord had blessed his labours more than he really expected, but he has seen many sore and heavy temporal trials. For many years he carried on also a lime business. He has many times dreaded the postman's knock, lest it should bring the news of some customer having to meet his creditors, which often meant a heavy loss, but all this made him fly to that God who had been his Helper so many years. His favourite hymn was—

“Dear refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.”

He had been a great sufferer for many years, but about October, 1899, a symptom of an alarming nature showed itself, and in July last he had a kind of fit while engaged in the gardens, from which illness he never recovered.

July 15th.—I visited him, and found him very weak and prostrate; he smiled when I entered the room and said, “Oh, what should I do if I had to seek for salvation now, in my weak state? I would thank the dear Lord that it is all settled. I have no fear.”

July 19th.—I found him very weak, the fainting turns being very frequent. After a bad turn he looked up to me and said, “Dear Mr. Harbour, gone home. How the Lord did bless my soul once while hearing him preach in a barn.” He also said how sweetly the Lord blessed him once under a sermon by the late Mr. Russell, of Rotherfield. He said, “I am looking forward to that rest, that eternal rest that is before me. These words have been so very sweet to me to-day, ‘Let not your heart be troubled.’” After being quiet for a little while he said, “What a mercy to be

made to love God's people ! we know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren. For many years," he said, "wherever I have seen the image of Christ, I have been one with them." Business was often very trying ; one of his sons came into the room, on his return from Eastbourne, and said, "So-and-so sent their cheque, father." He smiled and said, "What a mercy ! plenty to pay the men with on Saturday ; how kind of the Lord !" Referring to the cottage services at Arlington, he said, "It has been a hallowed spot to me many times." For some years he was unable to regularly take a long journey to the house of God, through weakness of the heart, so that he looked forward to Sunday evenings to walk to the cottage service, whenever a minister of truth could be obtained. Our dear friend's face would beam with delight at seeing the room full, and one can but remember with what earnestness he would give out this verse—

"Dear Name ! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury filled
With boundless stores of grace."

Once, when under a deep and heavy temporal trial, he gave out this hymn, which was most affecting ; the original of which is in our little hymn-book.

"O Thou from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to Thee ;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.

"When on my aching, burdened heart,
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, Thy peace impart,
In love remember me.

"When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Lord, let my strength be as my day,
For good, remember me.

"When worn with pain, disease and grief,
This feeble body see ;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief,
Hear, and remember me.

"If on my face, for Thy dear name,
Shame and reproach shall be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me.

"When, in the solemn hour of death,
 I wait Thy just decree,
 Saviour, with my last parting breath
 I'll cry, 'Remember me.'"

Mr. Nunn, of Hailsham, preached at the cottage once from these words, "This is none other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven." He said, "I sat on the door-step, but it was heaven begun below to my soul." He was much favoured, more than once, through the ministry of Mr. Sharman and Mr. Crowter, also under Mr. Bond, of Basingstoke. On one occasion he said to me, "What a mercy the enemy is not permitted to worry me! my poor body would sink quite." After this date, July 19, although a great sufferer, he somewhat revived, and was able just to get downstairs again.

October 25th.—I found him very ill indeed, with such fearful sickness and restlessness. He said, "It is hard work to die, but it is all right." He said to me, "Write to Mr. Crowter, and tell him the blessed truths he has preached will do to die by; tell him, for his encouragement in his labour of love, that I am resting upon that Rock that can never give way. The everlasting arms are underneath. Oh, how sweet is the 23rd Psalm to me! it is all right, but I want another glimpse of my precious Jesus." He said in his agony of body, "Oh, it is easy to sing about triumphing in death, but another thing to experience it. He said, "Give my love to Mr. Wadey; I love him for the truth's sake." He squeezed my hand, and said, "Ours has been unbroken friendship." I said, "Yes, it is hard to part, but knowing your safety enables us to do so easier." "Yes, yes," he said.

November 5th.—I found him very ill indeed too weak to talk much, but after I left him the Lord graciously visited his soul, and he asked his dear wife to draw down the blinds, so that he could not see the reflections from some fireworks that were being set off in the neighbourhood. He said, "All is vanity; I am leaving the world, I want no more of it."

November 19th.—I again found him much worse, very ill indeed. He put out his hand and squeezed mine as far as his strength would admit, and said, "I don't think you will see me again here, but we shall meet in the next world, I feel sure." I intimated how many fears I had for my own part, and he said, "I am not so comfortable as I could wish to-day, but I am building all my hopes on the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ, and have been for many years; I cannot think I shall sink at last; I can say—

" 'My hope is built on nothing less
 Than Jesus' blood and righteousness.'"

I said, "What a mercy. The Lord will never leave you, building there." He said, "No, no."

About two days after this he was exceedingly tried with the agony of body and Satan tempting him almost beyond bearing, so that it was terrible to witness. How true the words of the poet, when he says, "Satan worries whom he can't devour." The next day he seemed much brighter in his mind. I did not see him after this date. The following account is therefore from his daughter, dotted down during the last six weeks of his life :—

While sitting by his side, after a little sleep he said, "Back to earth again.

" 'Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul
Up to Thy blest abode;
For there my spirit longs to dwell,
With Thee, my Saviour and my God.' "

A few minutes after he said, "What should I do if I had no hope beyond the grave? but 'underneath are the everlasting arms'—oh, yes." He repeatedly said, "Dear Lord, do take me," begging us to pray that he might be soon taken. He said, "I am such a coward—seem to have no patience; what must the Lord's sufferings have been, and yet I murmur and groan at mine, which are nothing, compared to His.

After a severe turn of sickness, he said, "No, I am not going yet—

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

After dozing a few moments, he said—

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

"One moment I seem to step into the water, the next I am snatched back again."

October 31st.—After a fearful fit of retching, as he was laid back on his dying pillow, he said—

" 'Let me not murmur nor repine,
Under these trying strokes of Thine;
But while I feel affliction's rod,
Be still and know that Thou art God.' "

About this date Mr. Nunn, of Hailsham, came to see him. On saying good-by, he said, "We shall meet again." He often said, "I have a father, mother, brothers and sisters all gone home; it

is hard to part with those dear to me here, but the promises of God are Yea and Amen. 'I will be a Father to the fatherless, and a God to the widow.'"

November 5th.—Suffering fearful agony of pain, he said, "Oh that I knew I should to-night enter into rest. 'Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none other upon earth I desire beside Thee.'"

" 'Sovereign grace o'er sin abounding,
Ransomed souls, the tidings swell.'"

In his agony of pain he cried out, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. Oh, give me patience and help me to bear it. Dear Lord, do come."

The twenty-third Psalm was a great comfort to him all through his illness. Mr. Bush visited him, and spoke so sweetly to him from it, especially from "He leadeth me." Once, while in such agony of pain, he said, "Why does He (the Lord) permit me to suffer so?" when he directly said, "'Choose Thou the way, but still lead on.'"

November 6th.—After a fit of sickness, when fearfully exhausted, he said, "A monument of grace, a sinner saved by blood, and loved with an everlasting love. 'When I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,' oh, be Thou near me."

" 'O glorious hour, O blest abode,
I shall be near and like my God.'"

He said, "I am so weary; it's all vanity, vanity down here." He looked up and said, "'And a man shall be as a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.'"

November 7th.—All day to-day dear father begged to be taken home, 'where the inhabitants shall not say, I am sick,' but it says, 'God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.' Dear Lord, give me patience and strength to say, 'Thy will be done.'"

Hymn 160 (Gadsby's) was very sweet to him, and he would often repeat it, especially the last verse—

" But when this lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save."

November 7th.—He referred to Job in his sufferings, and said, "Although I suffer—

- “ ‘He who has helped me hitherto,
Will help me all my journey through!’
- “ ‘A few more rolling suns, at most,
Will land me on fair Ouanan’s coast,
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious hiding place.’
- “ ‘A few more storms shall beat,
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.
- “ ‘A few more struggles here,
A few more faintings o’er;
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And I shall weep no more.’”

November 10th.—He said, “I feel more like sinking to-day, and such an intense longing for that rest that remains for the people of God. Dear Lord, I long to be with Thee.

- “ ‘A monument of grace,
A sinner saved by blood,
The streams of love I trace;
Up to the fountain, God,
And in His sacred bosom see
Eternal thoughts of love to me.’”

November 17th.—After suffering an agony of pain and sickness, he said, “Surely this is the last night; ‘In Thy presence is fulness of joy.’ Oh, be with me, dear Jesus, when I pass through the valley of the shadow of death, then I shall fear no evil.”

November 18th.—After dozing a few minutes he said, “Oh that it could be said of me as of some others who are gone—

- “ ‘A gentle sigh his fetters broke,
We scarce could say, he’s gone,
Before his ransomed spirit took
Its mansion near the throne.’”

“Oh, most merciful and gracious God, look down upon Thy poor dust, and manifest Thyself to me again as Thou dost not unto the world. Come, dear Jesus, come again and speak peace and pardoning love to my heart.” Previous to this he had been greatly distressed in his mind, and seemed exceedingly dark and desponding. He said, “Satan tries to cast me down, and tells me all kinds of things—that I am all wrong, and am deceived and have been deceiving others all these years; but I cannot give up my hope.” It being Sunday, he said, “Mr. Nunn comes to Hailsham to-day—doesn’t he? Lord, do bless him. Bless him in his work.”

November 24th.—He called us all in his room. We all, with dear mother, stood around the bed, he asked for each and said "Good-by." I said to him, "Father, you will soon be home now." He whispered, "I hope so." He asked what day it was ; on being told it was Saturday, he asked if we were all provided for it, being the end of the week. I said again, "You will soon see Jesus." He looked up so bright and said, "Oh yes, it won't be long now. He very collectedly said "Good-by" to each and mentioning all absent ones, and sent his dying love to them and to all their little ones, saying, "God bless them all."

Sunday, November 25th.—Though much worse he was at times quite conscious. He said, "'I know that my Redeemer liveth.'"

Monday, November 26th.—My aunt, Mrs. Gorringe, from Eastbourne, called. She said, "'Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty.' " He was at this time unconscious at intervals, but he understood and faintly said, "'Thine eyes shall see.'"

At 6.45 p.m., just before he died, he kissed us all again and said, "Good-by." On being asked to bless us once more, he distinctly said, "God bless," and fell asleep in Jesus without a struggle, aged sixty-one years. May our end be like his.

J. D.

Good is before me, the glory, the service, the ways of God ; I see it, but I cannot love it, I love it, but I cannot do it ; I do it, but I cannot finish it ; I will, but yet I rebel ; I follow, and yet I fall ; I press forward, and yet I faint and flag ; I wrestle, and yet I halt ; I pray, and yet I sin ; I fight, and yet I am captive ; I crucify my lusts, and yet they revile me ; I watch my heart, and yet it runs away from me. That which I would be I am not, and that which I hate I am ; O wretched man ! in whom the cross of Christ hath not yet worn out the poison, and bitter taste of that first tree !—*E. Reynolds*, 1631.

MEN first harden their own hearts as Pharaoh did ; what God does, is by leaving them to the hardness of their hearts, denying them that grace which only can soften them, and which He is not obliged to give, and therefore does them no injustice in withholding it from them ; by sending both mercies and judgments, which through the corruptions of their hearts, are the means of greater hardening them ; so judgments in the case of Pharaoh, and mercies in the case of others (see Isaiah vi. 10 ; Romans xi. 8-10), by delivering them up into the hands of Satan, and to their own lusts, which they themselves approve of ; and by giving them up to judicial blindness and hardness of heart, as a just punishment for their impieties.—*Dr. Gill*.

TIME IS SHORT.

OUR time is short, our moments fly,
 And leave us few to spend ;
 The years are swiftly rolling by,
 And soon, with us, must end.

Lord, grant us grace to live to Thee,
 As those whom Thou dost love ;
 From cares and snares, oh keep us free,
 And fix our hearts above.

Help us, as Thy redeemed, to keep
 Eternity in view,
 That when at last we fall asleep,
 We still may prove Christ true.

Oh give us, while we journey here,
 To pray for Zion's good ;
 And may Thy work of grace appear
 In sinners bought with blood.

Lord, gather in Thy chosen sheep,
 And prove their sins forgiven ;
 And all our souls in safety keep,
 Till we arrive in heaven.

E.

CRITICS AND DISPUTANTS.

MANY persons spend so much time in criticising and disputing about the Gospel, that they have none left for practising it. This is just as preposterous as if two sick men should quarrel about the words in their physician's prescription, and forget to take the medicine till they both die.

What a black mark it is against those who speak and write as if the Holy Ghost has made a mistake as to the form of language dictated by Him in the writing of the sacred Scriptures. Oh, that God may deliver His Church from such an evil and Christ-insulting course of conduct.—*Selected.*

"His work is honourable and glorious" (Psalm cxi. 3). It is so honourable that it is "without money and without price;" that it is unasked, unsought, the entire work of God, the sovereign operation of the Holy Spirit upon a poor sinner's heart. I insist the work of God is an honourable and glorious work. It is His own sovereign province to impart life Divine to sinners "dead in trespasses and sins."—*Joseph Irons.*

THE TWO ROSES.

BEING with my friend in a garden, we gathered each of us a rose. He handled his tenderly, smelt to it but seldom and sparingly. I always kept mine to my nose, or squeezed it in my hand, whereby, in a very short time, it lost both its colour and sweetness. But his still remained as sweet and fragrant as if it had been growing upon its own root. "These roses," said I, "are the true emblems of the best and sweetest creature enjoyments in the world; which, being moderately and cautiously used and enjoyed, may for a long time yield sweetness to the possessor of them; but if once the affections seize too greedily upon them, and squeeze them too hard, they quickly wither in our hands, and we lose the comfort of them; and that, either through the soul's surfeiting upon them, or the Lord's righteous and just removal of them, because of the excess of our affections to them." It is a point of excellent wisdom, to keep the golden bridle of moderation upon all the affections we exercise on earthly things, and never to let slip the reins of the affections, unless when they move towards God, in the love of whom there is no danger of excess.—*Flavel*.

"HARDEN NOT YOUR HEARTS."

THERE is a natural hardness of the heart; the heart of man is like a stone; destitute of spiritual life, motion, and activity: it is senseless, stupid, impenitent, stubborn, and inflexible, on which no impression can be made but by powerful grace; and there is an acquired, habitual, and voluntary hardness of heart, to which men arrive by various steps; as entertaining pleasing thoughts of sin; an actual commission of it with frequency, till it becomes customary and so habitual; an extenuation or justification of it, and so they become hardened against all reproofs and sermons, and to all afflictions and judgments; are insensible and past feeling, and openly declare for sin, and glory in it. And there is a hardness which God's people are liable to, and should guard against; and which is brought on by a neglect of private and public worship, and by keeping bad company, and through the ill example of others, and by giving way to lesser sins; for all sin is of a hardening nature.—*Dr. Gill*.

"WHO hath hardened himself against Him, and hath prospered?"—Job ix. 4.

It is a great mercy to enjoy the Gospel of peace, but a greater to enjoy the peace of the Gospel.—*Anon*.

THE SEEKER'S CORNER.

GRACIOUS WORDS FROM A DYING DISCIPLE.

MY DEAR SISTER IN JESUS,—You must think me so unkind in not answering your dear kind letter before, but you sent it to our former address, and now it has been sent on here ; and, dear friend, I feel it has not been sent in vain, for I felt your sympathy to be warm. Ah ! we are poor frail creatures, we do like sympathy and comfort ; and above all to feel the love of Christ, to feel that His chastenings are not in wrath, but in love. Oh, that was a sore point with me when first ill, but I do feel now that 'tis all in love, that the dear Lord will draw me nearer to Himself. I can plainly see that no less severe means would do, for I have been a wayward child ; but I can say it is my one desire to fall at His feet, and to see by precious faith, that dear, dear Jesus, and to feel that His precious blood was shed for me. He has seemed near to me at times, and, to use a homely expression, it made my mouth water. Oh, I do not think He will leave me ; but, dear, I have many, many solemn thoughts, for I do feel my days are numbered ; it may be longer than I think, but I do want my affections set on things above. I know, through grace, they have been. But oh, I feel so unfit. I cannot help writing to you like this, dear, for I feel that you do not know me, and that I may deceive you.

Those are such beautiful verses you have quoted in your letter ; I am so fond of these lines selected out of them—

“ When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own ;
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart—
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.”

Then in another verse—

“ Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified.”

Ah, my friend, it is only the robe of righteousness can fit us for that blest abode.

I have not strength sufficient to walk to chapel now, nor can I come to see you, dear ; I need grace to be submissive. I hope you had a good time in hearing dear Mr. H——, it was a special time to us. Now, dear, I must close. Will just say, “ He has been a

good God to us, and we would speak well of Him." With warm Christian love to each of you,

Yours in Him,

R. P

[The writer has since passed to the rest that remains for the people of God.]

THE Lord the Spirit has promised to be a little sanctuary to His people in all places whither they shall come. The many failures in creature streams send the Lord's family to the Fountain of living waters, which, like their eternal Source, never run dry. You may imagine our loss in dear Mr. Philpot; and, although we are favoured with gracious men as supplies we have our trials, and in some cases with such as we hope are right characters, which try us far more than professors whom we do not see to be real. We stand much alone in the things of the Gospel, and really the people, the blessed family of God, with whom I stood connected when Mr. P—— baptized me in 1852, that we are left almost without one friend in my own position; those around us are almost entirely aged and afflicted. So few are added to the Church below, and we can almost say with the Apostle, "All seek their own." There is so much worldliness, so little real spirituality, even amongst those we hope are real characters. May it please the Lord to exercise our souls unto godliness, and however much our faith may be tried, we would the Lord granted us the willing mind. Choose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to endure the pleasures of sin for a season. The Lord has left His disciples a mingled legacy (John xvi. 33), and I confess with me the tribulation abounds. Mr. Knill spoke here with sweet authority and power on the 18th, from 1 John iii. 1, 2. He has learned the manner of Christ's love in the furnace—its sovereignty, its immutability, &c. I am often sorely tried with darkness of mind, hardness of heart and unbelief. The one thing to be desired is a firmer hold on Christ, and a clearer evidence that our faith anchors within the veil, and that length of days awaits us at God's right hand for evermore. Our days here must be near a close; would it but please the Lord to brighten our evidences of interest in God's great salvation, and to grant us some foretastes of the rest that remaineth for our souls. The Lord is the one source of all our hope and help. I long for a soft, broken heart, exercised with the fear of the Lord. I am proving in experience the fulfilment of the words labour and sorrow. The loss of my beloved sister renders my life very lonely; we have been spared through a long term of years together,

and were truly united in nature and grace, and were scarcely ever apart except at school; and being the only ones in our family separated from the world, and having gone through much persecution for the same, we were the more firmly bound to each other. But earth's ties, however dear, must be dissolved, and I find their place can only be filled by the sweet presence of Him who gives us all, and our wills subdued by His mighty power. Oh to experience more of this! I am sending you a copy of the late Mr. Covell's sermons. I am desirous they should be circulated. I well know that without the Spirit's power accompanying, nothing can reach the heart to quicken or comfort, or communicate spiritual instruction. I do not think I ever read a more blessed setting forth of the Trinity and the Godhead of our Lord Jesus Christ than that of Mr. Burrell's. In reading I have deeply felt my ignorance and special need of the Holy Spirit to take off the veil from the heart, and to take of the things of Christ and reveal them to my soul. I daily mourn my ruin through the fall and my inbred corruptions, and the need of Christ, in all His offices and characters, to bring me near to God, and of the Holy Spirit to show that I am the subject of His gracious work. All our needs are met in the blessed Word and promises of God, when His power makes them our own.

A. F. P.

GRACE is the silver link that draws the golden link of glory after it.—*Dyer*.

COME to the blood of Jesus to have sin pardoned, and then come to the arm of Jesus to have it subdued.—*Romaine*.

I KNOW no sweeter way to heaven than through free grace and hard trials together. And, where grace is, hard trials are seldom wanting.—*Anon*.

WHO could have expected or feared adultery from such a man as David, after such communion with God? Impatience from such a man as Jeremiah, after such revelations from God? Fretfulness and frowardness of spirit in Jonah, after such deliverances from God? Idolatry from Solomon, after so much wisdom from God? Fearfulness in Abraham, after so much protection from God? Cursing from Job, after so much patience and experience from God? The disciples could say, "Master, is it I that shall betray Thee?" Peter did not ask, Is it John? nor John, Is it Thomas? but every one, "Is it I?" True, indeed, I have a revolting heart, a traitor in my bosom; it may as soon be I as another man. Oh, in such cases learn thyself and fear thyself.—*E. Reynolds*, 1631,

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER,—I hope you will write the first opportunity, that we may hear how you are getting on with the great preachers you are hearing, though I know that the gifts or talents of men will not feed a hungry soul, comfort a mourning soul, quicken and make fruitful a soul that feels its deadness and its barrenness, nor give rest to any that are weary of self and sin, and burdened on account of it, nor can it fill any soul that long hungers and thirsts after Jesus Christ, the bread and water of life, of grace, of righteousness, and of salvation. Poor souls may go to the house of God and hear men preach, but if there is only gifts in the preachers, and not the spirit and grace of life from Christ, the living head and fountain of life, they will only be as a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal, and so there will be no life, savour, or dew from it all. Thus, whoso boasts of a false gift is like a cloud without rain, there is no blessing in it, and in this sense many of the family of God may be seeking water from such but can find none, for the well-spring of life is not in them. Now mind, I know not that you have had any such among you, but I know there are such imposing upon the Church of God in this our day; nor would I blame the servants of the Lord for the deadness, barrenness, and unfruitfulness that many of God's own people feel, and into which state it may seem good unto the Lord to let them fall, to prove unto them what they are in and of themselves; and thus I myself have been led, so that in looking in self I could not find any grace or fruit, by which I have been filled with fear that I was not a living branch in Christ, the living vine; but the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath directed me in such a state to the root of the righteous that ever yields fruit; for He is the tree of life that yields all manner of fruit, and the leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations. For every word and promise of God brought home to the soul has a power and blessing in it, and faith takes hold of it, and so leads the soul to look unto and receive from Christ that fruit and healing that it needs. And thus we prove that He is the root and source of all blessing and grace; and we live because Christ liveth in us, for He is our life, our strength, our joy, and our glory. And these things may be either taught us by the ministry of the Spirit, or by His servants, whom He leads into all truths, for the profit of His own children, or as I have found in many ways, the blessed spirit of Christ hath been pleased to teach me Himself many profitable lessons, for which I bless His glorious name. But God forbid that I should ever despise the preaching of the

blessed Gospel of the blessed God, for He hath often made it a joyful sound to my soul. And may you be blest with His own Divine teaching, and also blest in hearing His own servants. My prayer is that every special blessing may be bestowed upon you.

From your loving father,

ELY, October 3rd, 1843.

T. PRIGG.

HE who looks stedfastly on the light of the sun will be able to see nothing below when he looks down again ; then surely the more a man is affected with heaven the less will he desire or delight in the world.—*E. Reynolds*, 1631.

THOUGH lust in the regenerate be not damnable, because it bringeth forth sin, yet it doth not finish nor consummate it, for it is broken off by given repentance, and disabled by the power of Christ's Spirit, yet it makes us miserable, and disquieteth the spiritual peace and tranquility of the soul.—*E. Reynolds*, 1631.

OH, when I think of the avidity with which infidels publish and circulate their horrid blasphemies at any expense and labour ; oh, when I think of the persevering energy with which Papists are labouring with press, pulpit, and intrigue of every sort, to set up Antichrist ; and when I think of the rising early and sitting up late of men of merchandise to secure their objects and make fortunes, and compare these things with the poor, cold, tame, lethargic movements of Christians to glorify Christ, I am pained and overwhelmed with sorrow. O God, employ Thy sanctified ones, and let every child of Thine be active and vigilant in extending the triumphs of the cross ! Do not tell me that you are incapable of doing anything, that is one of Satan's falsehoods and artifices to allure you to indulge in laziness. Do not tell me you have no talent, I can receive none of these excuses. All God's sanctified ones have at least something to do in His vineyard for the glorying of His Name. And I would have them take a lesson from one of our old martyrs, picked up from the lowest walk of life, illiterate, and without a penny which he could call his own ; and who, when brought before a Roman pro-consul and sneeringly asked, "What can you do for your Christ ?" replied, "I cannot preach Him ; I have no talent. I cannot support His cause ; I have no money ; but there are two things which I can do for Him—I can live for Him, and I can die for Him." Surely here was an instance which ought to be looked at as an example for us ; for the Lord's sanctified ones have all some opportunities of glorifying His precious name.—*Joseph Irons*.

The Bower, April, 1901.



GILBERT TENNENT.

GILBERT TENNENT.

MR. TENNENT, an aged Presbyterian minister, who lived twenty miles from Philadelphia, America, had four sons of Christian reputation and influence, three of them being ministers—Gilbert, John, and William.

The first meeting between George Whitefield and Gilbert Tennent was at New Brunswick, where Gilbert lived and laboured. He imitated in his dress at this time John the Baptist, and was a preacher of tremendous power.

Whitefield first heard him preach at New York, and declares that never before had he heard such a searching sermon. He says : " He went to the bottom indeed, and did not daub with untempered mortar. He convinced me more and more that we can preach the Gospel of Christ no further than we have experienced the power of it in our own heart. Being deeply convicted of sin, and driven from time to time off his false bottoms and dependencies, by God's Holy Spirit, at his first conversion, he has learned experimentally to dissect the heart of the natural man. Hypocrites must either soon be converted or enraged at his preaching. He is a son of thunder, and I find doth not fear the faces of men."

His sermon on "The Danger of an Unconverted Ministry," preached at Nottingham, in Pennsylvania, abundantly bears out this description of his ministry. It is based on Mark vi. 34—"And Jesus, when He came out, saw much people; and was moved with compassion towards them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd." A few sentences may show how pointed was his style, and how objectionable according to modern standards of taste :—"Although some of the old Pharisee-shepherds had a very fair and strict outside, yet they were ignorant of the new birth; witness Rabbi Nicodemus, who talked like a fool about it. Hear how our Lord cursed those plastered hypocrites—'Woe unto you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!' and the old Pharisees who, for all their long prayers and other pious pretences, had their eyes, with Judas, fixed upon the bag. Why, they came into the priest's office for a piece of bread; they took it up as a trade, and therefore endeavoured to make the best market of it they could. Oh shame!" This sermon created an immense impression, and was talked about for years afterwards. Tennent lived long enough to admit that he had been somewhat hasty and harsh in his judgment about the spiritual condition of some of his brother ministers; nevertheless there was indifference and worldliness enough at this time to move the heart of any true Christian pastor. His distress was that the sheep were "scat-

tered abroad, having no shepherd." "It's only when the wise virgins sleep that they can bear with those dead dogs that can't bark; but when the Lord revives His people, they can't but abhor them! Oh, it is ready to break their hearts with grief to see how lukewarm those Pharisee teachers are in their public discourses, while sinners are sinking to destruction in multitudes!"

Gilbert Tennent's labours among his own people were not very successful; for half a year or more after he first came among them he did not hear of any conversions, although several persons were at times affected transiently. Then a time of sickness came to him, and eternal things were deeply impressed upon his heart. He grieved that he had done so little for the glory of God, and longed to be spared one half-year more so that he might plead more faithfully for Him, and take more earnest pains for the conversion of souls. The secure state of the world appeared to him in a very affecting light, and he was sorely troubled by remembering that he had spent much time in conversing about trifles, rather than in showing men the necessity of repentance and faith in Christ for salvation. He pleaded to be spared another six months; God granted him many months, even years, and enabled him to keep his resolution.

When he became associated with Whitefield, something of the extent and earnestness of his labours may be gathered from a notice in a Philadelphia newspaper at that time. "On Sunday last, Mr. Gilbert Tennent preached four times; at seven in the morning at Society Hill, at ten in the Presbyterian meeting-house, at three in the afternoon at the Baptist meeting-house, and at seven in the evening on Society Hill again, at which last sermon it is thought there were near 8,000 people." Thomas Prince, junior pastor of the Old South Church, Boston, to which city Tennent came in company with Whitefield, testifies that Tennent's hearers were most deeply affected, not so much by the terror as by the searching nature of his ministry. He laid open their many vain and secret shifts and refuges, counterfeit resemblances of grace, false hopes, their utter impotence and impending danger of destruction. One Boston minister testified that more came to him in one week in deep concern about their souls than in the whole twenty-four years of his preceding ministry. Some 600 different persons came to him in three months' time, and as many as a thousand came to another minister in the same space.

Tennent's ministry had a very marked effect upon the spirit and teaching of ministers themselves. They were led to treat more largely of the workings of the Spirit of grace as a Spirit of

conviction and conversion, consolation, and edification in the souls of men. They were diligent in their labours, preaching in public or private in one house or another every evening, except Saturday, for a week together, and the more they prayed and preached the more were their hearts enlarged, and the more delightful their employment became. Scarce a sermon seemed to be preached without some good results. The Nottingham sermon, of which I have spoken, is said to have wrought an almost universal and permanent change in the Presbyterian ministry.

The effect of this movement upon society generally is thus spoken of by Mr. Prince: "In this year (1741) the very face of the town seemed to be strangely altered. Some who had not been here since the fall before have told me their great surprise at the change in the general look and carriage of the people as soon as they lauded. Even the Negroes and boys in the street surprisingly left their usual rudeness. I knew many of these had been greatly affected, and now were formed into religious societies. And one of our worthy gentlemen expressing his wonder at the remarkable change, informed me that whereas he used with others on Saturday evenings to visit the taverns, in order to clear them of town inhabitants, and was wont to find many there, and meet with trouble to get them away, he now, having gone at those seasons again, found them empty of all but lodgers."

Tennent's ministry in New England was remarkable for disturbing consciences, which lasted until a revival of religion came to pass. In many cases he prepared the way of the Lord and made His paths straight. He broke up the fallow ground, and prepared it for the seed-sowing of men of more genial nature. But his was a great and an honourable part. If he was the terror of unworthy ministers, he was the joy of the faithful but unsuccessful. Mr. Thacher, of Middleborough, had seen only one convert in two years, and had begun to think that God needed some other instrument for His work. His purpose to resign was frustrated by Tennent's arrival, to whom he freely laid bare his case, and expressed his apprehension that God was "about to break up His house with us." Tennent replied: "No, but to revive His work." He was "glad to see the devil so vexed. It was a good sign." Although the assembly was small, and no visible effect was produced, yet, from that day, Mr. Thacher's people were more inclined to hear. A great revival of religion followed, in the midst of which the faithful pastor entered into his heavenly rest.

Another characteristic of Tennent's preaching was that there was no crying out, or falling down, or faintings, or physical

illusions; while some ministers were rather taken with such manifestations, and regarded them as evidences of a Divine work, Tennent looked for more satisfactory signs. At one place, where people were fainting under the preaching of a Mr. Rowland, Tennent was present, and said to him, "Is there no balm in Gilead? no physician there?" This caused him to change the style of his discourse, and the faintings ceased.

The total number of converts in the Great Awakening of 1740 has been estimated at 50,000, who became, so far as man could judge, consistent followers of Jesus Christ. We should imagine that there is as great a need for a similar work of grace in the United States to-day. The work appears to have been extensive, and it was certainly intensive. Its effect on the ministry of the day, which was in a sad state, was most marked, as may be gathered from the fact that at the time of Whitefield's third visit to America, from 1744 to 1748, there were not less than twenty ministers in the vicinity of Boston who considered him as the means of their conversion.

Oh that God would, in mercy, raise up men in the Church like Stephen, Whitefield, and others, "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost!" that the Church might arise and shine, and a rich harvest of souls be gathered to the fold of Christ.—*Selected Extracts.*

AN ASPIRATION.

WHY breathes my anxious heart the frequent sigh?
 From earth to heaven why longs my soul to fly?
 Why do I wish to quit this mortal sphere,
 Before the throne of Jesus to appear?

It is because this world has lost its charm,
 And heavenly joys my ardent bosom warm;
 It is because a thorny path I tread,
 On every side with drear affliction spread.

Celestial King, look down with pitying eye,
 Whilst, worn with woe, I breathe the plaintive sigh;
 Confirm my hope that I shall live above,
 And sing with angels in the realms of love.

This rapturous thought would make my cup of woe
 With streams of mercy and of love o'erflow,
 Then, though this draught be bitter, that would prove
 The joy of promise and the pledge of love.

February, 1837.

HENRY LUCAS.

[The writer of the above has been in the Upper Temple, in the presence of his Lord, about twenty-four years.—ED.]

SOME MARKS OF THOSE WHO SEEK GOD.

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED AT EBENEZER CHAPEL, HASTINGS, ON LORD'S DAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 11TH, 1900, BY MR. HULL.

"Your heart shall live that seek God. For the Lord heareth the poor, and despiseth not His prisoners."—PSALM lxi. 32, 33.

WE have three marks given us in these words, of those who have dealings with God, and with whom God deals. In the first place, they are said to be such as "seek God." In the second place, they are said to be "poor." In the third place, they are said to be "prisoners." Are all these three things combined in one character? Yes—you will often find them *distinguishing* marks, and each of them in one individual. But the great thing, my dear friends, is, let them be what they may in other respects, however poor they are, they seek God. Now I lay that down before you as a mark borne by the children of God, everywhere, and in every case they seek God. Come, come, friend! Can you tell me whether you do, or not? Surely you can. Do you seek God? Are you here as seekers of God this morning? Is that your business in coming here? Is that your object? Some of old went to the disciples and said, "We would see Jesus." *We would.* We desire to see Jesus. We should esteem it a favour if you would introduce us to Jesus. Oh, do you like to feel sometimes, when the minister is in prayer, that he introduces you to Jesus? that he leads the way, and encourages you to follow on? I well remember the time when I was so glad that there were some who could pray, and they helped me in prayer; yes, they helped me when I could not pray myself. I tell you how I used to feel: "Ah, this burden I bear, this weight I carry, this affliction I feel—these troubles are *my* troubles. I have these anxious cares, I feel these weaknesses, I feel these failings, I feel these shortcomings, I feel these deep needs. Oh, I can say, 'Lord, that is me, that is me; that is my feeling; these are my very complaints; these are my very desires; others express them for me better than I can for myself.'"

My dear friends, in all this exercise my feeling was, I wanted a faith's view of Jesus; I wanted to see Him as mine; I wanted to feel the virtue of His precious blood; I wanted to know I was interested in His meritorious work, and to be assured of my interest in His redeeming grace and dying love. Is that how you seek, and want to see Jesus? If so, you will call upon His name; you will make your requests unto Jesus. Yes. But perhaps you will say, "I cannot pray as I would; for oftentimes I feel I cannot pray sincerely. I cannot 'worship God in spirit and in truth,'

however much I try, and when I get up from my knees, I feel ashamed of myself." I don't doubt it, my friend. I have been there; but the Lord has taught me that there is language in a sigh, in a groan, in a tear; yes, there is language even in a look, and He can read the heart through every one of them. He looks *through them* into the heart. He knows the disposition of the heart, for it is He that disposes it thus to seek Him, thus to draw nigh unto Him. There is not a spiritual feeling in thy heart but it comes from Him; it rises in heaven. It comes from Christ Himself; it is the work of the Spirit of Christ in the soul; He is performing in you that good work, and gives you a disposition to seek God, and to take your trials and sorrows to Him. And don't you sometimes think what a miserable wretch you should be if you felt God had no mercy for you, no blessing in store for you? "Oh," you say, "I feel as though I could not live." Oh, what an awful life to live as one cast out by God! but what a much more awful death to die! I could not tell you how thankful I sometimes am for a thought of Him in the morning when I wake up—for a feeling toward Him in my heart, a looking up to Him, and saying, "O Lord, I do need Thee; oh, be with me through the day; be my strength, my wisdom, my sufficiency, and my salvation; guide me with Thine eye, preserve me from all evil; be with me in all I undertake, and direct my heart into thy love. Yea, Lord, help me to lean upon Thee, to cast all my care upon Thee, and let me prove that Thou carest for me." Oh, if we could but live like that all the day what blessed living it would be; to feel He stands engaged by Covenant decree and promise to help us through; yea, to make everything work together for our good, and to do the thing that is best for us. And I am sure He does that, however He may cross His hands, and however contrary it may seem to your desire. For He always does the best for His children, and ever will. "Ah," say you, "I wish I was well satisfied about it."

Yes, my dear friends, we cannot always feel as contented as we would about that matter. We may know the certainty of the thing in our judgment and yet not be at rest. I know these things in my judgment, and I hold them fast as Divine certainties. Yes, in my judgment I am as sure the Word of God will come out right, as I am that I am present here this morning, but I do not know how things may go with me. Sometimes in fulfilling His word He goes in what seems to us to be a very round-about path. "I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." Well, but it so

happens that in God's order the trying things come first, you see ; and there is your want of faith and your want of light ; you cannot see things working right for you, because you cannot see God's love to you in them. You cannot see His hand manipulating them in your favour. Oh, what a trial that is ! I have said I would not mind the least if I knew God's purposes were in my favour in these trying matters ; I should then be sure He is doing the right thing in the right way, and that all would come out right for me in the end. It is sweet when we can sing—

**" All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend."**

That is the feeling I am blest with at times. But at other times—oh, the mind is so disturbed, and so upset with anxious cares, that one cannot understand one's case, by reason of the darkness that covers our path, and it seems impossible to get near to God. If we look into the Word of God all seems dark to us there, and if we look at the Lord's dealings we put a wrong colouring upon them ; and we feel we have no light in us to understand them ; and, oh, how dismal these crooked things appear ! In fact, we say they are as crooked as can be ; and when you use your wisdom and put your hand to them, thinking you will try to put them right, lo, they are, if anything, more crooked than ever. Oh, what a mixture you make of it. You then say, " I had better have stood still." Yes, the Lord help you to wait for Him as well as wait on Him. That will, no doubt, make you feel your weakness, but then the promise of God is there, waiting for you, " These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them."

When Paul prayed for the removal of the thorn, " No," said the Lord, " you have not prayed for the right thing. I will not do as you request, but I will set My grace over against your thorn, and My grace shall be sufficient for thee, and My strength shall be made perfect in your weakness. So, if you have a feeling of your weakness, you shall have My strength." What more do you want ? " O Lord," he says, " if I am to learn Jesus Christ in that way, Go on, go on ; I will not ask for the thorn to be removed again." " Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me."

Why, there is not a believing soul in this place this morning, but feels they can be satisfied with the fulfilment of the Word of God in their favour, and they will confidently acknowledge that, if it may but happen to them according to the Word of God, they are sure they shall get through all right, that they, through grace, shall endure and get safe to heaven ; but it is when things seem to

go so contrary to the Word of God, that they tremble lest it should not go well with them. You have been singing that sweet hymn this morning—

“My soul lies cleaving to the dust ;
Lord, give me life divine ;
From vain desires and every lust,
Turn off these eyes of mine.”

Ah, that is where I often am ; and I dare say you will say, “And that is where I often am.”

Well, my friend, you see how well the Lord has marked the path out, by showing us the footsteps of those who have gone before. That was the language of a godly man ; you will, no doubt, heartily put your hand to and attest the truth of that statement. That man who prayed that prayer, and made that confession, “My soul cleaveth to the dust ; quicken me according to Thy Word”—oh, he certainly felt he was not at home in that low place. The dust was not the dwelling-place he desired, but yet his soul clave to it. Ah, what a world we have within us that is attracted by the world that is without us, and how we cleave to these things ! Have you not condemned yourself for it as you have passed through the past week ? Have you not been found cleaving to the dust ? and oh, how little heart for prayer ! How little heart for God ! How little bubbling up of life in the soul ! What feeble desires—how weak and vain seemed every effort to rise ; and how unable you feel at such times to bring yourself into a spiritual frame. “Oh,” you say, “I want the power of God.” I was thinking this week, while away from home, of the resurrection power of Christ, and I thought, what a great need that resurrection power would meet in me ; to cause me to come up from the grave where one feels to lie, where one feels to be buried, as it were, at times in these earthly things. I said to a friend, with whom I was speaking the other day, how often we go muddling about among the things of time, as though there were no Christ in heaven to care for us. How slow we are to trust Him, though He has bidden us to cast all our care upon Him ; and how backward to resort unto the throne of grace, though He has told us to make our requests known unto God. I feel sure He could never shut the door against those for whom He has opened it, and never will. ‘He that cometh unto Me,’ He has said, ‘I will in *no wise* cast out.’”

Well, it is a great mercy to have a heart disposed to seek God, that is the Lord's doing, and the Word says, “Your heart shall live that seek God.” That is, God will give life and make life lively in your heart. There shall be Divine life found there, and He

will not only maintain it, but also make it lively. It is a good thing to feel that Divine life is implanted there. Sometimes I have felt so low that I seemed as though I could not ask God to revive the work within ; so low, that it seemed as if there could be no life there. Then I have wanted God to do something real in my soul—a firm, durable work. Gold that is well tried in the fire will be none the worse for it ; so trials come upon the saints that the life and work of God may more clearly appear ; and supplies of grace are given that the life of God may prevail against the workings of death in us, and thus, notwithstanding all the evidences of death in us, we find the promise is sure, “Your heart shall live.” Oh, what a change takes place when He breathes again on the dry bones, though it makes us tremble how we then loathe and abhor ourselves on account of our sins ! Yet that life will return to its source ; for if God breathes into your soul, you will surely breathe to God again ; and the living power will carry your heart with it ; and your desires and your prayers will ascend to Jesus who fills the mercy-seat.

When the Lord the Spirit comes down kindly into your heart, as the distilling of dew, how the stone in your breast begins to yield to His divine touch, and the heart will bow to His divine Word ; how the heart then approves the whole counsel and truth of His revealed Word in the Gospel, and the exhortations of that word are felt to so accord with the desires which arise within the breast, till at last there is a readiness begotten to ungrudgingly comply. Thus the Lord brings to compliance the will, and orders the thing to be done. And how glad we are that He takes that course with us, to so bring to compliance our will that we fall into His mould at once, and we say, “Lord, this is just how I desire to live, knowing no will but Thine.” Sometimes the Lord sweetly drops a word into the heart, and it becomes a word in season. It does not come to you as a round tenon in a square mortice, or a square tenon in a round mortice. No, no ; God has shaped the Word just for the time and the circumstance ; and the Word is such a wonderful thing as used by His own hand. He can mould it into just what form He desires without doing any violence to it. Then He not only puts it in the right form, but He also drops it just in the place which He has caused our trouble to prepare for the answering of the end He has in view. “Thy words were found, and I did eat them, and Thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart,” said Jeremiah. Ah, he found the Word in trouble, because it found him in trouble, for it was dropped into his heart while he was shut up in the prison. I can tell you, my friend, that if God drops a Word into your heart in the day of trouble, it will

lift you up, and will go back again to Him in your songs of praise to His blessed name, and you will be able to say, "Himself hath done it." That is how He makes His name precious to His people. Do you know it? Sometimes, perhaps, in your greatest troubles and sorrows He has dropped a Word into your heart, and you have found more in that than in all the world's pleasures. A sense of His omnipotence as your Lord and Saviour, and a sense of His Covenant favour as your sympathizing Friend. And could you not say—

" Let the worldling boast his joys,
I've meat to eat he knows not of ;
I count his treasures worthless toys,
While I possess my Saviour's love " ?

And the language of your heart was, " Whom have I in heaven but Thee ? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee." And when He speaks a word of pardon to a poor guilty soul—" Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee,"—when the blessed Spirit thus drops the Word into the heart, and you can look upon Him, that dear Friend who hung upon Calvary's tree, look upon the wounds your sins once made, and say, " He loved me and gave Himself for me ;" you know the world cannot give you that portion. The joy of salvation will never grow in earthly soil. It comes from heaven " Peace with God." Oh, what sweet peace is that which flows through the reconciling blood of the Lamb.

" Thy blood, dear Jesus, made my peace,
And paid my heavy debts."

When you can stand there, on Calvary's mount, and feel that divine virtue which flows from the death of Him who died to save, oh, what peace you then enjoy, through the precious blood and obedience of the Lord Jesus ! There it is I feel that God and I can meet, my friends, since we are become one ; as the Bride said, " I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine." My desire is towards Him, and His desire is toward me. Oh, to think He should have in His heart a desire towards us ! What a great thing that God should love us with an everlasting love—bind us up in the bundle of life with Christ ! That was His eternal desire towards us. " What His soul desireth, even that He doeth." Yes, He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." He is a wonder-working God ; there is nothing too hard for Him. " Your heart shall live." Yes, when nature dies. For when nature dies, that new heart that God has given you will not die. Corruption can never take hold of that. It is born of God. It is the new creation : and such souls are born again of God,

begotten again of the Holy Spirit. It is eternal life which is given to them, and they shall never die. The body must die, as it is written, "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return to God who gave it." "How blest the righteous when he dies." He goes home to be with Christ, which is far better: "Absent from the body, present with the Lord."

"Your heart shall live." Oh, have you not seen the glowing smile of heaven on the faces of some when they lay on the verge of the river of death? No fearing, no doubting, with Christ on their side, but they, if they had strength, would gladly die shouting "The Lord will provide." I have had an experience of such cases as that. Yes, He can give us grace to die without fear, because the sting of death is removed; and He can fill the soul with "joy unspeakable and full of glory," in the last hour. Death conquered and heaven open. As Christ has said, "I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." Well, then, "Your heart shall live that seek God." What a mercy, my dear friends, to be made alive from the dead, to be quickened by God the Holy Ghost, to be born again. Ah, but the work of God is often hidden from our view. The Christian often cannot see his faith, and yet he believes. Yes, he believes in spite of weakness and darkness. Those who are quickened and made alive from the dead, shall surely live, because they eat the Bread of Life; the Bread that came down from heaven. Some think they eat the veritable body of the Lord Jesus Christ in a bit of paste. What a delusion! The bread and wine are only emblems of His body and blood. The people of God believe that Christ has come in the flesh, and that He was crucified in the flesh for them. That is eating His flesh and drinking His blood.

"Faith in the bleeding Lamb,

Oh, what a gift is this!

Hope of salvation in His name,

How comfortable 'tis."

And these shall live with Him in heaven; and in order that heaven shall be a perfect heaven to them, and they be fitted for that, they shall be made "like Him." For they are predestinated to be conformed to the image of Christ (Rom. viii. 29). And in 1 John iii. 2, we read, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him." Can you ask for more? Can you pray for more? My dear friends, God has set nothing beyond that, and my heart craves for nothing beyond it. That is all that I could desire. "Like Him!" "like Him!" The

Apostle says, "That I may be found in Him." Oh, friend, if you are found *in* Him, you will surely be found *like* Him. Well, these are the poor, and "the Lord heareth the poor." He hears your poor prayers, your faint sighs, your inward groans, your troubled breathings. Oh, yes, He hears *them* all. He hears prayer when there is no voice to be heard. "The Lord heareth the poor." It does not say He hears the *voice* of the poor.

**"Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near."**

Ah, you can pray in the streets sometimes, if you cannot in your closet; you can pray in the field, or your garden, if you cannot in the bedchamber. Your heart talks to God sometimes when you are in a throng, and your longings and pantings are going out for Christ sometimes in the midst of your employment. Ah, my friends, how that deadens you to the world! and how superior are the things that are divine to the things of earth! And yet, how poor you are in spirit! how poor in prayer! how poor in conversation! and how poor in thought! How poor in desires! Yet your heart is craving all the time. You feel your need of better things, and that brings forth sighs and desires to God. And He hears you. They ascend into His sanctuary, and they come up acceptably to the Lord God of hosts, and He says, "I will answer him." And as sure as you call, God will answer. He knows what you complain of, what is your burden, and what is your heavy trial. He knows all about it, and He knows just what your soul desires. You want the promised strength. You want the promised treasure. You want the gracious promises He has made to His poor, and to His prisoners. What! the Lord have prisoners? Yes, and they sometimes feel shut up in unbelief. Oh, it is a dark house, and there is a cell in it called despair. And perhaps, though it seems a singular thing, you feel that cell to be in your heart. Yes, in your heart, and you feel as though you were in that cell because you carry that cell about with you; but it is as a good man once said to a poor woman who exclaimed, "I feel as if hell was in me," he replied, "I have felt as if hell were in me; but though I have felt hell to be in me, I was not in hell." And the snare was broken and she was set free. Yes, there is a difference between despair being in your heart and your being in despair. You carry it with you, and that is your trouble. "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

Well, the prisoners. Sometimes we feel as if we are buried

in the prison house of the earth, and never to rise again. But then the Lord says, "I will bring you out of your graves." Jesus came to open the prison to them that are bound, and He leads His people out, as He led out Peter. There are no iron bands can stand against Him. His word is an almighty word—that same power that placed the stars in the heavens and holds them there, speaks the word and says, "Loose him and let him go," and the prison chains fall off, and he comes out God's free man.

"Your heart shall live that seek God. For the Lord heareth the poor, and despiseth not His prisoners."

"Trust Him, He will not deceive you,
Though you hardly of Him deem;
He will never, never leave you,
Nor will let you quite leave Him."

Now, sinner, where is your heart? Is it inclined to seek God? Are your affections fixed on Christ? Do you, like Mary, choose "that good part"? Or are you living without hope in Him, and without God in the world? The Lord Jesus said, "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Whatever you may be or have below, if you have no desire for nor any felt need of Christ, living and dying so, the Word declares that such shall not see life, for the wrath of God abideth on them. (See John iii. 36). May the Lord the Spirit fill you with godly repentance, and bless you with faith in the Lamb of God who died to put away sin; for be assured there is no other way of mercy, hope, and salvation, save Jesus Christ the Lord. Think on these things.

May the Lord add His blessing, and He shall bear the glory.

TRUE EXPERIENCE.

It was under the gracious impressions received from the Lord, that the Lord was pleased to usher in the first morning of my *seventy-first year*. I pause at the entrance upon it. Perhaps it might be gratifying to some of my readers, were I to give in before them a statement of what is called *experiences*. I know that in histories of this kind, it forms a prominent part. But had I the power of recollection, and could marshal to my remembrance all that has passed and repassed through the long period of my eventful life; much I fear that the recital would disappoint, rather than satisfy. My experience of the work of grace upon the soul has totally differed from what, for the most part, is made the standard of religion among the great mass of professors in the present day. All that I know in relation to

myself, are discoveries of my fallen nature, which have been daily unfolding themselves, under Divine teaching, more and more to my apprehension. From the first dawn of the day-spring which from on high visited me, when the Lord was pleased to bring me into acquaintance with myself, and to make me know "the plague of my own heart," I have been unlearning (if the term be warrantable) what I had before been studying, with so much care, how to recommend myself by human merit to Divine favour. But when the Lord in mercy took me under His pupilage, He inverted this order of teaching. I was then led to see more of *His* ways, and to think less of *my own*. And from that hour of matriculation in His school to the present, I have been learning to get daily out of love with myself, and in love with Christ. And so it has proved, that in the exact ratio in which I have advanced in the knowledge and love of the Lord, and in the ways of His grace, I have been going back in my estimation of all creature excellency, and creature attainments, until at length I have arrived at the same conclusion with Job: "to abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." The Lord, my condescending instructor, hath done by me as by the Prophet, He hath been leading me into those *chambers of imagery*, which are in the heart, not explorable by natural researches. And the result has been with me as with him. Every door the Lord has opened before me hath led to some new discoveries, which before had been concealed from my view. And as the gracious Lord led me through the several chambers of imagery, one by one, He gently admonished me, as I passed, in words like the Prophet: "Hast thou seen this, O son of man? Turn thee yet again, and thou shalt see greater abominations than these"! My God hath also acted the part of a spiritual anatomist; He hath dissected and laid open to my view my heart. He made in it deep incisions. He hath brought to my observation corruptions which, unknown to me, were festering there. And while performing this merciful office, He hath accompanied His divine operations with the most instructive lectures. And the consequence hath been, I have found His word (as the Apostle describes it) "quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow; and a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." Nevertheless, though every operation hath been humbling and painful, I have found the effects salutary, for thereby I have been brought into a better knowledge both of myself and the Lord. Indeed, had any hand but His almighty hand proposed the work, I should have revolted at it. Neither could any human eloquence

have persuaded me that such depths of rottenness were lurking within me. I should have felt indignant at the bare suggestion ; and like him of old, had any charged me with it, have replied as he did to the Prophet : " But what ! is thy servant a dog, that he should do such things ? " But before Him " who searcheth the heart and trieth the reins," I fall prostrate, and lay in silence in the dust. Yea, even more than these. Convinced from such discoveries that the half hath not been told me, I can, and do, though with shame and confusion of face, most readily subscribe to that solemn description of Scripture, in which the Lord Himself is the almighty speaker, when He saith, " The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked ; who can know it ? " True, indeed (and in the moment of recollection I desire to bless the Lord for His distinguishing mercy over me), I have been kept by His restraining grace from the more outward acts of sin into which some (and great professors too of inherent holiness in the creature) have fallen. And from the Lord's mercy I have not been made (as the Scripture expresseth it, " the reproach of the foolish." Yet, notwithstanding these things, I am now too well acquainted, from long experience, with the workings of inbred and indwelling corruptions, not to know, and as thankfully to acknowledge, that such preservations are wholly the result of God's grace, and not the effect of my merit. For sure I am, that somewhat of my fallen, *sinful* nature is mingled with all I say, and all I do. Even in the most solemn seasons, when engaged in divine employments, " who shall say how oft he offendeth ? " If I pray, my very prayer-sins would be my condemnation, did not He, my almighty High Priest, as Aaron His type shadowed, " bear away the iniquity of my holy things." If I attend ordinances, or any of the several means of grace, how often may I detect myself in the vacant mind, and the absent affection, while in body presenting myself before the Lord. And what a train of thought sometimes rushes in upon me, to carry off my attention, like what Job calls, " troops from Tema." I should blush if conscious that what passeth within me was open to the view of those about me. And yet do I not know, that however noiseless and inaudible such things are before men, they all come up and appear open before God ! How solemn is that Scripture to this amount : " Thou hast set our iniquities before Thee ; our secret sins in the light of Thy countenance ! " If my salvation depended upon one good thought of my own, untainted with the tang of inherent pollution which is in me, and rotten at the very core, I could not command it. Under such circumstances, therefore, is it possible that I, or indeed any man of the same Adam-stock transgression with

myself, can find any comfort from what are called *experiences*? Can a nature which in its best moments is tinged with evil, do any thing to recommend itself to Him, "Who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity"? Is it not a truth solemnly declared in holy Scripture, and confirmed by the universal experience of all mankind, that every descendant from Adam, as he is himself, and without an eye to Christ, is friendless, helpless, hopeless? In what a solemn strain of the most artless, and yet of the most powerful eloquence, doth "the man of Uz," taught by inspiration, vent his complaints of self-condemnation before God! "If God," saith he, "will not withdraw His anger, the proud helpers do stoop under Him. How much less shall I answer Him, and choose out my words to reason with Him. Whom, though I were righteous, yet would I not answer, but I would make supplication to my Judge. If I had called and He had answered me, yet would I not believe that He had hearkened to my voice. If I speak of strength, lo! He is strong! And if of judgment, who shall set a time to plead? If I justify myself, my own mouth shall condemn me. If I say I am perfect, it shall also prove me perverse. Though I were perfect, yet would I not know my soul; I would despise my life." The reader will not wonder, therefore, if with such views, and under such self-reproaches and self-condemnation, that I have nothing to bring before him of *experiences*, of any thing in a way of comfort to myself, to appear in before God. What some men talk of (but which, if we take the decision of Scripture for our standard, none in themselves can know), of inherent holiness in the creature, forms no part of my creed. My hope and assurance is founded, not from a "righteousness wrought in me, but in a righteousness wrought for me;" and this is the incommunicable work, and solely accomplished by the glorious Person of our most glorious Christ. Here indeed is an *experience*, which, as an Apostle has defined it, "that worketh hope, and hope that maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the holy Ghost, which is given unto us."—*R. Hawker*.

IN Christ we see the most perfect exhibition of every grace, to which we, as His followers, are called.

God often lets His people reach the shore as on the planks of a shipwrecked vessel. He deprives us of the cisterns, in order to make us drink out of the fountains of waters. He frequently takes away our supports, not that we may fall to the ground, but that He may Himself become our rod and staff.

LETTER BY MR. JAMES BOURNE

DEAR MRS. MATTHEWS,—I hear you cannot write, being often cast down, and greatly troubled. This is my case. No later than last night, in the dead of the night, I was exceedingly alarmed at the distance I found myself from the Lord, and the length of time since His last appearance in my behalf. I could not sleep for fear; what was worse, I could not prevail in prayer. I am always sure there is a cause, but I find a difficulty in getting at the rights of the true cause, which, in my judgment, I believe to be a slothful spirit and a backsliding heart. The wrong judgment is putting these to the sovereignty of God, and saying He can and will distribute His mercies and visits when and how He pleases. This is in a measure true, but our putting things in that light means, it is not our fault that we have not more of His presence, but His pleasure. Thus we charge God with our sin. I find I dare not do this. The Spirit shows me plain enough for what He contends, and I am greatly ashamed to acknowledge I dare not cross out what the writer with his inkhorn reports (Ezek. ch. ix.). I hear no rebukes for sighing and crying. These are marked in their forehead with the fear of God, and His testimony is, that it shall prove a fountain of life, ever springing up in the hearts of His people, with light to discover what the root of bitterness is, and grace to beg we may dig deep to get at the root, that the tap root may be destroyed with much confession and prayer. But sin in every shape will work a decay in the spirit, and this naturally destroys all energy to be roused or driven to the fountain which the Lord has opened for the inhabitants of Jerusalem, and for none else. This means, those who are quickened, and have but one spark of life, who may be called inhabitants of this city. And God is said to dwell in the midst of it, that He may see all round about it, and enter into the wants and diseases of all within it, to be a *very* present help, and to give power to all the inhabitants to destroy all the idols, and to make a distinction between those who live *within* the walls of the city, and those who live in the suburbs, and never go through the gate of the city, but are satisfied with the outside of things. The Lord cautions us all to enter deeply into these things. The testimony of the Spirit makes all things safe and sure, and if we have not our evidences clear there must be much sorrow. Jacob was resolute—"I will not let Thee go unless Thou bless me." He was not rebuked for this, but we find rebukes for the contrary. "By night on my bed I sought Him whom my soul loveth: I sought Him, but found Him not;" then found I was rebuked, by the public means, the private means, and my own conscience, but

the Lord was not long before He came. *Then I held Him* with a little more tenderness and godly fear, and showed to the people of God what a good thing it was, under the most trying circumstance, to cry to Him, for I found Him a very present help, and earnestly pray I may know how to keep Him.

Sutton Coldfield, Nov. 20th, 1852.

JAMES BOURNE.*

REJECTION OF THE GOSPEL.

"They received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved."

—2 THESSALONIANS ii. 20.

THE Gospel is often called truth; it coming from the God of truth, has for its subject Christ the truth, is dictated and directed into by the Spirit of truth, and contains nothing but truth; and by the love of it is meant, either the loveliness of it, for truth is an amiable, lovely thing in its nature and use; or an affection for it, which there is where true faith in it is, for faith works by love. There may be a fleshly affection for the truths of the Gospel, where there is no true faith in Christ, or the root of the matter is not, as in the stony-ground, hearers; and there may be an historical faith in the doctrines of the Gospel, where the power of them is denied, and there is no true hearty love for them; and in these persons there is neither faith nor love; the truths of the Gospel are neither believed by them, nor are they affected with them, that so they might be saved; for where there is true faith in the Gospel of Christ, and in Christ the substance of it, there is salvation. The reason, therefore, of these men perishing is not the decrees of God, nor even want of the means of grace, the revelation of the Gospel, but their rejection and contempt of it."—*Dr. Gill.*

GOD works by and with His Word, and His Word only effectually works when it comes in power, or is the power of God unto salvation to them that believe; and when it does come with a Divine commission and power it effectually works to the quickening of dead sinners, the enlightening of dark minds, the unstopping of deaf ears, the softening of hard hearts, producing faith which works by love, encouraging hope, delivering from the bondage of sin, Satan, and the law, and comforting and establishing the hearts of the saints under all afflictions, trials, and persecutions.—*Dr. Gill.*

OH for grace to speak the whole truth to all men as God has given it.

* What a sweet spirit of tenderness and godly jealousy pervades the whole of the above letter. How different from that dry, hard spirit of fatalism, which attributes falling into sin to the determinate decrees of God.

THE SEEKER'S CORNER.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—May grace, mercy, and peace be with you from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ. I received your letter with great pleasure, and will now try and send a few lines in answer, though I can say with you, "I do not know what I am going to write. I read your letter with feelings of peculiar interest, as you so exactly describe the feelings of my soul just before the Lord set me at liberty, in the year 1840. I was brought, as you say, to a stand, and felt that I could in no wise help myself. I had been very deeply convinced of sin, and had been seeking the Lord for several years, and sometimes had a little hope, a little enjoyment, and felt a little love to the Lord, His people, and His ways, but I could not feelingly realize my interest in the Lord Jesus Christ. I always felt that there was something in the exercise of living faith that I had not attained at present, neither could I rest satisfied without it. At length I was brought to a stand; I felt that I could go no further. And then the Lord enabled me to fall down at His blessed feet as a poor, empty, naked, destitute sinner, with nothing to bring, nothing to pay the vast debt I owed, and no hope in anything but His free, sovereign mercy, through Christ Jesus. It then seemed to be revealed to my soul that I had been secretly looking too much to self, both sinful self and righteous self, and in some measure cleaving to something which I thought must be wrought in me or by me before I could be accepted; but now I was led to see and feel that salvation was of the Lord alone. I then cried out, "O Lord, I see now that with all my doings I have done just nothing at all, and if ever I am saved it must be of Thy free mercy in Christ Jesus." *

I now had a sweet glimpse of Christ as the only way of access to the Father, but not quite enough to satisfy the desire of my longing soul, but it sweetly brightened my hope and increased my desire, so that I could not help crying to the Lord and begging Him to reveal His Son in me more fully. I now became like a wrestling Naphtali, for I felt I must have the blessing, and, blessed be God, I soon felt like what is said of Naphtali in Genesis xlix. 21, namely, "A hind let loose: he giveth goodly words." And again, in Deuteronomy xxxiii. 23, it is said of him, "O Naphtali, satisfied with favour and full with the blessing of the Lord." In a

* We well remember treading this ground with like feelings expressed by the writer; and it is here our utter helplessness is known, not as parrot talk, but so realized as not to be forgotten. Thus we know and are sure, that salvation is all of grace.—Ed.

few days after, these words were applied with power and sweetness to my soul: "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." I cannot in the space of a letter describe what I felt at that never-to-be-forgotten season. The words came again and again with increasing power and sweetness. It was as if the Lord Himself spoke to me, and said, "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love," &c. And when I read of His bringing the blind and the lame, and leading them with weeping and supplication, I saw how mistaken I had been in looking into myself for something to be wrought there, instead of beholding "the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." I could now see that it was not the whole who came to the Good Physician, but the blind, the lame, the sickly, and the sinful, such as I felt myself to be. And these He draws to Himself, or they would never come, for without Him we can do nothing. I sat up all night reading that one chapter, Jeremiah xxxi., and holding sweet communion with the Lord. Every bond was broken, doubts and fears all fled away, and my captive soul was set at liberty to go on its way rejoicing in the Lord, and glorying in the Rock of my salvation. My joy continued with but little intermission for above two years. Then I had most painfully to prove that "clouds return after the rain." Many painful and severe conflicts I had to endure from the three great enemies of my soul—that is, the world, the flesh, and the devil. Much darkness, gloom, and despondency during the next five years, but not often left to doubt the reality of my call by grace. No, in my worst and darkest seasons, I could not help thinking that my deliverance was real and true, though the sweetness for a season was lost sight of. In the year 1847, the Lord was graciously pleased to give me another special season of enjoyment, far more bright and blessed than the first. And then it was, as dear Hart says, with respect to my first deliverance, "He kindly made it o'er again."

But I must forbear, or I shall weary you with my scribble. When I began I thought of answering your letter, but my pen has run on about my own experience. Well, perhaps the Lord may make even this useful to you, and if so you will not mind the trouble of reading this long letter. My dear brother, I think you are quite right in not resting satisfied with anything short of a full assurance of your acceptance in the Beloved, or, as you express it, "a present Christ." May the Lord enable you to fall down at His feet as a poor empty nothing, and give you faith to lay hold of Him as the poor woman did of the hem of His garment. Take nothing with you, neither prayers, tears, experience, conviction for sin, nor anything else, as a qualification, but go

empty, naked, and destitute, and you will find that "He will in no wise cast out." I know from experience that a kind of legal spirit will work in a child of God for a long time after the creed is become sound. Such an one would on no account think of going to the Lord with his own good works for acceptance, but there is a secret looking to something within himself—his own experience, the depth of his convictions, or something which he thinks must be wrought in him before he can be accepted. Some have gone so far as to wish they could be shaken over hell, that they may know their experience was deep enough to prove them children of God. Poor things, they know not what they say. I have been down deeply in those solemn places, and I desire to bless the dear Lord that He has brought me up out of the depths. That is not the place to find comfort, though the Lord can and does seal instruction upon the soul, and causes us to fear Him. Christ everything, the sinner nothing, this is the way of salvation; a full Christ for an empty sinner, a rich Christ for a poor sinner, a pure and holy Christ for a guilty sinner, &c. And now, my dear brother, I must "commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified," "through faith which is in Christ Jesus." "Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord." Yours in Jesus,

West End, Lutterworth, July 4th, 1878.

C. SPIRE.

THE GOOD PART.

MARTHA her love and joy express'd
By care to entertain her Guest;
While Mary sat to hear her Lord,
And could not bear to lose a word.

How oft are we, like Martha, vex'd,
Encumber'd, hurried, and perplex'd!
While trifles so engross our thought,
The one thing needful is forgot.

Lord, teach us this one thing to choose,
Which they who gain can never lose,
Sufficient in itself alone,
And needful, were the world our own.

Let grovelling hearts the world admire,
Thy love is all that I require!
~~Gladly I may the rest resign,~~
If the one needful thing be mine!

NEWTON.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR SISTER IN THE FAITH,—I was so glad to receive your letter, for which I thank you very much. I thought it was exceedingly good—a precious living testimony; the religion of Jesus Christ is so personal, so experimental. You said you had been enabled to pray earnestly that He would appear; then you find yours an urgent, pressing case, don't you? and knowing that another person has received a blessing would not satisfy you. Oh, mercy of mercies, to have a care for Him! He is the Good Physician, and it is those that are sick that need Him. Souls sick of sin, those that are wounded, those that have felt the arrow of distress, and found they had no hiding-place. He is a suitable Saviour for all those that are utterly lost—those that have been brought to book and been found guilty—weighed in the balances and found wanting. It is only such characters as these that will pray earnestly for the Lord to appear and manifest His love to them. We must know and feel the malady before we can have any feeling need or desire for the remedy, and “all the fitness He requireth, is to feel our need of Him.” When they had nothing to pay, He frankly forgave them.”

Dear Alice, you wished to know how long it was before I had the witness in my soul that I really was born again. I feel this rather difficult to answer. The Lord is a Sovereign; He does not lead two alike; and I could not state any set time when I received it, as He most graciously led me on little by little, line upon line, and now and again dropped a word into my soul; but, by the very things you say—such as, if He would bless you, you would love and praise Him—is the very evidence that you have the Spirit. You must have received something from Him, or you would never have the desire to praise Him. You need not think it strange you cannot satisfactorily see your own case to be good, as everyone can see another's better than their own. Has the Lord ever dropped a word into your poor heart and melted you down? It may be the line of a hymn has been sweet. Then do you know what it is for clouds to come between you and Him, causing you to mourn the hiding of His face and to long for His return?

I shall hope to hear from you soon. I have felt helped to bear you up before the Lord. May He Himself bless you. With kind love, from

Your sincere friend,

October 17th, 1896.

A. D.

OUR life here is a warfare; and the great enemy is self.—*Romaine.*



REV. WM. GOODE, A.M.,

*Rector of St. Andrew by the Wardrobe, and St. Ann, Blackfriars, and
Tuesday Evening Lecturer at St. Laurence Jewry.*

WILLIAM GOODE,

CURATE TO AND SUCCESSOR OF THE BELOVED WILLIAM ROMAINE, OF
ST. ANN'S, BLACKFRIARS.

WHEN William Romaine died his curate preached a funeral sermon for him. Some of his remarks on the occasion may well preface this brief record :—"I have entertained a rising veneration for the character we now lament, a veneration which has ripened into respect and affection by a close connection of near ten years, with the most uninterrupted cordiality and good understanding ; and though the necessary distance between youth and age, such great acquirements in knowledge and in grace, and such inferior attainments in both must have had an influence ; yet, as I revered and loved him as a father, and served him as a friend, I have lamented his loss with the most painful sensibility as to myself, while I sympathize with the general sorrow that has impressed those who loved his person, and the cause in which he was so fervently engaged."

This affection was truly shown in Mr. Goode reserving for himself a place in the Rector's vault at Blackfriars by his side, saying, indeed, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried" (Ruth i. 16, 17).

William Goode was born in 1762, in the town of Buckingham. He enjoyed the inestimable privilege of having godly parents. Their first concern, therefore, in the training up of their children was their spiritual welfare. When about ten years of age he was placed at a private school, kept by the Rev. Mr. Pargeter, in his native place. An interesting memorandum written by him gives some account of his early life. He writes :—"From my earliest infancy I was taught not to associate with wicked boys, as too many do, and, I hope by the instigation of the Spirit of God, I was led to delight in the company of good men, which made me, about the twelfth year of my age, resolve (but, I am afraid, in my own strength) to set up private prayer between school times. But as often as set up, as often was it neglected, and as often conscience excusing or accusing me, till about July, 1775, when I was more impressed with the Word preached, and many times wept at a sense of the goodness of God and my sinfulness. This concern kept on till September, when I set up prayer again, and determined, in the strength of the Lord, to first read a portion of God's Word, and then pray unto Him, which I hope was done by the assistance of the Spirit of God, and not in my own strength, for that I often met the Lord in these opportunities in a more especial manner. About this time I and four or five others were

enabled to set up a prayer-meeting among ourselves, to pray one with another, and read the Word of God, at the house of Mr. Hinton, father of my friend, Mr. James Hinton, afterwards Baptist minister at Oxford, which I hope I have reason to say was not in vain in the Lord. My parents were warmly attached to the Established Church, and attended the ministry of Mr. David Simpson, curate of Buckingham, who soon after left the Church of England, and became a nonconformist minister at Macclesfield. By this occurrence my parents were not able to find the spiritual food they desired in the church at Buckingham, and frequently attended the dissenting meeting.

"In January, 1776, my father sent me to Mr. William Bull, who kept a school at Newport Pagnell. [This was the loving and attached friend of Mr. John Newton and William Cowper, and his academy was specially for training young men for the Evangelical ministry.] I was much perplexed and troubled being not certain in my mind whether it was the will of the Lord or no that I should become a minister. But I was enabled to pray unto the Lord that He would direct me, and I found the more I was enabled to pray unto the Lord, the more I was confirmed in it; and at the Christmas holiday, being come to the Psalms in my reading, which were full of glory, edification, comfort, and consolation to the children of God, and blessed be God, He made them so to me. My parent tried to dissuade me from giving my mind to the ministry, so that I went back to Newport tossed to and fro in my mind, so much so that I could sometimes scarce forbear tears, yet I was enabled to trust upon the Lord, though not without much affliction and prayer to Him for help and assistance, and I was led to praise Him for His goodness and loving-kindness to me. But oh, how astonishing is the stupidity of the heart of man for so great favours! O Lord, with all Thy mercy, give that of a thankful heart. Except the Lord keep, me I shall utterly perish. I may say with Isaiah, 'From the sole of the foot unto the crown of the head,' &c. Let others boast of their good works as sufficient to save them, or in the least adding thereto, this I know, that of myself I can do no good works. My nature is corrupt before God, and I am prone to sin as the sparks fly upward. I am nothing, nor can I do anything in my own strength. Christ must clothe me in His own righteousness, wash me in His own blood, begin and finish my faith for me, and the work of my salvation. He must keep me from all sin, He must dwell in me, and fight for me, or else I am utterly undone, and shall for ever perish. But I trust in Him. Jesus my Saviour, come and exert Thy powers in saving my sinful soul! If I know my own heart, I trust it is out of a sensible desire to

the glory of God and the good of immortal souls that I desire to undertake the work of the ministry,* and I hope that the Lord Himself will lead me into all truth, and show me the way which is most agreeable to His will."

Notwithstanding this, he left Mr. Bull's institution, and came home to his father's business, but he could not continue in it. Accordingly, in 1778, he was sent as a private pupil to Mr. Thomas Clarke, a clergyman, at Chesham Bois, where he continued about two years, making great progress in his studies, until he entered Magdalen Hall, Oxford. Previous to his going to Oxford, he had been used to mix with a small and select circle of Christian friends, so that it was not a very congenial place to him, as regards spiritual things, for he writes:—"Oxford is a very disagreeable place to me, because of that general discouragement of religion, and a contempt of every evangelical principle that reigns and prevails here." While at Oxford, he lost both his parents, and his letters at the time show how his mind was affected by this circumstance. He says, writing to one of his brothers from Magdalen Hall:—"It is easy to talk of religion, I find, and comparatively easy to consent to its doctrine, but to practise its precepts is difficult. It is the effect of the love of God shed abroad in the heart, the reverse of nature, a contrast to our flesh. The believer in Jesus feels his heart inflamed with the sentiments of Divine love, he is deeply affected with the mercy of his Lord, and longs to honour Him in all his ways. Oh that this was more my happy experience! Great God, draw my whole soul into the ocean of Thy love, that I may be satisfied in Thee."

Having taken his degree in 1784, he obtained the curacy of Abbots Langley, Herts, and the following year the duties of the adjoining parish of Kings Langley.

In 1786 he became curate to Mr. William Romaine at St. Ann's, Blackfriars, and St. Andrew-by-the-Wardrobe, at a salary of £40 per annum. The same year he married Rebecca, daughter of Abraham Coles, of St. Albans, Herts, a silk manufacturer, by whom he had thirteen children. He was also elected Lady Camden's Tuesday Evening Lecturer, at St. Lawrence Jewry. Here his sermons on the Epistle to the Ephesians were preached. He superintended the publishing of an edition of Brown's Self-interpreting Bible in 1791. These labours so exhausted his strength that he had a serious illness. He says: "It is a

* Well would it be for the Church of Christ if many godly men with like yearnings of soul, were raised up to preach, not a merely mechanical scheme of doctrine, but the whole truth to both saints and sinners, after the example of Christ and His Apostles. May the Lord hasten such an event.

pleasing view that the Gospel opens to us the secret of the providential government of God our Saviour. Afflictions serve as gentle mementoes of what we are and where we are going, and remind us that this is not our rest. I have reason to bless God for mine, perhaps, more than for anything besides, and for the same views as were then afforded I trust I would not refuse the same pain and trial again." He was chosen secretary of a society for the relief of poor clergymen of the Established Church, residing in the country, which office he assiduously and gratuitously filled until his death.

In June, 1795, Mr. Romaine died; the living was in the gift of the Crown, and the parishioners lost no time in seeking the appointment of Mr. Goode as his successor. He also conducted a Sunday Afternoon Lecture at St. John's, Wapping. His services were being continually required to plead the cause of the Church Missionary, British and Foreign Bible, and other kindred societies. He found time, notwithstanding, to preach upon the Characters, Names, and Titles of the Lord Jesus Christ, Sermons, &c., which were spread over a course of five years, and comprise six volumes, a work which will ever live while there are lovers of the Lord Jesus upon the earth. His ministry as a pastor, and in his journeyings, was made eminently useful. To one who had written to him to inform him of the blessing resulting from his preaching, he replied: "The glory must be His, we are but earthen vessels. The grace comes from the fountain. He makes what instruments He pleases, and uses them as He sees best for the calling and edification of His chosen people. You have to trace the footsteps of a wise Providence in leading you under the sound of truth, and of almighty grace in bringing you under its power. He has, I doubt not, convinced you of sin in its evil, guilt, and danger, and led you from it to Jesus as the only and all-sufficient Saviour. If, then, in the view of faith you welcome Him into your heart in the glory of His Person, the freeness of His grace, and the fulness of His salvation, and find your affections drawn out to that precious Saviour, and desire to serve and glorify Him, nothing but the teaching of the Holy Spirit could have effected this; that change of mind from a self-righteous dependence upon an external morality to godly sorrow for sin, humiliation, and self-abhorrence for it, which exalts Jesus in the understanding, affections, and desires can only be His work. There are also other evidences of grace in your letter; a jealousy of your past experience, with prayer for the Divine teaching; a sense of danger from spiritual enemies; a desire to walk with God; a willingness to have the heart examined, that it may be purified by grace; these plainly evidence a Divine Author, as that

which leads effectually to God must come from God. Christ is the Head over all things to His Church. This is a delightful name of our Jesus, and, if we could properly enter into its meaning, would quiet all our fears, and render us satisfied with all His dispensations." He was led in his line of ministry much the same as his revered predecessor, of whom he himself says, "He had the most exalted views of the Saviour of guilty men, and therefore he preached Christ, his sole subject, his All in all; knowing at the same time that he could warn every man of his sin and danger, could teach every man in the way of peace and righteousness, without deviating from this one subject."

In September, 1814, he contracted that disorder (diabetes) which never left him till it had completely exhausted his strength, by a journey to Ipswich on behalf of the Church Missionary Society, in a cold, frosty night, in the coach, which he afterwards discovered had holes in the bottom, through which the air drew, and although every means was used of physicans, change of air, &c., for his recovery, all were of no avail, and from this time until his death his afflictions were of no slight nature. He says: "I am not anxious about the Church of God, God shall keep that from all evil and bring it through to His kingdom; He will raise up others when He takes me away; I am concerned for my family."

April, 1815. "I am perfectly satisfied; I am in *His* hands who does all things well, there I have been enabled to rest, and if the prison wall seemed at times to be breaking down, some rays of light have burst through the apertures and given a glimpse of what is beyond. To be present with the Lord, not only will make up for being absent from the body, but is so much better that it may well make us long for it. 'Even so, come, Lord Jesus.'" His last sermon was preached at Blackfriars, June 11th, 1815, from 2 Cor. ii. 15, 16. During the next week he writes: "Almighty grace can elevate our thoughts and desires to heavenly things, and in the process of the Divine economy trials and afflictions are the general methods by which the Spirit of grace works to effect His purpose. You will be glad to hear that I have just finished my last essay on the Names and Titles of the Redeemer. The last is the Amen (Rev. iii. 14), a name which confirms all the rest by the stability and immutability of Him who bears them, of whom it was said by the Prophet Isaiah, 'He that blesseth himself in the earth shall bless himself in the God of truth' (literally rendered, 'The God the Amen'). O Thou blessed, unchangeable Redeemer and Saviour, deriving all my hope and blessings from Thee, secured by Thee, through grace to glory; Thou shalt be acknowledged as the Author and

Finisher of all, and Thy immutable grace and faithfulness be adored through eternity as the source of my eternal blessedness ; for Thou art in Thy Person, offices and works of love, and will be in the experience of all Thy people, the Faithful and the True, the everlasting Amen. So I close a work which has occupied me above thirteen years. All the glory must be His. I would put my Amen to His every divine and mediatorial character, and may I be found faithful and true and constant in His cause, even to the end.

" Oh, what insignificant creatures we are, the best of us, to Him ! But does not this more magnify His grace and love in election, redemption, calling, and salvation ? Sin and vanity are all we possess, but grace and glory are His gifts, and in Christ Jesus our hope of them is sure. His love to us is the foundation and cause of all our blessings ; and while this is the same, the happiness of His people stands secure amongst all the changes and languors of this dying world." I might go on making many more extracts from his writings during the last months of his sojourn here, of the same gracious experience, did space permit.

April 16th. He was to have removed, with his family, to his house at Stockwell, and to avoid the bustle of removing he went to the house of a friend in that neighbourhood, where he was suddenly taken worse, and on Easter Sunday morning he seemed aware of his real state, and though his languor was hourly increasing, his frequently uplifted hand showed that he was almost continually engaged in secret prayer. He was occasionally heard to say, " Dear Jesus ! precious Jesus ! Oh for a release ! " and on Monday afternoon he breathed his last, aged fifty-four years.

" Send help, O Lord ! we pray,
And Thy own Gospel bless ;
For godly men decay,
And faithful pastors cease ;
The righteous are removed home,
And scorers rise up in their room.

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

" Few run with trumpets in their hand,
To sound alarms by sea and land."

(Mark xvi. 15, 16 ; also verse 20.)

PRAYER FOR CHRISTIAN GRACES.

LORD, I come to Thee for life,
Keep me from all inward strife;
Quicken me, Thy Spirit give,
Make me to Thy glory live.

Lord, I come to Thee for light,
Show me sin as in Thy sight;
All self-pleasing may I hate;
Holy thoughts in me create.

Lord, I come to Thee for faith,
'Tis Thy gift, Thine own Word saith;
I would trust Thee more and more,
Never doubt Thy love, nor power.

Lord, I come to Thee for hope,
Let me not in darkness grope;
I would fix my eye on Thee,
Then all brightness it must be.

Lord, I come to Thee for love,
May I feel as those above;
Kindle in my heart a flame
At the mention of Thy name.

Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
In Thee only am I blest;
Take away all doubt and fear,
Let me feel Thee ever near.

Lord, I come to Thee for peace,
May my trust in Thee increase;
Sinful, weary, weak and sad,
Thou alone canst make me glad.

Lord, I come to Thee for dress,
Clothe me in Thy righteousness,
That pure robe so much I need,
For I've nothing good to plead.

Lord, I come to Thee for joy,
May Thy praise my lips employ;
Life and health and every good
Must call forth my gratitude.

Lord, I come to Thee for strength,
Let me know the breadth and length
Of Thy love, so strong to save,
Then I'll triumph o'er the grave.

And now, Lord, for every grace
I would humbly seek Thy face;
'Tis Thy Spirit's work alone,
And in us that work Thou'lt own.

M. M. M.

SANCTIFIED TRIAL.

IN addition to those troubles common to all men, the children of God have peculiar trials of a spiritual nature ; but it is also their peculiar privilege to have all their afflictions, of whatever kind, sanctified to them and made conducive to their highest welfare. A beautiful hymn expresses this truth, and sometimes, at least, the Christian experiences the sweetness of it.

" 'Tis my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss."

The question, however, as to whether troubles are really sanctified is one which causes no inconsiderable amount of anxiety and exercise of mind to many sincere souls. Now, it is not intended in this paper to enumerate or describe the various sorrows and distresses which attend the true followers of Jesus in their journey through the wilderness, but we shall endeavour to trace out those gracious dealings of the Lord by which He accomplishes His own purpose to make their trials a blessing to His loved ones. The Lord's hand and love sanctifies all.

1. HE PREPARES THEIR TRIALS.

Appointed by Divine wisdom, the cup is prepared by Divine love. There can be no ingredient in the cup of woe other than He intends. A certain object has to be gained, and the loving Father knows just exactly how to obtain His end, and mixes the cup accordingly. The crosses are so carefully prepared that they are the right size and the right weight. The furnaces are heated to the right degree, and the saints are kept in them the right length of time. The pruning-knife which purges the branches, is carefully chosen and accurately sharpened. God's people may not choose the tribulations by which their heavenly Father disciplines and tries them. The Lord knows best and prepares that which meets the necessity of each case. "All are most needful, not one is in vain."

The Lord not only prepares the cup, but—

2. HE GIVES IT.

Just at the right time the cup is put into the hand of the child, though usually it is very unexpected, and the need of it not seen. The flesh shrinks from it, and would fain be spared ; yet it has to be taken and tasted, if not drunk to the dregs, even when it seems filled with gall. But, in this experience, the Christian has fellowship with His Lord, for He, as man,

shrank from the cup the Father gave Him, saying, "O my Father, if it is possible, let this cup pass from Me" (Matt. xxvi. 39). Nevertheless, acquiescing in His Father's will, He received it submissively as from His Father's hand. "The cup which My Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" (John xviii. 11.)

So His dear children find the taste of the Father's love is the "something secret" which sweetens the bitter draught. This sweetness found in the bitterness of sorrow is the beginning of the saints' experience of the sanctification of trouble. The next thing felt is—

3. SUPPORT UNDER TRIAL.

Not in vain hath the dear Lord promised, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be" (Deut. xxxiii. 25). Tried souls do find strength proportioned to their day. Their Father does not lay upon them more than He enables them to bear. The sufficiency of His grace (2 Cor. xii. 9) so counterbalances the sufficiency of evil (Matt. vi. 34), as to turn the apparent curse into a real blessing (Neh. xiii. 2). The wise who daily observe the Lord's secret upholdings and supportings in the midst of what seem crushing griefs, come to understand something of the loving-kindness of the Lord (Psalm cvii. 43); and also sooner or later to discern another precious truth which belongs to the sanctification of trial, namely—

4. THE LORD'S PRESENCE.

It is His presence in it which causes the sanctification of trouble. The Lord is always with His people, as much when they cannot discern Him as when they can. This secures their salvation; but their happiness depends upon their enjoyment of Him. When He reveals Himself their consolations abound. The very midst of the sevenfold-heated furnace was a comfortable place to the three worthies when the Son of God appeared to them. Tried souls can sometimes sing—

"In Thy presence we are happy,
In Thy presence we're secure;
In Thy presence all afflictions
We can easily endure."

Those who have the Lord's presence have His blessing also. His name is "Emmanuel," "God with us." Afflictions of mind, circumstance, or body are sometimes sent just to make Him needful and precious, and when He is really needed, and His people cannot do without Him, then He comes to them, and so they prove Him to be "a very present help in trouble" (Psalm xlv. 1). If His hand is seen, His voice heard, His love tasted, His grace communicated, or His strength imparted, then

the Lord is with us, and the name of that trouble is Jehovah-Shammah, the Lord is there.

One thing which always results from the Lord's presence is that great proof of the sanctification of trouble, namely—

5. THE FRUITS.

The discipline is effectual. The chastening produces fruit. "Tribulation worketh patience" (Rom. v. 3). Let us consider what these fruits are. The first is True Prayer.

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

The second fruit is Heart-humility; the heart is softened into patient submission to the will of God. The third is, Contrition of Spirit; sorrow for sin is wrought, as the Holy Ghost uses trials to convince of sin, Looking to Him whom they have pierced, His suppliants mourn (Zech. xii. 10), for grieving Him. The fourth fruit of sanctified affliction is Tenderness of Conscience. The conscience sprinkled with the blood of Jesus, dreads sin, shrinks from the very appearance of evil, and makes the troubled one walk cautiously. The fifth fruit is an Enlightened Understanding to see somewhat the "needs-be," and to discern, more or less, the Lord's mercy. It will not be disputed that when trouble is truly sanctified, it produces, sixthly, Love to Jesus Christ, His Word, Ways and People. Trouble draws or drives the sheep closer to the Shepherd, and therefore to one another. The seventh fruit is Increase of Faith, consequently great faith is always seen in connection with great trial. Faith grows by exercise.

Lastly, the eighth fruit of sanctified trouble, the Fear of God is quickened and made plainer. Its light shines brighter, and its workings in the heart are more powerfully felt than before.

When these fruits abound, there will soon be—

6. DELIVERANCE.

Our time for deliverance from trouble is always ready. The Lord's time is in the "afterwards," when affliction has yielded the "peaceable fruits of righteousness" (Heb. xii. 11), when the lessons are learnt, and the chastening has effectually prepared the believer for the deliverance promised.

Thus the Lord accomplishes His own gracious purpose in tribulation and trial, glorifies Himself in all that befalls His poor and afflicted people, and makes all things work together for their good, according to His own sweet Word (Rom. viii. 28).

A SHORT MEMOIR OF ELIZABETH MILLS,

WHO WAS CALLED TO HER ETERNAL REST APRIL 26TH, 1899,
AGED SIXTY-FOUR YEARS.

MY DEAR MOTHER was born in the village of Avebury, in Wiltshire, on November 7th, 1834, of poor, but I believe, from what I have heard her say, they were godly parents, which is one of the richest earthly blessings that can be bestowed on the sons and daughters of men. But my dear mother soon gave evidence that grace is not hereditary, for I have often heard her say how irksome she found it to be obliged to attend chapel on the Sabbath day; and to pass the time away, she would, with a young companion, take a Bible, and they would see which could read the most chapters through during the sermon. At an early age she was married to my father, who proved to be of a restless disposition, so that they moved about from village to village, and from county to county; and I have heard say that they moved as many as thirty times, during their forty-two years' union, until at length they came to Spencer's Wood, near Reading, where God had determined in His wisdom that she should end her days on earth, and enter her eternal home.

Thus much of her natural life, now for a glimpse of that life, which is said to be hid with Christ in God. Of her call by grace I regret that I know very little, but a friend of hers has told me that dear mother was tried as to the state of her soul for a long time, being convinced that she was a sinner before a holy and just God, and that but for God's merey she must for ever perish. Once she was so tried that she determined to drown herself, and accordingly wished her children good-by, and went down to the river for that purpose, but when she got there, the Lord bade her do herself no harm, and so she returned home again. Her deliverance came in this way: There was a chapel (Hurstpierpoint) some distance from her home, and on a particular Sunday there was to be a special minister speak there, and in the evening a neighbour called and asked my father if he would mind the children and let mother go with her to the chapel. He consented, and mother went. This proved to be the set time to favour her, as, by the text which the speaker took, she was delivered from the bondage of sin, and returned home praising God for His great mercy to her. I believe this all came to pass when she was about thirty-six years of age; and from this time she had to endure some bitter persecution from those around her. It was in August, 1898, that, at her desire, I left London and came to live nearer to them; and about a month afterwards my parents moved to a cottage next door to my situation. My dear mother seemed fairly

well then, but still I noticed a difference in her manner, and especially I thought how sweetly she was ripening for heaven. I often wondered how she bore the trials and care and provocations of her home life so meekly, patiently, and cheerfully, and I often thought, how strong is her faith! In November she had occasion to go into Reading, and on stepping out of the carrier's van the ring on her finger caught on the lamp hook on the van, and there she hung by that for several seconds; had the ring given way she must have gone backward on to the pavement, which might have caused her death, but her time was not yet come. When she arrived home at night, she told us about it, and said it had so upset her that she would never go to Reading again, which she never did; often remarking afterwards, how wonderfully God had delivered her on that occasion! But dear mother was never the same after that event. About Christmas her appetite began to fail, and she got worse and worse, until she could keep nothing on the stomach which she took; yet she said but very little about herself. At length we insisted upon her seeing a doctor, which she did, and from the first he entertained but little hope of her recovery: When mother heard of it, she took it quite calmly, simply saying, "It is what I have been praying for." Indeed, she always seemed to me to be looking and longing for death, 'having a desire to depart, and be with Christ, which is far better.' One day the doctor told her hers was a serious case, and she must try and take all the nourishment she could, or she would not recover. She replied that if it were God's will to call her away, she had no desire to stay here, as there was no true happiness; all was vanity and vexation here below. At this the doctor was surprised, saying he was not accustomed to hear people say that. He then asked her what she believed the future would be. She replied, that she believed it would be a better world than this, but that "eye had not seen, nor ear heard, neither had entered into the heart of man to conceive the things God had prepared for those that love Him."

Soon after this she took to her bed never to rise again. She would say to me, "I have a father and a mother, some brothers, and, I hope, two children in heaven waiting to meet me." Then she would tell us not to grieve for her, as she would soon be happy at home. One day she said, "I have been asking the Lord to give me some token as to whether I shall get well, and He has given me the words, 'My servant shall live;'" "but," she added, "I don't know if I am to live here or in heaven, but I am His, and I desire Him do as He will with me." On one occasion I said, "Mother, are you in pain?" She replied, "No, thank the

Lord, He is taking me down very gently." Sometimes she would repeat the lines—

" When languor and disease invade
This curious house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away."

One day, as I sat quietly by her bedside, she began to talk as if to herself. "Yes," she said, "God has hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto the weak and foolish ones." Sometimes she would say, "Yes, God is a very great Protector." But as she grew weaker, her mind also grew weak, so that she rambled a great deal in her talk; but on the day that we first began to notice it, she said, with such a depth of weariness in her tone, "Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away and be at rest." But even while in a rambling state of mind, she seemed cheered by the presence of her Lord, and looked so happy and cheerful. Never shall I forget the beautiful expression she had on her face for the last fortnight of her life. It was as the glory of heaven shining on her countenance. One day she said, "I have seen the Saviour; and He was so beautiful, and He said He was coming soon to take me away to heaven." One day she asked me to read the 40th Psalm, and after I had read it she said, "Yes, 'He brought me up out of a horrible pit and the miry clay and has set my feet upon a rock.' 'I *am* poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon *me*.'"

On Saturday, April 22nd, her voice failed, after which she would move her lips, but we could not understand what she said. Still she continued to have that happy expression up to the last; often looking so earnestly upward, when her whole countenance shone with a heaven-born radiance.

On April the 26th, she passed (I believe) peacefully away, without a struggle, as her hand was found in that of my father's, who was fast asleep by her side, so that if there had been any struggle it would have awoken him. We regret that no one saw her end, but we did not think death was so near. She was buried on May the 2nd, in Reading Cemetery, by Mr. Davis, whom she liked as a minister.

I should have stated before, that my dear mother was baptized at Reading Zoar Chapel, on February 11th, 1894, and became a member of Swallowfield Baptist Chapel, as she was then living in that parish; and from what I have heard she was very regular in her attendance until they removed to the parish of Shinfield, Berks; when, the distance being three miles, and she being very stout, she was unable to go as often as she would have liked to

do; but I believe her thoughts were often with them, as I feel sure she could truly say, "There my best friends, my kindred dwell," &c. She was respected by all who knew her, and as she was generally of such a cheerful disposition, she was much beloved. She had also, by the grace of God, a very feeling, generous heart, and I believe she often denied herself of necessaries, so as to have something to spare for those who were poorer in this world's goods than herself. I have lost a kind and loving mother, but I truly believe my loss to be her eternal gain; and after all she has only gone awhile before.

S. K. MILLS.

OBITUARY OF ELIZABETH TAYLOR.

ON January 31st, Elizabeth Taylor, of Peterborough, in the seventy-eighth year of her age. For over forty years she was a consistent member of the Church at Salem Chapel, and was highly esteemed by the members. She was one who truly loved Zion, and was often blessed under the ministry. When the Lord first commenced the work in her soul she was five years under conviction of sin, but when delivered she could truly rejoice, and went to tell her friends what great things the Lord had done for her. She often spoke of the blessed manifestations she had received, as seeing by the eye of faith the Lord Jesus crucified for her. At one time, being in sore trouble, she was delivered by these words, "It is I; be not afraid." Upon many occasions, when under trials, the Lord gave her many sweet promises. She was one who always felt herself to be a poor needy sinner, and had often to bemoan her deadness and darkness of mind, but the Lord was often precious to her, and she loved to hear the Saviour exalted, and the crown placed upon the right head.

As to her last days, she had for some time past been in failing health, but still attended the chapel until September of last year, when the dear one was taken with a paralytic seizure, under which she slowly succumbed. She had often said she did not dread death, as the sting had been taken away. Upon a member of the chapel calling upon her, and asking her as to the state of her mind, and of her hope, she spoke with great assurance of her safety in Christ. Owing to the serious nature of her complaint, she was not able to converse much during her affliction, but was kept in a quiet and submissive frame of mind, and said she felt the Lord had dealt gently with her, as she had been spared from pain. The last few days of her life she was unable to speak, and passed away in a state of unconsciousness to be "for ever with the Lord." She was interred on February 4th, by Mr. S. Haynes.

L. F. A.

OBITUARY OF MRS. ANN PARROTT.

ON January 9th, Ann Parrott, of Peterborough, slept in Jesus, in the 83rd year of her age (mother of the late W. B. Parrott, whose memoir appeared in this Magazine a short time since). Our dear mother attended the chapel until prevented by affliction about five years since (which was an affection of the heart). She was a woman of a very weak measure of faith, and when conversing upon spiritual subjects, would speak with very low views of her own state, but after the death of our beloved brother we could see the work was deepened in her soul. Upon one occasion last summer she was much blessed with love to the Lord Jesus Christ, so much so that she remarked to a daughter she could have then died (with the desire, no doubt, to have realized the full enjoyment), but her time was not yet come.

To speak of her last days, we would remark that a few weeks before Christmas her limbs commenced to swell, showing her end was near. To a daughter who visited her she said she had those words, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee;" and upon another occasion mentioned them again, showing they had an abiding with her. A few days before her death, upon being asked as to her favourite hymn, she repeated the one through commencing, "Your harps, ye trembling saints," which was found turned down in her hymn book. At another time a daughter said to her, "Mother, do you feel that 'underneath are the everlasting arms'?" She said, with emphasis, "I do;" and again, "I do;" with an assurance which at one time she would have been afraid to have expressed, showing the Lord had fulfilled His promise to her, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." In taking down her tabernacle the Lord in mercy preserved her from much pain, and she was kept in a patient frame of mind, and at the last passed peacefully away, to be for ever in the presence of her Saviour. She was interred by Mr. S. Haynes, of St. Ives.

We feel we have lost a dear and loving mother and brother in a short time, but our loss is their eternal gain.

L. F. A.

INTEGRITY is the pure mind embracing truth and nothing else, but as found walking in truth, and for truth's sake. If thou wouldst be perfect, sell all; that is, part with all but Christ. Integrity is a nature divine throughout, an unleavened lump; a heart one with Christ; a heart after God's own heart.—*N. Lockyer*, 1650.

WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

WHAT is it to have fellowship with Christ? it is mourning and grieving over His griefs, blessing Him for His sorrows, putting thy mouth in the dust if so be that thou mightest have an interest in His atonement; if God makes that manifest that thou hast an interest in His death, burial, and resurrection, thou wilt at last come forth with joy, for the Lord will bring forth His dear people as sure as ever He brought forth Christ. If, poor soul, thou art in the dark, or thy sorrows are deep, do not look so much at the deepness of thy sorrows, or the wretchedness thou art in. I only speak to you in a way of exhortation; I know, if left to thyself, what will be the result. I only give thee counsel as one that has obtained mercy. So may the Lord help thee, not to look so much at what thou art, except it be to gather all together, to put all down thou canst think of, and the devil bringing to thee, or laying to thy charge. Then turn thine eye to where it was all laid, on the heart of Christ. He has everything that thou wantest. Is he not the sinner's friend? Canst thou not trust to what is said about His blood—"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." And "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." He did not tell them they were so bad, so base, or so unworthy. He did not tell them the blessing belonged to better folks, but that "He came into the world to save sinners." It was a saying of good old Romaine, "that to call a man a sinner, was calling him by the worst name you could call him." Thus when you call him a sinner, you call him by the worst name. But Jesus Christ came, He said Himself, to save sinners; and that at thy worst state or condition, he came to save all such. Let us look a little farther: He says, "the Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost." Now what does that signify? You cannot go away and say, you are worse than this—lost! Perhaps, some poor soul has come up here this evening, saying and concluding he is lost, that he is ready to give up all his religion, and that the Lord only knows what will become of his soul. There have been times when this has been the case with me, when I thought I must give up mine, and at times I have thought I never had any to give up. Ah, poor soul, does the pit seem ready to yawn for you? art thou fearful thou art lost? dost thou think thou wilt perish? Look at the dear Saviour; He endured the wrath, came out of it, and has promised to save those that are ready to perish; and instead of letting thee sink, will embrace thee in His arms, purging thy conscience with the blood of His heart. The Son of man came to seek and to save the lost, to gather all His children together. Here are two blessed promises

in His gracious Word ; He came to seek and save ; “ I, even I, will both search My sheep, and seek them out, as a shepherd seeketh out his flock in the day that he is among his sheep that are scattered ; so will I seek out My sheep, and will deliver them out of all places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day.” And this He has done for His Church in past ages, when He sought her out, brought her out of that cloudy and dark state in which she was, so that she is called a city sought out, not forsaken ; and He is continually seeking out His people, bringing them out of their wretched and miserable state. He Himself says, “ Every man, therefore, that hath heard, and hath learned of the Father, cometh unto Me.” Now then, poor coming sinner, there is something to come to. In Christ there is everything the poor sinner needs ; His very name suits thee Dost thou want to be saved ? He saves sinners. Dost thou want to be forgiven ? He forgives sinners. Dost thou want thy sins pardoned ? He pardons them ; He came for this express purpose ; He showed the love of His heart, and the power of His arm. Therefore, my friends, how kind, how gracious, and how glorious this blessed Person appears. Our text particularly refers to Him : “ He that goeth forth and weepeth, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing His sheaves with Him.” He goes forth : He went forth ; He sowed tears ; He wept ; He sweat ; He groaned and died, and He left His Church a legacy. The Lord help you to meditate on these things ; they will, under the blessing of the Holy Ghost, be very profitable. I do not know anything more profitable, when the Holy Spirit is pleased to reveal the things of Christ to a poor sinner. The Saviour says, “ He shall take of Mine, and show it unto you.” If you observe, it does not say, He shall give it, but show it. What for ? to direct the eyes of the mind to Christ ; while the soul quickened is led to look at the object, the heart is opened and the desires expanded, so that the poor creature is brought to cry, “ Lord, save me.” This is the work of the Holy Ghost, to bring the poor soul to this. It is an experience that suits the soul ; he cries, “ Lord, remember me.” The poor creature has his eye on Christ, his heart is open for Christ ; can he perish ? No, he can tell the devil to his face he will not be lost. Can he sink, can he absolutely fall away, with his eye on Christ and his heart open to receive Him ? No, no, though he has a thousand fears he shall perish, a thousand fears he is not a child of God, yet he durst not part with what hope he has. Though he goes writing bitter things against himself, he has no cause. He that walks under the afflicting rod has the greatest ground for rejoicing. Well, the work of the Eternal Spirit is to reveal Christ to such. May the

Lord show thee thy suffering Saviour, lead thee into fellowship with Him in His sufferings, through conformity to His death; show thee the Saviour the Bread of Eternal Life, so that thou shalt with shamefacedness put thy mouth in the dust and crown him Lord of all. Oh, what a sight is the sight of a bleeding, suffering, groaning Saviour! When the Holy Ghost brings the poor sinner—for it is the work of the blessed Spirit to bring the poor sinner—to look with a steadfast eye to the doing and dying of the Lord Jesus Christ, oh, my friends, the Lord hath said “They shall look,” both men and women, “They shall look on Him whom they have pierced, and mourn for it.” Thus the poor sinner mourns for his sins, and if he could help it, would have neither sinful thoughts nor inclinations. What a troublesome thing is sin to a child of God. It is not so to the men of the world; though his natural conscience may sometimes be afflicted, yet the corruptions of his nature never troubled the man of the world. But the child of God mourns over it. May the Lord direct you to this glorious object. May the Holy Ghost reveal to your soul the remedy for all thy misery, vileness, and sins. All the devil may lay to thy account, or all thou canst charge thyself with, let the catalogue be ever so long, remember “the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.” Remember, those who have a weeping time shall have a comforting time. The more a man knows of himself, his own ignorance and inability to help himself, in proportion as the Holy Ghost leads him on, the more will he praise the work of the Lord Jesus. So that when at last the poor sinner comes on his death-bed, looks on his guilty life, he will say, “Lord, here I am, I want pardon, I want pardon while I live, pardon through the blood of Christ. The Lord made the poor dying thief feel his need of pardon, then answered him to the joy of his heart. Thus when the poor sinner is set free from this body, he shall then reap in joy. No more sorrow in heaven. The Redeemer shall then see of the travail of His soul and be abundantly satisfied. Yes, my friends, he that endured such wrath and vengeance shall come again with rejoicing, bringing His sheaves with Him. So that they shall sing, “Unto Him that loved us, and hath washed us from our sins in His own blood, be glory, praise, and honour, for ever and ever.”—*Extract from a Sermon by the late Mr. Cowper.*

THOUGH a sinner believes in his heart unto righteousness and eternal life, yet unbelief is in him, which works unto sin and death; but grace reigns in and over him to everlasting life.—*Mason.*

HEAVEN.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."—Rev. vii. 14.

WE oft think of heaven, the glorious abode
Of God in Three Persons adored—
The Father, the Son, and the Spirit of Love;
What bliss doth Thy presence afford!

We oft think of heaven, those mansions of love
Which Jesus has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and made white through His blood,
That they in His glory may share.

We oft think of heaven, sweet haven of rest,
Where saints from all sin are set free;
For ever in Jesus they now are made blest;
Their precious Redeemer they see.

We oft think of heaven, where ransomed ones drink
Deep draughts of that Ocean of Love,
Which snatched them in mercy from hell's dreadful brink,
To sing His sweet praises above.

We oft think of heaven, when trials press sore,
And seem to o'erwhelm us with fears,
For there we shall hunger nor sorrow no more,
As now in this valley of tears.

We oft think of heaven, and long to be found
With those who now follow the Lamb,
That when the great trumpet of Judgment shall sound,
We in our great Surety shall stand.

We oft think of heaven, for nought that's defiled
Can enter that city so fair;
Am I, dearest Saviour, Thine own blood-bought child?
And shall even I enter there?

Yes, through Thy sweet mercy, the way is made plain
By Thee, who art God's equal Son;
Most worthy of glory the Lamb that was slain;
Through ages Thy praise shall be sung.

Whilst thinking of heaven, our trials appear
But light, when compared with its joys;
Oh, keep us, blest Spirit, in Thy tender fear,
And wean us from earth and its toys.

R. E.

THOUGH the holy walk of a Christian does not recommend him to the favour of God, yet it recommends the religion of the Son of God in the world — *Mason.*

THE SEEKER'S CORNER.

MY DEAR R—, I received your kind letter this morning. My heart is distressed for you in this your very heavy and bitter trial; truly affliction does not spring up from the dust, and trouble cometh as fast as the sparks fly upward. This coming upon you close upon your sorrowful bereavement, you truly need shoes of iron and brass. May the Lord bless you with strength for each day. Oh that the dear Lord would give me a word that might be a comfort to your poor dear sister; her distress must be dreadful to behold; but those that go down into the pit, never experience such deep soul trouble as she is now the subject of. The old enemy of souls is taking his revenge, because he knows her weak part, and he knows he cannot have her, and "he worries whom he can't devour." I like her honesty in saying and feeling she cannot repent; no, she cannot of herself, but He can give her godly repentance for her sins, not to be repented of. Oh that the dear Lord may see fit to deliver her soul, and that right early. May He speedily lift her up from the horrible pit and miry clay He has permitted the enemy to sink her into. This beautiful text came to my mind concerning her, "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." Oh that this might be made a blessing to her, that she may feel the Lord's Spirit within her. There would not be such a blessed promise in the Word of God, if it were not required by the children of God, and so they must experience before they can realize the Spirit of the Lord as lifting up the Standard—Christ, and He will lift it up at the right time. Some have to go so much deeper than others; religion is not to be picked up and put down at our own sweet will, and where there is a feeling sense of sin and uncleanness, there will necessarily have to be an operation to probe about the wound, and a drenching of bitter waters to clean out all the putrefying matter which is gathered together into a loathsome lump of sin and disobedience.

**"The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower."**

But.

**"Gold in the furnace tried,
Ne'er loses aught but dross;
So is the Christian purified,
And bettered by the cross."**

Perhaps she is being prepared for glory, and the purging is so needful. She wants to realize the verse, may the Lord enable her, "For Thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to

the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall." My dearest R—, may He verify this Scripture in your dear sister's case, for the storm is indeed much against her. I can assure you, you have both our deepest sympathy and our poor prayers, for "prayer can force a passage through iron bars and brazen gates." May He bless her with that true sorrow and repentance she feels so to need. Tell her—

"The vilest sinner out of hell,
Who lives to feel his need,
Is welcome to a throne of grace,
The Saviour's blood to plead."

'Tis only by His blood we can have peace with God

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

With much love and sympathy from us all,

Your loving friend,

August 15th.

NELLIE NICHOLLS.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

DEAR FRIEND,—I'll pray for you, according to the best of my judgment; and I'll tell you for what,—That you may know what to pray for, for yourself.

First. I'll pray that your thoughts may be turned to the magnifying of God's love; that you may remember that He is as good as He is great; and that you may be as sensible of His mercy as of your own unworthiness.

Secondly. I'll pray that you may have so lively an apprehension of your everlasting felicity, as may make you long to be with Christ.

Thirdly. That you may have more self-denial, and more of that humility which makes you little in your own eyes.

Fourthly. That you may be less tender and liable to commotion and disquiet of mind, and less sensible of unkindnesses and bodily dangers; yea, and of sin itself, while the sense of it hinders the sense of mercy. A meek, a quiet, and a patient spirit is of great price in the sight of God. I will pray that you may be delivered from too much inward passion of fear, grief, and discontent.

Fifthly. I will pray that no creature may seem greater, better, or more regardable, or necessary to you, than it is; and that you would look on all as walking shadows, vanity, and liars, further than you see God in them, or they lead you up to

Him, that they may never be over-loved, over-feared, over-trusted, or their thoughts too much regarded.

Sixthly. Above all, I will pray that you may be less self-willed, and not be too passionately, or immovably set upon the fulfilling of your own will ; but may have a will that is compliant with the will of God, and can change as He would have it ; and will follow Him, and not run before Him ; and can endure to be crossed and denied by God and man, without discomposedness and impatient trouble of mind.

Seventhly. I shall pray, that seeming wisdom may not entangle you, either in the concealment of anything that greatly needs your friend's advice, or in the hiding of your talents by unprofitable silence, as to all good discourse upon the enmity which you have to hypocrisy ; and that you will not live in sins of omission, for fear of seeming better than you are. By this, you may know wherein I think you faulty. The best creatures' affections have a mixture of creatures' imperfections ; and therefore need some gall to wean us from the faulty part. God must be known to be our rest, and therefore the best creatures to be but creatures. -O miserable world ! where we can have no fire without smoke, and when our dearest friends must be our greatest grief ; and when we begin in hope, in love, and joy, before we are aware, we fall into an answerable measure of distress. Learn by experience, when any condition is inordinately, or excessively sweet to thee, to say, "From hence must be my sorrow."

Yours truly,

M. B.

ANECDOTE.

SEEING a tree grow somewhat irregular, in a very neat orchard (says Mr. Flavel) I told the owner it was a pity the tree should stand there ; and that, if it were mine, I would root it up, and thereby reduce the orchard to an exact uniformity. He replied, "that he rather regarded the fruit than the form ; and that this light inconveniency was abundantly preponderated by a more considerable advantage. This tree," said he, "which you would root up, hath yielded me more fruit than many of those trees which have nothing else to commend them but their regular situation." I could not but yield to the reason of this answer ; and could wish it had been spoken so loud, that all our uniformity men had heard it ; who would not stick to root up many hundreds of the best bearers in the Lord's orchard, because they stand not in exact order with other more conformable, but less beneficial trees, who do, *per dere substantiam propter accidentia*, destroy the fruits to preserve the form.—*Flavel's "Husbandry Spiritualized."*

The Bower, June, 1901.



Joseph Tanner

THE LATE MR. JOSEPH TANNER, OF CIRENCESTER.

I was born in the hamlet of Grittenham, in the parish of Brankworth, in the county of Wilts, on the 21st of August, 1808. My parents being Church people, I was duly taken to the font, according to custom, but from my childhood I was the subject at times of various fears, especially in the prospect of death, and more particularly of the judgment day, of which, when from ten to fourteen years of age, I frequently had such fearful dreams as to make me afraid of going to bed. At such times I would try to pray, and earnestly resolve on being good for the future, but with the return of day my fears in measure would subside, and my goodness dry up like the dew. Having been brought up to the Church of England, I was filled with an unspeakably proud contempt for all kind of Dissenters. We had one man on my father's farm who occasionally went to a meeting-house, about two miles off, the only one I had ever heard of. When about fifteen years of age he induced me on a Sunday afternoon to go with him. A plain old farmer preached, but what I cannot tell, though I thought it was a pity the king did not put it down, and I went home with a firm resolve never to enter one of these places again. Some time after this an old man who was sheep shearing on our farm was speaking of some meetingners who called themselves the elect. He stated they were a few—but very few—who believed that God from all eternity had elected some to everlasting life, leaving all the rest to perish. I felt this to be the most awful and frightful thing I had ever heard. I wished the earth was rid of these monsters in human shape who said such things. I exultingly remarked, "There is nothing said about this elect doctrine in the Bible," when to my terror and amazement the old man replied there was in several texts, quoting Rom. ix. 13, "Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated," with, "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy." These things made me sad and sore, but the old man quickly put a soothing plaster on by saying, "Although these people had these and a few other Scriptures on their side, we have a vast many more on our side, that will clearly prove that all men have a chance to be saved." Oh, how these assurances built me up in my enmity against God's sovereignty, and my own confidence in man's free-will power and creature righteousness. It came suddenly into my mind one day that I would be apprenticed, and set about seeking a situation. One man said a watchmaker in a town only a little distance off wished for an apprentice, but he was one of these elect people, and what was still worse, a preacher. "No," I replied, in contempt, "I'll not go near him." Yet

the Lord, in His wonder-working providence, so ordered it that eventually I went, and was bound apprentice to this man for three years.

My master's custom was to read a portion of God's Word and attend to family prayer, and feeling a shyness with strangers I complied with the form, though the most bitter enmity worked in my mind against it. On the first Lord's Day morning I went, as a matter of courtesy, to chapel where my master preached, and my ears heard of God's election. Oh, how I hated it and him on its account! Fully determined to go no more, I went to a friend's lodgings and told him of the sermon. He said they were a few cunning people who thought themselves wiser and better than everybody else, and that they were the elect who were going to heaven, and everybody else going to hell. Upon this I took a sitting at the church, and commenced a headlong course of sin. All my master's admonitions or wishes were met at once by open, stern defiance. I now watched my master and mistress' conduct, to see if they were honest in their dealing, also their conversation, but soon found their word was truth, and that I could in no wise weigh or measure with them.

So desperate I grew that when my master was at home and about to read and pray at night, I would sometimes go out and bang the door after me, as though I would burst it. My desire was to make my master angry, that he might begin to quarrel with me. But his gentleness to me shamed me, in my own mind, from striking him, as I wished to do. I often used to say, "I wish there was a law for all the elect to be burnt."

I had now got to be about twenty years of age, and increasing in wickedness, when, ever adored be that grace of God which I had so hated and despised, the Lord, in His mercy, stopped me, and thus frustrated my purposes of sin to come. I do not recollect, neither could I state the time when, nor the circumstances under which my mind was, in any measure, impressed with the things of God, the concerns of my soul, and a coming eternity. I cannot tell how it was, but trouble crept into my mind and led me to think upon God, upon myself, upon eternity, and how it would be with me then. A persuasion in my own mind told me there was a secret in real religion which I was destitute of, and the doctrine of God's election now began to come into my mind with a "Suppose it *should* be true!" Things went on, and the once-hated, but now soul-terrifying doctrine, worked in me like leaven. Oh, how clearly did I see it run throughout the length of time! a line of life to God's elect, with a death side to it for all those left of God. This solemn, sovereign truth so stunned and confounded me that I knew not what to say or do. I had

never heard of the work of the Holy Spirit in convincing of sin, or repentance and conversion to God. I longed to know if the elect were many or few, the most of mankind or the fewest. I was constrained to speak to a young man whom I had persecuted, and ask him if he believed election to be true. He said, "Yes, verily," and quoted Romans xi. 5, "Even so then at this present time also there is a remnant according to the election of grace." Oh, how my fears increased!

After reaching home, what a night I had! I saw, in my mind, the glorious holiness of the Infinite Majesty of heaven, and felt myself a sinner, and that God would be just in leaving me to perish. My sins, I now saw and felt, merited hell, and in these would be my destruction, and not God's decree; so that I feared to live and I feared to die. The arrows of the Almighty were within me, and I found sin to be bitter indeed. I could now say, O blessed people, God's own elect, you will be happy for ever when my poor soul shall everlastingly be undone and miserable. Soon after this it came into my mind to try and pray to God for mercy, and for the first time in my life I crept into a secret place, fell on my knees, and confessed before God that I was a great sinner, an undone sinner, and condemned to die by His law, which was just; but, I said, if there was any way in which He could consistently with His honour and glory have mercy upon me, I begged Him to display that mercy on the behalf of my poor guilty soul. I attended the preaching of the Word, and my mind became somewhat enlightened in the doctrines of truth. I could see the great branches and blessings of God's salvation, all based on the sovereignty of Jehovah; the Father's foreknowledge and choice of His Church in the Lord Jesus; the Son's acceptance of them, and covenanting to be their Surety and Redeemer; the work of the Spirit in convincing a sinner of sin; the new birth; repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, &c. My judgment being infirmed, and my experience being so shallow, here I lay for about three years; and I am sure of this, by my own experience, that the devil cares less about the head being well furnished with doctrines than he does about the crying prayer of a poor needy sinner. A solemn persuasion rested in my soul, that without God's own work in the soul, a living religion, I must be lost at last.

I remember, one Lord's Day morning, driving my master about sixteen miles to preach in a schoolroom. I had never spoken to him of personal things, nor he to me. When he was preaching in the morning he said, "Is there any poor soul come up to the house of God so guilty, so deserving of God's wrath in his soul's feeling that his mouth is stopped?" I said, inwardly, "Yes,

here is one ; the most guilty and vile of all, the chief of sinners." He added, "Well, poor soul, for thy help and encouragement I would tell thee the salvation of thy soul is as sure as Paul's. God will certainly have mercy on thee and save thee." Oh, what a blessed help and hope accompanied the words !

At night I drove my master home, yet said not a word to him. But oh, how I loved him ! Through many fights and conflicts with the powers of evil and temptations, I went on, until one evening Mr. Shorter was coming to preach at the place I attended. I had a great desire to hear him, but was disappointed, as my business prevented me. After the others had gone to the meeting I crept upstairs and fell on my knees before God. Mercy I needed, and in the name and for the sake of Jesus Christ, my only plea, for mercy I would desire to beg, and if the Lord did not grant it I felt I must lie down and die. While thus attempting to breathe out my trouble before the Lord, I found such a strange softness of heart, such contrition of spirit, such a holy drawing near the Lord, and liberty to plead, that my poor soul was so blest with a sense of God's rich love to me, so sweetly shed abroad in my heart, that I truly felt—

**" A sense of blood-bought pardon
Soon dissolves the heart of stone."**

And I "Wept to the praise of the mercy I found." Oh, how self-abased did I feel before that holy God whom I now felt to be my Covenant God and Father in Christ Jesus ; and feeling this spirit of adoption which I so longed for, I looked up and lisped, "Abba, Father." Oh, how rich, free, sovereign, and undeserved did I see and feel all this unutterable blessedness to be ! My soul was blest with salvation and peace in believing. Since my apprenticeship I had been living with a gracious man named John Morse, and Mr. Shorter and other men of God stayed at his house. Soon after this I was married, and thought to enter into partnership with my employer, but we could not quite agree as to terms, so I looked about for a business in other directions. I had much desired to sit under Mr. John Warburton, and had gone to Trowbridge to see if there was an opening, but the rents were too heavy. One day, a gentleman with whom we did business remarked that he thought there was a good opening at Cirencester. We found only one house to let, and that a very old one, which I much disliked ; yet after I had returned home and considered it a few days, I concluded to take it, and left Mr. Morse, with a very heavy heart, on the 26th of March, 1834, for Cirencester.

I soon became uneasy, and asked the carpenter who fitted up

the shop what Dissenters there were in the place, and if a few people met in a room anywhere, but he said, "No, it does not take here, nothing but church takes well here." I now began to search and see a little into my way, manner, and motive in coming to Cirencester. After being here about a year and a-half, one Saturday the coach stopped at my door and my friend, Mr. Shorter, came in. He stayed with us all night, and in the morning I drove him eighteen miles to preach. My wife with her babe accompanied us. My poor soul was blessed in hearing and feeding upon the Word of God's truth, which was also the case with my dear wife, and the dear man's soul was blest and watered, while he was the means of watering others. I scarcely ever was favoured with such a blessed hearing either before or since. I was brought into such bondage in going to the Baptist and Congregational chapels that I was led to hope, expect, and pray for a place where we could meet in, as several others expressed themselves very dissatisfied at the ministers' speaking against experimental godliness. Soon a room, with forms and seats, was taken, and was opened. Mr. Stinchcomb preached for us morning and evening, and Mr. Thomas Ferris in the afternoon, and we had a favourable day.

(To be continued.)

NONE but believers have known by experience how precious Christ is. They, and only they, can reflect upon the glorious views of Him which they themselves have had, to captivate their hearts for ever to Him. They, and only they, have known what it is to feel a bleeding heart healed by His gentle hand, and a clamorous anguishing conscience pacified by His atoning blood. They, and only they, know how pleasant it is, and sweet, to feel His love shed abroad in their hearts; to be ravished with His glory, pant, and long, and breathe after Him.—*Samuel Davis, 1750.*

ART thou not ashamed now, O Christian, of all thy hard thoughts of such a God? of all thy misinterpreting of, and grudging at, those providences, and repining at those ways that have such an end? Now thou art sufficiently convinced, that the ways thou callest hard, and the cup thou callest bitter, were necessary? That thy Lord hath sweeter ends, and means thee better than thou wouldest believe; and that thy Redeemer was saving thee, as well when He crossed thy desires, as when He granted them; and as well when He broke thine heart, as when He bound it up.

THE PROMISED PEACE.

"These things have I spoken unto you, that in Me ye might have peace."—JOHN xvi. 33.

PEACE to the burdened, fearful heart,
By sin oppressed ;
Fearing each opening day to start.
Finding no rest.
God's own anointed Son knoweth thy care,
He at His Father's throne pleads for thee there ;
Let not thy heart despond, seek Him by prayer,
And find true peace.

PEACE to the lonely suffering one,
So oft in pain ;
Who fears that when life's work is done
'T was all in vain.
God in thy weakness doth His plans fulfil,
Using thy quiet life just as He will ;
Do thou in care and pain "rest in Him" still ;
He is thy peace.

PEACE to the weary, tempted child,
Downcast and weak,
Who, oft, by Satan's arts beguiled,
Grace needful seeks.
Jesus, who overcame—triumphed for thee,
That thou in His great strength might victor be ;
E'en though the conflict now bring misery,
Ye shall have peace.

PEACE to the sad, bereavèd one,
Consumed with grief,
Stripped and bereft so sore that none
Can bring relief.
It is a Father's hand, though so severe ;
He will be more than all thou held'st so dear,
His grace and love abide thine heart to cheer
With His sweet peace.

PEACE to the anxious waiters, though
So near despair,
Who wrestle on when hope seems low,
Toiling in prayer ;
God has designed for thee blessings in store ;
Wait on and murmur not, trust Him yet more ;
He cannot fail thy trust, His Word is sure,
Bringing thee peace.

PEACE to the much perplexèd saint,
Who wisdom needs ;
Bewildered, sad, distressed and faint,
Direction pleads ;
Sweet thought, that in thy maze, He " holds thy hand,"
Leading thee step by step, just where He planned ;
" Trust, where thou can'st not trace," nor understand.
"Twill end in peace.

PEACE to the tried believer, though
Afflictions sore
Make thee, in suffering, something know
Of what He bore ;
E'en in thy direst hour no flame shall harm,
Christ in the wildest storm forbids alarm,
Breathing in thy distress a quiet calm,
A holy peace.

PEACE—ah, what peace !—when God at last,
Shall call us home ;
Safe through death's valley, Jordan past,
Gladly we come.
Farewell to all that marred our peace below ;
To bathe in depths which here we cannot know,
Sweet rest unspeakable, ne'er to forego
His perfect peace.

K. S.

"I WILL put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed ; it shall bruise thy head and thou shalt bruise His heel." This promise was literally fulfilled in the person of our Lord Jesus Christ. Satan bruised His heel when he tempted Him for forty days together in the wilderness ; he bruised His heel when he raised up strong persecution against Him during the time of His public ministry. He, in an especial manner, bruised His heel when our Lord complained that His soul was exceeding sorrowful even unto death, and He sweat great drops of blood, falling upon the ground in the garden. He bruised His heel when he put it into the heart of Judas to betray Him ; and he bruised Him yet most of all when his emissaries nailed Him to an accursed tree, and our Lord cried out, " My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me ? " Yet in all this the blessed Jesus, the Seed of the woman, bruised Satan's accursed head ; for, in that He was tempted He was able to succour them that are tempted. By dying, He destroyed him that had the power of death, that is, the devil.—*George Whitefield*, 1760.

SERMON BY THE LATE MR. FENNER.

PREACHED AT EBENEZER CHAPEL, HASTINGS, AUGUST 7TH, 1864.

"As new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the Word, that ye may grow thereby."—1 PETER ii. 2.

HERE are two things chiefly in the text: the first relates to the characters spoken to, and to whom the exhortation belongs, "new born babes;" and the second is, the advice given to them, to "desire the sincere milk of the Word."

First, then, here is the new birth set forth: "As new born babes, desire the sincere milk of the Word." It does not mean natural babes, of course, but spiritual babes, for there are two births in this world: the one when born of their mother; the other by the regenerating work of the Spirit of God, when they are said to be new born babes. There is a great deal of talk about the new birth, some say one thing and some another. But whatever is said about it, it is certain that true regeneration is not known to any but the elect of God. The Lord said to Nicodemus, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." And the kingdom of God is in the child of God, for it is said, "The kingdom of God is within you," and it is in "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." In those who partake of the righteousness of Christ, the work and fruit thereof are joy and peace in the Holy Ghost. And they that have experience of this, have the kingdom of God within them. But none have it except they are partakers of the new birth, they have no eyes to see the kingdom of God. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." All things and matters pertaining to the kingdom of God are hid from him; but they that are new born babes are brought to know them. Hence the Lord says to His divine Father, "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes"—that is, new born babes—"even so Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight." There is no entering into the kingdom of God—whatever is meant by it—but by partaking of the new birth. "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God:" there is no entering into the place of God, which is heaven, there is no entering into the true Church state; and the person that is not a partaker of the new birth is dead to God and His spiritual service; for the new birth is the implantation of new life; and partakers of it are quickened from the death of the fall, in which they were sunk by nature: "You hath He quickened,

who were dead in trespasses and sins." The natural man knows not that which is spiritual, he is a stranger to it, as we read, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned;" and he has no such discernment. Wherefore the child of God is something different from all others. He has life which others know nothing of, he is a partaker of food which they know nothing of. "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth; because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes; even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

Now, they that are partakers of the new birth, partake of it from God: "Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, but of God." It comes from God, and God alone. It comes down from heaven, it does not spring up from the earth. The grace of God that comes into the heart, is the free-grace gift of God to His people: "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." He is the Father of His people, as He is called the Father of lights; all that comes to them comes from above, and is heavenly (and in the exercise of the person), drawing that person away from carnal things and matters. This new birth is from the Spirit of God: "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." Some say water baptism is meant, but that is not the case. It means except a man is born of the Word of life by the Spirit of God, he cannot enter the kingdom of God. Therefore the new birth is godly in its nature, godly in its affections, and godly in its motions; and is so with all the grace of God that constitutes the new man of grace.

It is said of the fear of the Lord, "The fear of the Lord is clean;" so godly in its nature. "The fear of the Lord is to hate evil;" so godly in its affections. "The fear of the Lord is to depart from evil;" so godly in its motions. "Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever"; that Word, that is Spirit and life, which is Spirit and everlasting life; therefore that which is born of God, by the Spirit of God, is in its nature spiritual. "That which is born of the Spirit is spirit"; and as it is spiritual life within, it hath to do with that which is spiritual. Now, there are two things and matters which it has to do with: one is the spiritual law of God; the other is the Gospel of God. Mr. Huntington, speaking of spiritual life in the soul, says, "When life enters the

soul, the law which lays at the door, now enters in its spirituality, and then conviction of sin begins and follows on until the person finds deliverance by the Lord, in the application of redemption to his heart and conscience." The new birth, therefore, in its nature and exercise, is a cleaving unto God ; and what for ? For the salvation of Christ to be applied, and for deliverance from the bondage of sin, unto the service of God. Now, bear in mind, I am not speaking of the new birth as experienced and enjoyed by the child of God that is advanced in spiritual life, for in the family of God there are babes, as well as little children, young men, and fathers ; these may know their interest in Christ, enjoy it and serve the Lord, live a godly life, love the Lord, His worship, will, and righteous ways, and as they enjoy His love, it kindles their love to Him ; but I am speaking to the babes : " As new-born babes desire the sincere milk of the Word." And if there are any of you here that are grown up to strong young men and fathers in Christ, perhaps it will not come amiss to you, my treating of babes. I am sure of this, the exercise of such souls should be in sympathy towards other children of God, have love to them, and a desire for their spiritual profit. Hence Paul says, "To the weak became I as weak, that I might gain the weak." I was as you are, you will be as I am, by the Lord's teaching and grace of God ; therefore I feel double love to you and sympathy with you.

Now, observe concerning the new birth. The Lord said to Nicodemus, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth : so is every one that is born of the Spirit." Hence every person that is born of the Spirit of God, is born of that blessed Spirit as a blowing wind ; for that is what is meant. If you look at the references, you will find it refers to that verse in Isaiah, "The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry ? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field ; the grass withereth, the flower fadeth ; because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it : surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth : but the Word of our God shall stand for ever." Now, in the chapter before that in which the text is, Peter quotes that verse, and applies it to the new birth, for he says, "Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever. For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away : but the Word of the Lord endureth for ever. And this is the Word which by the Gospel is preached unto you." What then is meant by the words of Christ concerning regeneration

being like a blowing wind? Why, that wind cuts up all the goodness of man. "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth." The regenerating work of the Spirit of God here blows away everything in the person that he has hoped in, looked to, and leaned on; all legal strivings in the way of religion; all false props; all self-righteousness; the blessed Spirit of God cuts up the whole. And what then? Why, the person becomes a dreary, desolate wilderness. Then the soul becomes clearly the character for that great salvation Christ has completed, and for the plenitude of grace in Him. Therefore such a desolate and destitute soul becomes the character God will regard and hear. "He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer." What then? Being destitute, he is poor in spirit, and here is an evidence of regeneration: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." "Thy blessing is upon Thy people." God has "commanded the blessing in Zion, even life for evermore." There is life in that soul that is full of destitution. What then? Such poor persons become needy; being quickened, being regenerated, they feel their poverty of soul. And the soul which is convinced of this need is exercised by the Spirit of God, and is in concern about his state and case, and in that sense of need after that which he is destitute of. And what do such feel to need? Why, the very things the Lord will bestow in His good time. What *do* they feel to need? Why, what the publican did, mercy to forgive him: "God be merciful to me a sinner." What David did, when shut up in soul: "O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul." They will feel to need evidence of interest in the righteousness of Christ: "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." They will feel their need of salvation applied; they will feel their need of the grace of God to supply their need; they will feel at times dead, dark, cold, and shut up, and so they will be taught to feel their need of these things: for it is said, "The heir, as long as he is a child, differeth nothing from a servant, but is under tutors and governors until the time appointed of the father. Even so we, when we were children, were in bondage under the elements of the world:" so these new born babes are longing for mercy to forgive them, for salvation to deliver them, and the grace of God to supply the inward need of the soul. These are babes, they are called babes; and you know a babe is weak, and so are these.

The Lord has promised to strengthen the weak hands and confirm the feeble knees; but before the strength comes, they feel to be weak; they are weak-hearted: "Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not: behold, your God will come, with

vengeance, even God with a recompence; He will come and save you." They are weak in faith, for as respecting the grace of faith within them they know nothing of it to their comfort. But there are things in those that are babes which bespeak the true work of God in them. One thing is withdrawing from the world: "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing: and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be My sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." Another thing is cleaving to the cause of Christ; if they are where that cause is, they will find social feelings, and in these social feelings they will feel to love those they believe to be brethren: "We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren" (1 John iii. 14). They will hunger for spiritual provision, for there is an aching void, which nothing but the grace of God can supply; and this they will crave as much as a hungry man craves food, or a thirsty man craves drink. But they are confused respecting their desires. It is said: "The flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh: and these are contrary the one to the other: so that ye cannot do the things that ye would" (Gal. v. 17). And these opposing desires confuse these babes, so that they do not know they have the right desire. The best proof of this is, what is the object of their desires? and what the end? Now if it is the things of Christ—the things that accompany salvation—they are after and desire, their desires are of the right stamp. Christ says, "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them" (Mark xi. 24). The things of God, the things of the Spirit of God, the things that tend to godliness, if their desires are after these things, they are right desires. The ministry of the Gospel affords instruction to such characters as the text speaks to, "New born babes, desiring the sincere milk of the Word, that they may grow thereby." Speaking to them, conversing with them in a way to meet their case, showing them they are new born babes, and pressing them to desire that which is best for them, namely, the true milk of the Word. The Word of God, as it comes from Him, comes differently from any other quarter: "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life" (John vi. 63). "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy Word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart" (Jer. xv. 16)—this is the true milk of the Word. And then there is the true Gospel of Christ: for when a man stands in the pulpit speaking sound words which cannot be condemned, there must be more than bare words theoretically spoken. Paul says, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth" (Rom. i. 16). And it is the Gospel of salvation, the

Gospel of the grace of God, and as such is refreshing food for the hungry soul. Peter says, "Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever" (1 Peter i. 23).

You know a new born babe sucks the breast of its mother, so it does spiritually. Paul speaking of Sarah and Hagar, says these represent the two Covenants. Hagar the bond-woman represents the Covenant of works, and her children are in bondage. But there is another Covenant, and this the Apostle mentions under the name of Jerusalem: "But Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all" (Gal. iv. 26). So that the Covenant of grace is the mother of all that are born of God, and they that are born of God are the children of this Covenant, and proceed from Christ, as He is the everlasting Father of His people; and said to be the Covenant *of the people*, and a Covenant *to the people*, by the grace of God. So that all that are born of God are born of Christ, and all proceeds from the Covenant of grace, from Sarah; for it is said of her, she is the mother of us all. This is the mother that has a full breast of sincere milk, which is the true Gospel of Christ, not the Gospel preached by any man. No! but that which is preached by Christ. If Christ is not in the man, it is not the true Gospel: "Ye seek a proof," says Paul, "of Christ speaking in me, which in you is mighty" (2 Cor. xiii. 3); and in Gal. i. 9, "If any man preach any other Gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed." Mr. Erskine says—

**"He cursed the heavenly angels down to hell
That daring, would another Gospel tell."**

Here then is the distinction, that that ye have experienced is the Gospel of Christ when it is so received and experienced. "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life" (John vi. 63). This must be more than mere speaking to the outward ear, for Christ preaches it home to the heart. "The words that *I speak unto you*;" and when He speaks them they are full of grace and life. It is said, "They wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of His mouth" (Luke iv. 22). Wherefore it is said in the text, "As new born babes, desire the sincere milk of the Word, that ye may grow thereby: if so be ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious" (1 Peter ii. 2, 3). If ye have tasted His Gospel, if it has come in the life and spirit of it to your heart, abide by this and cleave to this, and be earnest with the Lord, that ye may suck thereof, and so be strengthened and refreshed and grow thereby: "As new born babes, desire the sincere milk of the Word, that ye might grow thereby."

Now that clause, "If so be ye have tasted that the Lord

is gracious ;" that is, if ye have found by experience that it is the true Gospel, and at times have felt it come to your heart, then it is more than the speaking of mere man to you ; and when you have so received it, there stick and abide, for it is in so doing you will grow and become strong. And there is a promise to these, for in speaking of Jerusalem the Lord says, "Ye may suck, and be satisfied with the breasts of her consolations ; that ye may milk out, and be delighted with the abundance of her glory" (Isaiah lxvi. 11).

And now we come to the last clause of our text, "That ye may grow thereby ;" but this would require a sermon to itself, there is so much in it, so I must leave it at present ; but all scriptures that speak of it, speak of it as being by the Spirit of God. May the Lord add a blessing.

"I'M BUT A BRUISED REED."

"A bruised reed shall He not break."—MATTHEW xii. 20.

To Jesus oft I make complaints,
For pity often plead ;
For, ranked among the weakest saints,
I'm but a bruised reed.

But little outward life I show,
And weak in word and deed,
But He'll not quench the smoking tow,
Nor break the bruised reed.

How many saints as frail as I
I love and fain would lead,
But I to Him can only cry,
For I'm a bruised reed.

But mercy Jesus ever shows ;
He break me ? no indeed !
He's full of love, and well He knows
I'm but a bruised reed.

Then let me lean upon His love,
In all my wants and needs,
While He prepares the place above
For all His bruised reeds.

"WITHOUT holiness no man shall see the Lord." No man can make himself holy ; but every believer in Jesus shall see the Lord. Christ of God is made sanctification to them.—*Mason.*

THE SHEPHERD'S VOICE.

"My sheep hear My voice."—JOHN x. 27.

THE sheep of Christ possess three marks by which they are distinguished from all beside. They are led by the Shepherd, fed by the Shepherd, and taught by the Shepherd. They follow Him as their Leader; He supplies all their need; and they hear His voice. Jesus speaks to His people in many ways, so that it is an ever-present truth, "My sheep hear My voice;" they "know" it (verse 4), and "follow" Him (verse 27). Goats, carnal professors, hypocrites, and all those who assume a spirituality which (not being accompanied with humility) is manifestly spurious, know nothing savingly of the glory, sweetness, majesty and power of that voice. Christ's sheep alone understand and know Him. Jesus speaks in His

WORD.

It is His voice heard in it which gives it power to comfort, correct, instruct, and support. The Shepherd's voice makes the Word efficacious to the accomplishment of His purpose, producing gracious effects in the heart and life. His voice is heard in the

GOSPEL.

His sheep resort to His earthly courts, desiring to hear the voice of their heavenly King speaking to them in Gospel promises and invitations. When the Shepherd calls, willingness and power to obey are imparted by His voice. In this lies the difference between Law and Gospel. The Law commands but gives no strength to do its precepts. The Shepherd's voice speaking through and in the Gospel makes it so exceedingly precious as good tidings of the salvation which it brings. If the Lord says, "Seek ye My face," the humbled heart replies, "Thy face, Lord, will I seek" (Psalm xxvii. 8). If He says, "Come unto Me" (Matt. xi. 28), the listening sheep replies—

"Lo, glad I come, and Thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee as I am."

In this way the sheep prove that His biddings are enablings. Then His voice is heard in His

SPIRIT,

secretly witnessing with our spirits (Rom. viii. 16) in many ways. This "still small voice" is sometimes silenced or over-

powered by other sounds, by the din and confusion of our own multitudinous thoughts, by the uprisings of inward corruption, by the ceaseless turmoil of worldly cares and anxieties, by the carnal reasonings of unbelief, and by a thousand other things. Nevertheless in the "afterward," when sanctified trial has produced the peaceable fruit of righteousness (Heb. xii. 11), the "still small voice," in the quiet of humble resignation, brings its message of mercy very gently to the meekened heart. We do well to take heed to the exhortation, "Quench not the Spirit" (1 Thess. v. 19). Again, the Shepherd speaks in the

Rod.

"Hear ye the rod" is His command (Micah vi. 9). The rod of Divine chastening tells only of love. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth" (Heb. xii. 6). It is one of the greatest mercies, both of sheep and lambs, not to be left without chastisement, "whereof all are partakers" (Heb. xii. 8). Doubts arise as to an interest in His love, fears suggest that the discipline is for destruction; but the attentive ear of faith discerns sooner or later the Shepherd's voice in the rod declaring His love.

How blessedly the Lord Jesus sometimes speaks in His

PROVIDENCE.

Sweetest instruction is often given by deep outward trials. Friends fail, turn against us, or die; this teaches us the futility of trusting in the creature. Difficulties at first regarded as light, at length prove to be insurmountable; this teaches us the insufficiency of our own wisdom and strength. Disappointment disturbs and perplexes our mind: this teaches us the unreliability of our best-laid plans, and the necessity of submitting to His overruling hand, which, controlling all things, crosses our schemes in the exercise of His boundless goodness.

The voice of the Good Shepherd is also heard at the throne of glory in

INTERCESSION

on behalf of His sheep, as their Representative before the face of the Father. Every blessing comes to them because Jesus pleads for them. Therefore it is in His name all prevailing prayer ascends to the ear of the Majesty on high. Faith commits the cause (of whatever kind, nature, or degree) into the hands of the Advocate, who undertakes for every sinner who comes unto God by Him (Heb. vii. 25). Here all is well, all is safe, all secure. Our prayers are answered, and our persons accepted. The mercy-seat is sprinkled round with

BLOOD,

and this speaks better things than that of Abel (Heb. xii. 24), for it speaks peace and reconciliation (Col. i. 14). It tells of the removal of sin and of the cleansing of the sinner (1 John i. 7).

Now, while the voice of the Shepherd is heard in these so-numerous and so-blessed ways, it is known and recognized by the

EFFECTS

it produces in those who hear it. The voice of the Lord Jesus is effectual in *calling* His sheep from darkness to light, from death to life. It conveys both light and life, as it did to Lazarus, causing him to rise from the dead, and to come forth from the darkness of the grave to the feet of Jesus. Yes! the voice of the Shepherd always calls His sheep to Himself. From the beginning of divine life in the soul all the way through the pilgrimage Jesus continually calls, "*Come unto Me.*" In almost every dispensation and trial that voice cries, "Come unto Me," could we but understand it; and at the final consummation He will say to those on His right hand—"Come" (Matt. xxv. 34). His voice is also always effectual in *separating*. In calling them to Himself, He separates them from all beside. Drawn to Him, they are separated from the world, from all false confidences, from creature helps, from fleshly reliances, and from self in all its forms. Thus dealt with, the sheep obeys and follows his Shepherd, and the nearer he gets to Him, the more clearly the sheep hears His voice *teaching* and instructing. Divine teaching is continuous. Wisdom's lessons are imparted "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little," as the feeble ones are able to bear it. Lambs often expect to hear the Shepherd's voice only in comforting accents, and almost always refuse to believe it is His voice when He corrects, instructs, or commands. This is very, very foolish, and shows but a shallow knowledge of spiritual things. Sheep who really know the voice of Jesus know that while it teaches, it *enables*, giving strength to obey its behests. He commands, and it is done. He speaks, and His word accomplishes His will, whether in the creation of a universe, or in a most minute turn of circumstances. Everything is ordered and disposed by the Shepherd's voice. Moreover, His word is *abiding* (John xv. 7). He never says and unsays. There is no "yea and nay" as with men, it is all "yea and Amen."

Bath.

E. C.

THERE is nothing God has promised in the Bible, but it is all yours in Christ.—*Romaine.*

AN EXTRACT.

It is no wonder that, when God would reveal Himself, He goes out of our common speaking one to another, and expresseth Himself in a way peculiar to Himself, and such as is suitable and proper to His own nature and glory. Hence, as when He speaks of Himself, and His own eternal essence, He saith, "I am that I am;" so when He speaks of Himself with reference to His creatures, and especially to His people, He saith, "I am." He doth not say, "I am their friend, their father, or their protector." He doth not say, "I am their light, their life, their guide, their strength, or tower;" but only "I am." He sets, as it were, His hand to a blank, that His people may write under it what they please, that is good for them. As if He should say, "Are they weak? I am strength. Are they poor? I am riches. Are they in trouble? I am comfort. Are they sick? I am health. Are they dying? I am life. Have they nothing? I am all things. I am wisdom and power, I am justice and mercy, I am grace and goodness, I am glory, beauty, holiness, eminency, super-eminency, perfection, all-sufficiency, eternity, Jehovah, I am. Whatsoever is suitable to their nature, or convenient for them in their several conditions, that I am. Whatsoever is amiable in itself, or desirable unto them, that I am. Whatsoever is pure and holy, whatsoever is great or pleasant, whatsoever is good or needful to make men happy, that I am." So that, in short, God here represents Himself unto us as a universal good, and leaves us to make the application of it to ourselves, according to our several wants, capacities, and desires, by saying only in general, "I am."—*Beveridge*.

A JUSTIFIED sinner is never one whit more righteous in the sight of God to the day of his death, than he was the first moment he believed on the Son of God.—*Mason*.

WHEN thou canst not find that thou hast by prayer obtained that particular blessing thou didst beg of God, yet thou feelest thy heart after thy prayer cheered much, and thy inward comfort and assurance of God's favour increased thereby; this is such an answer as is best of all. In old time, God was wont to answer and give testimony unto the prayers of His servants by sending fire from heaven to consume their sacrifices; and as God was wont to answer His people, and to testify His approbation and liking of their prayers and service by fire, so doth He now use by His Holy Spirit to testify that He is well pleased with the prayers of His people, warming and comforting their hearts thereby.—*Samuel Hildersham*, 1625.

THE SEEKER'S CORNER.

DEAR PASTOR,—Last Sabbath evening, on leaving chapel, how I longed to speak from the abundance of my heart of the good things I had received through the preached Word, but I felt dumb; and I often feel it is a mark against me that I am so backward in speaking on divine things. It is, I really believe, over four years since I had such a blessed time of hearing as I did then, and I quite expected, as I said to you, that on Monday morning it would all have passed away; but to my joy and surprise it was not so. I went into the chapel as full of the world, its business and cares, as I could be, and as I sat down I thought of the vain conversation I had on the way thither, and felt condemned on that account, but breathed a prayer to God that only Christ might be shut in with me within the doors, and all the world shut out; and, to His praise, I must say He did answer that prayer in a large measure, and when Mr. W—— gave out that sweet hymn, “O Zion, afflicted with wave upon wave,” I was completely overcome with the love it contained, and I had the sweet feeling of Christ standing by me, and speaking all that hymn to me personally. And then, to crown it all, you took that sweet text for the sermon, “I am the Lord that healeth thee.” If any one in that building needed to be healed, I am sure it was me. You did not mention a complaint to which pilgrims to Zion are heirs, but what I could feel I was, or had been at some time, a partaker of. I have been in such a sad state for so long past—so indifferent, so cold, so dark, that I was surprised beyond measure at the goodness of the Lord in thus giving me such an undeserved token of His love. How it melted me down in the dust of self-abasement, and I felt I could not thank Him half enough for His sweet visit.

On the following morning I was awake early, and had not the slightest wish to close my eyes again, for it was so charming to meditate on the love and goodness of God to a poor sinful worm of earth, and I have seemed to live during the whole week in the enjoyment of it.

“More frequent let Thy visits be,
Or let them longer last;”
I can do nothing without Thee,
Make haste, O God, make haste.”

I had a good time also on Wednesday last, but not to be compared with the feast of good things I had last Lord's Day evening. Truly I could say of that occasion, “He took me into His banqueting house, and His banner over me was

love." When under the sweet influence of His love, it nukes me say—

"O could I know and love and serve Him more,
And all His wondrous grace explore,
Ne'er would I covet man's esteem,
But part with all, and follow Him."

I feel sorry so many have been taken from our midst by death. How I should rejoice to see others coming forward to fill the vacant places; yea, more than fill the vacancies, if it could be the will of God. He is able to bring them from far and near.

I feel concerning writing this testimony to the honour of His blessed name, that if I did not mention it either by mouth or pen the very stones would cry out against me, and if I had met with any of the Lord's dear people during the week, I feel I should have been able to talk with them as I seldom feel I can. Once or twice you have asked me to call on you. I have thought "No, I cannot go and see Mr. —; his one subject would be the best things; no, I can't go there, for he, as well as the other members of the Church have seen through me, what a hypocrite and deceiver I am, and good would it have been for me if I had not gone amongst them; they are all the Lord's favoured ones, but I seem to have only a profession without a possession." But oh, what a different feeling comes over me when I can feel I have an interest in the everlasting Covenant, when I can sit beneath His shadow with sweet delight, and find His fruit to be sweet to my taste. 'Tis then I can say—

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

You brought to my remembrance this morning, one Sabbath evening at Eastbourne, when, at the Lord's table, I was begging for a token of His love, and those words came with sweetness and power, "Fear not: I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art Mine." What a change it wrought in a moment!

But I must leave off, duties require my attention. May the Lord bless your labours in the ministry, as well as by other means, is the prayer and desire of your unworthy young friend,

October 28th, 1900.

RUTH MAXTED.

The writer of the above letter has recently entered into rest.

ALL the floods of sin can never extinguish God's love to His people; but one single drop of sin upon the believer's conscience will extinguish his peace.—*Mason.*

TIME'S CHANGES.

THE years revolve with silent, even pace,
 Accomplishing the purpose of God's grace;
 Time urges on its swift, resistless flight;
 But thou, its chariot-wheels are tracked with light,
 The circling course of every passing day
 Shows our Lord's will, and does His love display.

Strange is the scene unfolded to our view,
 And unexpected are Time's changes too;
 Yet all are in His hands, whose skill and grace
 Make all things work for good; and faith can trace
 Our Father's hand in every rod and cross,
 We see His mercy in each pain and loss.

The Lord is good! a sure Stronghold is He;
 He reigns and rules, and makes a pathway free
 Through trials, snares, and in the wilderness,
 The Lord in blessing us does alway bless.
 Why should we dread the future? why distrust
 A God so faithful, merciful, and just?

Our days are numbered, and the Covenant sure
 Ordains the needed strength while they endure;
 Suffoient is His grace, in every state
 Securing all who humbly on Him wait.
 Therefore 'tis not in vain we lift our voice,
 Defy Time's changes, and in God rejoice.

Bath.

E. C.

Why does a believer rate himself a poor sinner? Because he really is so, and he hates hypocrisy. The sense of his poverty drives him to a rich Christ, to receive daily out of His fulness. The sense of his sinnership makes Jesus precious to him as a Saviour.—*Mason.*

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

WHEN a sinner is deeply convinced of sin, the law, at God's command, arrests him with its curse, and binds him with chains of guilt. Now terrors from the Lord beset him round about, and fill him with fear and shame and confusion of face. These troubles are bound upon him, and are greater or less, longer or shorter, as God sees best for the sinner's present humiliation and future safety.—*Berridge.*

love." When under the sweet influence of His love, it makes me say—

"O could I know and love and serve Him more,
And all His wondrous grace explore,
Ne'er would I covet man's esteem,
But part with all, and follow Him."

I feel sorry so many have been taken from our midst by death. How I should rejoice to see others coming forward to fill the vacant places; yea, more than fill the vacancies, if it could be the will of God. He is able to bring them from far and near.

I feel concerning writing this testimony to the honour of His blessed name, that if I did not mention it either by mouth or pen the very stones would cry out against me, and if I had met with any of the Lord's dear people during the week, I feel I should have been able to talk with them as I seldom feel I can. Once or twice you have asked me to call on you. I have thought "No, I cannot go and see Mr. —; his one subject would be the best things; no, I can't go there, for he, as well as the other members of the Church have seen through me, what a hypocrite and deceiver I am, and good would it have been for me if I had not gone amongst them; they are all the Lord's favoured ones, but I seem to have only a profession without a possession." But oh, what a different feeling comes over me when I can feel I have an interest in the everlasting Covenant, when I can sit beneath His shadow with sweet delight, and find His fruit to be sweet to my taste. 'Tis then I can say—

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

You brought to my remembrance this morning, one Sabbath evening at Eastbourne, when, at the Lord's table, I was begging for a token of His love, and those words came with sweetness and power, "Fear not: I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art Mine." What a change it wrought in a moment!

But I must leave off, duties require my attention. May the Lord bless your labours in the ministry, as well as by other means, is the prayer and desire of your unworthy young friend,

October 28th, 1900.

RUTH MAXTED.

The writer of the above letter has recently entered into rest.

ALL the floods of sin can never extinguish God's love to His people; but one single drop of sin upon the believer's conscience will extinguish his peace.—*Mason.*

TIME'S CHANGES.

THE years revolve with silent, even pace,
 Accomplishing the purpose of God's grace;
 Time urges on its swift, resistless flight;
 But then, its chariot-wheels are tracked with light,
 The circling course of every passing day
 Shows our Lord's will, and does His love display.

Strange is the scene unfolded to our view,
 And unexpected are Time's changes too;
 Yet all are in His hands, whose skill and grace
 Make all things work for good; and faith can trace
 Our Father's hand in every rod and cross,
 We see His mercy in each pain and loss.

The Lord is good! a sure Stronghold is He;
 He reigns and rules, and makes a pathway free
 Through trials, snares, and in the wilderness,
 The Lord in blessing us does alway bless.
 Why should we dread the future? why distrust
 A God so faithful, merciful, and just?

Our days are numbered, and the Covenant sure
 Ordains the needed strength while they endure;
 Sufficent is His grace, in every state
 Securing all who humbly on Him wait.
 Therefore 'tis not in vain we lift our voice,
 Defy Time's changes, and in God rejoice.

Bath.

E. C.

WHY does a believer rate himself a poor sinner? Because he really is so, and he hates hypocrisy. The sense of his poverty drives him to a rich Christ, to receive daily out of His fulness. The sense of his sinnership makes Jesus precious to him as a Saviour.—*Mason.*

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

WHEN a sinner is deeply convinced of sin, the law, at God's command, arrests him with its curse, and binds him with chains of guilt. Now terrors from the Lord beset him round about, and fill him with fear and shame and confusion of face. These troubles are bound upon him, and are greater or less, longer or shorter, as God sees best for the sinner's present humiliation and future safety.—*Berridge.*

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY VERY DEAR ALICE,—Please don't think I have forgotten you because I have not written to you before. I assure you it is not so, as I feel sure there is a soul union between us which nothing can ever break. I thank you for your letter of yesterday ; I was so glad to get it ; always write when you are so lody. You say you don't think you ought to address me as sister, but you have been tried about it. Well, I am glad you have. You may think this strange, but everything which is of the Lord must be tried ; a faith without being tried is no faith at all. "Grace, though the *smallest*, will surely be tried." "The Lord trieth the righteous." I am tried exactly the same, even on the account of your addressing me thus, fearing I am not the character you are led to believe I am. Then you are afraid lest you should deceive me. Oh, dear Alice, the hypocrite has none of these fears, but the living child, under the gracious influence of the blessed Spirit, realizes in some measure the awfulness of being deceived, and therefore fears it. When dead in a profession, I had *none* of these fears, I was perfectly satisfied, but now I am the subject of *many* fears. May the Lord Himself richly bless you and lead you, and teach you ; none teacheth like Him ; He teacheth to profit. Oh, pray earnestly for His guidance and direction, and in His time, which is the right time, He will open up the way, and you will then *have to follow Him*. "My soul, wait thou only upon God." He is never behind in any of His dealings ; the time was fixed from all eternity, and the place you shall fill. May He give you faith and patience to look to Him and wait His time.

Dear Alice, in your former letter you say you don't think you ought to have written while so unhappy and distressed ; now, this is what has brought about the union between us. If you knew nothing of distress and confusion, I should not find a companion in you. The dear Lord is a Sovereign, and not two in His family does He lead alike ; nevertheless, He wounds every one before He heals, and what soul is there that He has wounded that is not in distress ? You must not think I am a stranger to this. I was so glad to hear about you. I do sincerely hope and pray that He will make us helpers one of the other ; I am truly, truly glad you were raised up. Now, my dear sister, I must conclude this poor scrawl. But oh, it is most unworthy, so far below what it should be. O Lord, pardon all the wrong, cover it with precious, precious blood. With kindest love, yours affectionately in the best of all bonds,

January 22nd, 1897.

ANNIE.



JOHN MILTON.

LINES BY MILTON IN HIS OLD AGE.

THIS poem of Milton's was discovered, and published in the Oxford edition of the poet's works.

There is in it a deep and significant spirit, which teaches the lesson of thankfulness to God, under all circumstances, since there is no position in society, no condition in life, that has not its compensation and peculiar blessings.

I am old and blind !
 Men point to me as smitten by God's frown,
 Afflicted and deserted of my mind—
 Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong—
 I murmur not that I no longer see—
 Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
 Father supreme ! to thee.

O merciful One.
 When men are farthest, then Thou art most near ;
 When friends pass by, my weakness shun,
 Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
 Is leaning towards me—and its holy light
 Shines in upon my lonely dwelling place,
 And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
 I recognise Thy purpose clearly shown—
 My vision Thou hast dimmed that I may see
 Thyself, Thyself alone.

I have nought to fear ;
 This darkness is the shadow of thy wing—
 Beneath it I am almost sacred—here
 Can come no evil thing.

Oh ! I seem to stand
 Trembling where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
 Wrapped in the radiance of Thy sinless land,
 Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go—
 Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng—
 From angel's lips I seem to hear the flow
 Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
 When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,
 When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
 The earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime
 My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
 Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
 Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
 I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;
 Within my bosom glows unearthly fire
 Lit by no skill of mine.

THE LATE MR. JOSEPH TANNER, OF CIRENCESTER.

(Concluded from page 127.)

“I FIRST stood up in the name of the Lord, in much fear and trembling, to attempt to preach the Gospel on the evening of Christmas Day, 1845.” For some year or two previously his mind had been much exercised about this matter, fearing lest he should run unsent, and after he began, solemn temptations followed; yet, as we shall see, the Lord drew him with the cords of love, and he followed on. Four months afterward, he says:—“I felt last night a little softness of heart and a drawing out in some little meditation on the dear Lord Jesus. His love, mercy, and grace to poor sinners engaged my heart. I wondered at His grace, and I felt a willingness to be His, to serve Him and to obey Him, whether in speaking or keeping silence. I am at times astonished at the freeness of God’s grace and mercy. Nothing, brother Morse, like experience. Oh, how suitable are salvation grace and mercy to the poor, the guilty, the lost, the needy, the helpless, the blind, the lame! All these descriptions of state and character so suit my soul’s condition, that they make me love the grace and mercy that are for such, that can save such, and reach such. I cannot speak of anything but mercy and grace, and what endears the precious Lord Jesus to me is, that He is full of it; all of it is in Him, and He is all of it. I want the Lord to give me one sweet sealing in my soul, if my preaching be of and from Him. Power is what I want.” Some months further on, he writes:—“Sometimes I am in hard bondage in the pulpit; last night, I believe, I was blest in my soul more than I have been before. Ah, my brother, it was worth long travelling for to experience the sweetness of His precious kisses, His abounding grace, His endless, boundless love. How my soul loved Him! How He condescended to manifest His glorious Person to me, in His suitability to my necessities as a guilty, filthy, wretched, lost, and rebellious sinner! I felt it to be my very soul’s desire to exalt Him; it was meat and drink to do His will

He gave me a very sweet token of His love, which so filled my soul that it ran over and out of my mouth. Oh, bless His holy name! I now feel that had I a thousand hearts I could give them all to Him, and had I a thousand souls, I would call upon all of them to bless His precious name for all that He has done for me! I cannot love Him enough, or exalt Him sufficiently." Further on he says:—"My preaching is worse than ever; solemn feelings and a very deep sight of my ignorance and helplessness have prostrated me in the dust, but I hope I felt a little, asking the Lord for wisdom, for I did truly lack it. What a privilege is real access in prayer! What humility, life and power there is in real prayer. It moves heaven, earth, and hell. Neither brazen gates, iron bars, nor Satan with all hell, can stop or resist prayer. I cannot tell one thousandth part of the wonders done by the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous. I am a poor creature at this—mostly too strong, this wonderful weapon being wielded best by weakest saints. But I bless a Three-One God, I know what it is at times to have sweet liberty, freedom, and access at the mercy seat! We increase a little in numbers here, and sometimes fifty attend on a Lord's Day evening when I am at home. Amongst them are more than twenty for whom I hope, and a few I believe, are living souls. I have had a great deal of soul trouble concerning the chapel we have been thinking and talking about. I have been left alone, but I feel persuaded, if my eye be single, the Lord will not leave me to sink under the burden of it. The cost will be £360, not seated nor pewed. The friends have considered me as their pastor, and dealt with me as such. I have felt a readiness to stand or fall with them, and a solemn pleasure in being enabled by the Lord to serve them altogether free with that little ability He has given me, and to help them bear their burden. The *old man* likes none of this. He has often settled it not to tire and wear himself out and neglect business for preaching, unless he could get at least something for it. Oh, serpentine indeed is old nature."

Mr. Tanner for several years kept a very concise diary, in which we find various records of his own spiritual exercises, several records of baptisms, amongst them his own daughters, and the visits and sermons of many well-known ministers, including Mr. Philpot, J. Kershaw, W. Tiptaft, G. Hazelrigg, Mr. Mortimer, Mr. Grace, and others.

"In the Autumn of 1860," says Mr. J. C. Philpot, "having gone to Cirencester to fulfil an engagement to preach there, it pleased the Lord to lay upon me an attack of illness, which confined me to Mr. Tanner's house for about three weeks, and I am sure nothing

could exceed the affectionate kindness and attention which I received during that time from both himself and every member of his family. It was then, however, for the first time that I might be said really to know him, for his natural shyness of disposition and the low views which he had of himself as a Christian and as a minister had much kept him back before from seeking my personal acquaintance. But during those three weeks we had at times much conversation upon the things of God, and I believe I may say that we both found we saw eye to eye, and, I trust, felt heart to heart, in the precious truths of the everlasting Gospel. He was a man of good, and, I may say, in some respects, deep experience of the life and power of God in the soul, knowing both law and Gospel in their application and manifestation to the conscience, beyond most men that we now meet with in the ministry, or out of it. This made his conversation savoury, sweet, and profitable, and his ministry very searching and experimental. He was also deeply afflicted, especially during the latter years of his life, with bodily suffering and internal disease, being scarcely ever free from pain, and sometimes very acute for a single quarter of an hour a day."

In the autumn of 1862 he was visited with a most severe, long, and lingering illness, during which he approached so near to death as few have ever experienced who have again been raised up; and, indeed, nothing but the most careful nursing and most eminent medical skill could, humanly speaking, have brought him back. During that illness he was much blessed and favoured in his soul, and longed to depart, as desirous to be with Christ, which he felt was far better than living a life of pain to himself, though of profit to others. At the commencement of this illness he was tried greatly in his mind to know whether, after all his profession, he had the reality of a living religion. After earnestly and ardently crying to the Lord for some token, he says, "The Lord dropped these words upon my soul, 'Yes, I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee'; but the marginal reading came into my mind, 'Therefore have I extended loving-kindness unto thee.' Upon the back of this I had such a sweet, solemn, and blessed sense of the pardon of all my sins come into my soul, which had been sealed in my conscience by the precious blood of Jesus about seventeen years before, and these words sweetly followed, 'And to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel.' I heard its voice in my soul proclaiming with power the pardon of all my sins—past, present, and to come—of thought, word, and deed, and original as well as actual sin. Oh, what majesty and power was there in the proclamation of pardon for

all my sin! and how sweetly flowed into my soul and conscience the peace of God, which truly passeth all understanding."

On Sunday, April 25th, 1863, he was again permitted, for the first time since August 24th, 1862, to enter the pulpit, and speak a few words in the name of the Lord, taking for his text Jeremiah xxxi. 3, which had been so much blessed to his soul. He continued his ministrations both at home and about amongst his friends. Being at Gower Street Chapel, London, in 1866, he writes:—"I have had many changes, and very much exercise of mind since I came here, also a great deal of suffering in my poor dying body, and yet am better in myself, and think I spoke as loud and strong last night as ever I did before. There was a large congregation, and a solemn stillness, and I hope I was a little helped in speaking of that which must be known and felt by those who will be found right with God in death. In feeling, I had one of the lowest sinking days I ever remember, yet, to my amazement, both morning and evening, I felt to be lifted above the fear of man, and hope and think I earnestly contended for a soul-saving religion as though it were the last time I should ever stand up in the name of a holy God to speak to my poor fellow sinners. Some spoke to me after the service, and said my feeble ministry had been in some measure a blessing to their souls. I wonder that one who feels so cold, ignorant, and full of everything but the right thing, should be heard by God's people, or owned of God to their souls."

The same year, after visiting Oakham, he writes to Mr. Knill:—"I promised your dear partner in life, when I left the Vicarage at Oakham, I would write a line to say how I got home. Through mercy, I arrived in safety, taking our dear H—— with me from Oxford, to stay a time, and found all as well as usual. When at your house, in the night of Saturday, I had such a visit that I seldom get. I was very poorly, and after a little sleep awoke with such a solemn feeling of the presence and blessing of the Lord that it fetched me out of bed on to my knees, where I confessed my sins, prayed, and praised. My poor heart was broken all to pieces, and crumbled in the dust, my soul was humbled within me, my tears flowed freely and long, neither could I stay them then, though often it is that I cannot find a tear. My very soul within me was as described by the poet—

"Dissolved by Thy goodness, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I found."

The tears were tears of godly sorrow and solemn joy, and I then felt as if I could preach a little to poor sinners of the power and preciousness of the Lord Jesus. I seemed full of matter, and my

poor body seemed strengthened with the favour of my soul. While it lasted I once more sang in and with my heart the first verse of Hart's hymn—

“ ‘ When Jesus with His mighty love
Visits my troubled breast,
My doubts subside, my fears remove,
And I'm completely blest.’ ”

I went to sleep, and after I awoke it was all gone. I never remember so to have lost all savour, sweetness, and power in such a manner. By it I was led a little into this Word of God : ‘ But we have this treasure in earthen (or leaky) vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us ’ ; and also, ‘ Power belongeth unto God,’ and that in this sense no man can retain the Spirit or keep alive his own soul.”

Previous to Mr. Tanner's last short illness, he had been unusually better in health, and remarked to a friend two days before his last fatal attack, how much better and stronger he felt.

On Tuesday morning, January 22nd, he was seized with severe sickness and spasmodic pain, and medical aid was called in. Every remedy was tried, but no blessing attended the means.

On the Saturday evening he raised his voice for the last time in audible prayer with his family, in a very solemn and impressive manner, commending each beloved member unto the kind protecting care and keeping of his heavenly Father.

On Thursday, January 31st, his sufferings became more and more excruciating, and he could speak very little. He said to his dear wife, “ The Lord is crushing me to death with His mercy and goodness ; do not pray for my recovery, for I am ‘ Weary of earth, myself, and sin.’ ” She remarked, “ ‘ The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.’ ” He said, “ Yes, yes,” and you will meet me in glory. The lot has fallen to you in pleasant places, and you have a goodly heritage. Don't weep, my dear, you can do better without me than I could do without you. The Lord bless you ! Oh, ‘ why are His chariot wheels so long in coming ? ’ ” She remarked, “ You find that sweet hymn, ‘ Rock of ages ’ precious still ? ” “ Yes. No other shelter for my poor soul.” When thinking of the little cause in Park Street, he said, “ My dear, stick close to the truth. No compromise, no compromise in religion.” All he craved was ice and cold water. He would repeat, “ Water, God's water, pure water.”

On February 8th I observed a visible change in his countenance. I inquired, “ Are you not so well ? ” With his sad eyes fixed steadfastly on me he said, “ Death ! death ! And oh, if after all my lamp should go out, if my religion should not be right, no covering for my head, oh, how dark, how dark ! A dying bed is a

solemn place to be brought to. Nothing but realities will do now."

He was tried and exercised about his ministry, and a dark cloud covered his soul for some hours; these were indeed bitter hours. Some time after, being asked if he was happy, he said, "All is right. It is well. My feet are on safe ground. I have no ecstasy. A poor sinner saved by free and unmerited grace. This is a solemn hour." I said, "We cannot help you now." "No," he replied, "none but Jesus, none but Jesus. The valley of the shadow of death is a dark place, and we must each go through it. You must die for yourself, you will have your own conflict." And he then repeated—

" 'In that dread moment, O to hide
Beneath His sheltering blood,
'Twill Jordan's icy waves divide,
And land my soul with God.' "

He was perfectly sensible to the last moment of his life. His dear son was the one who caught his last words. He was supporting his dying body when he tried to repeat that verse of Hart's—

" This pearl of price no works can claim,"

but the words died on his lips. After a few seconds, he said, "I leave this world of woe and strife. Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus!" which were the last he ever spoke. And thus on Sunday morning, February 10th, 1857, he entered into his eternal rest, aged fifty-nine years.

Saffron Walden.

R. F. R.

It is the property of every life not only to draw to itself things suitable, but to expel and impugn whatsoever is contrary and hurtful to it; so he that is a living man in Christ Jesus, though he hath the relics and the remainders of sin in him, yet he is sick of them, he fights against them, he resists them continually, as health resists sickness, or as a living fountain resists the mud that falls into it, it works it out, and doth not rest till it be clear again.—*John Preston.*

SIN is such a burden as will sink the soul down to hell, if it be not removed. And if any man feel it not to be a burden, it is because he is "dead in sin;" but where there is any life, the burden is very great. Repentance helps to remove the burden of sin; for when the soul repents, God forgives; and so the burden is taken away. The pardon of sin is that which takes away the burden of sin. And there must needs be sweetness in that which easeth the soul of such a burden as sin is.—*Matthew Mead.*

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

WE are pleased to insert the two following extracts which have been brought under our notice, considering them in full accordance with the simple form of Apostolic preaching, which is by some decried as dangerous. May the Lord ever enable us to hold fast the form of sound words given us in the Scriptures of truth :—

ANSWER TO ENQUIRY.

W. M. asks, Does God bless His Word to the conversion of sinners? If by the conversion of sinners in this question is meant the regeneration of their souls, we answer yes; for “of His own will begat He us with the Word of truth” (James i. 18). If being born again would be the expression W. M. would use to explain what he means by the word conversion in his query, we still answer yes, for we are “born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God” (1 Peter i. 23). Jesus said to Nicodemus, “Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.” That is, except a man be born of the Word as the instrument, and of the Spirit, as the efficient, “he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.” If by conversion W. M. intends what the word conversion more properly means, the turning of the soul to God, we again answer yes to the question, “Does God bless the Word to the conversion of sinners?” Paul said he was sent to the Gentiles “to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God” (Acts xxvi. 18). How else could he do this but by the Holy Ghost blessing the Word preached by him to this end? He and Barnabas so spake at Iconium that “a great multitude believed” (Acts xiv. 1). Jesus prayed for them that should believe on Him “through their Word” (John xvii. 20). The commission of Jesus to His servants is, “Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature” (Mark xvi. 15). How sad, then, that there should be found prominent members of Churches, and even ministers, who say the Gospel is not to be preached to “every creature,” but only to living souls. Error is often but the result of exaggerating the truth. It is grievous that so few can deliver God’s message to sinners as it stands in the Word without rushing into Fullerism; and few can declare the utter death and helplessness of the creature and the sovereignty of God without hiding or seeking to neutralise God’s Gospel proclamation to the world. Arminians, for fear of not having a creed that harmonizes, keep to a few texts, which they exaggerate into error. May the Lord keep us from a similar

mistake on the opposite side. We are anxious ever to warn the sinner of his danger, and to preach to him Jesus, the only possible way of escape; and, "knowing the terror of the Lord, to persuade men," and leave the Holy Spirit, by means of His truth, to bring the elect from death to life, and to the experience of being lost and found. We will give place to none in jealousy for soundness of doctrine, but we never desire that fancied soundness that makes us shrink from declaring "the whole counsel of God."

The universal scheme of Arminius and the indefinite scheme of Fuller, we are sure, are both erroneous. Our Calvinism is such as Calvin's was, or rather such as the Bible is. Preach the whole truth; use means as earnestly as if men's salvation depended upon your exertions; but depend entirely upon the Holy Spirit, by means of the Gospel, to gather out of the Gentiles a people for the Lord's name. We say with Calvin, "If it pleases the Lord, by means of the outward and universal proclamation of the Gospel, to gather His elect to Himself, who art thou that thou wouldest amend the ways of God?"—*S. Sears*.

TO MINISTERS OF CHRIST.

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

ON PREACHING TO THE UNCONVERTED.

(From a godly and experimental minister to a fellow-labourer.)

MY DEAR FRIEND,—“Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.” This shall be the motto of my answer to your last kind letter; but let me begin by begging you to write at any time, without reserve, in a brotherly way, to me, as, without attempting to impose my views upon you, I may from my own exercises be able to give a few hints. I am glad you received so encouraging a letter from Dr. L—. If I mistake not, you may warrantably thank the Lord for another “token for good” (Psalm lxxxvi. 17); but still, build not upon any man’s testimony too much, He that truly judgeth is the Lord. I can sympathise with you in the exercises mentioned in your letter. I believe a man exercised in the fear of God will be almost sure to have them. God tells us not to add to His Word nor to take from it. Paul writes about being free from the blood of all men, and declaring the whole counsel of God; and who that stands up to speak as in God’s name to men with immortal souls can help being affected with anxieties lest he should not be found speaking God’s message as he ought to his hearers? I have had these exercises for years, and even now find the subject not without its difficulties; but shall not shrink from discussing it with you, and telling you what my views are. In the first place, I believe the question is best solved practically. I mean by it this: let a man love in his heart, and be well grounded in the great truths of God’s sovereignty, eternal love, full redemption of His people, &c., and be solemnly impressed in his own mind with the greatness of divine things and eternity, and the immense importance of a soul, the tremendous nature of God’s Word, and the difference between being saved and lost, and I believe that, depending upon the Holy Ghost for matter and utterance, this man is very little likely to go wrong. Being well grounded in God’s truth will keep him from addressing men as if he really felt they had a power to turn themselves to God or embrace Christ, whilst his real pity and compassion for their souls will constrain him to address them not as if they were sitting to listen to a cold lecture on philosophy, but, as men and women, to be really saved or lost. I believe this man will find the Spirit from time to time leading him in very different ways in this matter. God knows all hearts and cases, and sometimes a minister, to a cold theorist, may appear to be uttering Arminianism, when really addressing men under the influence of yearning feelings for their souls, produced by the Spirit of God. At other times, perhaps, he will be led, almost contrary to his intentions, to enforce the highest

doctrinal points and man's utter inability, and then he must be prepared to be called inconsistent ; and yet, perhaps, in neither case has swerved a hair's-breadth from truth. Mind, I am here writing of one I suppose taught and led by God, and depending upon Him ; and what I want to point out to you is this, that such a man should not be too much hampered up by rigid rules. If Peter had been so, instead of under Divine inspiration, and therefore free in the truth, he never would have said to his hearers, "Repent, and be converted," &c. I do not give this as an exact model, because our circumstances may be widely different, but as an instance of the simplicity and belief which are so desirable in speaking the things of God. Of course, I could not tell my hearers in a doctrinal way God loves you all alike, and stands with open arms to receive you, or bid them all come now to Christ as if they had some ability, and thus evidently deny the doctrines of God's grace ; but I can address my hearers as men and women with immortal souls, who can sin, despise God's Word, reject and neglect His truth, offend their Maker, and heap ruin upon their own heads. I can warn them of their miserable state and condition by nature, the sure result of continuing in sin, and dying therein ; of having no Christ, when they stand before God's throne, to plead their cause and present His blood for them. I can tell them that God loved the world — that is, a set of poor, lost, wretched sinners, and Jesus saves the chiefest of them, and is willing to receive every poor sinner who is willing to come to Him. I can bid them go to Jesus with their sins, guilt, miseries, if they feel these things, for Jesus came into the world to save sinners — the ruined, the helpless, and the lost ; and "this Man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." All these things are, to my, mind, in the most perfect harmony with truth, and afford a vast field for addresses home to the hearts and consciences of our hearers, and need not be supplemented with assertions of God's universal love, Christ's death for every man, and the creature's ability in some degree to help himself, produce spiritual life and its fruits in his own soul, and do, if left to himself, anything but sin. Man can sin, he can break the law, rebel against his Maker, despise His Gospel, and neglect His Christ : he can thus heap up transgressions, and accumulate wrath ; this he should be fairly warned of. He may be counselled to use means, read God's words, endeavour to pray, for these are what we may call natural duties. We dare not tell him he can read to profit, or pray in the Spirit, unless he receive grace from on high. We may tell him that his God-forgetfulness, drunkenness, &c., must lead at length, if unrepented of and unpardoned, to a fearful result ; but we cannot tell him that moral amendments are

saving religion, or that, because drunkenness heaps up wrath, sobriety shall buy mercy. Thus, we address men as men in the greatest simplicity, but in the bonds of truth; and so far as this we may evidently go. You will see, then, my rule is almost this—beware of being bound too much by rules. The bed may be made too short for a man to stretch himself upon it. At the same time, beware of overturning the great truths of free grace; but warm, earnest, fervent addresses to our hearers by no means do this. In doctrine we cannot be too distinct, and even rigid; but in our addresses to our hearers we may, depending upon the Spirit of God, use a great freedom; remembering that, though through sin, they are bound hand and foot in the horrid servitude of sin, still they are, as rational beings, responsible agents, and, if they cannot save, can destroy themselves, and remembering, too, that God can bless any words in harmony with His truth, practical as well as doctrinal, to arouse, warn, and even save them.

You see, then, I am sticking to my motto, “Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.” A heart which has drunk in the spirit of the words of God in Scripture, is exercised before the Lord, and seeks, in daily communion, to keep close to Jesus, and which depends upon the Spirit of God to give for each occasion the proper things for that occasion, will not go far wrong; and one mercy, both as to service and mistakes, is this, we serve not a hard master, but the Lord Christ. To Him, His Word and Spirit, as the only effectual Teacher, I commend you, and, with Christian regards, &c.,

Believe me, yours in truest bonds,

July, 18th, 1868.

G. H.

[We cheerfully insert this letter, as it appeared in *THE SOWER*, 1868, when Mr. Sears was the Editor; and we can appeal to the Lord, whom we desire to serve, that He knows that the precious substance and spirit of it, we have, through our whole ministry, held fast in our teaching, as having received this form of sound words from the Lord. And whatever false reports may be invented by jealous spirits and circulated by lying lips, with a view to damage our reputation, the Lord knows we have never swerved from this line of precious truth.—*THE EDITOR.*]

THE Israelites tempted God. How? By limiting the Holy One of Israel. Unbelief discredits God's Word, and limits His power. It puts God to the trial, and says, “Let us see whether He can fulfil His Word,” which is a tempting or trying Him, and a grievous provocation.—*Rev. J. Berridge.*

MEMOIR OF RUTH HUNT, LATE OF HASTINGS.

[RUTH HUNT, the subject of this brief memoir, was one of those hidden ones who passed her life in obscurity, known only to a few, and called to glorify the Lord by patient suffering, rather than by a life of open activity. Hers was a path few would choose ; dependant to a great extent on the help of friends for her support, and afflicted with a most painful, trying malady, she passed her allotted span of life often hovering between life and death, till at length the summons came to leave the tenement of clay and all her afflictions behind, and join the spirits of the just made perfect. Divine sovereignty is far too deep for human minds to explore, and in nothing is it more clearly displayed than in the calling of His people, and the assignment of the particular sphere to each while passing through the wilderness. The blind man was born blind that God might be glorified in him, and Ruth Hunt must pass her life here, to human eyes, blighted and embittered by affliction, but, under the forming hand of God, to bear His yoke, to testify of His power and faithfulness, and glorify Him in patient endurance.

Though dead, she still speaks through the record she has left behind of the Lord's faithfulness and gracious dealings with her.

To her kind friend Mrs. Hooper she sent an account of her life and experience, from which the following extracts are taken. It was written at Mrs. Hooper's request, and intended for her perusal, without any idea of its being published, but the testimony is considered too precious to be hidden.]

I WAS born in the year 1855. Of my childhood I cannot remember anything particular. Only once when quite a child, and ailing in health (as I was so often under the doctor's care), I was out in a field and looking up to the sky, I thought how I should like to go to heaven, having heard of it at school, but it soon passed off. I have often thought of it since, and how lovely the sky appeared to me then, though I was only about seven years of age, but as I got older the cares of home and the younger children soon fell to my lot, as mother went out to daily work. We were ten in family, myself being the second, but three died in infancy.

At the age of twelve I was left in charge of the home and three little ones, during the daytime, three or four days in the week, the youngest only six weeks old, so that my time was fully occupied both weekday and Sunday. If I went to any place of worship, I preferred to go to church, but would much rather go for a walk, and as time passed on I began to drink into the

pleasures of this life, and was looking forward to have more freedom. But oh, what a mercy the Lord's thoughts were not my thoughts, neither were His ways my ways.

“ The appointed time rolled on apace,
Not to propose, but call by grace,
To change my heart, renew my will,
And turn my feet to Zion's hill.”

When I was about sixteen father then attended Ebenezer Chapel, as Mr. Hull was settled there, and the services were morning and afternoon. When father came home one Sunday he said there was to be a baptizing in the afternoon, and as I had never seen anything like that I felt eager to go, and mother came with me, as we were then both of one mind ; but oh, how often have I thought since of that solemn text, “ One shall be taken, and the other left.” We were up in the gallery, and the chapel was full of people ; there were two to be baptized, Miss G—— and Mr. W——. When they went under the water, I trembled, and felt I could never do that. I do not remember anything of the service until Mr. Hull stood at the edge of the water, and he spoke so solemnly to those that were there as mere lookers-on. I felt that was all I was there for, but I felt such a drawing to Mr. Hull, though I had not seen him before, and as I came away I felt how I should like to go again, and a week or two afterwards I went again, in the afternoon, and Mr. Hull took for his text the seventh chapter of Micah, first verse. I was in the gallery, and I shall never forget how he looked straight at me several times and repeated those words, “ Woe is me ” ; I felt he was speaking to me alone. Oh, how different I felt as I came out of chapel, how my sins stared me in the face, and Mr. Hull seemed to me more like an angel than a man, and as I looked upon the people, though they were strangers to me, I thought what a happy people they are ! oh that I was like them ! From that time I began to read the Bible, which before I never cared for ; and as time passed on I became more and more exercised, and my sins pressed heavily upon me, and as often as I could, I would go to the chapel ; and the more I went the more I wanted to go, for I felt like one alone ; no one but the Lord knew what was passing in my mind, and yet what surprised me so much, Mr. Hull seemed to know exactly what I felt, but so great was my ignorance I could not understand how it was, and the more I went the worse I felt myself to be. The Bible then was my chief companion, especially the Psalms. Oh, the many tears I have shed in secret while reading them, and pleading with the Lord

for mercy ! Sometimes I felt a little hope, then again it would seem all gone ; I could take no pleasure in the things I once did, and oh, how deeply did I regret the many hours I had spent in waste on a Sabbath-day, which now I would gladly spend in the house of God ; how I longed to be there, and my trouble was that I could not get there oftener, for it was my meat and drink. I soon found I had outward trials to endure on that account, which often drove me to the throne of grace, and how often did I find, the keener the trial to get to that much-loved spot, the sweeter the Word used to be, and I have often come away refreshed and encouraged to still struggle on, yet dreading to return home. But it would take too long to relate in writing all the ups and downs and opposition I had to endure in those days for the truth's sake ; the Lord stood by me to strengthen and uphold me ; thus I went on for about three years, hoping and fearing, begging and longing that the Lord would manifest Himself to me, and pardon my sins, which I felt to be as a heavy burden upon me.

One morning as I was alone in the house, I locked the door and entered my room, heavily burdened and much cast down, feeling more than I could bear, and could only sigh and groan out, "Lord, help me." Could get no comfort from His Word, all seemed against me, and as I was walking the room, never shall I forget the soft, sweet whisper that came like a voice in the room, "Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee." I said, "What ! me, Lord ? it cannot be for me," when it came again, still sweeter, "Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee." I said again, "Lord, how can it be for me ? it is too good for me." Then it came again, the third time, with power and much sweetness, "Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee," which completely broke me down. I dropped upon my knees and wept to the praise of the mercy I had found. Oh, what a change ! my burden was gone, and for three days my heart was as full of joy as before it was of grief. How I wanted others to rejoice with me ! everything in nature seemed changed. How I longed to fly away and be at rest ! It was about that time that I began to open my mind a little to my dear aged friend Mrs. Dunk, who is now in glory, as we used to walk home from chapel together ; how I did enjoy her company in those days ! I believe our hearts were knit together in love. How I counted the hours from Sabbath to Sabbath, and was much exercised about the week evening service, which was on Tuesday evenings then. How I begged of the Lord to help me to persevere, and make the way for me, which He did. How clearly did I see His hand in many ways, opening the way for me to get to chapel,

even at the last moment, and I have proved it worth struggling for. How it has helped me to bear much unpleasantness, and how many times did I prove those words true—

“Wrestling prayer can wonders do,
Bring relief in deepest straits;
Prayer can force a passage through
Iron bars and brazen gates.”

I well remember one Sabbath, it was a lovely summer's evening; we had some friends to tea, after which my parents went out, and I was left in charge of the three youngest children. I was at liberty to take them out for a walk, the youngest being a baby in arms; how I did long to go to chapel that evening! I felt I could not keep away; so hastily getting the children ready, I went to chapel, thinking to sit on the stairs with the little ones. Service was just begun, and Mr. Lock kindly made room for me just inside, and oh, how my heart went up to the Lord for a blessing that night! and the Lord heard my cry, for it was indeed a special time to me. Mr. Hull's text was 1 Peter ii. 1-3; he spoke chiefly from the second and third verses. I felt he was speaking to me alone; truly I could say at that time, “Thy Word was found, and I did eat it, and Thy Word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart.” Oh, how near and dear did I feel the Lord that night, and each of the children were so good; the baby slept all the time; but as soon as it was over I had to hurry home. We lived at Halton then, and I had the key of the house, but I got home first and got the little ones in bed, though they were not asleep; and I thought of surprising my parents on their return by telling them where I had been, for I felt so happy. But oh, what a change! As soon as mother went upstairs one of the children said we had been to chapel, which stirred up unpleasantness, but I could not feel I had done wrong in going, though I had to taste of the bitters after a good hearing at chapel, but the Lord stood by me; and in the midst of it I was sent out a short distance, and well do I remember the spot, when with sweetness and power those words dropped into my troubled heart, “In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in Me peace: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.” Oh, what a comfort that was to me; how I begged I might not hear any more that night, neither did I, for my mother did not speak to me for four days after; but I felt my heart would break as I wished her good night, and she would not answer me: and that sweet sermon was like daily food to me, which comfort lasted many days.

How I longed to live with the Lord's dear people at that time,

and begged of the Lord to open the way for me, if consistent with His will, and more than once did I try to get a situation, but my way was hedged up until I reached the age of twenty ; then the way was made clear for me to take charge of the little shop, &c., at Mrs. Bainton's, as she was too aged to do for herself, but as there was not room for me to remain at night, and I wished to leave home altogether, my aunt offered me a bedroom. Oh how happy I was then, but it was not to last long, for though I believe Mrs. Bainton was a good woman, she was very peculiar, and acted very strange at times, and was very mistrustful, but for the first eleven weeks we got on very well and were very happy together. Never shall I forget one day during the twelfth week, when she declared I had taken money from the drawer, and when I told her I had not seen it, she raised the poker and shook it in my face. My feelings were better felt than described ; and oh, how relieved I was when some hours after she found what she had missed, as she had mislaid it ! and though I stayed with her one year and ten months, I never felt comfortable after that, for she so often mislaid things and accused me of taking them away, and, when she found them again, would say I had brought them back again. I gave notice to leave more than once, but they would not hear of it, and Mr. Bainton was away at work all the daytime, and as the way was made clear for me to go there, I desired to see the cloud go before me. This was in 1876, at which time I was much exercised about baptism, but felt I could not speak of it to anyone ; felt I could not rest, and yet could not go forward, and Hymns 428 and 429 (Gadsby's Selection) were constantly upon my mind. The 429 was often all that I could utter upon my knees before the Lord ; it was my constant prayer, and those two lines of 428 were continually with me—

“ Plainly here His footsteps tracing,
Follow Him without delay.”

till at last I was constrained to see Mr. Hull, which I did unknown to anyone, with much trembling and many fears, and when the bell rang, I felt ready to drop ; but when Mr. Hull came in the room, oh, how kind and tender he was, how it helped me to tell him what my errand was, and he spoke so encouraging, I truly felt cheered and comforted, and as I left the house I felt I had done right, and had lost a heavy burden, and that my steps had been guided by the Lord, for I had begged of Him to frustrate it if it was not His will ; but at times I was still very much tried about it, yet those lines still abode with me—

" Plainly here His footsteps tracing,
Follow Him without delay,"

also, " If ye love Me keep My commandments " (and how I have proved, as Mr. Hull has so often said, that in the keeping of His commandments there is great reward). I was at this time very poorly in body, and soon after I had seen Mr. Hull concerning baptism, I lost my voice, but only for five days. It was then December, 1876, and well do I remember the fifth day was Tuesday, and how I longed to go to chapel in the evening, but it was a very wet day, and I knew Mr. and Mrs. B — would not like me to go in the rain, as I could only speak in a whisper. Oh, how I begged all day it might clear for the evening. At five o'clock, when Mr. B — came home, it was raining hard, and the first words he said was, " You don't think of going out to-night, do you ? " I said, " It may clear," though it was like hope against hope, but still I could not give it up. My work being finished, I went into the back yard to see if it still rained, and to the joy of my heart it did not. Oh, how my heart and eyes went up to the Lord, I trust, in true gratitude, and with my voice I said, " Bless the Lord, O my soul ; " but as I returned in the house my voice was still gone, so I let them know it did not rain, and in a few moments was on my way to chapel, and felt like a bird let loose. How I tried to thank the Lord for His goodness, and while so doing my voice returned again. Then how I wished I could have seen Mr. Hull before service, to tell him what I then felt, but time was gone ; but it was all for the best. The first hymn was 85. Oh, how I could with heart and voice sing the last verse—

" Beneath His smile my heart has lived,
And part of heaven possessed ;
I'll praise His name for grace received,
And trust Him for the rest."

When Mr. Hull began in prayer, he said those that could sing that verse, it was a sure foundation. Oh, what a comfort that was to me ! The second hymn was 177, and the last verse of that too was very sweet. But oh, how suitable was the text, which was Isaiah xlix. 13, " Sing, O heavens ; and be joyful, O earth ; break forth into singing, O mountains : for the Lord hath comforted His people, and will have mercy upon His afflicted." Had I spoken to Mr. Hull before service, I should not have thought it so singular, but I felt the Lord knew it all, and oh, what a sweet time I had that evening. I would not have missed it for all the world. Oh, how I wished I could have followed Him, through His divine ordinance that night ! I felt I could leave the world

and all behind to be where Jesus is, and, to the great surprise of my friends when I returned home, I could speak to them. Thus I went on from time to time, and was much comforted and encouraged under Mr. Hull's ministry; how I loved him for the truth's sake then. On January 1st, 1877, I was to go before the Church, and well do I remember that day. About three o'clock that afternoon such darkness came over my mind, which made me tremble, and oh, how the enemy tried me! everything seemed clean gone—felt I must give it all up. Oh, how many times did I sigh and groan out, "Lord, help me," and it was with these feelings I went to the chapel for the Church meeting. Oh, how I dreaded it—felt I had not one word to say, neither could think of anything. There were two others in the vestry. I felt they could see through me, and they looked so bright and happy; but as Mr. Funnell was giving out the first hymn, Mr. Hull said, "Not that one, friend Funnell, the 956th has just come to my mind." And oh, how sweet that was to me. I felt my bonds loosened, and the enemy fled from me; but still, I could not think of anything, but felt strengthened and encouraged under Mr. Hull's prayer. I quite expected to have been the last one called out, but to my surprise I was the first, and as Mr. Hull spoke a few words to me, the dark cloud removed, and I felt inwardly helped as one thing and another was brought to my mind. Truly I did feel it was good to be there. How I proved the enemy to be a liar that night. That was Monday evening, and the baptism was settled for the next evening after the service, the second day in the New Year of 1877. Truly it was a good time.

(To be continued.)

WHEN you make Christ your one hope, then you will be happy.
—*Romaine.*

THOUGH God dwelleth not in temples made with hands—though He pours contempt upon princes—yet there are persons whom His gracious eye will regard. "The high and lofty One, that dwelleth in the high and holy place," He will look down through all the shining ranks of angels upon—whom? "to him that is poor, and of a contrite spirit." This man can never be lost or overlooked among the multitude of creatures, but the eyes of the Lord will discover him in the greatest crowd. His eyes will graciously fix upon this man, this particular man, though there were but one such in the compass of the creation, or though he were banished into the remotest corner of the universe, like a diamond in a heap of rubbish, or at the bottom of the ocean.
—*President Davies.*

THE SEEKER'S CORNER.

A SWEET TESTIMONY.

DEAR ———,—I am sorry that I have been so busy as to have found it well-nigh impossible to acknowledge your last communication. Now I will turn to a subject which, if this correspondence had not opened between us, it is more than probable I should not have had the courage to mention to you, though often feeling I should like to do so.

I have been much helped and confirmed during the past twelve months in listening to the Gospel from your lips. I have opened my eyes on Sunday morning frequently—more often than not—feeling, what with the reaction of the week's work, and the awkward circumstances I so often have to meet on the Lord's Day, that I could not face the ordeal, and had better stay at home.

I have struggled against the temptation, and gone to the school and the Lord's house, oh, so sad and dejected, with that heaviness in the heart which "maketh it stoop;" but oh, bless the Lord, I have gone out with my countenance no more sad, with my heart singing for joy with the good Word which maketh it glad. Sometimes it has been the hymn, or the reading, very often the prayer, and not unfrequently the sermon or the text, which has proved to be just that help which I have needed.

I must tell you of two special times which I have been favoured with this year. The first was at the Rooms, one Sunday evening. I *had* been helped in the morning by that hymn 247, especially verses 2, 4, 6, and 7. During the afternoon I got back into a sad state of unbelief, and had an awful time of it; felt almost in despair because of the roughness of the way, and my wretched rebellion on account of it. Well, I went to service that evening as miserable and despairing as any poor thing could well be.

I forget what the first hymn was, but it did me some little good; then came the reading, one of my special portions through this stormy period of my life's voyage, the forty-sixth Psalm. You paraphrased it, or rather, the Holy Ghost did through you. My heart went with you at every sentence. Then came the text, "The Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah." That was a good time to me. I returned home a different creature. I believed all that God had promised me, and was sure that He would bring it to pass in spite of hostile circumstances. I opened my mouth wide in anticipation of a great deliverance, and rejoiced in hope that in God's time and

way I should receive it. Better still, the Word abode with me. I lived on it for days. I pleaded it with God-given power and access before the mercy-seat again and again. I communed with the Lord of hosts and the God of Jacob; and laid hold of Him by faith as my God for ever and ever, and my Guide even until death. Need I tell you that the blessing—the deliverance—came? Nay, you know that after this I was bound to prove Him to be *Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.*

The second time was, when under a most trying and perplexing circumstance, you preached from account of Jehosaphat (2 Chron. xx.). I do not recollect the words of the text, but I well remember the comfort and assurance the whole sermon brought me, and how wonderfully we saw the same kind of interposition for us, and were enabled to “stand still and see the salvation of the Lord,” without moving a finger.

These circumstances are the more confirming to me because you could not have known anything about my pathway just then; and I cannot help feeling it was the Lord’s way of sending me help, instruction, direction, ay, and the earnest of deliverance.

I must cease; you will be weary. But I cannot help speaking of what I have observed of the loving-kindness of the Lord, both in grace and providence.

When you remember us at the Throne, will you not ask that God may glorify Himself in and through us, and bring out of these mysterious providences—which have been so trying in such a variety of ways to so many of us—

“Matter eternity to fill,
With never-ending praise.”

Yes! and a heart to love that will, too, whatever it may be, concerning me. Trusting you will forgive so much writing,
I remain, yours, &c.,

February 18th, 1901.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR S—,—I have been wanting to write you a few lines for some time, but one thing after another has arisen to prevent. I find I am fast hastening to the close of another week, and if I do not write to-night, most likely shall not till after Sunday, for I have been to Long Parish one evening this week, and have to go to-morrow to perform the last sad office to my friend Mr. Masterson, who has been taken almost suddenly out of time into eternity, and almost without a knowledge of his time being near. He was as well as usual last Wednesday,

excepting diarrhœa in a slight form, but it increased upon him in spite of all remedies, amateur or professional, till he sank from sheer exhaustion, and knew not his danger till four hours before he died. There was nothing left undone that could be thought of, and our poor dear friend Mrs. Masterson seems astonished, as well she may; and what can we say to comfort her poor heart? I wish I could hold out a well-grounded hope: it is, however, a case where man dare not pronounce one way or the other. What makes it more solemn to me is that I stood up to speak in God's name the last time he had opportunity to hear, and hear he did, as I noticed him myself intently looking me in the face. The question with me is, Was I faithful? Am I clear of his and others' blood? The morning subject was, "Let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it and dung it." I had much light on it, and uttered some very solemn things, and my feeling then was unusual, but was I not too doctrinal? was I not unfaithful? This is the great test of a servant.

The afternoon subject was, "When he was yet a great way off his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck and kissed him"—that is, applied his forgiveness. On the word compassion I had liberty and feeling for about two minutes. How I wish I knew whether he (Mr. Masterson) tasted that compassion!

The time before, when there, I spoke in the presence of two persons—one now gone to a lunatic asylum, the other gone into eternity, both of them professors. The one departed, I have been informed, had an ear to distinguish the joyful sound, and was likewise a circumspect walker. What need I feel there is to realize that death is *on the road*, and that it is on the road *to us*, that it is coming *to meet me*, I know not when nor where. How few who profess free grace will tolerate a preacher in dwelling upon preparation for death; how few receive in love the "Watch and pray" of Him they call their Saviour! How very few preachers are bold enough with truth that saves; how many are looking for a good time in preaching; how few feel, "If by any means I may save some!"

Please believe I have a heart full of love left for my eldest daughter.

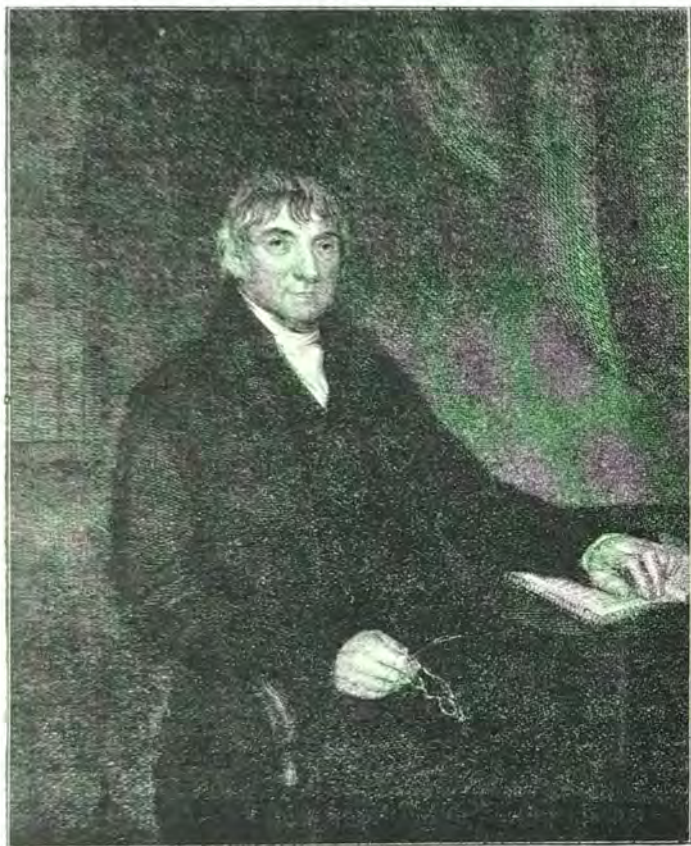
From your loving father,

Whitchurch, Hants.

S. BARNETT.

ALL we want to get, pardon for our sins and peace for our conscience, is in the obedience unto death of Christ Jesus.—*Romaine.*

The Bower, August, 1801.



ISAAC BEEMAN.

THE DEALINGS OF GOD WITH THE LATE ISAAC BEEMAN,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL, CRANBROOK, KENT.

I WAS born in 1764, at Seberton Green, Broughton Malherbe, near Ashford in Kent. My father was bailiff to Dr. Briton. About 1778 I was apprenticed to Mr. Clifford, draper and general shopkeeper, at Cranbrook, and attended with my master's family at a Particular Baptist Chapel, but, like other youths, I walked after the vanity of my own mind. When I was about sixteen or seventeen years of age, as I was going down to my master's stables, this scripture very powerfully seized my heart: "Now consider this, ye that forget God, lest I tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver." The sins of my past life were set before my eyes, and in the light of God's countenance the eye of His justice was opened upon and pursued me. From that moment the scrutiny was carried on for a considerable time, till I was brought almost to despair. While under this severe chastening for my sins, the customers who came to the shop used to say they could not think what was the matter with Beeman, he used to be very clever, but now he could not tell six pennyworth of halfpence; and verily my thoughts were so swallowed up with the state of my soul that, if an article was asked for by a customer, before I could get it from the shelf I had quite forgotten what had been inquired for. But the deepest trouble I had to endure was at a shop in the parish of Sandhurst, of my master's, which I had to attend twice a week. There the guilt of my sin and the anger of God against me were so heavy that I paced the shop to and fro, thinking I was as sure to be lost as I was born. But while in this distress of soul, I felt in my heart an inclination to go once more into a little room behind the shop and pray to God to have mercy upon me a miserable sinner; and while thus engaged these words dropped into my mind: "And we know that all things work together for good," which brought hope for the first time into my heart, and turned my mind from looking backwards to looking forwards, and hope for better days. At another time, when sorely pressed with the spirit of bondage, not knowing what I could do, or how I could be saved, near Benenden Gate, on my road home from Sandhurst, these words were powerfully applied, with light and comfort attending, "Look unto Me, and be ye saved." This struck me so forcibly that I literally lifted my bodily eyes to the heavens, though it was the spiritual light and comfort that did me good.

Notwithstanding these and other helps, the power of unbelief was so strong upon me at times that, although I knew I was a

sinner, and God had provided a Saviour for sinners, and "God had so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," yet I could not believe, and so great were my fears that I should perish as an unbeliever, that my bones were literally pained within me; and these words of Mr. Hart, that repentance without faith—

**"Is a sore that, never healing,
Frets and rankles unto death,"**

was what I thought would be my lot; and to add to the distress of my heart, and to make it as though quite complete, there was one sin I had been guilty of for which I thought there was no forgiveness; but while I was thus fearing and trembling, this Word was applied to my sinking spirit, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." Oh, this word "all" took in this one sin which I verily feared could not be pardoned! How I did long for an interest in the Saviour's merits, and to know He had put away my sin by the sacrifice of Himself. He was so precious to me in the sight of His worth and in the sense of my want of Him, that I longed to know my interest in Him, for nothing less would satisfy my heart; and thus it was, with these strong desires in my soul, I left the shop and went up into my bedroom, and there poured out my soul in prayer that God would show me my interest in His dear Son. I came down again, and a few minutes after, while I was in the act of striking with a hammer to break some pitch, God sent this Word into my soul, "You were once darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord." The Saviour and my interest in Him were made known to my heart, so that I cried out in the words of good old Jacob, "It is enough! it is enough!" Then was fulfilled in me this Scripture, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, soul, mind, and strength." And this song of Mr. John Newton's was the happiness of my new-born soul—

**"Lord, we return Thee what we can,
Our hearts shall sound abroad,
Salvation to the dying Man,
And to the rising God.**

**"And while Thy bleeding glories here
Engage our wondering eyes,
We learn the lighter cross to bear,
And hasten to the skies."**

And in this enjoyment of God's peace and rest I lived for about twelve months, dead to all earthly charms, my affections risen to

the right hand of God, where Christ sitteth. I had now found the place where God rested pacified towards me, and there was the resting place of my troubled and afflicted soul, according as it is written, "Being justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus : whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood," &c., &c. This divine peace, rest, comfort and happiness continued with me for about twelve months, and then the heavenly vision began to wear off.

About this time, the term of my apprenticeship having expired, I went up to London seeking for a situation, and no more expecting to come back to Cranbrook than to go to the West Indies. For several weeks I continued there, using every effort in my power to procure a situation, but every step I took proved useless. My utmost endeavours totally failed, and I became much bowed down, wondering what I should do. But in the midst of my heavy cogitations on this business, in reading my Bible this Word made a considerable impression upon my mind, "I will plant them again in their own land," &c. Not many days after a friend from Cranbrook came to town, and seeing me still out of, and seeking for a situation, said, "Why do you not come back again and open a shop, for so and-so is going to leave?" I fell in with the proposition. He went back, hired a place, and in a few days I returned and commenced on my own account, and I hope the good hand of Providence was in this affair. I embarked also in the hop-buying business, and the better I succeeded in it the more eagerly I pursued it, and, in fact, my Saviour became neglected and but very little enjoyed or thought of. Yet the fear of the Almighty abode with me; yet I was sensible in my heart that while I thus hunted after what the worldling calls gain, that I was not walking in the enjoyment of my best and greatest Friend. It happened in my calling as I was going to Maidstone, passing along near Style Bridge, these words sounded in my heart, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" repeated three times, louder each time. Nevertheless I went on my way, but filled with much thoughtfulness. My worldly pursuits were struck at, I knew. Not a great while after this, being in London, I purposed to hear Mr. Huntington. He had been to Cranbrook two or three times, and I had heard him preach at the chapel on the hill, but I could not then see anything in him, to those I had heard in the Baptist connection. In the course of his sermon he said, "There is among some professors a kind of religion my soul hates. They will tell you of the Word of God being made of use to them, both in conviction and comfort years ago; but now there is nothing of the kind going on in their hearts, nor has for years perhaps. And now I tell you—I say, I tell you, if ever God

brings you out of that lifeless and barren state, He will shake you to purpose." And these words of Mr. Huntington fixed themselves like a barbed arrow in my soul, and verily in about three months after the shaking to purpose came upon my soul indeed, for I was made to feel the rebukes of the Almighty for neglecting and forsaking Him, to follow after the empty but glittering gains of this vain world. Oh, how was I made to feel my folly and sin, and to see that it was an evil and bitter thing that His fear was not exercised by me when He led me by the way. At length the time was at hand when my backsliding was to be healed, and thus it was I was brought into very trying and peculiar circumstances of a temporal kind, and filled with very heavy grief and sorrow, which caused me to entreat the interposition of God's providential hand towards me, though I had acted so base a part towards Him, and I knew and felt it too, as it was as though these words were spoken to me, "When did you so grieve for a suffering Saviour as you now do over these worldly circumstances? And immediately the Saviour, in all the circumstances of His wonderful sufferings and death for sin and sinners, together with an interest in them, was set before the eyes of my understanding so powerfully that I instantly ceased to grieve over my lot, and was constrained by the force of His dying love to weep and mourn over Him. Ah, His love, His dying love to me swallowed up all! Yea, the world and all its profits, gains, and wealth were utterly eclipsed and lost to me, and glad indeed was I to find it so, the precious Saviour taking the place thereof, and many other precious and endearing words were sealed home upon my heart, so that I cried, "Holy is His Name!" These days of soul prosperity lasted for nearly eighteen months. I used in these days to sit up in my bedroom for half the night, for months together, reading the Word without the least weariness, and felt a kind of reluctance to leave it, and, if ever so cold, found no inconvenience, and when my candle was burnt out I sat in the dark to contemplate and meditate.

After many other exercises, shakings and siftings and upliftings, in the year 1800 I went to London, heard Mr. Huntington, and had an interview with him. He was about to take his breakfast. I began to relate what God had done for my soul, and I could not help noticing that while I was giving the relation he ate nothing. When I had concluded he rose from his seat and retired for about a quarter of an hour, when he addressed me in these words: "Now, Isaac, now, Isaac, the people at Cranbrook will have a minister."

But the sense of the greatness and nature of the work, together with my inability and unbelief, kept me back from

daring to attempt it, though my friends also earnestly desired and wished it. The love of Christ being, as I hope, in my heart, I was desirous to see poor sinners flee from the wrath to come, and desired to have a place to meet in. I communicated my intention to Mr. Huntington, and he and his friends framed and prepared it, and sent it to Cranbrook, and it was put up, according to my wish, upon my own premises, and he, with several of his friends, came down to open it in 1803. He still kept urging me to preach, and once gave out that, "Mr. Beeman would preach to them the next Sabbath, if the devil and unbelief did not stop his mouth." Still I held back. Yet I took the lead in public worship, both as to reading to the people and speaking in prayer, and the Lord gave me a gradual increase of hearers and added many to the Church. But at the close of 1813, or the first Sabbath of 1814, I awoke early, and this text flowed into my mind with very sweet light and power: "My doctrine is not mine, but His that sent Me. If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of Myself. He that speaketh of himself seeketh his own glory: but he that seeketh his glory that sent him, the same is true, and no unrighteousness is in Him." The text opened itself in its meaning so to my mind that the thought of speaking to the people without the usual reading occurred to me, and I purposed so to do, which I did from the table pew, and afterwards from the pulpit.

And thus he continued for a number of years, ministering with much acceptance to the little flock at Cranbrook and in London, and at other places. He was much esteemed by Mr. Huntington, who dedicated one of his best works to him, and many letters to and fro are to be found in Mr. H.'s letters, &c., where he sometimes addresses him as "Isaac, the heir of promise," or, "To Isaac, the Man of Kent."

In the spring of 1838 he was taken with his last illness. A friend called and found him in a very sweet and comfortable frame of spirit under the melting power of grace of this portion of the Word which had just been sent into his heart: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." To which promise he came the August following, when he departed this life. During his long affliction many precious things dropped from his lips, indicating that he was in the enjoyment of "Peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." His labours closed August 17th, 1838, in the 73rd year of his age, and he was buried near the south side of the church.

R. F. R.

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

"Be not deceived ; God is not mocked : for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—GALATIANS VI. 7.

WHEN we witness angry parents
Yielding to their passions wild,
With a cruel hand inflicting
Heavy stripes upon their child ;
We can scarce refrain from weeping,
For we know what grief oft springs
From a hasty, violent temper,
Bringing sorrow on its wings.

A fond mother (now in glory)
Would with many tears oft state
A most painful, touching story—
We will now the same relate,
May it cause all such to tremble,
Lest through wrath they suffer, too,
Years of deep remorse and anguish,
If they still this course pursue.

One sad day she was preparing
With much care, a costly cake ;
'Twas to grace a wedding table,
And 'twas made for friendship's sake.
In the room and close beside her,
Was her sweet, engaging child ;
Watching her with rapt attention,
She the passing hours beguiled.

Turning round for one brief moment
To attend some minor thing,
She, her own sweet darling infant,
Gave a sudden upward spring ;
She had noticed her dear mother
Place the good things in the pan,
And when she had left the table
She put forth her tiny hand.

Bearing all her weight upon it,
Down it came with noisy crash,
And the poor bewildered mother
Beat her darling with the lash.
Giving way to hasty temper,
Never stopping to reflect,
Cost her many years of sorrow—
For what else could she expect ?

This sweet child of just three summers
Was alarmed, yea, terrified ;
From that hour she drooped and sickened,
And in three short days she died.

Who can tell what grief and anguish
Filled her now repentant breast,
When she laid her own sweet treasure
In its tiny grave to rest ?

Christian parents, oh, remember,
Though you may be sorely tried,
You have still a place of refuge
At your loving Saviour's side.
Your dear children may distress you,
Cause you many a secret tear,
Go and pour your every sorrow
Into His attentive ear.

Seek for wisdom, love, and patience,
As you watch them day by day,
Lest at an unwary moment
You to angry words give way.
Angry words, oh, let them never
From the lips unbridled slip,
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them ere they soil the lip.

If you knew the baby fingers
Pressed against the window pane
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow,
Never trouble you again,
Would the bright eyes of your darling
Catch the frown upon your brow ?
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex you then as they do now ?

Ah, those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track ;
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter *thorns* but roses
For our reaping by-and-by.

May we scatter seeds of kindness
For our reaping by-and-by.

R. E.

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

MEMOIR OF RUTH HUNT, LATE OF HASTINGS.

(Continued from page 165.)

Just before going to chapel I opened my Bible upon those words, "Call upon Me, I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not" (Jer. xxxiii. 3). The enemy tried hard to cast me down, but those words abode with me, and Mr. Hull's text was third Epistle of John, fourth verse, "I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth." Felt much encouraged and all my fears removed, and I entered the water with those lines—

"Now, dear Saviour, I will go
In the watery grave to show
I am buried with my King,
And I rise His praise to sing."

Oh, what a sweet feeling came over me as I went under the water, and how my heart rejoiced under a felt sense of His mercy to me that night—felt I had been led forth by a right way. How different did that ordinance appear to me then from when I first witnessed it; and on the Sunday, as I partook of the ordinance of the Lord's Supper for the first time, though I cannot speak of anything special, I felt so peaceful and like a child at home, and felt my heart echo to the sweet truths Mr. Hull said, and quietly hoped I should now go on my way rejoicing. However, I soon found it to the contrary, and was often much cast down by reason of the way. Being at that time in a very weak state of health, how I longed to be "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

The following September I lost my voice again, and one Tuesday evening was much helped in hearing Mr. Hull from Psalm cxxv. 3, in speaking of trouble and afflictions. He said none of these come by chance, and then quoted the first two verses of hymn 64, "Sovereign Ruler of the skies," &c., and in speaking of the cup of bitters he said, "We often feel our cup full of bitters, and often say, if we could but feel it was from the Lord, we could bear it better; ah," he said, "if you could feel the Lord's love was in the cup it would not be bitter," but though we could not see it, he said, the Lord's loving-kindness was in it, and in speaking of the Lord being precious to His people, he said, "He is precious to them in providence; He is precious to them in grace; He is precious to them in adversity; He is precious to them in prosperity; He is precious to them in sickness; He is precious to them in health; He is precious to them in life; He is precious to them in death; He is precious to them in time; He will be precious to them in

eternity." Oh, what a comfort that sermon was to me! though my troubles were the same, I felt helped to bear them, and still wait and watch for the cloud to go before me, neither did I wait in vain. I was still under the doctor's care, and my voice had been gone about seven weeks, but instead of getting better in health I gradually got worse, and on the 10th of December was obliged to keep my bed, as my throat and breath were very bad. I could scarcely take a little drink, and as I lay upon the bed, wondering what was before me, those words were applied with much sweetness, "Not in anger, but in His dear Covenant love." On the 11th I was much the same; on the 12th very low in body, and those lines were much with me—

"If pain and sickness rend this frame,
And life almost depart,
Is not His mercy still the same,
To cheer my drooping heart?"

I gradually got worse, my voice was gone, and I could not speak, neither swallow one drop of drink, yet craved for it. The doctor said I could not last many hours. Dear Mr. Hull came twice that day. Oh, how I did enjoy those visits and his prayers. I felt quite reconciled and willing to go if it was the Lord's will—but I must not enter into all the particulars here—but Mr. Hull asked aunt to put a linseed poultice, with salad oil, to my throat, which, with the Lord's blessing, I believe was the means of saving my life at that time, for after two or three hours, I felt a little relief, and was enabled to take one drop of drink at the time, which was gradually increased, and on the 14th I had a little sleep, and awoke with those two lines sweetly upon my mind:—

"Forget thee I will not, I cannot, Thy name
Engraved on my heart does for ever remain."

In the afternoon I enjoyed another sweet visit from Mr. Hull, and his prayer was *good*, which strengthened me both in body and mind. The 16th was Sunday; little better in body, and enjoyed sweet liberty in prayer. The 17th, still improving slowly, yet dreading to return to my former employment, and none of us felt satisfied with the doctor I then had, as he said a bone was forming over the swallow in my throat. Then Mr. Hull kindly asked his doctor to call, which he did, and after examining my throat and making inquiries about my calling, he said it was a temporary derangement, and that I must not think of returning to my former employment, as I was not fit for it. How marked, as none but the Lord knew my exercise, Oh, what a load I felt

removed from my mind, and how it confirmed a dream I had the night before, as I dreamed that I did return, and was brought back far worse, and I knew my friends, Mr. and Mrs. B——, were anxiously waiting for me to return. In the afternoon I much enjoyed another visit from Mr. Hull. How I wanted my voice then to tell him what I felt ! But, oh, what a comfort his prayer was to me ! and soon after those lines came again with power and sweetness :—

**“ ’Tis not in anger,
But from His dear covenant love.”**

Then how plainly was it all opened up to me, that the Lord's hand was in it all, causing all things to work together for my good. And in the evening I was enabled to tell Mrs. B—— about it, and that they must not expect me to return, as I felt I dare not after what the Lord had done for me, which put them out very much, but I had not a waver upon my mind about it. This was on the 19th. After that I slowly improved, and in a few days was able to take a little light food. Thus I went on, and on the 24th, which was Christmas Eve, I awoke much refreshed by a sweet sleep, and felt so comfortable in mind, and opened the Bible on the 103rd Psalm, and as I began to read, to my surprise, I said, “ Bless the Lord, O my soul,” *with my voice*, being the first words for fifteen weeks. Had I a thousand tongues, I felt I could not praise the dear Lord enough for His great goodness and tender mercy so richly bestowed upon a worm like me, and soon after the first two verses of 956th hymn came with much sweetness, and abode with me all the day. My feelings were more than I could express. I scarcely knew how to contain myself. Truly, that was a happy Christmas in 1877 for me, both in providence and in grace, for the Lord poured down His blessing richly upon me. As soon as I felt able I was very anxious to go to chapel, and on the Saturday as I was hoping to go on the Sunday, how anxious I felt for a fine morning, but when I awoke early it was thick with fog and raining fast. I dropped upon my knees, and begged of the Lord that I might not murmur, but that He would give me submission to His will, and told Him I knew nothing was too hard for Him, for I had proved it again and again, when like a sweet whisper those words came, “ Hope thou in God.” Thus I felt encouraged to hope, and while thus pleading with Him those lines came with power—

**“ Did ever trouble yet befall,
And He refuse to hear thy call ? ”**

I said No, Lord, never.” Oh, how anxiously did I watch the

weather! and just before the time it began to clear away, and those words followed me up, "Hope thou in God."

Thus I ventured to go; but I might say I had such a wish, though it was unknown to anyone but the Lord, that the first hymn might be the 456th, and the text Psalm ciii. 13, 14, and so it was; truly it was the Lord's work, and it was marvellous in my eyes. That morning was indeed a special time to me; I felt the Lord Himself was there. How I felt to drink in the words as they fell from the lips of Mr. Hull! Thus I was led on through the changing scenes of time, and as my aunt was a single person, and earned her living by laundry work, I remained with her seven years and a-half, during which time I experienced many changes, but received every kindness from my dear aunt, and was still privileged to hear, and much enjoyed from time to time, the ministry of the Word, though often very much exercised and cast down by the workings of indwelling sin, and the temptations of the enemy. As time passed on, my time was more and more taken up with the cares of this life; but oh, how sweet at times, after the hustle and bustle of the world, to leave it for a while and turn into the house of God. How often did it seem like a little heaven below in those days, for it was as though Mr. Hull knew the very thoughts and intents of my heart; also the ministry of Mr. W. Smith, Mr. Mockford, and others, I found much profit under. I had also many sweet touches of love and words of comfort applied, while my hands were busily engaged with the cares of life, which often enabled me to rejoice over the enemy, and to still press forward, though often feeling very weak in body; thus I received daily help for daily need. One portion I well remember being applied, "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms; also that verse—

**"Fear not, I am with thee,
O be not dismayed," &c.**

At times I was very much tried under a felt sense of my unworthiness, together with the buffetings of the enemy, concerning the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, yet I as often found the Lord far better than all my fears, and the enemy defeated. Once in particular I remember when these words melted me down, "I love thee well, my child." Oh that I could oftener feel my hard heart broken down at His dear and sacred feet, under a felt sense of His love, but how I live to prove that nothing but almighty grace can melt my hard and rocky heart.

In May, 1883, I remember, I lost my voice again, and my health seemed to gradually decline. At last the doctor ordered a

change of air, and I went to Heathfield and stayed at Mrs. Mockford's, where I received every kindness. Still, I did not improve in body, but was much favoured in mind while there. One day, feeling very low, these words came with much fervour, and abode with me —

“ We two are so joined,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind.”

and another day when feeling very weak and low in body, but very calm and comfortable in mind, feeling sweet submission to the Lord's will, either for life or for death, those words came very sweetly—

“ A Father's hand prepares my cup,
And what He wills is best ;”

also, 1 Peter i. 7, “ That the trial of your faith,” &c. A few days before I returned home, that verse was continually with me, hymn 329, 5th verse, “ When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,” &c. How I feared what was before me ! and the last Sabbath I had a special time at the chapel, while hearing Mr. Mockford, from 1 Peter i. 8, 9, “ Whom having not seen ye love,” &c.; and as they were singing the 251st hymn, how I longed to leave my clay tabernacle behind, for it was as though I felt the joys of those above for a few moments. Never, I think, shall I forget that time ; how I begged of the Lord to prepare me for all He had prepared for me, either for life or for death. Thus I returned home, still without my voice, and very weak in body ; but not many weeks after my dear aunt's health failed, and she was disabled from work for eighteen months. Then the chief care of the work lay upon me, but through mercy I was able to struggle on, though often in much weakness and much anxiety, being so often troubled to get the help that was needed to take the place of my aunt ; and as our living depended upon our labour, we were often very much tried in circumstances. Thus I was often driven to the throne of grace, to seek daily strength for daily need. I felt I was then passing through the trial that I had felt was before me, but many were the sweet helps and comforting words the Lord gave me at that time. Oh that I could now feel that burning love to the Lord, His people, and His ways as in those days !

As I said before, I lost my voice in May, and on the first of the following November I arose in the morning feeling very depressed, and tried in various ways, but shortly after, as I was about my work, the first verse of hymn 804 came so sweetly and powerfully into my mind, and the tune with it, that I broke out singing it with my voice, being the first time for five months, which was a

sweet surprise to us all, and a great relief to me, but from that time I have been deaf. I then had a class in the Sunday School, but could not attend it on that account, which was a great trial, for I felt I could willingly spend and be spent in the Lord's cause. Thus I went on through the winter, begging of the Lord to give me strength, patience, and submission to His will in all things, and often did He drop a sweet word of comfort into my heart, when I have felt and feared I could hold out no longer. To Him be all the praise. Thus I was enabled to still hang and wait, and watch His wonder-working hand.

In 1884 I was very much exercised, fearing I should have to give up the week evening service, which was so precious to me. I felt I could not consent; how I begged of the Lord to show me what He would have me to do, and was greatly encouraged to still press on, while hearing the late Mr. Barnard one evening from 1 Cor. xv. 58, and never to this day have I regretted clinging to that sweet privilege. How I begged of the Lord to make and keep me steadfast and unmoveable; and a week or two after I had another special time, on the Wednesday evening, while hearing Mr. Hull, from 1 Peter i. 6, 7. How well do I remember Mr. Hull saying, he did not know why he was led to those words, as it was quite different from what he intended; but I felt the Lord alone knew the burdens I carried to chapel that night, but though my trials remained the same, I felt inwardly helped to bear them. Mr. Hull said there was a needs-be for the trials, because the Lord has a work to accomplish, something to perform, and in the end we shall see and prove it was the Lord's work, that He may have the honour and glory; and I felt I could truly tell the Lord that He knew my heart's desire was, whatever my trials might be, that they might be for my soul's good, and His own honour and glory. I begged that He would give me faith to trust Him, when and where I could not trace Him, and patience to wait, and endure all His heavenly will.

Also another special time I remember, when hearing Mr. Hull, from Isaiah xli. 10: "Fear thou not, for I am with thee," &c., and also one Sunday evening, from Proverbs iv. 11. Oh, how I felt that night! Though my path had been, and was still a trying one, it was the right one, for during the previous week I had a sweet proof of the Lord's tender care in a providential way, and I proved the truth of that sweet text, that had been much upon my mind for many days: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Oh, how sweet thus to trace His loving hand and tender care!

Thus I was led on till the spring of 1885, when for two weeks I lost my voice again, and was laid low by affliction—my aunt

was then regaining a little strength—during the first part of which I was very low in mind. But one morning I felt I must try and bend my knees again before the Lord; and while thus trying to plead with Him, like from a sweet voice in the room those words came, “Father,” He cries, “I will that these before Thee on their bended knees be with Me where I am.” After I had kept to my bed a fortnight, Mr. Ellis, who is now in glory, came one evening, and as we were talking of the Lord’s goodness, and of the way He had led us, and as Mr. Ellis was repeating the 5th verse of hymn 833, my voice again returned, to the surprise and joy of each of us. It was the first time we had conversed together, but it was a *sweet* time and a *special* time, as Mr. Ellis was to be baptized the next week. Truly our communion then was sweet!

As weeks passed on, and I did not regain strength, and the doctor said I must give up the laundry work, I was led to consider those words which had been much with me previously, “Sit still, my daughter, until thou know how the matter will fall”; also those lines—

“Though deep distress thy steps attend,
Thy warfare shall in triumph end,
With thee it shall go well.”

And a way was soon opened up, so that I could only look on and wonder, and through the kindness of dear friends my needs were all supplied. At the end of three months I was enabled to get to chapel once more, though still very weak. Oh, what wonders God can do!

When I had been helped through nearly twelve months, and was feeling anxious to be earning something for myself, the chapel-keeper gave notice that she must give up through age and infirmity, and Mrs. A. and myself were asked to undertake the work. I felt it was the kind hand of Providence—another link in the chain. We entered upon our loved work in June, 1886, and continued together in unity and peace until 1890, proving the promise true, time after time, “As thy days so shall thy strength be.” In January, 1890, I was laid low again by influenza and lost my voice, from which time I have never regained it. At first I was very depressed and very much exercised, but those words came with power and sweetness and calmed my troubled mind, “Be still, and know that I am God;” “In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength;” also, “Be still, my heart, these anxious cares,” &c., and I was enabled to cast myself and all that concerned me into the Lord’s hands.

During that affliction I received every kindness, and at the end

of three months I was enabled once more to resume my much loved duties at the chapel, though often in much weakness, but the Lord was my help. As time passed on and circumstances altered, I had to seek another home, and the future looked very dark before me, but no one upon earth knew what I laboured under during that summer (1890); how I begged of the Lord to appear and open a door for me in providence, and often did I feel that I could bear it no longer, but must tell my exercises to my friends, but those words would prevent me, "Be still," &c., "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength." Thus I was kept hanging and waiting upon the Lord. But I did not wait in vain, for in His own good time, which is always the best time, the Lord appeared for my help, and made a way for me when and where I could see no way of deliverance.

For several weeks hymn 273 was so much upon my mind, also 1113, by which I was greatly encouraged at times to wait and hope, for I desired to see the cloud go before me. But during the month of August so many things seemed to clash one against the other that I felt I must sink beneath my burden; and sink I must have done had not the Lord Himself sustained me. The language of my heart was, "O Lord, Thou knowest my path, do appear for me, do keep me from a murmuring spirit; Thou, Lord, alone knowest the struggles in my breast: suffer me not to do anything hastily; do give me patience to wait Thy time;" and about the middle of September, an aged relative of my aunt, who lived next door to her, died suddenly, which upset her nerves, so I was asked to go and stay with her for a time. How anxiously did I watch events at that time, for my dear brother was expecting soon to be married and hire the house my aunt then lived in, and as she was then getting in years and past her work, she was to have part of it, and if I wished to remain I could hire the room I then occupied, which was the very thing I had long been secretly wishing for, to have a room, however humble, for my home. Thus, in a most unlooked-for way, a door was opened for me in providence.

I remained with aunt until my brother took the house, which was the following January, 1891, and then I began in a small way to keep house for myself. I could then look back through 1890 and see how tenderly and fatherly the dear Lord had been watching over me, and causing all these things, like so many links in a chain, to work together for my good, and that He had heard my sighs and regarded my poor broken petitions. Truly I could then look up to Him and say, "Lord, Thou hast led me forth by a right way, I would not have one thing altered; do, Lord, make and keep me truly thankful for all Thy

great and many mercies bestowed upon one so unworthy." Thus I began as it were a fresh life, and it was a fresh beginning to each of us ; but how soon was I again reminded that this was not my rest, for on the second Sunday I was taken with spasms in my throat while preparing for those who eat their dinner in the vestry, and was conveyed home. The doctor was speedily sent for, and the Lord blessed the means and spared my life, which for a time seemed almost gone. Thus I was again brought low in body, and for several weeks was unable to attend to my loved duties at the chapel or to get to the service, but the Lord was good, and He raised me up many kind friends at that time, but at times I felt very cast down, and at one such time those lines came very sweet—

"Then why so sad my soul? though bad,
Thou hast a Friend that's good;
He bought thee dear, abandon fear,
He bought thee with His blood."

Oh, what a sweet lift that was to me, another stone of help ; how I do love those stepping stones. Thus I found that the Lord was near at hand, and not afar off, and as soon as strength would permit I again attended my duties at the chapel, where I loved to be, and through mercy I was enabled to continue, though often in much felt weakness, until the following November, 1891, during which time I was very much tried by the enemy, and often calling all in question, fearing I was deceived and deceiving others. How I begged of the Lord to make me right, and keep me right. I could not rest upon the past. No ; I wanted the Lord to speak the Word to my heart again, for—

"Without His sweet presence I could not live here,
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair."

Thus I went on, hoping and fearing, and often while under the preached Word, I felt so hard, so cold, and destitute of love, which tried me not a little, and instead of gaining bodily strength I felt and knew it was gradually declining. I was continually under the doctor's care, but oh, I wanted the Good Physician to come and heal my sin-sick soul, and the language of my heart was with the poet—

"What am I, and where am I?
Strange myself and paths appear ;
I scarce can lift one thought on high,
Or drop one heart-feeling tear."

How I longed to hear the Lord's voice once more, I could not

rest short of Himself. I tried to beg of Him to fit and prepare me for the solemn hour of death, knowing from the nature of my affliction I might be called to change time for eternity at any moment. I felt truly—

“The storm of death draws on apace,
And who can say how nigh?”

My cry was—

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

I well remember once, under these feelings, as I was walking through Wellington Square, those lines came with much power—

• “Wait till Thy disease He cleanse,
Begging, trusting, cleaving;
When and where, and by what means,
To His wisdom leaving.”

They abode with me for some weeks. Thus I was led on, until November 22nd, 1891, which was the last Sabbath I was able to be at chapel, for a long time, but it was a good time, and I was much helped and encouraged while hearing Mr. Hull, from the 2nd of Timothy ii. 12, “If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him: if we deny Him, He also will deny us.” Though I lost much while under the Word, on account of my deafness, yet I well remember one remark which Mr. Hull made at that time. He said, “We often miss the little helps, or pass them by, because we are looking for something greater, which the Lord does not see fit to bestow upon us.” Oh, I thought, how true! Then, on the Monday morning I went to the chapel again, but was only able to do very little. I returned home in the afternoon feeling very weak, and with the impression upon my mind that I had something to pass through. On the Tuesday I felt much the same, and on the Wednesday I hoped I felt a little better, and felt very comfortable in my mind, and was able to do a little needlework in the afternoon. But early in the evening, all in a moment, I was seized with spasms in the throat. The doctor was quickly with me, and every possible means was applied, but I could get no relief. Thus I continued for five hours, and my life seemed almost gone, when the doctor used another means, which he said was the last thing he could do for me, and, with the Lord’s blessing, that gave relief, but the exhaustion and weakness was very great. Thus I was again laid upon the bed for many weeks, but never can I forget the un-

tiring kindness I received at that time from my dear brother and his wife, with whom I was then living; and, through the goodness and mercy of the Lord, I have continued to live with them, and have always found them the same during the five years and a-half we have been together; and my poor prayer is that the Lord may richly bless and reward them, both in providence and in grace, in time and to all eternity, and that they and theirs may each be found bound up together with Him in the bundle of life, when He shall come to make up His jewels.

(To be continued.)

SAINTS SHINE WITH BORROWED RAYS.

BY JOSEPH WILLIAMS, OF KIDDERMINSTER.

'Twas on the day, when sacred rest
Kind Heaven enjoins to man and beast,
Bright Phœbus shot an early ray
Across the chamber where I lay;
But the refulgent effluence found
My sense with drowsy slumbers bound.
Anon, from sleep's dominion freed,
I gaz'd around with mindful heed,
And mark'd, surprised, close by my bed,
A sunbeam on the ceiling spread.
I rose, this mystery to trace,
And, lo! a mirror's polished face,
Set to confront the orb of day,
Oblique retorts his borrowed ray.

Just so, thought I, the Saviour gives
The graces every soul receives;
Just so, with borrow'd rays he shines
Whilst Jesus all his soul refines.
Each Christian is a looking-glass,
And Christ the Sun of Righteousness..

—*Old Magazine*, 1803.

A CHRISTIAN, for the sweet fruit he bears to God and men, is compared to the noblest of all plants, the vine. Now, as the most generous vine, if it be not pruned, runs out into many superfluous stems, and grows at last weak and fruitless: so doth the best man, if he be not cut short of his desires, and pruned with afflictions. If it be painful to bleed, it is worse to wither. Let me be pruned that I may grow; rather than be cut up, to burn.
—*Bishop Hall*.

PERSECUTED SCOTCH COVENANTERS.

JAMES HARKNESS, and others with him, were apprehended by their persecutors and carried to Edinburgh. Harkness was tried, and condemned to die, but he happily avoided the execution of his sentence by escaping, along with twenty-five fellow-prisoners, from the Canongate Jail. Thomas Harkness, the brother of James, was not so fortunate. He, along with Andrew Clark, of Leadhills, and Samuel M'Ewan, of Glencairn, was seized by Claverhouse, when, like a fury, he was roaming through all the places in Nithsdale, where he hoped to apprehend the rebels who had attacked the king's troops. He came upon the three helpless men as they were sleeping in the fields, in the parish of Closeburn. They were so fast asleep that the soldiers had to rouse them, and when they opened their eyes, and saw their enemies standing over them, like ravenous beasts ready to pounce on their prey, they attempted to flee, but in vain; for the soldiers, who, on account of the defeat at Enterkin, were exceedingly enraged, wounded them, and took them prisoners. Whether any of them were at Enterkin or not does not appear; but the soldiers deposed that they were, and therefore they were conveyed to Edinburgh, and were condemned to die on the same day on which they were tried. "They were," says Wodrow, "brought into Edinburgh about one of the clock, and that same day they were sentenced and executed about five of the clock." This evidently shows how eagerly their enemies thirsted for their blood. But though the summons was hasty, they were not unprepared; they lived with death constantly before them, and were in hourly expectation of meeting with the last enemy. Their brethren were daily falling on the moors and hills around them, and therefore they held themselves in constant readiness to meet with a similar fate. The interval between the sentence and execution was short; but brief as the period was, they drew up a conjunct testimony to that truth in behalf of which they suffered. This testimony, though expressed in a few words, is worthy of notice. and is as follows:—

"The joint testimony of Thomas Harkness, Andrew Clark, and Samuel M'Ewan, from the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, August 5th [1684].

"Dear friends and relations whatsoever, we think fit to acquaint you that we bless the Lord that ever we were ordained to give a publick testimony, who are so great sinners. Blessed be He that we were born to bear witness for Him, and blessed be the Lord Jesus Christ that ordained the Gospel and the truths of

it, which He sealed with His own blood ; and many a worthy Christian gone before us hath sealed them. We were questioned for not owning the king's authority. We answered that we owned all authority that is allowed by the written Word of God, sealed by Christ's blood. Now, our dear friends, we entreat you to stand to the truth, and especially all ye that are our own relations, and all that love and wait for the coming of Christ. He will come and not tarry, and reward everyone according to their deeds in the body. We bless the Lord that we are not a whit discouraged, but content to lay down our life with cheerfulness, and boldness, and courage ; and if we had a hundred lives, we would willingly quit with them all for the truth of Christ. Good news ! Christ is no worse than He promised. Now we take our leave of all our friends and acquaintances, and declare we are heartily content with our lot, and that He hath brought us hither to witness for Him and His truth. We leave our testimony against Popery and all other false doctrine that is not according to the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, which is the only Word of God. Dear friends, be valiant for God, for He is as good as His promise. Him that overcometh He will make a pillar in His temple. Our time is short, and we have little to spare, having got our sentence at one of the clock this afternoon, and are to die at five this day ; and so we will say no more, but farewell, all friends and relations, and welcome heaven and Christ, and the cross for Christ's sake.

“ THOMAS HARKNESS.

“ ANDREW CLARK.

“ SAMUEL M'EWAN.”

In this short statement emitted by these three plain country men, on the very eve of their death, of which they were not apprised sooner than four brief hours before it happened, we perceive no confusion nor perturbation, but an admirable calmness of spirit, and Christian fortitude, and confidence in God. The peace and evenness of mind which they displayed proves that the experience of the truth on the heart is a reality, and that the faith of the Gospel is capable of sustaining the soul in the most trying and appalling circumstances.

“ FAITHFUL Creator ! ” God is faithful to His purpose, and will perfect His work, notwithstanding the fiery trial you may pass under. Therefore build on God's faithfulness, and commit your souls to Him, for His faithfulness will not fail ; nor, consequently, shall yours, when built upon God's.—*Berridge*.

THE SEEKER'S CORNER.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Many thanks for putting that sweet sermon by dear Mr. Grace in our seat. I have always felt a love to him, and I found this sermon of his very savoury. In the middle of the book it begins about the gathering of God's people; it says: "If you have never been born of God, you have never been gathered out of the world, and the first gathering I shall speak of is being gathered out of the world." Then he goes on to speak of the Holy Spirit's work in the hearts of His people, separating them from the world that lieth in the arms of the wicked one. He mentions one character from the Word of God, of whom he said he was particularly partial, and so I think I am—Ruth, the Moabitess. He speaks of her having grace, and I felt when I read it that, were I put to the test like her, I could also say as she did about the people of God, "Intreat me not to leave thee," &c. (Ruth i. 16, 17). I have much enjoyed all the rest of the sermon.

He speaks about himself, and his prayer in the field. Oh, dear R., I know there are times now and again when I feel just what he felt. He thought he desired to love the Lord, and he also said he could discover love to His dear blood-bought family, and could have acknowledged that he loved them before he could positively say he loved the Lord. He then asks the question, "Why did I love the people of God? Ah, it was the budding of God's sovereign grace!" Thus he continues, speaking of the love of Mary Magdalene; and as I read it I could almost feel the depth of love she must have felt rebound in my own bosom; I am sure I should weep tears of love and joy if the precious Saviour would do as much for me as He deigned to do for her!

Mr. Grace then goes on to say (and this, dear, makes me to tremble and fear lest, after all, I shall come short at last. Oh, I do want to be sure it is the work of God's Spirit within!): "There will be no mistake made in that last solemn judgment day, when all nations must appear before Him who sitteth on the great white throne. No *sheep* will stand *there* as if they were goats; no *goats* as if they were sheep." He said he loved that sweet hymn (and, dear R., so do I)—

"I love to meet among them now,
Before Thy sacred feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But can I bear the piercing thought—
What if my name should be left out,
When Thou for them shalt call!"

I have run on, dear, but I must acknowledge I thought I saw

more marks of grace in my heart from reading that sermon than from the one I heard this morning. I do thank you, dear, and with much love, I remain, your loving friend,

B. VIGAR.

OPPRESSED.

I AM oppressed, my gracious Lord,
O ease me of my heavy load,
Speak once again a cheering word,
And give me rest.

Burdened with sin and unbelief,
Cast down by sorrow, pain, and grief,
Yet though of sinners I am chief,
Lord, give me rest!

If I could only feel Thee near,
To hush the storm and calm my fear,
To gently dry the falling tear,
This would be rest.

But oh, so very far from Thee,
I feel my troubled heart to be!
Yet Thou, dear Lord, canst come to me,
And bring me rest.

Thou markest every sigh and groan
That rises upward to Thy throne,
Listen in mercy to my moan;
Oh, give me rest!

Come then, dear Jesus, from above,
And fill my heart with heavenly love,
Temptations, fears, will all remove,
And I shall rest.

Turning from every earthly friend,
May I on Thee alone depend,
Whose love can never, never end;
Thou art my rest.

Only in Thee am I secure,
Only through Thee I can endure,
Whose promise is for ever sure;
On this I'd rest.

Lord, help me till life's voyage o'er,
My bark so frail has reached that shore
Where winds and storms distress no more,
But all is rest.

L. D.

The Bower, September, 1801.



MEMOIR OF DR. DODDRIDGE.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D.D., an eminent Protestant minister, was the son of Daniel Doddridge, an oilman in London, where he was born June 26th, 1702. He was brought up in the early knowledge of the Word of God by his godly parents, but was first initiated in the elements of the learned languages under one Mr. Stott, a minister, who taught a private school in London. In 1712, he was removed to Kingston-upon-Thames; and, about the time of his father's death, which happened in 1715, removed again to a private school at St. Alban's. Here he happily commenced an acquaintance with Dr. Samuel Clarke, minister of the Nonconformist congregation there; who became not only the instructor of his youth in the principles of religion, but his guardian when a helpless orphan, and a generous and faithful friend in all his advancing years; for, by his own and his friends' contribution, he furnished him with means to pursue his studies. The Duchess of Bedford, being informed of his circumstances, character, and strong inclination to learning, by his uncle Philip Doddridge, then steward to that noble family, made him an offer, that if he chose to be educated for the ministry of the Church of England, and would go to either of its Universities, she would support the expense of his education; and, if she should live till he had taken orders, would provide for him in the Church. This proposal he received with the warmest gratitude, but in the most respectful manner declined it, as he could not then satisfy his conscience to comply with the terms of ministerial conformity. Yet he continued for some time in great distress, from an apprehension that he should not be able to prosecute his studies for the ministry; and Dr. Edmund Calamy, whom he consulted, increased his affliction, by advising him to turn his thoughts to some other profession. Accordingly, he actually was engaging himself in the study of the law, when his friend, Dr. Clarke, hearing of his difficulties, generously offered to remove them.

In October, 1719, he was placed under Mr. Jennings, who kept an academy at Kibworth, in Leicestershire, and, during his studies at this place, he was noted for his diligence, serious spirit, and extraordinary care to improve his talents. He was first settled as a minister at Kilworth in that county, where he preached to a small congregation in an obscure village; but on Mr. Jennings's death succeeded to his academy, and soon after was called to the care of a large Nonconformist congregation at Northampton, where he carried his academy, and the number of his pupils increased. Here he spent the remainder of his life, which, being entirely employed in his closet, in his academy, and in his con-

gregation, cannot be supposed to afford many incidents to gain the attention of the generality of readers.

His biographer says : "That the vital truths of the Gospel, and its precepts, as enforced by them, were his favourite topics. He considered himself as a minister of the Gospel, and therefore could not satisfy himself without preaching Christ and Him crucified. He never puzzled his hearers with dry criticisms and abstruse disquisitions ; nor contented himself with moral essays and philosophical harangues, with which the bulk of his auditory would have been unaffected and unedified. He thought it cruelty to God's children to give them stones when they came for bread. 'It is my desire,' saith he, 'not to entertain an auditory with pretty, lively things, which is comparatively easy, but to come close to their consciences, to awaken them to a real sense of their spiritual concerns, and to be the means of bringing them to God, and that they may be kept continually near to Him ; which, to me at least, is an exceeding hard thing.' He seldom meddled with controversial points in the pulpit ; never with those with which he might reasonably suppose his congregation was unacquainted ; nor set himself to confute errors with which they were in no danger of being infected. When his subject naturally led him to mention some writers, from whom he differed, he spoke of them and their works with candour and tenderness, appealing constantly to the Scriptures, as the standard by which all doctrines are to be tried. He showed his hearers of how little importance some of the differences between Protestants are, and chose rather to be a healer of breaches than to widen them. He always spoke with abhorrence of passionately inveighing against our brethren in the pulpit, and making even Christian ordinances the vehicle of malignant passions. He thought this equally affronting to God and pernicious to men, poisoning the mind, instead of feeding the sheep of Christ."

He died at Lisbon, where he went for the recovery of his health, and his remains were interred in the burying-ground belonging to the British factory there. A handsome monument was erected to his memory in his meeting-house at Northampton, at the expense of the congregation, and the following epitaph by his friend, Gilbert West, inscribed on it :—

To the Memory of
PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D.D.
 Twenty-one Years Pastor of this Church,
 Director of a flourishing Academy,
 And Author of many excellent Writings ;
 By which his pious, benevolent, and indefatigable Zeal
 To make Men wise, good, and happy,

Will far better be made known,
 And perpetuated much longer,
 Than by this obscure and perishable Marble ;
 The humble Monument, not of his Praise.
 But of their Esteem, Affection, and Regret,
 Who knew him, loved him, and lament him ;
 And who are desirous of recording,
 In this inscription,
 Their friendly but faithful Testimony
 To the many amiable and Christian Virtues,
 That adorned his more private Character ;
 By which, though dead, he yet speaketh,
 And, still present in remembrance,
 Forceibly, though silently admonisheth,
 His once beloved and ever-grateful Flock.
 He was born, June 26, 1702,
 And died Oct. 26, 1751,
 Aged 50.

It is much to be regretted that the account of Dr. Doddridge's spiritual exercises is so meagre throughout his memoir, but we give one letter as showing the sweet influence of the Spirit of Christ manifested in his private walk with God, which sweetly touched our heart, and made us long for more of the like experience of intercourse with Christ. He once expressed the wish that when he came to die his last words might be these—

“ A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
 On Thy kind arms I fall ;
 Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
 My Jesus and my all.”

May we all be blessed with the like favour when exchanging time for eternity.

LETTER OF DR. DODDRIDGE TO HIS WIFE WHILE SHE WAS AWAY
 AT BATH FOR HER HEALTH.

MY DEAREST,—I despatched all the other letters which I had to write last night, but designedly reserved that which I intended for you till this morning, because I knew I might take the liberty of writing in a strain, not ill-becoming a Sabbath and a Sacrament day ; nay, because I was sure my letter would be so much the more agreeable to you in proportion to the degree in which it was suited to such a season. The comfortable news which Miss Rappit's letter brought me on Friday night proved very sweet, and, as I hope, put me in better spirits for the work of the day.

I question not, my dear, but that you and she are both

wishing yourselves with us, and we should greatly rejoice in you being so; and yet I hope it will be some comfort to you to think that we shall remember you at the Lord's table, and recommend you to the Divine support during your absence. And I hope, my dear, you will not be offended when I tell you that I am, what I hardly thought it possible, without a miracle, that I should have been very easy and happy without you. My days begin, pass, and end, in pleasure, and seem short because they are so delightful. It may seem strange to say it, but really so it is. I hardly feel that I want anything. I often think of you, and pray for you, and bless God on your account, and please myself with the hope of many comfortable days, and weeks, and years with you; yet I am not at all anxious about your return, or, indeed, about anything else. And the reason, the great and sufficient reason, is, that I have more of the presence of God with me than I remember ever to have enjoyed in any one month of my life. He enables me to live for Him, and to live with Him. When I awake in the morning, which is always before it is light, I address myself to Him, and converse with Him, speak to Him while I am lighting my candle and putting on my clothes, and have often more delight before I come out of my chamber, though it be hardly a quarter of-an-hour after my awaking, than I have enjoyed for whole days, or, perhaps, weeks of my life. He meets me in my study in secret, in family devotions. It is pleasant to read, pleasant to compose, pleasant to converse with my friends at home; pleasant to visit those abroad—the poor, the sick; pleasant to write letters of necessary business by which any good can be done; pleasant to go out and preach the Gospel to poor souls, of which some are thirsting for it, and others dying without it; pleasant in the week-day to think how near another Sabbath is; but, oh! much, much more pleasant, to think how near eternity is, and how short the journey through this wilderness, and that it is but a step from earth to heaven. I cannot forbear, in these circumstances, pausing a little, and considering whence this happy scene just at this time arises, and whither it tends. Whether God is about to bring upon me any peculiar trial, for which this is to prepare me; whether He is shortly about to remove me from the earth, and so is giving me more sensible prelibations of heaven, to prepare me for it; or whether He intends to do some peculiar services by me just at this time, which many other circumstances lead me sometimes to hope; or whether it be that, in answer to your prayers, and in compassion to that distress which I must have otherwise have felt in the absence and illness of her who has been so exceedingly dear to me, and

was never more sensibly dear to me than now **He** is pleased to favour me with this teaching experience; in consequence of which, I freely own, I am less afraid than ever, of any event that can possibly arise, consistent with His nearness to my heart, and the tokens of His paternal and Covenant love.

I will muse no further on the cause. 'Tis enough, the effect is so blessed. Since I began this letter I have attended family prayer; I wish I could communicate to you and dear Miss Rappitt the pleasure I found in reading the promises in Mr. Clarke's collection, p. 106 and 107, and singing the 89th Psalm. But the post calls, and I must therefore conclude, wishing you all the happiness I feel, and more if your heart could contain it.

My dearest, your ever affectionate friend, who hopes to love you for ever,

Northampton, October 31st, 1742.

P. DODDRIDGE.

GRACE TO HELP.

"Grace to help in time of need."—HEBREWS iv. 16.

GRACE, sovereign grace, God's full, exhaustless treasure,

What tongue shall speak its full intrinsic worth?

What mighty power its boundless limits measure?

Its shoreless depths, what heart conceive on earth?

Favours divine, forth from Jehovah's presence,

To sinful men who less than nothing are;

A ceaseless link, 'twixt worms and High Omniscience,

Whereby Thine own shall untold blessings share!

God's grace to *help*, our fainting hearts reviving,

Grace to uplift, to cheer, to fill with peace;

All needed strength from this Great Source deriving,

To bear us ever on till troubles cease.

In times of *need*—and when are we *but* needy?—

Helpless in self, we *ever* must depend;

There is no help, no refuge, Lord, beside Thee,

Then sweet to learn Thy fulness knows no end.

Till grace shall fail, we ne'er can be found wanting;

Never till then one *need* be not supplied;

No sorrowing heart in care be left desponding;

To none who mourn, full pardon be denied.

Spirit Divine! oh, to our hearts bear witness.

Teach us to prize, to grasp this precious word;

Point us beyond our needs to this great fulness,

Above our cares, to our unfailing God.

K. STAINES.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MRS. E. BUTLER.

BY HER DAUGHTER, MRS. E. EAGLES.

DEAR MR. HULL,—I send the following account, by the request of Mr. Butler, our deacon, who lost his wife on the 28th of April last. She was coming to chapel on the morning of that day, and on the road was taken ill and became unconscious, and was taken home, and died in the evening, at 8.30, without regaining consciousness, but we are quite satisfied that sudden death, with her, was sudden glory. She was a consistent member of our place for twenty-two years. I baptised her in the year 1878. She was a woman of many fears, much tried in soul, but when the dear Lord was pleased to visit her with His lovely presence then her fears would all depart, and joy unspeakable fill her soul that the Lord should love such an unworthy sinner. She was a true lover of a free grace Gospel, and of the house of God, and now she is gone to see Him face to face, whose visits to her while here below were dearer than all things else beside.

Cranbrook, June 12th, 1901.

T. TANDY.

Our mother dear is gone,
She's gained the heavenly rest;
And while we mourn our loss below
She mingles with the blest.

Her trials, griefs, and pains
Are ever ended now;
With full submission, at Thy feet,
Lord, help us each to bow.

Though bitter is the stroke,
'Tis sweetened well with this,
She's gone with Christ her Lord to dwell
In everlasting bliss.

Hers was a varied path,
Sometimes in doubts and fears;
Sometimes her Lord has spoken peace,
And dried up all her tears.

Sometimes she mourned in grief,
Sometimes she wept through fear;
Sometimes she wept for very joy
To find her Lord was near.

She mourned her sinful heart,
Feeling the load within,
And often cried to Him who died
To save from hell and sin.

Her words were very few,
 Her wishes very great ;
 Often she cried, " O Lord, in me
 A new, clean heart create."

The sin of unbelief,
 Her heart did sorely grieve,
 And many an earnest cry went up,
 " Lord, help me to believe."

The Lord in love appeared
 To set His prisoner free ;
 Spake to her heart, saying, " Fear not,
 I have redeemed thee."

This made her heart rejoice,
 Her eyes o'erflowed with tears
 Of joy to feel her Lord had come
 To banish all her fears.

She blessed and praised His name,
 Could call Him all her own,
 Feeling her life, her hope, her joy,
 All centred in the Son.

While journeying here below,
 Her prayers full often were,
 That God would bless her children dear,
 And keep from every snare.

She knew the worth of souls,
 She'd felt sin's plague within ;
 Oh may the Lord her prayers fulfil,
 And keep us from all sin.

Sweeten our father's grief,
 And with him ever dwell,
 And when he's called to Thy embrace,
 Help us to say, " 'Tis well."

Oh may we all thus meet
 Around the throne of God,
 Where death nor sin can ever part
 The saints redeemed by blood.

(Slightly abridged and altered.)

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

MEMOIR OF RUTH HUNT.

(Continued from page 188.)

**"Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come."**

AFTER that I was afflicted in other ways, so that I was prevented meeting in the house of God again until the following August. Then was I favoured to once more sit down at the Lord's table, and though I could hear but very little, it was good to be there. One portion I heard Mr. Hull refer to that night was very comforting, "In all their affliction He was afflicted, and the angel of His presence saved them," &c., thus the Lord calmed my fears, and brought me safely through that time, so that I could truly join with the hymn, and say—

**"Thus far my God has led me on,
And made His truth and mercy known;
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs."**

But oh, how keenly did I feel my loss in not being able to hear, as I found the afflictions I had passed through had greatly increased my deafness. Thus I was led on, hoping and fearing, hanging and waiting upon the Lord, and proving Him, from time to time, to be a God hearing and answering prayer, both in providence and in grace. Truly my life's minutest circumstance is subject to His eye. Being unable to again return to my much-loved duties at the chapel, or to earn for myself the bread that perisheth, yet in what a marked way has the Lord provided for me up to this present hour, proving His promises true, which He Himself spoke to my heart with power before this affliction came upon me, as if to assure me that He would provide, which was, "Bread shall be given thee, thy water shall be sure." "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." And one day, as I was walking through the town, very much exercised about certain things, those words came with much power, "Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" And I have proved Him faithful to His promise, and that, too, in a most marked and wonderful way, time after time. "Tis—

**"To Him I owe my wealth and friends,
My health and safe abode;
Thanks to His name for meaner things,
But they are not my God."**

But oh, how sweet to see His loving hand in all these things ! Truly if any poor sinner has cause to be thankful I have, yet how dependant I am upon Him for a thankful heart. How graciously has He inclined the hearts of His dear people to continue their kindness towards me ! How gladly would I give to, instead of receive from, His much loved Cause, yet feel I cannot move a step, but receive it as coming from Himself, and am compelled to "be still, and know that He is God," trusting that His own dear Cause will suffer no lack thereby.

Again I noted down a few thoughts and feelings.

January, 1894.—Spared, through mercy, to see the opening of another year. Lord, do help me to thank and praise Thee for all Thy great and many mercies through the past year, and for the sweet increase of strength, to enable me at times to meet in Thy earthly courts, which I feel is no small mercy ; help me to highly prize the privilege, and to live to Thine own honour and glory. Thou hast blest me with every needed comfort, a quiet and peaceful home, and with food and raiment, wherewith I desire to be content and grateful before Thee ; and, above all these mercies, Thou hast given me an interest in the prayers of Thy dear people. What a mercy to have praying friends, and to prove that their prayers are heard and answered by Thee. Oh, how much have I to be thankful for ! Deaden my heart to all things here below, dear Lord, and set my affections on Thee and things above. Death and vanity is stamped upon all below ; pour down upon me the true spirit of prayer and supplication, that I may be enabled to hold communion and fellowship with Thee, the sinner's Friend.

But to be brief, most of this year my time was spent with our late dear friend Mrs. Hallaway. I often felt very weak and low in body and very much exercised in various ways, and through weakness have often been deprived of meeting in the house of God ; now and then I felt a little reviving, but for the most part my harp hung upon the willows. "O Lord, I am oppressed, do undertake for me," was often the language of my heart, but one night as I lay tossing upon the bed in much distress of mind, those lines came, and were so comforting to my heart (hymn 263) —

"He knows how deep their groanings are,
And what their secret sighs declare ;
And, for their comfort, has expressed,
That all such mourning souls are blest."

Oh, what a sweet calm I felt ! all was still in a moment when Jesus Himself drew near.

Thus I went on, begging of the Lord to go before me and show me what *He* would have me to do, for I felt, in my weak

state of health, it was not suitable for me to remain there ; yet I did not like to leave my sister alone, and, in the Lord's own good time, my way was made clear, for in December I was required at home, as we were once more to change our abode in this wilderness, but still my mind was much exercised about returning there again ; but one morning I felt such sweet nearness and access in pleading with the Lord and laying my case before Him, when those words came, "I will work, and who shall let [or hinder] it?" Thus I was raised to hope, and it was much laid upon my mind to write and tell my sister about it, and my exercises concerning it, which I did, and felt greatly helped in doing so ; and the Lord overruled it for my deliverance, and made my way clear before me. Oh, what a load I felt was removed from my mind at that time, then how sweet were those words—

**"The work that His goodness began
The arm of His strength will complete;"**

and again, "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength," and, two days after, those words came very sweetly, while pleading with the Lord, "Fear not, for I am with thee ; I have redeemed thee, thou art Mine." Oh, how they seemed to confirm me, that I had taken the right step, for—

**"The way we walk cannot be wrong,
If Jesus be but there."**

On the following Wednesday evening, December 19th, I had a good time in hearing Mr. Hull, from the 9th chapter of Deuteronomy and the latter part of the 19th verse—"But the Lord hearkened unto me at that time also." Just before leaving home for chapel these words came so sweetly and with power, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee," &c. Oh, how happy and peaceful did I feel that night ! and as Mr. Hull opened up that text, how my heart could feelingly echo to the sweet truths, having so lately proved them for myself. Oh, how I love, as Mr. Hull said, to see the Lord's Hand in answer to prayer.

**"Wrestling prayer can wonders do,
Bring relief in deepest straits."**

" 'Prayer moves the Hand that moves the world,' and to praying souls," Mr. Hull said, "He always grants more than they can express." Oh, how true ! Oh, what is honour, wealth, or mirth to this well-grounded peace ?

On December 31st, 1894, I was privileged to attend the

prayer meeting, being the first time for the last three years, and, oh, how sweet to spend the last evening of the Old Year in the house of prayer. Though I could not hear the prayers, the hymns were especially sweet that evening to me, 289, 1083, 9, 199, 462.

" Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.
Bread of Heaven,
Feed me now and evermore."

January, 1895.—Favoured to begin the year in meeting with the Lord's dear people; oh, what a privilege! Oh, continue this mercy, dear Lord, if Thy heavenly will, but if otherwise, suffer me not to murmur. Thus I passed on, week after week, amidst the changing scenes of time, and was favoured to meet, from time to time, in the house of God, proving it at times to be a house of Bread; and I also received many marked proofs of the Lord's ever watchful care as a God of providence, which has been, and is still, of real benefit and comfort to me in my little home. Oh, how clearly have I been enabled to trace His wonder-working hand, in providing for my necessary comforts; and as I look back upon the past five years and a-half that I have had my little Bethel spot, I truly am amazed how, through the goodness of the Lord, it has been maintained and my needs supplied, so that instead of its decreasing it has, through the kindness of one and another, at different times, increased, while, like Manoah and his wife, I have looked on in wonder. Thus am I constrained to say, "Goodness and mercy hath followed me all my days, and not one thing hath failed of all that the Lord hath promised." And thus can I see his loving-kindness, and trace His wonder-working hand, as I look around my home, even from its beginning to the present hour, and often as I lie upon my bed at night, I think, "Why am I thus favoured, when the dear Lord Himself, while here below, had not where to lay His head? Truly,

" ' His way was much rougher and darker than mine;
Did Christ my Lord suffer, and shall I repine? ' "

Rejected be the thought. Oh for grace to be truly thankful for all His great and many mercies!"

I will now pass on to September of last year, 1895, when the dear Lord saw fit to bring the body very low once more, as you

know, even as it were to the gates of death. I was at chapel on the 22nd, and while returning home was seized with sharp pains at my chest, which proved to be the beginning of a heavy affliction; thus I was again confined at home until the following February, yet how sweetly did I prove in this affliction the Lord still to be my Helper and my Friend. Oh, what a mercy to have a friend in Jesus, who is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever, a never-changing, never-failing, but ever-faithful, Friend; truly, He is the sinner's Friend. Oh that I could exalt and praise Him, who has done so much for me, a sinner vile and base! I cannot do justice in writing of what I felt and experienced of His lovingkindness and tender mercy in this affliction, both *providentially and spiritually*.

“Living tongues are dumb at best,
We must die to speak of Christ.”

True, my sufferings were great, but the consolations far outweighed them all. How I longed to be with Him—

“There to see His blissful face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasure in.”

But my time was not yet come. Oh, how sweet when brought as it were to the gates of death, to have all fears removed, and to welcome it as a messenger of love and mercy; how did I then long to fly away from this world of sin and sorrow, to the realms of endless bliss, and—

“There to bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast,”

but to be eternally and for ever shut in with Jesus. “Oh, what must it be to be there!” Truly the language of my heart then was—

“Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Dear Jesus, set me free,
And to Thy glory take me in,
For there I long to be.”

But I was to return and sojourn yet a little longer in this vale of tears—the why and the wherefore the Lord only knows. Oh, that it may be for His own honour and glory! Sure I am that what He wills is and must be best—

“ For though we can’t His goings see,
Nor all His footsteps find,
Too wise to be mistaken, He,
Too good to be unkind.”

How I did want my voice then to testify of His lovingkindness, and exalt a precious Jesus, and especially so when favoured with the visits of His dear people which I much enjoyed at that time ; for though we could not converse, their presence did me good, for even of that, at one time, I was compelled to be deprived of, so that I could trace and see the tender mercies of the Lord even in that. And oh, how sweet, comforting, and refreshing were the prayers of our dear pastor, Mr. Hull, and other friends at that time. Never shall I forget Mr. Hull’s parting words, when to all human appearance it was for the last time in this life, and yet I am still spared, but I trust we shall one day meet before the throne above, there to sing together of free grace and dying love.

One Sabbath morning, while still prostrate upon the bed, those words were very sweet, “ I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil.” How my soul did respond and say, “ Lord, do keep me, my heart is so deceitful and so prone to wander from Thee. I would desire to testify of Thy lovingkindness with a single eye to Thine own honour and glory, but

“ How I lisp and falter forth
Broken words, not half Thy worth.”

At another time those lines were a great comfort to me—

“ Forget thee I will not, I cannot, thy name,
Engraved on My heart does for ever remain ;
The palms of My hands, while I look on I see
The wounds I received when suffering for thee.
I feel at My heart all thy sighs and thy groans,
For thou art most near Me, My flesh and My bones ;
In all thy distresses thy Head feels the pain,
Yet all are most needful, not one is in vain.”

What could be more comforting in the midst of pain ? How it sweetened the bitter cup, and enabled me to say,

“ A Father’s hand prepares my cup,
And what He wills is best.”

Then at another time, when my pains were very severe, those words were very sweet, “ Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. For He knoweth our

frame ; He remembereth wo are dust." And again, "Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne." Truly, I could say it was worth all the pain to have and enjoy this sweet comfort ; I would not have missed it. Though the flesh shrinks and dislikes the way, yet faith approves it well, and thus did I prove the Lord to be my strong hold in the day of trouble ; yea, my refuge and strength, for—

**"When most we need His helping hand,
This Friend is always near."**

Perhaps you will say "It was all sunshine with you then." Yes, for the most part, through mercy. During the most painful time my mind was kept very calm and very quiet, thus again proving the tender mercies of the Lord, for He knows how much the body can bear ; and the mercy is, He will not lay more upon us than He gives strength to bear. But I soon found the enemy was not dead. No, the sly old fox ; how he tried to draw me into his net, and drag me into Doubting Castle ! But what a mercy he is a chained foe, and that Jesus still lives, the sinner's Friend. And—

**"He sees the struggles that oft prevail,
Between the powers of grace and sin,
And kindly listens while we tell
The bitter pangs we feel within."**

(*To be continued.*)

A CONVERSATION in heaven is a very safe conversation ; you will be free from snares and temptation. As an earthly conversation subjects unto temptation, so a heavenly conversation will free us from temptations. When is the bird in danger of the lime-twig or net, but when she comes to pick below upon the ground ?—but if she could but keep herself above always, she were free from the snare and net. It is Chrysostom's similitude. Keep above, and then ye be free from the snare of the fowler.—*Jeremiah Burroughs.*

How blessed is the Christian in the midst of his greatest troubles ! It is true we cannot say he is perfect in holiness—that he has never any doubts, that his peace of mind is never interrupted, that he never mistakes Providence, but, after all, he is in a blessed condition ; for he is supported under his trials, and instructed by the discipline ; and, as to his fears, the evil, under the apprehension of which he is ready to sink, frequently does not come, or it does not continue, or it is turned into a blessing.—*Richard Cecil.*

THE TESTIMONY OF THE DIVINE WORD.

"He will reprove the world of sin . . . because they believe not on Me."—JOHN xvi. 8, 9.

THE *sin* here primarily intended, is that of the Jews, in disbelieving, rejecting, and crucifying Christ; and which the Spirit of God, by Peter, charged upon them on the day of Pentecost, and fully proved against them; gave such clear evidence, and wrought such strong convictions of in their minds and consciences, that, being pricked to the heart, they cried out, "*What shall we do?*" (Acts ii. 2-37.) Though as this passage may be applied to the ordinary work of the Spirit of God upon the souls of men, through the ministry of the Word; so it may take in convictions of sin of all sorts, as of original and actual sins, and particularly the sin of unbelief: for the Spirit of God convinces of the sinfulness and corruption of nature, the wickedness and plague of a man's heart, the sin that dwells in him; how that has overspread all the powers and faculties of his soul, and rendered both him and his services unacceptable to God, and loathsome in His sight, and himself hopeless and helpless, and deserving of His wrath and displeasure. He also convinces of actual sins and transgressions, showing that they are breaches of the law of God, and are committed against God Himself; that they are deserving of death, even eternal death; that the wrath of God is revealed against them, and for them comes upon the children of disobedience; and that there is no atonement for them or cleansing from them, but by the blood of Christ. He likewise convinces of the sin of unbelief here particularly mentioned: showing the evil nature and consequences of it, to persons enjoying a Gospel revelation; that such who disbelieve the Messiah shall die in their sins; that whoever believes not in Him shall be damned; and that faith in Christ is necessary to salvation, and that without it there is none.—*Dr. Gill.*

THE want of moderation hinders a Christian's progress; while his heart is set upon anything here below, his parts and time, his thoughts and endeavours, his care and industry, which should be laid out for the improving of the gifts of grace which he has, will be spent in pursuing what his lust calls for. The sense of inward want will be felt in pursuing what his lust calls for. The sense of inward want will be lost; the hunger and thirst of the soul after the perfection of Christ will be quenched; the world takes but little hold on the man while his mind works another way.—*George Barker.*

THE SEEKER'S CORNER

DEAR EDWARD,—"Think it not strange," as says Peter, "concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you; but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that, when His glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy." From which note, first, that if we are the children of God, we shall meet with fiery trials, producing in the spirit that uneasiness which outward or literal fire would produce in our bodies. If fire should fasten upon any, even the least member of our bodies, we could not be still a single moment. Everything which we could do or devise would be resorted to relieve the suffering part. So, if you watch, you will find that when a thought or suggestion or passage of Scripture comes against us and looks inimical to us—seems to cut us up, or cut us off; or says as it were, "Now, how about it? does it not look like you? does it not exactly describe your character and feelings?" I say, when such a thought or passage enters the mind, what an endeavour there will be to get rid of it in a right way. The fear of God will not allow you to twist it, or to in any way lessen its force or meaning, and yet how truly glad you will be when the Lord makes for you a way out, and you can see that it was a temptation, and not sent from God, to show that you were an empty character. Then some trials are called fiery because they come from hell, which is the lake of fire, where the fire of God's wrath will for ever consume both devils and lost men at the appointed time. The devil and his angels are heirs of this wrath, and it is therefore their aim and endeavour to persuade the vessels of mercy that they are fellow heirs of it with them.

Note, too, that when these temptations take us, we naturally think it strange; and one reason is because every temptation has a new face or dress, which is one of the wiles of Satan and his powers, that himself or themselves may remain undiscovered until a certain effect is produced. Every temptation is designed by God to cause us a certain amount of suffering, which it would not do if we instantly took the alarm, and betook ourselves at once to watchfulness and prayer and to the use of our various weapons. Just as in the case of a city besieged, the citizens suffer in proportion to the approach that the enemy makes, or the length of time that he is before the walls; but we generally find that to our own view and feelings we are like a city broken down and without walls, and the enemy is all at once in our very heart, or midst, as if about to slay us; and here is where we not only feel our own weakness, but also prove the Lord's faithfulness; for as soon as we begin to feel the oppression of the enemy, we begin

to sigh and groan, and then perhaps a broken petition or two comes out, and then the Spirit of the Lord lifts up the Lord Jesus—the standard—and we revive a little and say in our feelings, “Yes, devil, it will be all up with me if I have no interest in redeeming love and blood, but perhaps I am interested therein, and if, as you say, I cannot positively prove that I have you on your part cannot positively prove that I have not. I know that you are my enemy, but I am not sure that God is, and you have not proved it yet.” Note, again, that the Head of the Church suffered from these fiery trials, and has designed that each of His members shall have a share of the same; for unless they share in His humiliation, they will not be prepared to share in His exaltation; unless they partake of His sufferings, they will not be fitted to enjoy the glory which is to follow. And here we see that all the time we are in this wilderness we shall more or less be subject to these evils, and we find that all the Apostles put the glory at the end of the race; they do not, like some, hold out vain ideas of glory until the battle is fought and patience has had its perfect work, and we have run with patience the race set before us. James says, “Be patient until the coming of the Lord.” And Peter here proclaims the same truth, and as much as says, the glory to which you are heirs you will enter upon when you are of age. Paul, too, counsels Timothy to be a partaker of the sufferings or afflictions of the Gospel. And many other Scriptures might be cited to show that the path to heaven is rough and tribulatory, and, as before observed, must be fully trodden before the glory will be realized.

How, too, the various figures set this out. The Lord’s people are compared to wayfarers, strangers, pilgrims, &c.; and we well know that such persons are on march, on the move: if they sit down or lie down, it is only for a few hours to fit them to travel on. Then we are told that the gladness which the Lord’s tried people will enter upon will be exceeding joy—exceeding all their sorrows, [and exceeding their warmest expectations and anticipations.

But to return again to the way, for we are not near the end yet. Maybe we have many a conflict and woe to grapple with yet. And there is an exhortation by Paul to this effect: “Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God who worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure.” I should like to get *into* these words—there is a good deal in them. You see, they speak to the Lord’s manifested children, and it warns them that they will find plenty of work to do: as much as ever they can do at times to keep their heads above water; but look at the exhortation, “Work out your own

salvation." That is, let every man prove his own work. That is to say, prove that he is personally interested in the great blessings of salvation, and this is to be done with fear and trembling; so that we are not called on to get into a state of absolute security, where we may sit down and be quiet. In fact, dead assurance is one of the devil's strongholds wherein many high doctrinalists take refuge until death opens their eyes. "For it is God that worketh in you";—that is, the work which is going on is God's work;—"and He who has begun a good work in you will finish it [or carry it on] until the day of the Lord Jesus." And whatever state you are in, it is according to His good pleasure, who has set the day of adversity over against the day of prosperity, and has decreed that the days of darkness shall be many, as compared with the days of the Son of Man; "For the days will come when you shall desire to see one of the days of the Son of Man, and ye shall not see it. And when they shall say to you, Lo, here, or, lo, there, go not after them nor follow them."

With reference to the particular temptation you speak of, it is more or less accomplished in every one of the Lord's people in this militant state. I often fear that I am a wayside hearer, or that I come under one or other of the descriptions, and it is rare indeed that I can at all conclude that my heart has been made honest and good, or that I bring the least fruit to perfection. But I must conclude for the present, with recommending you to spread your case before the Lord, and to remember that "unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness," and that God's words do good to those that walk uprightly, that is, to those who feel they are sinners, and are looking unto Jesus.

Brighton, April 8th, 1869.

SAMUEL.

MY DEAR AND WELL-BELOVED FRIEND,—Accept my sincere thanks for your affectionate letter. It came at a time when I was much occupied in outward concerns, and rather unwell in health, which prevents me from attempting to answer it at present as I could wish, but the first opportunity that offers (if the Lord will) I purpose to convey a few lines to my companion in tribulation, of whose election and effectual calling of God I have not the shadow of a doubt.

Satan, my sister, is not divided against himself. The real hypocrite he will bolster up in presumption and vain confidence, and puff the deluded mortal up with pride, and from that high pinnacle he falls into the same condemnation with himself. On the other hand, this arch fiend uses every effort and device to

harass and distress the poor broken-hearted, sincere, and humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ; by raising doubts and fears in the mind with his deceptions and suggestions, in order to perplex, and to becloud every evidence of grace in the heart; to draw a veil over every former token for good with which we have been indulged—to strip the poor soul of its peace and tranquillity to beget in us hard thoughts of God, to hide if possible every trace of the Lord's former lovingkindness and tender mercy from our view, and then to hurry us into perverseness and rebellion against the best of Fathers and the best of Friends. This is the way he takes with the feeble disciples of Christ Jesus when His gracious presence is withdrawn, and the consolations of the Holy Spirit for a season are suspended, and were he permitted to have his full swing, as in the case of Job, he would if possible make us as miserable as himself. But the soul that is blessed with the smallest measure of living faith in act and exercise, is sure in these conflicts to "turn the battle to the gate," and in the issue they overcome this cruel foe "by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony" (Rev. xii. 11). Therefore, my dear friend, hold fast that good thing which was wrought in your heart by the operation of the Holy Spirit when He condescended to quicken, to illuminate, and to reveal Christ to you as the "chiefest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely." Be of good cheer, for "greater is He that is in us, than he that is in the world." The treasure of grace in our hearts, be it ever so small in measure, is an incorruptible seed that liveth and will abide for ever; for the God of all grace, even Jesus our Lord, hath said, "Because I live ye shall live also."

Our present happiness arises not from the measure of grace we have received, but from the reality of it: we are exhorted to "be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus," for "it hath pleased the Father that in Him all fulness should dwell." Our safety depends upon our union with Christ, and our daily comfort springs from communion with Him. It is a source of much consolation to know that we are following the Lord in the regeneration, and that "as He was, so are we in this world;" that is, we meet with the same treatment from the world, and share in the same sufferings and afflictions as He did.

Do we want to find the most lively and thriving disciples of Christ? They are to be found in the midst of Zion (read Zeph. iii. 12), even an afflicted and poor people, who have nothing to trust in but the Covenant name of the Lord; and where we find this tried and afflicted company, there we shall find the King of Zion also. Read the 17th verse. If we want another proof, read Zechariah i. 8. There are the myrtle trees

(evergreens) in the bottom, that is, the valley of humiliation, and the God-Man Christ Jesus with them, upon the red horse of salvation, as their preserver. These two instances serve to show us that vital godliness is principally found, not in outward splendid appearances, but for the most part in a low and mean condition, both spiritually and temporally. "The sacrifices of God [what He approves and accepts] are a broken spirit"—a broken and a contrite heart He never will despise; and if we, my dear friend, have this good thing in possession, we will not exchange our treasure and our lot for all the riches of this uncertain world.

I feel a desire to go on with this pleasing theme, but other things call for my attention, therefore I hope you will excuse my brevity, and believe me to be in sincerity and truth,

Affectionately yours,

December 15th, 1821.

J. K.

P.S.—I have been somewhat burdened for some time past with the situation of my eldest daughter, Mrs. Walton, she being face to face with a severe trial, and as my mind was more than usual exercised on her account, I have had many visits to the watch-tower on her behalf. On Wednesday evening just after receiving your kind favour, I also received the pleasing tidings of her safe deliverance; and as gracious answers to prayer call for humble thanksgivings, and encourage us to continue begging for every supply we stand in need of, I therefore request you to join with me in this matter, as we have a Scripture warrant so to do. "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth Me: and to him that ordereth his conversation aright will I show the salvation of God."

Remember me to all the family. Excuse haste.

It cost Him much (oh, how much!) trouble, sorrow, beating, grinding, before He became *Bread* for us. There may be a scarcity of other bread, there is none of this to those who rightly seek it. It is dear in regard to the preciousness, not dear in regard of the price; we pay nothing for it but faith and love. Though thousands pray at once with the disciples, "Lord, evermore give us this bread," Jesus's storehouse can never be emptied. He only grows not rich with receiving, neither grows poor with giving. Rejoice then, beloved, the Lord is the Giver, the Lord is the gift. Let not your souls be starved with these inferior things, which are few in number, small in measure, bad in nature, "while there is bread enough, and to spare, in your Father's house."—*Thomas Adams.*

REVIEWS.

On Pilgrimage ; or, Helps for Weary Wayfarers. By EDWARD CARR. Price, 1s. 6d. London : E. Wilmshurst, Blackheath, S.E. ; and 23, Warwick Lane, E.C.

THE writings of the author of this work are so well known and approved, that no words of ours are needful to recommend his latest book, published under the above title. Each of the twenty-four brief bright articles which it contains, if read daily, will form good food for spiritual meditation, and when the book is finished it will be worth re-reading again and again in a similar way, and when the reader has finished with it, it will be just the book to lend to a friend to whom you may desire to convey a word in season.

The titles of the articles are all pointed and concise, such as—“The Pilgrim’s Regeneration,” “The Pilgrim’s Shoes,” “The Pilgrim’s Bread,” “The Pilgrim’s Light,” “The Pilgrim’s Darkness,” &c.

The following brief extract from the article on “Regeneration” is a fair sample of the good fare that is here provided :—

“Whether the fact of regeneration can be recollected or not, the great proof of its having taken place is *life* in the soul. I shall now proceed to mention some of the signs and tokens of Divine life, whereby we may know that we are born again.

“1st. *A Struggling against Sin*, death, bondage, and darkness. —When new life entered Lazarus’ dead body at the word of Jesus, then Lazarus felt his bonds, realized the darkness, and felt the nature of the place where he was, neither of which he could do while dead.

“2nd. *A felt Sense of Need*.—A new-born babe feels the need, though he knows not what he needs, but his parent knows. These needs are : (1) *Cleansing*, (2) *Clothing*, (3) *Food*. So the new-born babe in grace needs *cleansing* from original and actual defilement by atoning blood. *Clothing* in garments of salvation (Isaiah lxi. 10), of praise (Isaiah lxi. 3), and of the Saviour’s righteousness (Rom. iii. 22). He needs food, even ‘the sincere milk of the Word,’ and is satisfied as he is favoured to suck the breasts of Zion’s consolations.

“3rd. *Breathing*.—Living children breathe ; new-born babes in grace breathe after God, after Christ, after holiness.

“4th. *Crying*.—Living children begin to cry directly they are born. Saul of Tarsus never prayed till born again, then he cried for mercy, and the Lord testified of him, ‘Behold, he prayeth.’

"5th. *A Consciousness of Helplessness.*—The babe can neither cleanse, clothe, nor feed itself; all has to be done for it. Utter helplessness and entire dependence characterize all the living in Jerusalem.

"6th. *Spiritual Desire.*—The spirituality of a thought, wish, or desire, is known by its object. If its object is right, its source is right. What is from the Lord is alone to the Lord.

"7th. *A Look of Longing.*—The bitten dying Israelite looked to the serpent, longing for life. Jonah looked 'once again,' longing for deliverance. So the child of God is brought to look away from self, sin, world, and all creature help and hope, and to look to the Lord alone, from whom help comes in due time

"8th. *A Feeling after Christ.*—As the blind man gropes for the wall to guide and support him, so the hand of faith is stretched forth in feeling after Christ. A living religion is always a feeling religion. Every soul that possesses these evidences of Divine life, *or any of them*, is assuredly born again, and therefore has experienced the wondrous change effected by regeneration."

The foregoing *short* extracts from *one* article in the book, will be sufficient to show what sound, sweet, savory meat is to be found in the book, such provender as all God's Isaacs love to feed upon. The author has tasted, handled, and felt these things for himself, and has a gracious gift in setting them forth in an orderly, interesting manner, such as is calculated to be read with interest and remembered for meditation.

The book is well printed, nicely bound, and moreover contains an excellent portrait of the esteemed author, which we are sure all his friends will value.

We conclude by saying, when you need a good book for yourself, or one as a present to a friend, don't forget to procure *On Pilgrimage; or, Helps for Weary Wayfarers.*

CHRISTIAN religion beginneth not at the highest, as other religions do, but at the lowest. It will have us to climb up by Jacob's ladder, whereupon God Himself leaneth, whose feet touch the very earth, hard by the head of Jacob. Run straight to the manger, and embrace this Infant, the Virgin's little Babe, in thine arms; behold Him, as He was born, nursed, grew up, was conversant amongst men; teaching, dying, rising again; ascending up above all the heavens, and having power over all things. This sight and contemplation will keep thee in the right way, that thou mayest follow Christ whither He hath gone.—*Martin Luther.*



RICHARD DE COURCY.

THE names of many useful ministers of the times of Whitefield and Lady Huntingdon are well known, and only need to be mentioned to call up some memories of the past, and how they struggled on against all opposing forces, in the strength of Him who had called them to be soldiers, perhaps the name that heads this paper may not be so well known, yet he is worthy of a place amongst those who preached Christ crucified as the only way of a sinner's salvation. He was descended from an ancient and respectable family in Ireland, related to Lord Kinsale. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and at the age of twenty-three, received deacon's orders at the hands of the godly bishop, Dr. Dennis, and became curate to the Hon. and Rev. Walter Shirley. His quick and lively talent contributed to his usefulness in the extension of divine truth.

On one occasion, being in Dublin, he was invited to preach at St. Andrew ; a large congregation assembled, filling every part of the edifice. The cry of Methodism had gone forth, and while the prayers were reading, the pulpit was seized by Dr. Arthur Smythe, to the exclusion of Mr. De Courcy, who finding himself thus treated, conferred not with flesh and blood, but immediately withdrew, intimating that he should preach in the open air. He was quickly followed by the congregation, and ascending a tombstone, proclaimed to the surrounding multitude the glad tidings of great joy, that there is a Saviour, even Christ the Lord. Such zeal and such conduct, but above all, the doctrines which he preached, so dissimilar to anything around him and in other churches, soon exposed Mr. De Courcy to the malignant attacks of a host of enemies. He had committed the unpardonable sin of daring to preach the everlasting Gospel, and not fearing to offend those who hate the light. On him, therefore, the hand of authority was laid heavily. The bishop became offended—he was refused a licence and priest's orders—but none of these things moved him. Insulted as he had been, and without prospects of any preferment, he had numerous friends who loved and esteemed him. Lady Huntingdon wrote him an urgent invitation to come to England and aid her in the work of preaching the Gospel. He accepted the offer, and about the beginning of May arrived in England. He immediately waited on Mr. George Whitefield at the Tabernacle House, London. By some oversight, Mr. De Courcy's apparel not being brought to town with him, he was obliged for several days to appear in his gown, which, together with his very juvenile appearance, excited no small attention as he walked along the streets. On being

introduced to Mr. Whitefield the latter took off his cap, and bending towards Mr. De Courcy, placed his hand on a deep scar on his head, saying, "Sir, this wound I got in your country, for preaching Christ," alluding to a time when he was once nearly stoned to death by the Papists. This much endeared this noble champion of the Gospel to him. Mr. Cornelius Winter happening to come into the room, Mr. Whitefield committed the stranger to his attention, saying, "Take care of this gentleman." On the next day, which was Sunday, Mr. De Courcy preached at Tottenham Court Chapel, from Zechariah xiii. 7: "Awake, O sword, against My shepherd, and against the man that is My fellow, saith the Lord of hosts." His youthful appearance and pleasing address fixed the attention of the numerous audience, and laid the foundation of his future popularity.

In 1769 he was supplying for Lady Huntingdon at Brighton and Oathall. He did not confine himself to the ordinary routine of labours on the Sabbath and week-days, but went from house to house, teaching and preaching Jesus Christ. He also held a meeting for the purpose of praying with the people, and hearing them declare what God had done for their souls. On these occasions he was peculiarly useful in speaking a word in season to the weary, heavy-laden, troubled, tempted, and distressed soul. The great Head of the Church did not suffer him to labour in vain, but gave him many souls as seals to his ministry, as the following extract from his letter to her Ladyship testifies:—

"I can in my present situation join issue with the Psalmist and say, 'The lots have fallen to me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage.' I am unfeignedly thankful to your Ladyship for honouring an unworthy creature so far as to send him to a people among whom the Lord resides, and to whom I feel myself so united that a separation from them would be a very keen trial. Since your Ladyship heard from me last I have been to Hurst. From reports, we had a prospect of a severe persecution, but that promise, 'Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God,' &c., kept my heart at perfect peace. Many friends from Oathall and Brighthelmstone accompanied me. It was with much difficulty I could get a chair to stand on. I proceeded in the first hymn and prayer, but in a short time some laughed, some shouted, while others blew a horn. In the midst of all this the Lord made me as bold as a lion, so that I was enabled to bear an awful testimony against these scoffers, and had the pleasure to see many of them so far cut down by the Word that they were silent. My bowels yearned over these poor creatures, that I could have wept tears of blood for their precious souls, and I have since heard that a man was blest to a saving

conversion. At Laughton I stood up under a tree on an eminence, and made the hills and vales re-echo with the praises of the Lamb. It was a blessed season. It is impossible for me to give your Ladyship an idea of the universal thirst there is for the Gospel on every side of us in the country parts. Every time I preach at Oathall people come to me and cry out like persons famishing with hunger and begging a morsel of bread, 'Oh, sir, won't you come to such a place?' The Lord blesses us in every meeting. Yesterday was one of the days of the Son of Man. Oathall Church was as full as it could hold, and the Lord was in the midst of us. The Word was as a fire. I preached at eight in the morning five miles from Oathall; at eleven at Oathall; at six at Brighthelmstone, and the Lord gave me such strength of body and spirit that He enabled me to go through the whole like a giant refreshed with new wine. Oh, my Lady, what a Master do we serve! What an ample reward does He give us even here! How sweet is His service! My Lord and Lady Sussex were at chapel yesterday evening, and seemed vastly attentive. May the Lord Jesus crown your labours with abundant success, and give you to see the travail of your Redeemer's soul in the conversion of many souls," &c., &c.

R. DE C.

"When I first began to preach I was strongly tempted to believe that after I had preached a few sermons my strength would be quite exhausted, and that I should preach no more, but the Lord soon dissipated my fears, for He discovered to me the super-excellency of that wonderful book the Bible, above all other books, not only for its purity, but also for the variety of its matter. I find in it a mine replete with the richest treasures, and that the deeper I penetrate into it by faith and prayer, the greater riches are still discoverable. This book, He showed me, was to be the central point of all my divinity, and to be searched with unwearied diligence, if I meant to be a good householder, bringing out of my treasures things new and old." He afterwards left Lady Huntingdon, and joined Lady Glenorchy in Edinburgh.

In 1770, he obtained the curacy of Shawbury, in Shropshire, and remained there about four years, when he was appointed vicar of St. Alkmond's, Shrewsbury, by Lord Dartmouth, which caused a great commotion, and a gentleman in the parish wrote a satirical poem about him, entitled, "St. Alkmond's Ghost"; but he was not to be frightened away by a ghost of that sort, but continued preaching "salvation by free grace through faith," for he was a strong advocate for the doctrines of grace. He continued to labour on until the fast day, which was kept in 1803, when he took a cold in the

chest. The following morning being much worse, a physician was sent for. "I am almost spent," said he; "it is a hard struggle, but it will soon be over. I shall not recover, but Christ is mine. He is my foundation, He is the rock I build upon." When the doctor had seen him, he immediately left the room for some medicine, when De Courcy exclaimed, "Thanks be to God for my salvation!" and immediately expired, on November 4th, 1803. He left his work, "Christ Crucified," a volume of discourses, a few good hymns, and some elegies. He also records a very characteristic anecdote of his old and attached friend, John Berridge, which is worth recording here. Berridge said, "I was a length of time in Arminian fetters. John and Charles Wesley got me into their cradle, and the devil kept rocking, but the Holy Spirit, in a most remarkable manner, delivered me from the sleep of sin by slaying the legality of my heart. I used to lament the unprofitableness of my preaching, and though I was a dealer in fire and brimstone I could make no impression on my hearers. One day my man Thomas was sawing a sturdy piece of oak, and as I was standing by him he threw down his saw, and turning to me said, 'Master, I must give this job up, it is so knotty.' [Everton is a beautifully wooded part, the church and vicarage being surrounded by trees, some of many years' growth, and the writer, who visited the spot this summer, can well imagine this incident]. I took up the saw, and said, 'Let me try, Tom?' and to work I went, and being of muscular strength I soon overcame the difficulty. It occurred to me when leaving the field that my preaching resembled Tom's sawing, and these words were impressed on my mind, 'Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain.' I returned to my chamber and poured out my heart to the Lord. A conviction arose in my mind that the work that God alone can perform I looked for the creature to produce. On reflection I found the drift of my preaching for twenty years had been to tell the sinner to put the key into the lock of the door, so as to open it. I never thought of my Beloved putting His hand by the hole of the door, nor of applying to Him who has the key of David, 'who openeth and no man shutteth, and shutteth and no man openeth.'

"On the Sunday following I took my text from Isaiah, 'Ye made also a ditch between the two walls for the water of the old pool; but ye have not looked unto the Maker thereof, neither had respect unto Him.' From that time God the Holy Ghost has given me better tools for my workmanship. In addressing those whose hearts are unrenewed and unchanged, I make no proposition or call. I cry aloud and lift up my voice, and show my people my transgressions and their sins. I then turn from the

unconverted and implore my Master to take the work in hand, to convince of sin, and to lead them to Christ. With uplifted eyes and outstretched arms, I cry, 'Lay hold of these rebels, O Lord, as the angel did of lingering Lot, and overcome them by Thy omnipotent power, so as to lay down their arms, to come in, that Thy house may be filled.' John Berridge can do nothing but say, 'Awake, O arm of the Lord !' This is my province ; a step further I cannot, I dare not go. For the last twelve years the Lord has in a most wonderful manner displayed the riches of His grace, in giving me innumerable seals to my ministry, both in town and country, trophies of mercy as studs in the mediatorial crown of my dear Redeemer." R. F. R.

Extracted from the Experience of a gracious Gentlewoman, who lived in Mr. De Courcy's time, and was acquainted with Lady Huntingdon, Mr. George Whitefield, and others.

"In August the Rev. Mr. De Courcy preached at the chapel at Tunbridge Wells. What I then felt no pen can describe nor heart conceive, but in the like situation. I saw myself lost, condemned by the law of God, and seemed as sure of damnation as if already in hell. I could not pray, and, indeed, I thought prayer would be in vain, for if God was just, I must perish. Mr. De Courcy afterwards prayed with me at home, but I found no comfort ; my gloom and heaviness increased, and my heart was filled with despair.

"Some time after he gave us an account of the many trials and difficulties the Lord had carried him through. I was so affected by what he said, and by my own situation, that I was obliged to leave the room. I retired, and endeavoured to look into the state of my heart, and could see nothing but deformity, and I thought, Surely there cannot be mercy for such a vile, guilty creature as I am. Great advantage the enemy took of me, urging that it was in vain for me to seek for mercy, that the curse of God was upon me, and I should soon confess His justice in my destruction. But I cannot describe what I felt. I begged a few words with Mr. De Courcy in private, thinking that opening my mind to him might in some measure alleviate my distress. But when he entered the room I could not speak for tears. He addressed me with much tenderness, said he saw the cause of my trouble, and prayed the Lord to remove it by enabling me to believe that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. One thing he said gave me some encouragement. He thought me sincere, and if the Lord had begun a good work in me he hoped and believed He would carry it on. He advised me to

read the Scriptures, and to pray that the Lord would enlighten my mind and show me the things pertaining to my peace. When he left me I reflected on those words 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin,' and that word *all* gave me some glimmering of hope. That day, after dinner, as I was walking in the fields, ruminating on my unhappy state, I opened my little Bible and directly cast my eyes on those comfortable words (Psalm xxxvii.) 'Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass.' As a draught of cold water to one fainting with thirst, so was this text to my distressed mind. I was enabled immediately to believe that the blood of Christ had sufficient efficacy to cleanse even me from all sin, and that if I persevered in seeking Him I should obtain forgiveness. I could then emphatically say my sorrow was turned into joy. I felt a peace I was before unacquainted with, and began to see that His ways are indeed ways of pleasantness. In this comfortable frame I continued for some months, and attended the preaching of the Gospel with much delight."

M. M. A.

SUBMISSION.

(SUGGESTED UNDER A VERY GREAT TRIAL.)

"THY will be done, O Lord,"

Enable me to say—
Not only say, but feel
Submission to Thy way.

Let no rebellion rise,
Give grace Thy hand to see;
When overwhelmed with grief,
O let me rest on Thee.

Thy presence can sustain,
However hard the cross;
If sanctified by Thee,
I cannot suffer loss.

Lord, make me passive lie,
Trust Thee and not repine;
Content to have my will
Entirely lost in Thine.

Bradford.

R. F. W.

OH, how little were it for that infinite fountain of life and love to fill as many thousand little vessels, the like of me, as there are moments of hours since the creation of all things by God!

MEMOIR OF RUTH HUNT.

(Continued from page 208.)

I REMEMBER one day feeling very cast down under the temptations of the enemy. Oh, the dread I felt lest I should be left to give way to him, and so dishonour the Lord with my doubts and fears! How I tried to beg of the Lord not to leave me to his snares, but give me strength to resist him, that he might flee from me, and I soon found that weapon was too much for him, for he soon departed, and the language of my heart was—

“ Oh, might I doubt no more,
But in His pleasure rest;
Whose wisdom, love, and truth and power
Engage to make me blest.”

Dearest Jesus, keep me near Thee, for Thou knowest I'm but a worm. And in the evening of that day I was much refreshed and comforted by the sweet converse and prayer of a very kind friend, who while with me that evening, composed and wrote down two sweet verses, which expressed the feelings and desires of my heart, which were these:—

“ Oh, for that happy shore,
Blest land of joy and peace,
Where I shall sin and sigh no more,
Where my dear Saviour is.

“ No carking cares or woe,
No pains and no distress;
'Tis there my tears will cease to flow,
And I shall be at rest.”

Thus did I find the Lord to be my Helper day by day, receiving, both from relatives and friends, every possible kindness. May the Lord bless and reward each and all of them with His choicest blessings, both in time and to eternity; and when

“ We come to Jordan's swelling,
May we be helped to sing,
And pass the river telling
The triumphs of our King,”

But I will pass on to the commencement of this present year, January, 1896. Oh, what cause have I for gratitude, thanksgiving, and praise, as I reflect upon the past year. Surely goodness and mercy hath followed me all my days, and not one

thing hath failed of all that the Lord hath promised. Oh, may the Lord forgive my base ingratitude, shortcomings, and heart-wanderings from Him; truly it is of His mercy I am not consumed. "Lead me, O Lord, in Thy truth, and teach me." Thou knowest my path, do Thou uphold, guide, guard, and keep me in every untrodden step, and grant me grace to seek Thee earnestly by prayer and supplication, day by day, and help me to bring all to Thee in prayer. Then, as one has said—

"My cheerful song would oftener be,
'Hear what the Lord has done for me.'"

Thou knowest how I long to meet in Thy earthly courts once more, but do give me patience to submissively wait Thy time, and make and keep me tender in Thy fear.

In February I was once more privileged to meet in the house of God. Heard but very little the first time, as my head was very painful, but the next week was much exercised about going in the evening, as I did not hear in the morning. Tried to beg of the Lord that He would show me what to do, as I feared to do wrong in my weak state of health, when, like a sweet whisper, He spake those words, "Have faith in God." Thus I felt constrained to go, hoping and begging for a word of comfort there; and shortly after service began I felt a sharp pain at my heart. Then I began to fear, but in a moment those words came again, "Have faith in God," and with that a sweet calm possessed my mind, which for several weeks before had been like the troubled sea. How sweet thus to feel that our steps are ordered by the Lord. I felt then—

"Through floods and flames, if Jesus leads,
I'll follow where He goes;"

and I was much helped and encouraged that evening under the Word, for it was as though Mr. Hull knew all that I had felt, and in speaking of faith he said, "If we have a faith that God loves, we must remember He has also a rod of correction, but the mercy is, it is steeped in love and blood." And again he said, "When our way is dark, and we feel hedged in and hemmed in on all sides, if we could then see the end the Lord has in view, it would be no trial, but He knoweth our way, and in His own good time will make it plain." Then he went on to speak of the stepping-stones, the spots and places where the Lord has appeared for our help; and thus did I prove the house of God to be as a house of Bread once more.

Then in March it was my happy privilege to receive another sweet token of the dear Lord's overruling and providential care,

through our late dear friend, Mrs. Hallaway, and which I have found to be very timely help to relieve my mind, and for which I desire to feel truly grateful before the Lord. Oh, I felt, the Lord knows best how and when to time His mercies. Oh for grace to be thankful for them; and such was the effect it had upon me, that I felt almost overpowered and trembled from head to foot, and these words struck me, "If riches increase, set not your heart upon them;" and I trust my heart's true desire went up to the Lord that day, that He would bless the blessing He Himself had bestowed upon me, and guide and direct me how to use and not abuse it, and make and keep me very tender, for He knew what a treacherous heart I have, and that I dare not trust it—no, not a single moment, for it would soon

"Uplift with God's own gifts,
And make e'en grace a snare."

Lord, keep me as the apple of the eye, hide me under the shadow of Thy wings. Truly then I could raise another Ebenezer and say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me." And with that sweet hymn I can truly join and say—

"Thus far my God has led me on,
And made His truth and mercy known;
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs."

Thus to this present day I can testify that I have found Him to be a faithful, unchanging, and never-failing Friend

"Though I a feeble mortal change,
His love is still the same."

He abideth faithful, and without Him I sensibly feel I can do nothing, for in and of myself I am utterly helpless even to have one good thought. But I do sensibly feel that He has been my help in thus putting together (though in a very brief way) a little of the way He Himself has led me these forty years in this wilderness, for truly He has shone upon the path, and brought things to my remembrance so sweetly, that I have indeed found it to be both pleasant and profitable thus to record His wondrous works and ways, His dealings and His leadings with me a sinful worm; and I might say, since you asked me about it, I have found great help from time to time concerning it, while hearing our dear Pastor, Mr. Hull, which has encouraged me very much to still go on (for I must confess at first I felt very backward, and very reluctant to attempt it). But on the Monday evening, August 10th, the prayer-meeting seemed

quite a confirming of it all, and I felt greatly encouraged, and found it good to be there. Thus, dear friend, should there be anything for your encouragement or comfort in what He has enabled me to put together, do give Him all the praise, for He alone is worthy.

August 19th, 1896.

RUTH HUNT.

(To be continued.)

PROSPECT OF DEATH.

Do not regret or dread to pass out of the one world into the other at Christ's call, and under His conduct, though through the dark passage of death; remembering the keys are in so great and so kind a hand, and that His good pleasure herein is no more to be distrusted, than to be disputed or withstood. Let it be enough to you, that what you cannot see yourself, He sees for you. You have oft desired that your ways, your motions, your removals from place to place, might be directed by Him in the world. Have you never said, "If Thou go not with me, carry me not hence"? How safely and fearlessly may you follow Him blindfold or in the dark any whither; not only from place to place in this world, but from world to world; how lightsome soever the one, and gloomy and dark the other may seem to you. Darkness and light are to Him alike. To Him, *hades* (the invisible world) is no *hades*, nor is the dark way that leads into it to Him an untrodden path. Shrink not at the thought of this translation, though it be not by escaping death, but even through the jaws of it. Come, then, let us embolden ourselves; and when He brings the key, dare to die. It is to obey and enjoy Him, who is our life and our all. Say we cheerfully each of us, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit: into Thy hands I commit it, who hast redeemed it."—*Howe*.

THE helmet is of continual use. We shall need it as long as our war with sin and Satan lasts. The Christian is not beneath Hope, so long as above ground; nor above Hope so long as he is beneath heaven. Indeed, when once he enters the gates of that glorious city, then farewell Hope, and welcome Love, for ever. He may say with the holy martyr: "Armour becomes earth, but robes heaven." Hope goes into the field, and waits on the Christian till the last battle be fought, and the field cleared; and then Faith and Hope together carry him in the chariot of the promise to heaven's door, where they deliver up his soul into the hands of Love and Joy, which stand ready to conduct him into the blissful presence of God.—*William Gurnall*,

THE BELIEVER'S PORTION.

To have this ineffable Being for our God, our portion, our all ; to be permitted to say, This God is our God for ever and ever ; to have His resplendent countenance smile upon us ; to be encircled in His everlasting arms of power, and faithfulness, and love ; to hear His voice saying to us, "I am yours, and you are mine ; nothing shall ever pluck you from My hands, or separate you from My love, but you shall be with Me where I am, behold My glory, and live to reign with Me for ever and ever"—it is honour, it is glory, it is happiness too overwhelming, too transporting for mortal minds to conceive, or for mortal frames to support ; and it is perhaps well for us that here we know but in part, and that it doth not yet appear what we shall be. Oh, then, in all circumstances, under all inward and outward afflictions, let God's Israel rejoice in their Redeemer, let the children of Zion be joyful in their King !

How often, Christians, have your hearts been made to burn with love, and gratitude, and admiration, and joy, while Christ has opened to you the Scriptures, and caused you to know a little of that love which passeth knowledge ! How often has one transient glimpse of the light of God's countenance turned your night into day, banished your sorrows, supported you under heavy afflictions, and caused you to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory ! Oh, then, what must it be to escape for ever from error, and ignorance, and darkness, and sin, into the region of bright, unclouded, eternal day ; to see your God and Redeemer face to face ; continually to contemplate with immortal strength glories so dazzlingly bright, that one moment's view of them would now, like a stream of lightning, turn your frail bodies into dust ; to see the eternal volume of the Divine counsels unfolded to your view ; to explore the heights and depths, the lengths and breadths of the Redeemer's love, and still to see new wonders, glories, and beauties pouring upon your minds, in constant, endless succession, calling forth new songs of praise—songs in which you will unite not as now, with mortal companions and mortal voices, but with the innumerable choir of angels, with the countless myriads of the redeemed, all shouting, with a voice like the voice of many waters, "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth !"

Good works always grow best on the root of free grace.

CHRIST JESUS one with us In all your tribulations receive that, and you would not exchange with an angel.

AN INTERESTING EVENT.

[We have been requested to insert the following report, to which we gladly consent, with the hope that it may redound to the glory of God, and prove to the world that there is yet love in the hearts of God's children.—Ed.]

Report of Meeting at Ebenezer Chapel, Hastings, Friday Evening, 16th August, 1901, that being Mr. Hull's Seventieth Birthday.

THE meeting was opened by Mr. Hull, who gave out hymn 199—"Come Thou Fount of every blessing." Mr. Hull then read the 103rd Psalm, after which he called on Mr. Hooper to speak in prayer. This was followed by hymn 289—"Thus far my God has led me on," &c.

Mr. Mann, the senior deacon, then read a paper which accompanied the purse, containing a little over one hundred and twenty pounds, which Messrs. Mann and White had handed to Mr. Hull at his home in the morning :—

EBENEZER CHAPEL, HASTINGS, 16TH AUGUST, 1901.

TO MR. THOMAS HULL.

DEAR PASTOR AND FRIEND.—It has pleased our gracious God to lengthen out your life to the years named in His Word as the days of man—threescore years and ten.

We now desire publicly and unitedly to bless the Giver of all good that He has spared you thus long to serve Him in your day and generation.

That you have not spent your strength for nought and in vain, many now in the Upper Sanctuary have witnessed in past years; many more still living are adding a like testimony.

You have been enabled, under the power of the Holy Spirit, to point sinners to the Lamb of God—to speak a word in season to those that are weary—to take forth the precious from the vile—and to encourage the weaklings still to hope in His Name who has promised, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and 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."

Mindful of the Word, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn," and of the exhortation to "remember them that have the rule over you," we have felt moved on this occasion to show our love to you in a more tangible way than by words only.

We have, by the good hand of our God upon us, been favoured to gather the accompanying sum, One Hundred and Twenty Pounds, Fifteen Shillings, which we beg you to accept as our loving Thank-offering.

Your many friends still pray that the Friend of Sinners may long continue your life and services at Ebenezer, and elsewhere, till

He shall, in His good time, call you home to your reward by that word, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Signed,	F. S. MANN,	} Deacons.
	THOMAS WHITE,	
	JAMES GLAZIER,	
	MARK FUNNELL,	
	JESSE VINE.	
	NAOMI REEVES.	
	JANE L. RUSSELL.	
	MIRIAM HOOPER.	

Mr. Hull then rose, and in reply said,—“My dear friends, I am sure I don't know how to speak to-night. I feel pressed into myself in such a way that I scarcely know how to break forth at all; one thing I can say, this munificent gift has taken me completely by surprise, for I had not the slightest intimation from any quarter of what was taking place. When our friend Mr. Hooper visited me on Saturday morning, and asked a question about holding a short service this evening, I felt glad he had come on such an errand, because, in my musings and looking back, I felt I had something to record in the Lord's favour, and I believe you, as a people, felt the same. I told him I had been meditating upon the matter, and I felt I should like to have a meeting with the friends very much, though I did not think it was wise for me to propose such a thing. If nothing else was done, I had thought I would ask the deacons and a few dear aged friends to gather at my house, and spend an hour in the evening in recounting the goodness, the loving-kindness, and the tender mercy of our Covenant God. Therefore, when it was proposed to hold a meeting in the chapel I acquiesced in it at once. I had no idea of what else was proposed and had been going on. You have laid a heavy burden upon me—I don't say it is a wounding burden, nor a grievous burden, but it is a burden of love, and a burden of love expressed, as the paper says, 'in a tangible way.' It is not for the sake of what has been gathered by the kindness of friends, it is as a token of your love and esteem in the Lord for a poor unworthy worm like myself. I assure you I feel I have nothing to be proud of with regard to my ministry here; I have nothing to be proud of with regard to my life, and walk, and conversation, in the world and the Church; but I have much that causes me abasement, and I often feel filled with wonder that the Lord has been my Helper till now. It was never thought by any that knew me that I should live to anything like the years I have attained. In my early life all concluded it would be a very short one; after I grew up to about

eight or nine years of age, they supposed I should never live to see my teens : when I got into my teens, they felt sure I should never live to see twenty ; but God has spared my life, I was going to say, in an unexampled manner (it appears so at least to me), to seventy years, so I must sing, and I desire to sing with all my heart —

“ ‘ Thus far my God has led me on,
And made His truth and mercy known.’ ”

“ I know I have an interest in your prayers—that has been proved again and again. I should have been a poor unprofitable thing indeed if it had not been for the prayers of the people of God. I believe they have brought blessings down into my soul many times ; I have stood in great weakness in the pulpit and scarcely knew how to get on my feet to speak a few words in the presence of the congregation, but the Lord has blessed me with strength. I have been amazed, while I have been speaking, at the vigour imparted, and at the goodness of the Lord in supplying me with something to say for the good of the souls of the people. I have had to lean upon Him my whole weight, and I have to lean upon Him still ; I cannot bear the thought of walking alone. I want the Lord continually—before me—around me—and with me. I want His gracious power and presence in my heart. I feel if it was not for the encouragements He gives me, and the encouraging testimonies of many that hear the Word, I would willingly retire to quietness and silence from the view of the world, and let some one else stand in my place. I told the friends this morning that this had been my feeling in thinking over the way the Lord has led me, maintained me, supplied me and done me good, day by day, month by month, and year by year to the present time. And yet, when I thus think of these things and the affection of the Lord’s people, I feel something like Samuel Rutherford, who said ‘ he would willingly tryst heaven for a thousand years for the souls of the people at Anworth.’ I am like the Apostle in this respect, willing to stay while the Lord has something for me to do in His vineyard. The Lord has made me to feel at times the world to be a wilderness—a weariness—a barren land as to all that is good. So that I do not wonder at our aged friends wishing for another token to help them to die, and they would then be willing to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. I am not surprised at it, for at times I feel the same myself. I sometimes look round and say, ‘ What has it come to ? ’ I feel the world and I am getting further and further apart, and I hope, when I come to die, that there will be no difficulty, no regret, no bitter reflection with regard to my leaving it. I hope the Lord

may help me to live, while I do live, to the honour and glory of His great name, and to the benefit of the souls of His people, and that when I come to die I may lie down in peace, feeling it will only be 'absent from the body and present with the Lord.' Now, if I say 'Thank you' to-night, it is but a word—but a weak word—I cannot give you the feeling that is in my heart. If I could, you would know that I desire to thank you far beyond what words can express. Your kindness has overwhelmed me—it has gone over my head—it has overflowed my very soul. I pray that God will abundantly bless you each and every one, and that you may live to know His loving-kindness and tender mercy in your wilderness journey, and that He may crown your journey's end with the blessing of eternal life and glory, and may we see better days in Zion. I have been longing, and praying, and hoping that a change may come, and that some may be compelled to confess that we have the Lord on our side. I feel sure there are seeking souls, those who are hungering and thirsting after Christ. I hope they will be made manifest as among those who are written to life in Jerusalem, and that the love of Christ may constrain them to say, 'We will go with you, for we believe that God is with you,' and thus, like Ruth, may they choose to live and die among the saints of God, the redeemed of Christ, whose names are written in the Lamb's Book of Life. I believe there are many whose prayer is, when they look upon the Lord's people—

**“‘With them numbered may I be,
Now and through eternity.’**

“I am sure I have much to say, if I had time, with regard to my dear friends the deacons. They are choice men; they are men of a spirit the world cannot imitate, the Spirit of Christ. They have manifested a spirit of love, a spirit of tenderness towards me; and I believe—am sure—they have the cause of God continually at heart, and that they seek the peace and prosperity of Zion; and I am also sure they appreciate the help they have received from some of our female friends in procuring this handsome testimonial. They told me to-day that they had worked hard in this matter, and had been very anxious to accomplish it. Their labour is beyond all praise. I desire to thank them with all my heart for their kindness; I pray the Lord may return them a thousandfold in rich Covenant blessings into their souls, and may the Lord make this day a memorable one. I don't know, therefore I cannot tell, how long I may live. Sometimes I feel it will not be very long. Tho last few weeks I have felt to sink down into such weakness, that I should not be surprised any night

being suddenly seized and carried away by the hand of death ; yet the Lord has given me a little increase of strength, and so it has been during the whole of my life. I remember many times the dear old friends at Bedworth, when I began to go out to preach, would say, they were glad to see me come in to the prayer meeting on Monday evenings, that I was safe back again once more. Some said, 'Yes, he will go out some of these times and never return. But you see the Lord has brought me on contrary to all their expectations, and far beyond whatever I anticipated.

"I feel at this juncture I should like to read a letter from my dear old friend, Mr. Wm. Smith, of Tunbridge Wells :—

4, NORFOLK ROAD, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

August 16th, 1901.

TO MR. HULL.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Just a few lines of congratulation on your seventieth birthday. Forty years ago, neither you nor I, nor any of your Warwickshire friends thought you would live to see seventy, but our times are in His hand who made us, and by Him our days are numbered ; may He teach us to number them, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. Now is your salvation nearer than when we first believed. You have passed through many trying dispensations ever since I have known you, but having "obtained help of God," you, like Paul, have continued unto this day, 'witnessing to both small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come : that Christ should suffer, and that He should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should show light unto the people and to the Gentiles. And as he thus spake for himself, Festus cried with a loud voice, Paul, thou art beside thyself ; much learning hath made thee mad. But he said, I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness.' And he was enabled to speak the same truths with zeal and soberness, until the Lord called him from his labours in this world below, to join the spirits of the just made perfect in the upper world of glory, where sin and sorrow are known no more, and where their mourning is for ever ended. May the dear Lord enable us each to proclaim a full and free salvation unto poor sin-bitten and law-condemned sinners, through the merits of the dear Redeemer, and never mind people calling us mad, but rather rejoice and sing—

"If on my face, for Thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me."

By the time you receive this note I expect you will have received the bagfull of the tokens of love which the saints feel towards you, and which is a proof that you have those in the Church of God, who

do not love in word only, but in deed and in truth.* May the dear Lord spare your valuable life for years to come, if it be His blessed will, to the Church at Hastings, and also to His Church in other places. I hope you and Mrs. Hull are as well as can be expected. I am pleased to say Mrs. Smith is better, and I am fairly well, through mercy. She unites with me in love to you both, and to all the friends, as though named. Wishing you each and all the best of blessings this evening. I remain, yours affectionately,

WILLIAM SMITH.

The letter being read, Mr. Hull said:—"That is the language of a friend, a long-proved friend—a friendship that has not been free from trial, but is still unbroken, and having obtained mercy of the Lord, we each desire to be faithful to the souls and consciences of our hearers, that we may be pure from the blood of all men, and receive that 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' from the lips of that Master whom we desire to love and serve while life shall last. I must not intrude further upon your time. I thank you very sincerely for all your kindness. I began to-night by asking an interest in your prayers—don't forget it, I sincerely desire your prayers. I am sure, if you are blest with a spirit of prayer, the Lord will not forget the blessing; He will not be behind in conferring it. 'Ask and you shall receive,' He said; and He has said, 'Open thy mouth wide [in asking], and I will fill it.'" May the blessing of the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob rest upon the flock and congregation at Ebenezer, from this time, henceforth, and for ever more." Then was sung hymn 420, "Oh bless the Lord, my soul."

Mr. Hull added:—"There is one thing I must say. We miss the presence of a tried friend, one that I have proved to be a faithful friend for many years; one with whom I have been intimately acquainted from the first of my coming to Hastings till now. I have found him the same throughout the whole time, without variableness. His own expression has been again and again, as to the union and communion between us—

" 'No other change may that sustain,
Save only to increase.'

The Lord has laid His afflicting hand upon our friend Glazier. He wept this evening that he could not attend the meeting, his heart was so pained! But we believe the Lord does nothing wrong. I hope he may be speedily recovered, by the great mercy of our Covenant God, and be long spared to serve the Church at

* Mr. Smith and friends at Tunbridge Wells kindly sent the sum of £13. contributed by them as a token of their love and good-will: which we felt to greatly humble and cheer our heart, as the Lord's doing.

Ebenezer. I hope our friends will try and remember him in their prayers, and may the Lord send gracious answers down."

Mr. White led the meeting in prayer, after which hymn 248 (chosen by Mr. Glazier), "Jesus, Lord, we look to Thee," was sung, and Mr. White read the 133rd and 100th Psalms. Mr. Hull then offered the concluding prayer. The Doxology was sung, and the Benediction pronounced. Thus ended a very interesting and memorable meeting. "Praise ye the Lord."

J. HOOPER.

"I WILL LOOK AGAIN."

"Then I said, I am cast out of Thy sight; yet I will look again toward Thy holy temple."—JONAH ii. 4.

O God, my hope seems almost gone;
I scarcely dare approach Thy throne,
Thy promis'd grace t' obtain;
Yet though of sinners I am chief,
Oppress'd with sin and unbelief,
To Thee I'll look again.

Wretch that I am, to stray from Thee,
Who once didst bleed and die for me,
That I with Thee might reign;
One thing I crave before I die,
Unto the cross of Calvary,
Oh bid me look again.

Though all Thy waves go over me,
Out of the depths I cry to Thee,
Thou Lamb that once wast slain.
Yea though in wrath Thou should'st me slay,
My bleeding soul on Thee I'll stay,
To Thee I'll look again.

And if, O Jesus, by Thy grace,
I reach at last that glorious place,
For ever to remain,
Fixed on the fountain of that love,
Which saved me, never more to rove,
Mine eyes shall look again.

J. J.

God never accepts of what we do till He accepts of our persons. God has first regard to the person of any man, and then to his offering. Thou thinkest thou art a poor wretched creature; and then thou thinkest, it may be, if I had such and such parts, and could do thus and thus, then God would accept of me. I tell thee, all thy parts and performances are cast away till God accept thy person.—*Jeremiah Burroughs.*

THE SEEKER'S CORNER.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—The Lord knows where you are, and He will come and visit you, and speak to your case; the sweet presence of Jesus will change every scene, and make the prison a royal palace

In the holy and spotless nature of Christ is our complete sanctification in the presence of God, and we are beheld in Him, “without spot,” “all fair.” Though black and polluted throughout, yet comely in Him; as also in His righteousness and blood we are cleansed and justified and acquitted. Here, and here alone, you will find healing and peace.

But alas! you shrink back and sigh with your burden, and the perplexity of your bewildered soul. Well, poor soul, the Lord saith, “Behold! hearken unto Me, poor bruised reed, look unto Me;” not save yourself, but, “be ye saved.” Come unto Me with all your sorrows, heavy laden with guilt, and labouring under the power of the corruptions of a desperate heart; though your sins are red like crimson, and your heart like hell, as if you were possessed with a legion, “Behold, I will bring it health and cure, and I will cure them, and will reveal unto them the abundance of peace and truth.”

Who wants this health and cure, think you, but the sick and the wounded? Who wants the robe, and the riches, and the bread, but the naked, the poor, starved, and the hunger-bitten beggars? Look into John v. and see a picture of the Church of God, gathered at Bethesda (signifying the House of Mercy). What were they? A multitude of impotent folk, blind, halt, withered, none could help himself. One got a blessing, and then another, as the waters of the sanctuary flowed. But, alas, the poor man could not, until Jesus came and healed him; He brought health and cure.

I am glad to find you in such company in the House of Mercy; Jesus will come and heal and give you that peace “which passeth all understanding,” “sin shall not have dominion over you.” It may rage, but it cannot reign in a poor soul that sighs and pants for Jesus. Where Satan is likely to lose his throne in the heart, he will rage with dreadful fury, and try all his craft. But Christ has broke his head, he is in His hand, and He watches and holds and breaks his snares, and delivers the lawful captive and divides the spoil. He has gained the victory; and He will give you that faith to see it for yourself in His person and sacrifice. May the Lord the Holy Ghost glorify Him unto your soul, and bless you with sweet pardon and peace. Till then He will give you strength to come, with all your sorrows and sin and woes, though

it be only with the heaving up of a poor sigh and a groan in your distress. Yet He heareth the sighing of the prisoner ; the sighing of the poor and needy ; and He will arise for their deliverance, as sure as He has brought the soul to feel that poverty.

The Lord bless you and your dear friend. I had a thought of saying a word on another subject, but cannot now. The dear lambs of Jesus lie on His bosom, and when a stone is cast at one it goes to the heart of Christ. "Whoso toucheth you, toucheth the apple of His eye." See His tenderness there.

Yours, for Jesus' sake,

W. U.

DEAR SOULS,—I have told you somewhat of the Lord's gracious dealings with me, even with me, who am not worthy of the least of all the mercies and of all the truth which He hath shown unto me in a variety of special providences, by which I have been conducted through the wilderness thus far on towards Canaan's land. "O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together" (Psalm xxxiv. 3), and from what has been said learn—

1. To seek the Lord in your distresses. I sought Him, and He was found of me ; and in many steps of His wonder-working providence, He appeared to be a God hearing prayer, that hath not said to the seed of Jacob, even to me, the least of them all, "Seek ye Me in vain."

2. Beware of limiting the Holy One of Israel, as to the exact time or manner of fulfilling the promise which He gives you. I was apt to do so in some cases, which proved a great trial to me. The Lord is a God of infinite truth, and we may rest upon His Covenant faithfulness in every promise He gives us. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but not one jot or tittle of His Word fail. But yet, when He gives us promises of providential deliverances we are apt to mistake either the time or manner of their fulfilment. As God's people of old did concerning the manner and time of the Messiah's kingdom ; the glory of His second coming being often included in the promise of His first. And so sad was the effect hereof unto them, that because they could not reconcile the providences of God which attended Christ's first coming in His meanness with the promised and expected glory of the Messiah, they rejected the sent Saviour. And many instances of the sad effects of limiting the Lord in this regard might be given out of God's Word. The promise made to Jacob of the Lord's being with him and multiplying His seed—to Joseph of his advancement—to the

children of Israel of their deliverance from Egypt—to David of the kingdom, &c., were all attended with seeming contrary providences, in their view, which proved very distressing. And yet all this while God was fulfilling His promises to them, according to the methods of infinite wisdom, in such a way that was most for His own glory and their advantage. When God makes promises to His people, they are so full and glorious, there's such an abundance contained in a few words, and they have oftentimes such various accomplishments—some partial and initial, others complete and total—that 'tis easy for such weak worms as we to mistake either the time or manner of the fulfilment of a promise. Our God, as a God of truth, is always on His way fulfilling His promises to His people. And yet herein, as a God of judgment, that works gloriously according to His own unsearchable understanding, His way is oft in the sea, His path in the great waters, and His footsteps are not known to His dear children (Deut. xxxii. 4, &c.). It becomes us, therefore, to believe when we can't see, to adore when we can't comprehend, and what we know not now we shall know hereafter (John xiii. 7).

3. Learn to wait patiently for the time of God's fulfilling His promises, and do not think it strange if you find, as I did, many deaths to pass over them. When the Lord gives great mercies to His children, He oftentimes finds work for all their graces, that so His own name be glorified and His people honoured, both in the exercising and crowning of every tried grace. And hereby He makes the mercy doubly sweet to them or deep-dyed in kindness. For by every new difficulty the mercy which comes through it receives another dye to make its grace-colours the deeper, and the glory of them so much the more lasting. Those colours that are dyed ingrain are not so apt to lose their beauty by being exposed to the weather as those that have a more slight dye. So those mercies that are won by much faith and prayer, and brought through many difficulties by the outstretched arm of Jehovah, have a lasting glory in them that will abide the scorching heat of temptations, transcendently beyond what more common mercies will do. Let us then be willing to wait and trust the Lord in the dark, for there shall not fail ought of the good things which He hath spoken (Joshua xxiii. 14), and,

4. Let us learn to put a high estimate upon the glory reserved for us in the complete fulfilment of all the promises. I have told you something of the great glory I have seen in God's providential fulfilment of promises to me here; and if there is such a glory in little salvations, of particular mercies, and special deliverances be so sweet to the saints, even in this time state, what will

our great universal, complete, and eternal deliverance be? There's no sweet enjoyment here but what has its bitter mixtures, no pleasures but what are short-lived, and, while they last, subject to mutation. But in heaven there will be no sin, and therefore no sorrow. We shall then want nothing to complete our bliss, nor be troubled with the least fear of losing it. There will be no imperfections go with us there, nor follow after us, and so no casting out of that inheritance. There will be no death to succeed that life, nothing to obscure the glory of that salvation, either in its present enjoyment or future expectation. No more going into captivity; then we shall have done with trials for ever. Let us, therefore, with stretched-out neck look for our complete happiness only in that great salvation which we shall enjoy when our Lord appears the second time, which will put us into our eternal glory-rest (Heb. iv. 9). And from thence we shall go no more out (Rev. iii. 12).

Gt. Gransden.

ANNE DUTTON.

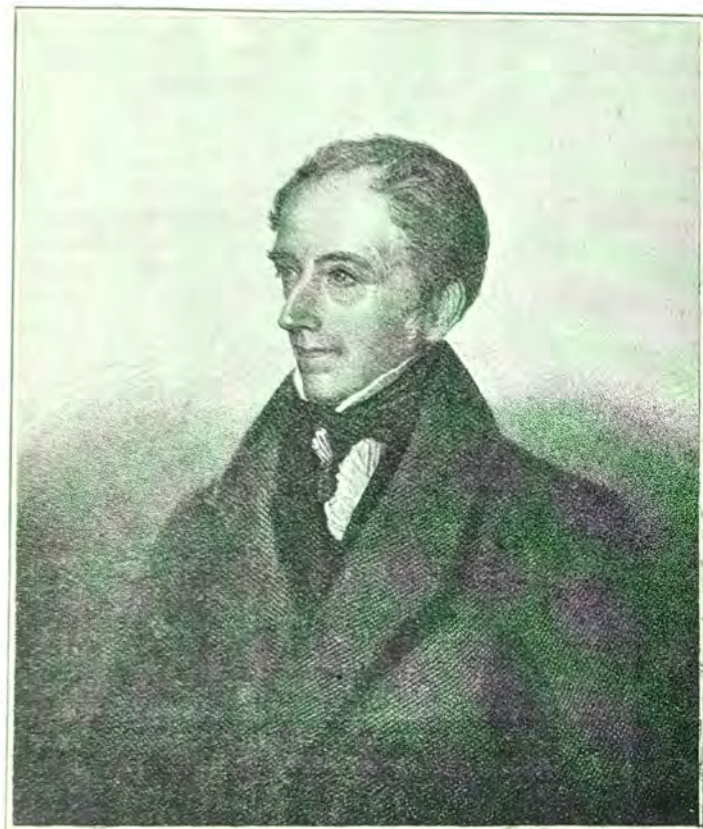
RESURRECTION LIFE.

"When Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall we also appear with Him in glory."—COLOSSIANS iii. 4.

Is it so, that these bodies of yours shall rise and be in glory with Jesus Christ? Then, oh, all you, the elect of God, fear not death, because death is a fitting your bodies for that estate wherein you shall live with Christ in glory for ever. Did death annihilate you and frustrate you of glory, you might fear death; but death doth to you as a husbandman with his corn. Should he keep his corn always in his house he would grow a beggar quickly; but he casts his corn in the ground, and there it lies and rots, that so a five-fold may come to him of it. So God makes you lie in the grave—not for ever, but that He might show His power in raising you up at the last day.—*Christopher Love.*

WHERE it would be for your benefit to have a share in the good things of the present life, it will be granted; and should it be denied, the want will be abundantly supplied. In the season of trouble He will either keep all destructive evil at a distance, or secure you in heaven before the tempest approaches; or He will make the valley of Achor a door of hope. With a multitude of suffering saints you will say, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." I never experienced more of the presence and love of God, than when I was in the fiery furnace.—*Lavington.*

The Bower, November, 1801.



JAMES MONTGOMERY.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

ALL the Lord's people are not ministers, though they all have a ministry of a lesser or greater degree (Rom. xii. 6, &c.). Some have had grace and wisdom enough to discern that their ministry or calling was not to preach sermons, though they might possess gifts sufficient, but to do the Lord's bidding in some other way, by their pen in writing for the benefit of the Church of God, or by their hands in administering to the necessities of saints, or by doing the Lord's will in patient suffering; among such have been William Cowper, poet; John Thornton, philanthropist; John Morton, Robert Link, and William Peake, of Oakham, and others, as also the subject of the present brief sketch.

James Montgomery, whom some have described as the "Cowper" of the nineteenth century, was born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, where his father was a Moravian minister. When quite young he accompanied his parents to Grace Hill, near Ballymore, in Ireland. At seven years of age he was sent to the Moravian seminary at Fulneck, in Yorkshire; while here his parents were sent as missionaries to the West Indies, where they both died. Here he came under the influence of great and good men, who designed him for a preacher; but, as one says, he early recognized his own bent, and saw that he was to serve the cause of Christ better as a poet than he could as a preacher. Leaving Fulneck, at the age of sixteen, he entered a retail shop at Mirfield, Yorkshire, where he was afflicted with a pensive melancholy which often returned upon him. He says: "When I was a boy I wrote a great many hymns; indeed, the firstfruits of my mind were all consecrated to Him who never despises the day of small things, even in the poorest of His creatures." With some of his early poems he journeyed to London on foot to offer them to a publisher, but their cold caution dashed his golden dream of sudden fame. "As I grew up my heart degenerated; I directed my talents, such as they were, to other services, and seldom, indeed, since my fourteenth year have they been employed in the delightful duties of the sanctuary. Many conspiring and adverse circumstances that have confounded, afflicted, and discouraged my mind, have also compelled me to forbear from composing hymns of prayer and praise, because I found that I could not enter into the spirit of such divine themes with that humble boldness, that earnest expectation, and ardent feeling of love to God and truth which were wont to inspire me when I was a boy full of tenderness, zeal, and simplicity. I have not dared to assume a sacred subject as the theme of any whole piece that I have written, on account of the gloom and despondency that frequently hung over my pro-

spects, and sometimes almost sunk my hopes into despair." With the experiences of the Christian life came their expression in Christian song. Witness his well-known hymn :—

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast," &c.

In 1792, Montgomery went to Sheffield to assist a printer in his publications, known as the *Sheffield Register* and *Iris*; and on his leaving England, Montgomery undertook them; but as the principles of the paper were too liberal for the Government of that day, he was twice fined and imprisoned. His incarceration was not to him irksome, as, during that time, he wrote some of his poems and he lived to see the principles he advocated prevail. Many volumes of his poems, and translations of the Psalms, at various periods, were published, notably a lengthened introductory Essay to an edition of the Olney Hymns, and in 1833 his services were publicly recognised by a Royal pension of £200 a year.

He lived for years in Sheffield, at the "Mount," where many eminent literary persons visited him. Like Cowper, he never married, and he suffered from his religious despondency until he was thirty-six years of age, and not until he was forty-three did he make a formal profession of his faith. He speaks of being greatly indebted to the sermons of the hymn writer Cennick, as to this decision.

His father was an attendant on the ministry of Cennick. His disposition was particularly charitable, and religious and benevolent objects found in him a warm friend. Many a long journey has he gone to attend a Bible Society or other such meeting. When he was aged and seriously ill, his friend, Dr. Holland, was reading to him some of his later hymns in MSS., and seeing him affected he stopped, but Montgomery said, "Read on, I am glad to hear you. The words recall the feelings which first suggested them, and it is good for me to feel affected and humbled by the terms in which I have endeavoured to provide for the expression of similar religious experience in others. As all my hymns embody some portion of the history of the joys or sorrows, the hopes and fears of this poor heart, so I cannot doubt but that they will be found an acceptable vehicle of expression of the experience of some of my fellow believers who may be similarly exercised during the pilgrimage of their Christian life." His hymns, which are many, and scattered through almost every selection, give the best thoughts of believers, and even his secular pieces have a religious aim. He died in his sleep, April 30th, 1854, aged 82

years. For what is lacking of spirituality in the foregoing account, I must refer my readers to his hymns, one of which I append:—

"Consider Him that endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds."—
HEBREWS xii. 3.

"Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye who feel the tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from His griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

"Follow to the judgment hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned;
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!
Oh, the pang His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

"Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete;
'It is finished,' hear Him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid His breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen; He seeks the skies:
Saviour, teach us so to rise."

R. F. K.

NO SEPARATION IN HEAVEN.

THE meeting of Christian friends in heaven shall be eternal. They shall go no more out for ever from the mansion of their Father, where their interviews shall not be measured nor limited by time. They shall meet for one day; but then that day will be everlasting, for "there shall be no night there." They shall spend eternal ages together. Neither the fear nor the thought of parting shall ever pass, like a cloud, over the orb of their felicity, nor let fall a passing shadow to disturb the sunshine of their breast. "We are met," shall they say one to another, "and we shall part no more. Around us is glory; within us is rapture; before us is eternity."

MEMOIR OF RUTH HUNT.

(Concluded from page 228.)

In this world of sin and sorrow we must have tribulation. Yes, it is wave upon wave. But Jesus says, "In Me ye shall have peace"; sweet comfort this to weary souls. I trust I have in some humble measure felt it of late in the furnace of affliction.

Again the Lord, in His unerring wisdom, has seen fit, by increased affliction and pain, to cause my frail tabernacle to totter and to shake; thus with Paul I could say, "We that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened, . . . that mortality might be swallowed up of life; and as one has said—

**"I feel this mud-walled cottage shake,
And long to see it fall,
That I my willing flight might take
To Him who is my All."**

But how mercifully hath the Lord sustained and upheld me with His tender arms of love and mercy, both by night and by day. Oh that I could more cheerfully and more patiently endure what He, in wisdom and love, sees fit to lay upon me, for sure I am, in my right mind, He will not lay more upon me than He gives me strength to bear; He knoweth my frame, He remembereth I am but dust, and how mercifully does He from time to time make perfect His strength in my weakness! Yea, when I cannot feel Him near He lends His unseen hand, and gives the secret prop.

For several days I could only groan before Him, "Lord, help me to bear this pain, and help Thy people to pray for me, for I cannot pray." One day, when in much pain of body, very depressed and tried in mind by sin and Satan, those lines of Kent's came so softly and sweet, only a little altered, which made them still more precious and personal to me—

**"In the furnace Jesus loves thee,
'Tis expressed in words like these—
'I am with thee,
Israel, passing through the fire.'"**

Oh how comforting this was to me! how it melted me down before the Lord. I could then see it was all in love, and my heart responded, "Dear Lord, help me to show forth Thy praise, and patiently endure Thy will." Thus the enemy was thrust back, and I could then see how tenderly Jesus was watching over the furnace, and, as Berridge says—

"The lions will not tear,
The billows cannot heave,
The furnace shall not singe thy hair,
Till Jesus give them leave."

Oh that I could exalt and praise the Lord for His goodness and loving-kindness. Truly He hath been mindful of me, and most mercifully did He prepare the way, as a God of providence, for all the needed extras in this affliction, through the kindness of dear friends. How timely are all His mercies! Thus have I sweetly realized once more His own precious words, "Your heavenly Father *knoweth* that ye have need of all these things." Oh that I could at all times trust Him with an *unwavering faith*. He is indeed worthy of all my confidence. How I long, at times, to praise Him without let or hindrance, freed from this cumbrous clay, this body of sin and death. Oh, what will it be, what must it be, to see Him as He is, and to join with the redeemed host above in singing, "God is Love"! "Unto to Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood . . . to Him be glory and dominion, for ever and ever. Amen."

In this state she continued, with intervals of improvement, till November 3rd, 1900, when she wrote the following:—

"*Saturday Evening, November 3rd, 1900.*—Through mercy I have been spared and helped through another week, and now, as I have finished with the necessary cares of time, help me, dear Jesus, to lay aside every weight, and look up to Thee for Thy blessing on Thy holy day. Though deprived of the sweet privilege of meeting in Thy house, let me feel Thee near, and then all must be well. Suffer me not to be discouraged, even though the body is in more pain this evening. Let me not look at the waves of trouble, but look up to Thee and take courage. Help me to trust in Thee and not be afraid, and prove Thy promise true. Remember Thy dear servants, O Lord; I would especially bear them before Thee. Help them prayerfully and cheerfully to scatter the good seed Thou dost give them, and may it yield much fruit, to Thy honour and glory." Amen.

"RUTH HUNT."

Previous to this, for about a month, she had been much better, but on the following Monday, November 5th, she was taken with the worst heart attack she ever had, and from which she never rallied; still, as she had got over so many previous attacks, she was not willing the doctor should be sent for, hoping she might feel better again soon; but she continued to get worse, and for

three days and nights her breathing was so bad she could be heard all over the house. On the Wednesday the doctor came, and when he saw her, told her friends she was much worse than he had ever seen her.

The next morning she said to her sister-in-law, "Oh, Mary, I have had such a conflict with Satan as I have never had before; I shall never forget it. If the Lord spares me, I shall have something to tell the friends." On the Friday Mrs. Hooper called to see her, when she told her what she had passed through, and also pointed to a card hanging near her bedside, with these words on it, "All things shall work together for good," &c., adding, "This is one of the *All Things*."

During the last few days of her life she was very deaf, quite unable to hear what was spoken to her, though she could understand some things from the motion of the lips, but her voice, which had so often been silent for long periods, was quite strong, for her.

On the Sunday, as her brother was just starting for the Sunday School, she said, "Ask Mr. Hull to remember me in his prayers, for if there ever was a time when I needed them it is now." She said, "What should I do without my Jesus? Now on His strong arm I am resting."

Her sister-in-law writes as follows:—"It was with great difficulty we could understand her at times, as her breathing was so bad. We did not think her end was so near, until the doctor came, when he led us to think her end was approaching. We sent for her father and mother, and brother and sisters, but she was not able to say much to them, but wished them all Good-by.

"On Monday morning, at 8.30, she had a very bad attack; we thought she was going, but she revived a little. At half-past one o'clock I was in the room alone with her, when she told me where to find the vestry money, as she always kept that. She seemed so pleased to do anything for the cause of Christ. She asked me to raise her up a little. I did so. She took both my hands, and looked upwards; her eyes were fixed, and her mouth dropped. I quite thought she had passed away, and called her brother and my mother, but she revived a little again. Our children came into the room; she was so very fond of the children. She kissed us all, gave us each a smile, and repeated all our names, and then said, '*My family. Home, a resting place. He is faithful, I have proved Him.*' To a friend who had just called to see her, she said, 'This is what we must all come to, and we must pass through it to know what it is.'

"It was quite painful to watch her, as her breathing was so bad. She said, 'Oh, I wish I could talk, or write,' as if she had something good she wanted to tell us. About five o'clock she said

to me, 'Have I any more eggs?' I said, 'Yes, would you like one?' She said, 'Yes, in a cup of tea, when you have yours.' I took it up to her, and she had three good sips (during the day she had only taken a little cold water). She then said, 'I see all my daily needs are supplied; the Lord has done what He promised.' She then lay back and closed her eyes, never more to open them again in this world; her breathing got better. At half-past eight she gently breathed her last, without a sigh or struggle, just like a babe falling asleep.

"Thus passed away our dear sister, one we dearly loved; she was spared to live with us nine years and ten months. Several times we thought her end was near, but she used to say, 'I hope if I am raised up it will be for the praise and glory of His dear name.'"

"She made every arrangement for the funeral. Her own words were, 'I do wish for a quiet, respectable funeral, but no flowers; I do strictly forbid them. I also wish, if possible, for Mr. Hull to bury me, and should there be any money in my possession after all is paid, little or much, I wish it to be given to the poor fund, at Ebenezer Chapel. Mine has been a hand-basket portion: my good and heavenly Banker has kept it well supplied, so I leave my debts in His hands, having proved Him to be a faithful Banker all through my sojourn here below—One that never fails.' She also left keepsakes to her mother and father, with her best wishes and poor prayers, that we, each and all, may meet again in heaven, where parting is never known; not forgetting her dear brothers and sisters.

"Dear Mr. Hull buried her, and six of the young men from the Bible-class, carried our dear sister to her last resting place, where her redeemed body was laid in the earth, in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection, when the Lord Jesus shall come to claim His jewels."

Sleep on, dear friend, in bed of hallowed clay,
There rest from sorrow, weariness, and pain,
Till Christ shall come on resurrection day,
And bid thee rise, with Him to live and reign,
And in His glorious likeness ever shine,
As one redeemed with precious blood divine.

Thus the chequered life of our afflicted friend was brought to a close—a shining example of patient endurance under suffering and poverty, deeply tried but graciously supported. The Word of God was her guide, the Throne of Grace her refuge, and the Holy Spirit her Comforter. How little can those who pass their time in the pursuit of riches, honour, or pleasure, enter into the secret of divine consolation which she so abundantly proved,

under all her trials. That word was blessedly fulfilled in her experience, "My strength is made perfect in weakness." Her warfare is over; she has entered into rest.

"For ever with the Lord,
Amen, so let it be."

Her example is an encouragement to the afflicted, tried, and tempted, to wait upon and for the Lord, who has promised, "In due time ye shall reap if ye faint not." All such shall surely prove, like our late beloved friend, Ruth Hunt, that our God is faithful to do as He has said.

IF I COULD ONLY KNOW!

"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."—
1 PETER v. 7.

If I could only surely know
That all these things that tire me so
Were noticed by my Lord—
The pang that cuts me like a knife,
The noise, the weariness, the strife—
What peace it would afford!

I wonder if He really shares
In all these little human cares,
This mighty King of kings!
If He who guides through boundless space
Each blazing planet in its place,
Can have the condescending grace
To mind these petty things!

It seems to me, if sure of this,
Blent with each ill would come such bliss
That I might covet pain,
And deem whatever brought to me
The loving thought of Deity,
And sense of Christ's sweet sympathy,
Not loss, but richest gain!

To come boldly is to come confidently. To come boldly is to come frequently. To come boldly is to ask for great things when we come. To come boldly is to ask for others as well as ourselves; to beg mercy and grace for all the saints of God under heaven, as well as for ourselves. To come boldly is to come and take no nay. To come boldly is to plead God's promises with Him, both in the way of justice and mercy, and to take it for granted God will give us—because He hath said it—whatever we ask in the name of His dear Son.—*John Bunyan.*

THE MINISTRY.

It is remarkable how large a proportion of the Scripture is utterly neglected in the ministry of many who call themselves preachers, and who are therefore professedly teachers of the Word. If preaching is not teaching, it is nothing. Now, the Lord Jesus promised that "when the Spirit of truth is come, He will guide you into all truth" (John xvi. 13). It is definitely expressed "ALL truth," because a half-truth is often the *worst kind of falsehood*. Again, men are very apt to misplace some parts of the truth, and to undervalue others, which results in a perversion of the truth; and truth perverted is often the *worst kind of error*. See the rocks on either hand! If men rightly felt the solemn importance and responsibility of the ministry, they would not rush into it so heedlessly and lightly as some seem to do, rashly profaning the holy office. If the Holy Ghost is not the Leader and Teacher, the man is sure to come fatally short, either in his *testimony* or in his *life*, and so be proved to be running uncalled and unsent of God to the work. Such an one shall be found in the end among "men of corrupt minds, and destitute of the truth" (1 Tim. vi. 5).

In view of the emphatic promise of the Holy Ghost as the Teacher and Revealer, it is difficult to understand how any really Spirit-taught minister can wholly overlook large and important departments of the truth. Yet many who do this are perpetually boasting of 'the truth,' as if no one held it or preached it in its simplicity and entirety but themselves. Let us remove this mask of self-deception.

To begin with a simple instance: some almost wholly omit in their ministry the narratives, of which the Word is full. Seeing that a very great deal of the deepest spiritual instruction is conveyed in this form, it is evident how serious is the deficiency in such preaching. Then, in respect to the *precepts*, by some they are entirely *ignored*, and by others very much *legalized*. The fact is, that Gospel precepts are very often either not preached at all, or else they are not preached in a Gospel spirit. This accounts for much of the loose walking on the one hand, and legal bondage on the other, with which the Churches are cursed at the present time.

Again: some preach the experience of the saints rightly and truly up to a certain point. They cast up the path, point out the waymarks, pick up the little ones, and trace out pretty accurately the inward evidences of sonship in the work of the Holy Ghost in the heart. But, mingled with this, there is often so little clear discrimination between fleshly and spiritual feel-

ings, that it is to be feared the workings of the carnal mind are too often put forward among the evidences of grace.

Another very common cause of confusion arises from the manner in which some continually complain of being tried about their texts, when all their hearers know perfectly well that it matters nothing what text they take, as there is never any reference to it in the sermon. If a minister is *rightly exercised* about his text, he will always have something—and something good, too—to say about it.

Then again, in many instances, the same things (sometimes excellent enough in so far as they relate to personal experience) are repeated in the same stereotyped phrases, time after time, the year in and year out. No wonder there is a lack of savour, unction, and power, when there is so little of the anointing which teacheth all things.

Of late, however, some are falling into the opposite error. A certain class of preachers are endeavouring to strike out *new paths*. An attempt is being made to revive the old heresy of pre-existerianism in a very carnalized form. It is held that the human body of Christ was created in eternity before He became incarnate! To express this in plain words is to refute it. We utter the word of warning. May the Lord show the originators of this fresh departure the deadliness and Christ-dishonouring nature of their unscriptural notion.

There are other dangers arising from the presumptuous confidence of certain inexperienced, foolish young preachers, who spiritually can scarcely discern their right hand from their left. There is no springing well, no real wrestling for a message, no fresh supplies, and no searching and digging into the Word. Their time is spent in attempts to force themselves and each other into notice. These birds of a feather flock together, and nothing goes down but mutual compliments and flattery, and gossiping depreciation of the servants of God, who are the true labourers in the Lord's vineyard. This passes for brotherly love! Dear brethren, repent of these follies! Turn to the Lord! Seek His good Spirit! Cleave to His Word!

To pass on. Some of late years have adopted a line of preaching which is nothing else but a laboured analysis of experience from beginning to end. Much of it is very excellent, but the deficiency in it is most lamentable. Whilst there is a perfectly proper warning against receiving (and resting on) false evidences; the fact is entirely overlooked, that it is just as much an evil to call in question and reject true evidences, as it is to trust false ones. Seldom indeed is any caution ever given on this point; yet it is the great stumbling-block in the path of many of

the living family. There must be a sad lack of spiritual discernment when it is not perceived that to *deny* or to call in question the work of the Holy Spirit is as God-dishonouring as to *mistake* it. One aged, well-taught friend says: "Such laboured instructions for probing the heart, analysing the feelings, and questioning whether the little help received be the work of the Holy Spirit or one's own deceivings, have no effect on the whole-hearted, self-satisfied professors, but tend to weaken the little faith of the trembling seekers after God, and fill the poor souls with distressing doubts and fears." Such preaching turns the children of God within, instead of pointing them to Jesus. The effect upon the preachers themselves, too, is disastrous. Continually taking the judgment-seat, sitting in judgment, and passing sentence upon evidences and experiences, produces an assumption of superior knowledge and discrimination, which is about the most objectionable form that ministerial pride can take; because it leads to a scarcely concealed despising of others. The mistake of such is great and sad.

Then, again, with respect to many things done in public, such as concerts and the like, are they not carnal? and do they not call for public ministerial reproof? Surely ministers, and all those who truly fear God and desire the welfare of Zion, have no right to hold their peace. A word spoken lovingly and in good time may prevent much confusion subsequently. May our ministerial brethren who are entangled in anything contrary to God's Word, have grace given them to retrace their steps, and to be faithful in reproofing any down-grade tendency in the Churches of truth.

Here we stay our pen. May the Lord so own and bless what has been written in love to Zion and to those who err, that the effect may be peace and prosperity, of which there can be neither until the evils we have referred to are seen and turned from by the constraining power of the grace of God. VIGILANS.

[We have thought that it might be well to devote a few pages of the SOWER to the consideration of the special call to the ministry, which is plainly set forth in the Word of God, but which is widely ignored among the Churches and supplies in the present day. If any friends who have a heartfelt concern about the subject, and mourn the general disregard of it, think well to give their thoughts in a concise form, we will try and give them our candid consideration, with the hope that such a course may result in good to the Zion of God and His glory; remembering that helps are needed in the Churches as well as God ordained pastors.—ED.]

TO W. J——.

WE feel desirous of offering a few hints on the subject which is exercising you, and we are sorry that we cannot, through want of space and pressure of work, write more fully on the questions named, at present; but we are desirous of rendering you any help we can in your further search after the truth as set forth in the inspired Scriptures. At the same time, we are quite convinced that it can only be rightly understood by the teaching of the Holy Ghost, therefore we pray that He may help us to write, and you to receive, that which is according to the divinely-inspired testimony given in holy writ. It may be helpful if we relate how the Lord set our heart at rest on this much-controverted point, after a long and anxious conflict, which brought us very low, and whereby we were made willing to forego all preconceived ideas and prejudices, and to listen to the Lord's own word and teaching on the subject. It came about as follows: When we were in that great exercise of soul which brought about our separation from the general professing community of Baptists, the sovereignty of God and the responsibility of man were truths that we beheld undeniably revealed in the sacred Word, but reconcile them we could not. We searched the Word with prayer earnestly and continually, but the darkness and mystery only became more confusing and confounding. At length we one morning took our Bible, and, as usual, began to explore its pages in search of light and a satisfactory solution of this weighty, pressing difficulty. After comparing various parts of the Word having reference to these two apparently opposed facts so plainly written in the Scriptures, we, with a sigh, laid our Bible aside, concluding that it was a mysterious depth none ever had or could fathom, and we concluded, after all our reading of good men's works on the subject, and searching the Word of God prayerfully, that we must be content to remain in the dark, and unsettled, as to the Divine mind and will, which seemed to be buried in these solemn, and, to us, most anxious questions. Truly we had to buy the truth here, and we cannot sell it now, nor can all the reproaches, misrepresentations, unkind separations, and evil reports of envious gainsayers, ever turn us from that which God so powerfully wrought in our heart. Well, we had only just laid our Bible aside, with a feeling of despair in our heart, when a bright light shone upon the sacred pages we had been reading, and without any particular portion thereof being applied to our heart, we heard a soft voice inquire, "Who made man a sinner? did I?" We felt it was the voice of the Lord, and we at once answered, "No, Lord," feeling assured that He could never be the author or promoter of sin.

Then the voice continued, "Did not man sin wilfully, and thereby bring himself under just condemnation and the curse? and has he not also rendered himself unable to love, obey, and serve Me, or to do any good spiritually, or redeem himself from death and hell?" To all this we gave our ready and hearty assent, feeling the truth of it. "Now," said the Lord, "were I to send the whole of Adam's race to eternal destruction, should I do them any wrong?" And we at once replied, "No." "Now," He said, "if I take any part of Adam's fallen race to Myself, and save them in a way consistent with My justice, have I not the right to do so?" We answered, "Yes." Then He said, "And do I in any way do a wrong to those I leave where their sin has brought them, under the curse?" We replied, "No, Lord." Then He said, "You admit that, as a Divine Sovereign and Lord of all, I am just in doing My will and pleasure in the choosing of some to salvation and leaving the others in the condemnation their sin has brought upon them." We replied, "We confess Thou art just and righteous in doing so." "And now, again," said the Lord, "since man has made himself a sinner, and thereby rendered himself incapable of keeping the law I gave him, and of obeying My words as I require of him, have I lost the right to demand that perfect obedience of him, which I gave him a spirit and power to perform when I created him?" We at once clearly saw and confessed that God had a perfect right to still hold man as fully responsible for the use of those powers with which He endowed him at his creation, as though he had never sinned; and that, as a God of equity, He was just in punishing man for his disobedience, according to the light and privileges with which he may be favoured. Thus we were brought clearly to see and approve the teaching of God, as to His righteous sovereignty in choosing a part of fallen humanity to unconditional salvation in Christ, and His justice, as a God of equity, in delivering the impenitent transgressors to eternal destruction, as the wages of their sin, the reward of their hands, and the fruit of their doings; and that none can charge Him with being the cause of their sin or of their ruin; their disobedience being their own wilful act and deed. God permitted sin to enter into the world, and although He did not decree it, yet He determined that His decree should overrule it, and His glory be thus enhanced thereby, in the salvation of His chosen people, by sovereign, free, unmerited grace, according to the everlasting Covenant, made with them in Christ Jesus, their Covenant Head, before the world began (Eph. i. 3-6). For them He became Surety, undertook their cause, repaired the breaches their sins and transgressions had made, magnified the law which they had broken, and made it honourable,

became the end of it for righteousness to every one that believeth, fully and honourably met all the demands of justice, atoned all their sins, and made reconciliation between them and God, by His own most precious blood, and having purged their sins, He sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high ; the work being finished which the Father gave Him to do, according to the good pleasure of the Divine will. "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus" (Rom. viii. 1). Thus the Lord brought us not only to see that His choice of His people, and His predestinating them to the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to Himself, was all of pure grace, but He also showed us our interest therein, and we blessedly realized the sweetness of that word, "By grace are ye saved through faith ; and that not of yourselves ; it is the gift of God" (Eph. ii. 8). All our prejudices against election and predestination were swept away, and instead of cavilling against them, we rejoiced, and praised the God of grace that He had put us among the favoured objects of His love. From that time we have never been perplexed about the truth of God's sovereignty and man's responsibility ; the Lord having given us such an experience of both, as to firmly settle our judgment. We love Divine sovereignty, but we abhor fatalism. When people talk of their sins being decreed by God, our heart revolts at the thought of such a charge being laid against Him, who abhors it, and cannot countenance it, much less predestinate men by His decree to commit it. We do not wonder, therefore, that when you hear people talk of man's sin and ruin being pre-ordained by God, you should stagger at such fatalistic vagaries ; for if God predestinated a part of mankind to eternal destruction, independent of man's transgression, such a view of His divine sovereignty might well be said to clash seriously with the declaration of His unimpeachable righteousness. "Far be it from God, that He should do wickedness ; and from the Almighty, that He should commit iniquity" (Job xxxiv. 10) ; "Or who can say [unto Him], Thou hast wrought iniquity ?" (Job xxxvi. 23). He is "a God of truth, without iniquity, just and right is He" (Deut. xxxii. 4). "There is no unrighteousness with Him" (Psalm xcii. 15). "He will not do iniquity" (Zeph. iii. 5). We love the Divine sovereignty of God, shown in His everlasting love, election and predestination of His people unto calling and eternal salvation by Jesus Christ. That was not on the ground of any goodness or creature works on their part, but purely of sovereign grace from first to last. When, however, we come to the rejection of those not included in the Covenant of grace, we find that God, as a God of equity, deals with them on law grounds ; their con-

demerit not being the result of Divine sovereignty, but the just reward of their wilful transgressions, according to God's just appointments thus declared, "The soul that sinneth it shall die" (Ezekiel xviii. 4). As He also said to Adam (see Genesis ii. 17); and in Romans v. 12, we read, "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." As a Divine Sovereign, He exercised His right to take a part of the marred mass of human clay and form of it a people to show forth His praise (see Isaiah xliii. 1, and 21). And as a God of equity, He did only what was just and right in letting the law take its course upon the rest. Therefore, who shall reply against Him, or say unto Him, "Why doest Thou thus?" He says of impenitent sinners, "Woe unto their soul! for they have rewarded evil unto themselves" (Isaiah iii. 9).

[Here we are compelled to leave off, but we may refer to some other points (D.V.) at a future time.—ED.]

THE BRIDE, THE LAMB'S WIFE, IN HER NUPTIAL ATTIRE.

WE now notice and view the Church and Spouse of Christ in her marriage robe and garment of state, which is thus expressed, "Her clothing is of wrought gold." The bridal suit, the marriage robe, and garment of state, in which Christ's Church is all glorious, is the righteousness of her great and glorious Lord, which, for the excellency, worth, splendour, and durableness of it, is compared to the gold of Ophir. In the 9th verse of this Psalm, and also before us, we have it compared to wrought gold; in which robe the elect of God shine before Him with lustre, glory, and majesty, inconceivable by us. The Eternal Three beheld the Church in this robe, as clothed in and wearing it as the robe of righteousness and garment of salvation, from before all worlds: and Christ, having by His personal obedience to the Law, as the Mediator and Surety of His people, brought in everlasting righteousness, it is imputed by God the Father to *each* and *all* of them; in it, and upon the footing of it, they were accounted righteous before Him, and in His decrees and purposes were justified. And when the Holy Spirit hath enlightened their minds, and given them spiritual views of this righteousness, He pronounces in their consciences the sentence of justification, by which they know their interest and security in Christ's righteousness, and how that by Him, "all that believe are justified from all things." The excellency of this robe exceeds the conception of saints, either in earth or heaven. It is more bright, luminous,

and refulgent than heaven, and of more worth and value than eternal glory. It exceeds the righteousness of those bright seraphs that never fell, who shine before the Lord in the purity and dignity of their creation-dress. But those morning stars all fade and lose their lustre when compared with the Lamb's chosen and beloved Spouse, who, in His righteousness, out-shines in glory the angels of God's presence. The Church of Christ is as truly perfectly, and immutably righteous before the Lord as the righteousness of Christ can make her. She is clothed with the very righteousness of Christ, the God-Man Mediator. The obedience which Christ as God-Man, the Representative and Surety of His beloved ones, wrought out in their law-place, room, and stead, is that righteousness which is imputed to them, in which they are justified, pronounced perfectly righteous, and will for ever glory. Jeremiah, in chapter 33rd, speaking of the Church, says, "This is the name wherewith *she* shall be called: The Lord our Righteousness." And this is also the name of her illustrious Husband, for in chapter 23rd, speaking of the incarnation, work, and salvation of Christ, the same Prophet says: "This is the name wherewith *He* shall be called, The Lord our Righteousness." This obedience, with all its eternal value and efficacy, is the white linen, the righteousness of saints, in which God beholds them without spot, unblameable and irreprovable before Him. And as He views His Church thus she must be perfect and complete in Christ. Viewing in the light of the Holy Spirit, and conceiving by faith in the Word the glories and perfections of the God-Man and his obedience, from the transcendent heights of this Sun of everlasting righteousness, a believer may look upon the righteousness of Adam in his state of purity, and view the righteousness of all the holy angels in glory (and trample upon all), as having no glory in comparison with the excelling glory of Christ's righteousness; theirs at best is but creature righteousness, but believers in Christ are arrayed in the righteousness of God, of the God-Man, where the divine perfections shine gloriously. Can the Church shine more gloriously than she shines in this robe? She will shine before the throne in this nuptial robe for ever, and Christ, the Sun of glory, will shine immediately upon her; and the Holy Ghost, who will dwell in the souls and bodies of the glorified, will fill them, in every part, faculty, and sense, with glory to the full.

But I pass on to consider in what manner the Church, the King's daughter, shall be presented before the King: "She shall be brought unto the King in raiment of needlework." The Bride and Spouse of Christ, espoused by Him, and betrothed

unto Him from everlasting, redeemed by Him in the fulness of time, and purchased with the price of His own blood, openly espoused to Him in the day of His power, the day of the gladness of His heart, when the open display of all the elect takes place ; the open solemnities of the nuptials between Christ the Bridegroom and the Church His bride will then take place ; she will then be brought into the King's presence in raiment of needle-work and clothing of wrought gold. The Church was brought to Christ and presented to Him by God the Father in all her glorious dignity and excellency, in which she will shine in heaven to all eternity, before all worlds. She will be brought at the resurrection-morn before Christ, adorned as a bride for her glorious Husband. At which time all her spots and stains will be everlastingly obliterated. She will then shine immutably holy, righteous, and pure. She will be clothed with immortality and glory, and be perfectly conformed in soul and body to Christ Jesus, who at His appearing will make her like Himself, for she shall then see Him as He is.

S. E. PIERCE.

"A BRAND PLUCKED OUT OF THE FIRE."

A LETTER TO MR. ABBOT, SPANS BUILDINGS, LONDON.

DEARLY BELOVED IN OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST,—I have been informed by J. P. that you wish for me to write to inform you how I do, and how my dearly beloved wife is now. I myself am but poorly, and my dear wife, I believe, is well ; she is now with the spirits of just men made perfect ; she fell asleep in Jesus on the twenty-sixth of April. She went down the deepest, in her last hours, of any I ever knew or read of, except the great Covenant Head. I will give you a few hints as to how it was with her. About five o'clock she began to be very restless, and about six, she found she was going. She had to experience great darkness, sinkings of soul, and sore bondage through the fear of death and hell ; and she said, "Oh, Wood, what shall I do? My feet are now dead, and I have no hope. Oh, hell, hell for ever! I shall be distracted. I shall die raving mad." I told her she could do nothing for her own relief. God must do all for her. She then said, "I wish for all to go out of the room except you." She then asked me if I could speak a little in prayer. I did so. I then asked her if she did believe that God did ever hear my prayer. She answered, "Yes, I do." "Well," I said, "have I laboured so hard for you, day and night, and yet not one petition gone up with acceptance? I do believe God will appear for you." She then said, "'The wicked have no bands in their death, their strength

is firm ;' is it not so, Wood?" I replied, "Yes, my dear, it is ; but your strength shakes." She answered, "Yes, it does." I said, "Well, then, when your strength is all gone and none shut up or left, then God will appear for you." She then said, "Come life or come death, one or the other, my strength is all gone, and yet Christ is not come. Oh, I shall be distracted ! I shall die raving mad ! What you will do with me, I know not ; this is dying without hope." Her sister said, "Do not despair, my dear." She said, "Yes, I shall." Then she said again, "If I am one of God's elect, I shall not despair, shall I, Wood?" "No, my dear," I replied, "you never will." "That I never shall," she said. "No, for

"The God I trust,
Is true and just,
His mercy hath no end."

"God's mercy, not mine : lift me up ; Christ will come to me ;" she called with a loud voice, saying, "Come ! come ! come !" Then she said, "Lay me down, Christ is not come ; do you believe that He will come?" "Yes, my dear," I replied, "He is not far from you : He is near to all that feel after Him." She said, "I want to call Him my dear Lord." I said, "Is He not dear to you ? Do not you love Him ?" She said, "I do not know ; this is the dark valley of the shadow of death, is it not, Wood?" I said, "Yes, my dear, and beyond is great brightness. She answered, ' Oh, I cannot see it ; it is all dark, death, and hell.' I told her Christ came into the world to destroy him that had the power of death, which is the devil. "Do you believe that Christ will come ?" said she. "Oh, my soul is now at the bottom of hell !" I told her—

"Hell is vanquish'd, heaven appeased,
God is satisfied and pleased."

Soon after this she said, "Heaven ! heaven ! Christ is come ! Lift me up. I want for nothing.

"Hell is vanquish'd, heaven appeased,
God is satisfied and pleased."

It is true, is it not, Wood, that

"Hell is vanquish'd, heaven appeased,
God is satisfied and pleased ?"

I replied, "Yes, my dear, it is. The victory is won," and we wept aloud for joy ; her mouth was also filled with laughter, and her tongue with singing. She could sing of mercy and judgment—of

judgment past and mercy come. I say we wept aloud for joy, until she said, "Hush, be still a little, for I am going." Then she said,

"'Hell is vanquish'd, heaven appeased,
God is satisfied and pleased.'"

She had heaven in her countenance, yea, it was "joy unspeakable and full of glory." And she said, "I am not distracted now. for I love Him." I then said, "'Mark the perfect, and behold the upright, for the end of them is peace.'" She then added, "I fear I shall not go to-night. 'Now, Lord, what wait I for? My hope is only in Thee.'" After awhile I asked her if she was still happy, and she said, "Yes, very; good-bye, good-bye;" and thus she fell asleep in Jesus, about seven o'clock.

Buxted, Sussex.

W. WOOD.

[I was requested by W. Wood to visit his wife about a month before her death. She was then very ill, and had no hope of recovery. She was in deep waters, and much concerned to know her interest in the Lord Jesus. I understood that she had been seeking the Lord two or three years, and by the satisfaction I received from her conversation, I told her she would not see death until she had seen the Lord's Christ. The singularity of the circumstance, and hoping it may be blessed to souls in distress, as well as be a matter of joy and thanksgiving to others, has induced me to make it public.

"Why should the wonders God hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot."

W. ABBOT.]

How excellent soever Christ is in Himself, what treasures of righteousness lie in His blood, and whatever joy, peace, and comfort spring up to men out of His incarnation, humiliation, and exaltation, they all give down their distinct benefits and comforts to them in the way of effectual application. For never was any wound healed by a prepared but unapplied plaster. Never any body warmed by the most costly garment made, but not put on. Never any heart refreshed and comforted by the richest cordial compounded, but not received. Nor from the beginning of the world it was ever known that a poor deceived, condemned, miserable sinner was actually delivered out of that woful state, until of God Christ was made unto him Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption.—*John Flavel.*

THE SEEKER'S CORNER.

DEAR SIR,—I send you a few notes of a sermon which was preached by the late Watts Wilkinson, at St. Bartholomew's the Exchange, in 1833. Should you think them suitable for insertion in the SOWER, I pray they may be blessed to some of the Lord's children. I felt much sweetness in reading them some months ago, and so copied a few of his remarks which I most enjoyed. I also send you a letter written to me by the late Mr. Harbour, whom I loved for the truth's sake. If you think it worthy of insertion, I trust this also may be an encouragement to some of the Lord's little ones. You were kind enough, some nineteen months ago, to say you would like to know how I get on. Through God's great mercy I am still held on, and I trust I am following on to know Him "whom to know is life eternal." He has, the past few weeks, favoured me with much of His presence. I have truly been filled with joy and peace in believing. Oh, how good He is to such a vile creature! I do fear lest He should withdraw His presence; it seems, at times, as though He has gone, but He comes again, through a line of a hymn, or a word from His precious Truth, or by bringing again to my remembrance His former loving-kindnesses and tender mercy. How true are His own words, "I am found of them that sought me not," for I find I cannot seek Him aright apart from Himself. Oh that He would make His constant abode in my heart, and not be as a wayfaring man that turneth aside, to tarry but for a night. I am glad the Lord still spares you to labour on in His vineyard. May He, if it can please Him, grant you renewed health and strength, and grant you much of His presence. I hope you will forgive untidy papers, but they have been copied at at inconvenience. With Christian love, I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

A LITTLE ONE.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I received your kind and encouraging letter. I was trying on Lord's Day evening to remember what I preached from when at Midhurst, in December, and yours reminds me that I spoke of Job and his trials in the morning, and of the blessed doctrine of acceptance in the evening. It is a very blessed thing for us when we can see our acceptance in the beloved Son of God and man. It is not usual for those taught of God to realize this in their first days; the Holy Spirit's work may be felt, and the application of the blood of Jesus may be realized, before that heart-cheering, sweet experience and joy in

the Lord is enjoyed. The Prophet Isaiah breaks out and says, "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness" (Isaiah lxi, 10). These garments are our underclothing, the work of the Spirit in our hearts. The robe woven out and put upon us is Christ's work. I myself was some time in our Lord's school before I discerned the difference between the work wrought in us and that which is wrought for us. "Take away his filthy garments, and give him change of raiment." I am thankful you are led on, and that your letter breathes such longings for clear teaching. There is nothing to dishearten you, really, in your present exercises, the seed of the Word sometimes lies long in the ground, even before the blade appears. Many, like you, have been much cast down because they cannot trace the first work of God in the soul. In some cases, the Lord comes in dark clouds, and is not discernable, but effects will prove His own work. We often see the corn at harvest day, but have not seen the preparations and the seed cast in at seedtime; but when we see the sheaves, we say, "The husbandman has been sowing, and now the reaping time has come." Sow on in the Lord's field; your faith is now tried, but it will cleave to Christ; your hope is languishing and weak, but it endures. Hope enters within the veil, where Christ your Forerunner is; love in desire will wait and wait long for its object—Jesus. Providences and grace will further develop, and you will be able to say, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His;" mine by faith, the gift of God, and I am His by love; for He loved me—unworthy, sinful, dark, doubtful, distrusting me, even me. I must now close. I am glad you found the Word when with us at Brighton, and it cheered me to hear you found it at Midhurst, as I was very cast down with the surroundings of the place.

Yours in Jesus,

Brighton, September 3rd, 1897.

W. HARBOUR.

EXTRACT.

"Be sure your sins will find you out." All our sins will one day find us out, either in our own person or in the Person of Him who condescended to be our Substitute or Representative. Yes, Jesus Christ suffered all things for His elect; He paid the cruel debt, and now it is as if He said, or addressed His Eternal Father and said, "O my holy and Eternal Father, agreeably to our everlasting and mutual Covenant and engagement, I now take

upon Me the transgressions of an innumerable number who have reproached Thee; yea, I take their sins upon Me, to bear their curse, and to carry their load of woe, to cast it eternally and completely away." Thus the cup of wrath due to their guilt was put into His hands, and He drank it to the bottom. As a man, He trembled when He took the cup of Divine indignation, and He earnestly prayed, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me;" but that was not possible, our salvation depended upon it. I trust I am speaking to many who are convinced of sin, may this consideration be applied to your hearts, that there was in the death of Christ a transfer of sin from His beloved people (those whom the Father had given Him), to Him, their reproaches lighted upon Him, their sins were heaped upon Him. The Scriptures declare this: "His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree." "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." And in the same chapter Isaiah says, "He bare the sins of many;" then typified, firstly, by the scapegoat, on which, we are told, the high priest put the sins of the people. One goat was sacrificed, typifying Christ bleeding; and then another goat had the sins of Israel put upon him, and it was then sent away by the hand of a fit person into a land not inhabited, most beautifully typifying the death of Christ and the effects of it, who having atoned for their sins, hath carried them away into a land where they shall never be heard of (or sought for) for ever. Then there is another type of the birds that were taken on account of the cleansing of the leper; one bird was slain and another was dipped in his blood, and then set at liberty, this denoting Christ and His people as escaping free—free from all sin—and possessed of full deliverance from it.—*Watts Wilkinson*, 1833.

HERE unbelief frets and murmurs, and asks where is all the glory that is so much extolled? For discovering this, faith needs only look through that thin veil of flesh; and under that low disguise appears the Lord of glory, the King of kings, the Lord of hosts, strong and mighty: "The Lord mighty in battle;" the heavens His throne, the earth His footstool, the light His garments, the clouds His chariots, the thunder His voice, His strength omnipotence, His riches all sufficiency, His glory infinite, His retinue the hosts of heaven, also the excellent ones of the earth, on whom He bestows riches unsearchable, an inheritance incorruptible, banquets of everlasting joys, and preferments of immortal honour, making them kings and priests unto God.—*J. McLaurin*.



COLONEL JAMES GARDINER

COLONEL JAMES GARDINER.

COLONEL JAMES GARDINER was the son of Captain Patrick Gardiner, who served many years in the armies of King William and Queen Anne, and died abroad with the British forces in Germany. The Colonel's mother was a lady of very excellent character, and eminent for her piety. The second son, James, was born in Linlithgowshire, January 10th, 1687-8, the memorable year of the glorious Revolution, in defence of which his own life was eventually sacrificed. In early life, his mother took care to instruct him with great tenderness and affection in the principles of true Christianity. While at the school of Linlithgow, he made a considerable progress in literature. In the younger part of his life, the good effects of his mother's prudent and exemplary care were not so conspicuous as she had hoped; yet there is great reason to believe they were not entirely lost. Could she have prevailed, he would not have thought of a military life; but it suited his taste, and the ardour of his spirit was not to be restrained. Nor will the reader wonder at this, when he is told he fought three duels before he attained the stature of a man; in one of which, when but eight years old, he received from a boy much older than himself a wound in his right cheek, the scar of which was always visible. This false sense of honour might seem excusable in those unripened years, and considering the profession of his father, but he often mentioned it with regret. And after his conversion, he declined accepting a challenge with this reply, which in a man of his bravery was exceedingly graceful: "I fear sinning, though you know I do not fear fighting." His skill and bravery as a soldier procured his rapid promotion as a valuable officer in the army. On one occasion, after being wounded in an engagement with the French, he was taken to a convent in the neighbourhood, where he was hospitably received, and treated with great kindness. But the cure of his wound was committed to an ignorant barber-surgeon who lived near the house. The tent which this artist applied, was almost like a peg driven into the wound; yet, by the blessing of God, he recovered in a few months. The lady abbess, who called him her son, treated him with the affection and care of a mother. He received a great many devout admonitions from the ladies there, and they would fain have persuaded him to acknowledge so miraculous a deliverance, by embracing the Catholic faith, as they were pleased to call it. But, though no religion lay near his heart, he had too much good sense to swallow the absurdities of popery.

Very little is known of the particulars of those wild and

thoughtless years which lay between the nineteenth and thirtieth of his life, except that he experienced the Divine goodness in preserving him in several hot military actions; and yet these years were spent in an entire alienation from God, and an eager pursuit of sensual pleasure. Amidst all these wanderings from religion, virtue, and happiness, he approved himself so well in his military character, that in April, 1743, he received a colonel's commission over a regiment of dragoons, at the head of which he valiantly fell, about two years and a half after he received it.

His conversion happened towards the middle of July, 1719. The Major had spent the evening (which was the Sabbath) in some gay company, and had an engagement with one on whom he was to attend exactly at twelve. The company broke up about eleven; and he went into his chamber to kill the tedious hour. It happened that he took up a religious book (which his good mother or aunt had, without his knowledge, slipped into his portmanteau), called, *The Christian Soldier; or, Heaven taken by Storm*, written by Mr. Thomas Watson. Guessing by the title that he should find some phrases of his own profession spiritualized, in a manner which might afford him some diversion, he resolved to dip into it, but took no serious notice of anything he read; and yet while this book was in his hand an impression was made upon his mind (perhaps God only knows how) which drew after it a train of the most important and happy consequences. Suddenly he thought he saw an unusual blaze of light fall on the book while he was reading, which he at first imagined might have happened by some accident in the candle. But lifting up his eyes he apprehended, to his extreme amazement, that there was before him, as it were suspended in the air, a visible representation of the Lord Jesus Christ upon the cross, surrounded with a glory; and was impressed as if a voice, or something equivalent to a voice, had come to him to this effect: "Oh, sinner, did I suffer this for thee, and are these the returns?" But whether this were an audible voice or only a strong impression on his mind equally striking, he did not seem confident, though he judged it to be the former. Struck with so amazing a phenomenon, there remained hardly any life in him, so that he sank down in the arm chair in which he sat, and continued (he knew not exactly how long) insensible, and when he opened his eyes saw nothing more than usual. It may be easily supposed he was in no condition to make any observation upon the time in which he remained insensible; nor did he, throughout all the remainder of the night once recollect that engagement, which had before engrossed all his thoughts. He arose in a tumult of passions not to be conceived, and walked to

and fro in his chamber, till he was ready to drop, in unutterable astonishment and agony of heart; appearing to himself the vilest monster in the creation, who had all his lifetime been crucifying Christ afresh by his sins, and now saw, as he assuredly believed by a miraculous vision the horror of what he had done. With this was connected such a view, both of the majesty and goodness of God, as caused him to loathe and abhor himself, and to "repent as in dust and ashes." He immediately gave judgment against himself that he was worthy of eternal damnation; was astonished that he had not been immediately struck dead in the midst of his wickedness; and (which deserves particular remark), though he assuredly believed that he should ere long be in hell, and settled it as a point with himself for some months, that the wisdom and justice of God did most necessarily require that such an enormous sinner should be made an example of everlasting vengeance, and a spectacle as such both to angels and men, so that he hardly durst presume to pray for pardon; yet what he then suffered was not so much from the fear of hell, though he concluded it must soon be his portion, as from a sense of the horrible ingratitude he had shown to the God of his life, and to that blessed Redeemer who had been in so affecting a manner set forth as crucified before him. His mind was now continually taken up in reflecting on the Divine purity and goodness; the grace which had been set before him in the Gospel, and the singular advantages he had enjoyed and abused; and the many favours of Providence he had received, particularly in rescuing him from so many imminent dangers of death, which he now saw must have been attended with such dreadful and hopeless destruction. The privileges of his education, which he had so much despised, lay with an almost insupportable weight on his mind; and the folly of that career of sinful pleasure in which he had so many years been running with desperate eagerness, filled him with indignation against himself, and against the great deceiver, by whom (to use his own phrase) he had been "so wretchedly and scandalously befooled."

The mind of Colonel Gardiner continued from this remarkable period, rather more than three months, in as extraordinary a situation as one can well imagine. He knew nothing of the joys arising from a sense of pardon: but, on the contrary, for the greater part of that time, and with very short intervals of hope towards the end of it, took it for granted that he must in all probability quickly perish. Nevertheless, he had such a sense of the evil of sin, the goodness of the Divine Being, and of the admirable tendency of the Christian revelation, that he resolved

to spend the remainder of his life, while God continued him out of hell, in as rational and useful a manner as he could; and to continue casting himself at the feet of Divine Mercy, every day, and often in a day, if peradventure there might be hope of pardon, of which all that he could say was, that he did not absolutely despair. He had at that time such a sense of the degeneracy of his own heart, that he hardly durst form any determinate resolution against sin, or pretend to engage himself by any vow in the presence of God; but was continually crying to Him, that He would deliver him from the bond of corruption. He perceived in himself a most surprising alteration with regard to the dispositions of his heart; so that, though he felt little of the delight of religious duties, he extremely desired opportunities of being engaged in them. He therefore exerted his natural courage in a new kind of combat, and became an open advocate for religion, in all its principles, so far as he was acquainted with them: yet he was very desirous and cautious, that he might not run into an extreme. He made no secret, however, of his entire change, though he concealed the particular circumstances attending that change. He told his most intimate companions freely, that he had reflected on the course of life in which he had so long joined them, and found it to be folly and madness, unworthy a rational creature, and much more unworthy persons calling themselves Christians. And he set up his standard, upon all occasions, against infidelity and vice, as determinately as ever he planted his colours in the field. The continued raileries with which he was received, in almost all companies where he had been most familiar before, often distressed him beyond measure; so that he declared he would much rather have marched up to a battery of the enemy's cannon than have been obliged, so continually as he was, to face such artillery as this. But he went on as every Christian by divine grace may do, till he turned ridicule and opposition into respect and veneration.

Within about two months after his first change, he began to perceive some secret dawns of more cheerful hope, that, vile as he then saw himself to be, he might nevertheless obtain mercy through a Redeemer; and at length, about the end of October, 1719, he found all the burden of his mind taken off by the powerful impression made on him by Romans iii. 25, 26: "Whom God hath set forth for a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins. . . that He might be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus." He had used to imagine that the justice of God required the damnation of so enormous a sinner as he saw himself to be; but now he was made deeply sensible, that the Divine justice might be not only

vindicated, but glorified, in saving him by the blood of Jesus, even that blood which cleanseth from all sin. Thus God was pleased (as himself used to speak) in an hour to turn his captivity. All the terrors of his former state were turned into unutterable joy. And though the first ecstasies of it afterwards subsided into a more calm and composed delight, yet were the impressions so deep and so permanent, that he declared, on the word of a Christian and a friend, wonderful as it might seem, that for about seven years after this he enjoyed nearly a heaven upon earth. His soul was almost continually filled with a sense of the love of God in Christ; so that from the time of his waking in the morning his heart was rising to God, and triumphing in Him; and these thoughts attended him through all the day, till he lay down on his bed again, and a short parenthesis of sleep (for it was but a very short one that he allowed himself) invigorated his animal powers for renewing those thoughts with greater intenseness and sensibility.

Nothing remarkable occurred in the Colonel's life from this period till 1726, when he married the Lady Frances Erskine, daughter to the Earl of Buchan, by whom he had thirteen children, five of whom survived their father.

To view him first in the calmness of domestic life, and at the head of his affectionate family—it will naturally be supposed, that as soon as he had a house, he erected an altar in it; that the Word of God was read there, and prayers and praises constantly offered. These were not to be omitted on account of any guest; for he esteemed it a part of due respect to those that remained under his roof, to take it for granted that they would look upon it as a very bad compliment, to imagine that they would have been obliged by his neglecting the duties of religion on their account. As his family increased, he had a minister stately resident in his house, who discharged the offices of tutor and chaplain, and was always treated with kindness and respect. He was constant in his attendance on public worship, in which an exemplary care was taken that the children and servants might accompany the heads of the family.

In his military character his bravery was as remarkable; and he was particularly careful to prevent the various duties of religion and his profession from interfering with one another, either in himself or in others. He therefore abhorred everything that should look like a contrivance to keep the soldiers employed about their horses and their arms at the season of public worship; so that he used to have them drawn up just before it began, and from the parade they went off to the house of God, where they behaved with as much reverence, gravity, and

decorum, during the time of divine service, as any of their fellow-worshippers. That his remarkable care to maintain good discipline among them might be the more effectual, he made himself on all occasions accessible to them, and expressed a great concern for their interest, temporal as well as spiritual; yet he had all the firmness requisite to the infliction of punishment where he judged it necessary.

Indeed, this excellent officer always expressed the greatest reverence for the name of the blessed God, and endeavoured to suppress, and, if possible, to extirpate that detestable sin of swearing and cursing, which is everywhere so common, and especially among the military. He often declared his sentiments with respect to this enormity at the head of the regiment, and urged his captains and their subalterns to take the greatest care that they did not give the sanction of their example to that which by their office they were obliged to punish in others. His zeal on these occasions wrought in a very active, and sometimes in a remarkably successful manner, among, not only his equals, but his superiors too.

Nor was his charity less conspicuous than his zeal. The lively and tender feelings of his heart engaged him to dispense his bounties with a liberal hand: and above all, his sincere and ardent love to the Lord Jesus Christ led him to feel with a true sympathy the concerns of His poor members. In consequence of this, he honoured several of his friends with commissions for the relief of the poor; and esteemed it an honour which Providence conferred upon him, that he should be made the Lord's almoner for the relief of such.

He had in former years often expressed a desire, "that, if it were the will of God, he might have some honourable call to sacrifice his life in defence of religion and the liberties of his country;" so when it appeared to him most probable that he might be called to it immediately, he met the summons with the greatest readiness. This appears from a letter which he wrote only eight days before his death: "The rebels," says he, "are advancing to cross the Frith; but I trust in the Almighty God, who doth whatsoever He pleases in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth." But he was ordered to march as fast as possible to Dunbar, and that hasty retreat, in concurrence with the news which they soon after received of the surrender of Edinburgh to the rebels, struck a visible panic into both the regiments of dragoons. This affected the Colonel so much that, on the Thursday before the fatal action at Preston Pans, he intimated to an officer of considerable rank that he expected the event would be, as in fact it proved, and to a person

who visited him, he said, "I cannot influence the conduct of others as I could wish, but I have one life to sacrifice to my country's safety, and I shall not spare it."

On Friday, September 20th (the day before the battle which transmitted him to his immortal crown), when the whole army was drawn up about noon, the Colonel rode through all the ranks of his own regiment, addressing them at once in the most respectful and animating manner, as soldiers, to engage them to exert themselves courageously in the service of their country, and to neglect nothing that might have a tendency to prepare them for whatever event might happen. He continued all night under arms, wrapped up in his cloak, and sheltered under a rick of barley which happened to be in the field. About three in the morning, he called his domestic servants to him, of whom there were four in waiting. He dismissed three of them with most affectionate Christian advice, and such solemn charges relative to the performance of their duty and care of their souls, as seemed plainly to intimate that he apprehended, at least very probably, he was taking his last farewell of them. The army was alarmed by break of day by [the noise of the rebels' approach, and the attack was made before sunrise. The Colonel, at the beginning of the attack, which in the whole lasted but a few minutes, received a bullet in his left breast, which made him give a sudden spring in his saddle; upon which his servant, who had led the horse, would have persuaded him to retreat: but he said it was only a wound in the flesh, and fought on, though he presently received a shot in the right thigh. The Colonel was for a few moments supported by his men, and particularly about fifteen dragoons, who stood by him to the last. But after a faint fire, the regiment in general was seized with a panic; and though the Colonel and some gallant officers did what they could to rally them once or twice, they at last took a precipitate flight. Just in the moment when Colonel Gardiner seemed to be making a pause, a highlander advanced to him with a scythe fastened to a long pole, with which he gave him such a deep wound on his right arm, that his sword dropped out of his hand; and at the same time several others coming about him while he was thus dreadfully entangled with that cruel weapon, he was dragged off from his horse. The moment he fell, another highlander gave him a stroke, either with a broadsword, or a Lochaber axe, on the head, which was the mortal blow. All that his faithful attendant saw further at this time was that as his hat was falling off he took it in his left hand, and waved it as a signal to him to retreat, adding (which were the last words he ever heard him speak), "Take care of yourself:" upon which, the servant immediately

fled to a mill, at the distance of about two miles from the spot on which the Colonel fell ; where he changed his dress, and, disguised like a miller's servant, returned with a cart about two hours after the engagement. The hurry of the action was then pretty well over, and he found his much honoured master not only plundered of his watch and other things of value, but also stripped of his upper garments and boots, yet still breathing : and adds, that though he was not capable of speech, yet on taking him up, he opened his eyes, which makes it something questionable whether he were altogether insensible. In this condition, and in this manner, he conveyed him to the church of Tranent, whence he was immediately taken into the minister's house, and laid in a bed, where he continued breathing till about eleven in the forenoon, when he took his final leave of pain and sorrow. His remains were interred the Tuesday following, September 24th, at the parish church of Tranent (where he had usually attended divine service), with great solemnity.

COMING to Christ implies a hope or expectation from Christ in the coming soul. If it have no hope, why doth it move forward ? as good sit still, and resolve to perish where it is, as come to Christ, if there be no ground to expect salvation by Him. Hope is the hamstring of faith ; it cannot move to Christ, except it be satisfied at least of the possibility of mercy and salvation by Him. Hence it is, that when believers in Christ are struggling with their doubts and fears of the issue, the Lord is pleased to enliven their faint hopes by setting on such Scriptures as "He that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out." This puts life into hope, and hope puts life into industry and motion.—*John Flavel.*

It is with us as it was with the Apostle Peter, when he would needs walk upon the water to go to Christ : he thought he could have done as his Master did ; but as soon as ever he set his foot out of the ship, he was ready to sink, had not Christ caught him by the hand and held him up. In like manner, unless the Lord reach out the hand of His grace to support us, we cannot but fall. As a staff in a man's hand, so long as he holdeth it, it stands ; but if he take away his hand, it falleth to the ground. So we can stand by ourselves no longer than the Lord stayeth us. The children of God are "led by the Spirit of God." The Lord, knowing our weakness, in mercy sendeth His Holy Spirit, which leadeth us by the hand like little children.—*C. Richardson.*

FRIENDLY GREETINGS.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have purposed in my own mind many times to come and see you, but have hitherto been hindered : (D.V.) I will the first opportunity. There is no altering the truth of God, "it is through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom." Time brings to light much that exists within. That Scripture still remains true amidst all men may say or do, "The carnal mind is enmity against God." How painfully that is often felt by the child of God—rebellion of heart, thoughts too vile to name ; but flesh is flesh, and spirit is spirit. What a mercy our exalted Head "received gifts for the rebellious also." "Gad, a troop shall overcome him, but he shall overcome at the last." Grace shall reign ; grace conquers all things, but is never to be conquered. We seem to learn the preciousness of truth in the fire. Our blessed Lord takes care of the gold, He will bring it out, to His own praise. What a favour, amidst all our deepest exercises our Covenant God and Father remains the same. Our blessed Jesus never repents of His choice. When He shows a little of His glories through the lattice, how endearing, how soul melting His love. May your best Friend grant you many of His sweet visits, and when He has tried you, bring you forth as gold.

Yours in truth and love,

Saffron Walden, July 28th, 1876.

CHARLES MORRIS.

DEAR FRIEND,—I was pleased to receive a little epistle from you the other morning. I have just entered upon my 77th year, and like you I feel the outward man failing, and am often reminded that this is not my rest. Why should we wish to prolong this journey of sin and sorrow ? Do we not feel the truth of the word, "We all do fade as a leaf" ? also, that all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags ? Well, this proves our heavenly Father has something better for us in store. Christ has gone to prepare our mansion. The best robe is ready, and at the appointed time He will call us to take possession. Surely we can no longer doubt, but we are hoping in His mercy and waiting for His salvation : in such, He says, He takes pleasure. When under a cloud, like David of old we may say, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul ? why art thou disquieted within me ? Hope thou in God. I shall yet praise Him." He did not cast away his confidence ; David never lost his hope. Oh that we could trust Him in the dark ! whatever we have found Him in our best moments, He is just the same in our darkest hours. "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy shall no man take from you," may always be depended upon.

"I chide my unbelieving heart,
And blush that I should ever be
So prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of Thee."

But here I am, and here I shall be, more or less, without His help,
His presence, and His blessing. "Tell it not in Gath."

"For above their highest joys,
My saddest hours I prize."

We seem almost to have done with the professing Church, but not with the "Church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven." This Church, as described in Hebrews xii. 22, has existed since the days of Abel, at least, and has been accessible to true faith all down the stream of time. Enoch, Noah, Abraham, and especially Jacob, when alone, as he thought, on the plains of Luz, the Lord gave him to see He Himself was there, and by the vision of the ladder actually preached to him the Gospel. Many of David's sayings in the Psalms prove that he had a glimpse of the same glorious fact. Then we come to Isaiah xxv. 6, "In this mountain," &c.; and also chapter lxvi., where all ceremonial and formal religion is put aside, although appointed by God Himself, as shadows of better things to come. Jeremiah, in xvii. 12, after a review of all failing things, he breaks out jubilantly, "A glorious high throne from the beginning is the place of our sanctuary." Paul tells us, God dwelleth not in temples made with hands, neither is He worshipped as if He needeth anything. The thief found Him on the cross; many have found Him in hospitals, asylums, unions, on a dying bed, and infants, to whom He compares the greatest in the kingdom of heaven, while to many who have professed to eat and drink in His name and done many wonderful works, He will say, "Depart, I never knew you." Dear brother, be low at His feet; I will perish there, rather than harbour one hard thought of Him. Farewell. "The Lord bless and keep you; the Lord make His face shine upon upon you, and be gracious to you; the Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon you, and give you peace."

Yours in Christian love,

Sebden, May 30th, 1894.

J. B.

HERE is the essential distinction between the doctrine of Arminianism and Antinomianism, the former pleads for the white devil Pride; the latter for the black devil Lust. No matter what shape or colour the devil assumes, he is the devil still.—*Mason.*

THE SEEKER'S CORNER.

BEWARE of unbelief, the root of all other evils, and particularly the root and source of distance and estrangement between Christ and the soul, for an evil heart of unbelief causes to depart from the living God. If you would have Christ staying with you in the galleries, you must put much work in His hand ; for Christ does not love to stay where He gets no employment. Hast thou any strong corruption to be subdued ? Tell Him of it ; for this is one part of His work to subdue the iniquities of His people. Hast thou no sin to be pardoned, the guilt whereof has many times stared thee in the face ? Tell Him of it ; for His name is Jesus, because He saves His people from their sins. Hast thou no want to be supplied ? Tell Him of it ; for there is all fulness in Him, fulness of merit and Spirit, fulness of grace and truth ; He has a liberal heart, and He devises liberal things. Hast thou no doubts or difficulties to be resolved ? Tell Him your doubts ; for He is an interpreter among a thousand. Employ Him, not only for yourselves, but for others. Entreat Him to come into your mother's house, the Church, and into the chambers of her that conceived you ; that He would break these heavy yokes that are wreathed about her neck at this day ; that He may build up the walls of His Jerusalem, make her a peaceable habitation, and the praise of the whole earth ; that He may take the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines, I mean, such teachers and preachers as are troubling the peace of the Church, and obstructing the progress of the Gospel with their new-fangled opinions. "Alas !" some poor soul may be saying, "I thought to have got a meeting with Zion's King, but hitherto I have missed my errand ; the Comforter that should relieve my soul is far from me ; and I, whither shall I go ?" Do not think thy case unprecedented. Poor soul, what thinkest thou of David, Asaph, Heman, yea, of Christ Himself ? Although Zion's King may hide Himself for a little, yet He will not always hide, "lest the spirit should fail before Him" (Psalm xxx. 4, 5 ; Isaiah liv. 7, 8). Perhaps the King has been in the galleries with thy soul, when yet thou wast not aware that it was He. He was with Jacob at Bethel, and he wist it not ; He was with the disciples going to Emmaus, and yet they mistook Him. How shall I know whether the King has been in the galleries with my soul ? Art thou mourning and sorrowing over thy apprehended loss ? Does it grieve thee at the very heart to think that thou shouldest be at Jerusalem, and not see the King's face ; at the King's table, and not have the King's company ? If this be real matter of exercise to thee, thou dost not lack His

gracious presence, though thou art not aware ; for He is ever nigh unto them that are of a broken heart. Christ is at Mary's hand when she is drowned in tears for the want of His company, and saying, "They have take away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him." Hast thou not got a further discovery of thine own emptiness, poverty, and nakedness? and is thy soul abased and laid in the dust on this account? This proves Christ has been present, for He comes in a work of humiliation, as well as in a work of consolation. Perhaps the devil is condemning, the law is condemning, conscience is condemning thee, and thou art condemning thyself as fast as any: be not discouraged, Christ is not far away. "He stands at the right hand of the poor, to save him from those that condemn his soul" (Psalm cix. 31). Is thy hunger and thirst after Christ increased by the apprehended want of His gracious presence? This says that He has been really present, for His blessing is upon thee. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness" (Matt. v. 6). And know for thy comfort that "He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with good things."

Art thou resolved to wait on Him and keep His way, although He hid His face and withdrew His sensible presence? Christ has not been altogether a stranger ; no, "He is good to them that wait for Him, to the soul that seeketh Him;" and is really "nigh unto all that call upon Him in truth." Give not way to despondency ; argue against it, as David, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in Me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him for the help of His countenance" (Psalm xlii. 5). See that you justify God, and beware of charging Him foolishly, See what was David's practice (and herein he was a type of Christ Himself); Psalm xxii., he is under hidings, verse 1, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" What follows? verse 3, "But Thou art holy, O Thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel." Trust in a hiding God, as Job did, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him" (Job xiii. 15). This the Lord calls His people unto under darkness: "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of His servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God" (Isaiah l. 10). Wait on Him in the galleries of ordinances, hang about the posts of His doors. And when you do not find Him in public, seek Him in private, and in the retired galleries of secret prayer, meditation, and conference ; and go a little further, like the spouse, above and beyond all duties and ordinances to Himself: "He is good unto them that wait for

Him, to the soul that seeketh Him." "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint." The spouse did so, and at length she found Him whom her soul loved. "It was but a little that I passed from them, but I found Him whom my soul loveth: I held Him, and would not let Him go" (Sol. Song iii. 4). The Lord bless His Word.

E. ERSKINE.

"THE DESIRE OF ALL NATIONS SHALL COME."

THOUGH Jesus Christ be not actually desired by all nations, yet He is rightly styled the "Desire of all nations." First, because He is most desirable in Himself, and all things that are desirable are in Him. Beauty is in Christ, bounty is in Christ, riches and honour are in Christ (Prov. viii. 18). Jesus Christ is the Treasure hid in the Gospel, the Pearl of great price. He is the Sun in the firmament of Scriptures, whom to know is everlasting life. He is a spring full of the water of life, a hive of sweetness and magazine of riches, a river of pleasures wherein you may bathe your souls to all eternity. Oh, He is fulness and sweetness, "The chiefest among ten thousand" (Sol. Song v. 10). "He is more precious than rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared to Him" (Prov. iii. 15). Alas! what are all the crowns and kingdoms of the world, all the thrones and sceptres of kings, to Christ? I say, what are all the treasures of the east, the gold of the west, the spices of the south, and the pearls of the north, to Him? These, or whatsoever thou dost imagine, are not to be compared unto the blessed Jesus. Beloved, the glories and excellencies of Christ excell all others. As all waters meet in the sea, and as all the lights meet in the sun, so all the perfections and excellencies of all the saints and angels meet in Christ. Nay, sirs, Christ hath not only the holiness of angels, the loveliness of saints, and the treasures of heaven, but also the fulness of the Godhead, the riches of the Deity are in Him (Col. i. 19), "for it hath pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell"—fulness of grace, fulness of knowledge, fulness of love, fulness of glory. He is lovely to the Father, lovely to the angels, lovely to the saints, and lovely to the soul. And therefore He may well be called the "Desire of all nations," for all desirable things are in Him.—*W. Dyer*, 1665.

THE believer is united to Christ Jesus as vitally as the soul is to the body.

THE EDITOR'S CLOSING REMARKS.

DEARLY BELOVED FRIENDS IN THE LORD,—As another year has nearly run its course, we would fain honour the Lord we desire to serve, by ascribing praise and thanksgiving to Him for the goodness and help afforded to us while labouring, in much weakness, for the spiritual benefit of precious souls, Zion's profit, and His own glory. And we desire to thank all our dear friends who have helped us by their prayers and encouraging testimonies ; as well as those who have helped us with their pens, in providing savoury and profitable reading for our numerous subscribers. We hope we shall not lack the prayers and contributions to our pages, of any of these kind helpers in the Lord's work, but that their number may be increased, so that our pages may be well filled with choice subjects, suited to the spiritual tastes and growth in grace of the God-owned, hungering and thirsting souls, who seek and long for fellowship and communion with Jesus, the sinner's Friend and only Hope. Our space is limited, the SOWER being small ; therefore we are always pleased to receive *short*, pithy, and savoury papers on diversified subjects and soul exercises, which may prove instructive, encouraging, and truly profitable to the flock of Christ. Also we ever wish to remember that the Gospel is to be preached to all, not only to those who are quickened by the Holy Ghost, but also to those who are dead in sin, that all the chosen of God may hear, believe, and be saved. We maintain that one part of the Gospel ministry is to warn sinners of their danger, of "the wrath to come," as the award of Divine justice to the impenitent ; and that without repentance for sin, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, there can be no pardon, no salvation, or escape from the impending doom, awaiting the ungodly and Christ-rejecting unbelievers, who pursue their own downward course, notwithstanding the warnings and threatenings of His Word. (See John viii. 21-24 ; Mark xvi. 16, &c., &c.) Nor can we account it wrong for godly ministers to use the exhortations and invitations of the Gospel, after the example of Christ and His Apostles, when preaching to mixed multitudes. (See Luke xiii. 23-30 ; John vi. 24-27 ; Acts iii. 19-23 ; xiii. 38-41 ; xvii. 17, &c., &c.) Should we think it wrong to hear a dying godly parent exhort their children to seek the Lord ? Such parent might say, "I know God is a Sovereign in the matter of salvation, but He uses means, which He has ordained to bring about the desired end, and who can tell but my dying admonition may be blessed, by Him, to the awakening of my dear ones to a concern about their salvation ? It is ours to use the means, it is His power alone that can make them effectual." Thus godly parents, teachers,

and ministers may with all propriety, after scriptural example, be encouraged to impress on the mind and memory of those who are at present in an unconverted state, what Mr. Hart has so aptly written—

“ The chief concern of fall’n mankind
Should be t’ enjoy God’s favour.
What safety can a sinner find
Before he finds the Saviour ? ”

It is on these lines we ever wish to labour, both with tongue and pen, and we desire to help and encourage Sunday School teachers, tract distributors, and godly evangelists in their work of spreading the only saving knowledge of Christ, by sowing “beside all waters” (Isaiah xxii. 20), according to the Divine injunction, “In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand,” &c. (Eccl. xi. 6). We do not think that any who are not afflicted with an evil bias of mind, will see anything contrary to Scripture and the Spirit of truth, in these our feeble efforts for the good of souls and the glory of our Triune God. Therefore we confidently ask your continued sympathy and help in our work, and we hope the circulation and the usefulness of our Magazines will be greatly increased; and to our Covenant Lord we will ascribe all the glory, for He alone is worthy of our praise. Brethren, still help us by your prayers and your pens.

Yours in hope,

THE EDITOR.

HALL GREEN STRICT BAPTIST CHAPEL, HAWORTH, YORKSHIRE.

THANKSGIVING SERVICE.

HALL GREEN CHAPEL was built in 1824, and is situated about eight miles over the moors, from Hebden Bridge, and from Keighley, four miles. Since its erection many changes have taken place; many a good, godly man has laboured within its precincts, and many earnest seekers have been blessed in hearing the Gospel. It was at Haworth where that good man of God, Grimshaw, laboured so abundantly, and also where the Brontë family lived, who have, so to speak, immortalized this hill-top village.

It is very gratifying to observe that the descendants of many good people who formerly worshipped here are still following on in the good old beaten track, and are still contending earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints. We rejoice to find a people here who are lively and active, and zealous for the truth’s sake and for the cause of God; who have a warm heart, a good

feeling, and a kind regard for those of a kindred spirit. When the friends from neighbouring Churches, for instance, in the Northern Counties Strict Baptist Union pay them a visit for union and communion, they are always made extremely welcome, a brotherly and sisterly feeling pervades the gatherings on these occasions, and some good times are experienced. Therefore it is with gladness we record the following account of a Thanksgiving Service which was held on Saturday, August 17th, 1901. It was not a Thanksgiving Service where all sorts of fruits, flowers, and corn were brought; nor was it a Harvest Festival, but a thanksgiving of praise in honour of what the Lord had done for them, a thanksgiving from the heart for favours received. The cause for all this joy of heart was, some alterations made in the chapel—re-pewing, re-seating, warming, and re-lighting with incandescent lights, also painting, decorating, and beautifying the walls and ceiling; and it was not overdone anywhere, but, as Mr. Gruber said, there was nothing superfluous, everything was nice, neat, and clean. The total cost had been £636, and only £100 towards this sum had been obtained from outside, the rest had been raised among their own people, and we were pleased to hear that no questionable methods to obtain money had been resorted to, such as bazaars, &c. There was one feature about the Haworth people which the chairman of the evening service, brother James Moss, said he liked, and that was holding a Thanksgiving Service, and inviting their friends to rejoice with them. It was very cheering now-a-days to find gratitude. We would say, that nineteen out of every twenty to-day would answer, if they were asked, that they wanted things different, and were dissatisfied and discontented. He had known people who had sought help and had not returned thanks. There were ten lepers, but only one returned to give thanks.

In Kershaw's Memoirs we find an account of Mr. Kershaw going on a begging tour to London, to solicit money to pay off a debt on the chapel; when he came back and opened his purse, and turned out 202 bright sovereigns on to the table, the people were ready to cry out and shout. They were astounded; first they looked at him, and then at the bright sovereigns, and were delighted. So after the exhibition of so much money, of which one said he had never seen so many sovereigns at one time before, they sang "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and decided to hold a thanksgiving meeting on the following evening, to thank the Lord for his mindfulness of them, and to pray for their friends whose hearts the Lord had opened to help them. So the Haworth friends, by this article, desire to thank those friends, far and near, who have so kindly come to their rescue on

this occasion. They, like Kershaw's friends, thought it right and proper to hold a Thanksgiving Service. Mr. Hugo Gruber, of Manchester, was invited, and preached an excellent sermon, from Malachi iii. 16, 17, "And a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name," &c. Other friends were invited—brothers James Moss, and Henry Crabtree and Joseph Crabtree, of Hebden Bridge; brothers Thomas, Isaac, and Jos. Smith, and J. F. Walton, of Halifax.

At the close of the sermon in the afternoon, Mr. John More, Haworth, announced that the debt was cleared with the exception of £13, therefore a collection was taken, and the £13 was realized. So he desired the friends to magnify the Lord with them that day, as they would now be able to declare the chapel free from debt, for which they were glad, and they wished to thank all friends who had so kindly helped them. He then added there would be no collection at the evening service. The Doxology was then sung, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." Mr. Gruber said they had done well to raise nearly £700, considering they were amongst the labouring classes. He hoped they would come regularly to worship, for it would rejoice ministers and deacons very much.

At the evening service several friends, already named, from neighbouring Churches gave encouraging addresses, and then Mr. Murgatroyd moved, and Mr. James Redman seconded, a vote of thanks to the chairman for presiding.

Tea was served in the schoolroom for strangers, which was greatly appreciated and enjoyed. A large number of people attended the services; Mr. Gruber and Mr. Kirk left at five o'clock, and drove over the moors to Hebden Bridge, to reach other fields of labour on the following day, and Mr. Joseph Smith stayed at Haworth, and preached three sermons on the Sunday, it being the chapel Anniversary, and Mr. John Moore, of Haworth, preached at Hebden Bridge for Mr. Jos. Smith. H. G.

[We are sorry this report was overlooked last month, as we feel sure many will rejoice with us at the success of the Haworth friends, and we pray the Lord may pour upon them His abundant grace to make them fruitful in divine things.—ED.]

BETTER be in a waste wilderness among wild beasts than in a populous city with beastly men. It is part of our happiness in heaven that we shall have no ill neighbours there. The more holiness any one is the subject of, the more is he burdened with the unholiness of others.—*Mason*.

Published on the first of every Month. Price One Penny.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S TREASURY

AND LITTLE GLEANER.

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine of Religious and General Instruction for Children.

The Editor seeks as much as possible to make this Magazine both interesting and useful to its readers, and hopes that all true friends of the young will try to secure for it a still wider circulation.

Published on the first of every Month. Price One Penny.

THE SOWER

Is well adapted for general circulation, since it aims to spread abroad the pure truth of the Gospel of Christ.

Seeing how very industriously the abettors of error sow their tares, lovers of truth, with equal or greater industry, should sow that truth which is "able to make wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

The Editor earnestly solicits all who desire the spread of Bible truth to help him in this work by increasing the circulation of **THE SOWER** and **THE LITTLE GLEANER**.

Two, four, six, or more copies of the above Magazines post free from

E. WILMSHURST, Blackheath, London, S.E.

London: HOULSTON and SONS, Paternoster Buildings.

FRIENDLY WORDS.

This is a little work of four pages, **GLEANER** size, which we publish monthly, for the purpose of supplying friends with a sheet of short readings, which will suit many who do not care to read page after page of a magazine or lengthy tract. It has a front-page illustration, which renders it very attractive in general distribution. We hope our friends will spread them freely everywhere. "We find that the **FRIENDLY WORDS** are warmly welcomed where we distribute them. They seem to be anticipated, and are eagerly read by those to whom we give them regularly."—T. F. A. We have arranged for nearly half a page to be used for inserting times of services, regular meetings, schools, &c., and as there are two tracts for each month, those who desire to localize them can have a good supply at little cost. Eight different tracts every four months, 1s. 3d. per 100.

THE ANNUAL VOLUMES of "GLEANER" and "SOWER."

These Volumes are acknowledged to be most admirably adapted for Presents, where sound and interesting books are desired.

The LITTLE GLEANER , Boards, Illustrated	..	1s. 6d., or six vols. for	8s.
The LITTLE GLEANER , Cloth,	do.	..	2s. do. 10s.
The SOWER , Cloth,	do.	..	2s. do. 10s.

Sent, at above prices, post free, if ordered of

E. WILMSHURST, Blackheath, London, S.E.

Fact Superior to Fiction.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S TREASURY.—Second Series.

These little Volumes contain a collection of interesting narratives, setting forth the good old truths of the Gospel, and will, we believe, help to meet a want greatly felt in our families and schools, as they supply sound Scriptural reading in an interesting form, without resorting to fictitious tales. We earnestly commend them to all who seek the good of the rising race, as books which may, with the Lord's blessing, be of great spiritual use among the young.

Price One Shilling, or six volumes for 5s. 6d., post free, of

E. WILMSHURST, Blackheath, London, S.E.